

MEMOIRS
OF
CELEBRATED WOMEN
OF ALL COUNTRIES.

BY
MADAME JUNOT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LIVES
OF
CELEBRATED WOMEN.

MARINA MNISZECH,

CZARINA OF MOSCOVY.

WHEN Sigismund Augustus was elected King of Poland, he conferred the dignity of Palatine of Sandomir upon Count George Mniszech, in reward for services rendered during the election. Mniszech was an ambitious man, but absolutely devoid of any qualities to justify the favours which fortune seemed in a humour to heap upon his family. His reputation was without *glory*; and in lieu of the talents which, had he possessed them, might have raised his name to eminence, he employed the resources of intrigue. He had an only daughter—the subject of this memoir; and to her he looked forward as the stepping-stone to his future greatness. It is stated that, when Marina was yet an infant, Count Mniszech saved the life of Korica, one of the most celebrated among those sibyls of the North, often described in the history of

the Cimbri. The art which she professed, led to her introduction into the palace of the Mnischevs.

"Thy daughter," said she to the Count, as she gazed with intense earnestness at Marina, "shall one day reign over a great people: her beauty, her talents, and her lofty heroism will entitle her to wear a diadem."

From the day on which this prediction was uttered in the palace of Samber, Marina was educated as the daughter of a king. But this education, even from her tenderest years, was founded upon principles which might distort her sense of moral rectitude; and when adolescence, by developing the extraordinary beauty of her person and the equally extraordinary powers of her mind, gave a sort of verisimilitude to the ambitious expectations of her father, he took great pains to mould her to his plans and render her docile to his wishes.

At this period, the Russians had not been very long emancipated from the vassalage of the Tartars. Ivan III. who ascended the Moscovite throne in 1462, was the first Russian Monarch who assumed the title of Czar. He vanquished the Sultan Selim II. and overcame the Poles and the knights sword-bearers, but was too weak to tame the ferocious nature of his own subjects. Steel, or poison settled almost every quarrel, and the Russian people were a horde of savages, with all the brutal vices and ferocity, but none of the redeeming qualities of other uncivilized nations. Ivan III. was doubtless a whimsical and cruel despot, barbarous as the people he governed; but he was a man of courage and a legislator. To him Russia was indebted for a code of laws, and for abolishing, in principle at least, the maxim adopted by his subjects, that, "might is right." He felt the brutal degradation of his countrymen, and certainly had a vague conception of those reforms which Peter the Great afterwards effected. Had he lived in a later age, he might have proved a different man. His reign lasted forty-three years, and, notwithstanding

the benefits he conferred, was an uninterrupted scene of brutal debauchery, ignorance, and cruelty. He was succeeded in 1505, by Vassili Ivanowitz, and the latter, by Ivan IV. in 1533. This latter monarch, who was but a child when he succeeded to the throne, grew up a hideous monster even among his nation. Brutified by debauchery, cruel to the most appalling ferocity, he even ended by failing in that personal courage which had been previously considered a sort of atonement for his atrocities. The Tartars of the Crimea attacked and set fire to the suburbs of Moscow; the Swedes and Poles defeated the Russians, and Ivan slunk away from danger. In his brutal rage at these reverses, he blasphemed against Heaven, and in his frenzy of passion killed his eldest son; then, after wallowing in blood and debauchery some time longer, he died while dictating fresh cruelties, and thus ended a hideous reign of fifty years.

Ivan IV. left two sons, Fædor and Dmitry, the latter an infant of tender years. Fædor, weak in body and intellect, timid and superstitious, was unfit to reign. His father knew this well, and judging that his house would lose the throne of Moscovy, unless Fædor had a council capable of governing for him, constituted by will a sort of regency, composed of five members, who were to assist the future Czar in his sacred and troublesome office. This will also contained a clause assigning to the Czarina and the infant Dmitry, the town of Ouglitsch on the Volga, as an appanage and residence.

Fædor, at the period of his father's death, was twenty-seven years of age; but having entirely given himself up to the minor practices of devotion, he left the whole care of his dominions to Boris Godunoff, president of the council of regency, who soon nullified this species of pentarchy, and ruled Moscovy under the title of regent.

Boris Godunoff, then thirty-seven years old, was a man of ability. His mind was of a superior order;

but, as this order was vicious and the regent's ambition boundless, his line of conduct, in a country where brutal violence tramples upon the laws, may be anticipated. The throne seemed open to him on the death of Fœdor, provided a single obstacle were removed. The Czarowitz Dmitry alone stood in his way, and he doomed the poor child to death. Having carefully ascertained that there were no other pretenders of the royal blood to dispute his claims, he smiled, and this smile was a death-warrant.

The mother of the royal infant was soon informed of the murderous purposes of Boris. She turned pale and wept; but the courage and prudence of a mother did not desert her. She well knew the regent's character, and the most minute precautions were taken to insure the safety of the Czarowitz. Nevertheless, Boris was bent upon the consummation of his crime; and the moment he knew that his project was discovered, he lost no time in despatching to Ouglitsch the ministers of his will, under the title of inspectors of the palace. The Czarina Irene was well aware that these newly created functionaries were in reality the men sent to shed the innocent blood of her child, and from the time of their arrival at Ouglitsch, she did not allow Dmitry to be an instant out of her sight. The woman who waited upon the young Prince had undertaken, for a considerable bribe, to poison him; but, horror-stricken at the enormity of the deed, she feared to execute it, and recalled her promise. Even the murderers had to contend against the pity with which this blooming and beautiful boy had filled their hearts, as well as against the united vigilance of a mother, and a devoted nurse, the latter replacing the Czarina when sleep or any other cause made her, for a short time, lose sight of the infant prince.

Meantime, Godunoff grew impatient, and raged with fury, at finding that his commands were not already executed. Biatoffskoi, the chief assassin, received an order to destroy without delay the legiti-

mate heir of Moscovy. The knell of death had therefore sounded for the royal child: the waiting-woman was again induced to lend her assistance, and one evening at dusk, during an instant that the mother's watchfulness had been lulled, led the prince into a gallery opening into the court-yard of the palace. There stood Biatoffskoi and his companions. Dmitry instinctively drew back from them; and though not aware of his danger, the colour fled from his cheeks, and a shudder crept through his frame.

At this moment his nurse, alarmed at his absence, ran into the gallery.

"Let us return to my mother," said the poor child to her, in a whisper.

"You have a fine collar there, prince," said Biatoffskoi, raising with his finger the heavy gold chain which Dmitry wore round his neck.

"Will you have it?" replied the child, casting a deprecating look at the fierce ruffian.

A stab in the throat was the murderer's reply; the other ruffians each inflicted a wound upon the hapless prince, and after frightfully mutilating the poor boy's body, threw it upon that of the faithful nurse, who had been killed in defending her charge.

The inhabitants of Ouglitsch were much attached to the Czarina, and especially to the young Czarowitz, whom they looked upon as their future sovereign. The populace, therefore, rose and tore the murderers limb from limb; not one of them returned to Moscow to claim the reward of blood. But this act of justice went no further than to punish the instruments of the crime; the real perpetrator had attained his object: for Fædor dying a few months after, Boris Godunoff, after coquetting a few days with the supreme power and affecting to refuse the crown, ascended without opposition a throne stigmatized throughout Europe, as the seat of murder, rapine, and the most disgusting vice. For some years Boris enjoyed the fruits of his usurpation; but the curtain at length rose upon the

drama in which the fair Pole, whose life this article purports to record, played a most remarkable part.

At the period to which I now refer, the Jesuits already exercised great influence in Europe, and were directing their most strenuous endeavours to extend it over the whole world. Without here discussing the good or evil which resulted from the power they were acquiring, I shall merely observe that civilization was almost always its consequence. They had been very successful in Poland, and the Palatine of Sandomir and his daughter, like most of the Polish nobles, had yielded to the sway, which, under the name of religion, they exercised in all political matters. One of their great objects was to convert Russia to Catholicism, and thereby extend their domination over that barbarous country; but many obstacles seemed to oppose the undertaking. Nevertheless, a chance offered, and was eagerly grasped at: it would, no doubt, involve Poland and Russia in dreadful calamities, if not in mutual ruin; but this was a minor consideration with the Jesuits—the benefit to be obtained was worth all risks, and the end, they thought, justified the means.

Boris Godunoff was reigning in perfect security, and the Moscovites seemed almost resigned to his usurpation, when suddenly a strange rumour spread like wildfire through the country. It was reported that Dmitry had survived the attempt upon his life, and was coming to claim the throne of his ancestors. This report was soon confirmed, and Boris at length knew that his victim was alive, and residing in the palace of the palatine of Sandomir, under the protection of Sigismund III. king of Poland.

Some months previously, the patriarch of Moscow had received information from the Metropolitan of Restoff, that in the monastery of Tschudow, there was a young monk calling himself the Czarowitz Dmitry. The patriarch paid no attention to this intelligence; but the metropolitan, seeing the strange effect that it produced in the country, gave personal intimation of it

to the Czar. Boris, alarmed as at the appearance of a spectre, immediately directed Smirnoff Wassilief, one of his secretaries, to despatch an order for the banishment of the monk of Tschudow to the most remote part of the empire. Smirnoff having communicated the Czar's order to Eupheane, one of his colleagues, the latter immediately informed the young monk of it, and afforded him the means of escape. The person calling himself Dmitry fled from Tschudow, accompanied by two monks who determined to share his fortunes. They proceeded together towards Kiov, taking care to sleep no where but in convents. In the cell given to the fugitive, in the monastery of Novogorod-Sewersky, he left a note to the following effect:

"I am the Czarowitz Dmitry, son of Ivan IV. When I am restored to the throne of my ancestors, I shall always remember the kind treatment I have received in this holy house."

The archimandrite, to whom this writing was delivered, made no report on the subject to his superiors, but kept the note and said nothing. Another circumstance equally strange is, that the monk's escape was concealed from the Czar, who thought he had set out for the place of his exile.

The person thus assuming to be Dmitry, was known in his convent by the name of Grischka; and, according to the partisans of Boris, was no other than the son of a poor gentleman of Galitsch, named Youri Otrepieff. But whether this young man was the son of Otrepieff, or whether he was the true Dmitry, he was resolute, well-informed, and gifted with the noblest qualities. From early boyhood he had lived in the families of Romanoff and Scherkaski, both deadly foes of the usurper, and ultimately his victims. Tired of a life of dependence, he had become a monk, but his vows were not irrevocable. For some time, he had led a wandering life, often changing his convent, and apparently a prey to the deepest melancholy, which was remarked by all who beheld him. At

length the patriarch Job, having visited the monastery of Tschudow, to which Grischka had ultimately retired, was so struck with his talents and information, that he appointed him his secretary, and took him to reside at the palace of the Czars. Whether the sight of the usurper agitated the real Dmitry, or whether the sight of the regal magnificence around him inflamed the ambition of the adventurer Otrepicff, the result was the same; Grischka was unhappy in his new office, and returned to his monastery. Having there stated that he was the Czarrowitz Dmitry, he was condemned to exile; but many thought that Boris, instead of punishing an impostor, was only striking a second time the victim whose birthright he had usurped.

The fugitive, after a long journey on foot, and encountering many perils, at length reached Poland, then the ordinary place of refuge for the enemies of the Russian government. There, for awhile, he thought it prudent to conceal himself, and give no intimation of his rank either real or assumed. During several months he found an asylum in the palace of the Palatine of Kiov and Red Russia; he then went to reside with Prince Adam Wisniowiecki. It was at the palace of this prince that he first let fall some hints respecting his birth and misfortunes. Prince Adam introduced him to his brother Constantine, who was brother-in-law to George Mniszech, Palatine of Sandomir, the father of that Marina to whom the weird woman of the Lithuanian forest had predicted that she would become a queen. Through Constantine, Grischka contracted an intimacy with the Palatine and his lovely daughter, both of whom took so strong an interest in his fate, as at length to persuade themselves that he was the instrument through which the prediction was to be accomplished.

One evening, in the midst of a very interesting conversation relative to this young man, now suspected to be the resuscitated Czarowitz of Moscovy,

Prince Adam Wisniowiecki was informed that his guest had suddenly been seized with fever, and that the symptoms were of the most alarming kind. The sick bed of the youthful stranger was immediately surrounded by his new friends, who nursed him with the most sedulous care. But the physician declared that there was no hope of his recovery, and the patient himself feeling that he was dying, asked for a priest. It must be recollected that the fugitive had not yet positively stated that he was Dmitry, but had only given ground for surmise.

In Prince Adam's palace, resided a Catholic priest of the Order of Jesus, named Father Gaspard Sawicki. He it was who, ever since the arrival of Dmitry, or Grischka Otrepieff, had instructed him in the Polish language. The reverend father was now brought to the patient's bedside, and every other person withdrew to an adjoining gallery.

It was a solemn moment. Marina, whose expectations, directed towards a throne from her very infancy, seemed but a few hours past on the point of being realized, could not help shuddering at the disappointment which threatened the dearest hopes of her life, and her heart bled as she thought of this victim of lawless ambition, who had reached Poland but to die. If his life were spared, his love might encircle her brow with a diadem. He was, moreover, young, handsome, and valiant; she loved him with true affection, and exclusively of her feelings of ambition, the thought of his death filled her with despair. Her father, whose dreams of royalty were vanishing at the very moment they seemed ready to be realized, was wrapped in gloomy meditation. The other individuals present, though interested in a much less degree than the Palatine and his daughter, were nevertheless, from their wish to excite troubles in Russia, most anxious to save the young man's life. No one present had any doubt of the rank and pretensions of the person in whom they all felt so deeply interested. It is true, he had not yet declared

that he was the Czarowitz; but a circumstance which had occurred only a few days before, together with the hints he had let fall before his illness, gave consistency to the supposition.

During his delirium, in the height of his fever, he had always shown an instinctive eagerness to conceal something which he wore next to his bosom. At length, when in a complete swoon, he could not prevent those around him from gratifying their curiosity. The object, suspended to a riband round his neck, was a cross of diamonds and rubies of extraordinary value, and such as, in those days and in that country, a sovereign alone could possess. On recovering his senses, and finding that his cross had been seen, he seemed greatly agitated, and refusing to answer the questions put to him, again fell senseless upon his pillow. These fainting fits succeeded each other so rapidly, that he considered his end was approaching, and called for spiritual assistance.

When the Jesuit entered the gallery where the two families of Mniszech and Wisniowiecki, and their friends, were waiting for him, his look was serious, and his expressive countenance indicated that he had become the depository of an important secret.

"My lord," said he, to Prince Wisniowiecki, "what I have to relate can be communicated only to the members of your family."

Every person withdrew except the prince, his kinsman the Palatine, and the fair Marina.

"Prince," said the priest with great agitation, "our surmises are just: the unhappy man now dying under your roof, is Prince Dmitry, the son of Ivan, Czar of Moscovy."

Marina uttered an involuntary scream.

"He has just confided this secret to me," added the Jesuit; "but not by way of confession, for he belongs not to the Latin rite. The sufferings he has undergone must have been dreadful—and he greatly suffers still. It is horrible thus to die, far from his native land, with not a relative to close his eyes or drop a tear

upon his grave. 'The man who inflicted this wretchedness upon him, will have a terrible account to render to his Maker !'

Marina wept.

"Is there no hope of his recovery?" she asked in agony.

"I left him very ill," the priest replied ; "he was quite overcome by his exertion in speaking to me. The physician has ordered him to be kept very quiet, but gives no hope of his recovery."

The Palatine was struck with consternation.

"But what did Dmitry say to you?" said he to the Jesuit, after a long pause.

"Very little," the latter replied ; "but that little spoke volumes. This writing will explain the rest."

So saying, he presented a roll of parchment to the two princes, who opened it and read as follows :

"The corpse before you, whether you find it covered with wounds upon the highway, or fleshless, clad in rags, and dead from cold or starvation, and lying under a church porch, is the body of your sovereign, Dmitry Ivanowitz, Czar of Moscovy. At the moment I am about to appear before God, to whom I appeal for the truth of this statement, I hereby declare that I am the only legitimate heir to the throne of Moscovy, which belonged to my father, the Czar Ivan IV. Boris Godunoff is my murderer : he coveted the crown, but was unable to seize it, until he had tinged his hands with my blood. My mother and I were sent to Ouglitsch, and my murderers, acting by the command of Boris, came to that place in search of me. My waiting-maid, who had sold herself to these men, agreed to deliver me up to them, and I should have perished ;—but a German named Simon, knowing the hour at which the murder was to take place, dressed another child in my clothes, and this victim was sacrificed in my stead. It was almost dark, and the murderers were imposed upon. Simon concealed me till the next day, and then fled with me

at the risk of his life. He soon after died. I was still a child, but the horror of my situation was revealed to me by the intensity of the danger, as to one of more advanced years. I remained deserted and proscribed, without being able to forget, during a single moment, that my place was upon a throne. Pray for my soul!

“DMITRY IVANOWITZ.”

“Is he dead?” asked the Palatine of Sandomir, after reading this scroll, which had been written before Dmitry reached Poland.

“Oh!” cried Marina, wringing her hands, “is there not the least hope?”

The palatine had fallen into a deep reverie. Suddenly starting, he encircled his daughter in his arms, kissed her on the forehead, and entreated she would be composed.

“If he is really the son of Ivan,” said he, “we can immediately ascertain the fact. There are two individuals here at Sandomir, who well knew the Czarrowitz Dmitry, having spent a whole year near his person at Ouglitsch. One is a gentleman attached to the household of Prince Sapieha, the other, one of my own retainers. Let both be sent for.”

These witnesses came and immediately recognized Dmitry. Not only were his features unchanged, but they knew him by a mole on one side of his forehead, and from his having one arm shorter than the other.

Meanwhile, the unhappy prince remained senseless. His disease was struggling against a powerful constitution and the vigour of youth. The sufferer seemed to care little for life, and yet it triumphed over his complaint: the crisis of the disorder came on, and favourable symptoms followed. Marina and her father were unremitting in their attentions to the sick prince, whom they tenderly nursed, and treated with the respect due to the Czar of Moscovy.

Marina’s affection for Dmitry soon ripened into a passion, which became interwoven with her existence.

Her heart deeply sympathized with the firmly tempered soul of the Czarowitz—with that soul dominated by the thought of power and revenge, and to whom any intermediate station betwixt the monk's cowl and the royal purple was of no value. For him there were only two stations upon earth: that of priest, or that of Czar.

“For my part,” he would say to Marina as she lent him the support of her arm to assist his still weak and emaciated limbs, and gently led him to the palace garden to breathe a purer air—“life offers me but two abodes: the palace of a sovereign, or a cloister.”

As the fair Pole listened to him, her eyes would fill with tears; but they were the tears shed by a fond and heroic woman when she hears the voice of a beloved being giving utterance to noble and lofty feelings. She adored this young man of haughty brow and piercing look; and his accents were music to her ears, when they portrayed the workings of a powerful and cultivated mind, coupled with the abrupt and almost rustic manners he had acquired during a life of misfortune and adventure. To her, he appeared a being of strange nature, full of charms, and contrasts, and fascination.

Dmitry soon returned her affection with equal ardour. He could not, without being touched to the soul, behold this lovely girl, beaming with lofty and bold enthusiasm; neither could he see her devotion to himself without identifying her with his own being. He therefore exchanged with her vows of everlasting love: not that insipid love which gratifies ordinary minds, but the bold and blind devotion resulting from the contact of two hearts excited by the same feelings, and big with the same thoughts of noble daring. Dmitry had found, in the gentle and lovely attendant on his sick couch, a heroine worthy to share his life of danger; and Marina saw in the royal exile, a being cast in the noblest mould of the creation, and capable of the greatest and most heroic deeds. Her ambition

had wholly merged into her affection, and she cared little for a crown, if not to be shared with Dmitry. Willingly would she have united her fate to his, without a thought about the uncertainty of his reconquering his rights; but the wily Palatine was more prudent, and though he encouraged the affection of the young people, he made their union a condition only of Dmitry's success in recovering the throne of his ancestors.

The Czarowitz having now thrown aside all reserve, communicated to the Palatine the relations he had kept up with Russia, where he had a very strong party. At length on the 25th of May, 1604, Dmitry, Czar of Moscovy, and George Mniszech, signed, at the palace of Samber, a treaty by which Dmitry engaged to marry Marina, the Palatine's daughter, the moment he was acknowledged Czar by the Moscovite nation, giving to her and her heirs, in full and absolute sovereignty, the Duchies of Great Novogorod and Pskow. He further solemnly pledged himself to build a Catholic church for her, in which she should have the free and uncontrolled exercise of her religion. He likewise agreed to pay a million of ducats to the Palatine of Sandomir. An additional clause, insisted upon by the Jesuit, Gaspard Sawicki, stipulated that the Czar should, at any price, establish the Catholic religion in Moscovy.

Shortly after the conclusion of this treaty, Sigismund III. who had received from George Mniszech, a very favourable account of the fugitive prince, invited him to his court, and received him in a manner worthy of his rank and pretensions.

“God keep you, Dmitry!” said Sigismund; “you are welcome at our court; and from the proofs given of your identity, we acknowledge you to be the legitimate sovereign of Moscovy. Moreover, considering you our friend, and under our especial protection, we give you authority to treat with the gentlemen of our kingdom, granting them, also, permission to yield you aid and good counsel.”

The same day, Sigismund assigned him a pension of forty thousand florins.

Nevertheless, the king of Poland could not act without the consent of the diet, and John Zamoisky, who had great influence in that assembly, was opposed to an expedition against Moscovy. Sigismund therefore, though strongly urged, by George Mniszech, to commence hostilities against the usurper Boris, was forced to limit his aid to privately protecting Dmitry, and secretly supplying him with pecuniary means for his undertaking. Marina, though her ambition was no longer selfish, but wholly subservient to the interests of the Czarowitz, personally entreated her countrymen to serve the cause of the exiled prince, and succeeded in gaining a considerable number who enrolled themselves under the banner of legitimacy. They were all ardent young men, eager to punish a usurper who had raised himself to a throne by murder. This little army, full of valour and enthusiasm, assembled in the neighbourhood of Leopold; Dmitry placed himself at its head, and won its affection by his noble and undaunted bearing. Each of his followers was convinced that he would yield to no obstacle, and accept no alternative between death and the recovery of the throne of Ivan.

The strength of Dmitry's forces was soon increased by the arrival of a large body of Moscovite refugees. The blood of Rurick the Great was in high veneration among the Russians, and Dmitry was the last of that race. His great grandfather had given laws to Russia; his father had conquered the Tartars, and valour was hereditary in the family. The latter quality among a people wholly warlike, effaced many defects. The name of Dmitry, therefore, carried with it a spell which brought thousands to his standard, and he was joined by all the nobles who still adhered to his house. Thus, when he crossed the Dneiper, on the 16th of October, 1604, he was at the head of an army which filled the usurper with dismay.

Boris now trembled on his blood-stained throne; he felt convinced that unless he exerted his whole strength, he should fall before his powerful enemy, whose claims he had no doubt would be acknowledged by the whole nation, if the invading army were not at once destroyed. He therefore collected a force of eighty thousand men, and sent it against the impostor, as he termed Dmitry, with strict orders to John Schouisky, the general in command, to bring him the pretender's head.

This immense host seemed calculated to put a speedy term to the hopes of Dmitry, whose army amounted to only fifteen thousand men. But the invaders had confidence in the righteousness of their cause; the troops of Boris were nerveless and wavering. The Poles, forming about a third of Dmitry's forces, demanded to be led on to instant battle, and the Czarowitz gladly complied with their wishes; but before the strife began, he advanced in front of his army, and falling upon his knees, uttered the following prayer in a loud voice:

“O God, who knowest my heart, grant that, if my cause is just, I may obtain victory over my enemies; but if it is unjust, let thy thunders fall upon me and destroy me immediately as a sacrilegious impostor.”

The battle began, and raged with fury. The carnage was dreadful, and both armies, ankle deep in blood, fought over the dead bodies of their companions. The Moscovite force was annihilated, and Dmitry was preparing to follow up his victory, when Boris escaped chastisement by dying the death of a just man. He expired peaceably at Moscow as a legitimate sovereign, and his son Fædor Borissowitz, ascended his unsettled throne. But the death of the father had changed the son's destiny; and when Dmitry appeared before Moscow, Romanoff joined his ranks and acknowledged him Czar. This example was followed throughout the empire, and the partisans who still adhered to the dynasty of Boris, were soon overthrown. Dmitry entered Moscow in

triumph, and was hailed by the people with shouts of joy. The bells of the churches rang in merry peals, and flowers were thrown upon the young Czar as he passed. There was a delirium of joy throughout the land, which was increased, at Moscow, by the appearance of the noble and handsome Czarowitz and the romantic tale of his wrongs and sufferings.

Irene, the mother of Dmitry, had retired, shortly after his supposed death, to a convent at Moscow, where she lived in the strictest seclusion. The moment the ceremony of the entry was concluded, Dmitry hastened to this convent and begged his mother's blessing. Irene tenderly embraced him, acknowledged him to be her son, and the very next day he was publicly crowned as the legitimate Czar of Moscow. A dreadful storm which blew down the cross, and stopped the procession for a time, seemed however of bad augury, and awakened the superstition which acts so powerfully upon the people of the North. But when Dmitry was afterwards seen to throw himself upon his father's grave, wet it with his tears, and demand vengeance for the grief with which the latter years of Ivan's life had been afflicted, the fears of the people were appeased, for they gave faith to this burst of feeling, which spoke volumes in favour of their new sovereign.

Dmitry being now peaceably seated on his father's throne, was anxious that the woman of his love should immediately share it with him. A solemn and splendid embassy was accordingly sent to Sandomir to demand the hand of Marina for the Czar of Moscow. This mission was entrusted to Athanasius Wassilief. Thus was the Sibyl's prediction accomplished, and the ambitious dreams of the Palatine realized.

Before Marina left Poland, her marriage was solemnized at Cracow with the ceremonial customary at the espousals of sovereigns. Followed by a splendid and numerous cortege, she proceeded to the palace of Firley, which had been selected for the oc-

caston. Here she was received by Sigismund III. who, according to the form used in those days, granted her in marriage to the Czar Dmitry. The Moscovite ambassador then solemnly wedded her in the name of his Master; the King of Poland giving her away, and the Archduchess Constancia of Austria, betrothed to Sigismund, acting as her mother. A considerable number of Polish nobles, all of the Catholic rite, were present at the ceremony, as was likewise Monsignore Rangoni the Pope's nuncio. Cardinal Macceiowski gave the nuptial blessing to the young Czarina, whose utmost wishes were now gratified with the double crown of royalty and mutual love.

She sat out next day for Russia, and her journey was a continued scene of festivity and rejoicing. Even in the sterile forms of etiquette, she could detect proofs of the strength and delicacy of Dmitry's affection; and this continued throughout the long and tedious distance she had to travel. It seemed that, though the Czar could not be with her, his presence was indicated everywhere by those nameless attentions which love alone can dictate.

On the 13th of April, 1605, Marina reached the frontier of Moscovy. Here, the life of which she had dreamt in her youth, began to open in reality before her. She here contemplated the love of Dmitry, more valuable to her than all besides, side by side with the power of royalty; and that ambition which, at a later period of her life and when he was no more, was to eradicate his remembrance from her heart, then lay dormant, being only subservient to the affection of her heart. She would willingly have foregone the conventional pomp with which she was surrounded, to have travelled alone with Dmitry, as a private individual.

Wherever she passed, the clergy came to meet her, offering her bread and salt. Costly stuffs, and rare furs, the tribute of the tribes inhabiting the banks of the Obi, and which gold could not purchase, were daily

presented to her in the name of the Czar; whilst magnificent sledges sparkling with gold and precious gems, transported her with the rapidity of the wind to the different palaces prepared for her reception during the journey, which seemed to her one of enchantment. At length, on the 18th of May, she arrived in the neighbourhood of Moscow, where she was obliged to stop in order to offer a fresh sacrifice to courtly etiquette. Tents were pitched for the great nobles of the empire, who came to do homage to the Czarina, prior to her coronation. This ceremony being over she entered Moscow, in the midst of a prostrate and delighted populace invoking all the blessings of Heaven upon her union with their beloved Czar. Marina was dazzling with beauty, and her faultless and delicate features received a new charm from reflecting the emotions which this glorious consummation of her hopes had raised in her bosom. With tears of delight and tenderness, as she fondly indulged in dreams of happiness, she smiled upon the crowd around her, and silently blessed the subjects of her royal consort.

In this manner she proceeded to the convent of the Virgins, in which the Czarina Irene resided. Here, she beheld Dmitry for the first time since their separation; but no longer as a wandering fugitive exposed to herd with the refuse of mankind, or to die of starvation in a desert: he was now a powerful monarch, proud in his strength, and glowing with manly beauty.

Marina remained with Irene until the day of her coronation. In the morning of that day she proceeded to the Kremlin, and was received in the crenated hall, by the principal boyards, and the Ambassadors of the different Sovereigns of Europe. Having taken her seat upon the throne, Michael Nagoï presented to her the crown of Monomach, and the diadem of Czarina, both of which she devoutly kissed. Basile Schouisky then addressed her in the name of the nobles of the empire. The cortege now set out for the

Church of the Assumption, where the double ceremony of her coronation and the confirmation of her marriage, was to take place.

The street through which the royal couple passed, was spread with scarlet velvet and cloth of gold, and tufts of flowers were strewed along their path. The artillery of the fortress thundered, the bells of the churches sent their lengthened vibrations through the air, and the windows of every house, adorned with emblazoned flags, were crowded with spectators invoking the favour of Heaven upon their Czar and his beauteous bride. Nature herself, in all her pomp at this season of the year, seemed willing to contribute to the splendour of the day: the weather was beautiful, and the sun shed broad floods of golden light upon the cupolas of the old Moscovite city, which sparkled with a thousand reflected fires.

On reaching the church, the royal pair ascended a raised platform, erected in the middle of the great aisle. The Czar seated himself on a throne of gold, sent to him by the Shah of Persia for this solemn occasion, and Marina occupied one of silver. On a sign being made by the patriarch, the Czarina's women, among whom were the daughters of the first nobles in the land, approached her and took off the coronet which she had hitherto worn. She then knelt before the patriarch, who rested the holy cross upon her head. At this moment clouds of incense arose and curled slowly round the pillars of the old church; the organ rolled its religious harmony through the building, and a hundred pure and youthful voices chaunted a solemn hymn in honour of the royal nuptials. When the hymn was concluded, the patriarch placed the golden chain of Monomach round the neck of the bride, and anointed and consecrated her Czarina of Moscovy. She then received the sacrament, and resumed her seat upon her silver throne.

When the ceremony was over, the youthful pair, radiant with beauty considerably heightened at this moment, when all the feelings of their hearts were

gratified, descended from the platform, holding each other by the hand. Both wore a crown, and both were covered by the imperial mantle. On reaching the church door, they stopped, and Prince Mscislavski threw over them, according to the old Moscovite custom, a profusion of small silver coin, which he took from a consecrated vessel. A great quantity was also thrown among the people, and this day was long borne in remembrance by the poor of Moscow.

During a whole month the most sumptuous festivities celebrated Marina's marriage and coronation. The love which Dmitry felt for her, was especially manifested by banquets and balls, at which the luxuries of Asia doubled the advantages just introduced, by the good taste of Western nations, into the deserts of Russia. And yet the sky was already beginning to lower : clouds were slowly gathering upon the horizon ; and Marina lulled to sleep with sounds of rejoicing, and happy in the affection of her husband, saw nothing of the tempest which was about to burst.

It is no doubt a great misfortune for a monarch to be in advance of his subjects in knowledge, when he cannot bring himself to bend to the ignorance around him, or is devoid of power sufficient to force civilization upon those over whom he reigns. Dmitry had dwelt too long in Poland not to be sensible of the reforms which the Russians had to undergo before they could become a great nation. Peter the Great, who came after him, notwithstanding the light which had been shed upon the human intellect, since the days of Dmitry, was unable, even with all his power, to realize these reforms, except at the sacrifice of torrents of blood. But Dmitry, seated upon a throne tottering not only under its own weight, but under that of every monarch who dared to attempt innovation, or aim at raising his people from the state of brutal degradation in which they grovelled, soon experienced the fickleness and inveterate prejudices of the savages whom he governed. He was accused of surrounding

himself with foreigners, and reserving all his favours for Poles. Being of an independent and intractable disposition, he determined to act as he thought proper, and follow his inclinations by patronizing the countrymen of a wife he adored. He was further strengthened in this determination by an idea that the Poles in his dominions might assist in civilizing his own subjects. But there were other and more serious causes of discontent: they struck at the root of those superstitions which, even to this day, have not been completely eradicated in Russia.

Veal, at the period to which this narrative refers, was a food prohibited among the Moscovites. Dmitry was eager to abolish so puerile a prejudice, without reflecting that it was not a material evil, but only a silly and inveterate superstition; and that great precaution and delicacy were therefore necessary. He openly ate veal, and when Tatistcheff made him a public remonstrance on the subject, his only reply was a smile of contempt.

But a more important crime in the eyes of the Russians, especially the descendants of those old boyards, who had been the supporters of the Dukes of Moscovy, was the obstinacy displayed by the Czar in wearing the Polish dress. Nothing could palliate this contempt of old customs—this spirit of innovation. To forego the long awkward gown, unshorn beard, and filthy habits of the ancient Moscovites, was the worst species of sacrilege, and could be expiated only with the blood of the offender.

Conspiracies were soon formed against Dmitry, and the houses of public entertainment at Moscow became places of meeting for the malcontents. There, treasonable conversations were held; there, the identity of Dmitry was again called in question, and the verisimilitude discussed of those very facts which the inhabitants of Moscow had, only a few months before, received as incontrovertible, and admitted with rapture. In a short time the plots of the disaf-

fects assumed an alarming consistence; and the banner of rebellion was raised to the cry of:

“Hatred and death to all foreigners.”

Basile Ivanowitz Schouisky, the same who had addressed Marina in the name of the Russian nobility, was the chief of the insurgents. A rising was to have taken place at Moscow; but the plot was discovered, and Schouisky arrested. He was tried for high treason and condemned to death. His execution would have followed but for Marina, who, associating him with the glorious day of her coronation, solicited and obtained his pardon. At the moment of signing it, however, Dmitry hesitated—a dark foreboding stopped his hand: he was impressed with the idea that his clemency would prove fatal to himself and Marina.

“Why do you wish me to pardon this man?” said he to the Czarina, with a smile of sadness; “really I cannot sign this paper.”

Marina turned pale; she thought her influence over Dmitry was beginning to decline. From this mistaken feeling, she approached the Czar, and placing her arm round his neck, drew him gently towards her; then kissing his forehead, she fixed upon him that velvet eye, and look of fondness, the power of which had never yet failed.

“Do it for me,” she said in a tone of witchery; “sign it for my sake! I cannot bear that this man should die.”

Her blandishments were irresistible: Dmitry pressed her to his bosom—and signed;—but, alas! it proved to be his own death-warrant.

One evening—it was the 16th of May, 1607—the weather was stormy, and the dust flew up in whirling eddies through the vast fields which separated the palaces at Moscow from each other. The rain began to pour down in torrents, and every one sought a place of shelter. The houses of public entertainment, in which the warm beverage peculiar to the Russians was sold, were soon crowded. In a corner of the public room at one of these houses, sat a man whose

face was half concealed by the fur of his cap. His mouth alone was distinctly visible, and upon his lips played a smile of bitter malignancy. At times, an involuntary motion of his body disclosed, under the folds of a large cloak, the embroidered dress, gold chain, and jewelled sword-hilt of a boyard; but the stranger immediately drew his cloak around him, and evidently wished to remain unnoticed among the numerous guests who had crowded into the apartment.

He appeared to listen very attentively to what was uttered by another individual, who was holding forth to his countrymen, and discussing the relative merits of the Russians and Poles. It was evident that the orator was a true son of Moscovy, faithful to its customs, and ready to shed his blood in their defence. He was tall, of athletic frame, and his features bore the stamp of a lofty and highly tempered soul. Opinions were soon offered in opposition to his, the contending parties raised their voices, and the Russian appeared to become animated in spite of himself. Unable at length to keep his feelings under control, he rushed into the street, and walked rapidly from the tavern, braving the pelting storm, the violence of which increased every moment.

"Glory to God, and greeting to Kosma," said a voice near him. The Russian turned suddenly round, and saw close to him the mysterious stranger whom he had left at the tavern.

"What is your will?" said he to this individual; "and how am I known to you?"

