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CHILLON.

CHILLON;

OR,

PROTESTANTS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

By Jane Louisa Williams.

Chillon, thy prison is a holy place.

SONNET TO BONNIVARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHILLON.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVELS.

La courtoisie a coté de la joie.

OLD BALLAD.

AN unclouded sun arose the next morning, and shed its laughing beams over the clear mirror of Lac Lemman, which sparkled and dimpled around the prows of the innumerable little vessels that glided over its limpid waters. The coast also was full of life and action, and the numerous parties which passed along it, echoed back the song and the laugh that reached them from their joyous companions on the waves. Pleasure sparkled in

every eye; labour was laid aside, and care seemed forgotten on the gay holiday. The habiliments of mourning were exchanged for those of festivity; and garlands ornamented the churches and altars, which, but the day before, were hung in sables. The plain of the Rhone, a little on the Italian side of Villeneuve, was the spot chosen for the scene of the festivities, and this was covered with tents and other temporary buildings; some containing the glittering prizes destined for the reward of skill and strength; some filled with tables covered with provisions already prepared; whilst others served as temporary kitchens, in which numerous cooks were busily employed in getting ready a further supply for the multitude, whose appetites were rendered yet keener by the savoury effluvia that issued therefrom. But the object of supreme attraction was a splendid pavilion, raised for the reception of the patrician party—the united banners of Savoy and Vaud waving from its gilded dome, and its sides hung with silken draperies.

Already from an early hour, the plain was covered by groups of peasants, in their various and picturesque costumes. The slight upright forms of the young girls of Montreux, with their coloured

bodices and conical straw-hats; the fuller figures of their neighbours of Valais, with their low-crowned bonnets, loaded with ribbons of all dies; the Psyches of Schweitz, with their butterfly head-gear, the blue-eyed German, the long-tressed Bernoise, and the classic-featured Italians, with many other fair human flowers, composed groups of forms and colours that might vie with the gayest parterre; nor were the manly candidates for the distinctions of the day behind their fair countrywomen either in attire or natural advantages.

Every description of itinerant musician, wandering glee-maiden, or improvisatore, pedlar, fortune-teller, and juggler, had been drawn from afar to attend the fête, and each had their group of admirers; but when the numerous bands had somewhat satisfied their curiosity in listening to them, and viewing the various preparations for its celebration, they began to show some impatience for the commencement of the sports, and awaited with eagerness the discharge of artillery from the castle, as the appointed signal of the approach of the noble party. Many had already left the plain to climb the slopes on the sides of the road, in order to view the procession, the magnificence of which might be

anticipated from the number of gay barges that were anchored around the walls of the castle, and the splendid cavalcades and litters which passed its bridge.

At length the cannon were fired; the warder stationed on one of the towers, blew a loud and protracted blast, and the pageant issued from the castle gate. Surrounded by a large number of military in full accoutrement, their arms gleaming in the sun, their banners floating on the breeze, and preceded by a band of martial music, first rode the Archbishop in the full splendour of his pontificals. He was mounted on a beautiful Spanish mule, whose sleek coat vied with the ermined robe which partially covered it; and near him, on a prancing war horse, came the Governor of Chillon, splendidly attired, his doublet of dark velvet slashed with satin, his hat ornamented with a large flowing feather, and looped with precious stones. A page in rich livery walked on either side of the prelate's horse, while the Sire de Beaufort was attended by a guard of honour. The litter of his daughter, together with those of the other distinguished ladies, surrounded by the flower of the Italian and Vaudois chivalry, occupied a large

space in the procession, and rendered still more brilliant by the dress and beauty of the fair occupants, the noble forms, and fanciful devices of their attendant knights; the gay liveries of their followers, and the blooming joyousness of their squires and pages, formed one of its most attractive ornaments.

But where was the fair page of Chillon? The Count de Blonay and the Chevalier di Rossi rode near his young mistress, but Cottier was not at her side. He was, she trusted, safe under the covert of the mountain forest; yet she dreaded to meet her father's eye, lest, discovering his absence, he should demand the cause. Thus, splendidly attired, the admired of all eyes, and the welcomed by all hearts, how gladly would she have laid down this envied distinction for the humblest situation of liberty and peace!

The cavalcade moved slowly on until it reached the town of Villeneuve, where the crowd was so dense, that in spite of the efforts of the soldiers, it met with frequent interruption in its progress. Not a window but was crammed with spectators; the roofs of the houses seemed a mass of human heads; garlands fell like a flowery shower, strewing

the paths of those below, whilst countless voices rent the air with shouts of "Long live Charles the Good! Long live our noble Duke!"

The prelate held out his hands in the act of benediction on those around; the Governor of Chillon bowed and smiled in gracious condescension; the ladies waved their fans; even the calm sadness of the Count de Blonay gave way to the enthusiasm of the moment.

"There is something exhilarating in this scene," he said to Di Rossi, "something infectious in this wild loyalty."

"If fatal experience had not taught us its bitterness and inconstancy," replied the chevalier.

"Ay, thou art right! there is nothing so changeable as the breath of popular feeling—those are wise who do not allow themselves to be carried away by it."

"And those are wiser still who have learnt to despise, and are prepared to brave it."

The Count looked at him. "I hardly comprehend your meaning," he said.

"Perhaps not—since you have not, like me, calculated on the possibility of being one day exposed to the fury and mockery of those, or such as those, who now strew our way with flowers."

“ Pardon me, I have ! though not exactly in the same cause.”

“ And is your determination equally irrevocable, De Blonay ?”

“ It is. The Duke of Savoy cannot cease to be my sovereign, even should all others turn from their allegiance, and not a rood of ground remain to him of the territory of his forefathers.”

The procession now moving on, stopped all further conversation. Beatrice had listened with deep interest, and understanding fully the meaning of Di Rossi, she was astonished and alarmed at his boldness. She was not aware of the great intimacy which subsisted between the two young cavaliers, and that although of contrary opinions in religion, they were of perfect accord in every noble and generous feeling. Di Rossi's secret, and Di Rossi's safety, were as sacred and precious to De Blonay, as if their sentiments had been the same ; and the immortal interests of De Blonay was an object of such tender solicitude to his friend, as would have induced him to run any risk in the endeavour to convince him of its peril.

The intercourse of the friends was chiefly occupied, on the one hand, by earnest and affec-

tionate counsels of prudence and secrecy; on the other, in solemn and reiterated calls for liberality and investigation. But as easily might his more cautious friend have pent the wild winds of heaven, as have restrained the enthusiastic love of civil and religious liberty which glowed in the breast of Di Rossi; and whilst his church was attacked, and his prince in danger, de Blonay considered all but blind submission to their claims, would be, situated as he was, both impious and treasonable.

When the gay cavalcade reached the plain, the ladies were escorted by their attendant cavaliers to the seats prepared for them, in a building erected for the purpose, from whose open galleries, adorned with flags and garlands, they could survey the sports that passed below, without being pressed on by the crowd.

The signal for the commencement of these sports was now given, and the candidates for the prizes showed equal ardour and dexterity in the contest. The games provided for the amusement of the mixed multitude were indicative of the rudeness of the times, as well as of the hardy nature of the people amongst whom they were exercised, and consisted principally in wrestling, hurling vast

masses of rocks, and shooting with the arquebuse and cross-bow. In the latter sport, so dear to every true Helvetian, the nobles and gentry bore a distinguished part, and received their rewards from the hands of the fair heiress of Brières, together with their due meed of approbation from the rest of the spectators.

When the games were concluded, the next circumstance of importance which took place, was the banquet in the large pavilion already described, and which was partly thrown open, that the people, when tired of their sports, and satiated with their own abundant cheer, might obtain a sight of the brilliant assembly. After the repast, the remains were distributed amongst them, and the gentle and the gay looked on, greatly delighted at seeing the fragments of their dainty viands scrambled for by the motley claimants, cutting many a jest, and indulging much merriment at their expense.

That no moment might pass without amusement, a lottery had been prepared for the ladies in an adjoining pavilion, which supplied the stimulus of gambling to the declining energy of the gay idlers. Beatrice excused herself from taking a part, and seated near the door of the tent, she was soon

interested in contemplating a small group, consisting of Rosette, her father and uncle, together with the parents of her lover, who were seated beneath one of the beautiful trees with which the plain was studded, whilst some of the younger members were dancing around them. The soft voice of De Blonay aroused her from her reverie.

“The Lady Beatrice,” he said, “seems to have little participation in the surrounding merriment.”

“On the contrary, my lord, I was watching with much interest the little group beneath yonder tree. I love this quiet, social happiness !”

“And so do I, so preferable is it to the heartless dissipation of the gay world, which is intoxication rather than enjoyment. But I hardly hoped in these days, to meet any lady whose opinions would accord with mine. Show and parade are now the prevailing idols, and have banished our household gods even from their own hearths.”

“And yet,” said Beatrice smiling, “whilst you complain of our frivolity and vanity, I doubt whether you would allow us willingly, to occupy ourselves with those pursuits which make retirement desirable.”

“Pardon me ! although I would not burden

you with the weightier business of life—yet are there not many objects of home employment which are essentially yours?”

“Undoubtedly so; but in the high stations that are exempt from household cares, these can fill but a small part of our time. If, therefore, women are required as companions, they must be educated as such, and their first lesson must be to learn to think—a dangerous one perhaps in these times, my lord.”

“It is,” said the Count thoughtfully.

“Yet without it,” continued Beatrice, “what are human beings but puppets, acted on by hidden wires, and danced at the will of those who direct them?”

“But surely as a wife and mother, lady, there is no necessity that a woman should be a philosopher! There are the elegant accomplishments of music and the needle.”

“Alas!” sighed Beatrice, “if life were one long dream of youth and joy, these would but poorly fill up idle hours—but life is not such, and the lute and the embroidery-frame are but sad comforters in sickness and sorrow.”

“Sickness!” repeated the Count; “here at least

education can be of small importance. A woman may be a good nurse without even knowing how to read."

"She may—but only in the measure of an attached domestic. The essential duties of the office, such as ministering to a diseased mind, cheering the drooping spirit, clearing the doubting soul ——"

"Nay, lady!" interrupted the Count, "in this last she would be assuming the sacred office of the priest!"

"Let this pass," returned the young moralist; "there are other ills to which life is exposed besides sickness—there are sufferers in mind and estate as well as body. When the Duchess d'Alençon flew to her royal brother's prison, was it with the light accomplishments of a court she sought to cheer his lonely hours and soothe his chafed spirit?"

"I listen to you, lady," said De Blonay, "with an admiration I dare not avow—but tell me, though it is with diffidence I ask, where have you learnt this early wisdom?"

"From a mother such as few ever possessed," said she, her eyes filling with tears; "a mother

from whom I was never separated for one day in my life, until that in which she was taken from me to heaven. When I resigned her to the grave, all earthly hopes were buried with her; and when torn from that grave, from the scenes of my childhood and its complicated interests, I was immured in yonder gloomy castle—think you it was the embroidery-frame and the lute that filled the aching void? No, I needed, and found, deeper consolation than this!”

“From whence, then,” asked the Count, regarding the fair being before him with reverential admiration, “from whence drew you that consolation?”

“From the Bible!” said Beatrice solemnly, as she rested her eyes on his countenance, which was suddenly suffused with the deepest crimson. “Yes! from that sacred volume, placed in my hands by my dying mother, I alone drew strength to bear an existence of otherwise uncheered solitude, and to support even heavier grief than this; but I have said enough—we will now drop the subject, should such be your will—for ever!”

“Would it were in my power to forget it!” exclaimed De Blonay, distressed rather than surprised

at the disclosure which Beatrice had now made; he dreaded to inquire further, and at the same time he felt the state of uncertainty in which her partial communication left him, to be almost insupportable. Every word she uttered, every tone of her soft voice, every change of her expressive countenance, had rivetted closer the chain which bound him; but he felt the imperative duty of endeavouring to break the dangerous spell, as, independent of the sentiments she avowed, which from any other lips would have filled him with horror, he knew that every word, whilst it evinced a thorough confidence in his honour and secrecy, was framed for the express purpose of annihilating his hopes.

A movement in the company broke in on these reflections. They were preparing to return to the castle, where the royal apartments were thrown open, and arrangements made for the ball which was to terminate the festivities of the first day. During the whole of it, Di Rossi had sought an opportunity of approaching the fair mistress of the castle, but in vain; for if the Count De Blonay left her side for an instant, his place was filled by his sister or mother. Beatrice had declined dancing after opening the ball at her father's express desire,

with De Blonay; but when, as the evening advanced, and the gay group became too much engrossed in their own interests to notice what passed around them, Di Rossi approached; she allowed him to lead her into an adjoining apartment, where, in the deep shadow of a window, he hoped to converse with her unperceived.

“ You have brought me here, I trust, to bid me farewell,” said she.

“ I have, and to implore you to remember the retreat offered should you need it; I leave the castle at day-break.”

“ Heaven be praised! and Cottier,—have you heard aught of him?”

“ Alas no!” replied the chevalier.

“ Why do you not seek an explanation with Lenoir?”

“ Lenoir can nowhere be found.”

Beatrice turned deadly pale, and Di Rossi, fearing she would faint, opened the casement.

“ Be comforted, Beatrice!” he said; “ I will leave no stone of this grey building unturned, until I find the youth, or revenge his death.”

“ Ah, Di Rossi! think on whom you would revenge it, and on Him who hath said, “ Vengeance is mine !”

At that moment the joyous laugh of the Lady Blanche de Blonay was heard, and she entered the room, led by the Governor, and talking gaily to him, whilst he was listening with that mixture of indulgent admiration and gratified vanity, with which an elderly man is inclined to view the sprightly childishness of a beautiful girl, who deigns to receive his homage. The sight of Di Rossi and his daughter changed at once the current of his feelings; but concealing his displeasure under the semblance of parental solicitude, he reproved the chevalier for his inattention in allowing his partner to remain near an open window, whilst the young lady Blanche made one of those witty remarks on the preservative power of love, that have come down to our own days. Di Rossi excused himself by pleading Beatrice's indisposition, to which her pallid looks bore testimony, and the Governor led her himself to an outer room, and consigned her into the care of her attendant. Alas! poor Rosette had no comfort to bestow! Dulait had been absent from the sport, occupied in a fruitless search for Cottier and Lenoir, and the only cheering circumstance was, that all had been arranged for the chevalier's departure the next morning by break of day.

“ I dare not breathe my suspicions of the poor lad’s fate even to thee, Rosette,” said Beatrice. “ Prayer is the only relief for the burdened soul.” She took off some of her costly ornaments as she spoke, and laid them in their casket. “ O glittering baubles !” she continued, “ how many an aching brow do ye encircle, which the world vainly believes ye can, like a charmed amulet, preserve from care !”

CHAPTER II.

THE BANQUET.

Rest, holy pilgrim, rest, I pray,
Dreary to Mecca's shrine the way.

OLD BALLAD.

THE second day passed in the same uninterrupted circle of amusements; but the theatre was changed from the magnificent mountain-girt plain, to the clear bosom of the lake. The grand galley was fitted up for the accommodation of the principal nobility and gentry, who viewed from its deck the sailing-match between a number of the pretty little barges belonging to the boatmen and other persons of the neighbourhood. The breeze was fresh, the gallant vessels, with their lateen sails and flying colours, darted with the rapidity of bright-

winged birds over the surface of the water ; and the foremost in the race, circling round the gilded galley, received the prize of a beautiful flag, embroidered with the united arms of Savoy and of Vaud. It was with unmixed pleasure that Beatrice bestowed it on young Colin Dulait, whose triumph was doubtless doubled, by receiving it in the presence of Rosette.

In the evening the whole neighbourhood was illuminated by the resplendent fireworks which were let off from a barge on the lake. Some of the party looked at them from the windows of the castle, others preferred the more open view which the ramparts afforded, and amongst the latter were Beatrice and the Count de Blonay, who rarely left her side, anxious, yet dreading to penetrate her sentiments, and more and more deeply fascinated by her unaffected manners, her uncommon intelligence and graceful deportment, which, in spite of the melancholy that clouded them, had won on every heart. The Governor appeared satisfied with her conduct, and flattered by the encomiums on her grace, affability, and beauty, which were addressed to him from all his guests ; but engaged in the duties of hospitality, which in those days of cum-

brous ceremony fell heavy on the entertainer, he had little semblance of noticing her. To Beatrice's great relief, Di Rossi was absent, and she fervently hoped free from danger; but her fears for Cottier weighed heavily on her spirits, and it was not without the strongest effort that she was enabled to perform the duties of the passing hour.

A large quantity of fire-works, representing various devices, had been exhibited, and glittered for a transitory moment, when a splendid Chinese temple rose as it were from the waves. The pointed towers, sparkling with gems, spouted fountains of liquid fire from their turrets, or darted showers of coloured stars into the lake, which glowed from the reflected light, like a sea of liquid gold. At length the fabric began to totter, and its vivid fires to burn less bright; piece after piece of the frail edifice fell hissing into the water, and after a few faint efforts of reviving brilliancy—all was dark and silent.

“What an emblem of human enjoyment!” said Beatrice to her companion; “I do not relish these costly baubles, the pleasure is so painfully evanescent.”

“Like that of most toys made only for the amusement of the passing hour, lady.”

“ Did their brilliant light, think you, find its way into the dungeons ?” asked Beatrice sorrowfully.

“ It is to be hoped not,” answered De Blonay, “ since it would only render their gloom more apparent, and embitter a hard lot by contrasting it with the brighter fate of others.”

“ We know that there is another world where suffering will be forgotten,” said the maiden, “ or we might murmur at the inequalities we see in this. Tell me, my Lord of Blonay, do you think man has a right to inflict punishment on his fellow-beings for differing from him in points of faith ?”

The Count started. “ You touch on dangerous subjects, lady,” he said with embarrassment ; “ the church has answered the question, and I am bound to sanction what she decrees, although, as far as my private opinion goes, I would leave all such judgments to God.”

“ If, then, your most valued friends were to fall under the displeasure of the church, would you think it your duty to sanction any suffering she might inflict on them ?”

“ Alas, lady ! to what do these painful interro-

gations tend ? I beseech you change the subject ;” and he heaved a sigh so deep, that Beatrice felt she had not courage to inflict additional pain, and hoped she had been already sufficiently explicit to do away any necessity of further explanation.

In the meantime, the revels proceeded under the superintendence of the gay and beautiful sister of de Blonay, whose slightest wish had been a law to the enamoured Governor—a young lady who differed in many essential points from her grave and accomplished brother. The children of different mothers, they had each inherited the qualities of their separate parent ; the mother of the Lady Blanche was vain and ambitious, whilst her predecessor had been a pattern of every virtue. The elder Count did not long survive his second marriage, and left his Countess still young, with an only daughter, whom she caused to be educated in a convent in France, and afterwards introduced at the gay and dissipated court of the first Francis. The young Count, therefore, had but few opportunities of seeing his sister, until she left her convent, when he found her little answering to the model which his own lamented mother had presented—a model which he believed he had once again met in Beatrice de Beaufort,—that

vision which had shed a momentary light on his path, only to shroud it in additional gloom. It was in vain that he sought to support the disappointment of his hopes, by representing to himself her dangerous sentiments, and daring departure from the received opinions; the sweet and melancholy morality with which her mind was tinged—the love of truth which mingled in all its investigations—the refined purity and holy abstraction of her manner, threw over her whole being, an indefinable and mysterious charm, the more irresistible, as it harmonized so well with the intellectual and romantic temperament of his own; and whilst he read his doom in the candour with which she avowed her sentiments, he honoured the uprightness by which they were dictated, and reckless of future suffering, he continued to flutter around the flame that consumed him.

In the mean time the revels proceeded with accelerated stir and animation, as they approached their termination; and when the closing evening obliged the gay multitude to leave the plain, the brilliant illumination of the houses of Villeneuve, and the flambeaux of the attendants, supplied an artificial day. Thus the festive party returned at the end of

three days, of almost incessant diversion, with apparently untired spirits, to the castle, amid the playing of bands, the waving of flags, the roar of cannon, and the cheering of the people.

As the whole of the establishment had, together with the people of the neighbourhood, been amply regaled during the day, none but the nobles and principal gentry were invited to partake of the evening banquet; and the servants of the castle, together with the retainers of the guests, in splendid liveries, stood ready marshalled to receive them. The walls of the beautiful hall were decorated with banners, and its floor strewn with rushes, tastefully entwined with garlands of flowers. The large armoires were thrown open, displaying a vast quantity of costly vases of gold and silver. Down the centre of the supper table ran a fountain of wine, that threw its sparkling fluid from several jets; the table-cloth was of bright tapestry, the covers of silver gilt, elaborately chased, and the napkins of the finest damask, were bordered with a fringe of gold. The most ingenious and fantastic devices in sugar, representing castles, fortresses, flowers, and animals, ornamented the various dishes of pastry and sweetmeats, and the arms of Savoy, elevated in the centre,

were enwreathed with artificial flowers, that almost rivalled nature in colour, form, and even scent; whilst lamps of silver filagree threw a brilliant yet chastened light over the whole magic scene. At the top of this magnificent banquet, as the representative of his sovereign, sat the Archbishop; and at his right hand, splendidly attired, but pale as monumental marble, and almost as still, was placed the Lady Beatrice. The Count de Blonay occupied the seat near, silent and melancholy as herself; and the adjoining places were filled by some of the elder magnates who, fatigued by the exertions of the day, or awed by the supercilious prelate, added little to the gaiety of the party. As a contrast to its sombre stillness, on the other side of the table sat the Governor, between the portly dame of Blonay and her brilliant daughter. Dressed with the utmost magnificence, and dazzling with jewels, they looked a personification of enjoyment and worldly prosperity. A keen observer, however, might have discovered, that even whilst addressing his most extravagant compliments to the beauty near him, the eyes of the Lord of Brières often wandered towards his daughter, and that although no one sat at that festive board who had reason to complain of

lack of courtesy in the master of it, or found one thing wanting in its profuse luxury, yet there was an expression of constraint and anxiety on the countenances of some of the elder guests, that harmonized but ill with the brilliant scene. Many, no doubt, were the light-hearted youths who keenly enjoyed it, and many the young beauties whose eyes were dazzled by its magnificence, and who wondered at the sadness of its lovely mistress; yet the conscience of others told them that a crisis was at hand, and that they only waited for it, to turn against those who now so hospitably regaled them. The Governor noticed the general depression, and circulated the wine-cup; deep pledges were drunk and animating toasts proposed; a rising cheerfulness began to diffuse itself around, and the voice of mirth and the light-hearted laugh to be heard. In the midst of this renewed hilarity, a strong blast of a horn was heard on the outside of the castle, and shortly after the warder entering, said something in a low voice to the Governor. "A band of pilgrims returning from the Holy Land, and bound for the shrine of our Lady of Einsiedeln, ask for entrance into our castle, my lord," said he aloud, and addressing the Archbishop, "They are conducted

hither by Father Ambroise, the chanoine of St. Bernard, and I would know, if it please your lordship and this goodly company, that they enter and share our repast?"

"Certainly!" replied the prelate; "I would fain believe there is no one at this board but would deem it honoured by such guests."

There was a general movement at the entrance of the motley band that followed Father Ambroise into the banqueting-hall, and formed by their travel-stained garments and care-worn countenances, a striking contrast to the gay party which occupied it. They wore the strict pilgrim habit of coarse cloth, the cape, large-brimmed hat, the cockle-shell and rosary, and the dress of the greater part betokened a difficult and distant pilgrimage. Places were, notwithstanding, offered them at the table, with much show of courtesy, and room was made between the archbishop and Beatrice to accommodate one of the most distinguished amongst them, whose countenance was almost entirely hidden by his large slouched hat, drawn closely over it. The bustle attendant on the placing of so many additional guests having subsided, the Bishop demanded of his neighbour news from the Holy Land.

“I cannot answer you my lord,” he replied, “from personal experience, since I am not so happy as to have visited it, but some of our brethren will be proud to satisfy your laudable curiosity.”

The prelate than offered the wine-cup to the stranger, who passed it untasted; and whilst conversation again became general, and his lordship questioned the other pilgrims of the holy city, and the countries they had passed through, Beatrice, addressing her neighbour, prayed him to take some refreshment after his weary journey.

“A bunch of grapes from your fair hand, lady, would tempt me to break my fast,” said he courteously.

She selected the finest and placed it before him.

“Will you not partake of the produce of the vine in another form, holy pilgrim?” asked the Count de Blonay.

“Thank you, noble sir; I have vowed only to drink of the spring.”

Beatrice bid Marco offer a basin of water with a napkin to the stranger, who, politely thanking her, plunged his hands into it with evident satisfaction. It would have been sufficiently apparent, from the form and colour of those hands, that their owner

was a person of no low calling, had there not been on one of the fingers a ring of a peculiar form, surrounded by a legend of strange and antiquated characters, and set in large brilliants; but the disguise of a pilgrim excited no surprise, and little curiosity in those days, when persons of the highest rank performed similar acts of devotion; nor did the costly ornament betray more than the voice and deportment of the stranger had already announced.

“This is indeed a luxury!” he said, as he returned the napkin into the servant’s hands. “I can now feelingly appreciate the Eastern custom of offering water to the guest before the meal.”

“And the justice of our Lord’s reproach to Simon, ‘Ye gave me no water!’” said Beatrice softly.

Her companion started, but replied in the same low tone, “Those sacred feet were washed from another source; but young and innocent as you are, lady, you cannot understand the bitterness of St. Mary Magdalene’s tears and repentance—you who have scarcely ever shed the one, and have no need of the other.”

“Alas! holy pilgrim!” answered the maiden; “have you then made your painful journeyings over

the rough paths of life, and not discovered that there are few eyes, however bright, which are not sometimes moistened with tears, and no heart, however inexperienced, that needs not repentance and pardon ?”

“ And where, my lovely moralist, did you learn the wisdom, rarely acquired but in the school of misfortune ?”

“ There are other griefs beside selfish and external ones,” she replied with a melancholy smile. “ Misfortune has many ways to approach us. We find her leaning over the tomb of our departed friends ; we see her amid the distractions of our country ; and we feel that she is often near us even in our hours of festivity. Sir pilgrim, I fear she may have accompanied you on your weary road ; or perchance, chase you from your home.”

“ You have rightly discerned my history,” replied the pilgrim, with a heavy sigh. “ Sorrow has indeed driven me from my home, to seek consolation at the shrine of the Lady of Einsiedeln.”

“ It is a weary and barren road, holy pilgrim, and her blessed Son is nearer at hand to hear all who will address themselves to Him.”

Again the stranger drew back involuntarily, and

added gravely, "Thou art an extraordinary mistress, young maiden, and these are strange themes for a festal board; but thy voice is sweet, and there is Heaven's own pity in thine eye—may the blessing of the afflicted go with thee!"

"And be thine also, holy pilgrim," said Beatrice, as in obedience to a signal from her father, she rose to leave the table.

CHAPTER III.

THE KNIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

And yet I weep thee not, thou true and brave.
I cannot weep! there gathers round thy name
Too deep a passion. Thou denied a grave!
Thou with a blight flung on thy soldier fame!
O, had all earth decreed that doom of shame,
I had reposed, against all earth's decree,
The unalterable trust of my firm soul in thee.

MRS. HEMANS.

EVERY one has heard the old proverb, "The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray," and some may perchance, recollect instances in which the termination of the one has been the commencement of the other. Now, although these our festivities of the 16th century did not finish by open hostilities, they were not closed without much

heart-burning; nor were they unattended by the vexation of spirit, weariness, and disappointment, that, more or less, accompany all human efforts at happiness and amusement. The whole country presented a different aspect from what it had done on the three preceding days, and the skies appeared to sympathise in the change; for the fogs which usually accumulate around the lake towards the end of October, had seemed this year to have courteously deferred their arrival to a much later period, waiting for the termination of the bright drama, ere they dropped their curtain over the magnificent stage.

Groups of peasants were now crowding the roads from Villeneuve to the adjoining villages, on their return to their several homes: many of the men were yet under the effect of the intoxication in which the fête had concluded—the young lasses with soiled garments and faded cheeks, and the elder women weary and out of humour, lamenting their wasted time, and anxious for the fate of their neglected homes.

The festive garlands still hung, but drooping and withered, around the tents and temporary buildings, and the barge from which so many bright lights had ascended, was now black with smoke, and strewn

with the half-burnt sticks and carcasses of the exhausted fireworks. Nor had the expensive pageant answered the political end it was intended to promote; the discerning Archbishop had not failed to remark the awkward backwardness of some of his Vaudois guests, when any loyal toast had been proposed, or any sentiment of strong attachment to the Church of Rome brought forward; and it was not without secret satisfaction that he saw these disaffected guests take their departure after the banquet, leaving, for the most part, the true adherents to the house of the Savoy and the ancient faith, to take their seats either as judges or spectators, at the approaching trial. The Archbishop of Turin had thus secured a large and influential assembly in the hall of justice on the day after the banquet, and as he mounted the throne of state, elevated for him as president, he looked around satisfied that the arrangements wanted none of that scenic effect, with which the Roman Church has, in all ages, studied to invest her ceremonies. The hall of justice, as it is still called, remains entire, and although it is divested of all its former decorations, and now used as a military store, filled with lumbering cannon, a correct idea may be formed of its size and proportions.

At one end is the chamber of torture, where the pulleys and blackened pillar still bear witness to the cruelties practised in the dark ages. The door at the opposite end, which is now blocked up, then opened on a staircase, leading to the under-ground chapel, where the condemned prisoners were taken to receive the last offices of their religion before their execution, unless ordered back again to pine in the dungeons on the other side. The throne of the president was, as well as the raised seats of the other judges surrounding it, of carved oak, darkened by age, and rendered still more sombre by cushions of black velvet. The principal noblemen in their robes of states occupied the latter; whilst on the benches in front, were placed the secretaries and other official persons belonging to the royal establishment. On one side of the long hall were ranged the pilgrims who arrived the preceding evening; and the opposite was crowded by guards and other functionaries, amongst whom were some of those terrific administrators of torture, whose aspect was calculated to thrill the stoutest heart with horror; their arms bared to the shoulder, and their countenances concealed by a black mask. The centre of the court was left unoccupied for the reception of the prison-

ers and their accusers. Daylight was carefully excluded by thick draperies of black cloth hung across the windows, and extending over the intermediate wall; and the saloon was but partially illuminated within, by one large lamp that descending from the centre, was so contrived as to throw its full light on the countenances of the accused, whilst those of their judges were left entirely in the shade. Let us endeavour for one moment, to imagine the effect of such a scene as this, on the dazzling vision and reeling senses of a poor captive, brought suddenly into it from the silent darkness of his dungeon, and we shall acknowledge that it is not in man to resist such a combination of power, terror, and superstition; and that the martyred thousands who rose triumphant over the malice of their enemies, did not conquer through their own strength,

The assembly being arranged, the president arose, and addressed them in a speech of consummate art and sophistry, in which he touched on all those points most likely to work on the minds of worldly and ambitious men, identifying their interests with those of the Church of Rome; showing that it was by her reflected power that princes

reigned, and feudal nobles retained their influence. He next proceeded, in the most impressive terms, to lay open the danger she was in from the attacks of those who wished her downfall, only to commence a reign of anarchy and confusion. "What then is to be done, my noble lords, my gentle sirs," he continued, looking around the spacious hall—"what is to be done to check this daring spirit of the times, but to meet it with a spirit as resolute? If they fight with carnal weapons, let us use our spiritual power. The church must hurl her thunderbolts on the heads of her enemies—she has forborne too long; at length she begins to arise from her sleep, and to scatter her enemies before her. Kings and potentates are clearing her way, that she may roll the wheels of her triumphant chariot over the necks of her opposers. The King of France himself lights the funeral pyre of her adversaries—the mighty Emperor of the West leads his armies against her infidel foes; and shall not our sovereign also bear the sword of justice in our righteous cause? Yea, verily, let him exclaim in the words of holy David, 'down with them! down with them even to the ground!'" He paused a moment as the murmur of applause ran round the assembly,

and then continued, in a subdued tone, "I have convoked ye, my lords and gentlemen, spiritual and temporal, to judge some of these enemies of the church, enemies of the state, enemies of all those institutions and laws that time has honoured and God approved. One of them has already been arraigned before our holy tribunal ; but as no lenity can turn him from his heresy, it is time that his sentence should be pronounced and judgment go forth against him. The other two are more recent offenders ; and let not the birth or former fame of either of the culprits influence your verdict, but laying aside all private feelings, triumphing over all weak compassion, I call on ye, noble and august sirs, learned and reverend fathers, to gird on the sword of the Lord of Gideon, and to acquit yourselves as faithful sons of our Holy Mother, and loyal subjects of our beloved sovereign !"