"I have seen Kosma Minim," the other replied, "face to face with the enemies of his country. At Nijena, I saw him assist his unfortunate fellow-citizens with money—I likewise saw him, before the elders of his family, defend the interests of his countrymen against his own kinsmen. Is this the same man whom I have just beheld fraternizing with our tyrants?"

The unknown threw open his cloak, and by the

light of a lamp burning before an image of St. Nicholas, the Russian recognized the insignia of high rank. He uncovered his head—the unknown made a sign of secrecy.

“Silence, Kosma,” said he; “tell me, art thou still a true child of old Moscovy?”

“God is my witness that I am!” Kosma replied, raising his hands and eyes to Heaven.

“I ask for no oaths,” said the stranger, “I want thee to act—wilt thou do so?”

“Against whom?” asked the Russian.

At this moment a body of young men on horseback, and in the Polish uniform, galloped past them, shouting, singing, and flourishing drawn swords in their hands. One of them, passing close to Kosma, lifted off the Russian’s cap on the point of his sword, and flung it into the mud. The whole party laughed heartily, and were soon out of sight. Kosma picked up his cap, the fur of which was soiled. Having wiped and replaced it upon his head, he slowly returned to the unknown, but his looks were gloomy and fierce, and his emotion so great that he could scarcely breathe.

“Well!” said the boyard, “what thinkest thou at present of thy brethren the Poles? Why didst thou not lay thee down beneath their horses’ feet, to serve as good litter?”

A hoarse and bitter exclamation issued from the bosom of the insulted Russian.

“Damnation!” he cried, striking his forehead with his two clenched fists. “O my God, give me counsel!” Then drawing himself up with dignity, “Prince Schouisky,” said he to the boyard, who with a look of malignant satisfaction watched his motions, “the Poles have no doubt made an improper use of their influence over the Czar; but we ought never to forget that to Poland we owe the best jewel of our monarchy: it was Poland that restored to us the last drop of the precious blood of Rurick the Great.”

Schouisky replied with a savage smile to this burst

of generous feeling. "The blood of Rurick!" he cried. "And art thou one among the small number of dolts who still believe in that fable? Dmitry was killed, and has never risen from his grave. This man is an impostor. Say, Kosma, wilt thou contribute to the preservation of thy country?"

"In what manner, Prince?"

"Look! what seest thou upon those doors?"

"Red crosses," replied Kosma.

"Well!" said the prince, "that mark is upon the door of every hated Pole. It announces that these foreigners will to-night sleep their last sleep. The sun shall rise no more for them. Depart forthwith for Nijena, Kosma, and do in that city the same deed of patriotism which by to-morrow's dawn will have been consummated at Moscow."

For a moment Kosma made no reply.

"If Dmitry is an impostor," said he at length, "then let him die. But if he were not so!"—and the expressive countenance of the honest patriot told the ambitious boyard that the arm of Kosma would be raised to punish guilt, but never to strike an innocent victim.

"I have the means of knowing the truth," added the noble-minded Russian; "and then, whatever my conviction may be, I will do my duty."

So saying, he took off his cap to the boyard, saluted him with deep respect, though without meanness, and immediately departed. Schouisky looked at him with an undefinable expression as he withdrew.

"Well! well!" said he, "go thy way, and consult thy oracle Pojarski. Concert together, if ye list, while we act. When all is consummated, you will tell us whether we have done right or wrong."

Kosma, or Cousiema Minim, was a butcher of Nijena-Novogorod, who, from his noble character and the services he had rendered his country, had acquired the greatest popularity among his fellow-citizens. His will was law among his townsmen, and a word from him would have brought them all under

his banner to embrace any undertaking he might command, or brave any danger to which he might lead them. The noble uprightness of his character is fully displayed in the conversation I have just related. Kosma had the most unbounded confidence in Prince Pojarski, a man of liberal and just notions, and extraordinary talent, who, had he lived a century later, would have conferred immense benefits upon Russia. These two men were connected by a kindred feeling: each had the same object at heart—the good of his country; and however strong their prejudice in favour of the barbarous customs of the old Moscovites, their undertakings were founded upon the highest feelings of honour and patriotism.

It was natural that Schouisky should be anxious to secure the co-operation of such men; and the best means of doing so was first to win over the citizen of Nijena to his plans. But the straightforward honesty of Kosmi completely foiled the wily boyard.

On the morning of the 17th of May, the day after their interview, the inmates of the Kremlin were aroused from their slumbers by the sound of the tocsin, and the shouts of an infuriated multitude drunk with blood and murder. The unhappy Poles designated, as Schouisky had shown to Kosma the day before, had already been put to death, and the populace were about to attack the palace of the Czars. All the inmates of this ancient edifice were asleep and unsuspecting of danger. Since Dmitry had begun to reign, nothing but joy and festivity had been seen within its walls, no sounds heard but the song of happiness and the voice of affection. What a contrast was there now! Bosmanoff, first gentleman of the Czar's bed-chamber, on hearing the shouts of the multitude, ran into the street, where he beheld Tatistcheff at the head of a body of the people uttering shouts of vengeance. Bosmanoff had once saved the life of this leader of the insurgents, but the service was forgotten, and the debt of gratitude paid by a stab with a dagger, inflicted upon the half-dressed

and unarmed nobleman. Bosmanoff, though mortally wounded, had strength to reach the apartment adjoining the imperial chamber, where he fell, crying out with his last breath :

“Fly, Dmitry, son of Ivan—here’s treachery—fly, or thou art lost!”

The Czar had already seized his arms, and placing himself at the head of a few of his guards, sallied forth and attacked the multitude. But the mass of insurgents increasing every moment, all who accompanied him were massacred, and he was himself at last brought to the ground by a shot from an arquebuse. The people ran forward to despatch him; but he raised himself upon one arm, and looking sternly at them,

“Miserable wretches!” he cried, “dare you kill your sovereign? I am Dmitry, the son of Ivan.”

The crowd drew back, abashed and trembling; and perhaps the Czar’s life might have been saved, had not Schouisky arrived just at this juncture. The boyard saw that the success of his attempt depended upon a single moment. The people hesitated.

“If,” said they, “this is truly the Czarowitz, what a crime we should have committed!” And they looked with remorse at their lately beloved sovereign now lying before them covered with blood.

“Friends and fellow-countrymen,” cried Schouisky in a loud voice, “I had myself some scruples with regard to the identity of the man calling himself Dmitry Ivanowitz; but I have been to the convent of the Virgins, where, on my knees, I entreated the Czarina, in the name of God, to declare the truth; with sobs and tears, she confessed that she had only lent herself to a deception, in order to be revenged upon the family of Boris Godunoff for the murder of the real Dmitry. The man before you is not her son—he is an impostor.”

This was sufficient: no steps were taken to ascertain the truth of Schouisky’s statement. He had not seen Irene, neither had she disowned Dmitry. But

everything depended upon the action of the moment, and if the Czar escaped, the boyard's own life would pay the forfeit. He therefore unhesitatingly advanced the falsehood he had just uttered, and it was but too successful.

The crowd again rushed towards the Czar and immediately despatched him. They then ran with cries of savage delight to Marina's apartment. A young page named Omolski, who had accompanied the Czarina from Poland, and whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity, defended the door of her chamber against the host of savages by whom it was assailed. For a time he kept the multitude at bay, but was at length shot, and the assailants entered the room over his dead body. Marina, whose firmness had never till this moment been brought into action, advanced with dignity towards the murderers. She attempted to address them, for though deeply afflicted at their rebellion, she had still hope, as she knew not then what she had lost; but cries of rage covered her voice. A shot was fired and struck one of the Czarina's women, who had just placed herself before her royal mistress. This faithful attendant was a young Jewess whom Marina had saved from a forced union with a man she abhorred, and having afterwards made her fortune, gave her in marriage to a Polish gentleman named Chmielnicki. The powerless defence made by Marina's attendants was soon overcome, and the Czarina was about to fall a victim to the fury of the sanguinary rabble, when some of the principal boyards arrived and rescued her from their hands. In the course of this horrible day blood streamed in torrents through the streets of Moscow, and brute force displaying the utmost refinement of hatred and cruelty, overcame and destroyed all who sought to raise the Russian nation from a state of the most abject savageness. Every Pole was butchered, with the exception of the Palatine Mniszech and the two princes Wisnowiecki. These alone had taken some precautions as against a distant

and unknown danger; their foresight was due to an instinctive feeling arising from the well-known antipathy of the Russians to the Poles. On hearing of the outbreak, they fortified themselves in their palace, where, unaided, they defended themselves with such determined obstinacy that the Moscovites agreed to spare their lives if they would surrender. Marina was placed in confinement with her father and her two relatives, and could now weep, without restraint, upon the bosom of her parent for the loss of a beloved husband and a crown.

Basile Schouisky reaped the fruit of his crime. By Dmitry's death, the throne had become vacant. The wily boyard, however, made no claim for himself, nor did he designate any other individual; but his birth was illustrious, and he had acquired great popularity by flattering the passions and prejudices of the people. The merchants, in particular, were strongly attached to him, for he had always been a strenuous defender of their privileges.

"It is useless to oppose him," said the boyards among themselves; "let us make a merit of placing him upon the throne."

They immediately led him from the kremlin to the great square, where they saluted him by the titles of Czar, and Father of the people. Basile Schouisky seated himself without compunction upon a throne whose legitimate occupant he had treacherously murdered. The presence of Marina and her father at Moscow was, however, a source of uneasiness to him. A party might be formed in their favour, and he might be hurled from his elevation much more easily than his predecessor. He therefore sent them under a strong escort to Jaroslav on the Volga.

But another cause of uneasiness soon convinced Schouisky that he would not be suffered peaceably to enjoy the throne of the murdered Dmitry. The massacre at Moscow had excited the utmost indignation in Poland, and the Polish blood spilt on that occasion required a signal punishment. Anxious to

prevent any act of hostility, Schoulsky set his Polish prisoners at liberty, and Marina was free to return to her native country. She accordingly took the road to Poland with a sad and aching heart, accompanied by her father. Though only twenty years of age, she was old in misfortune and suffering. She had been a wife and a queen, and was now a widowed outcast. Her father's house was not a home for her: she had no home—no country—no hope; all lay buried in the cold grave of her lost Dmitry. She was now travelling as a captive, through a land in which, but a few years since, the people had knelt on her passage and hailed her with shouts of joy, as the consort of their emperor. Her uncrowned head was shrouded with the widow's veil, the dark folds of which preserved her care-worn countenance from the scan of the passer-by.

“O Dmitry! my beloved, lost Dmitry!” would she often exclaim, wringing her hands, and shedding bitter tears, each of which fell like a drop of melted lead upon her heart, “why did I not follow thee to the grave! To spare my life was to inflict upon me tenfold wo!”

One evening, just as the escort which was conveying her to the Polish frontier, had crossed one of those vast plains of sand and stunted birch-wood, termed steppes in Russia, a troop of horsemen suddenly appeared, attacked the guard, and put it to flight. Marina and her father, not supposing that they had any interest in this act, took but little heed of the conflict. When it was over, they recognized in the commander of the horsemen, Stadnicki, one of their kinsmen, who had served under Dmitry.

“Madam,” said he to the Czarina, “I am fortunate in being the first to announce the happiness that awaits you. At a short distance from this spot, you will find the Czar of Moscovy, at the head of a numerous army.”

“Dmitry!” exclaimed Marina, with an almost frantic shriek.

“Yes, madam, and he is impatiently waiting for you. Having been saved by a miracle of Providence, he will soon again be master of the whole of Russia. Let me entreat that you will lose no time, for he is anxious you should join him immediately.”

Marina was strangely perplexed. How could it happen, she thought, that Dmitry had a second time escaped from what appeared certain death? Her heart was unable to expand at the news, to which it seemed to give the lie; her cheeks remained pale and sorrowful, and her sunken eyes rekindled not with the fire of hope.

The Palatine felt no inclination to inquire further, for he totally disbelieved the story of Dmitry's second resuscitation. But it little mattered to him who his pretended son-in-law might be, **provided he wore a crown**; and he resolved to countenance the intrigue to which he had no doubt Stadnicki was a party. He therefore urged Marina to accompany their kinsman, and they took the road to Moscow, the Palatine full of confidence, and Marina, trembling, agitated, and a prey to gloomy apprehensions.

The particulars of Dmitry's escape, given by Stadnicki to the Palatine, as they journeyed on, were nevertheless sufficiently probable to inspire Marina with a little more hope. The Czar, he said, escaped from the Kremlin and ultimately from Moscow, through the subterraneous passages of the fortress. After a long and painful illness, he was at last able to get on horseback, and lead his forces to battle against the traitor Schouisky. He was at the head of a numerous army, which was increasing every day, and had been joined by Prince Rozynski, and Prince John Sapieha. The Czar was then encamped with his forces, on a plain about three leagues from Moscow.

The travellers at length approached the camp where Marina was informed she should again behold her lost Dmitry. No sooner was her name pro-

nounced, than she was surrounded by a multitude who, with a species of delirium, hailed her as their Czarina. She was so much affected by this reception, that with great difficulty she was prevented from fainting. The sound of military music, the brilliant uniforms and sparkling arms, the noise and shouts, the cries of "Long life to the Czarina—God bless our mother!"—all this confused her, made her heart throb, and threw a haze over her already troubled eyesight. She at length recovered, and under the guidance of her father and Stadnicki, entered an enclosed field, at the further extremity of which she beheld a group of men magnificently dressed. One of them quitted the others and advanced towards her.

Marina had never been able fully to convince herself that Dmitry was alive. No doubt she would have given her life to have brought him back from the grave; but she knew that his murderers had spilt his blood to the very last drop, and however dear to her was the hope of his escape, she instinctively felt that it could not be realized. She had seen the fury of the people, thirsting for Dmitry's blood, exhaust itself upon the lifeless body of their victim; and if she had for a moment yielded to an involuntary illusion, too pleasing to be rejected without evidence of its fallacy, it was with doubt and dread. The man who now approached the Czarina, bore not the slightest resemblance to the handsome and noble Dmitry. His person was most repulsive; his countenance expressed none but the basest feelings; his squinting eyes constantly sought the ground, and the vilest passions were portrayed in a hideous leer, which he meant for a smile of condescension and encouragement. Marina started as she gazed at him, and her blood froze as he cast upon her a look of malignant triumph. His features were familiar to her, and yet she could not associate them with any fact present to her recollection. Her mind was be-

wildered, and she thought herself under the influence of a painful dream. She well knew the man, and her knowledge of him sent a thrill of horror through her frame, and yet she could not remember where she had seen him or who he was. While she was endeavouring to fix in her memory the name of the person who thus offered himself to her as Dmitry, he encircled her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, whispered these words in her ear:

“Fair Marina, recollect you not the remote inn of the Zulosz forest? You there deprived me of a bride, and a lovely one too; but now I find one more lovely—a more noble spouse. A thousand thanks!”

Marina, with a shudder, tore herself from the grasp of the ruffian, and threw herself into her father’s arms.

“Take me hence,” she cried, “or I shall die.”

The Palatine led her into a tent; and as soon as she found herself alone with him, she gave way to the bitterness of her anguish, and was too much overcome to be able to explain the cause of her agitation, or who this man was. She wept bitterly, and nothing but stifled sobs burst from her lips.

“Marina,” said her father calmly, “amid the many extraordinary events which have occurred, didst thou really believe that Dmitry had risen from his grave? Could thy credulity so far beguile thy judgment? No, my child, thou couldst not have expected to meet thy slaughtered husband, now a saint in heaven. There is another cause for thy emotion at the sight of him who personates Dmitry.”

“Oh!” cried Marina, “you know not the wretch who has dared to assume the revered name of my beloved husband and sovereign lord. He is a miserable Jew, the very refuse of human nature. He is the man from whom I rescued the young girl that afterwards married Chmielnicki. O God have pity upon me!”

The Palatine was stricken with amazement.

"But are you quite sure," said he after a long pause, "that he is the same individual?"

"I have no doubt of it," Marina replied.

"And I confess it," said a voice outside the tent, and a moment after, the impostor entered. "Yes, I am the Jew, Jankeli. You have recognized me, Marina. I believe people do not forget those whom they have injured, even were they the most degraded of human beings. As for you, Prince," he continued, turning towards the palatine, "you know me not; but my uncle Egidi, the learned Rabbi, is not unknown to you."

The features of the wretch assumed a satanic expression as he proceeded.

"One day, my uncle put this talisman round my neck, and told me to come to Russia, and proclaim that I was Dmitry, the son of Ivan the terrible. I accordingly arrived at Starodub, and said, 'I am Dmitry Ivanowitz, and am come to claim my father's crown from Schouisky.' The people received me well, all the neighbouring cities submitted to my rule, the boyards came and swore allegiance to me, and my soldiers multiplied. Then Prince Sapieha and Prince Rozynski arrived in my camp, and my army, doubled by the troops they brought with them, has become formidable. I am now at the gates of Moscow, and about to enter that city as Czar of Moscovy. Therefore Marina, I am no longer *a miserable Jew, the very refuse of human nature*. I have now a crown to bestow. It is a magnificent gift, is it not? Marina, I lay it at your feet;—accept it from me."

"Never," cried the Czarina, vehemently.

"And why not?" said the impostor coolly, looking at Marina with a smile of hellish malice. "Your first husband was the impostor; I am the true Dmitry."

"When I married Dmitry," Marina replied, "my kinsmen, my friends, and a whole nation proclaimed him Czar of Moscovy; and besides ——"

"You loved him, did you not?" said Jankeli, in-

interrupting her. "For my part, your love and your ambition are equally indifferent to me. Give me plenty of gold, for much I must have, and I will allow you to reign as you please, and love whom you please."

An expression of disgust and abhorrence stole over Marina's countenance. Jankeli only smiled, and continued:

"But you must hasten to acknowledge me, and that publicly. Your terror on seeing me has already produced a bad effect, which you must now counteract. Believe me, this course will be the most profitable to both of us. Give me gold, plenty of gold, and you may take the crown, and with it the power of vengeance."

As Jankeli uttered these words, the Palatine led Marina from the tent, and showed her, in the distance, the royal city of Moscow, with its forty times forty cupolas.

"Marina," said the old Pole, "in that city is a throne which thou mayest ascend, and enemies whom thou mayest trample under foot."

The Czarina was deeply agitated: her heart beat at the thought of power and vengeance, and her eyes shot flashes of fire. Dmitry, the idol of her affection, was no more; there was a void in her heart which she now seemed ready to fill with a life of excitement and ambition. Her father's lessons in her early days came forcibly to her mind, and all the dreams of her youth arose before her in vivid reality. The blood rushed to her pale cheeks.

"What must I do?" said she to the Palatine.

"Embrace that man," he replied, pushing her into the arms of Jankeli, who had followed them. The army, who saw her in the impostor's arms, uttered shouts of joy, which made the walls of the old Kremlin tremble. Nevertheless, it did not seal the doom of Moscow. Sigismund III. having resolved to interfere in the affairs of Russia, had entered that country at the head of an army, for the purpose of placing

his son Wladislaus upon the throne of the Czars. He laid siege in person to Smolensko, and while he remained several months inactive before that city, the Hetman Zolkiewski marched towards Moscow, and having met Schouisky near Kluchin, completely defeated him, took him and his whole family prisoners, and sent them to Warsaw. He soon after entered Moscow, proclaimed Wladislaus Czar of Moscovy, and then endeavoured to treat with Jankeli, offering him, in the name of Sigismund III. a principality and *plenty of gold*. Zolkiewski had formed a just estimate of the Jew's baseness: the sordid wretch immediately accepted the offer, and a secret treaty was about to be signed, when it came to the knowledge of Marina. She immediately ran to the impostor, and said to him with deep anger, and a gesture of the most profound contempt:

“Vile wretch that thou art!—dost thou think I would breathe the same atmosphere with thee, except it were on a throne? Thou shalt either reign or die.”

Prince Sapielha and his soldiers supported the cause of Marina; but Rozynski declared for Sigismund. The two parties came to blows, and a sanguinary conflict ensued. In the midst of the strife, Jankeli betook himself to flight, and reached Kaluga. The brave Marina, whose father had returned to Poland, remained alone, in the midst of men who never placed any restraint upon their passions; yet she commanded their respect and love. Determined now to owe her greatness solely to herself, she went through the ranks, encouraged the soldiers, and succeeded in raising these undisciplined hands to the greatest pitch of enthusiasm in her favour. All swore to replace upon the throne of Moscovy, not Dmitry—the name was of no moment—but the husband of Marina Mniszech. She next discarded the dress of her sex, assumed the garb of a soldier, and throwing a quiver of arrows over her shoulder, sprang upon her horse, and galloped to Kaluga, where she seized the person of the impostor,

forced him to resume the name Dmitry, and brought him back in triumph to the camp.

"Base coward!" she said, as she led him to his tent, "learn to risk thy life for a throne."

Meanwhile, Wladislaus had been crowned at Moscow; and Zolkiewski set out to exterminate the impostor's army. After a succession of disasters and defeats, Marina, now a daring and heroic woman, and a model of courage to her followers, defended herself against a whole army, with a handful of men, in a convent which she had fortified. Zolkiewski, irritated at being thus stopped in his career of victory by a woman, prepared to storm the convent, and put to the sword every human being found within its walls. But Marina's time was not come: she determined still to live for power and vengeance. This resolution redoubled her strength, and she performed prodigies of valour. After driving back the assailants, she set fire to the convent, escaped with her followers, and, with the impostor, whom she would not suffer out of her sight, shut herself up in Kaluga, which she strongly fortified.

The thirst of power, instilled into her mind from her very infancy, had now become a frenzy which nothing could assuage. It completely changed her woman's nature, and made her a separate being in the creation. The life of that contemptible Jew, for whom she entertained nothing but loathing and disgust, now constituted her most valuable treasure: for upon his imposture did her power rest. She proclaimed him the true Dmitry Ivanowitz, and watched over his safety with the greatest anxiety. Wretch as he was, he was the instrument to her ambition, and though she hated and spurned him, she evinced the most trembling eagerness to secure him from harm.

The determined purpose which filled her mind, being pursued with extreme vigour, brought numerous partisans to her standard, and in a short time she again found herself at the head of a considerable

army. But an incident occurred which, in a moment, overthrew all her hopes.

She had succeeded in gaining to her cause several Tartar Princes, and a numerous body of Cossacks. Jankeli, to whom she now allowed greater freedom, because she had no fear of his escape from her, had from habit identified himself with her proceedings and assumed a sort of authority in the army. Suspicious and mistrustful, because he was himself base and treacherous, he entertained doubts of the fidelity of Ourmamhed Khan of Kasimoff, who had just joined Marina's party. Without communicating his suspicion to the Czarina, he resolved to murder the prince, and with this view invited him to a hunting party. Having, under pretence of a private conference led the unsuspecting Tartar into a remote part of the forest appointed for the day's sport, he stabbed him to the heart, dug a grave, and buried his body. On his return to Kaluga, he stated that Ourmamhed having attempted his life, he had successfully defended himself, and that the Khan, fearful of the consequences of his base attempt, had fled towards Moscow.

Marina knew Jankeli too well to credit this story. His pallid cheeks and trembling limbs but too plainly told his crime, and she shrank aghast from the monster. But another scan had plunged into the murderer's thoughts and detected the foul deed. Prince Ourussoff, Ourmamhed's kinsman, convinced of the Jew's treachery, resolved to avenge the death of the Khan, and one day, when the wretch was in a state of complete inebriation, stabbed him at his own table, massacred the whole of his attendants, and immediately withdrew with his Tartars from Kaluga.

Marina being thus deprived of her best troops was soon deserted by the remainder, and after wandering alone for a short time, fell into the hands of the boyards, who threw her into a horrible prison. Here, she was left to meditate upon the eventful scenes of her past life, and the overthrow of her most cherished hopes. Shut up in a damp and fetid dungeon, al-

most frozen to death, her clothes falling in shreds from her body, and with only sufficient food to keep her alive, she was reduced to such a state of bodily suffering that the instinct of nature broke her proud spirit, and she supplicated her enemies for relief. But they laughed her to scorn, and refused her the slightest alleviation.

Willingly would she have died, but death came not at her bidding, and she lingered on in cruel torture. The boyards at length resolved to put her publicly to death, and a day was fixed for her execution.

One night, as she lay upon the cold and humid floor of her prison, half dozing and half awake, starting every moment from the short slumber of weakness, seeing strange forms flitting before her eyes, and strange noises ringing through her ears, she was suddenly aroused by the sound of deadly strife close to her prison walls. The door of her dungeon was at last burst open, and a man rushed in. Throwing himself on the damp floor by her side, he kissed her hands and wet them with his tears. She was too weak to rise, and he lifted her from the ground. Marina looked at him, and uttered a shriek of joy.

"Oh! Providence," she cried, "I am saved!"

In her infancy a young Pole, named Zaroucki, had been her playmate. His regard for her, as a child, had ripened into love as she grew up. He had offered her his vows before she knew Dmitry; but, though her heart did not absolutely reject him, the prediction of the weird woman, Korica, had wrought so powerfully upon her mind, that she replied:

"To offer me your obedience, you must be in a situation to command."

Zaroucki left her in despair, and was not heard of for several years. Marina herself had nearly lost all recollection of him. But with what delight did she now recognize her old playmate! It was just at the period when the executioner was about to torture and put her to death, that she heard a well-known

voice which reminded her of the peaceable and happy days of her childhood. She found that Zaroucki still loved her, for she felt the tremor of his hands as he broke the chains which encircled her beautiful limbs. She wept with emotion; tears had long ceased to flow from her eyes, and they now refreshed her burning eyelids. Throwing herself into Zaroucki's arms, she said to him:

"I am ready to follow you; whither would you lead me?"

"I am now," he replied, "a Cossack chief. I have a numerous body of troops, consisting of men entirely devoted to me. Under their guard you have nothing to fear. I will take you to your native country, and to your father."

"I have no country now," she said in a melancholy tone of voice, "nor can I ever have a country, except where there is a field of battle—a throne—or a grave."

"Is this your feeling?" said the Cossack chief; "and are you willing to brave fresh dangers?—Then let me share them. Come among us, and be our queen. You will govern simple and even savage men, but blindly obedient to your commands. Your royal canopy shall be more splendid than that of any monarch of the earth, for the vault of heaven shall form it. Your throne shall not consist of a few boards covered with velvet—but repose upon the back of the noblest animal in the creation. Your dominions shall have no limits, for they shall extend as far as our horses can carry us, and our swords strike. Come then, Marina—come and I will show you your new subjects."

Marina thrilled with delight at the thought of this strange and novel life. The excitement which it caused in her, brought back her strength, and she vaulted without assistance upon the back of a milk-white charger which had been prepared for her by Zaroucki's orders. She now found herself surrounded by a troop of men of bold and haughty bearing,

who hailed her as their queen, and swore to live and die in her service. Marina's feelings were wound up to a pitch of ecstasy by this scene, and her beauty assumed a character of sublimity: she might have been taken for the goddess of armies. The rich and tattered garment of her former rank hung in shreds about her person, and in her feeble hand she waved a lance, directing the iron point towards Moscow. Her features, though thin and angular from her sufferings, were now flushed with hope, and still displayed the loveliness of extreme youth, whilst the fire of her eyes expressed the most determined heroism. She galloped forward in the direction she had indicated, making a sign to the Cossacks to follow her. All eagerly obeyed, and from that moment Zaroucki and his bold warriors became the blind slaves of a woman, whose insatiable ambition was further irritated by a thirst of vengeance. In a short time, Marina and her followers laid waste all the eastern provinces of Russia. Wherever they appeared, fire and sword marked their passage. The fever of Marina's resentment being somewhat assuaged by these excesses, she grew tired of her nomadic throne, and was anxious to fix it where it might take root and flourish. It was the dearest wish of her heart to reign, but in peace, and over a definite kingdom. Though first and foremost to brave danger, though a model of valour to her Cossacks, though long inured to a life of peril and hardship, she was nevertheless formed by nature to exercise the gentler attributes of her sex. From a graceful and lovely girl, misfortune had transformed her into a stern and daring warrior; but under the helmet and the breastplate, still lurked a woman's heart, and she longed to exchange her life of war and bloodshed, for the splendour and pomp of royalty. With this view she planned the conquest of Astracan, there to found a new kingdom; and Zaroucki, who knew no will but hers, directed his troops thither. The city of Astracan, though gallantly defended by Prince

Dmitriewitz Khworotinin, was taken by storm, and the prince put to death by the irritated conquerors, who would not allow any resistance to the mandates of their queen. Here, Marina became once more a sovereign; but she reigned over a province which she had herself laid waste, over a city which she had nearly destroyed, and over a people whom she had decimated. Nevertheless she reigned, and a smile of joy, unchecked by the tears of the widows and orphans she had made, once more played round her lips.

Soon after this event, Kosma Minim and Prince Pojarski, having resolved to free their country from its internal enemies, made an appeal to the patriotism and loyalty of the Russian youth. All obeyed their call and flocked round their standard. Marina and Zaroucki, as the most formidable, were the first attacked. Their resistance was desperate, and though overpowered by numbers, every check they received was almost a victory; but at length, an immense host was brought against them, and they were utterly defeated in a pitched battle. With the remnant of their little army, they fled into the desert. Here, they wandered about, suffering every kind of privation, until absolute hunger forced their followers gradually to desert them, and they were left with only a few attendants. These also quitted them at last, after sharing with them the remains of their scanty provisions, which were barely sufficient to support life a few days longer.

* * * * *

In the middle of the winter of 1612, on one of those days of intense cold, when even the sunbeams seem frozen in their passage through the atmosphere, two solitary human beings were wending their way across one of the dreary steppes of Russia. A female with pallid cheeks and sunken eyes was painfully dragging her weary limbs over the frozen snow which, at each step she took, crackled under her weight. A man

emaciated and care-worn supported her with one arm, whilst in the other he carried a lovely infant, blue with cold, and almost lifeless. Every now and then, he looked with tenderness at his companion, and turned away his head to conceal from her his horror and despair. Though sinking under his own sufferings, he seemed to feel but for her, and his infant charge. Her countenance was placid and resigned: it expressed strong though calm determination; but whenever she cast her eyes upon the child, a tear fell upon her cheek, and immediately froze there. These two individuals were Marina and Zaroucki. The child was theirs, and its name was Dmitry. It was born, during a tempest, upon the brink of a mountain torrent; it was a gentle bud which had shot prematurely forth on a day of sunshine, to be nipped by the frost ere it could open into blossom. The wanderers were proceeding towards the Oural mountains, through immense solitudes scarcely trodden by the foot of man. They had travelled in this manner many days; the snow had served as their bed, the canopy of heaven as their roof.

On the day to which I refer, they had painfully walked forward many hours without speaking—for intense grief indulges but little in words. On a sudden they were overtaken by a snow storm. A furious wind arose, and whirled the white flakes in fearful eddies around them. They were so completely enveloped in snow, that they could not see ten feet before them; and having lost the trace which guided them on their journey, they were forced to halt. The storm at length ceased, and they were about to resume their route, when, as the snow blew off, they discovered a body of horsemen close to them. Concealment was impossible; they knew that numerous detachments of Russian troops were in pursuit of them, and they conjectured this to be one. They were not mistaken.

The horsemen, on perceiving them, uttered shouts of joy. They were surrounded in an instant. Za-

roucki drew his sword, but his hand ~~was~~ benumbed with cold, and he was unable to grasp the hilt. The soldiers laughed at his weakness, and all rushed on him at once. He fell covered with wounds; his warm blood smoked as it tinged the snow, and he expired casting a last fond look at her to whom he had sacrificed all.

During his death-throes, he was able to perceive the savages binding the delicate limbs of Marina with their saddle-girths. There was an expression of hellish triumph in their countenances, for they belonged to the party of old Moscovites who had opposed the innovations of Dmitry. Their rough black beards bristled with hoar frost, and their sinister looks told Marina that she had no pity to expect from them. They interrogated her, but she made no other reply than a look of the most cutting contempt.

Suddenly a feeble and plaintive cry was heard. Marina started—it was her child—her little Dmitry. She however recovered her composure, and the poor babe escaped notice.

The commander of the troop began to converse in a low voice with some of his men. They were debating about what they should do with their prisoner.

“Let her die,” said the chief.

“The reward will be great if we take her alive to Moscow,” said another.

“She would never get there,” observed a third; “don’t you see that she is dying?” And as he spoke, Marina sank upon the snow close to Zaroucki’s corpse.

At this moment one of the horses having pawed the ground, it sent forth a hollow and lengthened sound, as if there was a large cavity below the surface. The chief smiled with the joy of a demon. He made a sign—his men understood him: with the hatchets which they carried at their saddle bow, they cut through the hardened snow and came to a bed of ice; this they also broke, and the water of the Jaick flowed above the opening. They were upon the fro-

zen river. Having lifted up Zaroucki's body, they threw it into the stream, thrusting it under the ice. They now turned to Marina, and seizing her with shouts of laughter informed her that her grave was dug, and ready to receive her. She made no reply : her soul was communing with its Creator, and she was then, no doubt, uttering her last prayer for the safety of her babe. The ruffians lifted her up, and after balancing her in their hellish sport, flung her into the water.

No sooner had she disappeared under the ice, than a furious whirlwind arose, and drifted the snow over the opening, as if to close it for ever upon the victims. The ruffians were awe-stricken ; their shouts and laughter had ceased, and superstition had, for a moment, shed its terrors over them.

"It is now all over," said the chief, after a solemn pause ; "to horse and depart."

The men had mounted their horses, and already set out, when a weak and plaintive cry struck the ears of the chief, who had lingered behind. It was uttered by the poor babe lying upon the snow, almost dead with cold and hunger.

"Hah !" said the chief, approaching the child, "thou cursed cub of a still more cursed dam, art thou still alive !"

The infant turned its large and innocent eyes towards the soldier, and lifted up its little hands. The chief raised it from the ground ; it uttered not a cry ; only a gentle moan escaped it, as the ruffian drew a horse girth with all his strength round its white neck. He then threw the corpse upon the snow, and galloped forward to join his companions. The sound of the horses' hoofs gradually died away, the solitude returned to its silence, and the frozen body of an infant remained as the only trace of this deed of blood.

CHRISTINA,

QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

It is a difficult task to write the life of a woman to whom the world, by almost common consent, has given the names of *great* and *illustrious*, but who appears, from the anomalies in her character, to have been rather one of those insensate beings, ever restless and dissatisfied, who vainly endeavour to struggle against the dispensations of Providence, and thereby fail in attaining that happiness which might and ought to have been their lot.

Thus it was with Christina; though the fault is not entirely to be attributed to herself. Her early education had, no doubt, a powerful influence over the remainder of her life: her father, finding in her a precocity of extraordinary talents, wished to make her great; and, violating the laws of nature, he gave her the education of a warrior. The consequence of this was, the apparition of one of those singular phenomena which astonish but disgust mankind, and excite but little of human sympathy.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, was born on the 18th December 1626. Her mother was Eleanora Maria of Brandenburg; her father Gustavus Adolphus, one of the greatest captains of modern times, and surnamed by his victorious legions the "Lion of the North." He died young, amid his career of victory, whilst he was yet animated with that resolute daring which had made him surmount every obstacle, and would ultimately have led him to the conquest of all Europe. He left the crown of Sweden to a child; but he cher-

ished the hope that this child would render illustrious the throne of his ancestors.

Christina was scarcely two years old when her father, having already discerned in her a decided will, and almost a martial temper, took her with him to all the camps and fortresses which he visited. One day at Colmar, when the guns were about to be fired, the governor, fearful that the infant princess might be alarmed at the report, mentioned it to the King. Gustavus hesitated at first, but he soon said with a smile, "She is the daughter of a soldier; let the guns be fired,—she must accustom herself to the report." When Christina heard the noise, she laughed aloud, and striking her little hands together, seemed to ask for a repetition of the firing. Gustavus Adolphus could not but love a child who gave such early indications of courage, and was one day to succeed him. From that moment he always took Christina with him to camps and reviews, whenever there was military display; and he observed with delight the pleasure she evinced on such occasions.

"I will one day," he used to say to her, "take you to places where you shall be fully satisfied."

Gustavus Adolphus is a man to whom posterity has not done justice. We often admire the deeds of those Northern hosts who overthrew the Roman empire; but if we consider attentively what Gustavus Adolphus achieved in the space of a single year, opposed as he was to nations and generals of a much higher order of civilization and capacity than those with whom the Scythians and Goths had to contend, we shall feel less surprise at the victorious incursions of the latter.