"With your permission we proceed to call on Rodolph de Wendenburg, Baron of Rheinan, Knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, to appear before this honourable court, there to answer for contumely towards the rites of the only true church—for blasphemy against the blessed mother of our Lord, and for repeated rebellion against the autho-

riety of God's vicar and vicegerent on earth, his holiness the Pope."

The Bishop sat down: a solemn silence reigned throughout the court—not the lowest whisper was breathed, no sound was audible save the low murmur of the waves, as they dashed against the outer wall of the building. At length, the heavy tread of footsteps was discerned slowly ascending the stairs; the band of officials that stood at the lower end of the room divided, and gave place to something like a funereal bier, which was borne by four men into the middle of the assembly, and laid down in front of the judges' seats. Here, drawing aside the sable curtains which enveloped it, they discovered a pale and attenuated figure that perfectly harmonized with the melancholy couch on which it reposed. The form was that of a knight in the full dress of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, the long robe edged with fur, wrapped round his shrunken limbs, the gilded spurs, the glittering cross, the gauntlet, the helmet, and the sword, all spoke his calling and his rank; but his eyes were closed, a deathlike paleness overspread his thin cheeks and lips, and nothing but the labouring breath, that struggled beneath his sunken chest, gave any sign of life.

“Rodolph de Wendenburg,” said the Archbishop, in a solemn and impressive manner, as he slowly arose, “we call upon you in the name of the holy mother church, and of our sovereign lord, Charles of Savoy, to recant your blasphemous heresies! and I offer you, in the name of each, pardon and remission, both here and hereafter, on your expressing due contrition for your heinous offences, and an earnest desire to make the only amends in your power, by an open recantation of your damning errors, and the performance of such penances and purifications as the Church commands and your weak body can sustain.” The prisoner uttered a faint groan, and on the prelate beckoning to one of the attendants, to raise his head, and sprinkle a little cold water on his face, he breathed freer, and gave some slight signs of returning consciousness. “We do not require much from you,” continued his judge, who had not expected to find the prey so nearly escaping his fangs. “Holy mother church is merciful, and seeing your debility and faintness, she asks you only to make the sign of the cross, to kiss these sacred relics from the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, and to worship the holy Eucharist.” Then making a sign to one of the priests,

he immediately brought forward a little image of the Virgin, a rosary, and a crucifix.

At this moment every eye in the assembly was fixed on the interesting figure before them, who seemed as if gradually awakening from the slumber of death into life and consciousness. He opened his eyes, a faint colour tinged his cheeks and lips, and motioning to be raised so as to sit nearly upright on his couch, he looked slowly around on the assembly, and spoke. The accents, though low, were distinct, and amid the profound stillness that reigned throughout the chamber, seemed like a voice from the tomb.

“ My God, I thank Thee !” he said, as he clasped his hands, and raised his eyes, already glazed by death, to heaven. “ I thank Thee that Thou grantest me once more the blessed privilege of acknowledging thy truth—that truth which I learnt from thy Holy Spirit breathing in thy sacred Word. My Lord Bishop,” he continued, “ and ye, noble gentlemen, ye are here to condemn one whom ye have already judged, and to hear him, with his dying breath, repeat what he has oftentimes amid torture and agony declared, that he acknowledges but

one faith, one Lord, one baptism: that he deems all homage, whether of the lips or body, paid to external images or symbols—all priestly assumption of the power of forgiving sins—all setting up of the traditions of men, and other errors and heresies which have polluted the pure apostolical church of Christ, and are too numerous for his failing breath to particularize, as directly contrary to the express command of God, as doing dishonour to his Spirit, and as usurping the offices and honours of his blessed Son, the only Saviour, and sole Mediator between fallen man and his Creator!”

A murmur of disapprobation arose from some of the assembly at these words, in the midst of which the prelate exclaimed, “Ye hear what the foul fiend declares, my lord judges—ye hear the blasphemy he utters against the blessed Mary, and the councils of our church! Will ye bear any longer these insults on all ye have been taught to believe most sacred, and will ye not come forward to vindicate the honour of the immaculate Virgin, and maintain the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter? Wretch!” he continued, raising his voice, which echoed through the lofty hall, “worse than

pagan infidel! since thou wert nurtured in the bosom of the unerring church,—the earth shall henceforth conceal the enormity of thy guilt; the bright sun shall never more shed one beam upon thy hell-ward path. Away with him!” he continued, motioning to the bearers to approach the bier; “bear him to the lowest dungeon within these walls, where no ray of light can penetrate, nor sound of human voice can reach! Let him be plunged alive into the confines of the grave, yet not to sink at once into the confines of hell; let his miserable existence be protracted for a few days—one morsel of bread, one drink of water, be buried with him, that as the scanty supply, serving only to mock his raging wants, diminishes, he may anticipate the unmitigated torture of everlasting thirst! But stay!” he continued, as the bearers were about to raise the bier, “ere thou take hence the wretched man, strip him of every vestige of his once honourable office—take away these disgraced trophies—remove his tarnished arms—knock off his dishonoured spurs!”

The abject minions of tyranny obeyed the command with alacrity. They had already pulled

from the shoulders of their victim the ermined robe, removed the jewelled collar and the glittering stars, and were proceeding to knock off the spurs, when a venerable nobleman who sat on the right-hand of the president, rushed suddenly into the midst of them, and bade them, in a voice of authority, to desist.

“ Away, miscreants !” he cried ; “ lay not your unhallowed hands on what God hath sanctified ! It was from Him alone, my Lord Bishop,” he continued, “ and in good service done in His cause against the infidels, that Rodolph de Wendenburg received these honourable tokens from his prince’s hand ; and were the sovereign pontiff himself present, I would tell him to his face that ‘ what God hath given, man has no right to take away ! ’ ”

“ Let the spurs then remain,” said the Archbishop, who saw from the impression which the Baron de Vionnay’s speech had made that he could go no further, “ since your lordship so wills it ; and if in after ages any of our descendants, in exploring the recesses of this venerable pile, shall find his wretched remains, let them learn in trembling, that

high birth and honourable deeds are not always a safeguard from the gangrene of heresy, and heresy's just reward!"

The officials reluctantly laid aside the forceps and the hammer, when the captive, turning to the Baron de Vionnay, said, "In a dying hour these trophies of fame, however honourably earned, fade with all the other distinctions of a fleeting world, into less than nought; but the kindness which would have saved me from this last earthly insult shall not lose its recompense. My lord, when your dying hour approaches, let these words of your Saviour cheer your departing spirit, together with the recollection of the charity you now show towards one of the most unworthy of his disciples: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me!'"

The Archbishop, afraid of any further impression in favour of the captive, ordered the attendants to bear him away. He had sunk back on his couch, and his closed eyes and ashy paleness indicated that the period of his sufferings drew near its close—but whether the freed spirit was then released, to wing its way to the God it had so faithfully served, or whether it remained yet a few days in its earthly

tenement was known to Him alone. At a signal from the Bishop, a coarse cloth of goat's hair was thrown over him, and the secret of his fate was hidden, together with the suffering yet triumphant martyr, in his living tomb.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

The bigot's zeal

Doth furbish up his armoury of murder,
We our's of patience; we must buckle on
Heav'n's panoply of faith and constancy,
And so go forth to war.

MILMAN.

THE melancholy procession had scarcely quitted the hall of justice, ere another party entered it, and stood before the inexorable judge, consisting of a young man in the bloom of manhood, on whose lofty brow sat high resolve and firm determination, whilst in the soft shading of his eye and the sweet benevolence of his countenance, charity, hope, and gentle bravery were portrayed. At his side was placed one yet in early youth; but notwithstanding

the almost infantile loveliness of his face, and the slight gracefulness of his boy-like form, there was an expression of elevated intelligence in

“ The deep summer of his dark blue eye,”

that spoke a soul as firm and exalted as that of his companion.

Reader, dost thou recognize the portraits? The Chevalier di Rossi bowed to the assembly with that mixture of dignity and courtesy which distinguished the high-born cavalier of the period, and listened respectfully as the Archbishop thus addressed him :

“ We cite you, Chevalier di Rossi, in the name of our holy church, and of our sovereign lord the Duke, to answer before this honourable tribunal to the charge of heresy against the one, and treason against the other.”

“ And I stand here, reverend father, ready to refute those charges, and throw them back on my accusers,” said the chevalier, raising his majestic person to its full height.

“ We cite you,” resumed the prelate, “ first, for the grievous sin of heresy, in endeavouring to pervert the minds of the faithful sons and daughters of

the church, by the introduction of books containing sentiments in direct opposition to her doctrines, as well as for endeavouring to lead them astray by the forbidden perusal of the Holy Scriptures; and we also arraign you for high treason to your prince, in concerting, together with the boy Michael Cottier, means for the escape of the prisoner, François Bonnivard, from the dungeons, and for betraying the castle of Chillon into the hands of his rebel subjects of Geneva. In proof of which latter indictment, we proceed to take the ear-witnesses to conversations which have passed between you and the aforesaid Michael Cottier on this subject."

Bertoldo Scarpi and the Sergeant Prepotenti were now brought forward, and deposed that they had, at several distinct times, being concealed in a cavity in the ceiling of Michael Cottier's sleeping apartment, overheard conversations between him and the Chevalier di Rossi respecting the liberation of one of the captives, and the sending a plan to Geneva for the attack of the fortress, &c. &c. And thus, by artfully blending in their evidence some truths which they knew could be fully proved, with inventions of the most subtile malice, they wove a net of complicated artifice to entrap their

innocent victims. The visit to the hermitage, the intended escape of Cottier, and his interview with Bonnivard,—the actual departure of the chevalier's attendants, were charges acknowledged by the accused : how then could they be separated from those of holding treasonable correspondence with the Genevan government and tampering with the jailer for the liberation of his prisoner ?

The chevalier's defence, though concise, was powerful by its dignity and truth. He denied holding any correspondence with Geneva, having returned to his country charged with a private despatch from his royal mistress, the Queen of Navarre, to her uncle of Savoy, who had directed him to proceed to Chillon, and there await his answer ; and he bade the Archbishop and the assembled judges beware how they detained and otherwise maltreated the envoy of a powerful court.

“ Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar, and thus far, by Cæsar shalt thou be judged,” said the Archbishop ; but no secular power can interfere to set aside our second charge. Holy mother church and her ministers must here decide. We shall not,” he continued, looking round the court, whilst anger flashed from his eye, and bitter scorn curled his lip ; “ we shall

not be blinded by names, however glorious,—we have proof of guilt, and a witness whom none dare falsify—one who found the trail of the serpent even in the paradise of domestic sanctity.” Then turning to the Governor, he begged him to produce the evidence of guilt which he had discovered in the apartment of his daughter.

After a speech in which he reiterated, in still more intemperate language, the vituperation of his reverend colleague, the Sire de Beaufort drew from his bosom a small book, bound in vellum, with clasps of silver, and handing it to Di Rossi, asked, insultingly, “if he had ever seen it?”

“I have, my lord,” he replied, “it was once my own.”

“And to whom did you give it?”

“To one, my lord,” replied Di Rossi, deeply colouring, “whose name is too honoured by me to bring it forward thus.”

“Nay, that subterfuge shall not avail you! If her father make the sacrifice so painful to his feelings, and drag his daughter forward, it is not that the guilty should screen himself behind her! You gave this book to the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort?”

“I did.”

The Archbishop looked triumphantly around. "You hear the chevalier's confession, my lords and gentlemen; " you hear him unhesitatingly declare, that he placed heretical books in the hands of a noble lady, a daughter of the church; and now hear some of the sentiments of these precious compositions, or rather judge for yourselves!"—he added, as he handed the little volume to the Baron de Vionnay, who stood nearest, and who, without opening, would have returned it; but the Archbishop signed to him to circulate it amongst the rest of the judges, many of whom declining to touch anything so defiling, it was scarcely opened by the numerous hands it passed through. "It is now my painful office," continued the prelate, "to ask a further confession from the Lord of Brières, whose noble devotion to the church can only be estimated by the sacrifice he makes to her interests."

"Mark, my lord," interrupted the Governor, "I do not implicate my daughter! In acknowledging that these books were found in her apartment, I bring forward no proof of her having placed them there. I therefore proceed to state, that near the volume already before the court, I found a Bible.

He stopped, and looked fixedly on the chevalier, who replied, although in a voice that had lost some of its firmness, "Had you looked on the opening page of that sacred book, my lord, you would have seen, that if there be guilt in placing the Word of God in the hands of one, whose every action is, as far as the frailty of human nature permits, conformable to it, I have not incurred it." Here the Governor would have interrupted, but the unanimous voice of the assembly called on Di Rossi to proceed. "With regard to the other volume, I have acknowledged myself guilty, if so it be deemed, to offer the production of one noble and excellent lady to the notice and acceptance of another; but when I name that most exalted princess, the Queen of Navarre, as the writer, as well as the giver, of that condemned volume, I trust I shall be acquitted on this count also." An expression of general surprise ran round the court, and Di Rossi, profiting by the favourable turn, continued: "I wish, my noble judges, to owe my acquittal to your justice alone, but since I see amongst your number some who would not grant it to my innocence, let me warn those who detain me, that they do so at their peril. My attendants are, ere

this, on their way to the court of the French king, who will avenge any insult offered to the ambassador of his sister; nor will the Duke of Savoy, your sovereign and mine, pardon, a second time, the violation of his safe conduct!"

It would be difficult to describe the effect of this appeal on the minds of the principal accusers of the chevalier, backed as it was by the loud demands of his friends for his immediate release. Robbed of their most valuable prey, they turned with redoubled fury on that which remained in their power.

"We despise your threats, chevalier," said the prelate, "but we consent to defer your sentence, until we can add to it the august names to which you appeal. As to what concerns the wretched partner of your crimes, we need not keep this honourable conclave in suspense."

The life or sufferings of an obscure youth would have excited little interest in the barons of Savoy or of Vaud, but for the part he had borne in the trial of the Chevalier di Rossi, and the political interest involved in the charges brought against him.

Cottier replied with unblenching truth to these charges: he related his story with modest simplicity, but when the Archbishop endeavoured, in the

most artful manner, to draw from him a confession of collusion with the government of Geneva, which might have compromised Di Rossi, he found his threats, promises, or consummate address, alike ineffectual.

“The young gentleman’s memory is weak,” said the Governor, with his usual sarcastic laugh; “there are some assistants yonder, who will, I dare say, refresh it. Time wears, and we have trifled away too much of it already,—off with him to the torture!”

“Patience, my noble governor! patience, I pray you! I have still some questions of importance to put,” interrupted the prelate, whose schemes of deeper policy were sometimes impeded by the intemperance of his colleague. “Tell me, young heretic, what is become of thy Bible?”

“My little possessions have been examined, my person searched,” said Cottier, now indeed trembling lest Alice’s gift to Bonnivard should be discovered.

“Dost thou, then, deny,” continued his interrogator, “that thou hast read the forbidden book?”

“ No, my lord, since I have learnt therein, that lies are an abomination.”

“ Admirably well applied ! and what besides has your unassisted wisdom drawn from the prohibited source ?” Cottier was silent, and after a few moments’ pause, his godless persecutor continued : “ Has the stolen knowledge puffed thee up with contumely and disobedience, that thou refusest to reply to my demands ?”

“ O no ! it bids me yield to them that are in authority, and when smitten on one cheek, to turn the other.”

“ An excellent lesson !” retorted the scoffer, “ and one thou shalt not lack opportunities for practising ; but proceed : perchance thou hast learnt therein to forsake thy church, and betray thy lawful prince ?”

“ No, my lord !” answered the poor boy, exhausted by his protracted examination, and roused by the insulting jeers and rude laughs of his merciless judges ; “ but it has taught me, however hard the saying, to pray for them that despitefully use and persecute me.”

“ Why that is bravely said ! and now, as an obe-

dient son of the church and wise expounder of the Scriptures, thou wilt kneel before this image of the blessed Lady, and ask forgiveness for thy past negligence towards her."

"I dare not!" said the noble youth, shrinking with horror from the painted idol; "I cannot ask pardon of one who has no power to grant it!"

"Stop the mouth of the blasphemer!" exclaimed the impatient Governor; "the question! the question!"

And O, shame to the church to which they belonged! shame to the noble names they bore! there were many in that assembly who reiterated the cry! If this be a stain on human beings too deep to be believed, let the trials of our own countrymen at Smithfield—let the bloody persecutions of the Vaudois and Albigenses—let the whole army of martyrs of all ages, sex, and countries, bear witness to the faithfulness of the picture. The cry became louder and louder, and was fearfully swelled by the yells with which the agents of this blood-thirstiness rushed on their prey. As their iron hands grasped the tender arms of the youth, the blood forsook his cheeks and lips, and rushed gushing to the heart; oppressed and almost suffocated, one sigh, one long-

drawn sigh, which bore on its breath an earnest prayer for support, relieved that burdened heart, and he recovered his fortitude—nay, that is a cold word for such an hour—his faith in the promises of his God.

But deliverance was at hand; the chevalier, who had borne his own injurious treatment with so much forbearance, unable to command himself at the sight of Cottier's danger, darted forward, and seizing in either hand one of the executioners of torture, threw them violently to a considerable distance; then raising his arms over the head of the youth, as if to shield him from returning evil, whilst the agitated expression of his countenance subsided into that of compassionating sweetness, he looked like a guardian angel who had rescued a spirit from the demons of darkness, to convey it to the regions of the blest.

“ Archbishop of Turin !” he exclaimed, in a voice whose thrilling tones penetrated to the furthest corner of the hall, “ is it by persecution and blood-thirstiness that thou wouldest establish thy claims as a priest and shepherd in the church of Christ ? Ye nobles of the land, know ye not that God hath

denounced woe against those who decree unrighteous judgments? And ye, too, lords of Savoy, wot ye not that it is for these your bloody persecutions that the enemy is permitted to devastate your country, and that the earth, saturated with the blood of the martyred, refuses to yield her increase—that death enters your palace gates, and lays the hope of the nation low?”

“Nay, this is beyond all endurance!” exclaimed the Archbishop. “My lords, why sit ye tamely here to be bearded thus? Guards, do your duty; bear the prisoner off; and for thee, young heretic, the rack has long been stretched, the pincers ready heated.”

The officials hesitated, awed by the majestic deportment of the chevalier, who, turning a look of scorn on the assembly, as his eye glanced around the hall, exclaimed, “What! has cowardice and cruelty seized on ye all, nobles, knights, priests, and pilgrims? Is there not one generous spirit that dares stand forward in the defence of innocence? Can ye not believe that virtue exists upon the earth, and that the youth whose father was rescued from a prison, should risk his young life to return the boon? Is it, then, for this ye cast him

into bonds, and bring him here to make sport for the ungodly? But sport ye shall have, my noble lords—sport ye did not dare even to dream of. Lay *me* on the rack instead of this frail boy—these limbs will sustain a heavier wring of agony—these sinews are tougher!” saying this, he bared an arm modelled for strength and symmetry.

“We can accept no vicarious sacrifice,” said the Archbishop; “reserve your strength and courage, sir knight, for the future demand that may be made on it! Minions! are ye under the spell of the evil one? Do your duty, or ye shall taste of the torture yourselves!”

At this threat, the guards advanced, and surrounded the chevalier, who, finding all resistance vain, cast a look of unutterable anguish on his companion in bonds, as the demons of the inquisition again laid their hands on him, and felt that he had no resource but submission and prayer.

Already was the victim dragged to the chamber of torture,*—already had his upper garments been torn off,—when one of the pilgrims, who during the whole of the trial had stood immoveably leaning on his staff, his hat, as on the preceding evening,

flapped over his face, turned to Father Ambroise, who had been observed before earnestly to address him, and pulling the ring already noticed from his hand, gave it to him. The monk hastily crossed the hall, mounted the tribunal, and as he whispered a few words in the Archbishop's ear, presented to him the token.

“Stay!” exclaimed the prelate, whilst a dark cloud overspread his countenance, and belied the words of peace which he uttered; “we will proceed no further to-day. Bring back the culprit; the holy Mary has been pleased, through her faithful servant, Father Ambroise, to intercede for him. Go, thou wretched misguided youth,” he continued, addressing Cottier, who had been conducted back into the hall, “return to the solitude of thy dungeon; the father will visit thee there: and if in humble contrition thou abjure thy heresy, and art willing, by fasting, confession, and penance, to atone for thy sins, the church, merciful and long-suffering, may again receive thee into her bosom.

Ere the chevalier left the hall, he had the unspeakable consolation of seeing his beloved fellow-sufferer released from the dreadful fate which threat-

ened him ; and in comparative forgetfulness of his own precarious situation, he returned to his former place of captivity.

CHAPTER V.

THE PILGRIM.

Qui delivera le prisonnier de ce sommeil sans rafraîchissement ? Qui l'affranchira de ces chaînes toutes autrement pesantes que celles qui pendent à ces brâs ? c'est l'Ange qui l'a instruit à preferer le pauvrété au sein d'un peuple de frêse, aux joies voluptueuses qu'il eût connues assis à la table des rois.

LE CHRONIQUER DE L'HELVETIE ROMAUE.

IMMEDIATELY after the breaking up of the assembly, the Archbishop of Turin entered the cabinet of the Governor of Chillon.

“ You are almost the only being I could look on without abhorrence,” said the latter, “ and I have given positive orders to be denied to all others Tell me, I pray you, my lord, why you so suddenly broke up the conclave ?”

“ Saw you not the token he brought me—the precious ring of the holy martyr ? * I recog-

nised it the evening before on the hand of the pilgrim."

"It seems strange that his highness should entrust any one to act with this unlimited authority. Has your lordship any suspicion who this pilgrim may be?"

"He evidently desires to be unknown, and therefore I have sought nothing beyond the validity of his credentials. That ring and the monk did us good service, however, in putting an end to a scene that had a different effect to that I intended." The Governor looked astonished. "The fortitude of these heretics begins to have a dangerous power over the spectators," continued the Bishop, "and the spirit of the times to rise against coercion."

"Would you, then, spare these miscreants all corporeal punishment?"

"I spoke only of the *public* exhibition of it. But let us now change the subject for the more grateful one of the extraordinary devotedness you evinced in bringing forward the name of your daughter; and tell me, De Beaufort, for as an affectionate and deeply-interested friend I ask it, is the young lady's mind at all tainted by these cursed doctrines?"

‘ Alas, my lord !’ replied the Governor, “ oblige not a tender father to condemn his only child !”

“ Far be it from me to wound your feelings. I only wished to know if the plague spot has shown itself, that I might recommend some gentle remedy ere it reached a vital part. It appears to me your fair daughter’s affections incline to little that is mundane, and that she would make an admirable nun—the very abbess of Santa Clara whom we are in search of.” There was a pause of a few seconds, when the Bishop, turning suddenly to his companion, added, “ De Beaufort, you are yet in the prime of life—you must marry again, and give an heir to your noble house and princely wealth, who will know better how to appreciate such advantages, than your beautiful yet melancholy daughter, who seems to sigh only for solitude.”

The tempter had taken the most insidious form, and had seized on the exact moment.

“ Nay, my good lord,” said the Governor, “ what fair lady would favour so ancient a suitor ?”

But the wily flatterer interrupting him, said, with a sly expression and peculiar emphasis, “ Who but the illustrious Queen of the Revels—the Lady Blanche ? Ah, my lord,” he continued, resuming

his usual stately manner, “ the lookers on, whose vows preclude them from taking a part in the pastimes of life, observe more than those occupied in them. The calm Lord of Blonay has staked his heart and his happiness on a losing venture, and if you know how to profit by the turn of Fortune’s wheel, you may not only secure his fair sister, but his castle as her dower.”

The Governor started, and looked at his companion with awe—the scheme nourished so long in secret had found a tongue—and that the eloquent one of the confidential adviser of his prince. Guilt thus sanctioned could, therefore, be no longer guilt.

“ You forget, my lord, that the Count has demanded Beatrice’s hand; and I have empowered Father Ambroise to question her, and convey her answer to De Blonay.”

“ The proceedings of this day may perhaps enable him to hear that answer without regret,” answered the prelate; “ but let Father Ambroise fulfil this mission, and then the further he is removed from the seductions of inquiry, and the attractive influence of his fair pupil, the better. We must provide him with some state employment, and the

young lady with a temporary retirement in a nunnery."

"What think you of Einsiedeln? the abbess is a woman of known sanctity."

"Perhaps it would be better to put her under milder rule at first—generous natures are easier won by concession. I have a cousin, the Abbess of the Carmelites at St. Maurice, whose piety would be more effective on such a mind as your daughter's, than the intemperate zeal of Mother Chabelais, to which we will only have recourse should milder measures fail."

A summons to the noon-day repast now broke up the conference. Soon after its termination, the pilgrim, attended by Father Ambroise, was conducted through several dark and winding passages to the outer door of the subterranean dungeons, where the monk, taking the keys and lamp from the jailer, bade him there await their return, and himself locked the ponderous door on the inside.

"How great a relief it is to feel myself free from observation!" exclaimed his companion, raising his hat, and wiping the cold sweat from his pale brow. I have run a great risk in visiting this man, and now scarcely dare to meet his eye! O Father!

this is a fearful place in which to plunge one whose pulse beats with life and energy !”

“ I will dispose the light so as it shall fall on the prisoner, and your high—you, holy pilgrim, remain in the shade.”

“ So let it be ! and now proceed. ‘ Yet stay,’ continued he, as Father Ambroise placed the key in the lock of Bonnivard’s cell, “ do I not hear some one speak ?”

“ I have been told the Prior often talks to himself, sometimes repeating poetry, or holding imaginary colloquies.”

“ Hist ! hist !” said the pilgrim, impatiently laying his hand on that of his companion. They were silent, but heard nothing, save the clanking of chains and the measured tread of a heavy foot. The hold of the pilgrim was relaxing, when he once more grasped the hand of the monk, as the voice from within repeated the following lines :—

“ O patience ! patience ! time will be
When yawning tombs shall yield their dead,
And He who sets the captive free,
Shall bind the tyrant in his stead.”

Again all was silent—the footsteps ceased—the monk turned the key and entered the cell, leaving

open the door that his companion might remain in obscurity without, and yet observe all that passed within it.

Bonnivard had thrown himself into his usual position at the foot of the pillar; his face was buried in his hands, and he did not raise it as he exclaimed impatiently, "Thou art come early, jailer, and will find my cruise unemptied—leave it, and begone! Why dost thou linger?" he continued; "away! thy presence incommodes me!" and raising his head, his eyes fell on the compassionating countenance of Father Ambroise, where they rested, whilst he endeavoured to recollect himself; then rising and bowing with the courtly grace and ease which even suffering could not destroy, he said, "Pardon me, holy father, I thought it was my hard jailer. It is now so long since I have lived in solitude, that memory nearly fails in her power of reproduction: yet methinks she tells me, that when François Bonnivard was yet amongst his fellow-men, his eye somewhere rested on your countenance."

"We met, I think, five years since in Savoy," said the monk.

"Nay, not so recently, holy father—no man has

seen François Bonnivard so lately by the light of day; he has been six long years in this living tomb. The prisoner has an unerring calender, though he has neither sun nor moon to reckon by—it is graven by suffering on the heart, by that hope deferred which sickens, though it does not deaden it. It is strange we do not die, but like the Egyptian corse are dried and blackened, yet preserved. You cannot surely, reverend sir, trace in these gaunt bones and parchment skin, a likeness to François Bonnivard?"

"I find it in the intelligence of the eye," said the monk; "but I trust that suffering and trial have subdued the inner with the outer man, and disposed you to listen to the generous overtures I am commissioned to make you from your prince."

"Poor Charles of Savoy!" said the prisoner, with a deep sigh; "he calculates liberally on my christian powers of forgiveness, or perhaps on the lethean properties of silence and darkness."

"He calculates no further than his own generous mind sanctions. Think you, Prior of St. Victor, that your Prince has nought to forgive?"

"There are two ways of viewing the subject," said Bonnivard, his eyes lighting up, his pale thin

cheeks glowing with a brilliant hectic, and his whole being animated by the long smothered but unextinguished fires which the subject called forth ; “ viewed only as subject towards his prince, I may have appeared in fault, but as friend towards friend, or man towards man, I deny the accusation. I saw the first gleam of light burst from the moral chaos around us, yea, even before those rays of divine intelligence appeared, which afterwards visited our benighted church ; I discovered the spirit of liberty and justice brooding on the waters, I aroused my prince, I conjured him to yield in some degree to the pressing demands of that growing light, and when I found that his once noble and gentle heart was seared by prejudice and evil counsel against even moderate concession, I openly declared my own determination of giving up the revenues I held from the church, and enlisting in the cause of liberty and Geneva.”

“ And did your ardent hopes meet their completion there ?”

“ If you ask me if I found the philosophy of Greece and Rome amongst the bustling citizens, I answer nay ; but I found what was more precious and disinterested, self-denial and noble courage.

which raised them above the proudest examples of antiquity: and when my fastidious taste, fresh from the schools of eloquence, and attic wit, revolted against their coarse oratory, my soul was moved by the reality of the sacrifices they daily made to the noblest of causes, religion and liberty—and, holy father! amidst all my sufferings, that struggling city has been nearest my heart—I scarcely dare ask you of her welfare?”

“ She has bitterly expiated her wrongs towards her lawful prince,” said the monk sternly, “ and her citizens have been called on for the heaviest sacrifices.”