The hero of Sweden died in the midst of his triumphs, and before he had time to bestow upon his child the education he had traced out for her. But his last injunctions were religiously observed, and Christina was brought up in that extraordinary manner which could only lead to an unsatisfactory result for herself. Particular care was taken to render her

constitution as robust as that of the strongest man : she ate little, slept still less, and was inured to every species of privation and hardship. She frequently passed two whole days without drinking, because water not agreeing with her, she was not allowed to drink it, and she could not reconcile herself to wine, or any fermented liquor. Mortifying herself of her own free will, she endured cold, heat, hunger, and thirst with equal resolution. She endeavoured to throw off everything belonging to her sex, and adopt the habits and ideas of a man. She entertained a deeply-rooted aversion and contempt for women ; and this feeling was the more extraordinary because nothing had occurred to herself likely to inspire her with this hatred.

“I prefer men to women,” she used to say, “not because they are men, but because they are not women.”

The celebrated Oxienstiern, her father's minister, and one of the greatest and most virtuous statesman the world has produced—the great Gustavus himself, Cardinal Richelieu, Olivares, Cromwell, Mazarin, the great Condé, and that host of fine geniuses of which the literature of every country at that time boasted, might indeed have inspired her with the desire of sharing the glory of men. But women had also their glory, and in repudiating the advantages of her sex, Christina still remained a woman,—but a woman deprived of the charms and fascinations of her nature, without being able to acquire any of the qualities of men, who looked upon her in no other light than a cruel and vindictive female, impetuous, tyrannical, and capable of every excess to which an inordinate ambition that she in vain endeavoured to conceal, could lead her. She herself admitted that she was a compound of good and bad qualities. Perhaps we must attribute to these causes the contradictory judgments passed upon her by her contemporaries. When her father ascended the throne of Sweden, the monarchs of that country possessed not greater de-

spotic power than those of Denmark in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The four estates, composed of a thousand noblemen, a hundred ecclesiastics, a hundred and fifty burghers, and about a hundred and fifty peasants, passed all the laws of the kingdom. At that period too, the titles of duke, count, and marquis were unknown both in Sweden and in Denmark. King Eric introduced them into Sweden about the year 1561. Eric did not, however, possess absolute power, and he proved a striking instance of the evil that may accrue from a desire of despotism when united with incapacity. He was son of Gustavus Vasa, and might reasonably have expected to be successful in the innovation he attempted; but, unfortunately, he only betrayed his weakness and want of talent. He was accused, deposed, and cast into prison; the throne was given to his brother John, who, in order to secure to himself the undisturbed enjoyment of it, had his brother publicly poisoned, and his body afterwards carried through the whole city with the face uncovered, so that no doubts might be entertained of his death. Thus, the new king prevented the possibility of any impostor laying claim to the throne at a future day. As a punishment for this fratricide, king John was condemned to make but one meal each *Wednesday*. It was the Jesuit Passevin who inflicted this penance in the name of Pope Gregory VIII. Though this sentence no doubt partakes of the ridiculous, it shows, nevertheless that crime must always be expiated, and that there exists no sanctuary, not even a throne, that can ensure impunity to the murderer.

The mildness of this punishment was intended as a lure to draw over King John to the court of Rome, and make the Swedish nation embrace Catholicism. But the exertions of the Jesuit Passevin to gain this end were fruitless. John, who did not like the Lutheran persuasion, endeavoured, but with no better success, to introduce the Greek religion among his subjects. Sweden was at that period plunged in

darkness and ignorance. The university of Upsal existed, it is true, but it had only three or four professors, and these were without pupils. Arts and sciences were so little cultivated in that country that artillery was not known among the Swedes till after the time of Gustavus Vasa; and when, in 1529, King John fell ill, not a single physician was to be found to attend him, and he died without medical advice.

Sweden, however, possessed at that period every element of prosperity. Sigismund, son of King John, had been elected king of Poland in 1587, five years prior to the death of his father. Sigismund, seated upon the throne of Sweden and Poland, might easily have conquered the whole of Moscovy, had he had government or army. But he merely possessed himself of Finland and Esthonia; and this he did a few years after he mounted the throne. As he adhered to the Catholic religion, whilst the Lutheran was that of Sweden, the states deposed him, as they had done his uncle Eric. They placed upon the throne, Charles IX. another of his uncles, and the father of the great Gustavus Adolphus. It may easily be imagined that in a half-civilized country like Sweden at this period, such changes could not be effected without violent commotions. But if Charles IX. was not recognized by those foreign powers who were the allies of his nephew, he reigned, as legitimate sovereign in Sweden by the unanimous consent of the nation. His death took place in 1611.

Gustavus Adolphus had not reached his eighteenth year, which is the age of majority for the kings of Sweden and Denmark, when he succeeded to his father without the slightest opposition, and by his accession to the throne the destinies of Sweden were changed.

The first wars in which he engaged were unfortunate. All his endeavours to gain possession of Scania, then invaded by the Danes, proved ineffectual: he was forced to retreat, and to make peace

with that power. But as soon as he had concluded the treaty, he again yielded to his warlike propensities, and not only attacked the Moscovites, but penetrated into Livonia, and making his cousin Sigismund flee before his victorious army, pursued him almost to his own capital. The emperor Ferdinand II. supported his ally Sigismund; and it was then that Cardinal Richelieu, availing himself, with his usual ability, of the embarrassed situation of the Swedish king, entered into a treaty with him, hoping, with the aid of the Lion of the North, to strike a fatal blow at the power of the House of Austria. The councils of Sweden were at that period directed by Oxienstiern, a minister worthy, by his transcendant abilities, of treating with Cardinal Richelieu, but greatly superior to the crafty Frenchman in virtue and integrity.

Gustavus Adolphus, with a view of penetrating without obstacle into Germany, concluded a truce with Poland, by which he retained all his conquests; and invading Austria, he soon, by his victories, shook the throne of Ferdinand II. almost to its foundation. The progress of the "Lion of the North" was a succession of victories: he re-established the elector palatine in his possessions, besieged Ferdinand in his own capital, and would probably have dictated laws to the surrounding potentates, had not death surprised him in the midst of his career. He was killed in 1632, at the battle of Lutzen, leaving the crown of Sweden to a child of six years of age.

The death of Gustavus Adolphus was a real calamity to Sweden. The loss of the battle of Nordlingen, in 1634, placed that country under the dependence of its former ally, France. Richelieu now realized his ambitious project of wholly directing the politics of Germany, hitherto swayed by the councils of the virtuous Oxienstiern, who, notwithstanding his talents as a statesman, did not possess the requisites of a warrior. The powerful arm of his valiant master would have been necessary for some years longer to have consolidated the influence his genius had ex-

exercised over the affairs of the North. Oxienstiern completed the triumph of the proud and wily prelate, by his presence at Compeigne; thus doing homage, as it were, to the supremacy of Richelieu.

Meanwhile, Christina acquired with her years, knowledge and talent in a truly astonishing manner. At the age of fifteen she surprised even her ministers by the clearness of her views, and the vastness of her plans for the future prosperity of her dominions.

Lively and impassioned, her character was more that of a native of Southern climes, than of a young girl brought up in the icy North. All her projects were gigantic, and she ascribed the merit of them to her father, whose memory she literally adored. Ardent in all her resolves, she devoted herself to the study of the abstract sciences with the application and perseverance of a professor. Even before she was of age, she received at her court the most celebrated men of learning in Europe. Bochart, Grotius, Descartes, and several other master-minds were treated by her at Stockholm with a respect and distinction which often excited the envy and hurt the pride of the Swedish nobles. But Christina's mind was of a superior cast, and she heeded not the petty jealousies of her offended courtiers. One of the most important acts of her reign was undoubtedly the peace of Westphalia, by which the whole of Germany was restored to tranquillity. Her private chancellor, Salvius, who was her second plenipotentiary at the congress, contributed greatly by his abilities to the conclusion of that important treaty. Christina testified her gratitude to this distinguished negotiator by raising him to the rank of senator, a dignity conferred only upon persons of the highest lineage. In her address to the senate upon this occasion, she said:—

“Gentlemen, when good and wise counsel is required, we do not ask proof of sixteen quarters of nobility, we only think of the matter upon which we need advice. Salvius is deficient only in nobility of

birth ; but that man's birth is sufficiently noble who has never deserved reproach. For my own part, it is absolutely urgent that I should have men of talent."

When Christina became of age, she proved to the whole of Europe that her youthful soul possessed the energy and spirit of enterprise which had characterized her illustrious father. She governed her kingdom with infinite wisdom, and nothing in her conduct then denoted the insensate queen and ferocious woman which she afterwards became.

When she had reached her twentieth year, the states of the kingdom humbly solicited her to choose a husband. As she listened to their address, she became violently agitated, and seemed to struggle with difficulty against her rising passion. She, nevertheless, returned an evasive answer ; but a short time after, the states having renewed their request, Christina, in violent anger, asked them how they dared to address her upon that subject.

The chief member of the deputation replied, that the Swedish nation revered her for herself ; but at the same time entertained the most profound adoration for the family of Gustavus Adolphus.

"It is, madam, that you may have sons who resemble you, who are the descendants of your great and royal father, and the pride of the Swedish nation."

"How do you know," exclaimed Christina, "that I may not give birth to a Nero instead of an Augustus ?" She then added : "Do not force me to marry. I hate marriage, and should prefer selecting a prince to reign in my stead, to being your queen with the loss of my independence."

The states withdrew in silence, but their disappointment was manifest ; Christina perceived it, and from that moment her resolution to abdicate was formed.

Puffendorf asserts that Christina was compelled to relinquish the throne of Sweden. But the assertion is not borne out by facts, and indeed this author contradicts himself a few pages farther on ; for he

says, that on the first words she uttered in the senate to announce her resolution of abdicating, the senators, in tears, threw themselves at her feet imploring her to remain upon the throne, and not to abandon Sweden. But Christina remained inexorable: she assembled the states of the kingdom, placed before them, with great solemnity, the crown and sceptre, and abdicated in favour of her cousin Charles, Duke of Deux-Ponts. This prince was in every respect suited to the Swedish nation, which at this time was wholly warlike, and panting for military fame. The duke was crowned under the title of Charles X. Immediately after his accession to the throne he marched into Poland, and, in the space of a few days, effected the conquest of that kingdom. But he lost it again as quickly. Being obliged to evacuate Poland, he made a retreat almost unparalleled in history, marching from island to island in the frozen ocean, till at length he reached Copenhagen. This extraordinary event produced an equally extraordinary result: that of a treaty of peace, restoring to Sweden the province of Scania, of which she had been dispossessed for three centuries past.

Christina, on her abdication, had stipulated the necessary arrangements to enable her to live in affluence wherever she might think proper to take up her abode; but what she principally desired was entire independence, the most uncontrolled freedom of action. Voltaire says, that in his opinion Christina would not have abdicated had she been Queen of Italy. I differ from this great writer.

I will now add but a few words more relating to Sweden. Charles XI. son of Charles X. was the first absolute monarch of that country, and his grandson Charles XII. was the last. It was only after the death of the latter, that the Swedish nation, which up to that period was wholly devoted to war, began to engage in the more profitable pursuits of commerce. An East India company was established, and the merchants of Sweden traded even with China and the Mogul empire.

A few days after this great action by Christina—for I cannot but designate as such the voluntary abandonment of a throne, she quitted Sweden, and in a very short time lost all the dignity and greatness of soul by which she had previously been distinguished. She now repented of having left her native country, and demanded of her cousin permission to reside in Sweden: but Charles very wisely refused. Christina then had a medal struck, with an inscription implying that Parnassus and the arts were worth more than a throne.

She soon after adopted a peculiar costume, which might have passed for that of a man, but a madman. Thus attired, she travelled through Denmark and a great part of Germany, in order to reach Brussels. She there imagined that as her intention was to proceed to Italy, she should not, as a protestant, be well received in that country; she therefore resolved to change her religion. This was not the affair of one day, but only of a few hours. Christina having become a catholic immediately set out for Inspruck, where she publicly abjured the protestant faith. In the evening she visited the theatre, and the protestants, who placed no faith in the sincerity of her conversion, sarcastically observed:

“The catholics owe her, in all conscience, a comedy in the evening, in return for the one she entertained them with this morning.”

Christina only laughed at these remarks. One day a manuscript was brought to her, in which her conversion was spoken of in terms of derision. After perusing it, she wrote in the margin, in Italian:—“*Chi legge non lo scrive—Chi lo scrive non legge.*”

Very shortly after her conversion, which again drew the attention of Europe upon her, Christina visited France. This was in the beginning of the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. That young and handsome monarch was fond of pleasure, and encouraged a display of magnificence in his nobles. Mazarin was still living, and Paris, restored to order and tran-

quillity since the termination of the troubles of the Fronde, was a most delightful residence for foreigners, especially, as may be well supposed, for a northern princess, who might have understood civilization but had never seen it.

Whilst preparations were making to receive her in a manner worthy of the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, she went to Fontainebleau, and visited the finest country seats in the environs of Paris. It was there that Mademoiselle, who was exiled to Fontainebleau on account of her famous cannon-shot of St. Antoine, saw Christina, and wrote in her Memoirs a lively description of all the circumstances attending this visit of the Swedish Queen. Mademoiselle, it is well known, attached great importance to the most trifling points of etiquette. She sent a nobleman to Fontainebleau, to the Queen of Sweden, to inquire how she would receive her.

“ Good heavens !” exclaimed Christina, “ she shall be received as she pleases ; and though much is granted to her quality, there is no species of honour that I am not disposed to allow to her person.”

What the Queen of Sweden knew of Mademoiselle relative to the Orleans affair had entirely won her regard. Christina looked upon this princess as, at least, a Bradamante. The truth is, that both she and the ex-queen of Sweden were half mad ; with this difference, that the northern princess was as cruel as a hyæna, whilst Mademoiselle possessed at least a feeling heart. Both had a mania, and in this again they differed : Christina had the mania of lovers—Mademoiselle that of husbands. Mademoiselle demanded to have the honours of the *fauteuil*, although her rank only entitled her to a stool in the presence of a crowned head. Christina admitted this pretension, but said, with a smile :

“ Would she wish, likewise, to take precedence of me ? For, with the temper I am told she has, she perhaps would not give way if we were to reach the door at the same moment.”

It was at Essonne that Christina and the princess met. The particulars of this interview are so well given in the Memoirs of Mademoiselle, that I prefer quoting the passage.

“I was at Petit Bourg, at the house of the Abbé de la Revière, afterwards Bishop of Langre, when I received the queen’s answer. Petit Bourg is only a league from Essonne. I was attended by Mesdames de Bethune, de Berthilliers, de Frontenac, and Mesdemoiselles de Vandy, and de Segur, sisters of Count d’Escars. The Countess de Fiesque, who had gone to Paris, had not yet returned, which vexed me much. On my arrival, M. de Guise Comminge, who was there from the queen, and all the king’s officers in attendance upon her, came to receive me. The Queen of Sweden was in a handsome apartment at Ausselin’s, fitted up in the Italian style. She was going to have a ballet, and had therefore a great number of persons with her. The room in which she was, being entirely surrounded by benches, she could advance only two or three steps to meet me. I had heard so much of the singularity of her costume, that I was in an agony of fear lest I should laugh on seeing her. The officers and persons by whom she was surrounded having made way for me, I immediately beheld her. Her appearance surprised, but did not strike me as at all ludicrous. She wore a grey petticoat trimmed with lace and silver; a close jacket of camlet, of a fiery red, with lace similar to that of the petticoat; and round her neck a handkerchief of Genoa point, with a bow of red riband. She had a wig of fair light hair, with a ball of hair behind, such as women wear. In her hand she held a hat with black feathers. Her complexion is fair; her eyes are blue, and extremely varying in expression: sometimes uncommonly mild, at others exceedingly harsh. Her mouth, though large, is handsome, and her teeth are beautiful. She is very small in stature, and her close jacket hides the defect of her figure.

Upon the whole, she gave me the idea of a pretty little boy. She embraced me.

“‘I feel great happiness,’ she said, ‘in the honour of seeing you. I have passionately wished for it.’

“She gave me her hand and led me to the bottom of the room.

“‘You have a good disposition for jumping?’ she observed.

“I seated myself in the *fauteuil*. There was a door leading to a space where the ballet was to be performed.

“‘I have been expecting you,’ said she. I wanted to excuse myself from staying to see the ballet, being in mourning for my sister de Chartre. She, however, begged me to remain, which I did. I amused myself with talking to the persons near me, Comminges, Servien, and Marshal d’Albret. The queen, speaking of my father, said, ‘He is the only person in France who has not sent to ask permission to visit me.’ The Countess de Fiesque arrived with Madame de Monglais. I presented them to the Queen of Sweden, who said to me: ‘The Countess de Fiesque is not a beauty to have created so extraordinary a sensation. Is the Chevalier de Grammont still in love with her?’

“When I presented M. de Bethune to her, she spoke to him of his manuscripts: she was evidently well pleased to show that she knew what was going on in France. After the ballet was over, we went to the play. During the performance she spoke very loud, praising the passages which pleased her, and not unfrequently making use of oaths. She leaned over her chair, and threw her legs on either side, sometimes even over the arms of her chair. In short, she put herself into postures which I had never seen before, except when executed by Jodelet or Trivelin. Her conversation turned upon a variety of topics, and she expressed herself in very agreeable terms. Sometimes she fell into a profound reverie, sighing deeply, and then she would start like a person sud-

denly roused from a sound sleep. She is a most extraordinary person. After the play, a collation of sweet-meats and fruit was served up, and then we went to see the fireworks on the river. During the latter display she constantly held my hand. Some squibs burst very close to us, and seeing me much alarmed she laughed: 'What!' said she, 'can a young lady be afraid who has been reduced to opportunities, and performed such noble feats?' She spoke in a low tone to Mademoiselle de Guise, who replied:

" 'We must acquaint Mademoiselle with this.'

" Christina declared that her most ardent wish on earth was to be present at a battle, and that she would have that satisfaction before she died. She added, that she envied the Prince of Condé on account of all his achievements.

" 'He is a good friend of yours?' she said.

" 'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'and a very near relation.'

" 'He is the greatest man in the world,' she observed; 'that cannot be denied.'

" When the fireworks were over: 'Let us go farther on,' she said, 'I would speak to you.' Having led me to a little gallery close by, she shut the door."

Mademoiselle here relates a long conversation which she says she had with Christina, who, as she asserts, seemed to take a great interest in her interminable differences with her father, and in her law-suits. I confess I feel great difficulty in believing this. Mademoiselle in continuation of her narrative, says:

" The queen observed to me, 'You must become queen of France, because you are the most beautiful, the most amiable, and the greatest princess in Europe. I will speak to the Cardinal about it.'

" Supper was then announced; I took my leave of the queen and returned to Petit Bourg. On the following day, I sent to inquire after her health, and

received for answer that she would visit me in the course of the morning. As she was going to the other side of the water, and would have been obliged to come back in order to cross the bridge at Corbeil, she sent me a message with her excuses, saying that the king's attendants had been the cause of her not being able to come and see me, and that she was much grieved at this disappointment."

I have given the above description of Christina by Mademoiselle, because, being written by a person who saw and conversed with her, it bears the stamp of authenticity and possesses, besides, an interest of time and place. Soon after this interview, Christina made her entry into Paris. The ceremony was very magnificent, and perfectly similar to that which took place on the entry of the Emperor Charles V. A very detailed account of it was given in the Gazette de France. The Parisians were greatly surprised at seeing the queen decline the use of a carriage, and prefer entering the first capital in Europe on horseback, unattended by a single female. From the account in the gazette, it appears that her costume was in every respect similar to that worn by her when Mademoiselle saw her at Essonne. She passed the night preceding her entry, at Conflans, where the whole court went to visit her. During her stay at Paris she visited every establishment that presented any interest. She went to all the public libraries, and conversed with all the men distinguished by their learning, paying them the most marked attention; in short, during a few days, she was truly the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus and the pupil of Oxienstiern.

Christina inquired after Ninon de L'Enclos, who resided in a small country-house, near Paris, and paid her a visit. This condescension was remarkable enough, inasmuch as she declined doing the same honour to Mademoiselle. She likewise attended mass at Notre Dame, and her conduct during the ceremony was anything but edifying, especially for a newly converted Catholic. During the whole time

of the service, she talked incessantly to the bishops, and remained standing. The bishop of Amiens, to whom she confessed, stated everywhere that when the Abbé Le Camus, the king's almoner, who was in attendance upon Christina, said to her :

“Which ecclesiastic does your majesty choose to have for your confessor?”

“Any one you choose,” she replied,—“a bishop—select one for me.”

The Abbé Le Camus went and fetched the bishop of Amiens. This prelate was in her oratory when she entered. She immediately knelt before him, and during the whole of her confession stared in his face. The bishop, however, said that she made a good confession, and that her sentiments edified him much more than her behaviour.

Having seen all the curiosities of Paris, she went to Compiègne to visit the royal family. She slept at Chantilly, where Cardinal Mazarin came to visit her. This was a mark of great respect, for Mazarin was in reality the sovereign of France. A few minutes after his arrival, two young men, plainly dressed and without decoration, arrived on horseback.

“Madam,” said the Cardinal to Christina, “I have the honour of presenting to your majesty two young noblemen of high rank.” Both instantly knelt and kissed her gown; she raised them, and embracing them both, said laughingly :

“They certainly belong to a noble family.” They were the king and his brother.

Christina conversed with them a long time. She found the king very handsome, and indeed at that period Louis XIV. was one of the handsomest men of his court.

In addressing the king, she used the term “my brother,” which title she also gave to Monsieur. The two princes after their visit, immediately set off for Compiègne, travelling all night on horseback. On the following day they returned to the house of Mar-

shal Lamothe-Houdancourt, in order to receive Christina. Their majesties waited for the Queen of Sweden on a terrace which divided the court-yard, and was filled with a crowd of courtiers, and ladies, all splendidly attired. Christina alighted in the middle of the court-yard, and her appearance produced such an effect upon the Queen of France, that she remained for a moment speechless. Although her majesty had been informed of the extraordinary manners and appearance of Christina, she could not persuade herself that the being she saw before her was a woman, and that woman a queen. The marshal and his wife gave what was then styled a magnificent collation. The former had brought with him from Catalonia some very beautiful buffets of gilt silver, and other exquisitely wrought furniture. His young and lovely wife was covered with diamonds. From Fayel, the queen of Sweden was taken to Compiègne, where every species of amusement was provided to please her. As she did not dance, she took but little interest in the balls and ballets, notwithstanding their splendour, although these entertainments were the favourite pastimes of Louis XIV. and his court. The French monarch, absorbed by his passion for Mademoiselle de Mancini, paid but little attention to a woman of Christina's appearance. During her stay at Compiègne, the Jesuits of that place solicited her to honour with her presence the representation of a tragedy by their pupils. She went with the whole court, but during the tragedy did nothing but laugh at the unfortunate Jesuits, and turn them into ridicule; and, as a climax to the singularity of her behaviour, placed herself in all those postures which Mademoiselle describes in her relation of the interview at Essonne. The impression which such conduct must have made upon Anne of Austria, may easily be imagined.

The manners of the court of France, at this brilliant and urbane period, at last exercised an influence over the hitherto untractable Christina, who

began to be attached to Paris; but unfortunately her conduct displeased the court so much that it was at length intimated to her, though in the mildest and politest terms, that her stay in France had been sufficiently prolonged. I believe, nevertheless, that the principal cause of her departure was her incessantly interfering in the love-affair betwixt the king and Mademoiselle de Mancini. She was continually repeating to Louis: "If I were in your place, and master as you are, I would immediately marry the person I love." This no doubt was repeated to Anne of Austria, as well as to the Cardinal, who, though Mademoiselle Mancini's uncle, was extremely averse to such marriage. This reason, and no doubt, her extraordinary and undignified manners, her habit of swearing, and her more than singular attitudes upon every occasion, was quite sufficient to induce the court to urge her departure.

Christina then resolved to proceed to Italy, and accordingly prepared for her journey. There is something so extraordinary in her last interview with Mademoiselle, that I think this subject in the hands of a skilful painter might produce a most interesting picture.

"I was at Paris," relates Mademoiselle, "when I learned that the Queen of Sweden intended to leave Compiègne. I thought she would pass through Paris and take the road to Burgundy, but she chose another route. I sent a nobleman to offer her my respects. He informed me, on his return, that her majesty had expressed the most lively sorrow at being deprived of the pleasure of seeing me. On learning her intention of sleeping at Montargis, I formed a desire to see her once more, and having ordered horses, immediately set out for that place, where I arrived at ten o'clock at night. I was accompanied by Madame de Thianges and Madame de Frontenac.

"On my arrival, I alighted at the house in which the queen was. The attendants told me in Italian that

her majesty was in bed. I pretended not to understand that language, and desired them to inform the queen who it was that requested to see her. After having repeated this several times, an attendant came to beg me to go up to the queen's apartment alone. I found Christina in bed in one of the rooms usually occupied by my female attendants, whenever I sleep at Montargis. One solitary candle was burning upon the table. Instead of a nightcap, Christina had a napkin tied round her head, and not a single hair was to be seen, as her head had been shaved a short time previously. She wore a close bedgown without a collar, and fastened in front with a bow of red riband. The sheets reached only half way down the bed, over which was thrown an ugly green quilt. In this state, she certainly did not appear to great advantage. After saluting me, she expressed regret that I should have risen so early, and asked who had accompanied me. I told her Mesdames de Thianges and de Frontenac. She asked to see them, and after a little conversation I took my leave. Had she possessed any good-breeding she would have paid me a visit before her departure next morning; but that would have been expecting too much from a queen of the Goths.

“Next day I went to take leave of her, and found her looking very pretty. She was dressed in a new close jacket beautifully embroidered, and seemed in high spirits. She proposed to Madame de Thianges to accompany her to Italy, saying it was great folly to be attached to a husband, the most perfect of them being worth nothing. She inveighed bitterly against marriage, and advised me never to take a husband. She could not bear the idea of having children. The devotions of the church of Rome next became the topic of conversation, and she expressed herself with great freedom on the subject. Her attendants then came to urge her departure, as they had a long journey to make that day. I attended her to the carriage, which she entered with Sentinetti, Monaldes-

chi, and a gentleman of the king's household named Leiflein. No sight could be more extraordinary than that of a queen without a single female attendant."

During her journey, she was addressed by the consul of a town, the name of which I do not now remember. This functionary was a protestant; he made a very good speech, and the queen expressed her satisfaction.

"But, Sir," said she, "you have not mentioned my abdication, nor my conversion."

"Madam," the consul replied, "my object has been to eulogize you, not to trace your history."

Christina smiled, and was not displeased at the candour of the reply. It is well known that she embraced the Catholic religion merely to enjoy more freedom in Italy. Here, we find her the same woman who took for her motto: *FATA VIAM INVENIENT* — *The fates shall direct my course*. The fact is, she had no religion at all. When the Jesuits of Louvain promised her a place in heaven, next to St. Bridget of Sweden, she replied sneeringly:

"I prefer a place among the wise."

It is a well-known fact, that on passing through Vienne, in Dauphiny, she received with marked displeasure the learned Boissac, who made her a speech upon God's judgments. Having taken up her abode at Rome, she soon grew weary of that city. Her mind was of too high a cast to sympathise with the narrow-mindedness of the Roman clergy.

"I do indeed, believe," she said one day to Burnet, "that the church is directed by the Holy Spirit; for since I have been at Rome I have seen four popes, and not one of them possessed of common sense."

Christina displayed uncommon taste for the fine arts. During her stay in Italy she made various collections of medals and statues. She studied chemistry, natural philosophy, and indeed everything that could feed her active and searching mind. In 1657 she revisited France, but the court were not pleased

at her return. She again inhabited the chateau of Fontainebleau, where she perpetrated the frightful murder of Monaldeschi. The circumstances which led to this crime, for I cannot name it otherwise, are to this day involved in mystery. It is a singular fact that in the memoirs of Mademoiselle and of Madame de Motteville, both remarkable for their veracity, not a word is said respecting the motive, though both give all the particulars of the barbarous act. It is, however, difficult to assign any other cause than the most implacable jealousy awakened by some real or supposed infidelity on the part of her unfortunate lover. Monaldeschi had at first merely entertained vague fears and suspicions. He was walking in the streets of Fontainebleau when he received a summons to attend the queen. Meantime, Christina had sent to the convent of the Mathurins for a priest named Father Montuani, whom she ordered to receive the confession of Monaldeschi, and prepare him for death. Father Montuani cast himself at the queen's feet, and represented to her that she had no power over Monaldeschi's life.

"I am a queen still," exclaimed Christina, interrupting the priest; "the life of that man belongs to me, and I am free to dispose of it according to my pleasure. I therefore exercise my right: he must die!—go and prepare him for death. That is your only mission here."

Monaldeschi was waiting in the Galerie des Cerfs in the chateau of Fontainebleau. When he heard the queen's sentence, and was told that he had nothing more to expect in this world, his rage knew no bounds. Sentinetti and two other men rushed upon him to despatch him with their poniards, but they found him covered with a coat of mail. The unfortunate man had long expected to be attacked, but he little thought that he was destined to fall by the command of Christina. He rushed to the windows—they were secured. He then drew his dagger and closed with his adversaries. But what could his single arm avail him against three men, one of whom was the

rival he had supplanted? He fell, covered with wounds, and crimsoned the floor with his blood. It has been asserted that the queen herself, impatient at the continued struggle, came into the gallery, in order to animate the murderers by her presence. The body of the unfortunate Monaldeschi was placed in a coach and conveyed to the parish church, where it was privately buried, without any of the queen's attendants being present at the funeral service.

The court of France was indignant at this atrocious act perpetrated, in the French territory, by a foreign queen. Christina maintained that she had a right to exercise in France the same power she enjoyed in Sweden. It might have been answered, that in Sweden, as every where else, Monaldeschi ought to have had a trial, and that neither at Stockholm nor at Paris was a base murder to be justified. Cardinal Mazarin informed her of the King's high displeasure at her conduct, and at the same time conveyed to her the king's wish that she should quit France, where her presence excited a general feeling of horror. Christina was anxious to go to England, but Cromwell refused to sanction her residence in the country under his rule. She therefore went for the third time to Rome. Alexander VII., who then occupied the papal chair, a man of firm character, plainly intimated to her that he would not suffer in his dominions any act like that by which she had disgraced herself at Fontainebleau. Christina felt hurt at what she considered a state of dependance; and in 1666, on the death of Charles X., King of Sweden, she expressed a desire to return to her native country; but the states, unwilling to restore her to a throne which she had renounced, refused to receive her. She then fixed her residence once more at Rome, continued to cultivate the society of the learned, and to see foreigners of rank and distinction. She sometimes proved herself kind and generous even towards those who had injured her. On the revocation of the edict of Nantes, Christina expressed her opinion in her usual energetic manner. In a letter which she wrote to the

Chevalier de Tersen, French ambassador at the court of Sweden, she says :

“Do you know to what I compare France? To a patient attacked with a slight disorder, which might easily have been cured; but whose arm has been amputated in order to eradicate the disease, and his existence thereby endangered.”

Bayle, who then edited a journal, inserted this letter, and observed, “that it savoured of *Protestantism*.”

The great Condé died in the following year, 1685. Christina had always considered him the greatest man of his age. She wrote to Mademoiselle de Scudéri to engage her to compose a eulogy upon this distinguished warrior.

“His departure,” she said, “announces to me that mine is not far distant. But I await the moment without defying or fearing it.”

Christina died at Rome, on the 16th of April 1689, in the fifty-first year of her age. She ordered the following words alone to be inscribed upon her tomb. D. O. M. vixit CHRISTINA. Ann. LXII.

It was said of the regent of France, that all the fairies having presided over his birth, each endowed him with a gift, but there came one who destroyed all that the others had done. This allegory might much more truly be applied to the queen of Sweden. Christina herself owned that she was suspicious, passionate, ambitious, sarcastic, and irreligious. I may here add that she was cruel and haughty; and that when under the excitement of passion, she displayed the extraordinary union of the burning temperament of the South with the cool reflection of the North. D'Alembert said of her that the inequalities of her temper and tastes—the want of decorum in all her actions—the little use she made of her great knowledge in promoting the happiness of mankind—her extraordinary pride—her sarcasms upon the religion from which she had apostatized, as well as upon the one she had embraced—lastly, her wandering life

among foreigners, who had no esteem for her, have justified, more than she was aware of, the shortness of her epitaph.

There is a work upon Christina, written, or rather edited by Arkenholz, librarian to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. It is in four large volumes, quarto, published at Amsterdam in 1741. This work, improperly termed memoirs, is nothing more than a collection of more than two hundred letters from Christina, and two little productions of hers, one of which is entitled: "**Reflections on the Life and Actions of Alexander the Great.**" She loved to be compared to the Macedonian hero; but it would be difficult to say in what particular point the comparison holds good.

The title of the second of these productions is "**Works of Leisure.**" It contains maxims and sentences, some of which are admirable. Here she expatiates upon tolerance, and upon the infallibility of the pope. These two subjects, however, seem much opposed to each other. In 1759 a collection of letters by the Queen of Sweden, was published; but the authenticity of those letters is rather questionable. In 1677 there appeared a satire against her, called her "**Life.**" Her collection of medals, in folio, appeared in 1742. But the works from which a fair estimate of her character may be made, are the memoirs of her contemporaries. They all depict her as a woman no doubt of lofty feelings, but always carried away by the violence of her passions, and swayed in her decisions, even on the most important occasions, by the levity of her thoughts and impressions. She repudiated her sex for the sake of assuming the habits of one whose principles repudiated her. She was not an honest man, still less was she an estimable woman. Thus it was that she whiled away a life she might have rendered happy and illustrious, but which she transformed into an inglorious exile among foreigners who despised her. She wandered from country to country like an outcast, and, at not a very advanced age, died unpitied and unmourned.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

THE life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, pregnant as it is with interesting incidents, would excite much less sensation at the present day, when ladies no longer hesitate to follow their husbands even to the most distant climes. But in the days of Lady Mary such was not the case; and when she announced her resolution to accompany her husband to Constantinople, whither he was about to proceed as Ambassador, her courage became the theme of almost universal admiration and astonishment.

Lady Mary Pierrepont was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston. She was born in 1690, and received a most remarkable education. At a very early age she had acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and French languages. Being endowed with a more than ordinary share of beauty, she was sought in marriage by some of the most affluent members of the English nobility. Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. obtained the preference, and she was married to him in 1712, being then twenty-two years of age. In 1716, Mr. Montagu was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, and Lady Mary determined not to be separated from him. She would not, however, adopt the shortest and surest way of reaching the country whither she was proceeding, but chose rather to travel over land, through regions then but little known, and almost unexplored. She went through Peterwaradin, crossed the deserts of Servia, saw Philippopoli, Mount Rhodope, Sophia, and various other places; and when she returned by sea she visited the countries mentioned by Homer,

crossing the plains of Troy with the Iliad in her hand. She followed the traces of Ulysses through the islands of the Archipelago, guided by the Odyssey, in which Homer describes those enchanting places with all the accuracy of a geographer; and in reading the interesting pages in which the Lady Mary relates her own travels, we often find a spark of that immortal genius which lighted up the soul of the Grecian bard.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu possessed uncommon facility in acquiring languages, and very soon attained a sufficient knowledge of Turkish to be able to carry on a conversation. It was then that she asked and obtained permission to enter the harem—a favour hitherto denied to every stranger—and was allowed to visit the Sultana Valide, widow of Mustapha, and mother of the reigning Sultan Achmet III. This signal favour became the subject of general remark; and it has been asserted that Lady Mary was more indebted to her personal charms for the Sultan's departing in her favour from the general rule of his court, than to any respect shown to her rank as ambassador. It was said that the Ottoman prince, on seeing a portrait of the fair English woman, was so struck with her beauty, that he immediately ordered the harem to be opened to her; and it is added that he almost cast himself at her feet as her devoted slave. Be that as it may, nothing can be more truly delightful than the description which Lady Mary gives of her reception, not only by the dowager sultana, but also by the wife of the grand-vizier. The gorgeous magnificence of some of the palaces in which she was received, surpasses all our notions of elegance and splendour; it reminds us of those scenes of wonder so beautifully described in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Lady Mary was received by the grand vizier's lady. Two black eunuchs, magnificently dressed, led her through two ranks of young females of surpassing loveliness, the oldest of whom was not more than

twenty years of age. But when she beheld the mistress of these youthful beauties, the blooming bride of the vizier, their charms seemed suddenly eclipsed. The sultana won Lady Mary's heart by her engaging manners. Every kind attention was lavished upon the beautiful foreigner. They were seated in a pavilion, whence they could perceive the rays of the setting sun gilding the swelling waves of the Dardanelles. The evening breezes brought with them the rich perfumes of the jasmine and the rose, and the distant echoes responded to the songs of the Turkish rowers as they plied their light caïques to or from Buyukdere.