“ Which will one day be recompensed,” interrupted Bonnivard. “ Listen to me, holy father! The Spirit of God was in the still small voice that broke on the prophet’s solitude—in the silence of my cell that voice has reached me too, in prophetic breathings, and told me that Geneva will be both spiritually and morally free—that the door of my prison will be opened, and that these dungeons will never again echo to the sigh of the captive. Yes!” he continued, and his voice rose in its full melodious diapason, “ amid solitude and darkness, the mist that hangs over the distant

prospect has been cleared from my mental eye, and I have been enabled to behold the lovely scene beneath. I see this land free and happy—I see peace and industry blessing its favoured inmates—and through the long vista of ages I perceive a pilgrim band of all nations come to deck, as a holy shrine, the pillar where the unfortunate Bonnivard lingered out a captivity of years. The poet will here suspend his laurel crown—the tear of beauty will moisten the soil—the children of the land will come on a favoured holiday, to raise their young voices in thanksgiving for the light of liberty which first broke from the captive’s cell,—and the youth of all nations and creeds will pause in their wild wanderings across the mountains, to bless his memory; whilst thou, poor Charles of Savoy! will be denounced as the weak and wavering prince who, yielding to the counsel of evil men, denied the light of freedom to thy subjects, and the light of Heaven to thy friend!” He stopped, and dropping his voice, added, “Do I not hear some one on the outside of my cell?”

At this moment “A sunbeam that had lost its way,” penetrated into the outer dungeon, and

partially illuminated it. Bright flambeaux, hung by no human hand, seemed suddenly suspended from the vaulted roof, and to shed their uncertain and tremulous light between the arched pillars. It was but the transient illumination of the setting sun already noticed, but it lasted long enough to enable the captive to distinguish the figure of the pilgrim, who, overcome by conflicting emotions, and almost believing its sudden appearance to be an augury of the fulfilment of Bonnivard's prophecy, had sunk on his knees at the open door of the cell.

“ Charles of Savoy,” said the prisoner, “ comest thou hither to view the misery of him thou hast wronged ?”

“ I come, Prior of St. Victor, to offer thee pardon and restitution,” said the Duke, rising and entering the cell.

“ On what terms ?” asked the undaunted captive.

“ Terms that are in themselves a recompense—a return to the bosom of your church and the confidence of your prince.” An expression of sorrow crossed the brow of the Prior; but he spoke not.

“Thou dost not answer! Is it that thou scornest the mercy that would deliver thee from temporal and eternal bondage?”

“Why will you mock me with the question, my Prince?—why force me to tell you what it will anger you to hear? Enough! I have left the abominations of the seven-hilled harlot, and will not again place myself within her unhallowed embrace! You have your answer, Duke of Savoy,—press me no further.”

“Presumptuous man! knowest thou not that thou art in my power?”

“I know that your highness has power over my life, but not my faith!” returned the prisoner.

“I must then draw again thy prison bolts,” said the Duke, with a deep sigh; “and my weary pilgrimage has been made in vain!”

“O not in vain, my prince,” said Bonnivard, deeply affected, “since it will prove to you that even in the midst of the severest human misfortunes God can give peace to the injured, and enable him to pardon the injurer!”

The pilgrim prince hesitated—the slightest concession would have inclined him to mercy, but

without it he had not sufficient elevation of sentiment to grant it. Turning once more to his captive he said, "My conscience is clear of your blood, François Bonnivard; you have woven the tissue of your own destiny, and died it with its sombre hue! Farewell!"

The monk pressed the hand of the captive ere he followed the Duke out of the cell, and reluctantly closed the door after him. When he reached his apartment, Charles threw himself on his knees before an image of the Virgin, exclaiming, "O Maria, mother of God! thou wilt recompense me for the costly sacrifice of a fellow-creature's sufferings, which I have this day placed on thine altar!"

He trembled so excessively, and looked so pale and exhausted, that the monk hastened to present him with a cup of spiced wine, which Charles swallowed, and Father Ambroise took the opportunity of urging him to give up his contemplated pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, and return at once to his capital. Having obtained a reluctant consent, he promised to hold himself in readiness to accompany the Duke back to Turin, stipulating only for one day's delay, which the pilgrim party were to spend at the

tomb of Sigismond, and the good father destined himself to the performance of deeds of active benevolence, far more accordant to the example of Him "who went about doing good."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARTING TOKEN.

Bear her this farewell token—'twas her gift,
And it will tell my fate, although thy tongue
Denies its utterance—and when her cheek
Grows wan with grief, her gentle spirit sinks—
Then do thy gracious errand, holy man,
And minister of mercy.

MS.

FATHER AMBROISE arose the next morning after a sleepless night, during which the interview with Bonnivard shared his vigils, with many other subjects of painful interest. He saw himself strongly blended, both from circumstances and inclination, with those whose religious tenets he, as a pious member of the Romish church, was called on to denounce and condemn; and his conscience often upbraided him for the anxious solicitude he felt to rescue them from her grasp, as well as for the love he entertained

for them. In contemplating the efforts which the succeeding day would call on him to make in their behalf, he most dreaded the interview with Beatrice, and the painful disclosure he might have to make to De Blonay; nor did the proposed visit to the dungeon of Cottier inspire him with any hope of winning back that young wanderer to his abjured faith. Under the influence of these melancholy forebodings, the benevolent monk sought the apartment of his beloved pupil; and after a painful interview, in which she made a full confession of her determination to adopt the reformed faith, he left her with a spirit still more depressed, to break, at her desire, the sad intelligence to De Blonay. Avoiding the public road, he had struck into a retired path, which led up the beautiful valley towards his castle, when he was accosted by a peasant, who came out of one of the foresters' lodges.

“ I have seen your countenance before, friend,” said the monk, “ but I cannot just now recollect where.”

“ Where you will probably never see it again, holy father—in yonder fortress.”

“ Lenoir ! forgive me, that I did not sooner recognise thee—but thou art changed—methinks thou art freer, happier.”

“ Ay, praised be God, and my Lord of Blonay, I am ! Look, holy father, at yonder neat cottage and its garden and meadow, they are all mine ; and those are my children yonder, and my excellent wife—will it please ye enter ?”

“ Thank ye, Lenoir, another day ; but I am now in haste to reach the castle of thy new lord.”

“ If you will permit me to conduct you by a nearer path, I will accompany you, father, for I need your counsel and want your assistance ; and Heaven seems purposely to have placed you in my path.”

Lenoir led the way towards a pine forest, and plunging into the thickest shade, walked on for some time very quickly, the monk following in silence ; at length stopping suddenly he said, “ Father, I am about to place my life in your hands—but you will not betray me ?”

“ Proceed, son—you have nothing to fear.”

“ You know my office, holy father, and that I have been a man of rough calling from my youth ; but it was not till I came to yon castle that I

lifted my hand in aught but honest warfare of sword against sword—there, at the bidding of one bad man—but let this pass, his soul must answer for the deed, and I have vowed that the circumstances of that dark act shall never be divulged by me. I only hint at it to show you why the proud Governor trembled before his meanest servant. I have yet a fouler spot to wipe off. Yes, holy father—at the command of those who told me I did a service to our church, I fell so low as to tarnish my honest name, and take the pincers of the torturer. Once, once only—and O the noble limbs that writhed beneath my vile hands!”

Here the poor man, overpowered by his emotion, leant against a tree, and convulsive sobs checked his voice.

“Go on! go on, I entreat!” said his compassionating listener.

“I bore the bleeding man myself from the rack, with a soul hardened in wickedness. I laid him on his wretched pallet, and steeling myself against expected reproaches, I was about to mock his agony by some fiend-like jeer, when I heard him pray—pray for me—his torturer!” The heavy throes of conscience seemed again to rend the

powerful frame of the penitent, and to suspend his narrative ; at length, after a short pause, he continued. “ I pray you pardon me, father ! you are in haste, and I will endeavour to be so too. I had another prisoner, the Prior of St. Victor, him too I loved—loved for his patient cheerfulness, and his brave endurance of misery. By degrees I lingered in his cell, and that of the christian knight whom I had so injured. By degrees I became less brutish, and my soul was softened by their gentleness. The Governor saw the change, and his spies discovered the little indulgences I granted to my prisoners. My young lady had a fair page, a gentle boy, whose services she much valued ; there were many guesses amongst the menials that his birth and breeding were above the office he filled, and my lady perhaps knew this, for she showed him much favour. You saw those children, holy father, playing around my dwelling ; to that young gentleman’s bravery I owe their lives. In return for this, I asked what I could do for him, and he bade me conduct him into the cell of Bonnivard. I took every precaution, but it was frustrated by some secret intelligence which his spies obtained of our intention. In short, we were discovered,

and all I dreaded happened—the youth was left in the prisons, and I conducted into the presence of the Governor. I was not unprepared for this possible turn of events, and when his excellence talked of punishment, I informed him that in case of my detention, I had desired my wife, to inform my Lord of Blonay where he might seek me. ‘Villain!’ exclaimed the Governor, turning pale with rage, ‘thou hast been too cunning for me;’ but quickly recovering himself he added, ‘It is time that we part, Lenoir, let us do so as friends; whilst I can depend on thy secrecy, thou shalt have no reason to doubt my generosity. Go to thy home, and let no vestige of yourself or your belongings remain until the morrow.’ I bowed and left the room.”

“And the poor boy?” interrupted the monk.

“I tried to put in a word for him, but in vain,” said Lenoir sorrowfully; “and it is on his account that I wish to entreat your assistance, knowing you, father, are not one of those, who think all mercy shown to those who differ from you in creed, to be sin.”

“Is there any chance of escape?” asked the monk eagerly.

“None from his present position in the lower dungeons; but if, by your interest with the Governor, you could get him removed into the chamber above, whose window looks into the lake, old Isaack might, on pretence of fishing, bring his little boat near enough to pick him up if he could jump into it.”

“I will use my best endeavour to aid the poor youth,” said the father,—“I will visit him on my return; and now, farewell, for here is Blonay.”

Lenoir having expressed his thanks, and kissed the good man's hand, left him to pursue his way thoughtfully, beneath the noble avenue of ancient trees that led up to the baronial residence. As he walked slowly underneath the terrace, which once ornamented the western wing of the building, he heard the sound of laughter, and distinguished the voice of the Governor, who was leaning over the balcony with the Lady Blanche; whilst on a seat at a little distance, he observed the elder lady of the castle in close conversation with the Archbishop of Turin. He passed on unobserved, and entered the great court, where some of the retainers were distributing wine and provisions to a party of servants,

in attendance on the noble visitors. The monk asked for the young count, and was informed he was ill, and kept his apartment.

“If you will please to enter, holy father,” said one of the men, “perchance my lord might like to see you in his sleeping chamber.”

The valet conducted him into the hall; and throwing open the door of the saloon, begged him to enter, and await the answer he would bring him from his master. The windows of this room were open, and led into the balcony in which the Lady Countess and the Archbishop were seated. They were shaded by venetian blinds, which concealed those who were within, without preventing the conversation from being overheard.

“I tell you again and again, my lord,” said the Lady de Blonay, “that Alberto will never love any other than the Lady Beatrice; and as he cannot marry her, his possessions will, of course, become the heritage of my daughter’s children: surely, then, with such expectations, added to her great beauty, Blanche has a right to a rich jointure.”

“And will not the rich lands of Brières furnish one, dear lady?”

“The Sire de Beaufort, my lord, you must be

aware, has no claim on these after his daughter's minority; they were the inheritance of her mother, the Countess of Brières and Cormayeur, and will revert to her only child."

"What if the Duke should refuse to allow a heretic to enjoy them?"

"In that case," returned the lady with a sarcastic smile, "finding her new fancies likely to cost her so dear, she will renounce them."

"Well, then we must make a nun of her, and dower her with the rich abbey of Santa Clara."

"There too you will fail, my lord, for I know the young lady's rooted aversion to the veil."

"Well, well, madam," said the prelate, in a tone which admitted no further contradiction, "we will now, if you please, drop the discussion. Let it satisfy you to know, that the Archbishop of Turin has pledged his word; that his resolution is taken, and that if persuasion and influence do not succeed——" Here the servant entered to inform the father that his master would be happy to see him.

The young nobleman was seated in his private cabinet, and looked pale and dejected. In reply to the inquiries of his visitor, he answered, "I have profited by a trifling indisposition to keep my room,

and enjoy the privilege of solitude ; but my thoughts are such melancholy companions, that I rejoice to exchange them for your society, holy father, even though I perceive, by the kind commiseration of your looks, that you have nothing cheering to impart. Have you seen the Lady Beatrice ?”

The father replied sadly in the affirmative. “ I ask you no further,” continued the Count, his pale countenance becoming yet paler. “ I never had any hope—Beatrice was too sincere to hold out any—too upright to deceive. And indeed, how could I wish it otherwise ? for even with her, I could enjoy no happiness—her unfortunate opinions ——”

The father interrupted him hastily. “ If you are equal to the walk, I would ask your company on my homeward road, and I will explain myself more fully ; my recent experience has made me mistrustful of the thickness of these walls.”

“ I will gladly accompany you,” said the Count, “ for I want your sympathy on a subject that weighs yet heavier on my heart, since its burden also oppresses my conscience. I allude to my base desertion of my friend in the hour of trial, and the cowardice which tamely submitted to the unjust persecution of that extraordinary youth.”

“ You remind me of a mission I have undertaken in his favour, and that I must visit him ere set of sun,” said Father Ambroise ; as he and the lord of the castle quitted it by a private passage, that led directly into the forest.

Before we introduce the benevolent monk into Michael Cottier’s cell, we must go back a few days, and describe the poor boy’s situation as Lenoir left him alone in silence and darkness, on the night of their ill-fated visit to the Prior of St. Victor. The jailer had not proceeded many paces, ere he returned to take the key from the lock and give it to the youth. “ Take it,” he said, “ and hide it under the pavement in the corner of the cell, where the poor knight concealed his treasures. If we are discovered, and I can’t return to let you out, which God forbid ! this key may one day be of service, and I have its fellow at home, if applied to.”

On removing the stone, and groping beneath, Cottier found a book and some papers, but the darkness prevented his seeing further, and laying them with the key underneath the pavement, he threw himself on his knees, and prayed ardently for fortitude and faith to meet the trials that threatened him—and fortitude and faith were given

him ; for when the cruel Bertoldo entered the cell a short time after, he received him with the calm superiority of a purer essence. This served to increase the malignant passions of the wretch, who indulged in bitter taunts and low revilings, whilst the spirit of the young Christian rose higher by oppression, as the fire of persecution, operating only on the baser metal of human pride and human will, leaves the pure gold of the sanctuary unalloyed. Under the stone already mentioned, Cottier found an ink-horn, and a few sheets of paper full of the pious breathings of the former captive. For a few hours in the day, eyes accustomed to darkness could trace their characters, for these they furnished a delightful occupation ; and when night came he would muse on what he had read, and endeavour to fix it on his memory. Sometimes also he would, with a piece of charcoal, trace on the walls of his cell, from subjects that filled his imagination, rough sketches which time long spared ; and at others, would draw on his mental store for interests to while away the long hours. Prayer, however, was his chief resource ; and during its exercise, there were precious moments when the covering of the flesh seemed to be removed—when

the roof of his dungeon was opened, and angels, such as visited the patriarchs in Bethel, descended to minister unto him. It was in such a frame of mind, with a soul strengthened by manna from Heaven, that our youthful confessor was called on to appear before his unjust judges in the hall of the castle. At the bottom of the staircase, he passed the bier containing the pale form of the Knight of Jerusalem; and immediately at the entrance encountered the Chavalier di Rossi. They could only look at each other, and breathe a cheering word of encouragement and hope.

The history of their trial has already been given; but it would be difficult to analyze the mingled feelings with which the young Christian returned to his cell. At first, he felt disappointed at being drawn back from the goal, which he seemed almost to have reached; but when the supernatural strength supplied in his need, began to sink, next to his thankfulness to Heaven for his deliverance, his young heart burned with enthusiastic gratitude towards his intrepid defender, and the desire of escape for his sake, and that of Bonnivard, for the first time took possession of his mind. "If I can succeed in reaching Geneva," he said, "I cannot fail of

procuring assistance; but something must be attempted, and that speedily, or the torture may, to-morrow, incapacitate me from all further exertion." He took the key of his dungeon from its hiding-place, and trusting that Bertoldo would not return until his accustomed hour at night, he unlocked the door, and ventured into the outer passage, which, as we have already observed, ran the whole length of the subterranean chamber. He examined the walls, and found them pierced by loop-holes, which he imagined would be wide enough to admit the passage of his slender form, had they not been guarded by a thick iron bar, which ran perpendicularly through them. Could he remove this impediment? He climbed the wall, and applied his whole force to the massive iron. Alas, as easily might he have pulled down the pillars of his prison. Sad, and almost despairing, he re-entered his cell, and sat down to consider what he could do. The silence of the grave was around him, interrupted only by the ticking of his watch—a sudden thought struck him,—he took it from his pocket. "It was thy parting gift, my mother," he said, "and thou badest me use it in an hour of need—that hour is now arrived." He detached the cover, un-

screwed the workings, and succeeded in taking out the main-spring which, the watch being of a large size, was of considerable force; then replacing the screws, he put the watch again into his bosom, and felt as though he had silenced a thing of life. Once more, he left the cell, anxious to try the effect of his acquisition, and judging from the last hour his now silent companion had indicated, that there were yet many ere his jailer would appear, he climbed to the loophole with a beating heart, and applied his singular tool to the iron bar. The progress he made through its massive strength, was almost imperceptible, but it *was* progress; and with a flushed cheek, and beating heart, he continued for some time exerting his utmost efforts in his interesting employment, when the sound of approaching footsteps obliged him to return hastily into his cell. He had scarcely time to lock the door and to thrust the key into his bosom, ere Bertoldo entered; to whom he stammered out something on the unusual hour of his visit.

“I am anxious to know how you do to-day, young master, after your little relaxation of yesterday? Why I declare,” he continued, “holding the lamp with a fiend-like leer towards his shrinking

victim, "you are looking all the better for it; your cheeks are red as a midsummer rose, and your eyes so bright that I have little need of a lamp to find you; these occasional breaks in a somewhat solitary life, keep the blood in circulation—may be your next will be still more animating."

Cottier answered not, and Bertoldo went on. "As I see you are in a very sociable humour, I am sorry I cannot stay just now; but here is a gentleman at hand desirous of speaking with you, if it suits your humour to admit him."

"Certainly," said Cottier; and a few minutes after Father Ambroise entered his cell.

"This is not the first time we have met," said the monk, looking with compassionate interest on the young captive.

"It was to your kind influence, father, that I yesterday owed the reprieve of my punishment; or perhaps I should say, its postponement."

"I trust not, my dear son. I hope that you will listen to the pleadings of truth and reason, and hear me patiently, since I am empowered to offer you pardon and liberty, if I can succeed in winning you back to your ancient faith."

Their conversation was long and interesting—

begun in christian charity, it was continued on both sides with the same zealous desire to rescue a soul from what each deemed dangerous error. It did not degenerate into bigotry or bitterness, and if neither party was convinced, both were benefited by the gentleness and charity evinced by the other.

“I must then leave thee in thy dungeon, my poor boy,” said the monk; when after a considerable time spent in close conference, he found how ineffectual his arguments had been.

“Yes, dear Father Ambroise, but you leave me not alone.”

“True, my son, Heaven will not yet, I trust, leave thee to thy blindness. My soul yearns over thee, and I would fain spare thee the trial of the flesh that too surely awaits thee.”

“A few passing clouds, dear father; some drops of rain, and then eternal sunshine.”

“Hast thou no misgivings, boy—no struggles to be free?”

“Yes, holy father, ardent struggles, as the eagle after the sun.”

“I spoke of earthly liberty. Hast thou no friends?”

“I have a mother,—and perhaps you would be

the bearer to her of a farewell gift?" Cottier took his watch from his bosom. "She gave me this at parting, and bade me keep it for an hour of need; you will tell her I did so, and when she receives, she will read in it the fate of her son."

"Nay," said the monk, pushing Cottier's hand gently back; "keep thy watch, it may cheer thy lone hours."

"I have done with time," he replied, solemnly.

The father took the watch, and placed it to his ear; he found it had ceased to work, and opening it, discovered the reason. He made no remark, but after a short pause, turning to Cottier, said, in a very low voice, "I will not fail to do as thou wishest—but I have hopes that thou mayst ere long return to thy dear parent. Dost thou remember seeing me in the cottage of poor Isaack Bontemps, the night his sister died?"

"Perfectly — they were tried friends of our family."

"And are faithful to you still;" and the father's voice sunk still lower as he added, "not a night passes but the old man throws his net beneath these walls. I have hopes of getting thee removed into an upper chamber,—I dare not add more." Then

raising his voice, he said, "Farewell, my son! the holy pilgrim to whom thou already owest so much has interceded with the Governor for thy removal into a lighter apartment; I will pray that the beams of truth may visit you in it."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESCAPE.

The wall is high ; and yet I will leap down.

I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;

As good to die and go, as die and stay.

SHAKSPEARE. *King John.*

It was night—dark, starless night. The inhabitants of the castle had early sought their beds ; the servants, worn out by the late hours and additional services of the preceding days, as well as drowsy from the fumes of the wine which had circulated freely during their carousals, slept soundly. The guests had all quitted the castle, except the Archbishop and his suite, and the pilgrims who had

returned from St. Maurice to pass a last night beneath its roof. The evening meal had been scantily attended, and speedily dispatched. Even the Governor and the Archbishop had laid aside their diplomacy, and yielded to the imperious call of fatigue; and the jailer, placing his keys beneath the pillow of the former an hour before the usual time, retired with the laconic assurance "that all was safe." The sentinel on the western rampart, conscious perhaps of his share in the general drowsiness, walked quickly to and fro, shielding his arms from the hail which rebounded from his polished helmet, and secretly rejoicing in the vigour of the night wind which blew against his face, and prevented his heavy eyes from closing.

The hum and bustle of man had ceased, but they seemed only to have resigned the arena to the jar of elements, and all around was dark, except when vivid and forked lightning threw the brilliancy of day on the surrounding objects, playing on the old towers of the castle, and glancing over the waters.

"Who goes there?" asked the soldier, as one of these occasional illuminations revealed to him a dark figure, standing at one of the loop-holes.

“ It is I, my son, Father Ambroise,” answered a calm voice.

“ By my patron, St. Anthony, father, you have chosen a rough night to leave your warm nest. I should have thought no one would have taken a walk on these battlements in such weather, by choice.”

“ Dost thou not know, my son, that hardship and endurance are part of my vows ?”

“ I know, holy father, that men vow, now-a-days, much that they never perform: not that we tax Father Ambroise with such double dealing; but certes, father, this is a work of useless penance.”

“ Nothing is useless, my son, that teaches us to despise the complacencies of the flesh. Besides, I love to contemplate the beauties of creation, and to listen to the voice of the Creator, even in his angry thunder. How bright was that vivid flash! Thou wouldest do well, my friend, to lay aside thy arquebuse—it is a dangerous attraction for the lightning.’ The soldier laid it within the watch-tower, and the monk, calling him to the further side of the rampart, pointed to the chain of the Jura. “ Look! look!” he said, “ how the incessant ashes illumine

the sides of the mountains—one would almost imagine it to be a wall of fire.”

The sentinel's eyes were fixed on an object nearer home, for the tell-tale flash had discovered a little boat, struggling against the foaming waves of the lake, just beneath the castle walls

“ Did you not see a boat yonder, holy father? Wait until the next flash,—there, there!” he cried, “ immediately under the hall of justice;” and he ran for his fire-arms. “ I will hazard a shot at it,” he continued, as he returned with the loaded piece. It may rouse the other sentinels, and prevent mischief.”

“ Stop, my son!” said the monk, laying his hand on the soldier's arm; “ may it not be some poor fisherman, who is gone in the midst of the storm to secure his nets?”

“ I scarcely think any of the craft would be hardy enough to venture out in such a night. Hist, father! did you not hear a plash, as if some one had fallen into the water? May be it is one of the prisoners taking an evening bath in the lake, under the superintendence of the master of the bathing establishment, Signor Bertoldo,” continued the man, with a short significant laugh; “ but they

do not usually take a boat with them in their pastimes, and I surely hear the stroke of oars."

This was not fancy. The ears of the other listener, stretched in the deepest attention, had also heard the plunge and the splash of oars that succeeded, but the wild spirit of the storm that again arose after the transitory calm, soon drowned all other sound.

The soldier again raised his arms. "There they are, there they are," he shouted, as successive flashes of lightning again discovered the little bark, bearing rapidly away towards the other side of the lake. The man fired—the shot ran hissing across the waters—another was heard from a distant part of the castle—and then all was still.

"If anything comes of this, holy father, you are a witness that I did my duty," said the sentinel. "I am sorry I could not hit the fellows, for be their errand what it may, they have no business to be lurking there at this time of night. However, it is some comfort to know, that if they have escaped my balls, there is no chance for their cockleshell in such a storm."

"There would indeed be none, if Heaven were not more merciful than man," replied the monk;

‘ but perchance I am more skilful in reading the skies than thou, my friend. I see a clearing over the Jura, and can discern a few stars ; the violence of the wind is passing away, and God has stilled the raging of the waves.’

It was as he predicted : the thunder rolled more distantly, the pelting hail was succeeded by soft rain, the wind sank sobbing to rest, and the waves of the lake subsided into the long roll which follows unusual agitation.

The father now retired to his apartment—not to sleep, but to prostrate himself in painful penance before the image of his vain idolatry, and to implore her forgiveness for the part he had taken in the escape of one who had renounced her worship.

At breakfast the next morning he joined the party in the hall, where nothing was mentioned of the events of the preceding evening, except a few cursory observations on the weather ; and he hoped, if the prisoner had escaped, his absence would not be discovered before the jailer’s nightly round. He was now desirous of leaving the castle to prevent any discovery of the part he had taken in his flight ; but before the hour fixed by the pilgrim prince for commencing their march, he visited his

beloved pupil, conjuring her to let him hear of her future movements, and promising to come to her assistance, should she at any time want his counsel or aid. Poor Beatrice and her attendant reverently bent to receive his parting benediction, and with strained and weeping eyes saw their only friend pass over the drawbridge a short time after, and take, with the pilgrim band, the chesnut-shaded path that led to Villeneuve. At the same moment the Governor of Chillon and the Archbishop left the castle; and drawing up with their attendants on one side, uncovered their heads and bent low as the pilgrims, chanting their Ave Marias, and treading in slow measure to the monotonous accompaniment, passed by.

“A strange fancy this,” said the prelate, “as the assumed humility of his countenance was succeeded by his usual sarcastic haughtiness; “to lay aside the sceptre and take up the staff.”

“The fickle jade, Fortune,” returned his companion, “played poor dame Nature a sorry trick, when she placed a crown on that weak head, and covered your’s with a cowl, my lord.”

“Nature, however, generally asserts her right,” said the Bishop, “and Charles is not the first prince

who has been governed by a monk. But let us now turn to the concerns of another deity more powerful than either. To-day, I trust, we shall conclude our negotiations, and secure the beautiful Lady Blanche as your affianced bride. You are a lucky man, de Beaufort."

"You shall find me a grateful one," returned the Governor; "but De Blonay, I fear, will not like me so well as a brother-in-law."

"He has a right loyal heart, and will sacrifice a great deal for his prince's interest. I will read you that young man's fortune without a silver mark. He has staked his happiness on the glance of a scornful eye."

"Nay, my lord, that surely is not a right appellation for my gentle nun."

"Perhaps not; but I contented myself with the vocabulary of the troubadour."

"And the Count's fortune?" asked the anxious interrogator.

"A divided shield, and distant grave," said the prelate solemnly, as they rode into the court of the castle.

Two hours after, the Sire de Beaufort descended the mountain gorge, intoxicated with love and am-

bition, turning ever and anon to acknowledge the signal waved by the white hand of his lady love from the balcony, until the deep shade of her ancestral trees shut her from his view, and another form as fair, in its pale seriousness, presented itself to his mind's eye.

“Tush!” he exclaimed, as he sought to stifle the voice of conscience, “Beatrice will be happier in her cloister, or, if not, why did she refuse the hand of the Count? She has been the arbitress of her own fate.”

Under the influence of this self-deception, the Governor entered his castle, and was met at the door by Bertoldo, with a countenance that announced intelligence of weighty and no pleasant import. The man beckoned mysteriously to his lord to follow, and led the way into an apartment half way up the principal stone staircase—it was empty.

“Gone! escaped!” exclaimed the Governor; “villain, if thou hast betrayed thy trust, thy head shall answer for it.”

Bertoldo advanced towards the window, which looked into the lake, and pointed to the bar, which had been bent aside.*

† See note K.

“ Was it I that moved this ?” he said ; “ was it I that placed the prisoner where help could have been brought him from without ?”

The Governor examined the window. “ It is impossible,” he said, thoughtfully, “ that the unassisted arm of man could have bent this bar.”

“ But if the old witch of the whirlwind did not help her brood through the storm of last night,” said the jailer, with a malignant laugh, “ he must have perished in its fury !”

“ Go, sirrah, call the captain of the galley and Colonel Dufour, we must dispatch men and boats in all directions.”

The officers appeared, and received their orders ; the sentinels of the night were examined ; and no pains were spared in trying to discover the manner of the prisoner’s flight, or in arranging the best methods for retaking the fugitive.

In the evening the old Concierge tapped at the door of his young mistress’s apartment to inform her that her father wished instantly to see her : she obeyed in trembling, and found him alone in his cabinet. As the old domestic threw open the door and announced the Lady Beatrice, the Governor quitted the desk, at which he was writing, and

taking her hand, seated himself near her on a couch. There was an expression of assumed dignity, and at the same time of almost shrinking apprehension, in his manner, which unconsciously inspired his companion with courage to lift her eyes towards a countenance, which was turned from her searching look.

“ My dear daughter,” said the Sire de Beaufort, after a short pause, “ I have sent for you to converse on a subject of the deepest importance—one that nearly concerns the honour of our house. You have been imprudent, my dear child, and this imprudence has almost cost your father his situation in life, if not his life itself.” He paused; Beatrice answered not; there was a vague doubt of the sincerity of her father’s statement—a hope, at least, that the danger was exaggerated, which kept her silent. She still fixed her inquiring eyes on him, as he proceeded: “ I see, my daughter, that you do not feel the full import of what I say—you do not estimate the dreadful ruin which must have ensued to us both, if I had not possessed friends sufficiently powerful to avert it.”

“ My father,” said Beatrice, at length forcing herself to reply, “ I beseech you explain! what

have I done to occasion you so much uneasiness?"

"What have you done? Is it possible that you can be ignorant that your avowal of heretical opinions, and your reading of heretical books, has been a subject of general remark, and would have attracted the censure of the church, had not the Archbishop of Turin considerably taken the subject into his private jurisdiction." Beatrice was now considerably alarmed, and trembled exceedingly as her father proceeded. "He has consented to overlook your imprudence, on condition you ask pardon, and fulfil another exaction which will fall heavily on me, since I shall be called on to part with you for a time, that you may make a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, there to implore forgiveness at the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits." The Governor stopped, but Beatrice spoke not,—she could not speak,—her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, the room ran round before her closing eyes, and she turned exceedingly pale. "My dear child," said the Governor, somewhat alarmed, "be not terrified, the danger is past, and all will be well if thou art obedient."

"It is your anger I fear, my father, when I de-

clare unto you that my conscience will not allow me to undertake the pilgrimage you propose."

She bent her head meekly to meet the pelting of the expected storm, and pressed her hands on her bosom to still its beatings. But her unfeeling parent perceived that he had now proceeded far enough for his present purpose; he therefore raised her gently, and wiped the cold dew from her forehead.