The most costly refreshments were served up in cups of gold set with precious stones, and small napkins embroidered with gold and silver. During the entertainment, beautiful young females executed the most voluptuous, and at the same time the most decent dances. Lady Mary compares their music to the composition of the first Italian masters, and even asserts, that the voices of the young slaves were far more touching than those of the Italian singers. In reading Lady Mary's letters, we may fancy we are perusing a Grecian romance of olden times. She has rectified many false notions heretofore entertained respecting Turkish manners. She tells us that the Turkish women enjoy much greater freedom than is generally supposed. They are allowed to go, whenever they please, to the public baths, and by using this pretence can go out every day. As they are covered with a thick veil, which no man dares to raise, they may walk wherever they choose, and they thus enjoy more liberty than the women of any other country in Europe.

The Turks have a refinement and delicacy of feeling which the western nations of Europe have never given them credit for.

Lady Mary has translated the following Turkish song, which Voltaire has not thought unworthy of being re-translated by himself into French. These

stanzas evince beautiful simplicity, intermingled with the figurative imagery of oriental poetry. The circumstance of Voltaire having translated Lady Mary's version into French, gives additional value to the latter.

I.

Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
 Indulging all the night her pleasing pain :
 I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
 There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.
 Your large stag-eyes where thousand glories play,
 As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

II.

In vain I'm promised such a heavenly prize ;
 Ah ! cruel Sultan ! who delay'st my joys !
 While piercing charms transfix my amorous heart,
 I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.
 Those eyes like, &c.

III.

Your wretched lover in these lines complains ;
 From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
 When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive ?
 Must I wait longer ? Can I wait and live ?
 Ah ! bright Sultana ! maid divinely fair,
 Can you, unpitying, see the pains I bear ?

IV.

The heavens, relenting hear my piercing cries,
 I loathe the light and sleep forsakes my eyes ;
 Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies :
 Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu ;
 Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.
 My queen ! my angel ! my fond heart's desire !
 I rave—my bosom burns with heavenly fire !
 Pity that passion which thy charms inspire.

It was during Mr. Wortley Montagu's absence that Lady Mary visited the harem. It appears that he was displeased at the circumstance, and felt uneasy at the unusual favour granted to his wife. Remonstrance produced a bad effect upon a woman of such independent temper as Lady Mary, and the

hitherto happy pair now became anxious for a separation.

On their return to England the separation took place. A pension of five hundred pounds a year was settled upon Lady Mary, and she was allowed to travel wherever she pleased. She accordingly visited Rome and Venice, and afterwards every other part of Italy. She next went to France, where she resided some time at Nérac. On her return to England she published her travels to Constantinople, a work which has raised her to everlasting celebrity. Europe is indebted to Lady Mary for one of the greatest benefits conferred upon mankind—the introduction of the practice of inoculation. Having witnessed the beneficial effects of this practice in Turkey, where female beauty is so highly prized, she was desirous that her own nation should possess them. It was a remarkable thing to see a young female of thirty years of age struggling against old prejudices, the decided opinion of the faculty, and the superstitions of the times; but she triumphed over every difficulty, and ultimately conferred this immense benefit upon Western Europe. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu became the object of a most violent attack by Baron Tott, who resided a long time at Constantinople, on account of her letters written during her travels. M. Guys, of Marseilles, upon whose judgment the utmost reliance may be placed, took up her defence in the warmest manner; and his opinion cannot fail to be of great weight in such a controversy, if any doubts should still remain respecting the merits of Lady Mary's publication.

Her works consist of: first,—Letters written during her travels—secondly, a poem on the progress of poetry—thirdly, the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, revised by Bishop Burnet, and published with his works. Lord Bute entrusting the editing of a new edition, from the original manuscript, to J. Dallaway in 1803, five vols. 4to. republished in Paris in the same year, in five vols. 12mo. but with the same

title as the London edition, published by Sir Richard Phillips. This edition, as well as the copy published in Paris, is ornamented with two portraits: one of Lady Mary Pierrepont, 1710, who was then twenty years old; and the other of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1720. As an introduction to this edition the editor has given a memoir of the author.

Lady Mary formed a literary friendship, which ultimately caused her more pain than it had ever afforded her pleasure. Being one day at a large party, she was remarked by a man who usually took but little notice of the fair sex. This man was Pope. Having considered her attentively, he inquired who she was. He was informed that she was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and that though only twenty-four years of age, she had already written an epistle from Julia to Ovid in imitation of this latter poet, and translated the morals of Epictetus. Pope was delighted with her, and immediately wrote the only verses he ever composed containing expressions of gallantry.

Lady Mary, proud of attracting the attention of such a man, granted him her friendship and esteem. For a long period, their intimacy remained uninterrupted: but Lady Mary, having formed a friendship for Lord Harvey, Pope became jealous, and not succeeding in obtaining from her the sacrifice of this new attachment, he vowed a hatred to her, which produced on both sides those reciprocal and bitter satires unworthy of both. Very shortly after this quarrel, Lady Mary set out once more upon her travels. She used to compare herself to the swallow,—saying she would die if she was prevented from wandering to foreign places, there to breathe another air than that of her own country, whither, however, she wished ultimately to return. She did return, and died in 1760, at the advanced age of seventy years.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu will always occupy a distinguished place in literature. Her descriptions are at once vivid and graphic; nothing can be more

charming than her account of the warm baths of Sophia. How well she depicts the magnificence of the Turkish baths: the marble domes through which the light penetrates through the cupola, refreshing fountains in the middle of the halls, and all round couches of marble covered with costly carpets and rich cushions. She is particularly happy in her description of the women in those rooms, who invited her to bathe with them. They were, she states, without any clothing, and the young female slaves, occupied in netting and perfuming their hair, were also in a state of nudity. And yet, she says, it is impossible to describe the air of decency, modesty, and simplicity conspicuous in all those women.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters will always be admired and appreciated at their true value by every person of taste. Lady Mary has been termed the *Sévigné* of England: this title is, however, misapplied. She has not the vivacity of style which distinguishes *Madame de Sévigné*, neither does she possess that lady's sensibility. Lady Mary's writings flow with a delightful elegance, not unmixed with a spirit of philosophy and freedom. *Madame de Sévigné* feels more than she reflects; others perhaps write that which they do not feel. I do not conceive that the writings of *Madame de Sévigné* would excite much interest if translated into a foreign language; but Lady Mary's seems to have been written for all countries without distinction.

MARIE ANTOINETTE,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

Is there a woman who does not feel a reverential awe at the name of this sainted martyr? Is there a Frenchwoman who would not glory in the task of recording the eventful life of the noble Marie Antoinette, her unhappy destiny, and the tragical termination of her sufferings, when her pure spirit, released from its earthly tenement, flew to its kindred sphere, and prayed for those who devoted her, in the prime of her days, to a cruel and ignominious death?

Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, and Queen of France and Navarre, was the daughter of the Emperor Francis Stephen and the Empress Maria Theresa, Queen of Bohemia and Hungary. She was born at Vienna, on the 2d of November, 1755. Her education, like that of all the other children of Maria Theresa, was most carefully attended to. This empress did not think that the duties of her exalted station ought to prevent her from fulfilling those of a mother. Marie Antoinette applied herself to her studies with an eagerness seldom found among the offspring of royalty, and made extraordinary progress in every branch of her studies.

The Countess of Brandeys, grand-mistress and governess of the young princess, used to delight in relating each day to the empress some new trait of goodness or wit in her young pupil. "Ah," exclaimed Maria Theresa one day, "do not talk to me of that child! too soon shall I be deprived of her.

I have brought her up for others and not for myself."

It was the Duke de Choiseul, who, under the directions of Madame de Pompadour, negotiated the marriage between Marie Antoinette and the Duke de Berry, Dauphin of France. When the demand was officially made, the empress returned for answer: "I have brought up my daughter as destined one day to become a Frenchwoman. I entreat you to inform the king that he realizes my fondest hopes."

The Abbé de Vermont was sent as preceptor to the archduchess, in order to instruct her in the manners and usages of the family and court which were shortly to become her own.

The day before Marie Antoinette's departure, her mother, taking her into her private apartment, gave her the most admirable instructions to guide her future conduct in her adopted country. Amid the grief which their approaching separation caused the empress, she made, in her counsels to her beloved daughter, some remarks worthy of being recorded.

"I have made you study," said she, "those historians who have written upon situations similar to that in which you are going to be placed. You know the imprudences and misfortunes of the widow of Henry IV. Courtiers are cast in the same mould—they all resemble each other. Do not set any value on your external advantages except as means of pleasing the French nation. Be ever compassionate and merciful, even if you constantly find ingratitude. Let worth alone be the object of your esteem."

On the following day the empress bade a last farewell to her daughter. In spite of her firmness of character, her tears betrayed the anguish of her heart. The whole population followed the carriages of the archduchess to a considerable distance, and loaded her with blessings. One might have imagined that the Austrians foresaw the unhappy destiny of their young and beautiful princess.

All the cities of France through which Marie

Antoinette passed, vied with each other in zeal for the reception of the young Dauphiness. Her beauty, her grace, and the charm of her manners were every where admired. The young students of a town, I believe, in Champagne, thinking to surpass the others, addressed her in Latin. Their astonishment, and that of all the French who were present, may well be conceived, when they heard the Archduchess reply in the same language, and with classic purity utter the most impressive words.

"I answer in Latin," she said, "in order to conform to the language of your feeling address; but the French language is that which is most grateful to my heart, henceforward devotedly French. I quit with regret my kind parents, by whom I am beloved; yours behold and accompany you:—how happy are they, and how fortunate are you!"

The young princess was received at Strasbourg with great magnificence, but it was in this city that she was to be separated from everything connected with her country, in order to be *handed over* to France. This was a severe trial for a young girl of fourteen, thus suddenly severed from her early habits and youthful affections. Amid the festivities in her honour at the palace of the Cardinal-Bishop, her tears were seen to flow. In vain, to hide her sorrow, did she cast a listless glance at her gold spoon, as if she were admiring its exquisite workmanship: she could scarcely command words to address the aged Cardinal de Rohan, whose care it was to entertain her.

At Compeigne, Louis XV., accompanied by all his court and his numerous family, went to meet the Archduchess. It is well known, that ten months before, he had been on the point of demanding her in marriage for himself, but he abandoned the design in consequence of receiving secret information that he would meet with a refusal. Maria Theresa would never have consented thus to sacrifice her beloved daughter.

The interview was extremely affecting. Marie

Antoinette, bathed in tears, cast herself at the feet of her future grandfather, and at the very first moment gained his affection and the love of several members of the royal family, by one of those spontaneous acts which give at once and for ever an insight into individual character. On the arrival of the royal party at St. Denis, she begged, of her own accord, to be allowed to visit Madame Louise, who was then prioress of the Carmelites, and whose portrait she possessed. Madame Louise was much gratified by this amiable proceeding from so young a princess, and Mesdames Adelaïde and Victoire, who had been unfavourably disposed to the alliance, began to view Marie Antoinette with more impartial eyes.

The festivities on the occasion of the marriage were of a magnificence that seemed to revive the splendour of the reign of Louis XIV., but they were also attended with such dreadful misfortunes, that a fatality seemed attached to the young and royal couple. Immediately after the nuptial ceremony, the weather became overcast, and both Paris and Versailles were visited by a terrific storm, which entirely dispersed the inhabitants whom the public rejoicings had drawn together in immense crowds. The festival given by the city of Paris was also attended with a lamentable accident, and more than twenty thousand persons perished from the negligence of the lieutenant of police. Some miscreants, wishing to avail themselves of the confusion which such a scene could not fail to occasion, had thrown ropes across an unpaved part of the town, where some buildings were erecting. These ropes caused innumerable falls, and the crowds, unable to disengage themselves, were precipitated in masses upon the ground, presenting the most appalling image of human suffering. The Dauphin and Dauphiness deeply lamented this deplorable event, which seemed the presage of their future misfortunes. Marie Antoinette at this period was only fourteen years and five months old.

Notwithstanding her extreme youth, her conduct

was always admirable. She evinced perfect tact in her indirect communications with the King's favourite, whatever aversion she necessarily must have entertained for such a woman as the Countess du Barry. She never allowed the slightest mark of disapprobation of the King's conduct to escape her in public. The party of the princesses, the King's aunts, who were opposed to her, attempted to draw from her some censorious expressions; but the only answer she ever made relative to the frail countess was, "She is extremely pretty; I think her charming."

After the death of Louis XV., Madame du Barry was deprived of her whole fortune, and confined in a convent in one of the provinces. She, however, wrote to the new queen, who succeeded in overcoming the dislike of Louis XVI. towards her, and Lucienne was restored to her as well as part of her fortune. Madame du Barry was indeed ever grateful for this act, and she perished by the axe of the guillotine for having worn mourning on the death of the King and Queen.

The following account of Marie Antoinette was given by the Duchess de Duras to a person worthy of belief, and from whom I myself heard it. This person asked if the Queen was a very intellectual woman?

"On important occasions," the Duchess replied, "the Queen always expressed herself with the propriety and dignity of her rank. In her domestic circle, she was mild and obliging, and always sought to draw out others. She disliked satire and ridicule, and one day in presence of myself and my mother, expressed her displeasure with great warmth to Madame de C——, a lady satirically disposed, who was making her remarks upon the whole of the court. 'Madam,' said the Queen, 'would you like to be treated thus during your absence.' The Queen afterwards mentioned this circumstance to my mother, and asked her advice. The Maréchale de Mouchy replied, that in her situation, which her youth ren-

dered so delicate, it was advisable for her to act with extreme reserve when she did not appear in state ceremony. 'Read a great deal,' added my mother; 'your Royal Highness will learn and recollect a great deal, and will have thus at command topics of conversation, which will occur naturally, either during your rides, your walks, or your hunting parties.'"

Louis XVI. was also fond of study, but unfortunately the bent of his mind lead him to learn those things which made him forget that he was a monarch. He wished to know how to make a lock, and knew not how to govern an empire.

Towards the end of 1778, the Queen became a mother. This event, so long and ardently wished for, filled the nation with joy. Marie Antoinette's brothers, the Archduke Maximilian and the Emperor Joseph II., came to visit her, and were then able to judge of the feelings of adoration which the whole French nation entertained for her. One evening they went with the Queen to the opera, where they arrived at the moment when the chorus in Iphigenia sings these words :

"Chantons, célébrons notre Reine."

The whole of the spectators testified their feelings at the allusion by the most rapturous applause. The actors were called upon to repeat the words, and the audience accompanied the singers. Marie Antoinette, deeply affected, could not refrain from shedding tears of gratitude and affection. Her brother, unable to contain his feelings, rose and exclaimed aloud, "Ah! what happiness it is to reign over such a nation!"

Subsequently to this period the Emperor cruelly retracted these words!

Three years after, the Queen gave birth to another son, and at the expiration of a like period she gave another prince to the French nation. This time, the love of the people seemed to have no bounds.

When the Queen, according to the usual custom, went to return thanks at the church of St. Geneviève du Mont, the people wanted to take the horses from the carriage, and draw her through the streets of Paris.

This carriage itself was a masterpiece of taste and elegance. Instead of panels, beautiful plate-glass formed the sides of the vehicle, and was confined with slight rods of silver gilt inlaid with emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. The Queen herself was dazzling with youthful beauty and magnificence of attire.

When she reached the place now called "Place du Panthéon," the whole of the immense crowd that covered it fell on their knees, and expressed with shouts of joy their desire "to see the Queen walk." The captain of the guards on duty came and informed Marie Antoinette of the wish of the people.

"Yes! yes!" she replied, deeply affected, "I will walk. Go and say that I will walk to the door of the church."

The ground was instantly covered with the most beautiful hangings of the Abbey of St. Geneviève. The Clergy, who had been waiting for the Queen at the entrance of the church, came to meet her, and she crossed the whole of the square on foot, amid the joyous acclamations of the people.

Marie Antoinette, after her first confinement, received from the King a present, which, though trifling in appearance, became afterwards the cause of the greatest distress to her. This was the gift of Trianon. The Queen was extremely fond of the country, and she loved above all things that freedom in which, in the sumptuous gardens of Versailles, she could not indulge. She found a peculiar charm in the rustic plantations of this delightful spot, and felt happy when Louis XVI. said to her—"Trianon is wholly yours."

It is indeed a most enchanting spot. On quitting the stately avenues of Versailles with their bronze

and marble fountains, you could almost imagine yourself transported among the chalets of Switzerland, or the equally interesting scenery of Auvergne. But it was especially during the time it belonged to the Queen, that this romantic place appeared most lovely and attractive. A limpid stream kept the wheels of a mill in constant motion; a verdant and flowery lawn refreshed the eye. Lofty trees, both indigenous and exotic, presented a luxuriant foliage, realizing what is told of the solitudes of the new world. The trees and plantations were objects of the greatest care. The plantations in the park were most picturesque. The principal cottage represented a rustic dwelling of Zurich, or of the environs of Salanches. The dairy, the mill, and the scenes around offered a beautiful picture of rustic simplicity. Every embellishment was admirable, and in perfect keeping with the scenery.

The Queen took with her but few attendants in her journeys to Trianon. Everything relating to court etiquette was abandoned on leaving Versailles. In this chosen retreat she adopted the simplicity of a country life. She rose early, and with her few attendants used to eat milk and new laid eggs at the dairy. The day was spent in walking, conversation, and different kinds of employment. Thus did Marie Antoinette sometimes spend whole weeks in a way so congenial to her feelings that she then appeared perfectly happy. But this state of things did not last long. The great nobles, in their stately pride, demanded a preference which the Queen would not grant. Foiled in their demands, and envious of the favour shown to others, they had resource to calumny, which seldom fails to accomplish the ruin of its victim. Marie Antoinette was soon apprised of these proceedings, but would not stoop to notice them. She already gave proofs of that loftiness of soul, which on another occasion prompted her to say: "I have seen everything, heard everything, and forgotten everything."

The diabolical efforts of her calumniators were not

however thrown away, and the Queen, indignant at the reports spread relative to her excursions to Trianon, went there much less frequently, and in order that this peaceful spot should not fall into ruins, she established there ten families of peasants, who inhabited the place until her martyrdom took place.

Louis was crowned at Rheims shortly after he came to the throne. The utmost magnificence was displayed on this occasion. Marie Antoinette was seen only in the royal gallery, where she appeared so lovely that every eye was directed towards her in admiration of her youthful beauty, decked with a thousand sparkling gems. Who could then have anticipated that the object of so much love and admiration would one day fall under the revolutionary axe? Who would have thought that such a fate could befall her whom people watched for, whole days together, in the gallery of Versailles, merely to catch a single glimpse of her. I have lately heard from an individual formerly attached to her person, that when she dined in public, the crowd of people was so great that the body guards and officers of the palace were compelled to send away immense numbers for want of room.

At this period things began already to wear a threatening aspect; but no presage of future misery can be compared to the singular and unfortunate event which prepared and was, in a manner, the first act of the dreadful tragedy which ended in her death. I allude to the affair of the necklace. It was this event, apparently so trifling in itself, that struck the first blow which made the throne of the Bourbons totter. It must, however, be confessed, that the incapacity of M. de Breteuil was the cause of nearly the whole evil, and Louis XVI., badly advised, completed the misfortune.

In the month of May 1785, Bohmer and Bossanges, the crown jewellers, showed the Queen a diamond necklace, which they valued at sixteen hundred thousand francs, about 64,000*l*, Marie Antoinette

admired the extraordinary beauty of the necklace, but objected to the price, and even observed, "I should prefer that the King bought a ship." Nothing more was said respecting the valuable necklace; but a few months after, the Baron de Breteuil, minister of Paris and of the King's household, was informed by Bohmer and Bossanges that they had sold a necklace for sixteen hundred thousand francs to Cardinal de Rohan Guémené, Bishop of Strasburg, who had given them in payment bills signed by the Queen. Circumstances having transpired to make the jewellers uneasy, they came to consult the minister upon the subject, and show the bills bearing the Queen's signature.

Monsieur de Breteuil instantly apprised the Queen of this circumstance. In the first moment of surprise Marie Antoinette was almost struck dumb; but having recovered her self-possession, she asked for the bills, and saw immediately that her signature had been forged. It had been imitated by a person ignorant of her manner of signing. The bills were signed, "Marie Antoinette de France." The Queen on this occasion lost her usual command of temper. Cardinal de Rohan had always been her enemy, and had endeavoured to prevent her marriage with the King. She looked upon this circumstance as a plot formed against her, and deserving of the severest punishment. The Cardinal was arrested while proceeding in his robes to officiate as grand-almoner, on Easter-day. He was conducted to the King's closet, and in presence of the Queen and the ministers, he still maintained that he had in his possession letters from the Queen, requesting him to purchase the necklace for her. Marie Antoinette, giving way to her anger, rose from her seat, and advancing to the Cardinal, placed before his eyes one of the bills given by Bohmer, saying, in the most marked manner—

"Have you, Cardinal, been ambassador at Vienna, only to learn so imperfectly how a daughter of the house of Austria signs her name?"

The Cardinal cast his eyes upon the signature. Struck with the Queen's question, he began no doubt to suspect that he had been the dupe of an artful impostor, who had worked sufficiently upon his credulity to make him overlook a very clumsy imitation of the Queen's signature. He made no reply. On leaving the King's closet, he was conducted to the Bastille. On his way thither, he found means to give an order in German to a confidential servant, who immediately repaired to the Cardinal's palace, and burnt all the papers, relating to this transaction, which might have committed his master.

It must be owned that the conduct of the King and Queen was marked by the greatest imprudence, in causing the Cardinal to be brought to trial. The King ought to have been aware that in the actual state of excitement of the public mind, such an exposure could not but prove dangerous to the security of his throne. He ought to have paid for the necklace, banished the Cardinal, deprived him of all his offices, or done anything, in short, to avoid these proceedings.

* * * * *

Two children were found begging in the village of Auteuil. The Marchioness de Boulainvilliers took pity upon them, and finding that they were in possession of papers which proved that they belonged, in some way or other, to the race of Valois, she took them under her protection. Louis XVI. authorised them to assume the name and arms of Valois. The boy was provided with a commission in the army, the girl married a body-guard of the Count d'Artois, named de Lamothé.

This woman, the most intriguing character that ever existed succeeded in attracting the Cardinal's notice. At this period, he sincerely repented of the opposition he had shown to the Queen's marriage; for through Marie Antoinette's influence, which was now becoming all powerful, he thought he might re-

alize his ambitious hope of obtaining office, and perhaps the presidency of the council. He used every endeavour to get into favour again with the Queen, who, however, did not disguise the feelings of aversion she entertained towards him. These particulars soon became known to Madame de Lamothe, who had obtained a knowledge of the offer of the necklace to the Queen, and her ingenuity suggested a plan which she set about executing immediately. Having gained the entire confidence of the Cardinal, a thing easy in itself—for it is well known that weak-minded men always go to extremes both in their confidence and in their mistrust—her next step was to induce him to accompany her to Versailles, where she was in the habit of going for the ostensible purpose of soliciting the Queen in her own behalf. The Cardinal even used to conduct her to the foot of the private staircase that led to the *petits appartemens*. One day she brought him a letter from the Queen, and the credulous prelate was so overjoyed on perusing it, that it almost bereft him of his senses. It contained a request that the Cardinal would lend the Queen sixty thousand francs, which she wished to apply to charitable purposes, and which she begged him to advance out of the funds of the Grand Almonry. The Cardinal, blinded by the most extraordinary delusion, gave the money to Madame de Lamothe, who, seeing with what facility she made him her dupe, no longer hesitated to lay her snare, the grossness of which did not open the eyes of the infatuated and ambitious prelate. She now mentioned the necklace, and the desire which, as she stated, the Queen had expressed to obtain it. At length she brought letters from Marie Antoinette, which she no longer found any difficulty in fabricating, begging the Cardinal to purchase the wished-for necklace for her, from Bohmer and Bossange, and being unable to pay for it immediately, she begged him to endorse her bills to the jeweller. This pretended request was immediately complied with.

The Cardinal, however, in spite of his credulity, showed some slight mistrust after he had delivered this valuable ornament into the hands of a servant wearing the King's livery, who came to fetch it in the Queen's name. Throughout the whole of these proceedings, the Cardinal gave proofs of the most extraordinary blindness and weakness, and even of stupidity. It is truly inconceivable that he did not see through the shallow artifice, when a man-servant came as he said from the Queen to receive a necklace of such value; and his tardy hesitation was but another proof of the singular imbecility of his character. Madame de Lamothe, struck with the thoughtful expression of his countenance after he had delivered the trinkets, informed him that the Queen was desirous of thanking him personally, and that he was to go on the following night to the gardens of Versailles, where, at twelve o'clock, being an hour at which the Queen frequently walked in the park with the princesses her sisters-in-law, she would leave them for a moment and speak to him. The Cardinal, in a delirium of joy, banished all suspicion from his mind and under the action of excessive vanity, prepared for the interview. He dressed himself in pink silk, and was taken by Madame de Lamothe to the avenue of tulip-trees, then called the Queen's avenue. After waiting a few minutes, he saw a female figure advance towards him, whom he recognised as the Queen. It was her gait, her dress, the manner of wearing her hair, which was always very remarkable, and the peculiar perfume which Maria Antoinette always carried about her. She spoke a few words, in a very low tone of voice, and having allowed him to kiss her hand, the brilliant vision disappeared, leaving the poor Cardinal on his knees, lost in ecstasy, which would have been quickly dispelled had he known whose hand he had just saluted with such profound respect.

The Cardinal himself gave all these particulars to the commissioners of the parliament, delegated to ex-

amine the affair. This iniquitous transaction very shortly became known. The Cardinal learned, with the whole of Europe, that he had been the dupe of designing villains : that the bills were forgeries, as well as all the pretended letters of the Queen, who never had the slightest intention of restoring the Cardinal to her favour ; and in short, that the female who had spoken to him in the gardens of Versailles, was a courtesan paid for acting the part of the Queen. In the first moment of alarm, the Countess de Lamothe had sent this woman to Holland ; but she was arrested there, and brought to Paris, where she made a full confession of everything, as far so she was concerned.

Madame de Lamothe persisted in denying her guilt. She asserted that she had often been admitted to the Queen, who did not even know her personally. She was unable to mention the name of a single officer of the chamber, nor even of the palace, nor of any lady attached to the household ; but the public, always eager for scandal, believed everything, and the more so because Marie Antoinette made no public denial. Louis XVI., who did not seem aware that the Queen was a party concerned in the judicial proceedings, replied to her, when she requested that a detailed statement of the whole transaction should be published, "That it was beneath the dignity of a Queen of France to enter into explanations with the public." In that case the public ought not to have been allowed to institute proceedings implicating the Queen and the Cardinal. Silence and severity were the only means that should have been resorted to. It is thus that Louis XIV. would have acted ; and then the King would have been justified in expressing himself as he did,

In 1781, a Madame de Villers, wife of a treasurer of France, had also forged the Queen's signature to bills for eight hundred thousand livres, which she had signed "Marie Antoinette Queen." Madame de Villers was arrested. Her husband, a man of the

greatest respectability, threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and promised to pay the bills. The King and Queen allowed no farther proceedings to take place, and pardoned the treasurer's wife.

By a judgment of the parliament of Paris, the Cardinal was condemned to pay the sixteen hundred thousand francs for the necklace. He was further banished from the country, and lost everything that could be taken from him. Madame de Lamothe was sentenced to be whipped and branded, as having committed forgery. In consideration of the name she bore, the sentence was executed in the interior of the prison. She was afterwards sent to the Salpêtrière. The Superior of that establishment, an ignorant and fanatical woman, looked upon the Countess as a victim of arbitrary power, and alone caused as much injury to the Queen by her active malevolence, as Madame de Lamothe herself had done during the judicial proceedings. When the Princess de Lamballe came from the Queen to offer the Countess her pardon if she would confess the truth, the Superior insolently refused the Princess access to the prisoner, saying, "she is not condemned to see you." A few days after, a rope-ladder was found on the walls of the prison, by means of which the Countess de Lamothe was supposed to have made her escape. A carriage and four took her in a few hours to Calais, whence she embarked for England. She there wrote a libel against the Queen, which M. de Breteuil was weak enough to purchase for a hundred thousand francs. Madame de Lamothe kept, however, a copy, and after the 10th of August, the pamphlet was circulated through every part of France, and indeed of Europe. One bookseller alone, named Batillot, sold upwards of ten thousand copies.

Such was the affair of the necklace. I have related it in detail, because I can vouch for the truth of my statement. The Queen's innocence in this iniquitous transaction, the authors of which had no other aim than to make a weak-minded man their

dupe and accomplice, cannot possibly be doubted; and yet the infamy which ought to have recoiled upon the perpetrators of the foul deed, seemed, on the contrary, to attach itself to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

The misfortunes which overwhelmed France were now about to begin. M. Turgot, M. de Calonne, M. Necker, the Abbé de Brienne or rather the Archbishop of Toulouse, by turns appeared upon the political stage. The first, who was the most virtuous of ministers, seemed by his brief career, to render his successors, with the exception of M. Necker, objects of public execration. The second was a madman, and the primary cause of the revolutionary tempest. M. de Necker was the only man who could have done any good, and guided the vessel of the state with the firmest hand in those troubled times. The Queen supported him, for her discerning mind saw the good he could effect. But what could be done with a man like Louis XVI., who refused a seat in his council to one of his ministers because he professed the Protestant religion? It is true, that as a kind of compensation, he granted him the entrée to his privy chamber. Such inconsistency and fanatic imbecility can scarcely be credited.

But the doom of France was sealed on the day the Archbishop of Toulouse appeared at the head of affairs. It was the Abbé de Vermond, formerly preceptor to the Queen, who, for the misfortune of the country, introduced him to the notice of Marie Antoinette. The popular excitement was every day becoming more dreadful, and a crisis appeared inevitable—for abuse had reached its climax. That awful moment required a man of superior stamp, whose powerful mind might have directed the social movement, so inevitable and so requisite; but, instead of a saviour, an individual appeared at the head of affairs little calculated to avert impending danger. This priest without religion, knew not when to be lenient or severe. Timid when circumstances re-

quired more than common energy, rash when prudential measures would have proved more beneficial, the appointment of Cardinal de Brienne was one of the greatest misfortunes that could have occurred in such times.

But Marie Antoinette saw the danger, and advised him to resign. She then asked for the recall of M. Necker.

"I was mistaken," said the Queen, with the greatest candour, to a person who repeated her words to me; "but I think I possess sufficient influence over the King to induce him to recall M. Necker, who will save the country."

The Assembly of the States-General now met, and that which might have saved France and the throne, was exactly what prepared the horrible catastrophe that shortly followed. Everything was tending towards a consummation which no earthly power could arrest. I again repeat it:—a firm and powerful hand was required to direct the movement. The first objects attended to were peurile forms of etiquette, which were shortly to become the cause of dreadful calamities. Thus, in the ceremony to be observed on the reception of the three orders, the most singular distinctions were reserved for the Tiers-Etat. It seemed as if they had been devised in order to insult that body in the most humiliating manner. The Clergy were received in the great closet of the King, the Nobles in the drawing-room, and the Tiers-Etat in the hall, or rather the anti-chamber, called the "Salle de Louis XIV." For the two first orders the folding doors were thrown open; the Tiers-Etat had but one door opened, without which indeed they could not have passed. The Nobles and the Clergy were to salute the King with a profound bow; it was intimated to the Tiers-Etat that they were to kneel. The blindest infatuation seemed to preside over all these arrangements.

At this period, the Court ought to have gained over to their party, a man powerful enough to crush those

who outraged it, and who might have saved them. Every sacrifice ought to have been made to secure the co-operation of Mirabeau.

Marié Antoinette had become the object of the most slanderous libels, published in alarming numbers. She insisted upon being made acquainted with everything, upon reading everything, and she then foresaw all that would inevitably happen.

The day before the opening of the States-General, Marie Antoinette, in a conference with the King, expressed herself with remarkable energy.

"Let us," she said, "find a remedy for the misfortunes of the state. Let no sacrifice be too great for us. Your crown and the fate of all our family are at stake. The Clergy offered me yesterday, through the young Archbishop of Toulouse and the Bishop of Uzès, half of their revenues; and they propose to you to raise loans upon the church property. The Order of Malta has made the same proposal. Sell your private domains—you have a right to do so. Henry IV. gave nearly the whole of his to the crown. Of what use can these domains be to us if we are to perish? Your apartments of the wardrobe are filled with immense riches, and the most costly jewels. Add to these the jewels of the crown. Sell everything. I will myself give up every jewel I possess. The incapacity or dishonesty of your ministers have led us into a labyrinth;—let us get out of it by our own energy. Let us save France by our own personal means, since unjust prejudice has deprived us of the public confidence. Sir," continued the Queen, deeply affected, "weigh well these matters. You are going to-morrow to open Pandora's box—a thousand evils will be the consequence."

The King's resolution was unshaken. "I have promised the States-General to the nation," he said, "and I must keep my word."

On the following day, May 5th 1789, the States-General were opened. The King and Queen were received with demonstrations of the liveliest affection,

which seemed almost to indicate a happy termination of all the troubles of the royal pair. The Queen, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, shed tears in abundance, which being remarked by the multitude, cries of "Long live the Queen," were uttered long and loud. But, alas! this was the last smile that fortune gave to the doomed Marie Antoinette.

M. Necker was but too well aware of the hostile feelings entertained by the Tiers-Etat towards him. The Nobles and Clergy also disliked him. He was thus placed in an unfavourable and difficult situation between the adverse parties. Meanwhile, the King remained passive, the government was reduced to half measures, the faction of the Palais Royal redoubled its intrigues, and the storm raged every where with violence.

Each succeeding day brought some fresh calamity. The plunder of the arsenal, the taking of the Bastille, the burning of the barrier, the defection of the French guards, the murder of Berthier, and that of Foulon, whom the populace hung at a lamp-post and then cut in pieces, were the preludes of the sixth of October.

It is almost always a misfortune to judge of one situation by another, and to expect the same results from the same facts. The Queen, perhaps, wished to imitate her mother, when the latter, taking her son in her arms, showed herself like a heroine to the Hungarians devoted to her cause. Marie Antoinette thought that the same means might prove beneficial to her: but she deceived herself. She caused the regiment of Flanders to proceed to Versailles and there fraternize with the body guard. In this she committed one of those errors which decide the fate of an empire. The Queen walked round the tables with her son and Madame Royale. She was received with marks of attachment and no doubt of devotedness; but two days afterwards thirty thousand men marched to Versailles and massacred the body guard. The particulars of that dreadful day are too well known to need repetition here. The Queen's life,

the principal object of the fury of the murderers, was saved only by the courage and presence of mind displayed by Madame Elizabeth. The King, in order to quiet the excitement of the people, consented to quit Versailles and reside at Paris. From that moment his doom was sealed.

The Chatelet at Paris commenced proceedings relative to the excesses committed in the night of the 5th of October. The numerous witnesses examined accused the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Aiguillon. The Queen, interrogated concerning what might have come to her knowledge, gave the noble answer which I have already mentioned: "I saw everything, I knew everything, but I have forgotten everything."

The Duke of Orleans then set out for England. It was extraordinary that he should have undertaken this journey at such a time; but what was still more so, was his intimacy in that country with Pitt, the bitterest enemy of France.

As I am writing the history of Marie Antoinette, rather than that of the revolution, I will relate an anecdote of her, which the words I have just quoted recall to my mind.

Whilst she was Dauphiness, she had some cause of complaint against a major of the body-guard named M. de Pontécoulant. When she became Queen, he immediately resigned. Marie Antoinette, being informed of this, instantly sent for the Prince de Beauveau, and said to him: "Go to M. de Pontécoulant, and tell him that the Queen does not avenge the quarrels of the Dauphiness; and that she requests him to forget the past, and continue his services near her person."

On her arrival in Paris, she gave three hundred thousand francs to redeem the clothes pawned by the poor; but such was the popular frenzy which had been excited against her that nothing could allay its fury. Every action of hers, however noble and generous, only turned against herself—misfortune and violent death had marked her for their victim.

A man now appeared, whose name seemed to rank him among the defenders of the throne, but who placed himself at the head of its enemies—I mean the Marquis de Lafayette. I do not think that the part he took in the revolution was either foreseen or premeditated. At the college of Plessis, where he was educated, he was observed to be mild, retiring, thoughtful, and of a religious turn. Nothing in him announced that he was destined to be what he has since passed for—the chief of a party. My opinion is, that with him everything has been the effect of chance, nothing the result of calculation. I am confirmed in the view I take of this man by the judgment of individuals fully capable of appreciating his true character; for I was myself too young to form a proper estimate of his merits. Nor have I had reason to alter my opinion. What is peculiarly remarkable in M. de Lafayette, is his perfectly mild and gentlemanly manners and conversation, the easy, lordly air which never left him in any of the situations, however trying, into which he was thrown during the revolution. Even in the midst of the factions of the 6th of October, during the most dreadful days of this great political convulsion, he was still the “Marquis de Lafayette.” Even now, he preserves this courtly suavity of demeanour in his relations with men to whom it is quite unknown, even by tradition. The Marquis de Lafayette also fell into the mistake of appreciating passing events by the test of what he had seen in America. This mania of continually comparing America with France, and England with France, led to the most deplorable consequences. A person of no great mental endowments might have discovered that the docile and single-hearted Americans were easy to govern according to the will of their rulers. M. de Lafayette imagined that he could in the same manner lead the population of the Paris faubourgs; but more than once the infuriated mob, thirsting for blood and plunder, made him tremble at their vociferations. I know not whether I am mis-

taken in my opinion that, if, of late years, M. de Lafayette has passed in mental review the events of that awful period, there are days which he would willingly have obliterated from his memory. He is, however, an honourable man, as much so as any in France, and his philanthropic philosophy renders him deserving of universal esteem. But there are few men who, recurring to the events of their past life, do not find one single cloud, hanging like a spot upon the brightness of their existence.

It was about this period that the throne received a shock from which it was not destined ever to recover: I allude to the emigration of the nobles. Louis XVI., deserted by his court, and exposed, with the Queen and his children, to the wild passions of men who probably did not at that time desire his death, but who, when they became the masters, wished to level everything,—saw no chance of avoiding a dreadful death, but by flight. The Queen formed a plan, which was, that they should leave St. Cloud and proceed to Havre de Grace, and there embark for the Netherlands, then governed by the Archduchess Christina. Everything was prepared; but the Queen having demanded a list of the officers of the navy stationed at Havre, saw in it the name of Vice-Admiral Bare de St. Leu, a natural son of the Duke of Orleans. She refused to trust to him; and her plan, the best that could have been devised, was abandoned for that of Varennes.

Baron Goguelot, one of the Queen's secretaries, was sent to ascertain the safety of the route. Every possible precaution was taken, and the unfortunate royal family prepared to quit France.

The King and Queen were closely watched at the Tuileries, by persons attached to their household. Madame Campan has been accused, but wrongfully; she may have entertained some fears for her own safety and that of her child, but she never betrayed her royal mistress.

There was a person employed in the service of

the baths and petits appartemens, named Madame Rochereuil, whom the Queen suspected. She was the more to be feared on that important night, because the royal fugitives would have to pass under her windows. This lady was ill: the day before the intended flight, the King and Queen visited her, and expressed great kindness towards her. On leaving her the King said—

“Madame Rochereuil, continue your affection towards your unfortunate mistress; she is very unhappy, and stands in need of the attachment of her faithful servants.—You complain of your appetite, I will send you a *tourte* from my own table.”

Madame Rochereuil was not guilty; but her opinions were of the new political school, which did not procure her the good-will of her royal mistress. She knew it, and never appeared before the Queen without trembling. The King's condescension and kindness, therefore, surprised her more than it flattered her; and when she received the pastry, a suspicion arose in her mind that it was poisoned. Having given some of the *tourte* to a young dog she had with her, the animal almost immediately fell fast asleep.

Madame Rochereuil now suspected the royal flight was about to take place. At first she resolved to denounce the royal family, and actually rose for this purpose; but she could not bring herself to commit so base an act. She passed the evening in great agitation. At length the night came, every one retired to bed, and the most profound silence pervaded the palace of the French King. At half-past ten the Queen went down from the King's apartments, and half an hour was spent in the necessary preparations. At last, at eleven o'clock, the proscribed family descended the Duke de Villequier's staircase and quitted the royal abode.

Madame Rochereuil, who was on the look-out, recognised Madame de Tourzel, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale; then the King, accompanied

by a person of slender make, and lastly the Queen, holding by the arm of one of her body-guard. The royal fugitives succeeded in quitting the Tuileries without interruption; for Madame Rochereuil, overcome by her feelings had not strength to alarm the inmates of the palace. At the entrance of the Carousel the royal party found a hired carriage, and the Count de Ferten acted as coachman. This nobleman has been often mentioned as entertaining, at this period, the most fervent admiration for the Queen. He drove the royal family as far as Bondy, where two berlines with post-horses were waiting for them, and they continued during the night their adventurous journey.

I shall here mention a fact relating to the Marquis de Lafayette.

The Queen placed unbounded confidence in a captain of the national guard, named Rouleaux. The day before the departure of the royal family for Varennes, she confided to him the whole of the plan, requesting him to observe the effect of their escape upon the public mind at Paris. Next morning, at nine o'clock, Captain Rouleaux called upon the Marquis de Lafayette, whom he found in conversation with M. de Vergennes, brother of the minister, and the Marquis de Gouvion, his aide-de-camp. The people were forming into groups in the streets, and deputations of the national guard came to the commandant, exclaiming: "We must go in pursuit of the King."

"Good God!" exclaimed Captain Rouleaux, "I should like to know why we are to run after the King? If he is inclined to travel let him do so; we can settle our affairs without him. For my own part, General, I think, with deference, that it would become the dignity of the patriots to take no notice whatever of the business."

Whilst listening to Captain Rouleaux, a singular expression of satisfaction played over M. de Lafay-

ette's features. He pressed the captain's hand, and said in a whisper, that he was of his opinion.

Madame Rochereuil, or some other female of the royal establishment, had given the Marquis de Gouvion, a piece of the gown worn by Marie Antoinette on the day of her flight. This had been placed under a marble paper-holder upon Lafayette's mantel-piece; Rouleaux perceived it, and approaching softly, took it away with him.

The particulars of the journey to Varennes have appeared in all the newspapers, and in a multitude of memoirs; I shall confine myself, therefore, to two facts relative to the Queen. When the brutal conduct of the postmaster of Varennes had destroyed her last ray of hope, there still remained a mode of escape, which was by fording the river, as proposed by two officers of Hungarian hussars stationed at Varennes. They assured the Queen, in German, that they were certain of being able to save her. The alarm-bell, was sounding everywhere; the peasants, armed with scythes and pitchforks, were approaching on all sides.

"Return not to Paris," they said, "or you are lost."

"The King will not allow me to take my children with me," the Queen replied, "and I never will leave them."

The officers reiterated their earnest request. Although their conversation with the Queen was in German, the King understood them, and begged them to desist and withdraw, for he had quitted Paris with regret.

The particulars of the King's return to Paris are well known. His departure was undoubtedly ill-judged; but to be dragged back to the metropolis by violence, and not allowed to re-enter that city of his own accord, was still more so. From that day the doom of the King was fixed, and his residence in the palace at Paris had already become an imprison-

ment. The King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, underwent an interrogatory before commissioners from the Assembly. The Queen's answers were full of propriety and dignity, and couched in the most measured terms with regard to the persons who had accompanied her. Louis XVI., as a monarch, had no doubt committed many errors, but he was an honest man. On his return to Paris, he received the support of Barnave, the most gifted man in the Assembly since the death of Mirabeau. Barnave served the royal cause, because he thereby thought that the King could give a constitution to the nation, and that a new union might then be effected. The faction, which it is useless to designate in these pages, but which was the real enemy of the existing power which it sought to destroy—the faction, of which Chandelos La Clos was the active agent, raged with fury at the very idea of tranquillity being restored. The Republicans were too sincere not to accept as a pledge of returning peace, the constitution which held out such hopes. This furious faction demanded that the King should be deposed. The famous proclamation or petition was drawn up and laid upon the altar of the country, in the Champ de Mars. Sylvain Bailly, the mayor, and General Lafayette repaired in all haste to the Champ de Mars with the national guard. The red flag was unfurled, and they fired at the agitators who had thrown stones and thereby commenced hostilities.

On the following day, the King went to the Assembly. He was dressed in a violet-colour coat with a small embroidery in silver, and wore only the cross of the order of St. Louis. He occupied the president's chair, ornamented with fleur-de-lis, and uttered an affecting and paternal speech, which made a deep impression. His voice almost faltered, and its tone was melancholy; but when he pronounced the oath of fidelity to the constitution, he did it in a firm and audible voice, and with an expression of the greatest sincerity.

In the evening, the Tuileries and the whole of Paris were illuminated. When it was found that the gardens of the palace were open as usual, they were soon filled, and the Queen could see from her windows the crowds that came to testify their joy. She frequently went out to walk upon the terrace, carrying with her little perfumed boxes filled with bonbons, which she distributed to the children who appeared to belong to respectable parents. If a secret influence, entirely foreign to the nation, had not interfered to destroy this return of happiness, Marie Antoinette would have been beloved as she had been a few years before.

At this period Monsieur, Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., took the title of Regent of the kingdom of France, because the King was, he said, a prisoner in his palace. Louis XVI., notwithstanding his usual placidity of temper, fell into a violent passion on learning this. He wrote to the Baron de Breteuil, who was then at Vienna, desiring him to state distinctly that he, the King of France, did not recognise such regency. The King concluded his letter with this remarkable sentence—

“And should it please the Almighty to dispose of me, the Queen, my very worthy and much-beloved partner, would become the rightful Regent.”

The Queen added—

“Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil, the King being persuaded that the regency of our brother would be attended with inconvenience, I add my recommendation to his orders. Our intention is not to oppose the wishes of Monsieur, but to prevent greater misfortunes; and it appears that this measure would convulse the whole of France. Pray, sir, be assured of the lively gratitude I entertain towards you, which shall never be diminished.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

I will add, that the Queen used repeatedly to say: “All our misfortunes come from *Provence*.”

To what can the fatal day of the 20th of June be

attributed? Faults were undoubtedly committed, for the King at that period had regained a kind of popularity which was bringing the people back to him. It has been asserted that the constitutional guard was the cause of the dreadful excesses which were committed. This I do not believe: the soldiers composing that guard had been chosen by the mayor of the district, and the officers had been taken from the republican army. It must, however, be admitted, that the fury of the revolutionary faction knew no bounds, when it learned that the Queen had gained over this new guard to her cause, and that the young officers had sworn to die in her defence.

It was at this period that Dumouriez, whom Marie Antoinette had never entirely trusted, came and cast himself at her feet, and kissing the hem of her gown, begged her to induce the King to come to the army.

"We are more than twenty thousand warriors," said Dumouriez, "who would surround him in the field of battle; and we could supply the experience he stands in need of. Time flies apace, Madam, and the future assumes a menacing and terrific aspect."

"Do not entertain any hope on that score," the Queen replied; "the King has sworn to execute faithfully the constitution, and he will scrupulously adhere to his word. For my own part, I do not possess influence enough to make him change his resolution, and have, therefore, no alternative but to submit to his will."

A short time afterwards, the revolutionary faction, —I do not mean by that denomination the *republican* faction—at that time the republic had no *faction*, almost the whole of France was republican, but with moderation—(I give the *revolutionary faction* this appellation, because I do not wish to call it by another name)—the revolutionary faction wished to deprive the King and Queen of their last support. The constitutional guard was disbanded, and the Duke de Brissac impeached. This arbitrary measure was the forerunner of the King's death.

It has often been asserted that Petion aimed at the presidency of the republic: I am disposed to believe it. He was an ambitious man, and a republican merely in words. He was totally unlike the Girondins, and even Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and many of those admirable geniuses who were an honour to the first Assembly. Petion had himself said to the King, during his return from Varennes, that France required a republic. He afterwards flattered the people, and neglected nothing which he thought would make him popular. Cataline flattered the Roman people as Robespierre flattered the Parisians. Petion had just leagued himself with Serven, Claviere, and Rolland, the three ministers who had themselves recently disbanded the King's guard, and brought twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris, on pretence of repulsing foreign invasion—whilst it was well known that they were there to drive away the King, and place the Duke of Orleans upon the throne. Marie Antoinette, in despair, supplicated the King to oppose his veto to this measure, and dismiss the three ministers and Petion. The Assembly immediately declared the country in danger, and that the ministers carried with them the regrets of the nation. The faubourgs rose up, seduced by the gold profusely lavished by a powerful personage; they unfurled their banner, on which was inscribed:

“PETION OR DEATH! RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION!”

On the 20th of June, an immense multitude appeared at the gate of the Tuileries, requesting permission to plant a tree of liberty in the court-yard. The King gave orders to allow only forty persons to enter; but the gates were no sooner opened than the crowd rushed in towards the stables, and advancing to the great staircase seemed determined to besiege the royal apartments. The doors of the room belonging to the guards, being shut, the people endeavoured to beat them in with blocks of wood and

bludgeons. At this moment four hundred noblemen, who wished to defend the King, made their appearance in the gallery of Diana; but the monarch, instead of accepting their proffered assistance, thanked them for their zeal, and entreated them to withdraw. He was unwilling to irritate the multitude, and he really did not think that the people would do him any injury. As they continued to express their desire to defend **his person**, the King became angry.

"Gentlemen," said he, in an irritated tone, "your zeal can only tend to your destruction. I request you will leave my palace, and, if necessary, I command you to do so. My friends," added he, turning to the national guard then on duty, "I beg you will make these gentlemen withdraw."

The noblemen retired on hearing this command. Several of them broke their swords. The venerable Marshal de Mouchy Noailles, being at that period nearly ninety years of age, alone refused to go. Having seated himself upon a bench, he declared his resolution of dying within the royal palace.

Meanwhile, the doors, violently battered, were giving way, and at last one of the panels fell in. The King, on seeing this, ordered that they should be opened. The immense hall of the marshals, was immediately filled with the mob, maddened by the resistance they had experienced. The conduct of the national guard of Paris was admirable. Colonel Acloque had taken care to have the guard on duty that day at the palace better composed even than usual, and during the revolutionary tumult the conduct of this officer was above all praise. The national guard surrounded the King, and the better to protect him, placed him in one of the window recesses. Marshal de Mouchy, seated upon a stool close to the King, kept his eyes constantly upon him, and whenever a pike or poniard approached the royal person, the old soldier calmly and silently rose, and presented his breast to the threatening weapon, resolved to receive the blow aimed at his master's life.

An immense number of maddened women and inebriated men rushed into the Queen's apartments. The household servants had endeavoured to oppose their entrance, and nearly a dozen valets were lying on the floor covered with wounds. The Queen, alarmed for the King's safety, and that of Madame Elizabeth, and wishing moreover to join them, proceeded to the upper apartments. On her way thither she saw naked swords and pikes in the hands of men in the last stage of drunkenness, and in the most furious state of excitement.

This tumult of the 20th of June was not an act of the people of Paris; the perpetrators of these riots were the same who, a few days later, attacked the national guards in the Champs-Élysées, on the 10th of August and 2nd of September. The Queen was not personally known to the rioters, which circumstance saved her life on this eventful day.

At length she found Madame Elizabeth, who had just answered to the name of Marie Antoinette, in order to save her sister-in-law. The Queen being recognized by the mob, which thirsted for her blood, was instantly surrounded by twenty ruffians with drawn swords. At this critical moment her life was saved by the most unexpected assistance. Two hundred of the national guards suddenly entered by the staircase of the Arcade. They surrounded the Queen and her children, and took them, with Madame Elizabeth, to the council chamber, where, placing them behind the immense table, they prepared to repulse any attack that might be made by the rioters. The conduct of the national guards greatly affected the Queen, and she gave vent to those tears which her extreme terror had hitherto prevented her from shedding. Extending her arms to her brave defenders she exclaimed:

"I do not wish to live, but I recommend my children, and my poor sister to your protection. How happy should we be—how happy would the King be,

if all the inhabitants of Paris loved and appreciated us as you do."

At this moment, Santerre having entered the apartment, several national guards surrounded him and placed their swords upon his breast. The Queen uttered a piercing shriek, and rushed between the swords and his body. Santerre looked at her with great agitation.

"Madam," said he, "the people are good, they did not come hither to harm you. If any have committed excesses they shall be punished, you may rely on it. I myself would wish to serve you—but you are badly surrounded, Madam;—you will be led to commit faults; your aristocracy will ruin you; you are very badly advised."

This speech was, doubtless, not very respectful, but it was sensible, and above all, just. For it is a lamentable fact that the Queen, at that time, was still under the influence of that unfortunate occult government which proved the ruin of the monarchy.

It was only at seven o'clock in the evening that the palace was freed from the rabble and the royal family were enabled to assemble in the King's apartments, where everything had been broken and the rooms plundered. The apartments of the princesses were also completely ravaged. These excesses were but the forerunners of the 10th of August.

As soon as the King perceived the Queen, he threw himself into her arms, and burst into tears.

"Behold my deliverers," exclaimed Marie Antoinette, pointing to the national guards who had saved her.

"My brave friends," said the King deeply affected, "I cannot express my gratitude to you. I will request M. Acloque to give me all your names, in order that I may acquit myself towards you as I ought to do. To begin, I beg the Queen will allow one of you to embrace her."

"Certainly! certainly!" exclaimed the Queen, presenting her cheek in the most enchanting manner.

Madame Elizabeth followed her sister's example, and M. Hue, raising the Dauphin in his arms, for that amiable child was then only six years old, the youthful prince said of his own accord :

"Gentlemen of the national guard, I will beg M. Hue to teach me all your names, in order that I may never forget them, and that I may pray for you."

Madame Première, since the Duchess of Angoulême, who was at this period only thirteen years old, was so struck with the dreadful scene she had witnessed, that she could only shed tears in silence.

"My children," said Louis XVI., after having changed his linen behind the curtains of his bed, "if I am cut off before my time, never forget what the inhabitants of Paris have done to-day for your good mother and myself. You are destined to survive us, and I bequeath to you my gratitude—let it never be forgotten."

Next day Madame Elizabeth endeavoured to prevail upon the Queen to leave France, and proceed to Germany.

"You are the object of their especial fury," said that princess ; "I remarked it even more yesterday than on the 6th of October. When once you are absent, they may possibly be satisfied."

"I will never leave the King nor my children," replied the Queen with firmness. "My resolution is unalterable. If I am destined to die before my time, I will at least be found at the place where it is the duty of a wife and a mother to be."

The interval between the 20th of June and the 10th of August was truly alarming for the royal family. The directory of the department had suspended Petion on account of the 20th of June, and afterwards the cry of "Petion or Death," was vociferated day and night under the walls of the palace. The confederated Marseillaise, who had come to Paris, having been called thither by an occult though well known power, committed the most dreadful excesses. Three hun-

dred national guards were killed in the Champs-Élysées, and murder stalked publicly through the streets. Such were the preludes to the 10th of August. When a king is not a warrior, he has but two lines of conduct to follow: to abdicate, or else to have a good army at his command, and an experienced general;—otherwise he is irretrievably lost.

General Lafayette had quitted the command of the national guard, in which Santerre had succeeded him, to assume that of the army of the Ardennes. On learning the occurrence of the 20th of June, he immediately hastened to Paris, and presenting himself at the bar of the Assembly, asked, with energy and dignity, what the representatives of the nation had done with the honour of France? He declared that the constitution had been scandalously violated, and demanded that the authors of this outrage should be brought to condign punishment. The *coté gauche*, on hearing this, loaded him with invectives, and he was forced to withdraw. In the course of the evening he asked to be allowed an interview with the Queen; but Marie Antoinette, who still entertained an unjust, and, in her situation, an unfortunate prejudice against him, hesitated to give an answer. The general, naturally hurt at this conduct, immediately quitted Paris where his life was not in safety.

General Lafayette committed perhaps an error in his abrupt conduct at the Assembly; it may, however, be considered a consequence of the frankness of his character, though it certainly is not a proof of his judgment. In the excitement of political commotions, it is imprudent to give vent to feelings of this description unless backed by an imposing force. Such conduct injures and endangers a cause.

On the 7th and 8th of August, the chiefs of the commune, Danton, Robespierre, Manuel, Brissot, Tallien, Camille Desmoulins, with their adjuncts, Panis, Billaud Varennes, Chénier (Marie Joseph) Marat, Freron, Legendre, and Lestournel, after dining at the Chancellerie of Orleans, assembled in committee, and

by their own authority dissolved the municipality, declaring it "incapable of saving the country in its present dangerous state." Then, in the presence of the Legislative Assembly, which made not the slightest effort to interrupt their proceedings, they convoked the forty-eight sections of Paris. Petion was reinstated. The commune was all powerful, and the King remained silent during these occurrences.

On the evening of the 9th of August, it was known that the palace of the Tuileries was to be attacked on the following day at daybreak. The Queen called a council, consisting of M. d'Affray commandant of the Swiss guard, M. Bakmann second in command, M. Marguerie an officer of the constitutional guard, the Count de Menou, the Baron de Viomenil, and several other devoted adherents of the royal family.

This time Louis XVI. preferred resistance to sanctioning the decrees which had been passed. It was, however, too late: the firmness which he now wished to show could now have no other effect than that of rendering the struggle sanguinary and dreadful for all parties.

At twelve o'clock at night the alarm-bell at the Hotel de Ville began to ring, and all the bells of the town soon answered this signal. The Queen went into the Dauphin's chamber; she kissed her son in his sleep, and proceeded to awaken the King. The whole family surrounded the ill-fated monarch, and every successive report brought with it new subjects of intense anxiety.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Petion arrived at the Tuileries.

"Sir," said Louis XVI. "you are mayor of Paris, and the alarm is sounded everywhere! Do you wish a renewal of the scenes of the 20th of June? Answer me—what means this tumult?"

"Sir," replied Petion, "the alarm is sounding against my will; but I will go to the Hotel de Ville, and order shall be restored."

The fact is that Petion found himself surrounded

by devoted friends of the King, who, on the slightest signal, would have stabbed him to the heart. But Louis XVI. was not a man to command such an action.

“M. Petion,” said the Queen, advancing towards him, “it is well known that the King is threatened with some imminent danger. You, yourself can have no doubt on the subject. Your duty obliges you therefore not to leave him. Your conduct alone can prove that these outrages are repugnant to your feelings. You must sign an order for the restoration of tranquillity and obedience; but you, M. Petion, will remain with the King.”

Petion signed the order, which was carried to the Hotel de Ville by M. de Mandat, who had just been called to the commune, under pretence that a negotiation was to be attempted with the court. On his arrival at the Hotel de Ville, the people demanded Petion's order, but he refused to deliver it up. Upon this a hundred weapons were aimed at his breast; he instantly fell covered with wounds. His head was placed upon a pike and shown to the people, and cries of “Long live the nation! down with the veto!” rent the air.

At the same time the Assembly decreed that Petion was illegally detained at the palace, and summoned him to return to them. The King did not oppose the execution of this decree, and Petion was set at liberty.

At six o'clock in the morning, the Queen prevailed on the King to go into the gardens and review the troops stationed there. The greatest part of them received him with shouts of “Long live the King!” but these expressions of loyalty were not unaccompanied by some opprobrious words; and from that moment the unhappy monarch could foresee the fate that awaited him.

On his return to his apartments he found the council sitting, and the Queen presiding over it. No determination had hitherto been come to, and Marie An-

toinette was strongly urging that some decisive step should be taken. At this moment, Ræderer, Procureur Syndic of the commune, entered the palace, and in the greatest agitation asked to speak to the King and Queen.

"The popular excitement has reached a pitch of frenzy," he said; "Several hundred men have gone to the Pont-Neuf, and taken possession of the guns. The royal family are lost if the King does not instantly join the Legislative Body."

"Ah! sir," exclaimed the Queen, "what advice do you give the King! There are undoubtedly in the Assembly, a great number of honest and faithful subjects, but there are also many who thirst after our blood,—and these are the most numerous. Sir, I conjure you," continued Marie Antoinette, casting herself at the King's feet, "not to follow this advice. Remember that you are the descendant of Louis XIV. and Henry IV. Do not disgrace these great names; do not abandon the sceptre they have bequeathed to you. Show yourself on horseback through all Paris, and the Parisians will restore you their esteem. I will myself follow you with my son in my arms."

"No, no," replied Louis XVI., "there is no further hope in staying here. I will proceed to the Legislative Assembly—that is our safest asylum. Let me be taken thither instantly. Such is my will."

"Then," exclaimed the queen in despair, "before your departure, give orders to have me nailed to the walls of this palace."

Madame Elizabeth, the Princess de Tarente, and the Princess de Lamballe, supplicated the Queen to oppose no farther resistance to the King's will, for the monarch seemed greatly irritated.

"You will have it so," replied Marie Antoinette, endeavouring to suppress her tears; "I will obey the King, but I will follow him—we are all doomed to die."

The royal family left the palace, to which they

were never to return. The distance to the Legislative Assembly, was sufficiently great to make the journey a dangerous one, especially for the Queen, who was received everywhere with cries of hatred and with opprobrious epithets. The national guard, of its own accord, formed two lines on her passage, and thus protected her for the last time.

Twenty-five deputies came to meet Louis XVI., thanking him for placing his confidence in the national representatives. Several of them seemed not aware, that those who destroy everything, are not those who grant protection. The deputies cried out from time to time, "Respect to the constituted powers! respect to the national representatives." The weather was intensely hot; and those who surrounded and protected the royal family could with difficulty preserve sufficient space for them to breathe.

At this moment, a tall young man, with naked arms and disordered dress, approached the Queen, and looking at the Princess de Lamballe, whom he mistook for Marie Antoinette, exclaimed in a rough voice:

"Where is the Queen?—show me the Queen? let me see her for the first time." And his eyes were fearfully fixed on Madame de Lamballe, whom the Queen gently pushed aside.

"Do not mistake," said Marie Antoinette, to the young workman, "I am the Queen; what is it, my friend, that you require of me?"

The young man, on beholding for the first time, that mild and beautiful countenance, on hearing the accents of that voice, so pure, and so harmonious, seemed overcome by some indescribable sensation. He looked at the Queen for a while in silence, then turning to his companions—

"My friends," said he, "this is not a wicked woman; it is a pleasure to look at her. Madame," continued he, addressing the Queen, "tell the King to forego that villanous veto which vexes us, and all this tumult will cease."

The Assembly vouchsafed to open its doors, after having made the King and his family wait upwards of twenty minutes.

What occurred on that dreadful day when so much innocent blood was shed, is well known, and the particulars would be out of place here. I will only say that the royal family remained three days in the cells of the Feuillans. The Princesses were deprived of all attendance, and had not even a change of linen. On the third day, Lady Sutherland, the wife of Lord Gower, the British Ambassador, sent the Queen a supply of linen, expressing the strongest grief at her unhappy situation. The Queen refused the linen.

"I am really grieved to disoblige Lady Sutherland by my refusal," said Marie Antoinette, "but the assistance of England comes too late."

The Queen had not forgotten that when the Princess de Lamballe went to England, Mr. Pitt refused to interfere, saying :

"The Bourbons have brought their misfortunes upon themselves."

On the 13th August, the royal family were conducted to the Temple. On their way thither they saw, on the Place Vendôme, the statue of Louis XIV. thrown down. Louis XIV. turned his head away; Marie Antoinette looked steadfastly at the prostrate statue, as if to infuse new vigour into her soul.

"Madam," said Petion, who was in the carriage, "I can no longer answer for your life, if you do not assume an attitude more becoming your situation."

The Queen looked at this man, coward enough to insult her in misfortune, but did not deign to answer him.

The Temple was an ancient appenage of the grand priors of Malta, and belonged to the Duke of Angoulême. It was a noble structure, and consisted of the castle, and the donjon or tower. The royal family passed the first night in the Duke of Vendome's

room, called the "gilt chamber." On the following day they were placed in the tower.

The massacres of September soon followed. Madame de Lamballe, the intimate friend of the Queen, was murdered, her body horribly mutilated, and her head, placed upon a pike, was carried to the Temple. But the people, obliged to remain outside the walls, could only agitate this frightful trophy. Fortunately the Queen was informed of the intention of the multitude, and avoided being a witness to this act of cannibalism, which, with the other horrors of those disturbed times, have left a stain upon the national character of the French that time itself can never obliterate.

The Queen, during her imprisonment in the Temple, gave numerous proofs of the firmest and noblest character ever displayed by woman. She occupied, with Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth, the upper story of the tower, the only inhabitable room in the place. It would be useless to relate the numerous acts of petty persecution to which she was exposed. Cruelty and folly could go no further, and the facts themselves would not now obtain belief, were they not attested by the perpetrators of them. The frightful butchery of the 2nd and 3rd of September was scarcely consummated, when another sacrifice was required. The bringing to trial of Louis XVI. was already talked of. At this period there was no ground whatever for doing so. It was only after the King's confinement in the temple that he communicated with foreign powers, respecting his escape; and it was natural enough that he should do so. It was no crime to endeavour to escape from his oppressors. Besides, the Assembly had itself broken the solemn treaty of 1791: for, by the constitution, the King's person was sacred. But it was not the nation that pronounced judgment, any more than it participated in a thousand acts committed in its name and under its apparent sanction. Had Louis XVI. declined the competency of the Conven-

tion, and appealed to the people, he might have been saved.

But he acknowledged the jurisdiction of this tribunal, and from that moment his power was destroyed. He received the commissioners of the Convention, and spent four hours in signing a hundred and fifty-eight papers, which had been found, according to their assertion, in the famous iron closet. By this act he authenticated the documents. He made the commissioners sup with him that evening, and by such conduct virtually recognized the extent of their powers and the legality of their acts. He could now no longer assert that the judgment was illegal, though it might be, and certainly was, unjust. Louis XVI. was thus brought to judgment by an incompetent tribunal; the nation alone had power to judge him—the nation alone had a right to pronounce sentence upon him, in the same manner that it afterwards declared in favour of a new government, when nearly four millions of votes demanded the establishment of the empire.

During the proceedings against the King, he was subjected to a privation from which the meanest criminal is always exempt—he was separated from his family. It was only when about to be led to the place of execution that he obtained leave to bid them a last farewell. The royal family were assembled in one of the rooms of the donjon. The Dauphin uttered the most piercing cries. The Queen, though bathed in tears, had sufficient fortitude to congratulate the King upon his prospect of being at length released “from his earthly prison to receive in heaven the glorious crown of martyrdom.” But the feelings of the wife soon got the better of the courage of the sovereign: nature resumed her sway, and Marie Antoinette, when the King asked her forgiveness for any injury which his weakness and want of confidence in her advice might have caused, fell into a violent paroxysm of grief. She at last fainted, after an attack of the most dreadful convul-

sions. On recovering her senses, her grief was increased by the sight of her children. She fell dangerously ill, and owed her life only to her youth and the unremitting care of the most celebrated physicians of the day. Heaven seemed to spare her in order to give the world a striking example of misfortune.

Until the death of Louis XVI. the royal family had been allowed the attendance of their valet de chambre, Cléry; but, an hour after the execution, this faithful servant was taken from them, and the Princesses obliged to wait upon themselves. A labouring man, named Tison, became their only attendant.

A few months after the King's death, Marie Antoinette had an opportunity of escaping from the Temple. A municipal officer, named Toulau, had procured clothes similar to his own, by means of which the Queen and Madame Elizabeth were to leave the prison. But, at the moment of execution, this project, which had been perfectly well concerted, was abandoned by the Queen, because she would not desert her children. On the following day she wrote as follows to Monsieur Jarjayes, in whom she placed the most unlimited confidence:

“We have had a pleasant dream, that is all. However, I have gained by it, inasmuch as I have seen a new proof of your devotedness to our cause. You will readily conceive that the interest of my son is my only guide; and happy as I should have felt at leaving this place, I cannot consent to be separated from him. Believe me, I feel the weight of your reasons for my own interest, and that such an opportunity may not offer again; but I could enjoy nothing if my children remained behind, and this idea leaves me without the least regret.

“M. A.”

On the 3d of July 1793, a decree of the Convention

was notified to Marie Antoinette, with a harshness which nothing could justify. It directed that the Dauphin should be taken from his mother, and imprisoned in a securer part of the tower. This history will be read by mothers, who will appreciate the Queen's feelings at such cruelty more forcibly than I can describe it. Her mind was excited to madness when she learned that her beloved child, whose early youth had been spent amid the most dreadful sufferings—whose frail existence required that unremitting care which a mother alone could bestow, was confined in a lonesome and damp apartment, under the care of a coarse and cruel man named Simon, who heaped upon the unfortunate child every indignity, every torture, which the most refined barbarity could invent. In her agony, Marie Antoinette descended to the most humble supplications in the hope of softening the rigour of the Convention.

“Let me only see my child,” she said to the municipal officers who had the guard of the tower; “let me see him, even before witnesses, without speaking to him, without even kissing him.”

The Convention remained inflexible. Nevertheless, on the 15th of July, two commissioners from the Committee of Public Safety came to the Temple to inform the Queen that she should see her son—that he should even be restored to her, if she would sign and send to the allied powers a proclamation, which should be posted up in Paris, intimating to the whole of Europe, that “she did not approve of their arming, and begged her defenders to withdraw their troops; a demand which she addressed to them as the widow of Louis XVI., and the guardian of Louis Charles, her only son.” The Queen replied, that while she was prisoner she could not raise her voice to command; that her son's majority would annul everything she might say, as she had no right to dictate in his name.

The Queen was perfectly aware that such a step could have produced no other effect than to debase

her in the eyes of Europe. On the 31st of July, Robespierre received a letter direct from Vienna, in which Marie Antoinette was accused of connivance with the courts of Germany. This letter was read before the two committees united, and the Convention issued forthwith a decree impeaching the widow of Louis XVI.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 2d August, 1792, the Queen was awoken, in order to be removed to the Conciergerie. She was allowed only a few minutes to bid adieu to her daughter, and sister-in-law; but was not permitted to see her son!

When she came to the bottom of the staircase of the tower, she was told to stoop, the gateway being low. Being absorbed in grief, she paid no attention to the warning, and struck her head violently against the beam of the door.

"You are hurt, Madam," said one of the commissioners.

"In my present condition, what can hurt me in this world?" the Queen replied.

The clock struck two as they crossed the courtyard of the Temple. The Queen was placed in a hackney-coach with an officer of gendarmerie and three municipal officers. Fifty gendarmes, with drawn swords, escorted the carriage. On her arrival at the Conciergerie, she was received by the competent authorities, by Madame Richard the wife of the keeper of the prison, and by a young girl named Rosalie Lamorlière, who was there to wait upon her. The Queen was instantly conveyed to the dungeon she was destined to occupy, in which General Custine had just before been confined. It served at the same time as the council-chamber, and was situated at the extremity of a long dark passage, lighted day and night by two lamps. This apartment, received scarcely any light; it was seven feet high and fourteen feet wide. Even this gloomy place was not entirely allotted to the Queen's use. One part was reserved for two gendarmes, who were charged

never to lose sight of her person. In the course of the day this cell was fitted up for Marie Antoinette's accommodation. A common bedstead, two mattresses, a bolster, a blanket, a small foot-stool, a table, and two prison chairs, composed the furniture allotted to the Queen of France.

On entering the prison, the Queen cast a look of horror at the bare walls. Having recovered her self-possession, she hung her watch upon a nail in the wall, and proceeded to undress herself to retire to bed. Rosalie approached to offer her assistance.

"Thank you, my good girl," said Marie Antoinette, with mildness; "since I have had nobody to attend me, I have learned to wait upon myself."

Next day, an old woman named Larivière, eighty years of age, was sent to the Queen as her attendant. She was ordered to purchase some coarse stuff to mend the royal captive's dress. Under any other circumstances these details might appear trivial, but in this case their simplicity gives additional interest to the dreadful situation of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

On the 8th of September, at eleven in the morning, Michonis, a municipal officer who wished to save her, entered the prison with a species of master-mason, whom the Queen immediately recognized as the Marquis de Rougeville, a nobleman of Rheims. He had been very active during the 10th of August, and Marie Antoinette knew him to be one of her most faithful adherents. She was thrown off her guard, and her agitation was remarked by the gendarmes, and a woman named Orel, who was always near her to watch her motions. Michonis pretended to give directions to the mason, and ordered him to examine the wall on the side of the court-yard. The mason approached Marie Antoinette, and let fall at her feet a red pink. She waited with patience for half an hour, before she picked up the flower which probably contained her fate. At length, she ventured

to seize it, and in it found a slip of paper containing these words :

“ We shall come through the subterraneous passages, and shall all wear pinks like this.”