"My little trembler," he said kindly, "think not that I would exact anything to give thee needless pain. If thou willest it not, thou shalt leave thy pilgrimage until we can make it together. Here, however, thou canst not remain, for this castle is threatened with attack. What sayest thou to our sunny glades of Cormayer—wilt thou bend thy steps thither? Ah, now I see thou canst smile—a rainbow gleam through the dropping shower. Well, let me think how I can best arrange our plans." He placed his hand on his forehead, as if in deep consideration, whilst Beatrice stood by in breathless expectation; at length he said, as though the plan had that instant presented itself to his thoughts, "The only way I see to release us from our present difficulties, will be to ask a shelter, for a

short time, from the kind abbess of St. Maurice, until I can either accompany thee myself, or Father Ambroise shall return to escort thee across the mountains."

The heart of Beatrice sank at the mention of a convent, and she ventured timidly to ask if she might not remain at Chillon, until he could leave it with her.

"Impossible! the castle must be put into a state of immediate defence, and thou must leave it to-morrow morning. Rosette will accompany, and an escort befitting thy rank escort thee. And now go, my child," he continued, rising, and taking her in his arms, "thou hast doubtless some preparation to make. Nay, do not cling around me as if we were to part for ever. I shall see thee on thy way to-morrow."

The Sire de Beaufort thus far kept his word, and was ready the next morning at an early hour to hand his daughter into her litter. Beatrice could only embrace her father in silence; the grey dawn did not admit of her observing his countenance, but he pressed her to his bosom, kissed her cheek and forehead, and then, bidding her "God speed," ordered the cavalcade to proceed. Poor Boniface

closed the curtains of the litter with a trembling hand, and turning to Rosette, renewed his injunctions of attention and care towards her precious charge.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLIGHT.

. Yet better
 This wild life of danger and distress,—
 Watchings by night, and perilous flight by day,—
 Far better, than to kneel with them,
 And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

BRYANT.

AND how sped our little bark over the stormy lake on that dark night when Father Ambroise sought to direct from it the deadly aim of the sentinel? And what did the frail bark contain, that he denied repose to his sunken eye until he had prayed earnestly for its safety? A Christian flying from persecution—a captive escaped from treacherous thralldom—and two generous men who had perilled their lives to ransom his.

It were vain to attempt a description of the wild struggle which followed the plunge of the captive into the lake from the window of his prison: the nervous, strenuous contest with darkness, wind, and wave, until he was seated in the boat, and that was impelled by the stout arms of the rowers, and a favouring though tempestuous gale, out of reach of the shot which whizzed over the lake. Not a word was uttered—the danger was too imminent to allow a pause; and every breath was required for ceaseless exertion.

After half-an-hour's severe rowing, the exhausted boatmen rested a moment on their oars, and one of them exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, we are now for a while safe, and may venture to pull in for the cove,—one tug more, and we shall be there."

The renewed effort was successful, and soon brought them within the safe enclosure of one of the sheltered bays of the lake, into which a considerable torrent from the mountains above, poured its now turgid and swollen waters. The foremost boatman here jumped ashore, and was quickly followed by his companions, with whose aid he drew the little bark high up on the beach, and placed in it some fishing tackle which lay there.

“ Now, Isaack,” said he, “ you will have nothing to do but to go quietly to-morrow morning to mending your nets ; but in the meantime it shall be our first business to seek a little refreshment, and change our wet clothes, after which we will consult what is best to be done.”

Saying this, he plunged into a deep ravine, whilst the others followed in silence, sometimes climbing over steep rocks, sometimes knee-deep in the mud brought down by the swollen torrent. They thus continued for nearly an hour to mount the rugged steep, when they turned into a thick forest, and following a path which led down the sides of some rocks, saw at a little distance a light gleam from the windows of a cottage. A woman, who was leaning over the gallery, hastily descended, and asked “ if all was safe, and the captive free ?”

“ All safe,” replied Lenoir, “ thanks to a protecting Providence.”

“ But where is Monsieur Cottier ?” inquired she, raising her lamp to the stranger’s face ; “ this is not he !”

“ All in good time,” said her husband, gently pushing her towards the house. “ I hope thou art

prepared to give us good welcome. Come in, signor; come in, good Isaack; do thou dry thy garments beside the fire whilst I equip his Excellence;" and he led the rescued captive into an inner chamber, where he furnished him with dry linen and a suit of clothes such as was then worn by the fishermen of the lake, and bringing him forth thus equipped, placed a seat for him at one of the little tables near the fire, whilst he took his supper with old Isaack at the other. The hospitality of the gude wife was not diminished by the disappointment she had experienced at not finding the preserver of her children amongst the liberated; and after her guests had liberally partaken of her good cheer, Di Rossi poured out his grateful thanks to his host and Isaack for their intrepid and unlooked-for aid, and asked how they had discovered the place of his confinement?

"Why, Eccellenza," said Lenoir, "since my wife has partly let the cat out of the bag, I may as well tell you at once, that though we are glad enough to get such a noble fish into our nets, you are not exactly the one we were in search of. It was young Master Cottier that Isaack and I have been angling for many a rough night, seeing we have both good

reason to be obliged to him. Since our business, therefore, is not done whilst he remains in bonds, I fear you must go on your way without us, though I will do all I can to speed you on it."

"Thank thee, Lenoir, but before we talk of my concerns, I must hear how you mistook me for my poor friend."

"You must know, then, signor, that ever since I was the innocent cause of the noble lad's imprisonment, my good father-in-law and myself have not rested night or day, in endeavouring to set him free. Some day I may tell you more about it, but at present I am on tenters till you are off, and I will only say that, as a last hope, we ventured to interest Father Ambroise in his favour, to beg he might be removed into the chamber immediately above the dungeons, from whose window I knew it was practicable to escape. It was but this evening that I received from the good monk an assurance that he had obtained the permission from the Governor himself; when, therefore, I heard a splash in that direction—for the darkness of the night prevented us from marking the exact spot—what could we think but that it was the young man

himself? although I soon found we had hooked a larger fish."

"Would it had been he!" exclaimed Di Rossi.

"Nay, chevalier, we are thankful for what we have obtained, and will trust to Providence, and your efforts with the great folks of Geneva, for the rest—not that we will spare any pains on our part; but, signor, if I may be so bold, will you tell us how the Governor got you into the trap? I thought he would have feared to set a finger on such a gentleman, with half-a-dozen of brave retainers."

"My attendants were removed out of the castle on pretence of making room for the Archbishop's suite. I, however, anticipated no treachery from this, nor from being requested, on the same plea, to change my sleeping apartment, and I entered that allotted to me without the most distant suspicion of finding a prison in it. It differed in no other respects from an ordinary bed-room, than in having strong iron bars across the window, and a certain piece of machinery inserted in the massive door, the use of which I learnt the next evening, when my jailer introduced my food through it."

"I know the chamber well," interrupted Lenoir;

“ it has before been used as a decoy pit for noble prey, whose roar frightened the cowardly hunter from open attack. But, signor, how could you get from the window ? I have myself tried the strength of those bars, and found them too thick for the unaided strength of a giant.”

“ Help was vouchsafed me in my hour of need,” said the chevalier, with an uplifting of the eye which showed to whom he ascribed the praise ; “ but I did not break, I only bent the bars sufficiently aside to admit of my forcing myself between. I had before made many attempts to remove them, intending to endeavour to swim across the lake ; providentially I did not succeed until help was at hand, and I saw your little boat immediately beneath the window.”

“ We must now consult on the next step,” said Lenoir ; “ what say you, chevalier, shall I haste to Blonay, and ask help of the Count, or will you trust to Dulait’s little boat, which lies on the beach, and which he will be as well satisfied you should use, as the poor youth for whom it was obtained ? Choose, but do not delay ; for every gust of wind I fancy to be that infernal Bertoldo and his bloodhounds !”

Di Rossi did not hesitate to profit by the last offer, in preference to compromising his friend, and he and Lenoir were soon on their way down the ravine.

“A time may come when I shall have an opportunity of proving my gratitude,” said the chevalier, as he wrung his deliverer’s hand.

“Ah, signor! if you could make me lord of Blonay, you would not confer on me so great a benefit as in helping me to wipe off old scores.”

The little boat was, as they expected, on the lake shore, and as Di Rossi sprang into it, Lenoir placed in his hands a small basket, saying, “My wife has remembered that you must eat, signor, and may find no safe opportunity of procuring provisions on your voyage. And now farewell, noble sir; I must away, and be in bed ere the sun rises—Isaack mending his nets, and all as if you and I had never met. That’s right—off like a dart—the lake will tell no tales. Would that all in yonder dungeons were as free!”

“Amen! amen!” exclaimed Di Rossi, as the prayer of Lenoir came wafted to him across the water; and even amid the wild joy of restored liberty, he felt that he had usurped the liberty in-

tended for another. These feelings however, of regret, gave way to sentiments of gratitude and hope, and in that hour of blissful freedom, he vowed to devote the whole energies of his lengthened life to the spiritual and temporal emancipation of his fellow-beings. Unable to check these delightful anticipations, he gave way to their full enjoyment, and laying aside his oars, allowed his boat to drift before the wind, until his delicious reveries were broken in on by the approach of one of the Chillon barges, which had nearly overtaken him. In the first alarm of the moment he seized his oars, which reflection made him as quickly lay aside, and taking a fishing-line, placed in the boat by Lenoir to complete his disguise, he threw it over its side, apparently intent on the assumed calling. The barge shot rapidly by, regardless of the humble fishing-boat, and Di Rossi saw it shortly after land a party of soldiers at La Tour, and pursue its onward way. He doubted not that these men were sent in pursuit of him, and rowing with great diligence, he kept far from the shore until the evening set in, when weary of the exercise, he approached nearer the banks of the lake, in the hope of finding some retired cove in which

he might draw up his little bark and sleep until morning. The evening was happily calm, and as the wanderer saw the stars shine out one by one in the blue ether above him, relaxing his efforts, he slowly glided through the world of waters, and his soul sought communion with Him who dwelleth beyond them. He prayed for those who still lingered in chains—prayed for the gentle beings who had thrown off the bands of error. But in that hour there was another who occupied his mind, even more than the companion of his trial or the object of his early choice—his friend De Blonay.

Occupied by these melancholy musings, he saw the sun of the first evening decline. He drew up the boat at night in a secluded nook of the lake, and having made a slight repast on the contents of Fanchette's basket, and drank of a clear spring that ran stealthily through the verdant grass, he laid himself down in the bottom of the boat, and slept soundly until morning.

Accustomed, as a sportsman and a soldier, to much hardship and privation, he heeded not the evening dew, nor the night-air; but the weather was now become very wintry; the next day was wet,

and after rowing the whole of it through heavy rain mixed with snow, he began to consider whether he had not better run the risk of landing, and endeavouring to procure food and shelter. The wind, too, had been unfortunately adverse, and the waves, breaking on the edge of his boat, entirely destroyed all that remained of his little sea-store. But the horror he felt of being discovered by the emissaries of the Governor of Chillon, deterred him from going on shore until dark, as he felt that death itself would be preferable to falling into the hands of one who, he knew, would not hesitate to gratify his revenge on him, as he had done on many other unfortunate beings who had fallen into his hands. To sleep in his wet clothes he found to be impossible; he therefore passed the night in pacing up and down the shore, after having in vain sought for shelter near it.

“ One day more,” he said, as on the third morning he cleared his battered bark of the snow which had partly filled it, and prepared to launch it into the lake; “ one day more—my arm is feeble and my strength nearly exhausted; but He who drew me from my prison, will deliver me in the way best suited to his wisdom.”

He took a draught of the waters of the lake as his only breakfast, and once more committed himself to its waves. The snow had now ceased to fall, but the dawn was red and lowering, and Di Rossi pushed on in the hope of reaching Geneva ere the storm, which hung black and lowering over the Jura, spread to the vale below. As he felt his little remaining strength decline, he looked wistfully towards the town of Nyon, half doubting whether he was justified in proceeding in his crazy boat, amid a threatening storm; but the fear of captivity nerved his arm with temporary force, and enabled him, buoyed by the hope which the near approach to Geneva inspired, to exert his most strenuous efforts. In another hour, however, in which adverse and conflicting winds entirely exhausted his remaining strength, the threatened storm, sweeping down from the mountains, hid the city from his view: the waves rose and broke over his frail bark, until, filling with water, it was drawn down by the eddying flood. Di Rossi kept possession of one of the oars, and endeavoured to support himself on it; but he felt aware that his grasp was gradually relaxing, and a mist fast gathering over his eyes. His senses, however, were

yet acute enough to enable him to distinguish a voice, which, amid the roar of the elements, called on him to "hold fast." It was high and shrill, and appeared that of a young man. "Hold on, my lad!" it said: "don't be down-hearted, we shall soon be with you."

A boat, guided by two lads, now approached from the shore, and reached the exhausted sufferer, just as he was relinquishing his hold on the sustaining oar. His last effort was, aided by his young deliverers, to get into their boat, at the bottom of which he lay, almost without consciousness.

"It was well we had the boat at hand, or the poor fellow must have been drowned," said the younger lad.

"Ay, truly, Antoine, and that I had the help of thy stout arm," returned the elder brother, with a good-humoured smile; "but now we have got him, I hardly know what we shall do with him."

"Carry him home to be sure, to supper."

"But what will father say to our bringing another mouth, when there are already more than there is bread to put in them? Dost thou not remember the poor women and children who were

turned away starving from the city gates, the other day?"

"Ay, Jules, that I do, and am not like to forget it soon. But this poor fellow looks very sick, and perhaps may not want much, therefore I could spare him a part of my allowance."

"Why, Antoine, thou forgettest that Dotto has already the best share of it—wilt thou hang the poor beast?"

"Yes, Jules," said the little boy, whilst his eyes filled with tears, "if it must be. Master Farrel said truly, that men must be fed before dogs."

"Master Farrel," repeated Di Rossi, making an effort to speak; "if you could bring me to the speech of Master Farrel, my good lads, he would lighten you of all further charge on my account."

"Holla! boys, what are ye about? Are ye bent on delivering the city from some of her superfluous burthens?" roared out an elderly man, who, his cloak flying back from his shoulders, his hair blown about by the wind, ran from a bureau on the side of the lake to the edge of the water. "There, there! throw me a rope, and I will help pull ye on shore. But what could induce ye to go out in such a storm?"

“ To the rescue of this poor fisherman, father,” said the elder boy, who had now jumped on shore, “ whom we saw nearly perishing, and who, but for timely aid, must have been lost.”

“ Poor fellow !” said the father, “ I fear you have done him little benefit by saving him from drowning, to bring him hither to starve. I hardly know how to refuse him aid, yet my orders are peremptory to let no one land.” During this little conversation, the father and sons had succeeded in almost lifting poor Di Rossi out of the boat; and when they had placed him on a bench in the bureau, the former continued, as he rested the sufferer’s head on his shoulder, “ I really know not what we shall do to provide him with food and shelter in this besieged city.”

“ Aunt has plenty of room,” said the youngest boy, “ and I’m sure she will take him in.”

“ Room is not what we want, my child, but food, and she has half-starved herself already.”

“ Well, dear father, continued the pleader, “ I must—I will hang poor Dotto, and give the rescued man half my rations.”

“ Agreed, my little Antoine, and remember thou keepest thy promise.”

“The stranger said he knew Master Farrel,” observed the elder boy; “would it not be wise to run to the temple and stop him as he comes out?”

“Yonder is thy aunt, my son—go and hasten her steps—she will direct us to the minister, and I doubt not find some way of helping the poor man.”

The boy quickly returned with a lady, dressed in deep mourning, who, throwing off her cloak and gloves, advanced rapidly towards the sufferer.

“He is fainting for want of food!” she exclaimed, as she bared his wrist, and felt his fluttering pulse. “Run, Antoine, and fetch a little bread and wine from my buffet.”

“Nay, there is no need to go so far,” interrupted the father; “these are articles that do not abound just now in our city, but we have nevertheless a little yet to spare to the destitute. Where is the minister, sister?”

“He came out of the temple with me, and will be here anon,” said the lady, as she advanced eagerly to take the wine from the hands of her nephew, and carry it to the sick man’s mouth. Di Rossi swallowed a small portion, and the temporary

excitement enabled him to sit up and utter a faint acknowledgment, when his eyes closed again, and he sunk, perfectly insensible, into the arms of his compassionating supporter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EMBASSY.

Now may *this relic* reverend of old
Guard thee in danger. Health and strength be thine
Through thy long travel. May no sunbeam strike,
No vapour cling and wither. Mayst thou be,
Sleeping or waking, sacred and secure.

ROGERS.

WHEN Charles of Savoy reached his capital, he found that heavy news had collected from all quarters. His nephew Francis, burning with the desire of taking possession of Milan, and effacing the disgrace of the unfortunate battle of Pavia, had assembled a large army for that purpose, whilst the Emperor, Charles V., had lost no time in seizing on the dukedom of Francis Sforza, who had just expired, and placing it in a condition to oppose the pretensions of his rival.

History informs us that Pope Clement VII., conversing one day with the King of France, on the failure of his Italian campaigns, imputed it to the want of some place of retreat for his army after a battle; and with an absence of integrity which has often disgraced the politics of the Vatican, counselled him to seize on the neighbouring dominions of his uncle, the Duke of Savoy, and incorporate them with his own. In furtherance of this iniquitous advice, Francis had the littleness of mind to bring several frivolous charges against his relative; but being unable to give to them the slightest colouring of justice, he boldly claimed the dukedom in right of his mother, Louisa of Savoy, alleging that Charles, as the descendant of a second marriage, had no legitimate title to it. Already had he dispatched the president of his parliament, Poyet, to assert his claims, but notwithstanding the vehement eloquence of the royal advocate, the upright integrity of the Duke's leading counsellor, Jean François Porporat, had refuted all his pretensions, and obliged him, at length, to recognise the arrogance and oppression on which they were grounded.

“Le Roi le veut,” said the Frenchman—to which the Piedmontois calmly replied,

“You cite a law that I do not find in my code.”

But this was not the only point on which Francis attacked his overwhelmed kinsman. The persecutor of heretics, and defender of the rights of legitimacy, condescended to employ a private ambassador, the politic and courtly Verét, to offer protection and co-operation to the protestant and republican citizens of Geneva.

Harassed from without, as well as borne down by domestic trials, the amiable, yet weak prince, only clung with greater tenacity to the superstitious rites and observances of his church; and believing that a remissness in some of these might have been the cause of his misfortunes, he called on Father Ambroise once more to quit his convent walls, and go on pilgrimage for him to Einsiedeln.

“The blessed Virgin is angry at my desertion of her shrine,” he said, “and will refuse to aid me, until I make my intended offering. Since the council opposes my quitting Turin, thinkest thou, father, that the holy Maria will accept it from other hands—the purest I can find to lay it there?”

“She, who so faithfully fulfilled the duties of a humble station, my prince, would not surely require you to neglect those of the lofty one assigned your

highness. Although it is with deference I venture my humble judgment, yet methinks, we too often slight our home obligations, to wander to distant shrines."

"Thou therefore condemnest my late journey to Chillon?"

"Does not the brightest example teach us to visit the sorrowing and imprisoned, my prince?"

"True; and although the effort, as far as Bonnard is concerned, was useless, I feel happy that it was made. But," continued the prince, resigning himself again to the power that subjugated him, "thou wilt go for me to the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits? Thou wilt not shrink from the exertions of a rigid pilgrimage, which I myself should have performed? Thou wilt not stop by the way to repose thy weary limbs, more than nature absolutely requires? Thy drink must be the waters of the spring, thy food and lodging what the hand of charity supplies; and thou wilt tread thy pilgrim steps, to the measure of thy chanted prayers." The evident abstraction of the father, somewhat offended the Prince, for he added in an altered tone, "Speak! do I tax thy duty too severely? I know thou scornest reward, but perchance thou requirest rest?"

“I seek neither, here,” said the monk, with a deep sigh.

“Thou wouldest give all and receive nothing,” said the Duke, somewhat haughtily. “And yet, if the poor Duke of Savoy has little that is worth thy care, his word might procure for thee the cardinal’s hat which the proud Archbishop so eagerly covets.”

“This simple cap will suit my grey hairs better,” said the monk smiling, as he took off the conical cap of his order, and discovered his commanding brow. He continued, whilst a deep flush crimsoned it :

“I am not so moderate as your highness kindly judges. Where is the human heart without a wish ? But the request I have to make is, of so engrossing a nature, that I forbear to wear out your generosity by smaller claims.”

“I promise unheard, to grant it,” said Charles, with evident satisfaction ; “therefore, tell it me without hesitation.”

“Not now, my liege lord—let it be my reward for the faithful discharge of my present trust ; at my return from Einsiedeln, I will remind your highness of your gracious promise. In the mean time, forgive my boldness, if, in token of it, I ask the pledge

of this crucifix." And he pointed to one of gold, with an exquisite relievo of carved ivory, which stood on the table.

The prince looked at his companion with surprise. "Thou wert not wont to doubt my word."

"Nor do I now, my liege lord ; but life is uncertain, and I would not rest the fulfilment of your promise on my return, but on the safe restoration of the sacred pledge. Besides, in the contingencies of my journey, I may stand in need of such credentials ; circumstances may occur which may require prompt ——"

"Enough," interrupted the prince, "thou shalt have it, holy father, and not more willingly than I will redeem the pledge at thy return. It is indeed, a relic of inestimable value, and next to the King of the great captain, which my ancestor Pierre le Grand received from the Dean of St. Maurice, I own nothing of greater sanctity. Read the inscription on the pedestal ; thou wilt learn from it that this crucifix was given by St. Bernard to the Duke Amadeus, called the Crusader, just before his departure for the Holy Land. When, mortally wounded, he retired some years after to die in the island of Cyprus, he despatched a trusty page with

orders to deliver it to his successor; and it has descended ever since, with the crown of Savoy. Thou seest then, holy father, how great is my confidence in thy discretion."

"My prince does not repent the yet more valuable trust he reposed in me at Chillon—and I will make a no less worthy use of this precious deposit."

"Take it then," said Charles, reverently passing the crucifix to his lips, whilst the monk unbonnetted himself to receive the relic, "and may He who hung on it, restore you both in safety to me!"

After a short pause, the monk said, "I shall visit the castle of Chillon in my way, would your highness entrust me with any mission to the Governor?"

"Wherefore shouldest thou go thither?" asked the Duke hastily; methinks thou wilt find better welcome at the shrine of St. Roche, or near the tomb of Sigismond. That castle is not now, as in the days of the pious Amadeus, the favourite halting place of Palmer and Pilgrim."

"I have left there an object of great affection and solicitude—my spiritual daughter, the young lady of Brières."

The prince's countenance assumed an unusual

expression of sternness. "Name her not," he said, "fair and gentle as she seems, I have too sure proof of her guilt, to listen to any overtures in her favour."

"I only ask to see the maiden, and try to win her back to the faith."

"It cannot be," interrupted the Duke, impatiently; "besides, thy visit to Chillon would be bootless. I have complied with the request of her father, backed by the advice of the Archbishop of Turin, to permit her being placed under the mild rule of the Abbess of St. Maurice."

"Will your highness then allow of my visiting her there—the tomb of Sigismond is one of the stations of my pilgrimage?"

"I am not sure that even here, you could see her," returned the Duke, with evident embarrassment. "Besides, it is better thou shouldest not. I bid thee, not only as thy prince, but as thy friend, to beware of tampering with these heretics; thy holy life has not quite freed thee from the imputation of too great indulgence to their errors."

"Alas! my prince, is it from the sick and diseased that the physician flies?"

"Press me not, holy father. I tell thee thou

knowest not what thou askest; dangerous diseases call for strong remedies, and the soul of the young woman will be irrevocably lost, if she fall into the hands of Di Rossi."

"Of Di Rossi, my prince! is he not a prisoner in her father's castle?"

The Duke fixed his eyes on him. "Knowest thou not that he is at liberty? Men charge thee, father, with aiding in his escape."

"They charge me falsely," said the monk calmly; "I knew not until this moment, that the young man was free."

"And yet they tell me of some one who prevented the sentinel from doing his duty on the night of the prisoner's flight."

"My lord, I am a servant of the Prince of Peace; I do not, therefore, hesitate to avow, that I endeavoured to turn aside the soldier's too ready aim, imagining however, that it had another mark—that of the poor youth, whose punishment your highness revoked on the day of the trial."

The prince was silent, and the monk added, "I would willingly hope that your highness rejoices with me in the emancipation of Di Rossi from his cruel persecutor?"

Charles did not notice the words of Father Ambroise, who would have withdrawn, had not the Duke detained him, saying, "I promised to admit the Archbishop, and he should be already here. He too, has need of thy services, holy father, for honest men are scarce in these degenerated times." He rang, and his secretary appearing, he desired the prelate should be admitted. "We have much to thank you, holy father," said he, after he had paid his homage to the prince, "for undertaking the pilgrimage which our too devoted sovereign had purposed; and whilst hastening to lay his offering on our Lady's shrine, you may do the state good service by the way."

The monk bent his head, and crossed his arms in the attitude of obedience and attention.

"The prince commands that we have no reserve with you," continued the prelate; "I must, therefore, first inform you, that François de Montelbet, Lord of Very, is, at the command of the King of France, raising several hundred men in the Lyonnais, to proceed to the deliverance of the rebellious city."

"Heaven will give strength to its own cause," said Charles. "The blessed saints send daily to our army volunteers, burning with zeal in this crusade against heresy."

A slight movement of impatience contracted the features of the haughty prelate. "Your highness's faith in the marvellous interposition of the church, is a lesson even to us, her own anointed priests," he said, checking its expression; "but if you would, in return, deign to receive a caution from our experience, I would urge that ambassadors be sent to the Emperor's court, as well as to that of the French king, and a secret emissary to the cantons of Fribourg and Berne."

"Have we not already thought of this?" said Charles; "the president Lembert is, ere now, at Naples, and your brother prelate, the Lord Bishop of Lausanne, will leave our capital to-morrow for Dijon, where my dutiful nephew chafes and frets under the chastisement of temporary sickness that Heaven has sent him. What more do you command, John of Coulpoys?"

"Nay, my liege lord," said the Bishop, bowing with proud submission, "I only ventured my poor opinion, which the exigency of the moment drew from me."

"I do not doubt thy wisdom," said the Duke with a heavy sigh. "Thou counsellest, therefore, that Father Ambroise should courteously beg these

upstart burghers to reach out their clumsy hands to poor Charles of Savoy."

"My prince," said the Bishop, suppressing his just indignation at his sovereign's obstinate prejudice, "these upstart burghers, as you perhaps too harshly term them, want not royal suitors. The emperor and king have already been many days at their gates demanding an audience; and even now the delegates return to tell their fellow citizens of the slights they received at Aosta."

"Well, be it so, since such is thy will!" said Charles, with the peevishness of a man convinced against his wishes. "Let the father bear our humble excuses to these citizen princes, for our presumption in forbidding the entrance of their Lutheran hypocrites into our canton of Vaud. But since when, has the primate of Turin laid aside the thunderbolts of the Vatican, and taken up the olive branch?"

"Since experience has taught him the insufficiency of opposition without power, my prince: be advised by one, who is little inclined to stoop, unless it be to conquer, and consent that the father, whilst prosecuting his original object of a pilgrimage to the shrine of Einsiedeln, should visit the

towns of Fribourg and Berne, and learn how they stand affected to our cause."

"There is reason in what thou urgest," said the Duke. "If Berne help Geneva, she is for ever lost to Savoy, and is not the only jewel that will fall from her crown. The bears have always coveted the fair forests of la Suisse Romande."

Early on the following morning, having received his political instructions from the Archbishop, and his costly offering for the image of Einsiedeln from the hands of the Duke himself, Father Ambroise once more set off for the monastery of St. Bernard, whither, gentle reader, if it please thee, we will follow him in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

ST. BERNARD.

But not a sigh of lurking life
Through all his frame he found to creep,
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his master did not sleep.

OLD BALLAD.

THE beams of a cloudless sun enlivened the lovely Vale of Aosta, as Father Ambroise rode slowly and thoughtfully through it. His pilgrimage, strictly so called, was not to begin until he left the monastery, and the Duke, in order to spare him all needless fatigue, had insisted on his performing the previous journey on a mule, with whose paces and dispositions, he graciously assured him, he was well acquainted.

It was an unwonted luxury for the self-denying

ascetic, thus at ease to look around on the beautiful scenes of nature, which his ardent soul and cultivated taste knew so keenly how to appreciate.

“ ’Twas well,” he said, as his delighted eye wandered from the romantic and luxuriant vale to the dark forests above, and the snowy peaks which crowned them—“ ’Twas well my heavenly Father called me early by trial from the delights of sense, or I should have forgotten that earth was not my paradise. Now, weaned by suffering from its transient pleasures, the stern heights of St. Bernard are more congenial to my spirit than all the fruitful luxuriance of these plains. Yet Thou hast been beneficent to man,” he continued, as the habitual devotion and thankfulness of his mind broke out in a song of praise from his lips; “ how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! These valleys smile in Thy sunbeams—these fruits and flowers bloom and ripen amid Thy dews—these sturdy forests clothe the rocks on which Thou hast cast their seed; yea, even the snowy tops of the mountains give back the last beams of Thy day, and glow in its closing rays,—but man, man alone is cold, unfruitful, and insensible! Welcome,” he continued, as his eye caught the first view of the convent of St. Bernard,

“welcome, thou coldest, barest habitation of civilized life! Thou art not, like the world below, fair outside, but heartless and chilling within, for under that rough exterior thou aboundest in light and warmth. Here, at least, I can show kindness to my fellow-creatures, without asking their creed or country. It was a heaven-born thought of thine, St. Bernard, thus to raise a shrine, not to exact costly offerings from thy votaries, but to afford help and shelter to the weary wanderers of the earth.”

As the monk passed slowly over the road that skirts the little frozen lake, his reverie was interrupted by a wild howl which proceeded from a large dog of the well-known St. Bernard breed, who, rushing from the lower door of the hospice, and joined by two or three more that were playing about on the snow outside, came bounding towards him, and impeding each other's course in the tumultuous race. The first, however, and noblest of the party, outripped the rest in speed, urged perhaps by warmer affection, and ere his master could dismount, almost pulled him from his mule by his importunate caresses. Jumping on the sides of the poor beast, he caught hold of its mane in his wild

delight ; licked the monk's face and hands, and did all but welcome him in the speech of man,—but that of nature was quite as powerful. With the rest of his canine friends, arrived also some of the Chanoines, who, roused from their dinner by this unusual noise, hastened to greet the stranger ; and by the time he had reached the entrance, the monastery had turned out all its inmates to welcome one, who was universally beloved within its walls.

“ Welcome, thrice welcome, brother ! we spoke of thee just now,” said the superior, as he led his guest into the refectory, and placed a portion of the dinner before him. “ Eat first, and satisfy our curiosity after. Down, Drapeau ! down ! Brother Erasmus, do take this troublesome fellow on thy rounds with thee.”

The young monk called the dog, but Drapeau had no intention of obeying ; and ensconcing himself at his master's feet, neither coaxing nor threatening could induce him to move.

“ I will send Victor for him, when we are equipped for our evening's course—he will accompany him willingly.”