The Queen immediately swallowed the paper; but it was too late: she had been watched, and the rapid glance which had followed all her motions led to a suspicion of the plot.

The same night, September 8th, at eleven o'clock, the conventionalist Amar, his colleague Sevestre, and Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, entered the Queen's prison to examine her, concerning the affair of the pink. The Queen said but little, and in the few words she uttered, she proved at once her generosity and her prudence. The three commissioners, enraged at not being able to obtain any information from their victim, made a general search, and at last found a paper pricked with a pin. This paper was an answer to that which the pink contained, but it was not till four months after that they were able to decipher its contents.

The Committees of Public Safety and General Safety received the report of the commissioners. They deliberated as if it had been a conspiracy tending to overthrow them. They could not discover the meaning of the mysterious flower—they in vain sought for an explanation of the paper pricked with a pin. In their impotent rage, they ordered the arrest of Richard, his wife, and Michonis. Richard was superseded in his office of keeper of the prison by Lebau, keeper of the Force.

The Queen had preserved her watch during her imprisonment in the Temple. It was taken from her on the seventh day after her arrival at the Conciergerie. “ This watch,” said the Queen, to the commissioners who came to take it away, “ was not purchased with French money: my mother gave it me the day I quitted her.”

“ Nonsense!” exclaimed Heron, one of the most wicked men of that sanguinary period; “ a gold

watch is quite useless in a prison. The republic will return it to you when your business is settled."

The conventionalist Amar, with inconceivable brutality, tore from the Queen's fingers two gold rings and a diamond one. Her wedding-ring was one of them. No doubt they feared bribery, and indeed these rings were considered sufficient to corrupt the keeper and all the turnkeys of the prison. Nothing is more ferocious than folly united to cruelty. The situation of Marie Antoinette now became dreadful, and she began to forego even hope itself. Hitherto, she had not been able to persuade herself that the foreign powers would desert her cause. The greater number of European thrones were occupied by branches of the Bourbon family. Spain, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, the Duchy of Parma, Austria,—all these powers were allied by blood, and even closely related to a princess whose title of Queen of France could not but render her doubly sacred in their eyes. The King of Sweden was a chivalrous hero, who had promised her his support,—in time of peace it is true; but this monarch appeared sincere and devoted. Everything seemed to concur to save Marie Antoinette; but Great Britain stifled every sympathy in her favour. This power, still suffering from the American war, was deaf to pity. The houses of Austria and of Spain ought to have saved the Queen. She relied upon their interference, and had a right to do so; but the cabinet of Madrid, governed by a favourite who had allowed his master to dishonour himself by deserting Louis XVI., could not be expected to come forward to save the widow and children of that ill-fated monarch. With regard to Austria, its motives must have been powerful indeed; and I have no right to judge them. They are undoubtedly the same which in 1814 caused the father to desert his daughter and grandson.

The Queen, therefore, was justified in hoping that she might still be saved, either by the affection of her relatives, or by the law of honour, which rendered

the sovereigns of Europe her natural protectors. But she was destined to be bereft of every hope, and on the 12th October, 1793, the judgment of her late subjects was notified to her.

On the 12th October, two judges of the revolutionary tribunal entered her prison in a hurried manner, allowed her only a few minutes to put on a gown, and then began to examine her judicially. The nature of their questions made her easily comprehend that her fate was decided upon; and when these blood-thirsty men left her prison, she fell upon her knees to implore the protection of her Maker,—the only hope now left to her who had been the sovereign of one of the greatest empires upon earth, and who was the descendant of a hundred kings.

Since the affair of the pink, the two gendarmes had been withdrawn from the Queen's prison, and in their place a captain named De Bême was stationed there. This man, of German origin, was entirely devoted to the Queen, and had frequently found means of softening the severity exercised towards her. During the night, the respect he felt for her misfortune made him keep at the other end of the room. Fancying, the night after this interrogatory, that he heard groans, he called in a low voice to the Queen; receiving no answer, and hearing the same moanings, he ventured to approach her bed, and found her in dreadful convulsions. The only words he could obtain from her were—"Let me die! let me die!" He succeeded, however, in restoring her to a consciousness of her situation, and a copious flood of tears at length relieved her agonized feelings. At daybreak she rose and walked about her prison until Lebeau entered.

About twelve o'clock a greffier, a judge, and two huissiers entered, and delivered to her a copy of her act of accusation. She listened to the reading of it in the most profound silence.

"Have you a counsel?" asked the judge.

"I know of none," replied the Queen.

The judge named M. Tronçon du Coudray, and M. Chauveau Lagarde.

"I do not know them," said the Queen; "but I accept their assistance."

After the judge's departure, she asked M. de Bême what kind of reputation the two advocates just mentioned enjoyed. M. de Bême's answer relative to one of them was particularly consoling to the Queen, and indeed the name of M. Chauveau Lagarde is one in which the unfortunate may always safely confide.

On the 14th of October, Marie Antoinette spent an hour in prayer, before her morning meal, which was brought to her by Lebeau and Rosalie. She asked M. de Bême if she could have a confessor. This truly honest man assured the Queen that he was convinced it was impossible, because there were no priests remaining in Paris but those who had taken the oath.

"If that is the case," said the Queen, lifting her eyes towards Heaven, "I must no longer think of it. God alone shall receive my confession. On the eve of appearing before His tribunal, I may hope for mercy from Him."

This fact, attested by an estimable man, sufficiently proves the falsehood of the words attributed to the curé of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, and which it is impossible he could have uttered. It was reported, that he was with the Queen during the night of the 14th of October, and had found means to enter the prison in company with Mademoiselle Fouché. To add to the romance of the pretended midnight scene, it was asserted that one of the gendarmes received the Sacrament with the Queen.

M. Chauveau Lagarde, one of the Queen's defenders, and one of the most worthy men I know, published, in 1816, a pamphlet, in which he mentions all the particulars of his communications with his royal client.

He was, he says, at his country-house, when, on the 14th of October 1793, he was informed of his

having been appointed, in conjunction with M. Troncon du Coudray, counsel for the Queen. The trial was to begin the next day, at eight o'clock in the morning. The time was extremely short. He immediately hastened to the Conciergerie in order to confer with Marie Antoinette. Until that moment he had never seen her except at a distance, and had never spoken to her. M. Chauveau Lagarde relates in the most affecting manner the deep emotion he experienced on seeing the unhappy consort of his late sovereign, in want of almost common necessaries, immured in an unwholesome dungeon, deprived of air and almost of light.

He read to Marie Antoinette her act of accusation.

"When I perused," says he, "this tissue of infamous falsehoods, I was struck dumb. It was the work of demons. The Queen seemed perfectly unmoved."

M. Lagarde went to the greffe to read the proceedings, or at least what then went by that name. Great was his surprise to find that it would require whole weeks to go through the papers, and only twenty-four hours were allowed. He returned to the Queen and informed her that it would be necessary to demand a delay in order to examine the different documents.

"To whom must the demand be made," inquired the unhappy Marie Antoinette, looking steadfastly at M. Chauveau Lagarde. He did not venture to reply. The Queen repeated the question. He then said in a low voice, "The Convention."

"Never!" exclaimed the Queen; "no, never!"

"You are not alone, Madam," observed M. Chauveau Lagarde, "in the act of accusation; and, besides, allow me to add, that I have to defend the Queen of France, the mother of Louis XVII., and the widow of Louis XVI."

The sacred names of mother, wife, and sister always find their way to a woman's heart: Marie Antoinette, without uttering a word, took her pen, and

wrote to the Assembly demanding the delay required by her counsel. The demand was given to Fouquier Tinville at the same moment. No other answer was returned than that the trial would take place on the following day, October 15th, as previously announced, at eight o'clock in the morning.

Next morning, Marie Antoinette, dressed in black, and strikingly dignified in her appearance, stood before her judges. Hermann presided at the tribunal; Duplay, a carpenter, a friend of Robespierre, was foreman of the jury. Hermann affected mildness in his speech and manners. In opening the proceedings, he said, in a voice he wished to render impressive:

“Citizens, you are here assembled to assist in trying a woman whom you have seen upon a throne, and who now appears at the bar as a criminal. The tribunal, in its justice, recommends you to preserve order and tranquillity: the law forbids every sign of approbation or disapprobation.” Then, turning to the Queen—

“Accused,” said he, “state your name, your profession, and your age.”

Marie Antoinette, on hearing herself called upon in this manner, could scarcely contain her indignation. She cast her eyes around the tribunal with an expression of mingled anger and contempt; but recollecting the precious pledges still remaining in the Temple, she checked her feelings.

“My name,” she replied, “is Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne de Lorraine, widow of Louis XVI.; my age is thirty-seven years.”

After the words “de Lorraine,” she was going to add, “Archduchess of Austria;” but Hermann stopped her, saying, “No, no, not Archduchess; the republic does not recognize any such foolish titles.”

Simon the cobbler, who was preceptor to the unfortunate heir of Louis XVI., appeared as a witness. The Queen trembled at the sight of this man; she knew his dreadful cruelty towards her beloved child,

and her maternal feelings made her shrink from the gaze of her son's tyrant.

His evidence began with a jeer. He mixed up with the Queen's case the names of Petion, Toulau, and Lafayette; and, in order to render his declaration more probable, he asserted that he had heard everything from the young prisoner, his pupil.

Then followed the principal heads of accusation, containing the most monstrous charges. Marie Antoinette was accused of the ruin of the kingdom.

"You have signed receipts for immense sums," said Le Cointre, of Versailles; "they were found at Septeuil's house."

"It is false," exclaimed the Queen; "I never signed any. Let them be produced."

"They have been mislaid," said Fouquier Tinville; "but it is of no consequence, we are going to hear respectable witnesses who have seen them."

Three men declared that they had seen receipts signed by the Queen, and the tribunal declared that the Queen had signed receipts for several millions of francs. Hermann, perceiving that the public felt interested in the illustrious accused, immediately, with demoniac hypocrisy, called to his aid the usual cant of the period.

"You have forwarded immense sums to your family in Germany; you have despoiled France to enrich foreign nations."

"The imperial house of Austria," replied Marie Antoinette, "requires no foreign aid; its finances are in a more flourishing state, not only than yours, but than those of any power in Europe."

"And your victim, Madame de Lamothe?" resumed Hermann—"what reason can you give for having wished to ruin that innocent young woman?"

At this infamous question, the Queen fixed her eyes upon Hermann with an expression of such dignity that he looked abashed, and turned away his head. In this struggle of innocence against power

and crime, the Queen seemed triumphant. The spectators were numerous, and, even among the most ardent republicans, many were present whose hearts were touched, and whose countenances betrayed their feelings. Hebert, substitute of the Procurator of the Commune, saw the danger, and, to obviate it, did not hesitate to make use of the most infernal and monstrous means.

“You have corrupted your own son,” said this man; “you and your sister Elizabeth have initiated him into vice and debauchery—he has himself signed a declaration to this effect.”

At this moment the Queen was standing, and in the most imposing attitude. On hearing this unexpected and horrible charge, she uttered a piercing shriek, and, without looking at the miscreant who seemed to forget he had ever a mother, exclaimed, addressing herself to the public who filled the room, and with an accent of virtuous indignation—

“I appeal to every mother here present whether such a crime be possible!”

After this effort her feelings overcame her. Worn out by the scene, and having taken no food since the preceding day, she felt completely overcome. In vain she implored a glass of water—no one even stirred to confer the trifling boon. At last, Captain de Bême, unable to view such sufferings, brought her the wished-for beverage, and presented it to her with the same respect as if she was still at Versailles. He paid the price of his humanity with the loss of his liberty, and nearly of his life.

At four o'clock, the tribunal suspended its sitting for an hour, and Rosalie received orders to bring some soup for the Queen. This young girl herself related the circumstance to M. d'Aussonne.

“At about two o'clock,” she said, “I heard some persons talking about the sitting; they said, ‘Marie Antoinette will obtain her freedom—she has answered very well—they will only banish her.’”

“At four o'clock, the keeper said to me, ‘The

sitting is suspended for an hour; the accused will not come down: they have asked for some soup; go up 'quickly.' I immediately took some good soup, which I had been keeping ready, and went up to the Queen. As I was entering the room, one of the commissioners of police, by name Labuziere, an ugly little man, took the soup out of my hands, and giving it to his mistress, a young female gaudily dressed, said to me—'This young woman wishes to see the widow Capet, and this will be a good opportunity for her.' The woman went away immediately with the soup. In vain I begged and prayed: Labuziere was all-powerful—I was obliged to obey. But what would the Queen think on receiving her soup from the hands of a stranger.

"At four o'clock in the morning, October 16th, we were told that the Queen of France was condemned to death. I felt as if I had been stabbed with a sword; I withdrew to my own room, and gave vent to my tears.

"At seven in the morning, the keeper, Lebeau, desired me to go to the Queen, and ask her if she wanted anything. On entering the prison, where two lights were burning, I perceived a young officer of gendarmerie seated in the left corner; and, on approaching Madam, I saw her, dressed in black, lying upon her bed; her face was turned towards the window, and her head leaning on her hand.

"'Madam,' I said trembling, 'you took nothing yesterday evening, and have taken almost nothing to-day—what would you wish to have this morning?'

"The Queen wept. 'My good girl,' said she, 'I want nothing more in this world; everything is at an end for me!'

"I took the liberty of adding, 'Madam, I have got a bouillon and some vermicelli soup; you must require something—allow me to bring you something.'

"The Queen continued to weep. 'Rosalie,' she said, 'go and fetch me a bouillon.' I went and brought

it immediately. The Queen rose in bed, but took only two or three spoonfuls. I declare to God that she had no other nourishment.

“When it was daylight, that is to say, at eight o'clock, I went down to the Queen to help her to dress, as she had desired me to do. Her Majesty rose, and went into the small space I usually left between her bed and the wall, in order to change her linen for the last time. The officer of gendarmerie, who was a very young man, approached with the most revolting insolence. The Queen merely said to him—

“‘In the name of decency, sir, allow me to dress myself without a witness!’

“‘I cannot consent to it,’ replied the officer, with brutality; ‘my orders are, not to lose sight of you.’ And he remained close to the Queen whilst she dressed herself for the last time.

“She put on a white undress, and covered her neck with a large muslin handkerchief, which crossed up to her chin.

“The agitation I experienced from the brutality of the gendarme, prevented me from remarking whether or not the Queen had the picture of the Dauphin. The day before she had raised her hair a little, and put two black bands to her cap in token of widowhood; but to go to the place of execution, she wore a simple cap of lawn without any mark of mourning.

“I quitted her without daring even to take leave of her, for fear of causing her some unpleasant feeling. I went into my room to weep and to pray for her.”

Immediately after Rosalie's departure, the Queen knelt to pray. It was then nine o'clock, and she remained praying until thirty-five minutes past ten. The reporter then came and interrupted her devotions, in order to read her sentence once more.

At eleven o'clock, the executioner, Henry Samson, tied her hands with a violence which even his duty did not prescribe, and cut off her hair. At ten

minutes past eleven, Marie Antoinette was seated in the cart which was to convey her to the place of execution. The court was filled with an immense crowd, and as soon as the cart began to move, cries of "Long live the Republic! Down with Kings!" were vociferated by the assembled multitude.

The Queen, with her hands tied behind her back, trembled with cold—it was the chill of approaching death! She cast a look of pity upon the surrounding populace, but her gaze was one of mute despair, which plainly indicated that all hope had fled, and the consciousness that death was at hand.

The accumulated outrages with which the ferocious rabble thought to embitter her dying moments were unheeded by the royal sufferer; and when, at the windows of some persons well known to her, she saw the tricolour flag displayed, as if her enemies were anxious to pour a last drop into the cup of gall which she was destined to drain to the very dregs, she cast upon her inveterate persecutors a look of silent contempt.

In the Rue St. Honoré, almost opposite to the Oratoire, a young child, in its mother's arms, waved its little hand to the Queen. The person who told me of this fact, assured me that the Queen's eyes brightened up with transient emotion. This infant, no doubt, recalled to her mind the son of her love, which a second crime was about to render an orphan.

When the procession arrived in front of the church of St. Roch, the commandant of the cavalry ordered a halt, in order that the populace, upon the steps of the church, might view the royal victim at their leisure, and heap the vilest insults upon the unhappy Marie Antoinette. During more than a quarter of an hour, the Queen was condemned to hear the vociferations of the mob, who assailed her with the epithets—"Messalina!" "Medicis!" and "Fredegonde!" During this last trial of her fortitude, Marie

Antoinette, with half closed eyes, prayed for her unrelenting persecutors.

At length, after a march of an hour and a half, the procession arrives in the Rue Royale, in which were a triple line of soldiers and some cannon, as on the day of the King's execution. As the Queen reached the guillotine she shuddered—she now felt that she was about to take a last farewell of all she held dear on earth. When she perceived the awful preparations for death, her lips became livid, and seemed to quiver for a moment; but after a short prayer, she ascended the steps of the scaffold with precipitation, as if she had collected her remaining strength to accomplish this last act. She then knelt and exclaimed:

“Oh! my God! forgive my murderers! My dear children! adieu, for ever—I go to join your father.”

When the sacrifice was consummated, the executioner struck two blows upon the severed head of the unfortunate Queen. It appears that the impunity with which men could then indulge in feelings the most revolting to human nature, made them thirst for new pleasures in blood and outrage.

* * * * *

Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, and Queen of France, died on the 16th October 1793, at a quarter past one in the afternoon. She was then within a few days of her thirty-eighth year, having spent twenty-four years in France, which had become dear to her since her son was born to reign over it; and she herself would have remained Queen, but for the madness of men who, having too suddenly burst the bonds which for centuries had kept them enslaved, had let loose upon the whole country the most uncontrollable and sanguinary passions.

Marie Antoinette possessed much of her mother's character. She was resolute and quick in decision. Her countenance portrayed the characteristics of her mind. A person who had frequent opportunities of judging her, told me that it was easy to read her

thoughts upon her bold and beautifully formed forehead. Her appearance was majestic, and her complexion exquisitely dazzling. Her look and her smile, whether in displeasure or in approbation, left an impression seldom forgotten. Neither her eyes nor her teeth were handsome. The real charm of her countenance consisted in a soul-breathing intelligence spread over all her features. There never was a more perfect resemblance than between this young Dauphiness, so lovely and so graceful, and the Duchess of Burgundy. Like the Princess of Savoy, she was gay, lively, and apparently thoughtless; but in her youthful heart was hidden high resolution, and this it was that caused her misfortunes. Marie Antoinette was remarkably well informed. Her mother, Marie Theresa, had made the study of history the principal object of her education. She often expressed herself with great correctness of judgment upon grave and important questions; and frequently compared the situation in which she found herself with Louis XVI. to some analogous fact in history, endeavouring to draw an inference from the comparison. This was a fatal error. In order to obviate a difficult situation, we must only consult existing circumstances, and reason upon existing facts.

It has been said that Marie Antoinette was ambitious. This may be true;—but it could only have been after the misfortune of 1789 and 1791. She then lost her usual cheerfulness of temper. She no longer thought of her lively evening parties: all her ideas were absorbed in political discussions. Her fears were excited by constant riots and insurrections; and being terrified by the massacres of Versailles and the Tuileries, she had, from the time they took place, no other aim than that of restoring peace to her afflicted family. She felt most bitterly the evils which the irresolute conduct of Louis XVI. had drawn upon France. Decorated with the title of sovereign but without any power, Marie Antoinette could do no good, and was accused of all the evil

committed. Her very goodness was detrimental to her; because the amiable familiarity of the woman of the world was opposed to the dignity of the sovereign, which she did not always preserve. In England, Marie Antoinette would have been an Elizabeth, or a Margaret of Anjou: but in France her great talents were not available—for they met with constant opposition, and in the end were the cause of her ruin.

Her mutilated body was deposited in the churchyard of the Magdalen, and consumed in quick-lime. Was this unfortunate Queen such an object of terror to her persecutors, that her very lifeless remains must be doomed to perish?—or was it feared, that the fate of this royal woman might excite so deep a sympathy in the hearts of Frenchmen, that her enemies thought it necessary to obliterate, if possible, every trace of her existence? The French nation, so proud of its boasted goodness and urbanity, has, by this cruel act, cast upon its fair fame an eternal stigma, which, in the pages of its history, is written in indelible characters of blood.

MARY OF MEDICIS,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

THE court of Fontainebleau was filled with huntsmen preparing their horses and hounds for the royal hunt. The sound of the horn vibrated in lengthened echoes through the forest. It was during the summer of 1599. The courtly nobles, impatient to commence the chase, but forced to appear actuated by no other will than that of their royal master, cast every now and then an inquiring glance towards the door of the Galerie aux Cerfs, where the King was in conference with Sully. On a sudden, a noise was heard proceeding from the gallery, as of persons in deep altercation, and the ready ears of the courtiers heard the following words pronounced by the King, in a tone of great anger—

“By the mass, sir, I believe you are mad!”

The looks of the assembled nobles evinced their secret joy. Sully, who never gave but to the necessitous and the deserving, who never granted favours but to those worthy of them, was no favourite of the fawning courtiers who surrounded his master's throne.

An extraordinary scene had just taken place between Henry IV. and his minister. The King, at the very moment of mounting his horse for the hunt, as if he wished to put off to the last moment an avowal of which he secretly felt ashamed, had approached Sully, and putting a paper into his hand, desired him to peruse it attentively.

"Good God! sir," exclaimed Sully, after hastily reading it, "no great stretch of intellect is required to perceive that this is either a stupid joke or an act of madness;" and he immediately tore the paper to pieces.

"By the mass, sir," exclaimed Henry, "I believe you are mad!"

"Would to God I were the only madman in France!" replied the faithful minister, casting a look of devoted affection upon his master. The paper which had caused this altercation, was a promise made by the King to marry Mademoiselle d'Entraques in the course of the year.

When the King saw the paper written by himself, thus torn to pieces and strewed about on the floor, he fell into a violent rage, and stooping, picked up the fragments, in order to write another in the same terms, the form having been dictated to him. Sully in vain employed every argument that his devoted attachment to Henry could suggest; but the monarch, so feelingly alive at other times to the advice and even remonstrances of his friend and minister, was now so blinded by his passion that he refused to listen to any observations. Having picked up every morsel of the paper, he went into his closet, where M. de Lomenie gave him an inkstand, and he remained there a few minutes to write the promise over again. He then left the palace to join the chase, without speaking a word to him who dared to condemn this act of royal folly.

Sully was the true and tried friend of his King and country. He could not but foresee the danger of a marriage with a subject, at a moment when France stood in the greatest need of foreign alliance. Had the family from which Henry had chosen his intended consort been sufficiently powerful to have made it a matter of state policy to secure its adherence,—such as the house of Guise, for instance, Sully would not perhaps have thwarted his master's wishes. But there was a real danger and even absurdity in ele-

vating Mademoiselle d'Entragues to the throne of France.

When, after the death of the Duchess of Beaufort, Marguerite de Valois consented to a divorce from Henry, several alliances were proposed to the King, but not one pleased him.

"My good friend," he used to say to Sully, "I should like to find beauty, modesty, and virtue, united in the woman of my choice, to great wealth and mental acquirements; but I am afraid no such woman exists. The Infanta of Spain, though old and ugly, would suit me well enough, provided that with her I married the Netherlands. I will not marry a German princess—for a Queen of France, who was of that nation, nearly ruined the country. The sisters of Prince Maurice are Huguenots, and my choosing one of them would injure me with the court of Rome. The Duke of Florence has a very beautiful niece; but she is also of the same family as Queen Catharine, who has done so much injury to France and to myself personally;—I should be afraid of such an alliance. In my own dominions, there is my niece De Guise; she is of illustrious birth, elegant, and beautiful; a little coquettish, it is true, but mild, amiable, and witty. She would please me much; but I should fear her ambition, which would be directed towards the aggrandizement of her house and of her brothers. The eldest daughter of the house of Mayence, though very dark, would likewise please me; but she is too young. There is a daughter of the house of Luxemburg, another of the house of Guémenée; then there is my cousin De Rohan;—but she is a Huguenot, and the others do not please me."

Though Sully well knew that Henry's repugnance to the house of Florence was not without a cause, yet he anticipated great advantages from an alliance with Tuscany. He knew that the Princess Mary was extremely beautiful; and beauty exercised a sovereign sway over the King. He had portraits

taken of Mary and the Infanta, and then showed them to Henry. The Duchess de Beaufort was still living at the time.

“Ha!” exclaimed the favourite, while she looked in all the consciousness of her own surpassing loveliness at the picture of the ugly and wrinkled Infanta, “I fear not this lady, but the Florentine alarms me.”

After the King had left the gallery, without addressing a single word to Sully, the latter immediately set about negotiating a suitable marriage for his royal master. He wrote to Florence, and jointly with Dos-sat, accelerated the preliminaries. What was very extraordinary, the King not only made no opposition, but even appointed the Constable and Sully his agents to confer upon the subject with Gioanni, whom the Grand Duke had sent to France for that purpose.

Sully, aware of the urgency of the case, and anxious to prevent what he termed his master's dishonour, carried on the negotiation with such celerity, that in the course of a few weeks everything was settled, and the articles drawn up and signed. Sully then undertook to inform the King of these proceedings. Henry was far from expecting so hasty a termination. When his minister came to him, he was occupied in fastening little silver bells to Mademoiselle d'Entragues' falcon. His anger against Sully had long since yielded to his friendship for him. On perceiving him he gaily exclaimed:

“Whence come you, friend Sully?”

“I come, sir, to make arrangements for your wedding!”

The King appeared thunderstruck. After a few minutes of silence, he rose and strode rapidly through the apartment, as was his custom when greatly agitated. He seemed under the influence of some overwhelming thought. Having at length recovered his composure, just like a man who has made up his mind to some serious event—

“Well,” he exclaimed, striking his hands together,

“so let it be then, as there is no remedy, and the good of my kingdom requires that I should marry.”

Mary of Medicis, daughter of Francisco de Medicis and of Jane of Austria, was born on the 26th of April 1575. She was tall, beautifully formed, and had the most commanding appearance. Her mind was highly cultivated, her heart generous, expansive, and capable of great energy; but these brilliant qualities were obscured by defects which not only became the source of her own misfortunes, but also entailed the greatest calamities upon the French nation. She was presumptuous, rather than proud of her knowledge; vain, rather than proud of her lineage; and, above all, of an extremely obstinate temper. She was deficient in mildness, in that softness of manner which Henry was so desirous of finding in the partner of his throne.

The definitive treaty was signed at Florence on the 25th of April 1600, by Brulart de Sillery and M. d'Alincourt, who, until then, had been the King's agents at the court of Rome. The dowry of the Princess was six hundred thousand crowns, an immense quantity of jewels and precious stones, and beautifully-wrought and highly-ornamented furniture. The Grand Duke added to this rich portion a still more magnificent gift, which was a receipt in full for all the money which Henry IV. owed him. The King of France, unwilling to be outdone in generosity, settled a dowry upon the Princess of two hundred thousand crowns,—and Mary de Medicis died in the land of exile, eating the bread of charity!

Immediately after the signing of the articles, the Grand Duke paid to his daughter the honours due to the Queen of France. The magnificence of the house of Medicis was displayed on this occasion: the festivities were truly royal; one ballet alone, it is said, cost sixty thousand crowns. The young, lovely, and fascinating Mary was the chief ornament of the sumptuous banquet and the brilliant ball. A contem-

porary writer, and eye-witness, asserts, that on one occasion she wore a dress of carnation silk which cost upwards of two hundred thousand crowns. Her beautiful auburn hair was held together by more than a hundred bodkins of gold, each surmounted by some valuable precious stone, and thus composing a species of crown of the most dazzling brilliancy. During a whole month these rejoicings were kept up with the same sumptuous profusion.

The day after the contract was signed, M. d'Alincourt set out for France with the marriage contract and the Queen's picture. Henry, at the same time, sent M. de Frontenac to Florence, as the bearer of his first letter to Mary, and his portrait to the Grand Duke. De Frontenac was appointed first maitre-d'hotel to the Queen. Henry, at this time, was busily engaged in preparations for war against Savoy. Mary, in the meantime, applied herself to the study of the French language. At length, towards the close of the autumn, the King prepared to set out for Lyons, and sent the Duke de Bellegarde, his grand equerry, to the Grand Duke Ferdinand, with his procuration to marry the Princess in his name.

The marriage ceremony was attended with festivities, the splendour of which surpassed even those that had taken place at the betrothing. Cardinal Aldobrandini, the Pope's legate, performed the nuptial ceremony in the great church of Florence; and, on the 13th of October, Mary left Florence for Leghorn, where she embarked, on the 17th, on board of a galley, beautiful gilt and ornamented with splendid and costly paintings. Sixteen vessels of the same description, though less magnificent, accompanied her. This pageant, which might almost be considered fabulous, calls to mind the celebrated voyage of Cleopatra down the river Cydnus.

Mary was received in all the towns of France through which she passed, with an enthusiasm proportionate to the love of the people for their king. At Lyons she waited more than a week for the King.

On the 9th of December Henry reached the city at eleven o'clock at night, having travelled rapidly, with a considerable suite. The night was cold, and it rained very hard, "which did not prevent the King," says Sully, in his memoirs, "from keeping us an hour at the bridge of Lyons, because he would not be recognized. We were wet to the skin, and benumbed with cold; but the King wished to surprise the Queen, and forbade his name to be pronounced."

On entering the house in which the Queen resided, he was informed that the Queen was at supper. He then conceived the idea of seeing her without being observed, and entered the room where she was; but, in spite of his orders to be allowed to pass unnoticed, he was instantly recognized, and every one made way for him. He then withdrew, exclaiming,

"Faith, gentlemen, I did not think it was so difficult not to be a king!"

From the bustle in the apartment, Mary had perceived that something had taken place. She remained silent, but her blushes indicated that she had guessed the truth. She remained but a short time at table, and, as soon as etiquette would allow, she withdrew to her chamber. Henry, who only waited for this, came to her door, and made the Duke de Bellegarde, his grand equerry, knock. The Duke made the Queen comprehend the object of his application, and the door was immediately opened. The Duke entered Mary's chamber, followed by the King, at whose feet the Queen cast herself. Henry immediately raised and warmly embraced her. He continued conversing with her some time with that winning grace he alone could give to words. He then asked her permission to retire to supper, and left her, delighted with him.

After supper, he sent a message to Madame de Nemours, the Queen's maid of honour, commanding her to present a request from him to her royal mistress, the substance of which was, that, there being no apartment provided for him, he begged the Queen

would allow him to share hers. "To which the Queen replied," says the old chronicle, "that she had only come thither to please and obey his Majesty, in every respect, as his most humble servant."

Although the marriage had been perfectly ratified and solemnized, the King, nevertheless, according to Father Matthew, in his history of Henry IV., "wished his people to share in this great event, and that the rejoicings should be public; the ceremony was therefore repeated at the great altar of the church of St. John at Lyons, and the royal couple received the nuptial blessing from the Pope's legate."

The King, meanwhile, did not lose a single day in endeavouring to settle his differences with the Duke of Savoy. The treaty was already signed by the Pope's legate, in the name of his Holiness, by Sully on the part of France, and by the Duke of Savoy himself; but the definitive ratification was continually delayed by the intrigues of Count of Fuentes, the Spanish minister. The King, at length, became vexed at being continually thwarted in a matter which he had treated with all the openness of his nature.

"He will not sign," said he to Sully; "well, be it so. But I can no longer await his will and pleasure. I must show my wife to the Parisians, who are clamorous in their wishes to see their Queen: I shall therefore set out, and you must accompany me."

The King left the Constable and M. Lesdeguiere on the frontiers, to be ready to act in case the Duke of Savoy should commence hostilities. Villeroy remained at Lyons with the other commissioners, to sign the treaty of peace, if the Duke thought proper to listen to reason, in accordance with his real interests; and one night, attended only by Bassompierre, Sully, and a few other courtiers, Henry IV. set out for Paris, where he arrived in a few days.

Meanwhile, the Queen had reached Nemours; and the King, taking sixty horses, went to fetch her, and brought her to Fontainebleau, where the royal couple

remained six days, although it was only in the beginning of March. But, at this period, every place had attractions for Mary, who had not then yielded to the influence of jealousy.

The Queen had several Italians with her, two only of whom she could admit to her intimacy. One was Don Giovanni, a natural son of a member of the house of Medicis; the other was her cousin, a handsome youth named Virgilio degli Orsini, who having been brought up with her, had conceived a hope which could never be realized. This young Florentine loved his cousin, but his passion was not returned. This sort of attachment had nothing reprehensible at that period—it was styled, as in Spain, *galantear*, simple gallantry. A young nobleman, named Concino or Concini, and a young lady named Eleonora Galigai, had also accompanied the Queen to France. A few short years only were to elapse before these latter were both to undergo the most dreadful fate that hatred and cruelty could devise.

The municipal authorities of Paris were desirous of offering a magnificent entry to the Queen, but the King declined the pageant.

“We have other and more pressing wants,” said he to the magistrates deputed to him; “the Queen my wife is not less grateful for your good intentions.”

This, however, was not strictly true, and Henry himself was aware of it; for the Queen his wife was fond of pomp and pageantry, and in her taste for magnificence was a true scion of the house of Medicis. The King's command was however obeyed, and the Queen made an unostentatious entry. When she passed in her litter through the gate of the Faubourg St. Marcel, Sully, then Marquis de Rosny, fired a triple salute from the arsenal. The Queen proceeded along the exterior of the city to the hotel de Gondy in the Faubourg St. Germain. On the following day she went to the house of Zamel, who, it appears, enjoyed the honour of receiving all the wives of Henry IV. whether legitimate or not.

Next day Henry wished the Queen to dine with him at M. de Rosny's.

"He is my friend," said Henry to her; "you must love him for my sake."

"I will love him for his own sake," replied Mary, with a charming expression of countenance.

The Queen, accompanied by her Italian court, went next day to the arsenal, where Sully received her in the most sumptuous manner. The young Florentines, fond of gaiety and dissipation, were delighted with the cordiality of their reception. Henry himself appeared surprised at the lively and jovial manner of his habitually severe and grave minister. Sully, in his Memoirs, relates the events of the day in the following terms :

"Seeing that those lovely young women found my Arbois wine to their taste, I resolved to make them drink plentifully of it. I ordered the jugs to be filled, and when they asked for water to mingle with their wine, they were served with my Arbois wine. It was quite marvellous to see how they talked. The Queen, perceiving them in such high spirits, guessed that I had played them a trick."

Nothing in my opinion can be more singular than the contrast between this joyous scene and Sully's habitual gravity of demeanour.

The winter was spent in brilliant festivities. Henry wished to make the Queen happy, and thought to do so by lavishing upon her all those worldly pleasures, which soon satiate a heart already corroded by the canker-worm of jealousy. Mary was pregnant, and the King, who really loved her, paid her every attention that affection could devise; but after containing her feelings for some time, she gave them vent in bitter reproaches, which Henry was unable to brook, and the less so because he deserved them. The happiness of the royal couple was now at an end.

This year was, however, marked by an event

which ought to have permanently reconciled the King and Queen. Mary gave birth to a son.

The court was then at Fontainebleau, it being the hunting-season. The King, eager to promote the Queen's enjoyments, varied each day the amusements offered to her. Sometimes he accompanied her to a hunt in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, then to a *fête champêtre*, or to "The chaste and sincere loves of Theagenes and Chariclea," by Hardy the fertile. Sometimes a ballet would succeed the chase. When in the forest, the Queen was always in a litter, and every moment the King would come to her, squeezing her hand, and using the most affectionate language.

"My dear friend," he wrote to Sully, after the birth of his son, "do not bring any person hither upon business. We must not talk of business during the first week after the Queen's confinement; we shall have quite enough to do to amuse her."

The Queen was delivered of a son on Thursday, the 17th of September 1601. This event caused the most universal joy. Since the time of Francis II. there had been no Dauphin in France, and Henry was beloved by the whole nation. He was so elated that his joy seemed a perfect delirium. He threw himself on his knees, shed tears, kissed the Queen's hands, then his son. Mary's labour had been long and painful, and the child was nearly exhausted when it came into the world. Henry invoked the blessings of Heaven upon its head, and putting his sword into its little hands, prayed with the utmost fervour that he might never draw that weapon but to defend the honour of his country.

"Come, my sweet friend," said he to Mary, "let us rejoice, for God has given us that which we so much desired."

He then ran, unattended, to the principal church of Fontainebleau. The crowd was so great that the King lost his hat; and what is very singular, he never perceived his loss.

A very remarkable fact is, that the Queen, wishing to have her son's nativity cast, not only did not find the King averse to it, but Henry, with his usual candour, owned that he desired it himself. Lariviere, first physician to the King, was ordered to do it. This man, taking advantage of his office of royal physician and astrologer, gave himself great airs, and refused for a time to speak, and when at last he was angrily commanded to do so, he complied with a very bad grace.

"At length," says Sully, "he did speak, but he spoke very ill. 'Your son,' said he to the Queen, 'will live the usual space of a man's life, and will reign longer than his father, from whom he will differ in every respect, both in temper and disposition. He will follow his own caprices and opinions, and sometimes those of others. It is necessary now that I should say less than I think. All your cares will be frustrated,' said he, addressing the King; 'he will have descendants, it is true, but after him, things will go on worse and worse. This is all you shall know from me, and is more than I wished to say.'"

This prediction made the King very uneasy, according to Sully, who was himself a firm believer in astrology. With regard to the Queen, it was not astonishing that she placed faith in this pretended science, since it was generally believed in her own country.

In order to satisfy the Parisians, who expressed the greatest wish to see the Dauphin, the King had him carried through the streets of Paris in an open litter. The people appreciated this act of compliance with their wishes, and hailed the appearance of the infant heir with expressions of great joy. At the same time an infant was born in Spain. She was destined to unite her fortunes with that of Henry's son, who afterwards acquired the title of "the just;" a title most falsely applied to him, for he was one of the worst even among the wicked kings who have ruled France.

During the ensuing year, the famous conspiracy of Marshal Biron took place. I should not mention it here, but that it was the cause of the return to court of the Duke d'Epéron, and the beginning of his attachment to Mary. The Duke d'Epéron, fearing that his name might be coupled with this conspiracy, which extended all over France, voluntarily surrendered himself prisoner to the King, whose chivalrous nature was perfectly capable of comprehending so noble a proceeding. But the Duke's conduct made a deep impression upon the ardent mind of Mary. She thought a man capable of so noble an action not only proved his innocence, but gave the strongest evidence of a pure and lofty spirit. The Duke had that fascination of manner which characterized the dissolute but chivalrous court of Henry IV. He was endowed with every quality likely to attract and win the affections of a woman—more especially of a Queen. I do not mean to say that Mary ever forgot her duties as a wife; but the Duke exercised an unbounded influence over her. In return, he was sincerely and faithfully devoted to her, and proved it in every circumstance of his life.

Biron's conspiracy caused the ruin of many families. Nevertheless, the winter of 1602 was gay and brilliant. Each night, the windows of the Louvre, the great gallery of which was just finished, blazed with a thousand lights. The apartments were crowded with young and beautiful ladies, dressed in the most splendid style of the day, and sparkling with diamonds and other precious gems. But in the midst of the most lovely of the courtly dames, among whom were the Princess de Conti, Madame de Mayenne, Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, Mademoiselle de Guise, and many others, blooming with youth and beauty, appeared Mary, more lovely than all, and with the lofty and dignified bearing befitting her high station. When she entered the throne-room, followed by a crowd of youthful beauties, Henry used to say to those near him—

“My wife, the Queen, is the most beautiful of them all.”

At mid-lent, in the winter of 1602, a ballet was given for the entertainment of the Queen. It was of extraordinary splendour and magnificence. She herself played one of the principal characters, and her style of beauty, peculiarly adapted to the blaze of a well-lighted room, showed her charms to great advantage. This entertainment took place at the Arsenal, and the Queen so fascinated her husband by her beauty and grace, that his affection for her now became a passion. She had given a Dauphin to France; everything conspired to make her beloved, but her jealousy of the Marchioness de Verneuil had now assumed a character of bitter animosity, and it destroyed all her fair prospects of happiness. An incident which occurred a short time after, but which fortunately did not lead to the unhappy consequences which might have been expected from it, ultimately made these two women deadly foes.

The King and Queen were proceeding one day to St. Germain, accompanied by the Princess de Conti and the Duke de Montpensier. The cumbrous vehicle in which they travelled was overturned at the ferry near Neuilly. The King and the Duke de Montpensier jumped out through the carriage-door; but the Queen and the Princess de Conti narrowly escaped a watery grave. La Chatagneraie, the Queen's equerry, dragged her out of the water by her hair, which fortunately was very long. The Marchioness de Verneuil, when speaking to the King of this accident, told him that she had felt much alarmed for his safety.

“But after all,” added she laughing, “had I been present, I should certainly, after you had been saved, have called out with much satisfaction, ‘the Queen drinks.’”

Mary was informed of this joke, and felt greatly irritated. She complained bitterly to the King, who

now plainly saw that he should never enjoy domestic happiness. The unmeasured terms in which the Queen continually expressed herself, rendered their quarrels long and violent, and became so frequent, that even in the middle of the night Henry was often obliged to rise and retire to his own apartment, to seek a temporary relief from the ebullitions of Mary's anger.

Henry's life now became completely wretched. The Queen had given a second child to France, but these pledges, generally so binding, were here powerless. Sully plainly saw the ravages which domestic strife was making upon the noble features of his beloved master. At length the King came one day to the Arsenal, and taking Sully into the gallery of arms, the usual place selected for confidential conversation, he there unbosomed himself to the only man capable of sympathizing in his distress. The Marchioness de Verneuil had become a perfect fury; and when the King left her to return to his wife, he found nothing but tears and violence. The Marchioness had never loved him. Haughty and ambitious, she had aspired only to the throne, and she now even entertained an aversion to Henry. By Mary, on the contrary, he was really beloved; but it was impossible to live in such continual strife.

Sully undertook to endeavour to pacify the Queen's jealousy, and render her more indulgent towards her royal husband. But what was his surprise, on learning from her, that she was informed of the King's most secret actions.

"I ask you, M. de Rosny," exclaimed the haughty Florentine, "whether it is proper that I should tolerate at my court a woman who pretends that she is the lawful Queen of France, and that I am the King's concubine—I, his legitimate wife, and the mother of his son?"

Mary paced the room with hurried steps while her eyes flashed with contending passions. Sully, not understanding her meaning, begged an explanation.

“What!” she exclaimed, “do you not know?—This is impossible!”—and in a fury she called her favourite attendant, Eleonora Galigai, and when the latter appeared, the Queen said a few words in Italian. Eleonora immediately brought a small box, from which Mary, drawing a paper, presented it to Sully, while her hand trembled with passion. He saw with astonishment that it was an exact copy of the promise of marriage given by the King to Madame de Verneuil.

“It was in the very same year, nay, a few days before my hand was solicited, that this promise was written. It is an act,” continued the Queen, shedding tears of rage and despair, “which would disgrace a nobleman, much more a King! No, this offence cannot be pardoned.”

Sully remained silent;—he felt how culpable his master was.

“With regard to you, M. de Rosny, I do not accuse you of any participation in this scandalous transaction: I know you endeavoured to oppose it. But since the King has deputed you to point out my faults to me, tell him, that, far from repenting, I demand that the original of this promise be given to me in the course of two days, otherwise”

The Queen then motioned to M. de Sully and to her confidant to withdraw. The unhappy wife, overcome by her feelings, wished to relieve herself by tears.

Sully could not but own that this time at least the Queen was right, and Henry himself acknowledged it. He instantly repaired to the Marchioness de Verneuil, and demanded, in a tone that showed he would be obeyed, the restitution of the promise of marriage.

But the despair and anger of Mary were nothing compared to the fury of the Marchioness when Henry intimated his desire to have the promise returned. She unhesitatingly told him that he might seek it elsewhere.

"But, Henriette," said the King, containing himself, "do you forget that this paper is of no farther value now ; what do you intend to do with it ?"

"To keep it as a proof that you are a man without honour, and without faith," the Marchioness replied.

"Indeed! And you, Madam," rejoined the King, "what name do you give to the share which you and your relatives have taken in the conspiracies against my life? If, from regard for you, I annulled the sentence of death pronounced against your brother, the Count d'Entragues, can you not give me back a promise which is now of no value ?"

"And if such be not my will ?"

"I will compel you to do it."

The Marchioness smiled contemptuously.

"Indeed!" said she ; "I am very glad, however, that our connexion is at an end ; for now that you are old, you have become suspicious and tiresome. I am glad that I am at last free."

She then proceeded to speak of the Queen in such terms that the King forgot himself, and was about to strike her ; but quitting her abruptly, he returned to the Louvre, where, however, another storm awaited him. When the Queen learned that he had not been able to make the Marchioness obey him, her tears and ravings knew no bounds. The King, fairly worn out by such quarrels, at length went to the Arsenal to seek a momentary consolation from Sully, to whom he confided the tale of his misery, and owned the weakness he was still guilty of ; for his passion for the Marchioness remained unabated. He soon forgot her conduct, and only dwelt upon the charms of her conversation and the fascination of her manners, contrasting them with the haughty, unbending behaviour of the Queen.

"I find," said he, "in my wife's society, no charm—no amusement. She will not accommodate herself to my temper. When I return home and wish to converse familiarly, her cold repulsive manners

force me to leave her and seek consolation elsewhere. My poor cousin, De Guise, is my only solace; she tells me of my faults without reserve, but with such grace and good humour, that I cannot feel angry with her, and she always ends by making me laugh with her."

I have extracted these expressions from Sully's Memoirs, in order to show that Mary owed her misfortunes to herself. Had she acted otherwise, she alone might have been the object of Henry's love.

The quarrels of the King and Queen became at length so frequent and so distressing, that the health of the former was affected. Mary went so far as to take her meals alone in her own apartment, and even threatened to return to Florence. Sully then advised his master to adopt the only course he could follow, namely, to assume the mastery, and prevent the Queen from giving way in public to her passion; also to punish severely those who poisoned her mind with bad advice, and fed her jealousy. Galigai and her husband were especially designated. But Henry shook his head, and replied, that he never could adopt rigorous measures against a person with whom he constantly lived, especially when that person was his wife. Sully now perceived that there was no chance of domestic happiness for his master. Nevertheless he went to the Queen and prevailed upon her to live upon more friendly terms with the King. He thus succeeded in again producing, for a time, tranquillity in the royal household. But this kind of truce did not last long. Mary was insatiable in her demands for money; and new taxes were levied upon the people. At length the King's treasury being exhausted, Mary met with a refusal to one of her demands for money. On hearing this she exclaimed in a fury—

"What! shall it be said that the daughter of the Grand Duke of Florence, who brought a dower of six hundred thousand crowns, and the value of several millions in diamonds, is reduced to want what

is necessary? I shall know how to force them to give me the money I require."

Next day the crown jewels of the Queen of France were pledged for a considerable sum. None of Mary's own jewels were thus disposed of. It was, however, necessary to redeem these jewels with funds from the royal treasury. The domestic harmony of the King and Queen was thus again disturbed, and the Marchioness de Verneuil, on hearing of this circumstance, used every method which her fertile imagination could devise to bring Henry back to her, in order that she might again triumph over her detested rival. She spread the report that she was about to be married to a man whom she loved; and then with that talent for intrigue which formed the basis of her character, she found friends who, with pretended scruples of conscience, took into consideration the promise of marriage given to her by the King, and actually went so far as to publish her banns with him. This last fact would be scarcely credited if not substantiated by testimony which it is impossible not to believe. In short, all this plotting and contriving of the Marchioness ended in her attaining her object: the King returned to her more enamoured than ever, and the mistress again triumphed over the wife.

Quarrels between the King and Queen again became as before of almost daily occurrence. Her Italian spies having one day informed her that Henry had been to Verneuil a short time previously, when he had told Mary that he was going to Fontainebleau, the Queen violently upbraided him. The King had been bled the day before, and the agitation produced by this quarrel caused the vein to open again. He answered with some bitterness, and Mary, unable to contain herself, rushed upon him with uplifted arm. Sully, who was present, fortunately placed himself between the royal pair, and arrested the intended blow. It was thus that the four first years of Henry's marriage were spent. His love for Madame de Verneuil increased every day,

and Mary's jealousy became at length a passion which absorbed every better feeling. Henry committed, indeed, another fault, which nearly drove the Queen to desperation.

Marshal Biron's conspiracy had caused the blood of some of the first families of the provinces to flow upon the scaffold. Some, however, escaped, others were pardoned and again conspired against Henry: among the latter was the Count d'Auvergne, natural son of Charles IX. He was arrested. Several persons of quality were implicated. At the head of them was the Count d'Entragues and his sister the Marchioness de Verneuil. The Queen on hearing of this lady's arrest uttered a cry of joy; but did she not know that a devoted lover forgives everything except infidelity, and that no other crime, however heinous, can induce him to destroy the object of a deep passion? The Marchioness was pardoned.

When she was arrested, she exclaimed: "I am indifferent about dying, or rather, I should prefer suffering death; for if the King went to that extremity, it would be said that he had sacrificed his wife—for I am the real Queen. I have only three things to ask of his majesty: a pardon for my father—a halter for my brother—and justice for myself; for if justice were done to me, I should be at the Louvre instead of that banker's daughter?"

The King saw the Marchioness, who allowed him to kiss her hand, and condescended to accept her pardon. This monarch, so great, so glorious as a sovereign, became once more the slave of a woman who did not even reward him with her affection.

The court of Henry IV. was certainly very singularly composed, and it is not astonishing that Mary of Medicis could not approve of all she saw. The principal personages were favourite mistresses, natural children acknowledged and rendered legitimate, and a first Queen of France, who, in 1605, came from her place of retirement, as if to disprove the as-

sertion of the Marchioness, by saying, "I alone am Queen of France and Navarre."

When Margaret of Valois came to Paris, it was feared that Mary of Medicis would receive her ill; but Mary was amiable and courteous to Henry's former wife, reserving all the hatred her heart was capable of for the Marchioness de Verneuil. She even begged the King to show Margaret every attention, and treated her in every respect as a sister.

Notwithstanding her love of show and parade, Mary had a species of avarice which most sovereigns possess, but which she carried to excess. She would give orders upon her private treasury without considering the amount, and she kept for herself the purse of gold counters which it was customary for the Minister of Finance to give to the Dauphin, or rather to his governess, Madame de Monglas, on New-Year's-day.

The Queen, far advanced in her pregnancy, was asleep in her bedchamber, which was filled with courtiers, according to the custom of the times. Henry gently awoke her, and bidding the courtiers retire, said in his usual joyous manner—

"Come, awake, my sweet sleeper; kiss me, and no more scolding. It would hurt you in your present state, and you know it will be a boy. Now, be good, and let New-Year's-day be celebrated by a good and earnest promise of always living amicably together."

The Queen promised everything, but according to her usual custom, turned the auspicious day into one of strife and bickering. She told Henry that she also must have her New-Year's present.

"By heavens! you shall have it love—what is it?"

The Queen leaned towards him, and in her most winning manner, replied: "The dismissal of the Marchioness de Verneuil."

The King rushed from the bed on which he was sitting.

"Why, how now!" exclaimed he with an oath, "are you singing always the same song. Do you know but one tune?"

Henry quitted the chamber, and during three days did not speak to the Queen.

Mary was delivered on the 10th of February 1606. The astrologers, whose predictions were at that time generally believed, had foretold that the Queen's life would be in much danger, and that she would have a son. But she was delivered of a daughter, and not the slightest accident occurred during her labour that could affect her health. This circumstance made the Queen grieve bitterly, for she passionately desired a son.

"Come," said Henry, in his usual light-hearted manner, "let us console ourselves; if our daughter does not obtain an establishment, she will not be the only one. Besides, if your mother had given birth to sons only, you would not now be Queen of France."

During this year, 1606, the quarrels of the royal couple became more and more violent. Henry proposed that Sully should be umpire in their dissensions; but Mary refused, much to the minister's satisfaction.

But what alarmed this faithful friend of his King was the new course that Mary had adopted. Without any talent for state affairs, the Queen took it into her head to be a politician. She supported with all her might the politics of Spain. The King took her with him on the expedition to Sedan, and there she sided with the Duke of Bouillon. She was very near becoming the protectress of Duplessis Mornay, who, at the time of the expedition, which he endeavoured to thwart, had formed the plan of a Calvinistic republic. All these follies deeply affected the King, who was informed of everything, and would have separated from her, but that he dearly loved his

children, and she was their mother. When his son Gaston was born, the tie between him and Mary became riveted for ever. He carried his compliance with all her wishes so far, that at her request, when her sister the Duchess of Mantua came to stand god-mother to the Dauphin, he gave her precedence before the princes and nobles of France, which greatly offended the latter. At the ceremony of the baptism, Mary appeared in all her splendour as Queen of France, as if there had been no King. It was so arranged in order to satisfy her taste for pomp and pageantry.

The Queen was sparkling with precious gems. The christening took place at Fontainebleau, because in that year a contagious disorder raged at Paris; and as the chapels of the palace were too small, the court of the tower was spread with the most costly carpets, and the ceremony performed there. Cardinal de Joyeuse, who was then the Pope's Legate, represented his holiness, as godfather to the royal babe. An extraordinary occurrence was the appearance of Margaret de Valois. A repudiated queen ought never to appear at a court from which she has been banished.

In the month of April 1608, Mary gave birth to a second son, who afterwards took the title of Duke of Orleans. She was then at Fontainebleau, where the King constantly resided. He was attached to the Countess Moret, whom he had settled in a house in the neighbourhood. The Queen was soon apprized of this new amour, and again the domestic strife was resumed with more bitterness than ever. Her temper now became so morose that she herself felt how much she rendered her own life and that of her husband unhappy. She saw the effect her jealousy produced upon Henry, whom she tenderly loved, and that she was making herself hated by the man she almost idolized.

"When I see him leave me," said she to her confidant, Galigai, "with such an expression of indif-

ference, and bid me farewell with such coldness to go to those hunting-parties, which are nothing but pretences to hide some base intrigue, I feel my heart ready to burst with grief. My sufferings are greater than death itself."

At length these domestic differences rose to such a height, that one day Henry abruptly quitted the Queen's apartment, vowing he would never enter it again. He went to the Arsenal and found some consolation in stating his grievances to Sully. The latter, perceiving the unhappy state of the King's feelings, attempted not to soothe him, but allowed him to give way to his sorrow freely, determined, after his departure, to see the Queen.

On reaching the Louvre, he found the royal apartments deserted. Mary was in her closet, and had given strict orders not to be disturbed by any one. But Sully was never included in these orders, and Eleonora Galigai having informed the Queen of his presence, he was immediately admitted. He found Mary in a state bordering on frenzy, but thanking him for his visit she said—

"You come to see a wretched woman. I am, indeed, very unhappy. It is doubly fortunate that you are come, for I was writing to the King, and will show you my letter."

This epistle was couched in terms of bitterness. Sully, foreseeing the effect it would produce upon the King's mind, said with his usual candour—

"Does your Majesty, then, wish to return to Florence?"

The Queen looked steadfastly at him; she did not appear to understand his meaning.

"To Florence!" she at length replied; "do you think he would send me thither?"

"I am confident he would."

The Queen turned pale, and fell into a profound reverie. At length she said in a mild tone—

"M. de Sully, I will write another letter—will you dictate it?"

But when Mary took up her pen to write, she stopped, and mentioned to the Duke a circumstance which surprised him so much that he appeared quite confounded.

“Do you know,” said she, “that I must inform the King of a circumstance I have hitherto kept from him. Several noblemen of the court have frequently addressed me in the language of love; every one does not see me with the same eyes as the King.”

Sully could scarcely conceive that he had heard correctly; but the Queen having repeated her words, he exclaimed—

“Inform the King of that circumstance, Madam!—you surely do not intend to do so?”

“Why not?”

“Because, Madam, the King will believe that there is not a man in France who would dare to raise his thoughts to his Queen, if she had not cast hers upon him.”

“Monsieur le Duke!” exclaimed Mary, rising with anger.

The faithful minister remained unabashed beneath the fiery glance of the imperious but innocent princess.

“I did not say,” continued Sully, “that your Majesty had encouraged any one of these insolent courtiers who have dared to insult you: I have only stated what the King will think on reading such a letter.”

Mary reseated herself, and taking her pen, desired Sully to dictate what he pleased. The idea of returning to Florence greatly alarmed her.

As it generally happens when a person writes in the name of another, Sully dictated a trivial and unmeaning letter, to which Mary added a postscript, containing a mild expostulation relative to the Marchioness de Verneuil, and asking for her dismissal.

The King was exceedingly vexed with this letter, and the following day wrote to Sully as follows:

“I have received, my dear friend, a most imperti-

ment letter from my wife—pray endeavour to discover the author of it, for I am convinced she did not write it herself. Whoever he may be, I will never see him again.”

Although Sully was certain of his master's favour, this circumstance caused him much uneasiness, and he secretly cursed all lovers and jealous wives. Nevertheless, Henry, to whom he immediately owned that he was the author of the letter, freely forgave him, and soon forgot the circumstance.

One day the King came early to the Arsenal; he appeared thoughtful and agitated.

“My friend,” said he to the Duke, “I wish to speak to you.”

“Is it upon business of importance that your Majesty desires to confer with me?—for I have much to attend to; and as it is for your Majesty's service—”

“Of importance!” interrupted the King, striding through the apartment with hurried steps—“Yes, of the greatest importance. My dear friend, those two women will drive me mad; you must settle the business between them.”

Sully followed the King to the gallery of arms.

“My friend,” resumed the King, “you must absolutely get my wife to send away those Concini: tell her, as from yourself, that if she desires to satisfy me, she must obey me in this respect. Nothing can be more annoying to me than the influence which she has allowed those people to acquire over her. I have often reproached myself with not having followed the advice of the Duchess her mother, of Don Giovanni her uncle, and my own opinion, and sent all those Italians back from Marseilles. Since Don Giovanni took it upon himself to tell her so, you have witnessed her anger against him: she has at length forced him to leave France. His departure caused her the greatest pleasure on account of Concini, who was frightened to death lest Don Giovanni should poniard him, which would certainly have been the case. The Marchioness de Verneuil, in the hope of coming to

the Louvre, has proposed several plans to me, such as to make Leonora marry Concini, by which means they might be sent away together to their own country, there to enjoy the great wealth they have amassed in France. But all this has tended to render the Queen more wary; and those people have become so arrogant and insolent, that they have even uttered threats against my person, if I dare to attack their adherents."

The King continued, in his anger, to relate all that Concini had done, and was still effecting, by his intrigues.

"I have been told," he said, "that this man, obscure and unknown, has behaved disrespectfully to your wife—that he has been to your house—and that, fearing to hurt the Queen's feelings, you have remained silent. Is this true, Rosny?"

"I behaved thus, Sir, on your account," answered Sully, casting a look of affectionate respect on his master: "since you have been unwilling to act as master, and yourself send all these Italians beyond the mountains, such conduct must be pursued, in order not to be driven to the extremity of fighting in the streets of Paris, as they did at Florence during the time of the Gibellines and the Guelfs."

"Ah!" exclaimed Henry, following the course of his own thoughts, "how vexed I was when I saw that man, that Italian, at the tilting-match at the Porte St. Antoine, tilt against the most noble, the most illustrious men of France, in presence of the Queen and of all the ladies of my court. I cannot express how angry I was when I saw him conquer my young and valiant nobles. You, my friend, must send away these people; I shall esteem that service greater than if you had taken the Castle of Milan with your artillery. Something tells me that this man and woman will one day bring great misfortunes upon France."

"And now," continued the King, rather hesitatingly, "we must talk of the Marchioness. You must tell

her, my good friend, that she is on the point of losing my favour. Others are endeavouring to win me, and if that were to succeed, she would be immured in a convent, and separated from her children. I am persuaded she no longer loves me; I know that she dares to speak of me with contempt, and prefers others to me. Besides, I also know that she seeks protection from the house of Lorraine. Her familiarity with Messieurs de Guise and de Joinville is particularly displeasing to me. Tell her, in short, that the principal cause of my displeasure is her scandalous conduct towards the Queen.

The King's complaints afterwards led to many reflections upon the events that shortly followed. Sully could not but approve of Henry's resolution to be obeyed, but he also plainly saw the impossibility of succeeding, from the very fact of his commands being transmitted by another person. The Concini would clearly perceive that they were feared, since it was not deemed prudent to attack them openly. Sully, therefore, only partially succeeded in restoring momentary peace to his master's mind.

The longest calm that Henry enjoyed was immediately after the birth of Gaston of France, which event took place at Fontainebleau, on the 26th of April 1608. This birth gave the King great delight, and he evinced such affection for the Queen, that her heart was touched, and she seemed at length anxious to make him happy. Mary at this time found an unexpected cause for joy and satisfaction, The Marchioness de Verneuil became deeply enamoured of the young Prince of Joinville. He paid her his addresses, and the fair Marchioness looked forward to marrying the Prince; but the latter, suddenly, and without any apparent motive, withdrew his suit. The real motive, however, was his love for Madame de Villars, who was indeed the most lovely and witty, and, at the same time, the most virtuous lady of the court. This infidelity did not affect the Marchioness so much as the circumstance that her being forsaken

was publicly known; but the most unfortunate part of the business was yet to come.

At this period it was fashionable among young men of rank to offer some sacrifice to their mistresses. Madame de Villars demanded of her lover the letters of the Marchioness de Verneuil, to whom she bore the most inveterate hatred. The moment she was in possession of these documents, she showed them to the King. Henry was indignant at this proof of perfidy in his fair mistress, and instantly flew to his friend Sully at the Arsenal, to relate what had passed, adding a number of anecdotes which Sully knew better than himself. Had he then urged his master to get rid, once for all, of the Marchioness, Henry would no doubt have gained domestic happiness; but Sully endeavoured only to pacify the King.

"But, Sir," said he, "you surely will not condemn the Marchioness unheard?"

"If I listen to her," replied Henry, "she will certainly prove to me that I am in the wrong. Nevertheless, I will see her, and show her the proofs of her perfidy."

The Marchioness de Verneuil was too much accustomed to such quarrels to be alarmed at the King's anger. She maintained that the letters were forged, and that the Prince of Joinville had only wished to perform an act of vengeance. She appealed to Henry himself,—was he not aware of the character of the Guises? In short, Henry, who had not anticipated the sort of defence she would make, left her, not only appeased, but more deeply enamoured than ever.

Notwithstanding the turn which this affair had taken, Mary was satisfied: her rival had been humbled, and that was all she could expect. Besides, for a few months past, the Queen appeared to take more interest in state affairs; she conversed more frequently with the ministers. Father Cotton, a Jesuit, and Henry's confessor, seemed more especially the object of her predilection. A Jesuit, at all times, is desirous of enjoying the confidence of a

Queen, and a sort of *religious intimacy* soon took place between Mary and Father Cotton, which might no doubt have proved beneficial in any other place but Henry's court.

At this period, the King's whole attention was directed towards eradicating in France, and especially at his court, that policy to which the Concini had been gained over by Spanish gold. He endeavoured to make the Queen adopt his views. He was also desirous of attaching the Protestants to France, and Mary clearly announced that she would persecute them as Queen Catherine had done.

But the current news of the day ought to have made Mary shudder at the very name of Spain. Numerous reports of conspiracies against the King were prevalent at Paris, and it was generally believed that the prolonged stay of Don Pedro of Toledo was connected with some dark plot. A general uneasiness seemed to pervade the whole community. The court itself was changed, and it was evident that even the council was swayed by foreign influence. Everything bore a sombre aspect, and seemed to indicate that some great misfortune was at hand. But the most striking change was in the King. Henry, naturally lively, frank, and open, became morose and silent, continually seeking solitude; and when, in his conversations with Sully, he unbosomed himself, it was only to talk of his approaching death.

Sully, however, was not long in ascertaining the true cause of the King's despondency: it was love which caused the disorder that seemed to threaten Henry's life. Mademoiselle de Montmorency was the object of this new passion, and when she learned it, she said to Sully:

"You see, it is not my fault if peace is not an inmate of this palace."

Concini, Vinto, Guoi, and Gioanini, excited the Queen by their perfidious counsels. Aided by the gold of Spain, they spread the greatest distress throughout the country whose treasure they were

consuming. At first they cautiously and stealthily proceeded, but as they gathered strength, they gradually became bolder, and at length, like the serpent, they closed upon their prey when they had decoyed it within their folds. History has nevertheless proclaimed that Mary was ignorant of all these proceedings.

Henry, notwithstanding his undaunted courage, was strongly tainted with the superstition of his age. The numerous predictions, under every form, and in every language, which Spain had caused to be spread, announcing his death at fifty-eight years of age, made him involuntarily tremble at the fate which seemed to hang over him. The judgment of Providence ready to be executed appeared to haunt him every where, and he often mentioned this agonized state of mind to Sully, who plainly saw and deplored his master's wretchedness.

There was a woman named Pasithée, who had long dwelt in France, but was then in Spain, and corresponded regularly with the Queen. This creature had induced the Queen to insist upon the ceremony of coronation. Since that demand Henry had no peace until he promised it should take place, although he was about to engage in a war, and it appeared not only useless, but even injudicious.

"I have no inclination to have the ceremony performed," said Henry to his faithful minister, "and if my wife persists in her demand, as likewise in her wish for the return of that enthusiast, we shall surely quarrel."

But Mary still persisted, and at each refusal, a paroxysm of jealous fury, directed against the young Princess of Montmorency, proclaimed the discord that reigned at the Louvre. Meanwhile, she gave another proof of her obstinacy, by obtaining for the Duke d'Épernon, her attendant and favourite, the entrée of the palace in his carriage, under pretence of gout; and also the privilege of being carried by his own servants to the Queen's apartments, where he used to play at cards with her at all hours of the

day. His advice was as dangerous to Henry as that of the Florentines, and had he been so inclined, he might no doubt have prevented everything that occurred.

It was then that the famous affair of the Prince of Condé took place. Two thousand crowns given by the King for the wedding-suit, diamonds to the value of eighteen hundred livres, the most costly plate,—all this was strong evidence to the nation of the passion entertained by the King for the bride. The Prince of Condé and the Queen made so much stir at court that the King became offended. The Queen's anger knew no bounds, and the Prince loudly talked of vengeance.

On the 30th November, 1609, the King was playing at cards at the Louvre with Marshal Bassompierre, D'Elbève, and a few others, when intelligence was brought that the Prince of Condé had just fled on horseback, taking his wife with him. The King said to Bassompierre in a low and faltering voice :

“Bassompierre, I am a lost man. Condé has taken his wife with him for the purpose either of murdering her in a wood, or of conveying her out of France—take care of my money, I must go and obtain farther particulars.”

Henry then left the apartment. A few minutes after, he commanded the Marquis of Praslin to fetch Sully. It was then midnight. When Sully arrived he found the King in the Queen's chamber pacing up and down in silent agitation. M. de Sellery, M. de Villeroy, M. de Gévres, M. de la Force, Lavarenne, and some other noblemen, were present ; all were standing against the wall and scarcely even dared to whisper to each other.

“Well,” said the King to Sully, with a short and tremulous accent, “he has gone, and has taken all with him!—Well, what say you?”

“That your Majesty cannot be surprised at it.”

“I knew you would say that; but what is to be done?”

"Nothing, Sir."

"What do you mean by nothing?" cried the King, angrily.

"Sir, there are diseases the only remedy for which is quiet, and this is one of them."

"No, no," said the King, with a singular expression, "I will have satisfaction of the petty prince who shall dare to give an asylum to one of my fugitive subjects, who is at the same time first prince of the blood royal of France. Praslin shall set out instantly for Brussels, shall he not?" continued Henry, taking the Queen's hand.

"Yes, certainly," replied the Queen, who could scarcely conceal the joy she experienced under an expression of pity which she endeavoured to assume.

Mary had adopted the plan of dissembling with the King, an advice given to her by the Duke d'Epernon, and which had produced this apparent reconciliation. Leonora Galigai, on the contrary, always instigated the Queen to open and violent measures; but the Duke, with more sagacity and prudence, calculated the chances of future success.

The Marquis de Praslin repaired to Brussels, and the Archduke replied by appealing to the law of nations, which he no doubt would have been the first to violate had it suited his purpose. Henry then determined to carry off the Princess of Condé, and the Marquis de Coeuvres was sent to Brussels for this purpose. But the Queen, who had lately gained Henry's confidence by appearing to sympathize with him on this occasion, sent a courier to the Marquis of Spinola at Brussels, who immediately placed the Princess in the Archduke's palace. The plan thus failed, and the negotiations with the Archduke were resumed with increased activity. Henry was at that time preparing for war, and it has been asserted that his real object was to deliver the Princess. But this is not true: Henry had a higher aim, though it is possible that his passion for the Princess accelerated his departure.

At this juncture, Mary, instigated by her wily counsellors, and prompted by her own ambition, became more and more urgent in her entreaties to be crowned Queen of France, and declared regent during the King's absence. Henry, at length, overcome by her repeated solicitations, granted both requests. The unbounded joy which she felt was marked by such a display of love and affection towards her husband, that it is impossible to conceive she could have had any part in the frightful murder perpetrated soon after.

The King now took the necessary measures for his departure, and at the same time settled the mode of government during his absence. The Queen was declared Regent, but could conclude no act without the co-operation of her council, composed of sixteen members. These were Cardinal de Joyeuse, du Perron, the Dukes of Mayenne and Montbazan, Marshals Brissac and Fernacques, Messrs. Chateaufort, de Harlay, de Nicolai, de Chateaufort, de Laineourt, de Gévres, de Meaupeau, de Pont-Carré, and two others. The powers of this council were also very limited.

Meanwhile, preparations for the ceremony were carried on with great activity at St. Denis. The Queen, blinded by the excess of her joy, did not perceive the extraordinary melancholy of the King; but it did not escape the affectionate solicitude of Sully. Henry being pressed by this faithful minister to declare its cause, owned that the secret terror he felt had its origin in the prediction that he should die at the first public festivity. Independently of this prediction, made to the King himself, accounts were received from all quarters of conspiracies against his life. A week before he was murdered, a courier passing through Liege for Germany, announced that he was the bearer of the intelligence of Henry's death. A letter was found upon the altar of the high church of Montargis, in which it was said, "that at length the King was to die." And every one, even the

friends of the intended victim, remained silent and inactive! It is impossible to account for this seeming indifference to the safety of a monarch beloved, nay, adored by his subjects.

But the most extraordinary thing was the presentiment which continually haunted the King himself. It pursued him even during his sleep; and this intrepid and undaunted warrior trembled at the unknown hand raised against his life. All the memoirs of the day mention the King's repugnance to the Queen's coronation. On the 10th of May he repaired to the Arsenal, and seating himself upon his favourite low chair, remained some time without speaking.

"How I dread this coronation," said he at length. "I know not how it is, but something tells me I shall meet with an accident." Then rising in the greatest agitation, he exclaimed: "I shall die in this city! I shall never leave it.—THEY WILL KILL ME. Ah! cursed coronation, thou wilt cause my death!"

"Good God! Sir," said Sully, "if the thought of this business torments you, break it off. If such is your wish, it shall be quickly done. The war,—your intended departure;—say but the word, and the coronation—everything in short shall be put off."

"Yes," said Henry, "let me hear no more of the coronation. I shall at least feel my mind easy."

"Well, then," returned Sully, "I will send to St. Denis to put a stop to the preparations."

"Good; but," added the King with a sort of hesitation, "my wife is singularly bent upon this coronation. She must herself be made to feel the necessity of our determination."

Sully repaired to the Louvre, but at the first word upon the subject, the Queen rose from her chair, and haughtily asked if it was really the King who had thus retracted his word; "and nothing," says Sully, "could induce her to consent to the coronation not taking place." The minister's entreaties lasted THREE ENTIRE DAYS. Henry, on learning the ill-success of his mission said:

“ Well! let us hear no more of it. God’s will be done !”

At length the ceremony of the coronation took place in the church of St. Denis. The pomp displayed upon this occasion surpassed everything hitherto seen even in France, where the magnificence and splendour of public festivals were carried to an extent unknown in other countries. The Queen, covered with diamonds, and habited in the mantle of royalty, appeared more beautiful than ever. Her stately person struck every one with feelings of reverential love; and the King himself, who witnessed the ceremony from one of the galleries, said, that he had never seen any one so beautiful as the Queen his wife.