“ Ay, ay, Drapeau will not hang back when duty

calls—like master, like man,” said the superior, with a kind look at Father Ambroise: and when left alone with him, he added earnestly, “Thou wilt not leave us again, I trust! Sit thee here, near the fire, and tell me how our poor Duke bears up against his evil fortune. Thou wilt not leave us again, I trow?” continued the old man, accompanying the reiterated question with an earnest look of interrogation.

“Not to-night, I trust, reverend father, but to-morrow, with your permission, I set out for Einsiedeln.”

“Not with my permission, assuredly; I cannot always give up my claims on thee. Charity, thou knowest, begins at home.”

“Begins, reverend father; but your charity makes wide circuits.”

“Like my truant monk,” said the good Chanoine, patting him on the shoulder. “But I tell thee, Brother Ambroise, now I have caught thee, I will not easily let go my hold.”

Here the maronier entered, wrapped in his long cloak, a lanthorn in his hand, and a small wicker basket and flask hung across his shoulder.

“Come, Drapeau, my boy!” he said, “all’s

ready, and a heavy snow-storm driving over the valley. Come along, thou lazy fellow,—up, up !”

The dog slowly arose, opened his wide mouth in a tremendous yawn, stretched his ponderous limbs, and then approaching his master, placed his head on his knee, and looked meaningly in his face.

“ Not to-night, Drapeau, not to-night,” said the monk, gently patting the noble creature’s head. “ Thou reproachest me rightly with my laziness—I have more than half a mind to go with thee.”

“ Nay, brother, I insist on thy resting this evening ! Thou spoilest the creature. Away, Victor, and take the darling with thee !”

The man whistled shrilly, the dog followed him out of the chamber ; and soon his deep bay was heard, mingled with the voices of men, on the outside of the convent.

“ This noisy fellow has snapped the thread of my discourse,” said the good Chanoine, when they had re-seated themselves ; “ but I must tie it together again, as I have much at heart to urge thee to take on thy shoulders, a burden I begin to find too heavy for mine. I must soon lay it down anyhow, and it remains with thee to decide whether I try the chance of a milder air on my worn-out frame, or let

it be laid a few years sooner in our mountain church. There is this advantage in the latter case, with which a poor pedlar, who died here a few days since, consoled himself—that I shall not have so far to climb as those who are buried in the cloisters below.”

Father Ambroise, who had no relish for this jesting on serious subjects, in which many even of the devout of his persuasion indulge, replied gravely, “I would do all I could to prolong your valuable life, holy father, but give you an unworthy successor. There are many amongst our brothers who could fill your office far better than one who, from constitution and habit, is equally unfit for catering for the temporal wants, or discharging the politer duties of hospitality to the numerous strangers who visit our walls. At present,” he continued, “it is our sovereign’s will that I leave you to-morrow.”

The good superior’s interest and curiosity was now so much excited by the communications his companion had to make, and in talking over the many little occurrences of minor importance on which he wanted the direction of his master-mind, that some hours had flown unheeded by, when they were startled by an unusual noise at the entrance door.

“It is Drapeau’s voice,” said Father Ambroise, “who has returned before his party, and wishes to force his way to me.”

“They hear him from below,” said the Chanoine, probably a little disappointed at his return, “and here he comes through the passage. Softly, my good fellow! don’t scratch down the door!”

Before Father Ambroise could rise to admit the importunate intruder, the door was opened from without, and Drapeau bounded to the side of his master. Instead, however, of lying down as before at his feet, he stood at his side, looking intently at him, and placing his broad paw with no gentle emphasis, from time to time, on his knee or arm, to attract his notice. The superior, tired of these interruptions, yet unwilling to banish the favourite a second time, succeeded, by roughly ordering him to lie down, in keeping him for a few minutes quiet; but the instant the restraining eye was turned from him, he got up, walked round the room snuffing in every corner, and at length placing his nose under the door, whined most piteously.

“There is something more than common in this,” said Father Ambroise; “the dog has certainly run away from his companions, perhaps to

give us warning of some misfortune that has happened to them, and in his way, to urge us to assist them. Drapeau, my poor fellow, tell me what thou wouldest?" The dog ran hastily at the call, and taking the monk's habit in his mouth, pulled him towards the door. "I must indulge thee, my brave dog. I will but get my cloak, and follow thee."

"At any rate, if you will go, take a Maronier with you," pleaded the Grand Chanoine.

But Drapeau had become so importunate, that he scarcely allowed his master to put on the usual equipments for his nightly expeditions, and his wild joy rendered all the good man urged, unheard.

The night was clear, but intensely cold; a bright moon "looked deeply down" from the blue vault of heaven, and shone on the glittering snow, over which the monk and his companion hastened. The storm had rolled off for the moment, but a heavy cloud, like a curtain partly drawn up, hung round the mountains' heads, forming a deep setting to the sharply peaked rocks; and ever and anon, a muffled gust arose as it were from the earth, and lifted the snow in whirlwinds of the finest powder. The dog ran steadily forward, his nose towards the ground, turning occasionally to ascertain that his master was

following him, who, yielding himself entirely to his guidance, walked on as quickly as the newly-fallen snow, and the inequalities of his path permitted.

After descending the gorge for half an hour, Father Ambroise perceived lights at a little distance, and soon found that they proceeded from the party who had left the convent early in the afternoon ; but instead of running to meet them, as he expected, Drapeau slunk back, and remained close at his heels.

“ Ah, my poor fellow,” said the monk, “ thou art then, after all, but a poltroon, and only wanted a little holiday.”

The dog crouched low, as if he understood the reproach, and his master advancing to meet the party, found they were returning to the hospice with three travellers, whom they had discovered bewildered in the snow-storm.

“ Have you seen Drapeau, father ?” asked one of the attendants.

“ Here he is, Victor—and now we will return altogether to the hospice, and if we make good speed, may reach it ere the storm breaks.”

But Drapeau was again unmanageable ; he darted past the whole party, and although he stopped

within sight, all efforts to get hold of, or coax him to return, were fruitless.

“ It’s the voice of Heaven, speaking through that dumb creature,” said Drapeau’s most especial patron, Victor; “ if you will permit me, holy father, I will just humour him, and go whither he chooses to lead.”

The man having received an assenting nod from his superior, ran forward, whistling, and cheering Drapeau, who joyfully preceded him for some paces, whilst Father Ambroise, curious to observe his movements, remained a little behind the homeward-bound party. Of a sudden the animal stopped, looked round for his master, and running towards him, took hold of his gown, and urged him forward as he had before done.

“ Thou art right, Victor,” said the monk, strongly affected, “ it *is* the voice of Heaven, and we will not resist it. Go on, my faithful Drapeau, and we will trustingly follow thee.”

Having ascertained that Victor’s stores were yet untouched, and desired the party to dispatch some one in search of them, should they not return in a few hours; Father Ambroise now set out with his attendant and their faithful guide, to tra-

verse the trackless waste, over which dark clouds rapidly gathering, threatened a quick-coming storm.

“ I’m always as sure that Drapeu is right, as I can be that I am so myself, and perhaps surer,” said Victor ; “ why that dog is as good a Christian as we are—that is, I mean, as such poor ignorant folks as myself, and the like, father.”

“ In one respect he is better than any of us, Victor—he does his duty in that state of life, in which his Creator has placed him.”

“ Well, that’s exactly what I said to a young jackanapes of a serving man, who came up here last summer, and who wanted to compare our dogs with his master’s long-legged, addle-headed lurchers. ‘ Our dogs,’ said I, ‘ St. Bernard’s dogs, are almost human beings, and may perhaps go to the same heaven as we shall.’ ”

“ Nay, Victor, there thy partiality carried thee further than was reasonable,” said the father, almost wishing, if not believing, like an eminent minister of another creed nearly three centuries later, that there was a

‘ World, where dogs are blest.’ ”

“ Why, father, will you believe,” pleaded Victor, that Drapeau there, a dog of his figure and parts—a dog that has been all his life devoted to good works—succouring the needy, leading the wandering into the right way, reviving the fainting—a dog, as one may say, that is consecrated by our patron. Do you believe—”

Here Drapeau’s panegyrist was arrested by a sudden tornado, which almost took him off his legs, and raised such a cloud of snow around the wanderers, as for the moment nearly buried, and entirely blinded them.

“ We must strive to get into shelter, until the violence of the wind abates,” said the monk, “ or we shall be lost.”

They paused a moment: Drapeau’s deep bark was heard amid the wild raging of the elements.

“ There he is, noble fellow!” exclaimed Victor, “ that’s his own sweet voice, encouraging us to follow. I always say that I’d as soon any time hear it, as the organ and the whole choir to boot.”

“ It is impossible to think of returning,” said the monk, heedless of his companion’s unorthodox taste. “ The mountain morgue should be somewhere hereabout; “ if we could reach it we should

find in it a refuge, although a melancholy one, until the morning."

"I think, now madam moon chooses to peep at us from behind the clouds again," said Victor, "that I see something like the dog yonder: perhaps he is seeking shelter for us therein,—yes, here is indeed the morgue."

It was so. The dog approached a low building, whose top was nearly concealed by the snow, and suddenly disappeared underneath it.

"Follow on," said the monk, "I think I hear moans."

"It is the dog's voice, father—he has found a body; hear how he howls. We must try and get round to the window on the other side, and look through the grating."

With much difficulty they effected this, Victor removing the snow with his alpenstock; and as the moonbeams fell directly on the grated aperture, they clearly discerned the whitened bones and ghastly skulls with which the mountain charnel-house was filled. Guided by the barking of the dog, they at length succeeded in reaching the entrance, and in widening the hole already made by Drapeau's passage through the snow, sufficiently to enable them

to creep through it. Victor trimmed his lamp, and they crossed the heaps of bones which crumbled beneath their feet, until they discovered amongst these fearful relics of mortality, a yet breathing female form, half resting against the wall, the head sunk on her breast, whilst the dog was licking her hands, which lay listlessly at her sides; sometimes barking as if to awaken the slumberer, and then moaning piteously at the futile attempt.

“ Hold the lanthorn nearer,” said the father, as he gently raised the head, and almost again dropped it, on recognising the pale features; “ there is yet a faint fluttering of the pulse,” he continued, his surprise and emotion conquered by the necessity for prompt effort. “ Open the flask, Victor; do thou chafe her hands, whilst I moisten her lips with a little of its reviving contents. That’s right, my brave Drapeau! thy kindly warmth will be most beneficial,” he added, as the dog, with heaven-directed instinct, placed himself at the side of the sufferer, laid his face across the body, and thawed by his warm breath the isicles that hung on the coarse garments with which it was clothed.

“ Will any one deny that creature has a soul?” muttered Victor, as he skilfully and humanely as-

sisted the monk in administering the usual restoratives; and his idol Drapeau, in support of his favourite hypothesis, looked at their movements with a face full of meaning, and a whine of commiseration. "See, holy father, how he licks these poor hands, as cold and white as marble. I warrant ye, they belong, together with these jetty tresses, to some gentle damsel, although clad in pilgrim's weeds."

"One little used to cold and fatigue," said Father Ambroise, with a deep sigh, "and evidently recognised by Drapeau."

"Ay, holy father, and if not by a miracle, there's none worthy credit. I shall never believe in another saint if Drapeau is n't canonized."

The good father could not reprove the heterodox idolatry of his favourite, whilst he aided him so indefatigably in administering all the means practised by the philanthropists of the hospice for restoring suspended animation; but it was nearly two hours before their benevolent efforts were rewarded, and it would be difficult to determine which of the three amiable beings who surrounded the poor sufferer, was most delighted, when she opened her eyes, raised herself in Victor's arms, and looking fearfully

around, uttered some incoherent words. Certainly Drapeau's joy was the most demonstrative, and perhaps his voice the most soothing that, under existing circumstances, could have met her awakening faculties. Bursting into tears, she wept unchecked for a long time, whilst the gentle animal licked her hands and face. At length she said, "Drapeau, dear Drapeau! art thou here again? O that I could see thy master!"

"He is not far off," said Victor, gently.

"And who art thou, friend?" asked the patient, now first perceiving him.

"A servant of St. Bernard, and his dog Drapeau, fair pilgrim."

"And Father Ambroise! O tell me, where is he?"

"He is at thy side, my poor child," said the monk, advancing and taking her hand. "But how camest thou here, and where is thy young mistress?"

"'Tis a sad story, father."

"And one we will not now tax thy strength to relate," said the monk, recollecting himself; "let us only gratefully acknowledge thy preservation, which we owe to the interposition of a gracious Providence."

“ And to Drapeau’s sagacity and courage,” interrupted Victor.

“ Yes, truly,” said Rosette, for since the good father has found her out, we think the reader will also courteously recognise her, “ thou wert indeed the humble instrument of my deliverance.” She then related, though her little story was often interrupted by weakness, that having been overtaken by a snow-storm, just as she reached the morgue, she had taken refuge in that melancholy building, without being aware of the horrors it contained; that when night approached she had heard human voices, mingled with Drapeau’s well-known bark; that she had called the dog, who recognised the voice of his old playmate of the castle of Brières, whither he had often been brought by Father Ambroise, and that after having greeted her with the most lively demonstrations of joy, he had left her, she doubted not, to fetch his master.

“ Which he did, as I am here to witness,” interrupted the delighted Victor; “ but go on, fair pilgrim.”

“ I can remember little more,” said Rosette, faintly, “ for overcome with cold and fear, my senses forsook me. I resisted, however, as long as I

could, having understood that sleep under such circumstances would be fatal, and knowing how much depended on my reaching the hospice; the horrors of my situation also took away all inclination for repose."

"And to this you in part owe your preservation, as fright kept the blood longer in circulation."

As the monk uttered these words, Drapeau bounded from the building, and returned shortly after with a party from the hospice, dispatched to their aid by the Grand Chanoine.

Poor Rosette, still accompanied by her faithful guard and guide, was carefully conveyed to the convent; and Father Ambroise, in committing her to the charge of the housekeeper, promised to visit her early on the following morning.

CHAPTER XI.

LA FETE DES FOUS.

Know'st thou what travellers shall walk with us on this day's pilgrimage?

THE notes of the organ pealing along the corridors, awoke Rosette at an early hour; she started up in her bed, imagining she was still at St. Maurice with her lady, but the keenness of the morning air, and a few moments' reflection, realized her actual situation, and recalled the urgent nature of her errand. She therefore arose, and had completed her simple toilette, when the good house-dame arrived with some breakfast, and a message of kind solicitude from Father Ambroise, who visited her as soon as the morning service in the chapel was ended, anxious to know the object of her adventurous pil-

grimage to the snowy heights of St. Bernard. Although their conversation occupied much time, the substance of it may be thus briefly related :—

After a residence of some months in the Carmelite convent of St. Maurice, during which, although urgent for their conversion, the gentle abbess had treated Beatrice and her attendant with the greatest kindness, and had become much attached to them ; she received an intimation from her relative, the Primate of Turin, accompanied by severe censure of her indulgence, and that of her confessor, Father Anselmo, of their intended removal to a stricter rule, and into more rigorous confinement ; and was sternly commanded to prepare them for immediate departure. The evening before this mandate arrived, Rosette, who was permitted occasionally to go out with one of the servants, was accosted by a pilgrim, who found means to discover himself to her as the Savoy Lackey, Marco, and to inform her that he had been sent by the old Concierge to urge her and her young lady to instant flight, for which everything had been arranged, and to disclose to her, as a powerful motive for the measure, the discovery which he had made of a plot to immure his young mistress for life in a distant cloister, and to betray

her attendant into the hands of the Sergeant Prepotenti.

We pass over the perplexed consultations of the persecuted young confessors, and give only the result of their deliberations,—that the duty of Beatrice was to abide the gathering storm, rather than by flight to subject the kind abbess to its fury; and that of Rosette to escape from the horrid fate which awaited her, to the monastery of St. Bernard, which naturally presented itself, both as affording a present place of refuge, and the only means of securing the future services of their inestimable friend, Father Ambroise.

In order to allow Rosette the necessary repose after her late harassing exertions, and to gain time for the due consideration of the perplexing path which lay before him, the monk of St. Bernard, to the great delight of his superior, and almost equal satisfaction of our humble friend Drapeau, delayed his departure until the following morning, when placing Rosette on his mule, he commenced his painful pilgrimage at her side.

Carefully avoiding all those places in which Rosette might be recognised, they reached Fribourg on the fourth morning after they left the hospice. As

they proceeded down the steep streets of that picturesque city, they observed a general stir throughout the whole population, and that everything wore the air of a general holiday. The streets were strewn with rushes, and arched in various places with boughs of evergreens. Lamps were displayed in almost every window, oftentimes encircling some paltry image of the Virgin or saints, gaily dressed; but the most prominent decorations surrounded several gaunt figures of the magi, composed of painted wood or wax, and displayed in front of many of the principal buildings.

“Canst thou show us the church of St. Nicholas, friend?” said the monk, addressing a man, who appeared from his habit to belong to the choir of the cathedral.

“Ye will need no guide thither at present,” answered the man, “since the crowd are not permitted to enter, until the bishop and magistrates have chosen a king.”

“A king, friend?”

“Ay, a king—we have got two, but cannot find a third; this way, holy pilgrim—you may, perhaps, be of use in their need. Don’t you know that it is *le jour des Fous*?”

“ Ay, indeed !” said Rosette, “ if we may trust our eyes and ears. But do tell me, father, what does the man mean by choosing a king ? Crowns do not often go a begging.”

“ He means, child,” said the monk, with very unusual pettishness, “ that it is the anniversary of the day on which the wise men, guided by a star, came to worship, in His lowly manger, One who was the light of the world.”

“ But what has that to do with kings ? The Bible only talks of wise men who came from the East—it does not mention their number or condition.”

“ But the traditions of the church, which are of equal authority,—I speak it with reverence,—inform us that Gaspar, Melchor, and Balthazar, were three eastern kings, who came to offer their treasures, and worship the infant Saviour. It is an ancient custom of the good people of Fribourg, and doubtless still kept up in many other places, to represent in a sort of pageant, or religious masque, as it is called, the memorable scene, on the anniversary of the day on which it took place. These exhibitions, which, in the earlier ages of the church, were performed with great solemnity and devotion, have, I regret to ob-

serve, fallen into folly and misrule; and have too justly merited the name by which the common people designate this sacred day. But here is the church; thou mayest amuse thyself whilst I enter it, in contemplating the curious bas-relief representing the last judgment, which ornaments the portal beneath the tower. It will furnish thee with more profitable meditations than the captious objections with which thou hast of late exercised thy spirit." Poor Rosette keenly felt the first unkind word she had ever received from the father. She blushed deeply, and hung down her head, whilst tears rushed into her eyes, and her kind companion, repentant and sorrowful, said gently, "I will not leave thee long—I have particular business with the curé, and when it is finished, I will come and seek thee."

It was not without some demur, that the apparently humble pilgrim, was admitted into the presence of the curé, who, with his diocesan and officials, together with the chief magistrates of the city, were assembled in an inner chapel, divided from the great altar by a screen, as is still seen in some of our own cathedrals. Here a singular scene met his eyes. In a recess at one end, representing

a stable, surrounded with stuffed oxen, mules, and camels, sat a young woman, dressed in the inappropriate costume of the court ladies of the day, with a quantity of showy drapery and glittering ornaments. A tall man, clad in an embroidered doublet with slashed sleeves, a scarlet mantle flowing back from his shoulders, stood at her side, and a waxen baby lay in her arms. Two men of dark complexion, habited in long ermined robes, with crowns on their heads, were kneeling at her feet, prepared to lay their treasures before her. In the meanwhile, the Bishop and his satellites were half coaxing, half scolding, a tall and extremely handsome Jesuit priest, who, flushed and angry, was defending himself from their attempts to invest him with the clothes and regalia of the royal Balthazar, whilst the rest of the dramatis personæ were casting, every now and then, a supplicating look to be delivered from their painful attitudes of suspense and constraint.

“ I crave your indulgence, reverend father,” said the young man, shaking off the officious menials ; “ I shall but disgrace the royal Magus. Here is a venerable pilgrim whose noble deportment will do him far more justice ;” and he directed the attention

of all present to Father Ambroise, who now entered.

“Get thee gone, then,” said the curé, advancing to meet the monk; “here is one who will deem it an honour to be thus employed in the sanctuary. Welcome, holy pilgrim, whence comest thou, and whither bound?”

“Your first interrogatory, reverend sir,” answered Father Ambroise, courteously, “I will answer at a more convenient opportunity; to the last, I name Einsiedeln as the end of my journey.”

“’Tis a long way,” said the Bishop, “and a difficult one at this season; thou canst pay thy homage to our Lady nearer at hand. This foolish fellow refuses the crown we offer him—if thou wilt wear it for a few hours, thou wilt greatly oblige the good citizens of Fribourg and their Bishop.”

A slight shade of scorn passed over the fine countenance of Father Ambroise as he answered, “My business, my Lord Bishop, is with the realities of life; I have neither time nor taste for its masks and pastimes.”

“Nay, my grave sir palmer,” said the prelate sarcastically, “you do not suppose I ask you to enact the part for my own amusement; but it were

a pity to deprive our worthy fellow-townsmen of their annual diversion, and I pray you, be persuaded to undertake it."

"Crowns do not grow on the bushes of Einseideln, holy pilgrim," said one of the magistrates, "and it is something, even for one night, to be a king."

"I am content with my pilgrim's habit, worthy sir, and let me at once caution you not to waste any more of your time on one who has none of his own to dispose of," said Father Ambroise, in a tone that put a stop to all further solicitation.

"Your pilgrimage probably, is not on your own account?" asked the Bishop, who began to feel he had to deal with some one who deserved respect.

"If your lordship, and these worshipful gentlemen, will grant me a private audience, I will explain my own plans, together with the important mission with which I am entrusted."

"Certainly," said the chief magistrate; "but, my Lord Bishop, I pray you lay your commands on some of your own train, to take on him these cumbrous robes of King Balthazar, if the people must have their rara-show on this their holiday of fools. Pardon me, my lord, I'm a rough citizen,

and cannot just now, stay to sort my words, for my wife has dispatched half-a-dozen messengers to advise me, that three of the lordly bears from Berne have stalked out of their dens, and demand loudly to see me. If I do not hasten home, they may, perchance, seek me here; and I should not quite relish that one of their stiff-ruffed preachers should peep behind the scenes at all this mummary."

"These sacred representations—" began the curé, but the entrance of another of the magistrate's servants, with evident marks of haste and agitation, cut short the exordium.

"Did I not bid thee tell thy mistress, rascal, that we were crowning King Balthazar?" exclaimed the angry citizen. "Can't wait! nay, tell them they must. Stop their mouths with some of our holiday cheer—why did not thy lady bid them to the feast?"

"An't please your worshipful honour, my mistress urged them many times to alight and refresh themselves, but they would accept nothing but a stirrup-cup, and said their business was urgent. They will be beforehand with your worship if you do not come forthwith, for I left them in hot contention with my lady about following you here."

“ Then, by St. Michael and all the saints, I must run for it! I say, fellow, do thou stand at the door and keep them out—I will be after thee as fast as I may.” He seized his cap and sword, and whilst buckling on the latter, said in breathless haste to the Bishop, “ Your lordship sees I cannot remain for the coronation.”

“ These sacred representations,” again observed the sententious curé, only again to be cut short by the impatient magistrate.

“ Very true, reverend sir, all right and expedient; but these starched matter-of-fact Reformers would set us down for a pack of idolaters, and sneer at the holy mysteries of the jour des fous. By St. Anthony!” he continued, as he let fall the sword, which he had vainly attempted in his haste to fasten on, whilst his face became as red as the rejected robes of the eastern sage, “ and ye may now have an opportunity of proving the truth of my words, for here come Masters Bruin in solemn scorn, and in spite of my orders to keep them out. That rascal’s ears shall tingle for this !”

The worthy magistrate’s mortification at being discovered in an employment so little befitting his vocation, and of which his plain good sense could

not but point out the folly, was not much soothed by the dignified simplicity of the personages who now entered the chapel, and advanced towards him, unruffled by the repulse they had encountered at their entrance. The leader of the party, Jean Rodolph Neugli,* like his brother, the celebrated general of that name, united the nobler qualities of wisdom, gentleness, and benevolence, to the most determined courage and resolution; and his colleagues, Louis le Diesbach, and Rodolph de Grafenreid, were amongst the noblest and most esteemed of the citizens of Berne.

As they proceeded up the nave of the church, the Bishop whispered something in the ear of his officious attendant, the curé, who hastily causing the regalia of the slighted Balthazar to be removed, proceeded to oblige his royal brothers, Gaspar and Melchoir, to resume the kneeling posture, which they had exchanged for a more comfortable position, on the steps of the altar, and somewhat roughly to awaken St. Joseph, who had, during the long pending negociation, fallen asleep in the midst of his camels.

These arrangements were happily finished in time for the official to advance with his diocesan a

* See note L.

few steps, to meet the intruders, and give him the support of his portly presence.

“ We would fain have awaited your arrival at your own house, worshipful sir,” said Neugli, addressing the chief magistrate, after all parties had courteously saluted each other, “ but our haste was urgent, and we were told the ceremony in which you were engaged was likely to detain you until noon.”

“ These sacred representations, these holy mysteries——”

“ Pardon me, reverend sir,” interrupted De Grafenreid, whose zeal for the reformed religion, if not greater than that of his courteous companion, was more demonstrative, “ we have no wish to intrude into such secrets—we only desire that our fellow-magistrate will leave their arrangement in the abler hands of the priesthood, and accompany us to the council-chamber.”

“ It is the Holiday of Fools,” muttered the worthy citizen, “ and I am not the least of them for meddling with it! I am quite ready to attend ye, gentlemen,” he continued, leading the way towards a side-door; “ this is our nearest road.”

“ Perhaps my Lord Bishop will also aid in the assembly,” said Neugli. “ And I beg your worship speedily to convoke it, as to-morrow’s sun must see us far advanced on our road to Geneva.”

The mention of Geneva quickened the movements of the party, and as the curé closed the door on the last of the retiring train, he said, “ Mumery ! holiday of fools did the bloated idiot call it ? And what would the church of Rome do without such ? These sacred representations—these holy mysteries, revive the spark of devotion, which in these days of heresy and unbelief, it requires strong attrition to elicit, and constant effort to feed.”

The long pent up speech was at length set free ; but alas ! instead of the approbation of his diocesan, for which it was conned, it was echoed only from the deserted aisles of the church ; and the poor curé turned disappointed and disheartened, to arrange the melodrame of *le jour des fous* for the expectant crowd, whose hour of admittance was now fast approaching.

The interest which the mention of Geneva excited, was deeply shared by Father Ambroise, since

the hopes and fears of a great part of Europe hovered around that struggling state, as the pivot on which many mighty interests revolved.

To prevent a coalition between the oppressed citizens of Geneva and their more powerful neighbours of Berne, had exercised the abilities of many a political potentate, who would, under other circumstances, have scorned her petty interests and agitations—those “tempests in a tumbler,” as the witty scoffer who dwelt three centuries later on her shores, termed them.

But whilst France had twice attempted to throw troops into her garrison, and Savoy tenaciously endeavoured to hold her in vassalage, the emperor was crouching with fawning adulation to the citizen princes of Berne, to prevent their coming forward to help her.

It is not necessary for the elucidation of our little history, to relate what passed in the council-chamber between the ambassadors from Berne and the good burghers of Fribourg, nor to detail the various opinions which they expressed relative to the appeal of Savoy, presented by Father Ambroise. It will be sufficient that we endeavour, albeit with a feeble pen, to pourtray the generous enthusiasm

which animated the hearts of the Bernese, when the watch-word was at length given for the noble army of these northern heroes to buckle on their swords, and to march forward to the relief of their oppressed, yet undaunted brother Protestants of Geneva.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLESSING OF THE BANNER.

What spell is o'er the populous city cast !

IT was nearly a fortnight ere our pilgrims reached the city of Berne, since their journey thither was not without hindrance and adventure. Harassed in mind, and wearied by the painful ceremonies imposed on him, Father Ambroise with difficulty accomplished the first day's stage after leaving Fribourg; and ere he reached the village where he meant to rest on the second night, he found himself utterly exhausted, and unable to proceed. "I will rest on this bench, dear daughter," he said, as he quitted Rosette's supporting arm, and seated himself within a little sheltered alcove by the way-side, erected close to the rapid stream of the Seuse, which divides the cantons of Fribourg

and Berne. The friendly retreat, thus placed for the refreshment of the traveller, was separated by a narrow road from the gate of a garden and orchard, which surrounded a comfortable house, built in the Swiss style, with high and projecting roof, wooden galleries, and texts of Holy Scripture painted over them. The garden and adjacent ground were covered with snow, but a path had been cleared from the house to the gate: a pastor, in the cloak and cap of the reformed church, was pacing slowly backwards and forwards on it, with a book in his hand, from which he occasionally raised his eyes to fix them on the long range of snowy mountains, now glowing with the reflected rays of the setting sun. As the pilgrim sank back on the bench, pale and exhausted, Rosette uttered an involuntary cry, which brought the pastor to her side.

“Your companion looks very ill, young maiden,” he said; “if you will assist me in supporting him into my house, we will procure him some restorative.”

“Thank ye, kind sir,” replied Father Ambroise feebly; “I fear I should be too heavy a charge, since I feel the approach of a serious malady. If

you could procure me any easy mode of conveyance to the next hostelry, you will do all that charity requires."

"Not all, my poor friend," replied the pastor, with a sweet smile; "wot ye not that he who was neighbour unto him who fell among thieves, bound up his wounds, ere he set him on his own beast? Thou must come into my house, where there is always a chamber ready for the wayfaring. Saying this, he gently raised the monk from his seat, and supporting him on one side, whilst Rosette aided on the other, they crossed the road and approached the house. Ere they reached it, a pleasing-looking young woman had opened the door, and placed a chair in the entrance, on which she bade them rest the invalid, whilst she prepared him a draught of warm milk, the only restorative he could be prevailed on to accept.

As they were about to convey him to bed, Father Ambroise again remonstrated on the trouble they were taking for a stranger."

"My friend," replied the host, "many were the friendly roofs that sheltered me when I wandered about houseless and persecuted; and my Madeleine knows the vow I have made thus to return the benefits I received."

“Then be it so,” said the priest, “although on my head, as a son of the church from which you suffered persecution, you are heaping coals of fire.”

When Father Ambroise was left alone with his host, he confided to his care the costly offering for the shrine of Einsiedeln, and the yet more precious crucifix, with directions for their destination, should he be prevented, by illness or death, from performing the remainder of his pilgrimage.

“Alas!” thought the pastor, as he took the glittering baubles from the trembling hand which presented them, “that man should thus hew out to himself broken cisterns, when the full stream of mercy flows without limit or bounds!”

The perceptions of the sufferer now became more and more clouded, and in a short time all the symptoms of fever were apparent. For many days and nights, Rosette and her kind entertainers watched by his pillow, comforted by the doctor's assurance that care and rest would restore the wasted strength, and quiet the agitated mind of their patient; and the doctor's prognostic was fulfilled. The naturally robust constitution of the monk, inured to hardship and privation, recovered its usual tone, and

his mind was soothed by the quiet nursing he received.

During the succeeding days which the travellers spent under this truly hospitable roof, they became greatly endeared to its excellent owners. Rosette made herself generally useful and agreeable to the simple yet elegant mistress, and won the hearts of the children; but there was yet a stronger bond of union between the pastor and monk. Himself escaped from the errors of the Romish church; sacrificing country, fortune, and friends, for the reformed faith—the pious and talented Jean le Comte, Seigneur de la Croix, could not behold another entangled in the chains of superstition without striving to set him free. Whole hours were occupied by these amiable antagonists in arguing on the tenets of their respective creeds; and they separated only to pray for direction and light. But amid this subject of primal interest, they did not forget the fate of those who needed their utmost efforts, and often concerted together every possible means of affording them assistance. In this Madame le Comte and Rosette were also deeply interested; for the heart and imagination of the pastor's wife had been engaged by her countrywoman's

history of the various scenes through which she had passed—and she never wearied of hearing, or Rosette of speaking, of her young mistress, of Michael Cottier, and the castle prison.

No entreaties, however, could prevail on Father Ambroise to remain longer, than his health absolutely required, beneath the sheltering roof of the Swiss pastor, and he urged the plea of Beatrice's danger, as one to which his benevolent host would offer no opposition. "That excellent lady," he said, "has won all our hearts—I only ask one day's delay, and I will myself accompany you as far as Berne—but my wife would fain keep this young maiden until your return."

Rosette shook her head. "A thousand thanks, Monsieur le Ministre, but I cannot let my first friend traverse that wild desert alone."

"Thou art a good girl," said the pastor, "and I am content that our friend should see that we of the reformed church can go on pilgrimage too, when duty calls. However, I think I can smooth all objections. What sayest thou, Madeleine? wilt thou and Rosette accompany us to the city, and abide at thy brother's, whilst I go on to Einsiedeln with our friend?"

Father Ambroise had weighty reasons for rejoicing at this change of companion, and accepted the proposal with grateful alacrity.

It was about eight o'clock on a bright and frosty morning, when the party descended the hill leading into the city of Berne. The air was cold but pure, and the sun shone on the fantastic frost-work which hung from the boughs of the trees, or gemmed the herbage beneath. As they passed under the arcades on which the city is built, they found every shop shut, and almost every house tenantless. No busy housewife, no gossiping maiden, lingered round the quaint fountains, the sound of whose gushing waters alone interrupted the stillness of the deserted streets.

“It is, I suppose, some feast of your church,” said the monk, addressing his companion.

“It is a day of peculiar solemnity,” was the answer.

“The people of Berne have a better,” Rosette hesitated and added, “a different manner of celebrating their holy days from their neighbours of Fribourg. You remember, father, the noise and confusion of la Fête des Fous?”

“I do, daughter, and think with thee that solem-

nity, if it do not degenerate into gloominess, (an extreme charged on the seceders,) is a better manner of honouring a God of order, than the wild uproar we have lately witnessed."

"Stop, Madeleine!" exclaimed Mons. le Comte, "you should do the honours of our city to the strangers. You surely will not pass the clock-tower of Berchold of Züringen without pointing out its quaint device. Look steadily at yon chanticleer, maiden," he continued, laying hold of Rosette's arm, as they approached the antique watch-tower, which even in our day, attracts the attention of travellers, "and those curious lords of Berne, sculptured in stone, and thou wilt see a dance which, at thy age, should not want attraction."

Rosette stopped, and raising her eyes as the pastor good-humouredly directed, saw, with wonder and admiration, the bird flap his wings, crow twice, and the hideous face above, yawn at each beat of the bell that struck the hour of eight—an intimation, by-the-bye, that time passed as heavily to the idle of the twelfth century as it does to those of our own. The puppet had scarcely opened his mouth for the last time, and lowered his sceptre in gracious recognizance of his subjects the bears, who make

their hourly circuit below, when all attention was drawn from the grotesque group by a burst of harmony, so full, so loud, so blended, that it was like the voice of many waters; or such as to human conception might seem to resemble the hallelujah of that countless multitude which surround the throne of Omnipotence. For a few minutes the travellers, giving themselves up to the rapt delight, stood motionless and silent, when Monsieur le Comte, taking the arm of the monk, and beckoning the others to follow, passed quickly through a portion of one street, then crossed a transverse alley, and came at once into the open space which surrounds the venerable and spacious minster church of the city. On one side, planted with fine trees, and surmounted by a solid wall of masonry, rising more than a hundred feet from the bed of the rapid Aar, was, and still remains, a lofty terrace, from which can be discovered, in fine weather, twelve snowy peaks of the range of the Bernese Alps, whose cloudless summits seemed, this day, to have uncovered themselves in honour of the occasion, and formed a meet setting for the scene within.

The doors of the fine cathedral were thrown open, and around each were assembled a multitude of

persons who could not find accommodation within its walls—a crowd of persons so dense, and yet so orderly and immoveable, that they appeared rooted to the spot. They were composed principally of the peasants of the neighbourhood dressed in holiday costume, and fell back from the principal portal at the approach of the well-known pastor, who, followed by his party, reached the interior of the edifice, and there beheld a sight of mingled interest, grandeur, and beauty.

The centre of the building was filled with soldiers—the brave soldiers of Berne—with their handsome uniform and massive arms, and that mingled dignity and simplicity of deportment, which reminded the classic spectator of the legions of Rome, when Rome was free and virtuous. Nor did the band of grave citizens and senators, who occupied the seats near the pulpit, destroy the similitude. At the head of these were the three noble brothers Neugli—the General François Neugli being conspicuous amid the patrician band, from his commanding form and eagle eye, tempered by grace and sweetness. In the galleries were ranged the female aristocracy of Berne, who, on this patriotic occasion, did not disdain to wear the costume of their canton, differ-

ing only in the fineness of the snowy neck-kerchiefs and sleeves, and the richness of its jewels, from that of the numerous groups of the lower citizens' wives and daughters, and the peasants of the neighbourhood, who, with their silver chains and buttons, long plaited hair, and the fanciful decorations of their diminutive straw-hats, vied in freshness and gaiety with their patrician countrywomen. But amid this bright band of the brave, the wise, and the fair, there was one form in its pale holiness, and venerable sanctity, on whom all eyes were fixed—bound—rivetted : and when the first low tones of his voice were heard, breathing out his soul in prayer, youth, beauty, power, and wisdom, hung breathless on its moving tones.

Berthold Haller, the great, the good, the philosopher, and the Christian, occupied the pulpit. On his dying-bed, the intelligence that his countrymen had at last listened to the voice of supplicating Geneva, revived the expiring embers of life: the flickering fire burst at once into light and heat. "Bear me," he exclaimed, "to the church: I shall yet have strength accorded me to bless the banner of my country, and to bid its brave defenders go forth, conquering, and to conquer." Pale, trembling,

and emaciated, yet animated with that burning zeal which the waters of sorrow cannot quench, nor the floods of trial overwhelm, the dying man was borne by his brother ministers, as a father by dutiful and affectionate sons, and placed by them in that pulpit, which had so often resounded to the harmony of his voice, and the earnestness of his supplications. And now the prayer ended, he sat down a short time to recover his breath. A stillness the most profound reigned throughout that vast assembly, and expectation held every soul in its powerful chains. The holy man arose, and the general advanced with his lieutenant and banneret, bearing the gorgeous banner of Berne, embroidered with its well-known emblem the Bear, to the foot of the pulpit, from whence its waving panoply seemed almost to enfold the form of the preacher. At first his voice was low and weak, and his ashy-pale countenance was coloured only by a small hectic spot in the middle of each sunken cheek; but as he proceeded, he seemed endowed with supernatural force. His eye lighted up, dark and flashing, beneath the snowy honours of his fine formed head; the blood rushed into his hollow cheeks, and gave that appearance of fulness and vigour, which is sometimes the

precursor of dissolution; whilst the accents of his voice, clear and sonorous, pierced the hearts of his auditors, as if they had been addressed to them from that bright heaven which overshadowed him, and to which he was hastening.

“ My brothers and fellow-soldiers in Christ !” such was his address, and in some such words as the following he continued: “ When He who came to give light and life to a world sunk in darkness and iniquity, was borne, a weak and wailing infant, into the temple, the tongue of the aged Simeon broke out in the full ecstasy of his joy and thanksgiving—‘ Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’ And such, my brethren, was my prayer, though such was not my hope! for, whilst wearying Heaven with petitions for the deliverance of Geneva, I did not believe my eyes would behold that salvation. Yet why did I doubt? for never since He who was greater than the temple was borne into it, never has there been a cause more vitally important to the world, than this which it is your high privilege to aid and defend. Insignificant as that distressed city may appear, from it shall arise the light of truth and Christianity; and the spark now almost smo-

thered, nurtured by your fostering hands, shall burn until the days of the Lord are accomplished—until the earth shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the angel of the Covenant, stretching forth his hand to heaven, shall swear by Him who liveth for ever and ever, that “time shall be no more.” My fellow-citizens and magistrates,” he added, after a short pause, “ye have done your duty; ye have called together a brave army; ye have bound them by merciful and judicious laws; ye have set over them experienced and christian commanders—and God will abundantly recompense ye and your descendants, for this act of justice and charity. Your citizens shall live in peace and plenty, no enemy shall enter your walls, and the light of the everlasting Gospel shall shine brightly over your fruitful land, unless, grown careless by prosperity, ye forget to feed the sacred flame, amid the pursuits of worldly gain or the enjoyments of luxury and ease. But to ye, my fellow-soldiers in this christian warfare! I would particularly address the last words of your dying pastor. Let me bid you buckle on, not only the arms of carnal warfare, but those of spiritual defence; let me entreat ye to take unto ye the whole armour of God, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the

Spirit; and oh! above all, may your feet be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace! Let me impress on your minds, that this is no common warfare: that if blood be shed, it must flow from kindred veins. Oh, then, let each blade be stainless, bright in its spotless lustre, when ye return to your native city; and as ye show mercy, may mercy, peace, and blessing be your everlasting reward. As your warfare is one the world never yet beheld, so let its results, as far as depend on you, be equally wonderful—a pangless, bloodless victory!” He paused a few moments, wiped the cold dew from his brow, and then directing his discourse to the galleries, in which, as we have already said, the Bernese ladies sat, he continued—as simultaneously rising, they bent their heads in meek attention: “And ye, my countrywomen—daughters and mothers of my people—ye to whom the precious charge of rearing the children of the commonwealth, cheering the labours, and multiplying the enjoyments of your sons, your fathers, and your husbands, is assigned—I bid ye, as christian women, join your influence to mine, to reward with your approbation and your love, those who alone are worthy of it; and, strong in your weakness, to promote the

reign of peace and holiness upon the earth." The holy man stopped from exhaustion, and the sobs of the fair beings he addressed were distinctly audible. After a short pause, he continued: "I shall not be on earth to welcome ye home again, my beloved friends and fellow-citizens! but I feel there will be none other wanting in the happy re-union; and if purified spirits are permitted to look down from their region of blessedness, believe, that of Berthold Haller will be in the midst of ye."

He ceased, and a hymn was given out and sung. Then, when the full swell of voices sunk into silence, Haller once more arose, and stretching his arms over the banner of his country, and towards the whole assembled multitude, he pronounced, in a solemn and impressive voice, the blessing of the high priest on the hosts of Israel.*

* Numbers x. 35; vi. 24.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENEVA.

Yet shall she rise—but not by war restored ;
Not built in murder—planted by the sword.
Then on her tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth ye mountains, and ye valleys sing !

HEBER.

THE affecting scene at the minster church made a strong impression on the mind of Father Ambrose, which the subsequent evening, spent in the house of an eminent Reformer, and in company with some of the most celebrated ministers of the period, further strengthened ; but nothing could shake his resolution of continuing his journey, or even induce him to defer it beyond the following morning, when, accompanied by Monsieur le Comte, he took the road to our Lady of the Hermits. We

must now leave them to pursue their pilgrimage, and return to Geneva, there to await the arrival of her brave and welcome deliverers, and in the intermediate time continue the history of the Chevalier di Rossi.

We left him, it will be remembered, in kind and skilful hands ; but for many a painful day and sleepless night, he lay, unconscious of the unwearied charity that kept her vigil near his bed, or the sacrifice made by the christian family who ministered to his wants, whilst their own were so scantily supplied. A low fever, brought on by anxiety, fatigue, and privation, for a long time wasted his strength and oppressed his brain, rendering him unconscious of aught but restlessness and pain. At length some powerful application removed the weight, and after a long sleep, during which it remained a painful doubt whether he would ever awake, he opened his eyes in restored reason, and fixed them on a countenance of peculiar interest.

“ He is awake,” said this hovering angel of charity to her companion, whom his dress announced to be a minister of the reformed church ; “ will you send for Dr. Gùthertz, who desired to be immediately called ?”

“Where am I?” whispered the sick man, looking vacantly around.

“You are with christian friends, and in the hands of One, who has brought you back from the jaws of death,” said the minister.

Di Rossi closed his eyes, but it was to lift his soul in grateful prayer. The doctor quickly arrived, felt his patient’s pulse, and ordered some nourishment to be given him.

“His fever has left him,” he said, “and this long sleep has renovated exhausted nature; henceforth he will require more food than physic; an untoward circumstance,” he continued, with a playful smile, “since the demand for the one has decreased with the scarcity of the other; but I will try and help out with both.”

“There will be no need, my good friend,” said the minister, “for any further demands on your generosity. I bid ye all, as the prophet did besieged Samaria, Getup, eat and drink! Deliverance is, as surely, at hand for *our* Israel: and so strongly do I feel this, that I would not hesitate this moment to open our granaries, and deal out the last grain to our stunted population.”

During this little dialogue, we beg the reader to

believe, that the comfort of the patient was not forgotten. The active nurse had prepared some warm nourishment, the doctor had raised the pillow, and drawn aside a little of the curtain, permitting a struggling beam of the afternoon's sun to find its way through the half-closed shutters.

When the invalid had swallowed a little of the food administered to him by the good aunt, as we shall for the present call her, the doctor laid him again on his pillow, and said, good-humouredly, "There, lie you still until I see you again to-night, and neither ask nor answer questions. And do thou, my fair mistress, let that soft pipe of thine be more distinctly heard; it will amuse my patient to listen, whilst thou and Master Fanel discourse gently together. Where's Antoine?"

"He will be here soon, kind Dr. Gùthertz," said the aunt, as she opened the door for the excellent man, and then returned to her companion.

"Let us kneel together," he said, "and render thanks for the mercy shown to the sick man."

Di Rossi bent his head in token of grateful acquiescence; and then in a strain of powerful and devotional eloquence, the minister poured out his grateful acknowledgments.

They were yet on their knees, when a little boy entered, leading a small dog by a string. He closed the door softly, walked on his tip-toes across the room, and knelt down, whilst his little companion seated by him on his haunches, his ears pricked up, was kept from moving by the raised finger of his young master, who looked at him occasionally, his eyes brimful of tears.

When the prayer was ended, the little boy went up to his aunt, and kissing her, said, "Dr. Gùthertz says our sick gentleman is better, and will want all the food we can spare, so I have brought poor Dotto to take his leave." Here he burst into tears, and buried his face in his little favourite's silky coat.

"Antoine, my child, dost thou repent the sacrifice thou art making?" asked the Reformer. "Look round, my boy, and see how each one pours what is most valuable to him into the treasury. Did not thy father and our kind doctor pull down the houses that sheltered them; and wot we not of another who has made greater sacrifices than this?" and he glanced at the good aunt, whose glistening eyes rested on her nephew. During this discussion, the poor little dog, whose instinct had told him that

something was in agitation in which he was concerned, and that not of a pleasant nature, looked from one to the other, gently whining. "Trust thy little idol to me, Antoine," continued the minister, "and it shall be spared unnecessary pain; and trust the word of one who has seen more of God's gracious dealings than thou hast, that He will cause thee to rejoice in the sacrifice thou now makest, and will amply requite it to thee."

The little boy placed the string in the Reformer's hand, stooped to give his favourite a parting kiss, and hurried from the room.

In the meantime, our invalid, who had heard all that passed, was inexpressibly touched, and beckoning to the aunt, she laid her ear close to him, and understood his faint though urgent entreaty that his young deliverer might be spared so painful a sacrifice.

"My brother," she said, "is desirous of proving his sincerity, and of teaching him that when he makes promises, they must be fulfilled."

"Ay," returned the Reformer, "and we must also teach our little pilgrim self-denial, and trust in Providence—he comes of a noble race, who have laid

their best on the altar. But be not distressed, good sir, the idol shall be spared if possible, and Antoine's sincerity yet uncompromised."

The patient now endeavoured to express some of that gratitude to his benefactors, with which his heart was oppressed, but the minister imposed silence, on the authority of the doctor. "There," he said, pointing to Heaven, "is the only safe vent for the emotions of the sick man's heart."

The doctor, soon after, again visited his patient, and pronounced him in a fair way of recovery, provided all excitement was avoided, and that he kept his bed for a few days longer; to the side of which Antoine was, at his particular request, often admitted. The celebrated reformer, Fanel, still came daily to pray and read by the invalid, and although he looked often on him with an eye of searching inquiry, he as yet forbore to ask him any questions.

It was on the eve of the day in which Dr. Gùthertz had promised to take off his restrictions, that Antoine took his seat as usual, near his new friend. "I now see," he said, "that master Fanel was right. You are a far better friend and companion than Dotto could be—though, for a dog, there never was his equal." This was the first time the boy had

ventured to speak of his favourite, and doubtful of his own firmness, he suddenly changed the subject, saying, "My aunt says we always love those most for whom we have made the greatest sacrifices—she has given up more than any one, I believe."

"For your cousin Michael, I suppose?"

"O no, dear sir, not quite that; for Michael gave up much too, and risked more."

Di Rossi pressed his hand to his beating temples, and dared not ask any more questions; when his gentle nurse entered, he looked at her with an eye of intense interest, and felt a suffocation at his heart, and dizziness of brain, which made the physician shake his head at his evening visit, and ask on what agitating subjects he had been speaking?"

"Speaking of none, dear sir," said the patient, "but thinking on one that wrings my heart; and I shall be a happier man if you will allow me to unburden it."

The doctor looked alarmed. "Perhaps the minister would be a better confessor," he said.

"I would choose the one most interested in the family to whom I am so indebted."

"On that subject, I yield to no one, sir,—but your health?"

“Nay, dear doctor, hear me! I was the fellow prisoner—the fellow sufferer, of Michael Cottier!”

“Michael Cottier!” exclaimed Dr. Gùthertz, starting. “O tell me all you know of that dear boy!” and he listened with the most eager interest to Di Rossi’s history of his own, and Michael’s blended adventures; promising to bring his painful situation before the council, at the earliest opportunity, but begging the chevalier for the present, to conceal from Madame Cottier and the rest of the family, his knowledge of one so dear to them, whilst he gave him free permission to relate his own previous history.

The next morning was an eventful one for our sick man; it was the first time he was to leave his bed, after having kept it more than a month—and all invalids know with what a mixture of pain and pleasure they look forward to the fatiguing exertion. On this occasion our little friend Antoine acted as valet de chambre, performing his office with tenderness and ability.

“And this is the strength of man!” said Di Rossi, as, the operation of dressing finished, he leant on Antoine’s shoulder to support him to a couch. “You will scarcely believe, Antoine, that I

was once a very giant; but you see how vain it is to pride ourselves on what is so soon taken from us."

Madame Cottier, for it was under the roof of Michael's mother that his noble friend and defender had found so generous a shelter, now entered, and asked permission to sit by him whilst Antoine read, adding, "You must, I fear, content yourself with our poor services as pastor and physician this morning, since our gentlemen are gone to attend a special meeting of the council. Some deputies are newly arrived from Bernè; but it is almost courting disappointment to hope for assistance from that quarter, since scarcely a week passes, that does not bring offer of help, clogged with exactions that we cannot accede to."

"Shall I read, sir?" said Antoine, mounted on his high stool, with all the grave dignity of a divine; "I have found out that pretty chapter about the three children in the fiery furnace, which I think will amuse you."

The lecture finished, Madame Cottier took her knitting, and Di Rossi considered how he should make the disclosure of his name and circumstances, which his hospitable entertainers were too delicate

to require, when Antoine relieved him from his embarrassment, by asking a question which led directly to the subject, and was prompted by that of which they had been reading. "Did you ever see a king, sir?"

"Yes, Antoine; and what is more, lived some years in the palace of one."

Antoine opened his eyes wide. "What kind of looking men are they, sir? very large and tall, I suppose, like our lieutenant Berchold?"

"Which of your questions must I answer first?" said Di Rossi. "Perhaps I had better tell you a little of my own history, in one respect resembling that of the three youths you have been reading of; for though not actually a captive, I was taken from a country I greatly loved, my mountains and my liberty, and carried to a king's palace, where I was made his page."

"Is not this delightful, aunt?" said the little boy in a low voice.

"It is, indeed, Antoine; but you must not tire monsieur by asking troublesome questions."

"I am delighted to answer them, dear madam," said Di Rossi; "and at the same time to inform you who it is you have so generously sheltered, with no other claim on your bounty, but his want of it."

“And yet, how many have we found in his patient sweetness under suffering, his piety, his ——”

“Dear aunt,” said Antoine, “I beg your pardon, but will you let Monsieur ——”

“Di Rossi—Fernando di Rossi is my name, and in future you must call me by it. But here I am, Antoine, to tell you my story. I went from my father’s castle to the vale of Aosta at your age, and exchanged my simple mountain habit for a dress embroidered with gold lace; and then, instead of scampering through the forests with hawk and hound, I was forced to stay in an ante-chamber with half-a-score of mischievous urchins like myself, until it became my turn to wait upon the king.”

“And what did you do for him?” interrupted the delighted listener. “Did you put on his crown, and help him to get up on his throne?”

“No,” replied Di Rossi, smiling, “he was placed there by stronger arms than mine.”

“Then you buckled on his sword, perhaps, or pulled off his boots?”

“Nay, now you run into extremes, and degrade my office to that of a valet. I sometimes carried messages—took orders to the servants in waiting; but really, Antoine, I can scarcely remember what

I did, but bear the jokes and compliments of the fair ladies of the court."

"Well, I fear I should have quickly tired of such a life, and have tried to escape to my mountains."

"That is exactly what I did," continued Di Rossi, "but I was brought back just as I got half way from Versailles to Paris; this step, though I did not deserve it, was the happiest of my life; for as I was conducted up the great staircase, that most excellent Princess Margaret, now Queen of Navarre, was descending with the venerable Bishop of Meaux. She stopped, and inquired why I wept,—I told her frankly that I was tired of idleness and a court life, and that I had a friend in Savoy whom I could not be happy without.

The Princess smiled, and said, "she would beg me of the king—would procure me a good tutor, and send for my friend to share his instruction.

"And did you have school, sir?" asked Antoine.

"That we did, and learnt to know the best of all books, the Bible, under the teaching of the pious Bishop of Meaux. It was at this time I became acquainted with your pastor, Fanel; but sickness has so much changed, that he has not recognised me,

and until this day, our kind and cautious doctor would not allow me to speak."

"And now, I fear, he would be angry with us for making you talk too much," said Madame Cottier.

"One question more, dear aunt," said Antoine coaxingly. "Did the Princess send for your friend? and what was he called?"

"He was a namesake of yours, dear boy, Antoine de Beaufort. The Princess kept her word, and we spent three happy years together, till——" Di Rossi stopped.

"O go on! go on!" exclaimed the eager listener, "till what?"

"Till the Duke of Savoy begged our fathers to recal us, and placed us near his son Philibert, at Madrid. De Beaufort caught the fever, which proved fatal to his youthful master, and shared his early grave. And now, dear boy, ask me no more questions to-day," said Di Rossi, laying himself back on the couch, and shutting his eyes.

The aunt resuming her knitting, and Antoine his studies — half-an-hour of perfect stillness succeeded. At the end of that time, the report of a cannon, followed by the loud shout of cheering

voices, was heard from the street below. Madame Cottier laid aside her work, and Antoine ran to the window. "What can all this mean?" he exclaimed. "Good news I am sure, for the people are running out of their houses as if they were mad; shaking hands, and embracing one another. There goes another big gun! and another! why the old house will tumble about our ears! But, dear aunt, do come to the window, for here is papa and Dr. Gùthertz, and Master Fanel and Auguste, with such a big branch of laurel in his cap, and—O, can it really be! Dotto running at his side." Saying this, and forgetting all besides, the happy boy sprang out of the room, and down stairs, to welcome his recovered treasure.

"It would be impossible to keep the secret if we wished it, in this city, overflowing with joy and gratitude," said Dr. Gùthertz on their entrance; "and indeed, I do not see that it will do my patient any harm to rejoice with his friends. Our suffering state has at length, good grounds to hope for deliverance from her enemies, since the deputies from Berne are now come, not to negociate hard terms, but to offer unconditional assistance, and only wait for our acceptance of their unquali-

fied friendship, to march their noble army hither, and raise the siege."

The recovery of Di Rōssi was now henceforth. In a few days he was enabled to unite his thanksgivings with those of the grateful citizens, in a solemn assembly, which it had been the first care of the Reformers to convoke in the cathedral of St. Pierre ; and, a fortnight afterwards, to hail with them the first glance of the bright arms of the rescuing army, as they descended the snowy heights of the Jura. Then, charged with a mission from the council, and sanguine with the hope of a speedy return to aid in the emancipation of the prisoners, and the restitution of their rights, he set off for the court of his royal mistress, the Queen of Navarre.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERSECUTION.

Yet mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth.
Then the foul power of priestly sin, and all
Its long upheld idolatries shall fall ;
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and opprest,
And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

BRYANT.

WE now return to Beatrice and the convent at St. Maurice, taking up the thread of our narrative where Rosette's broke off, at the parting between her and her young mistress. The flight of the waiting woman was happily not discovered until after the arrival of the escort appointed to conduct Beatrice to her new abode, when the gentle Abbess, forbidden to take leave in person, sent a sorrowful

farewell through the portress, together with a letter from the Sire de Beaufort, in which he commanded her to surrender his daughter into the hands of the official, appointed by the Archbishop of Turin, as her guide and guardian. Beatrice made no resistance, confident in the wisdom of Him in whom she trusted, and ready to follow His bidding, even to the stake. The portress wept, as she handed her into her litter at an early hour, on the following morning, and saw it conveyed through the court to the outer gate, where Beatrice, looking anxiously amongst the armed escort which surrounded her, for the dark countenance of Serjeant Prepotenti, shuddered as she discovered his absence, lest he might overtake the fugitive of whom she doubted not he had gone in search. Her conductor, having closed the curtains, rode silently by the side of her litter; and our poor heroine, thus left to the uninterrupted indulgence of her own thoughts, had ample time, during her solitary journey of three days, to ruminate on the past, and to school her mind for future trial. She had little communication with her guide, who waited on her in silence, and locked the door of her apartment at night; but assured of the painful truth, that her father had sanctioned her present rigid

treatment, she forbore all inquiry or complaint. About the middle of the fourth day, she was desired to descend from her covered carriage, and mount a mule. The road now lay over rough mountain passes, covered with snow, the minute particles of which, raised by the wind, nearly blinded her; whilst her hands became so frozen, that she could not guide the animal she rode.

At length they reached an elevated plain, from which, amid the wide waste that spread around, they discerned the glittering spires of a large church surrounded by numerous buildings, presenting a strange contrast with the wild region in which they stood. They next descended into a hollow between rough and barren mountains, and passed through a village composed chiefly of various descriptions of houses of public entertainment, from the large hostelry which displayed on its sign a daubed representation of two enormous ravens, to the lowest cabaret in which pilgrims of the most wretched appearance were carousing. Proceeding forward, the travellers entered a spacious court, two sides of which were formed of high stone buildings; in the centre rose a stately cathedral, whose shrine was surrounded by lamps, which shed, through the stained pannels, a

faint light on the court below, and partially illumined the gloomy edifice, before which the cavalcade drew up. A large fountain in front of the church poured its incessant waters from fourteen shoots, fed by the melted snows of the neighbouring mountains—the only sound which broke the death-like stillness around, until the vesper-bell clanging from the lofty tower, struck like a knell on the heart of the weary girl, who shuddered as she looked on the dreary prison which she now perceived was to be the termination of her journey.

At the sound of that bell the attendants descended from their mules, prostrating themselves for a few seconds on the ground, when a lay monk, who acted as porter, opened the door, and demanded their business. Beatrice did not hear the answer given by the conductor, for, numbed and dizzy, she could scarcely keep herself from falling, as he assisted her to alight, and supported her into the building.

She passed through a gloomy, arched, passage, preceded by the spectre-like guide, the close damp air of which almost suffocated her, and she shuddered as she observed some doors with iron gratings, with a foreboding that some such might

one day close on her. It was, therefore, a considerable relief to find her way lay up a long flight of stone steps, at the head of which the guide rang a bell, and a nun appearing at the door, bade Beatrice enter. The parlour, if such the gloomy apartment might be designated, was large and lofty, with a brick floor, and heavy beams black with age and smoke. A few embers burned on the hearth, near which stood a small table, having on it a wooden trencher, a bowl of milk, and a loaf of coarse bread.

“Eat,” said the hard-featured nun, “and warm ye quickly, for the hour of prayer is nigh.”

Beatrice seated herself, and ate moderately of the homely fare before her, when the nun starting up at the sound of a bell, took her lamp, and bade her follow to the choir.

“Good sister,” said Beatrice, detaining her, “I pray you show me my sleeping chamber, for I have travelled far, and am weary.”

“Are ye then too tired to return thanks to our blessed Lady for her protection by the way?” asked the nun scornfully.

“I prefer offering up my thanks to God for His gracious guidance, in my own room,” said Beatrice, calmly.

“ Heretic !” muttered the recluse, as she proceeded through the cold stone passage ; whilst pale spectral beings, each bearing a lighted taper, issued from the grated cells on either side, and glided past them.

At length they reached the high folding-doors which led into the choir ; when Beatrice again refusing to enter, the nun cast on her a fearful scowl, and led the way to a door at a little distance in the same gallery.

“ Here is the room thou art so desirous to enter,” said she, “ maybe thou wilt ere long, be equally glad to quit it, for thou wilt find little in it to pamper thy worldly delicacy. Yonder is thy bed—to-morrow at sunrise, thou must quit it to attend the early matins.” Saying this, she left the apartment, and locked the door on the outside.

Alas, poor Beatrice ! she looked around her melancholy cell, and felt as if the grave had closed on her. It was small, scarcely more than eight feet square, but so high that it had almost the appearance of a well, since the flickering flame of the lamp did not enable her eyes to reach the top of the blackened ceiling. It contained but one window, placed very high, the grated bars of which were

draperied by cobwebs; one chair and a wretched pallet comprised the whole furniture of the miserable cell, and though weary, and almost benumbed with cold it was long ere she could prevail on herself to approach the latter. In this situation of earthly hopelessness, what was the deserted girl's only consolation?—what could it be—but prayer? Composed, strengthened by its exercise, she threw herself, without undressing, on the hard bed; where sleep for a few hours sealed her swollen eyelids. On opening them the next morning, she beheld the sour countenance of sister Barbara, who, with a change of apparel, brought her a small cup of milk and a bit of bread, and informed her of the Abbess's command to dress quickly, and accompany her to morning prayers.

“Tell your superior,” said the captive firmly, “that I do not join in the services of the church of Rome, and that if she will allow me the favour of an interview, I will inform her of my reasons for declining them.”