Cardinal de Joyeuse officiated. Everything went off admirably, and when Henry returned to the Louvre, his dismal forebodings had left him. His attentions to the Queen were most affectionate, and he repeatedly declared to her, that if she were not his wife, he would give all he possessed to gain her love.

During the succeeding night, Henry was suddenly awakened by the Queen who was violently sobbing. On inquiring the cause of her grief, she told him, still trembling from the effects of her dream, that she thought that as they were descending the staircase she heard a scream, and on rushing forward, found that Henry had just been stabbed by an assassin.

“ God be praised !” exclaimed the King, “ it is only a dream.”

This incident was sufficient to renew the terrors which haunted the King’s mind, and which the splendour of the recent ceremony, and the return of peace to his domestic circle, had momentarily banished from his thoughts. He now involuntarily recollected what others had also remarked: that Mary’s shield, instead of being argent according to the arms of the house of Medicis, had been painted, through ignorance, of a “ chesnut-colour, a sign of widowhood;” and that instead of palms, the painter had sur-

rounded it with "Franciscan girdles entwined, another sign of widowhood."

On the Friday morning Henry rose early, and his forebodings seemed to distress him more than ever. The Queen entreated him not to go out that day. M. de Vendome, who entered at this moment, added his entreaties to those of Mary. But Henry seemed anxious to conquer his gloomy anticipations.

"Come, come," said he gaily, "you have been consulting the almanack, or else you have seen that foolish old cousin of mine, De Soissons. I tell you he is an old fool, and young as you are, you are scarcely wiser. Let us talk no more nonsense, but go and offer up our thanksgivings for the events of yesterday."

He went to hear mass at the Feuillants, where the monster Ravailac was waiting for him, and would undoubtedly then have executed his dreadful project, had not M. de Vendome, on entering the church, placed himself by the King's side.

Henry returned to the Louvre, and after dinner endeavoured to seek some repose; but sleep had fled from him, and on inquiring the hour, he was told it was four o'clock. He then ordered his carriage, intending to go to the Arsenal, where Sully was confined by illness. Ravailac was at the bottom of the great staircase, and hearing the King give his orders, said in a low voice:

"I have thee now. Thou art indeed lost."

As the King was getting into his carriage, M. de Vetry begged permission either to accompany him, or to give him his guards; but Henry refused both. He asked the day of the month. One servant replied the 13th, another said the 14th. The King smiled sorrowfully:

"Between the 13th and the 14th!" he muttered, and immediately gave orders to proceed.

Sully was expecting the King at the Arsenal, when

he heard the Duchess his wife utter a piercing shriek, and exclaim :

“ The King has been murdered !”

It was indeed but too true. The country had lost its father.

The Queen was in her closet when she received the dreadful tidings. She rushed out in despair, and meeting the chancellor who was coming to her, she cried :

“ Ah, sir, the King is dead !”

“ Your Majesty will pardon me,” replied the chancellor ; “ in France the King never dies.”

The Duke d’Epernon, that haughty favourite of Henry III., who still wished to command under another reign, now approached the Queen. He no longer appeared an infirm man who could scarcely move without assistance : he had now discarded his infirmities, assumed merely to deceive the penetrating eyes which surrounded and observed him.

“ Madam,” said he to the Queen, in a haughty and commanding tone, “ banish all uneasiness—you are regent.” And taking with him two hundred noblemen, and a whole company of the regiment of the guards, he repaired to the Petits Augustins, where the parliament had assembled in haste, and forced it to ratify the Queen’s regency ; thereby recognizing the right of that body to nominate a regent, whilst in fact such right can belong only to the States General representing the nation. The parliament declared Mary ABSOLUTE REGENT, without a council of regency ; and on the following day she went “ to the parliament with her son, to have the decree acknowledged and confirmed.”

Though Mary of Medici was acknowledged regent, she was not sovereign of the kingdom. She surrounded herself with men odious to the nation, and not only removed Sully from all participation in public affairs, but even took no pains to disguise the hatred she bore him. She now committed every er-

ror that could tend to the misery of France and to her own destruction.

Wholly wrapped up in the Concini, she allowed them to do what they pleased, and their cupidity was boundless. The Duke d'Epemon, nurtured in sedition, brought disorder and confusion into the state; and in the course of a few months, Mary lavished upon her rival favourites and creatures the riches which the prudence and skill of Sully had amassed for the benefit of the nation. France was very soon taught that the prosperity and glory of a country may depend upon the virtues of one man.

This became evident during the first year after the death of Henry; and at a later period of French history, in 1815, the same thing was proved. The princes who had been protected by Henry IV. were slighted; the kingdom was torn by civil dissension and religious factions, and France declined in power. The country was again laid waste by revolted troops headed by haughty and discontented nobles.

Mary's capacity was not of a nature to qualify her for government, especially at such a turbulent period. She gave herself up entirely to the councils of Concini and his wife, who, indeed, possessed talents far superior to those of their sovereign. She assembled the States General, which was a measure of great imprudence at that time, when the supreme power had been delegated by them, and they could therefore annul her regency and appoint another. The States General, however, instead of adopting the measures which circumstances required—instead of impressing upon the Queen the necessity of governing in a manner worthy of her dignity, occupied themselves with unmeaning frivolities, and ended their session by confirming a decree of the parliament, which recognized the absolute independence of the crown.

The most extraordinary measure of this assembly was the Tiers-Etat demanding a renewal of the law which declared that no spiritual nor temporal power

had or could have a right to dispose of the kingdom, or to release subjects from their allegiance, and that the opinion that kings might be killed was impious and detestable.

This proves the good-nature of the States General.

France now became a prey to intriguing foreigners. Concini, certainly the most able, was invested with almost supreme power by Mary, who raised this unworthy favourite to the dignity of Marshal of France, though he had never been a soldier. The Parisians, with their usual levity, contented themselves with throwing ridicule upon this monstrous abuse of power; but the indignation of every virtuous citizen and friend of his country was roused to the highest pitch.

The nobles of France, disgusted with the Queen's measures, rose in open revolt. The Prince of Condé, son of the prince of that name who had gained the battle of Coudras with Henry IV., was imprisoned in the Bastille. When this became known to the Guises, they, who had hitherto been the inveterate enemies of the Condés, leagued themselves with that family. The Duke of Vendome, son of Henry IV., the Duke de Nevers, Marshal de Bouillon, and a great number of the most powerful nobles of the kingdom, raised an army and marched towards Paris. Marshal d'Ancre (Concini), certain of the Queen's support, levied at his own expense seven thousand men, marched against the malcontents, and by unparalleled good fortune succeeded in keeping them in check and maintaining his power.

Concini had however a dangerous rival in the Duke d'Epemon, who exercised over Mary the ascendancy of a strong mind. He acted like one conscious of his power, and who offers his protection. His influence was such that Henry himself had always shown great caution in his conduct towards this haughty noble. After the King's death, the Duke d'Epemon by his sole power made Mary regent; and setting Concini and his wife at defiance, he disgusted

the Queen by his haughty and insolent bearing. His conduct was near kindling a civil war. The Protestant nobles shut themselves up in their towns, and the people every where seemed preparing for rebellion when a foolish quarrel between two soldiers was near bringing the nobles and parliament in collision. Such an event could not have occurred under a King like Henry and a minister like Sully: but the weakness and incapacity of the Queen were ill calculated to prevent these outrages.

A soldier of the regiment of guards had killed one of his comrades in a duel. The Duke d'Epéron, who was Colonel-General of the infantry, had jurisdiction to try the offender; but as the men had fought upon a domain belonging to the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Près, the Abbot, jealous of his prerogatives, claimed the sole right of administering justice in this case. He had the man arrested by his bailiff, and in order to obtain the requisite evidence, his officers seized the body of the slain soldier. The Duke d'Epéron asserted his right; the Abbot refused to accede to it, and was the more determined in his refusal because, as a churchman, he could not deny himself the pleasure of trying a military offence! Upon a second refusal of the Abbot, the Duke, little accustomed to resistance to his will, broke open the prison and carried off the prisoner, together with the dead body. The Abbot complained to the Regent, who imprudently supported the Duke's pretension. The parliament summoned the Duke to appear at its bar, and the Queen dared no longer to interfere.

Though the Duke d'Epéron conceived himself insulted, he did appear, but attended by five hundred armed gentlemen. When the judges saw him thus escorted, they withdrew; but in so doing they were obliged to pass through a double line of young officers, who smiled sarcastically as they passed, and tore their gowns with their golden spurs.

The Queen did not venture to blame the Duke, neither did she dare to support him against the par-

liament. By the advice of Concini, who thought that cunning could effect that which Mary's fear prevented her from attempting, she issued a proclamation under the royal signet, forbidding the parliament to continue its proceedings, and commanding the Duke to attend in person at its bar and make a suitable apology. The Duke repaired to the parliament, attended with a more numerous retinue than before, and assuming a most deferential bearing, bowed his head to the ground and said :

“Gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive a poor captain of infantry, who during the whole of his life has applied himself more to act well than to speak well.”

This example shows that in those days laws were not made for the powerful. The Duke d'Epéron always set them at defiance. About the same time the Duke, indignant at seeing the Chancellor du Vair assume precedence of the Peers of France, one day took him by the arm, and making him suddenly turn round, harshly addressed him in the following terms :

“Stand back, Sir ! a plebeian ought not to forget himself.”

The Duke d'Epéron now formed a privy council for Mary, composed of the Jesuit Cotton, the Pope's Nuncio, Concini, whom it was impossible to exclude, and himself. This council, composed of men, all of whom were suspected of being accessory to the horrible murder of the 10th of May 1610, did Mary an irreparable injury, as she was already implicated, in the opinion of the nation, in this diabolical act. She was no doubt innocent ; for it is impossible to conceive that the wife who had a few hours before lavished every expression of tenderness upon her confiding husband, could have been an accomplice in his murder.

Meantime, Mary removed Advocate-general Des Juteaux from the office of preceptor to her son, Louis XIII. Henry IV. had confided the care of the Dauphin's education to this enlightened magistrate ; but it was the policy of Concini and of the Duke d'Epéron

non to reign as long as possible in the name of the Regent, and the health only of the heir to the throne become an object of their solicitude. The cultivation of his mind was abandoned to those who knew but too well how to fulfil their master's wishes. Louis was suspicious, melancholy, timid, and totally devoid of generous qualities. Utterly incapable of application, his education was entirely directed to frivolous pursuits. Music, painting, and hunting, were his only studies, and his amusements consisted in playing the horn in the Tuileries gardens, beating the drum, building small huts which he called fortresses, and catching birds. Such were the occupations of Louis XIII., and his mother remained an unmoved spectatress of the degraded state of the future King of France. Weak in his intellects, he gave himself up to favourites; but inconstant in his attachments, he not only abandoned them without cause, but ruined them, and even sometimes had them hanged, without appearing affected at their fate. He had some transient love passages, which may appear surprising, when the gloominess of his temper is considered.

His mother countenanced this infamous education, thinking that she reigned in his place, whilst in reality she was governed by Concini and the Duke d'Epemon. These two men divided between them the millions amassed by Henry, during the prudent administration of Sully. All offices, places, and honours were bestowed upon the creatures of these unworthy favourites; and when Louis, after he became of age, demanded an appointment for his protégées, he met with a refusal in these terms:

“I have promised it to Marshal d'Ancre.”

Louis had also a great infirmity. He stammered very much, which increased his natural timidity; and yet no king ever held so many “beds of justice.” But it must be added, that after the first sentence he invariably said—

“I have ordered my chancellor to explain my intentions to you.”

Louis XIII. was brought up to fear and even hate his mother, and more than once he showed the real state of his feelings towards her. But Mary did not perceive the gathering storm; she was satisfied with seeing him occupied at some trivial game, and left him, to play herself at the greater game of royalty, in which, however, though ignorant of it, she played only a subordinate part.

Among the King's favourites, was a young foreigner, named Charles Albert de Luynes, from Avignon, who had gained Louis's good graces by his dexterity in training magpies to catch sparrows, which was the King's favourite pastime. This young man gave way to the ambitious hope of supplanting Marshal d'Ancre, and saw that the only chance he had of succeeding, was to make Louis reign instead of his mother, and assume that power to which, being of age, he was now entitled.

The Marshal, to oblige the King, had given to M. de Luynes the government of Amboise, and the latter saw no better method of furthering his design than to get Concini assassinated, and the Queen banished. It was not difficult to persuade the King to perform this act of severity towards his mother, whom he hated; and the plan once formed, Louis the Just, so called for no other reason than because the sign Libra appears in the almanack at the head of the month of February, signed the order for the murder of his prime minister.

On the 17th of April, 1617, as Concini was passing the permanent bridge that led to the drawbridge of the Louvre, in his way to the Queen, he was attacked by Vitry, captain of the King's guard, who shot him with a pistol. Duthallier, Vitry's brother, inflicted upon him several wounds with his sword, after he had ceased to exist. They immediately cried "Long live the King!" as if a great victory had been obtained; and Louis XIII. appearing at the window said,

"Thanks to you both—I am now truly King."

He gave to Vitry the baton of Marshal of France, vacant by the death of Concini, who was secretly buried at St. Germain l'Auxerois. The people having learned this, assembled at ten o'clock at night, and excited, no doubt, by the recollection of the late Marshal's crimes, dug up his body, dragged it through Paris by torch light, tore out the heart, and, not satisfied with this, they actually roasted part of the flesh upon charcoal and ate it! The remains of the mutilated corpse were suspended upon a gibbet. Concini's widow was also arrested and not allowed to communicate with any one.

The Queen was confined to her apartment and deprived of her guards. The bridge which led from her closet to the Tuileries garden was broken down by order of M. de Luynes. She heard the vociferations of the populace trampling upon the lifeless body of her favourite, and she every moment expected the same fate. Some of her attendants having come to say that they knew not how to break the news of Marshal d'Ancre's death to his wife, Mary exclaimed in a rage :

“ Does she not yet know it? I have cares enough of my own. If you cannot tell it to her, then sing it to her. I warned them of their fate. Let me hear no more of these people.”

Leonora Galigai, Marchioness de Concini, was accused of Judaism, witchcraft, and sorcery, and condemned to be beheaded and burnt on the Place de Grève. The new favourite, de Luynes, who coveted the immense wealth of the Concini, ordered the parliament, without even giving himself the trouble to consult the King, to proceed against the late Marshal and his widow. But Concini's body could not of course be found, on account of the atrocities already mentioned, which harmonized well with those of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and that of the 2d and 3d of September 1792, but were by no means consistent with the character of mildness and humanity so loudly claimed by the French nation. With

regard to Leonora Galigai, it is impossible not to pity her. She was an unworthy favourite, no doubt, and enriched with the wealth of the nation. In prosperity, she was proud, supercilious, and full of caprice. But these are not crimes to be punished with a horrible death. She was, however, accused of witchcraft, found guilty, and burnt. Her property and that of her husband were confiscated and bestowed upon M. de Luynes.

The Queen's departure was already determined upon, when the death of Concini took place; but it was necessary to obtain the King's consent. The new favourite soon convinced the youthful monarch that the good of the state required his mother's exile to Blois; but it was resolved that this exile should have the appearance of a voluntary departure, and that Louis should take leave of his mother before witnesses. The very words they were to say to each other were arranged beforehand and learned by heart. The sufferings of the proud and haughty Mary were intense. She submitted, however, to the despotism of her son, and when she appeared in the King's chamber, she commenced the preconcerted dialogue by "Asking pardon of the King, her son, for not having governed his kingdom according to his pleasure during his minority," and concluded by "assuring him that she was his very humble subject and servant." The King, in his turn, repeated the lesson he had got by heart, which consisted only of a few words. He expressed "his satisfaction of her administration of public affairs," thanked her for the care she had taken of the kingdom, and assured her that he "should always remain her devoted son." After this they separated, the son to return to his birds, the mother to proceed to her place of exile. Mary shed not a tear during this extraordinary interview, although her heart was full even to bursting.

After the Queen's departure, De Luynes assumed the entire management of the state, and though quite destitute of talent, governed with a rod of iron.

France had never yet been subject to so severe a yoke. Concini had been raised to the rank of Marshal, without ever having been in battle, and De Luynes was made Constable of France, although he had only the rank of captain.

But a few years prior to this extraordinary state of things, France had been governed by Henry IV. ; its councils had been directed by the virtuous and enlightened Sully, and Montaigne, Charron, De Thou, and L'Hospital, had shed the lustre of their genius over a prosperous and happy nation. The favourite, De Luynes, soon rendered himself an object of general hatred. Mary of Medicis, who, when all powerful, had been generally disliked, now excited in her exile the sympathy even of her former enemies. Her friends determined to rescue her from captivity, and the Duke d'Epemon, who had first been the means of investing her with supreme power, conceived himself bound to defend her against the arbitrary measures of the favourite. He repaired, at the head of three hundred noblemen, to the Chateau de Blois, in which Mary was confined, and conveyed her to his estate called Angoumois, treating her in every respect as a sovereign.

Notwithstanding the terror caused by the violent measures of De Luynes, the nation took the Queen's part, and approved of the Duke d'Epemon's conduct, which the despotic minister of the weak-minded monarch termed high treason. The Clergy were still more warm in Mary's defence, and Father Arnoux, the confessor of Louis XIII. fearing his cruelty and weakness, called upon him, whilst preaching in his presence, in the name of the Redeemer, not to listen to the councils of those wicked advisers who would urge him to shed his mother's blood. But the King, even if he had been desirous of attacking his mother, had no army at his command, and instead of pursuing violent measures, which, no doubt, would have been more consonant to his wishes, was the first to offer terms of reconciliation. He entered into a negotiation

with the Duke d'Epemon, as from one sovereign to another, and in the treaty the King did not even dare to state that the Duke had offended him.

No sooner was the peace signed between Mary and her son than their quarrel was renewed with more bitterness than ever. De Luynes had offended Mary too grossly for him to allow her to appear at court. He was aware that her appearance there would be the signal of his downfall. At the news of this new perfidy on the part of Louis, several provinces now took up arms in Mary's favour. A battle was fought, but the Queen's adherents took especial care to show that the efforts were directed against the favourite alone, their war-cry being, "Long live the King! down with the Constable!" Mary placed herself at the head of an army in the province of Anjou, and France seemed destined to undergo all the horrors of civil war.

There now appeared upon the political scene a man whose soaring genius and capacious mind, at first unappreciated by Mary of Medicis, was formed to rule the destinies of France, and to influence the future fate of Mary herself. Arnaud du Plessis, Abbot of Chillon, afterwards known as Cardinal de Richelieu, was at first patronized by the Marchioness de Concini, who conferred upon him the bishopric of Lucon, and at the same time got him appointed Intendant-general of the Queen's household. He was Secretary of State in 1616; but upon the downfall of his patrons, he followed their fortunes, and was exiled in a small priory in the province of Anjou. Seeing Mary engaged in an armed quarrel with her son, he determined to employ every means to bring about a reconciliation, and succeeded in spite of the Constable's exertions. The Duke d'Epemon first laid down his arms, without making any demand, and Richelieu was rewarded with a Cardinal's hat, for the services he had rendered the Queen. This, however, she had great difficulty in obtaining for him.

The King and his mother met at Brissac, and re-

turned together to Paris, where Mary, immediately upon her arrival, signalized her return to power by an injudicious use of her newly-acquired influence over her son. She demanded and obtained the removal of Sillery, the Chancellor, and his son M. de Pissieux. The financial department was taken from M. de Schromberg, and given to the Marquis de la Vieuville. The Constable was the only one of her enemies whom she could not attain, but his death soon relieved her from all anxiety. Having engaged the King in the ill-advised war with the Protestants, he was killed at the siege of Montauban, on the 15th of December 1621.

Mary's triumph was now complete; but whilst she thought her power the most secure, an influence which it had been impossible for her to anticipate, and which had grown up under her own immediate protection, soon showed itself in its true colours. Richelieu, feeling his immense superiority over the Queen, was unwilling to divide with his weak-minded protectress that authority which was the object of his ambitious hopes, and having gained the King's favour, he became the enemy of her to whom he owed everything.

She felt the Cardinal's ingratitude more deeply because she had been obliged to use every means in her power to conquer the aversion which Louis XIII. at first entertained towards him. The relaxed morals of the prelate particularly offended the young monarch, who was indignant that a prince of the church should disguise himself as a cavalier for the purpose of indulging in love adventures. To overcome her son's dislike, Mary had recourse to the influence of La Vieuville, who at that period exercised the greatest influence over Louis, to obtain for the Cardinal a seat in the Council: M. de Monschal, Archbishop of Toulouse, states that Richelieu swore friendship and fidelity to La Vieuville upon a consecrated Host. The Queen wrote to Louis to thank

him for having obtained for her favourite what she wished.

"The Cardinal," she stated, "will only appear now and then at the council board."

The first few months after Richelieu's admission into the council passed without anything remarkable; but the Cardinal, hitherto humble and retired, soon appeared in his true character. Louis, weak both in body and mind, incapable of applying himself to business, needed a prime minister who took upon himself the cares of government. Had Mary possessed talent, she might, perhaps, have succeeded in determining the King in her favour; but the transcendent abilities of the Cardinal obtained an easy victory over the weak and vacillating policy of an ambitious but shallow-minded woman, who wasted her energies in artifice and intrigue, whilst her powerful adversary consolidated his influence by real services, the nature and extent of which the King had just sufficient judgment to appreciate. The revolt of the inhabitants of Rochelle was one of the causes of Richelieu's elevation, by affording him an opportunity of displaying the resources of his comprehensive mind, of which he gave an instance in the first peace concluded with the Huguenots.

The Cardinal's enemies now began to attack him on all sides, especially since the Queen had imprudently declared against him. Gaston, the King's brother, and the young Queen, Anne of Austria, were among his most inveterate foes. Richelieu, at first, appeared to take little notice of the cabal against him; but, watching his opportunity, he soon wreaked vengeance upon his adversaries. The Duke de Montmorency was deprived of his rank of Admiral, and doomed to expiate with his life his opposition to the revengeful prelate. Two sons of Henry, who had resisted his authority, were imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes. Ornano and Chalais paid the penalty of their rashness for joining in the plots against the cardinal-minister; the former was be-

headed—the latter died in the prison of Vincennes. The Count de Soissons, implicated in the conspiracy, fled to Italy. The Duchess de Chevreuse, who had refused to listen to the Cardinal's love, also fled from Paris; but being pursued by the guards, she saved her life by swimming across the Somme. The King's brother was treated as a criminal. Anne of Austria, being summoned before the council, was obliged to sign a declaration confessing her guilt.

Richelieu's power and vengeance struck terror into those opposed to him. Louis XIII. lived in continual fear of his brother, his wife, and his mother; for the Cardinal had the art to make him believe that his death was intended by the conspirators. Louis, nevertheless, began to feel the iron yoke of his minister; but the latter knew how to keep him in subjection by threatening to throw upon his shoulders the whole burthen of public affairs, which his natural indolence made him fear.

During the expedition to Rochelle, in 1628, the Cardinal, in order to soften the Queen-mother, had her appointed Regent. This act was sufficient to win back her regard, which was, however, but of short duration. After the reduction of that place, the Cardinal returned to Paris, and found the factions of the two Queens and Gaston bent upon his destruction. From this time a war of extermination was declared between the two parties, which could only end in the overthrow of one of them.

On the 21st of November 1629, Mary resolved to set the Cardinal at defiance, and deprived him of his office of superintendent of her household. Richelieu immediately complained to the King, and easily succeeded in proving to Louis that this insult was directed against himself. The result of the conference was the patent of prime minister, written entirely in the King's own hand. The salary was left in blank, that the Cardinal might fill it up with any amount he pleased. The triumph of the ambitious prelate was now complete. Six fortresses which he

held, secured him against his enemies. He had his own guards, and the splendour of his retinue far surpassed that of the King's.

The affairs of Europe at this juncture gave the Cardinal an opportunity of rendering himself truly useful to his country, and of consolidating his own greatness. The policy of the court of Savoy assumed a doubtful course. Richelieu, in spite of the sarcasms which he knew the two Queens uttered against him, resolved to go in person and commence hostilities against that country. The King, in his instructions, gave orders that the Cardinal should be obeyed, exactly as if he were "the king himself." Richelieu accordingly assumed the duties of Constable, and having under his orders two marshals of France, entered Savoy, and in two days took possession of Pignerol and Chamberi. The King then joined the army, accompanied by the two Queens, who thinking the opportunity had arrived of humiliating their enemy, seemed only to have come to grace his triumph. But Louis was obliged to return to Lyons in consequence of an attack of contagious fever. The minister, leaving the Duke de Montmorenci to keep Mantua in check, proceeded to Lyons, to watch the cabals and intrigues which the dying state of his master could not fail to occasion. The Queen-mother had already formed the project of marrying Anne of Austria to Gaston, after the demise of his brother.

On Richelieu's return to Paris, he discovered the existence of a formidable league against him, formed by the two Queens and the Spanish ambassador. Mary of Medicis had a second time deprived him of his office of superintendent of her household. His favourite niece, the Duchess of Acquillon, was forbidden to appear at court. In short, by dint of complaints and solicitations the Queen-mother at length succeeded in obtaining from her son the removal of the Cardinal from the government. The details of the scenes which then took place will show the ex-

treme weakness, not to say imbecility, of the King. Louis felt how much the fate of France depended upon Richelieu, and yet nourished a secret hatred against him. With the habitual meanness of little minds, he detested him on account of his superiority. Whilst the Queen-mother was still in conference with her son, whose word she had just obtained for the removal of the Cardinal, the latter entered the apartment by a secret door. The King immediately withdrew. The Queen, convinced at length of her triumph, cast a withering look at her enemy, and left the room without uttering a word. He now saw that he had gone too far in defying his benefactress; he felt regret, but his heart was incapable of remorse.

Richelieu now made preparations for his departure, and placed his immense wealth in safety. Had the Queen appreciated the power of that man she might have consolidated her triumph, by preventing any farther interview between him and the King. But the Cardinal, having resolved to make a last effort, repaired to Versailles, where Louis was staying on account of the festival of Martinmas, and appearing before the weak-minded monarch, soon regained his former ascendancy.

“I devote myself to your glory,” said the wily prelate, “and you shamefully abandon me to those who are more your enemies than mine.”

The imbecile Louis, overcome by the Cardinal's reproaches, begged his forgiveness, entreated him to stay, and signed the order for the imprisonment of his mother in the castle of Compiègne, where she was awaiting the result of her ill-concerted plans. This day, known in history as the “day of dupes,” is perhaps the event in Mary's life which placed her incapacity in the most conspicuous light, and at the same time established more firmly the disputed ascendancy of the Cardinal.

The King had abandoned him through weakness, and through weakness replaced himself under his

sway. Richelieu now exercised a terrible vengeance upon his enemies. Marillac was tried and condemned in the Cardinal's own palace. Gaston, a son of the blood royal, was obliged to fly to avoid imprisonment. The Queen-consort was a prisoner in the Louvre, the Queen-mother a captive at Compiègne. Nothing was heard of but torture and executions. Richelieu thus showed Europe, that if he was exposed to insult he well knew how to revenge himself.

Mary of Medicis was still confined at Compiègne, under the guard of Marshal d'Estrées. Maddened by the failure of her plans, she presented a petition to the parliament of Paris. Her son Gaston also presented one, which the first president, Le Gay, read to the King, previously to laying it before the parliament. He stated that he had fled from France "only because Cardinal Richelieu had attempted to have him assassinated." The King tore it in pieces, declaring it was false and calumnious. Had it been read in the great chamber, the parliament would have been constituted judges between the presumptive heir to the throne and Cardinal de Richelieu. Mary's petition began as follows :

"Mary, Queen of France and Navarre, supplicates and says, that Arnaud de Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu, endeavours to destroy the health of her son by all sorts of artifice and malicious devices, drawing him by bad advice into war, obliging him to appear in person in the midst of armies afflicted with contagious disorders, exposing him to intolerable heat, and filling him with extraordinary apprehensions against his most faithful friends and servants, with an intention, on the part of the said Cardinal, to appropriate to himself a great part of the state."

It ended thus :

"The said Queen supplicates you to remonstrate upon the scandal caused by the violence which is

and may be exercised by an ungrateful servant against the person of the said Queen, against the honour due to her marriage and to the birth of the King. That above all, Mary, Queen of France and Navarre, says, that since the 23rd of February, 1631, she has been arrested and confined as a prisoner in the castle of Compiègne, without having been accused or suspected. She therefore demands justice against the said Cardinal, who disposes of the wealth of the state in violation of all the laws. And she calls your attention to other facts which are known to you, and are publicly known to the whole kingdom. By acting as prayed you will do justice.

“MARY.”

But in this, as in every other circumstance of her life, Mary could not keep within the bounds of prudence necessary to contend with a man like Richelieu. Her complaints were scarcely attended to because they were too violent; and besides, they contained many falsehoods as well as truths. By her clamours, she destroyed the interest she might otherwise have raised.

As an answer to these complaints, Richelieu made the King create him Duke and Peer of France, and Governor of Brittany, as a reward for his successes in Germany, Italy, and Flanders. Richelieu's glory was that of the French nation; this was the real cause of his faults being overlooked.

The situation of Mary of Medicis became now one of danger. The Cardinal no longer mentioned her; but his very silence prognosticated the fate he reserved for his former benefactress. Private intelligence was soon conveyed to Mary that her life was in jeopardy; and on the 18th of July she received a note, bearing no signature, but the handwriting of which she recognized, warning her of the peril which threatened her if she remained any longer at Compiègne. She therefore resolved to quit France immediately. The note was from Anne of Austria. The danger was therefore certain, and Mary re-

solved to spare her weak and infatuated son the crime of parricide; for his arm directed the blow.

On the 18th of July, 1631, at ten o'clock at night, Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, fled from Compiègne through a secret gate which led to the forest. She was accompanied by some of her maids of honour, and by Lamarure, lieutenant of her guard; and she left behind all her friends in captivity, unable to do anything for them except recommending them to her son, to whom she wrote. But what could be expected from a son who thus abandoned his own mother to the vengeance of a vindictive priest?

Mary arrived at Avesnes on the 20th of July. The Marquis de Crevecœur, governor of Hainault, received her as a sovereign allied by friendship to his master, and immediately sent forward the Baron de Quépé to Brussels to inform the Archduchess Isabel of the Queen's arrival. Isabel came to meet her at Mons, rendered her every honour due to her station, and offered her the entire disposal of the Catholic Low Countries. She then conducted her to Brussels, where Mary enjoyed for a time the pomp and splendour which gave such irresistible charms to power. But it was not in Richelieu's character to let his vengeance slumber. On learning that Mary preferred humbling herself before Spain and Austria to making her peace with him, he vowed to persecute her to the last day of his life. He seized her dower and her estates in France, and to give a colouring to this spoliation, he accused her of having bribed one Father Chantelouse, a priest of the oratory, to murder him.

Mary very soon felt the effects of the Cardinal's threats, and was obliged to leave Brussels. She then proceeded to Holland; but the difference of climate and customs induced her shortly to quit that country, where indeed she was not secure from the persecutions of her vindictive enemy. She then came to England, hoping to find at least a safe refuge at her

daughter's court; but here the influence of the revengeful prelate was again felt: he was every where hated, but every where feared. Mary received the honours due to her rank, but all assistance was refused her. Obligated at length to quit England, and unable to go to Spain or to return to Holland, on account of the Cardinal's influence in those countries, she found an asylum at Cologne, where she could at least terminate her wanderings. But here the unfortunate Queen was attacked with the disorder which put an end to her life, and Mary of Medicis had scarcely pecuniary means sufficient to afford herself proper advice and treatment. Such sufferings might have sufficed for the hatred of any other enemy but Richelieu: his vengeance could only be satisfied by the entire destruction of his enemy.

Mademoiselle Lafayette, maid of honour to the Queen-consort, was now the King's mistress, and Anne herself favoured this intrigue in hopes of obtaining Mary's return. Father Caussin, the King's confessor, was in the confidence of Anne of Austria, and directed by his councils the conduct of the young favourite who was in the interest of the two Queens. It was not long before Richelieu became aware of this new plot against him. Mademoiselle Lafayette, alarmed at the discovery, entered a convent, and the confessor was banished to Lower Brittany.

Mary, on learning the failure of her last hope, fell dangerously ill; but she still retained sufficient courage to take a part in the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, which, if it had succeeded, would have amply avenged all the cruel affronts she had received. But the unhappy woman was not only deprived of health, but her pecuniary resources began to fail. This Princess, who had brought a marriage portion of six hundred thousand crowns, and diamonds and jewels worth three millions more—who had founded two hospitals, and several charitable institutions, was dying in a foreign land in a state of indigence. And this Princess was the mother of the King of France, and three

of her daughters had married kings! In the winter of 1642, she again experienced an attack of dropsy; but her sufferings were long and acute, and on the 3rd of July, 1642, after a long delirium, Mary of Medicis was released from all earthly pain. She died five months before Cardinal de Richelieu, and nine years before her son.

Louis was returning from Tarascon, where he had been to see the Cardinal who was dangerously ill, when he learned the death of his mother. He showed signs of the most lively grief, and caused a magnificent service to be performed for her in the church of Tarascon. Mary's remains were conveyed to France to be interred at St. Denis.

Mary of Medicis, was weak, jealous, ambitious, and fond of power and splendour; but was devoid of talent, and totally incapable of governing. Justice compels me to add that she had a noble and benevolent heart, and a cultivated mind. She was a generous patroness of the arts, and in this respect was a worthy daughter of the Medicis. She bestowed a pension of five hundred crowns on Malherbe, richly rewarded Rubens and Labrosse, and founded several useful institutions. Notwithstanding the civil wars which desolated France under her reign, that urbanity, which during two centuries has been the characteristic of the French, began then to distinguish this nation.

It is difficult, in reading the history of Mary of Medicis, to decide which was the most unhappy of the three—the Queen, her son, or his minister. The Queen, long an outcast and a wanderer, died poor in a foreign land. Her son, the sovereign of one of the finest kingdoms in Europe, found the cares of royalty too much for him. Of a sickly constitution, and a gloomy and suspicious disposition, he stood in fear of his wife and mother. His cold and selfish heart never felt the blessings of love. Louis XIII., despised by the nobility, who looked upon him as the vain shadow of a monarch, detested by

the people, who thought the curse of heaven was upon him because he was childless, was reduced to envy the fate of the meanest of his subjects.

Richelieu was, perhaps, the most unhappy of all. Hated and feared, he was constantly obliged to guard against conspiracies to take away his life. The Cardinal, probably, never enjoyed a quiet night's rest during the fourteen years of his administration or rather of his reign. He was ungrateful, tyrannical, ambitious, implacable, cruel, and brave. But it must be admitted that he was great and even sublime in his projects for the good of his country. He restored dignity and energy to the royal authority, which had become an object of contempt through the imbecility and baseness of his predecessors. He was the first who waged war against the Protestants as enemies of the state. During thirty years, they threatened the very existence of the throne by their factious spirit. Richelieu attacked them as a statesman, and not as a religious fanatic; the warfare was at least regular, and they had no longer to fear the stake or the scaffold.

Richelieu has been justly accused of despotism; but the times in which he lived must be taken into consideration. It was necessary, above all, in restoring tranquillity to the kingdom, and making the French nation respected abroad; it was also necessary in order to crush the factious spirit of the turbulent aristocracy which threatened to invade the King's authority; and he had no other means of succeeding, than strong and decisive measures. Imprisonment, banishment, and even death were the only weapons with which he could combat the haughty and turbulent spirit existing among the nobles of those days.

The only one of Richelieu's acts that can admit of no excuse, is his unrelenting persecution of his benefactress. Mary of Medicis, it is true, through her incapacity and restless spirit, twice placed France on the brink of ruin; but Richelieu might have con-

strained her by the mere force of his powerful mind : he ought to have removed her from all participation in public affairs ; instead of which, he himself made the King appoint her regent during the siege of Rochelle.

The miserable state in which the widow of Henry IV. terminated her eventful life, will ever be a stain on the memory of this great statesman. When the remains of the exiled Queen arrived in France, public sympathy was roused in her favour, and the nation forgot that, a few years previously, she had been accused of plotting, with the Duke d'Epemon, the execrable murder of the most beloved of kings. Are we then to consider Richelieu an instrument in the hands of Providence for the punishment of so frightful a crime? This must remain a mystery which human penetration can never fathom ; therefore let the unhappy Mary of Medicis have the benefit of this uncertainty.

THE END.