The nun left the cell with her usual scowl, and Beatrice was once more alone. Hour after hour passed heavily by, marked by the deep-toned convent bell; but no one came. She had no book, no

work, nothing but her own sad anticipations to mark the dragging time. The rays of the setting sun were seen for a few moments, between the grated bars of her window, and then all was again grey twilight. When the evening bell broke on the fearful stillness, the nun entered the room with a lamp, and the reiterated command to attend vespers, which met the same undaunted negative. Once again she returned with a small quantity of bread and wretched broth, then taking the lamp, bolted the door after her, and left her captive in silent darkness. Another night, more forlorn than the last, passed over that captive's head. Weariness of body had enabled her on the preceding one to sleep, but as the hopelessness of her situation became more apparent, a thousand restless fears for the future, and recollections of the past, chased slumber from her eyes. Foremost amongst these recollections was her father's cruel change, his unfeeling desertion of a child he had once appeared so fondly to love; and she taxed her memory in vain for any ground for his cruel conduct towards her.—in all but “touching her God,” her conscience acquitted her of the slightest neglect of his wishes, or opposition to his will.

Thus passed the first day of the poor captive's imprisonment, and thus, with no variation, dragged on seven silent, solitary days, seven almost sleepless nights. Since her entrance into this miserable abode, she had never heard a human voice, except the melancholy salutation of the nuns as they passed one another in the corridor, and the few words repeated morning and evening, with unvarying monotony, by her rigid jailor.

On the eighth morning, instead of this oft-rehearsed invitation to the mass, the nun informed her that the Abbess commanded her attendance in the parlour, and preceding her to the end of the corridor, she opened the door of the apartment, and withdrew ; leaving Beatrice in the presence of the formidable superior and another person, who sat with her at the upper end of it. The room was spacious, handsomely furnished, and lighted by two oriel windows, through which the morning sun streamed, dazzling the eyes of the captive, who stood irresolute whether or not to advance, and timidly shrinking from the fixed gaze of those before her. There was nothing in the appearance of either that indicated the rigour of a penitential life. The Abbess was apparently about forty years of age,

and before indulgence had spoiled the symmetry of her form, she had possessed a considerable share of beauty. Even now, when filling her place in the choir, or performing her dramatic part in the pompous ceremonies of the Romish church, she was a comely and striking personage; but the slightest opposition to her imperious will, lent a fierceness to her eyes, and a suffusion to her complexion, which formed a painful contrast to her habit of humility, and vows of sanctity. Her companion, the noble and mitred Abbot of the neighbouring monastery, was in the full vigour of manhood, extremely handsome, and dressed with the most scrupulous care, and costly splendour. His lawn sleeves were of dazzling whiteness, his cloak flowed gracefully from his shoulders, and his scarlet stockings drawn closely over his well-shaped leg, were fastened at the knee by diamond buckles. He rose at Beatrice's entrance, and uttered an exclamation, which was repressed by the stately Abbess, who turning towards the object of his involuntary admiration, said, in no harmonious tone, "Lady Beatrice de Beaufort approach! You may perhaps have deemed me wanting in the respect due to your rank and house, in not personally receiving

you within these walls. But the censure of the church levels all worldly distinctions; and as her unworthy servant, I felt called on to show my disapprobation of one, who had so justly incurred it."

During this harangue, Beatrice crossed the room with a firm step, and stood at its close, on the opposite side of a small marble table, placed before her formidable judge. She spoke not, for as yet it had not been given her what to say, and her silence seemed embarrassing to the Abbess, who stopped a few seconds as if awaiting an answer.

"I had another reason for not breaking in on you," she at length continued; "I trusted that solitude and privation might have a salutary effect on your spirit, and instruct you to meet me with the respect and obedience due from a daughter to her spiritual mother."

"Personal suffering, madam," replied Beatrice, in a gentle yet firm tone, "can have no power over opinions which were not formed from earthly motives."

"In that you said rightly, Lady Beatrice; it must have been satanic influence only, that induced you to disgrace your birth and sex, and to rise

in rebellion against your spiritual and temporal parents."

"Your zeal, dear madam," interrupted the Abbot, placing his hand gently on the arm of the nun, "commendable as in itself it assuredly is, carries you perhaps a little too far. Let us hope that this our erring daughter may be induced, by milder methods, to listen to the admonitions of our holy church and her ministers, and to recant the pernicious opinions she has so unhappily adopted. I wish much to see her in private, and to use arguments which cannot at present be fully discussed, in the hope of prevailing on her to accept the pardon offered by our gracious prince."

"Whatever you may wish to say to my charge, monsignore," said the nun, laying a peculiar stress on the possessive pronoun, "must be said in my presence, and subject to my authority, since, with humble submission to your lordship on all other matters, the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort was entrusted to my sole guardianship by her diocesan, the Archbishop of Turin."

"I will then profit by the present opportunity of urging my cause," said the Abbot, with calm polite-

ness, "since I fear it will be the only one afforded me, as I depart to-morrow for Rome. But first, daughter," he continued, rising and placing a chair, "let me release you from your present painful position, and then distinctly state to you that I am empowered by the Duke to set you at liberty, and to place you in the safe keeping of any friend you will name, on the sole condition of your returning to the bosom of your holy Mother, who holds out her compassionating arms ready to embrace you—nay, answer me not, until I set before you the peril of your refusal. I wish you to know the depth of the precipice on which you stand, ere you turn aside the friendly hand that would snatch you from it."

"Nay, this is past all bearing!" interrupted the Abbess, the veins of her forehead swelling beneath the band which with difficulty compressed them, and her heightened colour painfully contrasting its snowy whiteness. "A noble Abbot suing to a stubborn heretic to accept the pardon, which no true son of the church should offer!"

"In that censure you include a far more illustrious member of it than her unworthy son before you, madam," said the Abbot, with dignity. "But I must not permit your zeal to interfere with my

duty." Then turning to Beatrice, he continued, "I do not, intend, young lady, to enter now on points of faith—all that can be urged to convince or warn has, I am aware, been already set before you by the pious and learned Father Ambroise."

"Whose kindness," interrupted Beatrice, her eyes filling with tears, "must have overcome all considerations, but those of conscience and conviction."

"Ay," said the Abbess scornfully, "and whose weak indulgence, together with the affected tenderness of my sister of St. Maurice, has pampered self-sufficiency into insolence."

The Abbot turned again to Beatrice; "You will consider my propositions—weigh well their advantages, and the danger of rejection—and give me your answer at my return."

"I can consent to no delay—the present moment must decide the young lady's fate," interrupted the Abbess.

"Then let her at least hear her doom ere she seal it. Will you accept the pardon of your prince, daughter?" asked the prelate.

"I cannot, on the terms he proposes," said Beatrice; "and I do beseech you, my lord, to receive

this as my final answer, together with my grateful thanks. Time cannot alter my convictions, although it may weaken my powers of resistance."

"Farewell then, obstinate and ill-fated girl!" said the Abbot; "you have closed on yourself the door of the outer world, and the mildest fate which awaits you, is a life of punishment and penitence."

Beatrice turned pale, and trembled exceedingly, and the Abbess, under a semblance of compassion, but in reality to terminate an interview during which she was every moment expecting her prey would escape, called on sister Barbara, who stood at the door, to lead the exhausted girl back to her cell, where she threw herself on her hard pallet, and, worn out by long sleepless nights, and the violent struggle she had lately endured, fell into a deep and tranquil sleep. She was awakened, by the nightly return of the nun, to all the horrors of her situation,

"My earthly doom is now fixed," she said; "there is no return to the cheerful light of day—my brief course is nearly finished, and these gloomy walls will be my living grave. O my God! give me but strength to continue stedfast to the end, and all will be well—for what is life? what its

longest duration, what its brightest prospects, but a dream—a warfare—a pilgrimage? And ye, my beloved fellow-travellers over the rugged road of human suffering," she continued, as her thoughts wandered over the snowy mountain and the stormy lake, and penetrated into the captive's cell, recalling each beloved companion of her christian course. "Ye too are climbing alone, the rough steps of adversity that lead to the mountain of our Lord. May He be with, to cheer and support you, as He does me, in this hour of woe!"

Such were the meditations, such the consolations of the young Christian, who, like the persecuted saints of the first ages, was "cast down, but not destroyed."

It is difficult and painful to detail the particulars of the days that followed, varied only by fresh injuries, privations, and sufferings. Each evening was the victim led into the Abbess's parlour, where, instead of the compassionating and well-bred Abbot, she was exposed to the coarse invectives of some priests, who were assembled for the purpose of argument and reproof. Throughout the fiery ordeal she was supported by such strength from above, as enabled her not only to bear with

patience the ill-usage she received, but to render such reasons for her faith as often silenced her enemies, and even softened all but those whom interest and natural malevolence had hardened against her. Her outward frame, it is true, decayed—the rounded beauty of her form was gone—the pure clearness of her complexion assumed a sallow hue, and her eyes lost their lucid light. But the soul daily became more devoted and holy, and one undeviating principle never forsook her constant mind—a belief in the kindness and goodness of God, and a humble and child-like dependence on His mercy and truth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARTYR.

When persecution's torrent blaze
Wraps the unshrinking martyr's head,
When fade all earthly flowers and bays,
When summer friends are gone and fled,
Is he alone in that dark hour,
Who owns the Lord of love and power !

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THE malignant beings into whose power, in times of persecution, it has pleased the Lord to place so many of his chosen people, have ever been most subtle in devices of torture, varying and increasing the portion of suffering, as they have observed strength from above given to support it.

The tormentors of Beatrice de Beaufort were not behind the most forward, either in invention or

power—finding their victim unmoved by taunts or threats, they determined to vary their plans, and by drawing her from her solitude, subject her to more active trial. Although the Archbishop of Turin had been obliged to concede to the wishes of the Duke, that offers of pardon and restoration should first be made to the offender, through the medium of the Abbot, he had prevailed, by an artful exaggeration of her offence, and its dangerous consequences, that the case should afterwards be subjected to the decision of the church, and that she should be placed under the sole direction of the Abbess Chabalais. The commands of the Archbishop to his female agent were positive, as far as related to the strict confinement and rigid penance of her captive; but even to this ready instrument of his dark designs, the naked truth was too hideous to be laid open. Thus much, however, was definite—Beatrice de Beaufort must never again breathe the air of the outer world. If she could be persuaded or frightened into a cloistered life, (and no effort must be spared to accomplish the desired end,) the powerful and beautiful abbey of Santa Clara was to be placed under her rule; but should she continue obstinate in her heresy, the holy In-

quisition must pronounce her doom, and the rich guerdon fall into more deserving hands. "Where then," wrote the wily priest, "where can we find a more fitting directress of the envied and honourable situation, amongst the numerous list of fair and noble candidates, than she, whose high qualifications have been too long wasted on a cold and barren soil?"

The bait, so richly gilded, was eagerly swallowed; and the artful priest well knew that by thus placing her victim in the situation of a rival, the full stipulations of the services required would be scrupulously fulfilled. Thus, in whichever way the affair terminated, the noble inheritance of Brières would be lost to the suspected and hated Di Rossi, and remain in the possession of one, whom he had secured to his interest by links which could not easily be severed. It has been truly said that,

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
Those never pardon who have done the wrong."

and never was the observation more fully exemplified, than in the hatred borne by the cruel mother Chabalais towards her lovely, and innocent charge—a hatred that appeared to increase in proportion as

her powers of torture and punishment were exercised.

Finding her unmoved amid the fearful solitude and inaction of her prison, she drew her from it to perform the most painful offices in the infirmary, imagining that such would be peculiarly revolting to a high-born female. But she knew not that Beatrice had been early exercised by a christian mother in deeds of mercy, and that she would find a solace for her own woes in administering comfort and aid to the afflicted. This solace, however, was not of long duration, for when the Abbess perceived that, notwithstanding the odium of heresy which clung to their gentle nurse, and the strict silence imposed on her, her sweetness and "skill of comfort" won on the invalids, she found other and more painful services for her.

After the day spent in the most arduous and menial occupations of the household, she supplied her with a large quantity of coarse needlework, and set her tasks which could not be accomplished without robbing her of many hours of needful repose. At length, her mind, sympathising with her exhausted body, longed for rest—longed to lay down the heavy load of life, anxious only to bear to

the last an undeviating testimony to the truth, and fearful lest her protracted sufferings might shake the constancy of her mind, by destroying the powers of resistance. Under these circumstances she heard with joy, although it was not unmixed with a feeling of natural dread, that the inquisitor, whose arrival from Rome had been anticipated, had reached the convent, and that she was summoned for the last time to the Abbess's parlour, to be subjected to a final examination ere her doom was sealed.

Either to give effect to the scene, to strike terror into his victim, or really to disguise his person, the inquisitor wore a covering of cere-cloth, which completely concealed the upper part of his form, being drawn over the head, and falling below the waist. Slits were cut in it for the eyes and mouth, and the whole presented an unnatural and hideous appearance, whilst the muffled sound confinement imparted to the voice, added to the disagreeable effect—an effect, however, powerless, together with all the other means of intimidation employed to subjugate and terrify the victim, who looked with calmness on the futile effort, and felt nothing but pity for her blind and erring oppressors. The inquisitor addressed her but rarely, rather prompting the priests

from time to time, as they examined her on the leading articles of her creed.

Truly, in that moment it *was* “given her what she should say.” Amid threats, taunts, and promises, she stood, firm as thousands of others have done in the same blessed cause, and supported by the same everlasting arms.

Her courage rose by oppression—even her weakened frame, invigorated by her undaunted spirit, sustained the long trial which the malice of her enemies seemed to find pleasure in protracting, until, unable to reply to her searching arguments and powerful truths, the inquisitor broke up the assembly, and dismissed her with these words: “Go to thy apartment, Beatrice de Beaufort, thy doom is sealed!”

It would be too difficult a task to describe the various emotions which agitated the breast of our young Christian, as she closed the door of her cell for the last time, and sat down to contemplate the dreadful fate that awaited her on the morrow—a fate which, although not openly denounced by her unrighteous judge, had been sufficiently made known to her through the dark insinuations of sister Barbara. Terror at her anticipated martyrdom was

blended with joy at the release it promised from present evil—hope and blissful anticipation, with lingering regret and natural weakness. The struggle was long and agonising; but consoled and strengthened by those direct ministrations of the Spirit which have enabled the martyr in all ages calmly to contemplate death, and even to glory in suffering. Faith at length obtained her victory, and holy peace succeeded to the bitter strife. The convent clock had marked the progress of many an hour of abstracted devotion, ere she arose from her knees, and prepared for the last time, to put off her earthly clothing; its warning voice fell yet again unheeded on her ear, as a gentle sleep threw its soft oblivion on the past, and strengthened her for future trial.

She arose at day-break—selected the dress she thought best suited to the solemn occasion; and throwing a light mantilla over her head, with which she could at pleasure conceal her face, she looked, not like a victim dragged unwillingly to the altar, but as one prepared to lay herself cheerfully on it. At length the convent bell flung its deep note on the breath of morning, and at the same time the sound of numerous and measured footsteps caught

her ear, accompanied by a low chant. They approached nearer and nearer, traversing the gallery in which her cell was situated: the door of it was unlocked, and the stern nun entered. She seemed surprised at finding her prisoner prepared and calm—perhaps she had anticipated a struggle, which would have excited less bitterness than the christian gentleness of her deportment. Placing the door open, she bade Beatrice stand at her side, as the long procession passed slowly before them, until the time arrived in which she was to take her station in it.

In front of that imposing procession walked several young choristers bearing a large cross, and chanting a low dirge-like mass; then came four priests holding a canopy over the head of a fifth, who bore the Host. An image of the Virgin was next carried by with similar honours,—the nuns followed veiled, and clothed in long mantles, holding each a lighted taper, the tall and portly Abbess closing their ranks. After these walked some other, but subordinate performers in the solemn drama, and the procession was closed by a group, whose office, but too obvious, sent the blood of the trembling victim for a few short moments of weakness, curd-

ling to the heart. The two foremost, habited as free-masons, with conical caps, and aprons on which were traced various sombre devices, held in their hands the implements of their calling, and were followed by others carrying bricks and materials for building—surrounded by flags, on which were portrayed the most horrid representations of the fires of purgatory with other hideous and chimerical phantasmia. It was behind these wretched beings, appointed to hew and close her living tomb, and at the side of the masked inquisitor, that the young confessor was ordered to take her place, partly to humiliate and terrify her, and partly to give effect to the pageant; since effect is as necessary a portion in a Romish ceremony, as in the kindred representations of the theatre and the opera-house. Little, however, was she, who was the object of these low designs, affected by them. The distinctions and terrors of earth were beneath her heaven-directed gaze; she knew she was walking to her tomb, and she heeded not the path of humiliation by which it was approached.

After traversing several galleries, they descended a long flight of stone steps, then proceeding through a vaulted passage, they arrived at another and wider staircase, at the foot of which, large grated doors

conducted into a spacious subterranean church. The greater part of the building was in deep shade, but a brilliantly illuminated altar lighted the upper end, and a solitary lamp burned within one dark recess in the thick walls, before which the train moved slowly, in order that each might view it, as well as to strike terror into the soul of her, who was so soon to be buried within. It was an excavated cell, about four feet square and six high; in a niche in one of its walls stood a lamp, a crucifix, and a skull; and on the ground, in mockery of mercy, a small loaf of bread and cruize of water. There were few in that procession who did not shudder as they paced slowly before that fearful tomb, but from the eye of her whom it was to enclose the mists of earth were cleared; she was enabled to see the angels that kept guard near it, and a world of unfading bloom beyond its gloomy precincts.

At length the procession reached the altar, and fell into their appointed places at, and around it. The priests took their stand within the rails, the nuns ranged themselves on either side, whilst the rest of the assembly filed round at a little distance, forming a living wall about the young martyr, who was left standing in the middle of the circle. O

how commandingly beautiful did she appear in that moment of trial ! She looked calmly around on her bloodthirsty accusers—on the gloomy tomb—on the meretricious solemnity ; and all seemed to shrink before the truth of her searching glance, like the false enchantments of the Egyptian sorceress, before that of the prophets of God.

“ Beatrice de Beaufort,” at length exclaimed the inquisitor, who stood in front of the altar, masked as on the preceding night, “ I call on thee for the last time, to renounce thy damnable heresies, and to return with sorrow and humiliation, to the bosom of thy offended and holy mother—offering thee in her name, and that of the blessed Virgin, a retreat within the walls of this her Convent of the Hermits, if thou wilt openly abjure those soul-destroying errors, and pronounce the vows of perpetual poverty, obedience, and celibacy. Do thou choose, therefore, between the cloister and yonder living tomb.”

“ I cannot choose,” replied Beatrice, in a firm and distinct voice, “ because in choice there is no compulsion ; and I do not acknowledge your power, or that of any other human being, to inflict on me either of the dreadful fates you name !”

“This subterfuge shall not avail,” said the inquisitor; “I demand again, wilt thou renounce thy heresies?”

“Never!” she replied, with a strong emphasis; “never! if by that name you designate a sole reliance on the intercession and merits of the only Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ! Never! if you call it heresy to obey God rather than man, and to reverence the commands contained in his Holy Word, beyond the vain traditions of human ingenuity and falsehood! Never! if by such a term you mean a refusal to bow the knee to idols, or to ask from man the pardon of sins, which God will alone remit through the intercession of His Son.”

“Thou deniest, then, bold scoffer,” interrupted the father confessor, who had been with difficulty thus long kept silent; “thou, a worm of the earth! a vile heretic! deniest the authority of the blessed Virgin—thou refusest to do her honour!”

“But as one blessed among women, though woman still!”

There was an evident stir of displeasure throughout the whole assembly at this bold avowal, and the father confessor was proceeding with increased vituperation, when the more wary inquisitor interrupted him.

“Patience, good father, I beseech you!—We shall want no testimony but what proceeds from the mouth of the accused.” Then turning to Beatrice, he said, “Thou art, then, determined to seal thine own doom, and to take from our holy and pitying church all power of forgiveness? Be it so! thy blood rests on thine own head—my hands are free of it!”

“Deceive not thyself thus, reverend sir,” said Beatrice, solemnly; “on you, and on my other cruel oppressors, will rest the foul stain, and God will avenge it. It is not, then, for myself I plead—I ask not human pardon—I shrink not from human vengeance; yon gloomy tomb will be to me the gate of Paradise; but I do beseech ye to have mercy on your own souls! I do implore ye to pause, ere ye bring on them such heavy condemnation. And oh! may God hear me, when I pray, not alone for those who ‘decree unrighteous judgments,’ but for those who witness them, and lift not up their voice against them!”

There was a short pause of death-like stillness, during which even hatred and envy contemplated, with compelled admiration, the christian maiden, who, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, implored forgiveness for her enemies.

But the interruption was short-lived, for the Abbess and her priests, by various signs of impatience, intimated their desire to proceed, and the father confessor, turning to the inquisitor, said, “ Holy father, it is time that we put an end to this mockery : guilty or not guilty ? ”

“ Guilty ! ” said the unrighteous judge, “ and let the sentence of the church be speedily executed. Officials, do your office ! ”

The nuns shrunk closer together, as the terrific beings advanced to seize their prey, but stood irresolute and awed, when, lifting her hand, and receding a few paces, she said solemnly, “ Approach me not—lay not a finger on me, until I warn ye of the deadly peril in which ye place your souls by obeying the wicked mandates of those, who would plunge them in perdition. If the foul act is to be perpetrated—if a human and unoffending being is to be hurried alive into the tomb—let those who imagined, execute the deed ! ”

The wretched instruments were yet human, and paused irresolute and awe-struck ; till the authoritative commands of the inquisitor chased the transient emotion, and they laid their ruthless gripe on their delicate and unresisting prey, bearing her to-

wards the yawning grave. But no human eye was permitted to penetrate into the mysteries of those diabolical rites—no human ear to listen to the shriek, the expostulation, or prayer of the victim; the inquisitor alone followed to direct the execution of this worse than pagan sacrifice, whilst the choir, aided by the trembling voices of the nuns, burst forth in a loud and discordant anthem, and at the same moment extinguished the tapers they carried. The lamps burnt dim around the altar; then one by one, and apparently without human agency, went out; whilst, at the same time, the stunning chorus sank, as gradually, into a low monotonous dirge—but ere light and sound had quite melted into darkness and silence, and the procession had addressed themselves to quit the subterranean church, it was flooded by a torrent of light which rushed through the entrance-doors, and dazzled eyes, so long veiled in partial darkness. A multitude of persons carrying flaming torches, burst into the building; and filling the arches on either side of the principal aisle, the brilliant illumination discovered the forms of the Abbot of Einsiedeln and the Monk of St. Bernard, as they passed rapidly up it. Preceding his companion, breathless and agitated

Father Ambroise forced his way through the terrified nuns who had closed around their superior, and demanded the restoration of her victim. The Abbess, bewildered and dazzled at the sudden apparition, made no reply, whilst her eye glared fiercely on the intruder; then, as recollection returned, alarmed and conscience-struck, she became deadly pale, and trembled exceedingly.

“Do not trifle with us, madam,” exclaimed the Abbot, “I command you instantly to deliver up the Lady Beatrice—delay may be fatal—speak! where have you concealed her?”

For another dreadful moment the wretched woman stared fearfully around, her eyes bursting from their sockets, whilst she struggled for utterance; but a gurgling in the throat choked all articulation—the rushing blood swelled the veins of her neck, and mounted into her cheeks and forehead, and with one wild shriek she fell back into the arms of the surrounding nuns.

“Away! away!” said the Abbot to Father Ambroise; “lose not a moment in rescuing your ward; and claiming for her and yourself the promise and protection of the Duke, leave me to appease the thunders of the Vatican.”

Father Ambroise hastily placed one knee on the earth, seized and pressed to his lips the hand of his generous superior, and then followed Monsieur le Comte and Marco, who, assisted by some monks, had extricated Beatrice from the tomb which had partly closed around her, and were bearing her up the staircase into the outer court. Here, pale, trembling, and almost insensible, they placed her in the litter which stood ready prepared for her flight; and mounting on mules, they proceeded some way, ere they ventured to stop and administer the refreshment which she so greatly needed. Stunned by the overwhelming events of the past, Beatrice could scarcely realise her escape; but although feeble and suffering, her dread of pursuit enabled her to bear the fatigues of their journey, and even to urge her companions to increased exertions. On the second evening they reached the friendly city of Berne, and Father Ambroise had the unspeakable delight of placing his exhausted charge in the arms of her faithful Rosette.

Madame le Comte received the rescued captive as a sister, and the reformed city participated in the delight of welcoming a victim snatched from the fire of Romish persecution. But it was a long time be-

fore Beatrice could personally acknowledge the attention which the noblest of the citizens vied in showing her, and many an anxious hour did her tender nurses, Madame le Comte and Rosette, pass by her bedside, from which her judicious physician had excluded all other attendants, ere their beloved patient was restored even to partial recovery.

Father Ambroise and the faithful Marco were then the first to claim an interview; and whilst the former, better schooled in concealing his feelings, gazed in silent agony on her altered features and wasted form, the poor serving man's sorrow found vent in lamentations and tears. Beatrice held out her hand to him, and after expressing her lively gratitude for the inestimable services he had rendered her, begged he would give her a circumstantial history of all that had befallen him after he accompanied Rosette to the foot of the St. Bernard pass.

The faithful creature related his story with much simplicity, but as it was interlarded with some unnecessary detail, we will give it in fewer words. On leaving Rosette, he returned to St. Maurice, and from thence followed Beatrice unperceived to Einsiedeln. Here he remained hovering about the

convent, until he contrived to gain the good-will of the porter, and to be employed by him in many little services within the walls. On one of these occasions, he had been sent with some food to the workmen occupied in the preparation of the subterranean chapel, when partly from the hints he received, and partly from conjecture and apprehension, he felt assured that the contemplated ceremony was in some way connected with the fate of his young mistress, who he knew was yet a prisoner in the convent. He had long intended to acquaint the Abbot with her detention, and having been informed the prelate had returned the evening before, he bent his steps towards the cathedral, with an intention of accosting him after the early prayers. Great indeed was his surprise and joy to perceive, as he knelt around the grated chapel of "Our Lady," the Abbot approach with Father Ambrose to lay the Duke's offering on her shrine; but deeper yet were those of the Monk of St. Bernard when he heard tidings of his lost daughter. Her peril, however, was imminent, and assured by the promise and pledge of his Prince, the Abbot lost not a moment in arranging with Father Ambrose and his able assistants, Monsieur le Comte and

Marco, some measures for her escape. Fearing, by demanding openly her liberation from the Abbess, she might accelerate her destruction, they finally determined on the plan which, as we have seen, it pleased God to bless, and in the execution of which, graciously employing the agency of man in the work of mercy, he took on Himself alone the avenger's part.

In the meanwhile, the most exhilarating accounts daily reached Berne from her conquering army. The siege of Geneva had been raised, her distressed citizens relieved, and their brave deliverers had marched triumphant, yet without blood-shedding, through the Pays de Vaud ; receiving the homage of its inhabitants, and leaving only one solitary fortress to own the sway of Savoy—the Castle of Chillon.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RELEASE.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
On the rock thy couch must be,
Whilst around thee chafes the billow.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

IN following the more eventful history of the other personages of our little tale, we have been obliged to neglect those first introduced to the reader, and the prisoners of Chillon have remained unnoticed in their dungeons. But, alas ! what is there in the life of a captive to relate, but a tale of suffering monotony ? Yet, whilst darkness and solitude were their portion—whilst they ate the bitter bread of captivity and drank the water of scarceness, their fellow-

beings in the same castle rioted in freedom and luxury. The lake smiled in its loveliness before them, green mountains afforded them shelter and pastime, and earth laid its store of fruit and flowers at their feet. Yet, amid this seeming inequality of fate, the law of compensation was not outraged, since the peace of God rested on those who suffered for the truth, whilst the struggles of ambition, and the stings of conscience, poisoned the happiness of their guilty oppressors, even in the first flush of its attainment.

And the Governor of Chillon has purchased the toy he panted for—the fair and frivolous Lady Blanche, and the bridal has been celebrated with the same mirth and festivity as if the union had been assorted by nature and approved by Heaven; but when the gloss of novelty had worn off, when the glittering pageant had passed by, he found her folly and waywardness somewhat irksome, and a thought of his daughter occasioned a writhing of remorse that amply revenged her wrongs. Still, even in his darkest moments, no intention of redress presented itself—he had turned the current of his hopes into another channel, which, in his conception, rendered the sacrifice of Beatrice inevitable; thus the ambi-

tious and sensual often make a law to themselves of their wishes and aims, and pursue them with a pertinacity which would be heroism in a righteous cause. Since the escape of Di Rossi had furnished him with a plausible pretext for continuing the strict guardianship of his innocent daughter, he had committed it unconditionally into the hands of the Archbishop, and, engaged by new ties and fresh schemes of ambition, he endeavoured to banish all recollection of her wrongs or claims. Vain effort! since conscience asserted her right, and in spite of the constant gaiety in which his youthful bride had involved him, his spirits became clouded, his temper morose; and naturally stern and cruel, he redoubled his severity and vigilance on the unfortunate captives committed to his keeping.

We left Michael Cottier in the midst of his arduous endeavour to cut through the bars of his prison window with the slender means which, tradition has informed us, he made use of for that purpose; and the visitors to the dungeons of Chillon may still see the loop-hole through which, it affirms, he plunged into the lake.*

Notwithstanding the promise made to Father

* See note M.

Ambroise by the Governor, that Cottier should be removed into an upper apartment, we have seen that means were found to evade it, and that Di Rossi profited in his stead, by the zeal and fidelity of the young man's friends. It was a considerable time ere Lenoir and the old fisherman could again venture near the castle ; but after suspicion was lulled, the latter returned to throw his nets at a little distance, and with eyes cleared by affection and gratitude, perceived some one within the grating on the outside of Michael's cell. It was impossible to approach or make any sign, but he continued to ply his humble calling within sight of the loop-hole, in the hope, should the captive find means of getting through it, he would perceive that friendly aid was near. Nor was he deceived : Michael had recognised the little bark, and it had given fresh vigour to his efforts.

And now behold the young captive mounted on the wall, working the live-long day at the massive bar. His progress was so slow, that it was only at the end of distant portions of time that it was discovered to be such, and that a slight indenture had been made on the obdurate iron. At first he laboured almost without intermission, and sleep and food

were neglected in the prosecution of the energetic task. His frame wasted as his spirit became more ardent, and hope lighted the bright flame of his eye, and painted the hectic of his cheek. At length, the savage Bertoldo began to suspect some reason for the undrained pitcher, and almost untouched bread, and to threaten, if he did not eat his allowance, he would report it to the Governor. But the appetite, which eagerness and hope had at first blunted, would not return with the return of less excited feelings, and his stomach refused the prison fare. Day by day was the threat and taunt renewed, and day by day the captive's prayer for release was breathed with additional fervour.

We have said that some slight impression was made on the bar; but it was the work of months completely to divide it—and thus passed the winter away, and the first opening of spring. That slow, yet never ceasing effort, which conquers all difficulty, like the dropping of water on flint, was at length successful. The bar was nearly divided, (the last stroke being reserved for the hour of departure, since to remove it before would have been certain discovery,) when Bertoldo entered the cell for the last time.

“What, at your old tricks, young master!” said he, as he looked into the unemptied pitcher. “Come, come, this is child’s play; think not to deceive me thus!” and turning aside the straw, he discovered a quantity of stale pieces of bread. “This very night, by the beard of St. Anthony! I will acquaint the Governor, and he will discover some means of drenching thee, as we do a stubborn horse.”

“Bertoldo, said the young Christian, in accents of pity, rather than reproof, “every hard word that thou sayest to the unfortunate will rise up against thee in judgment. A day will come when, if thou repent not, punishment will overtake thee, and thou wouldest gladly give all thy hoarded gold for one promise of that mercy, which is made to the merciful.”

The wretch took again the food he had brought, and said, with a sneer, “All this is mighty fine preaching, young sir! but thou wilt not find Bertoldo the man to relish, or take it without return. A few twinges of the pincers, and a little salutary stretching of the limbs, may perchance improve thy appetite. In the meantime, as thou dost not appear to like the fresh food I have brought, I will leave thee, like a wayward child, to eat thy last night’s

supper, ere I give thee this day's dinner." He left the cell, and Cottier fell asleep with a prayer on his lips and heart for his conversion.

The next morning dawned brightly on the outward world, though it threw no cheering ray into the captive's cell; but he heard the soft breeze of spring stirring the waves which gently laved the walls of his prison. He spent the day—the last of his earthly captivity—in prayer and meditation; and when the sun had set, and the stars began to appear, he quitted his cell, and approached that of Bonnivard.

"Who is it that calls on the unfortunate Bonnivard?" answered the soft voice of the Prior of St. Victor.

Cottier explained to him that he had been many months the sharer of his dungeon, and his hope of bringing him relief when he had effected his own escape.

"Alas, my son, the attempt is fraught with peril, and I entreat thee not to incur it for my sake; leave me rather to perish in captivity—it is not so sad to me, as to thy young years; besides, thou hast already well fulfilled thine errand in the comfort thy

too dearly purchased visit afforded me. Thou hast brought me back to the love of my kind ; and I have found both mercy and correction in Alice's precious legacy. I beseech thee, attempt not the dangerous leap ! the lake is deep, and there are hidden rocks around the dungeon walls !”

“ I am an expert swimmer,” pleaded Cottier, “ and help is at hand ; moreover, there is no retreat—the iron bar is removed, and this attempt at escape would incur a heavier penalty than death itself.”

“ Go, go, then, my child !” exclaimed Bonnivard, in a voice of strong emotion, “ and may God, in his infinite mercy, preserve thee !”

“ He will, my reverend benefactor, and remember whichever way He extends his protecting arm, whether to draw me from the deep waters and place me on the soil of earth, or to land me on the everlasting shores of pure delight—Michael Cottier is alike under His guidance, and alike blessed.” His emotion now checked all further utterance, but of the word “ farewell,” and he hastened away, lest Bertoldo should arrive ere he had effected his escape. He climbed the wall, removed the divided bar, and looked through the narrow aperture.

The day had been remarkably fine, and the lake unruffled ; but the evening breeze now swept its surface with a moaning sound, and large masses of clouds floated across the bright surface of the moon, dimming her fair light, which yet silvered their edges ; like christian love that strives to illumine the envious malice which would obscure it.

On examining the loop-hole, the captive found it would only admit, even his slender form, sideways ; but although to plunge thus into the lake was attended with difficulty and danger, he did not hesitate. One look at the bright sky—one prayer to Him who dwells beyond it—a prayer of faith, of hope, of charity—and he has darted through the narrow opening, and plunged into the deep blue waves below.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FAREWELL.

Oh fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show—how sweetly
E'en death embraces thee ! The peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all blest souls be with thee !

OLD AUTHOR.

THE Count de Blonay, after having in vain opposed the sordid sacrifice of his sister, had refused to sanction by his presence the celebration of those nuptials, at once repugnant to his delicacy and affections, and set off to join his regiment, which shortly after took the field. At the end of the campaign he returned to the Pays de Vaud, to find it had submitted without resistance to the Bernese power, and to learn that the relative into whose

keeping he had entrusted his castle and estates, had done homage to the conquerors, as the only means of saving them from destruction. Further intelligence, of a nature that brooked no delay, had been conveyed to him relative to a proposed attack on the castle of Chillon—and the day after his return, he presented himself at its gates. He greeted his brother-in-law with distant courtesy, and proceeded at once to speak of the purport of his sudden return.

“Your castle is threatened, my lord,” he said; “the Bernese army is again advancing towards the Pays de Vaud, and Geneva has equipped and manned six galleys, whose sails are already unfurled, to carry war to the further shores of the lake.”

The Governor’s lip curled in scorn.

“True strength,” continued the Count, “consists not in despising, but in preparing to combat our foes. This fortress should be effectually manned, its walls strengthened, and the whole building restored to its former state of defence. The banqueting and withdrawing rooms must again become the barrack and guard-chamber;” and

as he spoke, his eye glanced around the splendidly adorned apartment he then occupied.

“You cannot really be in earnest!” said the Governor, “thus to fear a few painted galleys, which have been so long held up to us as bug-bears, that our children have learned to jest on them.”

“My apprehensions are founded on the co-operation of Berne.”

“Have not the surly bears but now, turned growling from our walls?”

“Danger deferred, my lord, is not overcome; and if you will read this, you may be enabled better to judge of the justness of my apprehensions.”

The Governor took the offered document, but ere he examined it, said, “If your lordship wishes to see your sister, you will find her alone. I need not caution so tender a brother to spare her all unnecessary alarm.”

The Count bowed, and ere he left the room the Governor had opened the packet, and commenced the perusal of its contents.

It was with feelings of mingled affection and regret, that Albert de Blonay entered the room where he had first beheld the only woman he had ever

loved—regret deepened by the consciousness of the injustice done her. His mother and sister had in their letters assured him that she had sought the cloister from choice; but the sentiments she had so unreservedly avowed to him rendered this improbable; still a vague hope that she had renounced these errors, that thus the barrier which separated them might be removed, in spite of his melancholy nature, lighted up a faint ray of hope within his drooping heart. He found his sister just in that state of languid satiety which the favourites of fortune experience, when the gilded toys they have dearly purchased begin to lose their first brightness. Her attendants were displaying before her some costly stuffs, from which she was selecting a dress for an approaching ball; and she was pouting because the Governor, who had been twice summoned, had not arrived to give his opinion on the important choice. She was charmed to see her brother, for he came from the court, and must have much to communicate—uttering, therefore, a cry of delight, and bundling up the finery, she exclaimed, “There, wenches, take it all away, and yourselves too, and leave me alone with my Lord of Blonay.”

A volley of questions now burst from the young

lady's lips, which the patient brother answered ere he ventured to bring forward the subject nearest his heart; and this was done with so much grace, that his lively sister complimented him on his unusual communicativeness.

“ Well then, dear Blanche, you must reward me by answering questions in your turn. Are you happy in your new situation ?”

“ Why ye—s, tolerably so. I don't much like this old castle, but my lord promises that we shall go next summer to Brières, where he is anxious the heir of those fine domains should be born.”

“ The heir of Brières !” exclaimed De Blonay ; “ surely that estate belongs to the Lady Beatrice in right of her mother ?”

“ But don't you know, Albert, that Beatrice is to be a nun ; in which case it remains in her father's possession.”

“ Indeed !” replied her brother, suppressing his indignation ; “ and how long is it since the Lady Beatrice has shown this inclination for a cloister ?”

“ My lord tells me she had a decided vocation from childhood, and that her late melancholy was occasioned by his refusal of her wish to take the veil.”

A glow of indignant scorn flushed the pale countenance of De Blonay, as he interrupted his sister by asking, "If the Lady Beatrice was in Savoy?"

"I cannot tell you, Albert,—I rather think she is at St. Maurice, and that my lord says she is removed that I may not desire to visit her."


"You must not be put off thus, Blanche,—it is your duty to inquire into the poor young lady's actual situation—promise me you will do so, dear sister," he continued, kissing her cheek.

The lady was about to reply, when a servant entered with a message from the Governor, begging to see the Count immediately in his cabinet. He found him in great agitation.

"Your information is but too true," he said, "and has just been confirmed by an express from the Bishop of Lausanne. The Genevan galleys have already been descried from that city, and certain intelligence reached it that the army of Berne is once more on its march. We must, therefore, look for its arrival ere many hours are passed."

"And we will receive them," said De Blonay, "as becomes the loyal subjects of our gracious master, happy in the opportunity they give us of recovering the territories they have wrested from him in a moment of surprise."

“It is all in vain, De Blonay; you forget that since the discovery of gunpowder this fortress is no longer impregnable. If we can save our families and our valuables, it must be before the enemy arrives—have you anything you wish preserved?”

“The inestimable jewels of honour and loyalty.” 

“All fine talking, young man! but we are run into a corner, and have no elbow-room for heroics.”

“You will at least present a daring front to the enemy—you will not allow him to conquer without resistance?” asked De Blonay.

“I will make the best defence I can, and if this fail—as fail it must—I will secure the most favourable terms of capitulation—more than that, le petit Charlemagne himself could not do.”

Somewhat appeased by this concession, De Blonay, having arranged with her husband a plan for the immediate removal of the Lady Blanche, quitted the castle to collect the few followers which yet remained true to the house of Savoy, and promised to return on the morrow to take up his position with them on the ramparts. He rode on for some time in melancholy musings, and then by a strong effort concentrating his thoughts on the subject

which required present and prompt determination, he banished the pleading form of Beatrice, and forced himself to dwell on the approaching bombardment of Chillon, and the best means of meeting the threatened danger. In this emergency he recollected the courage and experience of Lenoir, his intimate acquaintance with the secret approaches to Chillon and all the intricacies of the building—and dismounting and giving his horse to his servant, he proceeded alone up the gorge which led to his cottage.

The blustering winds of March were now subsiding into the soft sighing of April; the trees were partly clothed in the vivid tints of spring, and the meadows glowed with the thousand blossoms that strewed their green lap. The young chevalier paused as he caught a view of his ancestral towers rising above the embowering foliage, and looked around on the matchless scene. “All, all!” he muttered to himself, “prince, country, hearth and altar, all will ere long be swept away! But De Blonay’s part is marked out, his lot decreed—amid the wreck of every other possession, honour and loyalty shall yet be his!”

Everything was still around the cottage of Lenoir.

His children were not there to gambol with the goats, who grazed undisturbed amid the rocks. The industrious housewife no longer sat by with her knitting, nor the old fisherman mending his nets on the sunny bench—yet his work lay near, together with the tools of husbandry, which De Blonay imagined the master of the cottage had laid aside as he entered it for his noon repast. He therefore approached the outer door and knocked gently. No one rose to bid him welcome, but as it was not quite closed, he distinctly heard within a low voice in prayer, mingled with sobs, lamentation, and woe. Unwilling to intrude on a scene of domestic calamity, and equally so to quit it without some offer of sympathy or assistance, he hesitated a moment, and then gently opening the half-closed door, beheld a scene at once so interesting and mournful, as rivetted him for a few moments to the spot, till delicacy obliging him to quit it, he walked some hurried paces into the wood, and burying his face in his hands, endeavoured to recall it, as he would the ethereal loveliness of a fleeting dream. A quick step behind roused him—he turned and beheld Father Ambroise.

“Do I still dream!” he exclaimed, as he clasped

the hand of his revered friend. "No, this at least is reality, and I find you in unchanged friendship."

"Then wherefore shun me, De Blonay?—did I not see you at the door of the cottage?"

"I shunned you not, dear father—I did not even perceive you amid that touching group—explain it to me, I beseech you! That lovely face, fair as the flowers strewed around it—tell me, have I not seen that form before?"

"You have, my son,—you saw him surrounded by trial and suffering—he is now in the Paradise of his God."

"Did he then die a faithful son of the church?"

"He died, I trust, a faithful son of the church of Christ—died in the holy cause of mercy which He sanctified: sacrificed his young years, his budding hopes, and obeyed the simple and saving injunction of his Master, to quit all and follow Him. As a soldier of the cross, he stumbled not over it, but took it rejoicingly on his young shoulders. But why do I mourn him?—the stamp of early glory was on his fair brow—the martyr's wreath might almost be said to shade it even amid the sunny ringlets of his bright locks. I *will* not weep!"

said the monk, as he dashed the tears from his overflowing eyes; "at least I will not allow the weak drops of human frailty to quench my bright rejoicings at his deliverance."

"And that deliverance, as you term it, dear father?" asked the Count, deeply affected; "speak! were murderous hands ——"

"No, son, no! Marked you not one slight blood-spot on his marble brow, amid the snowdrop-wreath which infant hands had twined around it? that was the only stain which Heaven permitted to disfigure even his mortal form, occasioned by his falling, on his descent from the window of his cell, against the sharp point of a rock. Lenoir and Isaack Bontemps were near at hand, and hastened to his aid; but his spirit exhaled as they drew its frail covering from the water. He was excessively emaciated, and of course weakened by captivity, and had not strength sufficient to struggle with the waves."

"You are then going to inter him?" asked the Count, in a voice which betrayed his sympathy with the father's tale.

"Not yet, not *here*," he replied with emphasis; "but of this more anon. His own minister is now

praying by his mortal remains, in the hope of administering comfort to those who are weeping around them."

"I have gazed with indescribable interest on the mourning group," said the Count—and his voice faltered as he added, "gazed on that kneeling form, as attenuated and marble-like as the face of death she bathed with her tears—O, father, can it indeed be she?"

"It is—Beatrice de Beaufort—and well may you ask that question doubtingly. Yet amid its wasting and pallor I can trace that heavenly sweetness which few mortal countenances ever ——" The monk checked himself, and after a few moments' pause continued, without any apparent notice of his companion's emotion, "O my son, what devastation have I witnessed in the last few months, occasioned by the wild fury of man's passions!"

"She has then suffered?" interrupted De Blonay.

"You shall hear her history before we part," answered the monk; and they walked on in silence until they reached the castle. Entering the principal hall, the Count led the way into a smaller apartment, whose balcony overlooked one of the most glorious views which earth offers to the admir-

ing gaze of her inhabitants. Immediately beneath them lay the garden and pleasure-grounds of the castle, laid out in long terraced walks, ornamented with statues; and in flower-beds, intersected by hedges of evergreens, and enlivened by fountains. Beyond these, and gradually sloping to the edge of the lake, rose majestic forests of trees, brightening in tint as they approached to dip their pendant branches in its blue waters—whose opposite shores were bounded by the snow-tipped mountains of Savoy.

“What a paradise!” exclaimed the monk, as they leant over the balustrade.

“It is a paradise,” answered his companion, “but a fallen one, and therefore ‘I must quit it.’” The monk looked at him with surprise. “Yes, holy father, traitors to their prince, recusants from their church, I would rather herd with the wild flocks on yonder pathless mountains, than remain amid this redundant loveliness.” He stopped, overpowered by contending emotions, and after a short pause, continued with deep yet resigned melancholy—“I must leave the shores of Lac Lemman—leave my ancestral halls to that branch of my family who have sworn allegiance to the usurping power of

Berne—and give to the injured church and tottering throne of my forefathers, the weak prop of my feeble arm.”

“Nay, my son,” said the monk, “wherefore shouldst thou leave the sheltering roof-tree which —”

“Wherefore!” exclaimed De Blonay, interrupting him, whilst he laid his hand on the father’s arm, and the calm sadness of his manner changed to firmness and determination; “look at yon castle,” and he pointed to Chillon, whose towers, gleaming in the sun-beams, were distinctly visible, “it is the last rood of ground that belongs to our prince, of all this fair land of Vaud, the guerdon of his ancestor’s valour—even now the flotilla of Geneva have spread their white sails, and the northern bears have roused themselves from their lair to attack it—even now the vultures collect over the castle ramparts, rejoicing at the coming slaughter.”

The monk shuddered; “Alas, De Blonay, the foul bird has never missed his evening repast near those guilty walls, and well would it have been for Charles of Savoy had they been rased to the ground, ere he placed them under the authority of the man of blood who now has rule within them.”

The Count started, and then, whilst a tone of reproach mingled with the soft accents of his voice, added, "Art *thou* too a traitor to our cause? hast thou remained long enough within the contagion of heresy to taint even thy pure faith?"

"These are hard words, my son. I have seen much that has shaken my faith in the creed of man, and drawn me closer to the word of God. I have seen the foulest spirit of hell pursue his victims in the name of the religion of love and peace. My soul has sickened at the iniquity I have witnessed, and has been harassed by cruel doubts of much that I have been used to venerate and obey."

"Explain, dear father, I see you are agitated—tell me what presses on your mind."

"Not here," said the monk, struggling for composure: this bright sun and smiling landscape suit not the tale I have to unfold—we will seek the shade of your cabinet, where I can better relate, and you listen, to the sufferings of one dear to us both."

The monk looked not on his companion as he said this, but led the way into the retired apartment he had named—and beginning his history from Beatrice's departure from Chillon, he proceeded to

detail his own, and her, blended adventures ; finishing them by confiding the secret motives which had induced him to return, with her, into the neighbourhood of her father's castle. " We knew no more than yourself," he added, " the melancholy spectacle which we were to meet at Lenoir's, and stopped only to make inquiries respecting Rosette's father, at whose house our party will for the present remain."

De Blonay listened to this narrative with an intensity which concentrated every faculty of his soul—sometimes cold and trembling, sometimes with a flushed cheek and flashing eye : and now absent and absorbed, he saw only the soft form of Beatrice contending with the malignant spirits around her, and invested with a more touching interest than when he had beheld her, the load-star of admiring eyes, in her father's halls. Father Ambroise respected his feelings, and shrinking from the yet harder proof to which he must subject them, he arose, and leaning against the high chimney-piece, was soon buried in painful reflections. De Blonay interrupted them, saying, whilst his voice belied the calmness he struggled to assume, " I will not trust my tongue to speak of the excellence

of her, who known too late, is lost to me for ever ; all I would crave is a right to revenge her wrongs, and promote her happiness—show me but the way, and I will not hesitate to build it, even on the wreck of my own.”

“ She must not be allowed to fall into the hands of her unnatural father,” said the monk ; “ we must use our joint interest to implore pardon and restitution from the Duke, and—” he added with an averted eye, “ we must find her another protector.”

“ There lives but one man worthy the precious charge,” said De Blonay, whilst the blood forsook his quivering lip, and then returned almost to purple his cheeks and forehead, “ that man is my friend, my injured friend, Di Rossi. I owe him this reparation for my base desertion of him in his hour of trial ; and for the meanness with which I sought to win from him the love of one, whom I knew was the object of his earliest affections.”

“ Those affections were sanctioned by a mother’s approbation,” said the pitying monk, “ and as far as any one could share the heart of the maiden with Heaven and that mother, Di Rossi did. But, my son, let us now change this subject, though for one scarcely less painful—the situation of yon fortress

—surely the garrison will make a stand? the walls are thick, the position favourable?”

“But there is hollowness and cowardice within,” said the Count, with a deep sigh; however, I will collect all the aid I can, though I fear it will consist only of my personal domestics, since my vassals have taken the oath of allegiance to Berne. Lenoir is a subject of Savoy, and may be of use; we will admit him into our consultations.”

The sun had run its course in the heavens ere those consultations were ended; when Father Ambroise, having partaken of a slight repast, left the castle of Blonay, and proceeded towards that of Chillon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RETRIBUTION.

Heaven's trampled justice girds itself for fight
. . . to thy knees, and cry for mercy ! cry
With earnest heart, for thou art growing old
And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven !

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

ALTHOUGH the evening was far advanced when Father Ambroise arrived at Chillon, the bridge had not been drawn up ; numerous persons were passing and repassing on it, and an unusual bustle pervaded every part of the castle. The monk was conducted immediately, at the desire of the Governor, into his cabinet, where he found him busily employed in examining and destroying papers, the ashes of which lay on the hearth.

The room was but partially lighted by one lamp,

which threw its rays directly on the countenance of the Governor, and the monk was struck by its extreme paleness, and the deep lines that had gathered on his brow, even during the few months which had elapsed since they had met. His dress, usually arranged with such studied care, was now neglected, and his eyes were swollen and inflamed.

“You are welcome, father,” he said, as shading them with his hand from the immediate glare of the lamp, he tried to penetrate into the gloom beyond, “welcome as unexpected. Sit ye here near the fire, for the evening air is fresh, and say—whence, and wherefore come ye?”

“I will answer your lordship’s last question first,” replied Father Ambroise. “The wherefore of my visit is, that I have heard danger threatens you, and am come to warn you of its approach, and to urge you to make some necessary preparations for it.”

“This is truly kind, but unlike the world, who fly from, rather than court, the peril of the threatened. But tell me, what have you heard of the approach of the Bernese?”

“That they are almost within gun-shot of your walls.”

“ And the flotilla from the rebel city ?”

“ Will ere, to-morrow’s noon, float on the waters around them.”

“ Then there is not a moment to be lost,” exclaimed the Governor rising, and throwing open the large oriel window of the apartment. “ I have arranged matters for the departure of my lady and valuables by day-break, but the night is clear and calm, and I see no reason to prevent their setting sail immediately, together with the prisoners ;” saying this he rang a bell.

The first impulse of the monk was to remonstrate against the removal of those prisoners ; and the next, to remain a quiet spectator of the Governor’s plans, until he found a more favourable moment for frustrating them. He therefore placed himself in the embrasure of the window, as a page entered, who was ordered to summon the captain of the galley and the jailor ; the former, having received orders to prepare his vessel for immediate departure, left the room as Bertoldo was announced. The position of Father Ambroise, together with the darkness of the apartment, prevented those who entered it from perceiving him, and it is probable that, in the agitation of the moment, the Governor

had either forgotten his presence, or did not anticipate the confession he was to receive from his trust-worthy associate, whom he thus accosted.

“Are your prisoners ready, Bertoldo?”

“All, my lord. They have had their forage and shake-down for the night; and a better feed than ordinary to hearten them for the extra work of the morrow.”

“But what shall we do with the sick man—must he be left behind?”

“Ay, ay, Excellenza!” said the fellow, his little grey eyes twinkling with a peculiar expression. “We must leave him behind—but there is no chance of his running away, and there will be enough left to ransom your highness, and all worth redeeming, without this heretic Genevese.”

“The Governor, sunk in thought, did not reply; and the sarcastic fellow, who seemed to take the same morbid pleasure in the malice of words as of deeds, went on. “The Prior of St. Victor will balance your highness; then there are the four deputies and the two remaining comrades of the aforesaid unbeliever, to weigh against the colonel and the captain of le petit Charlemagne, with old Confetti, and two or three serving men to boot.”

“Hold thy fool’s prate!” said the Governor, now rousing himself. “I tell thee ’tis unlucky this fellow cannot be removed; for I have no one I can trust to attend on him, when thou departest with the other captives.”

“Be not alarmed on this head, Excellenza; the sick man will require no nurse, and tell no tales.”

“Is he then dead?”

“As a door nail.”

“Explain, when—how did he die?”

“I am a modest man, Excellenza, and not given to boast of my good deeds; but I thought I could not do him a better service than to shorten his laboured breathings, and spare him a trip to the other side of the lake, so I ——” and here the hardened wretch, placing his thumb against his wind-pipe, made a gesture of such significancy, as thrilled Father Ambroise with horror; and an involuntary exclamation, reminded the Governor of the presence of a third person.

The light that fell on the countenance of the speakers, enabled the monk further to perceive, that the Governor placed his finger on his lips as he said aloud, “Since the poor man was so great a sufferer, I am thankful that it has pleased heaven to release

him ; but I regret he had not the consolations of religion in his last moments. Why didst thou not summon the chaplain ?”

“ You forget, my lord, that his reverence has left the castle ; and also that the dead man was a heretic.”

“ Well, well, thou doubtless didst thy best ; and now away ! and prepare for starting in an hour at furthest.”

When Bertoldo had quitted the apartment, Father Ambroise returned to the chair he had occupied opposite the Governor, who looked anxiously at him, and perceiving no change in the calm expression of his countenance, said, with an air of forced indifference, “ You have not yet told me, reverend father, from whence you come, and what has drawn you from your snowy mountain ?”

“ I left it at the bidding of our prince, with a valuable offering for the shrine of our Lady of Einsiedeln.”

As the monk pronounced the last word, laying on it a marked emphasis, he looked at his companion, who tried in vain to meet the eye that rested on him ; and stooping down under the pretence of placing some fresh wood on the fire, said, “ From

Einsiedeln? You probably then, heard, whilst there, of the yet more precious sacrifice which I have laid on our Lady's altar? You heard perhaps, that I had yielded to her the most valuable possession I had in life—in short, that I have at last, and reluctantly, consented to my daughter's wish of taking the veil in her convent."

Father Ambroise arose—scorn and indignation curled his lip, and reddened his cheek, converting the meek and indulgent Christian, into the stern and awful judge. "Antoine de Beaufort!" he exclaimed, in a voice that penetrated to the culprit's soul. "Antoine de Beaufort, nearly thirty years have passed since, an artless and trusting boy, I listened to your wily misrepresentations, and became the dupe of your deep hypocrisy. Thirty years spent in close inspection of the heart of man, have taught me mistrust, if not wisdom. Thou canst not deceive me now. Thy child, thy exemplary child, was a compulsory inhabitant of the cloisters of Einsiedeln—a victim of treachery and falsehood—the treachery and falsehood of a parent she loved and trusted. Nay, hear me!" he continued, waving his hand in an authoritative manner, "I speak not from unfounded rumour, I was my-

self a witness of the tragic scene. I saw the trembling victim, and her unrighteous judges; I beheld the living tomb in which she was immured."

"Thou liest!" exclaimed the Governor, approaching his accuser with his fist clenched, his eyes on fire, and his whole frame trembling with indescribable emotion.

"I tell thee, wretched man," continued the unshrinking witness, "I *did* see all this, with eyes that might have wept blood at the cruel spectacle."

"Again, I say thou liest, false priest!" replied the conscience-stricken parent. "Thou couldst not behold my child, the child of Bianca, in the hands of those execrable harpies, and not attempt her deliverance—I gave no authority for this."

"Can the shepherd, who wilfully places his one pet lamb in the den of the tigress, justly arraign that savage beast for devouring its tender flesh?"

As Father Ambroise uttered these words, a long roll of distant artillery broke on the stillness of night—slowly rumbling over the lake, and reverberating from the rocks and mountains on its shores. The Governor had risen, and lent his head against the mantel-piece; he spoke not—

but the monk hoped, from the convulsions of his frame, that he had succeeded in touching his obdurate heart, and awakening his seared conscience.

As the cannonade reached his ear, he started and exclaimed, "They come! messengers of the vengeance of Heaven! I may to-morrow be called to the tribunal of God unshrived, to answer for all my sins; and yet I declare, solemnly, the murder of my child, my darling Beatrice, is not amongst them. But I will revenge it. Gracious heaven, hear my vows!" he continued, raising his clasped hands, "I will pursue the guilty, and for every pang they have inflicted on my precious child, their heart-strings shall answer—their quivering flesh shall atone. I will pursue them whilst life and fortune last; and my dying accents shall breathe curses on them."

"Hush!" said the monk sternly; "lay not on others the sin which lies at thine own door; and which must be atoned for by far other sacrifices than those so consonant to thine own malignant spirit. My religion forbids all deception, and therefore I use it not, even for the good of thy soul. Thy daughter lives—but that she does so, is through the grace of God, and the instrumentality of strangers."

“She lives! Heaven be praised!” exclaimed the Governor, bursting into a flood of tears. “O what a weight thou hast taken from my heart! But tell me, where is she? Why does she not seek the protection of her father?”

“Why! Sire de Beaufort? Do you ask why the quivering dove flies from the falcon’s claws? You have forfeited all right to the disposal of your daughter—and she quits my guardianship only for one more powerful.”

“O reverend father, thou art hard upon me in this my day of chastisement!” said the Governor, as he sank into a chair; “yet not harder than I deserve. My sins rise up against me in judgment—wilt thou hear my confession, and relieve me of their intolerable burthen? I would make a clean breast, ere that sun rises, whose setting rays I may never behold.”

“Before I consent to receive your confession, Sire de Beaufort,” said the monk sternly, “let me again remind you that I know too much of your past life to be deceived; and also let me caution you against flattering yourself with the hope of making a compromise with heaven, by confessing sins, for which you do not mean to make reparation.”

“Thou art cold and stern, father, and wouldest repulse instead of encourage me; but my iniquities rise fearfully before me, my sins stare me in the face, and I must find relief in confession, or they will overwhelm me!” and he breathed a sigh so deep and long drawn, as though the weight on his breast impeded respiration.

The monk walked to the door, bolted it, and returning to his seat, desired the penitent to kneel before him. The seal of confession is set for ever on that dark disclosure—a seal never broken but by the command of high authority, and under circumstances of urgent and public necessity.

When the harrowing avowal of dark deeds and sinful passions, which overwhelmed the hearer almost as much as the perpetrator, was ended, the penitent threw himself prostrate on the earth, and remained some time uttering no sound, but groans and heavy sighs; at length he said, “You speak not, holy father! are my sins too heavy to be pardoned? Can you not, will you not, grant me the absolution of the church?”

“I can grant it only on the condition of repentance and reparation, son,” said the monk, forgetting

all else but the solemnity of his office—the most awfully responsible, as exercised in the Romish church, that man ever conferred on man.

“I will make any atonement you will impose,” exclaimed the penitent. “I will build churches, endow hospitals, go on pilgrimage, enrich shrines.”

“This is not the atonement that will wash out the stain of blood,” interrupted the priest. “The wealth of Golconda cannot compensate to the widowed mother for the son of whom you have robbed her. Gold cannot open the living tomb of the murdered knight. Hospitals and alms-deeds cannot restore the wasted strength of your daughter, nor counteract the poison which ran through the veins of her you once ——”

“Stop, stop! you drive me to distraction! Tell me what I can do to obtain absolution, and I will obey; but do not mock me thus cruelly!”

“I do not mock you, son,” replied the father. “I do but probe the sincerity of your repentance. Prove it by wiping off the insult you have offered the noble Di Rossi, and give him the hand of your daughter.”

“Never!” exclaimed the Governor, hastily rising

from his knees, "never ! This is idly trifling with my feelings ; denounce on me the anathemas of the church—I can no more."

"Those anathemas will reach you from a higher quarter," replied the father coldly, "to whom I must report your contumely, and under whose guardianship I will place your daughter. I have claims on the Duke which he will not disown ; and the first service I shall request, will be, the restitution of the inheritance of her mother for the Lady Beatrice. I vowed to that mother, whom you so greatly wronged, to protect her child—and I will keep my word."

The guilty man trembled violently ; but as he was silent, the monk continued—" You have to choose then between the sacrifice I demand, and the public shame which must follow your refusal."

"But can you, a son of the church, desire me to give my child to a heretic ?" asked the Governor evasively.

"I ask you to fulfil your promise to Beatrice's mother. I ask you to give her hand to one like-minded with herself, and if in error, yet, resisting as they have both done unto death, nothing will alter the fixed determination of their souls. Judge then

for yourself—pronounce your own doom—remain in your sins, or put your signature to this paper, in which you profess yourself ready to restore to your daughter her liberty and rights, and give her hand to Di Rossi.”

The Governor took the pen in his trembling fingers.

“Wait one moment,” said the monk, “I must have witnesses.” Then stepping to the door, he unlocked it, and two persons entered the apartment. “I have ventured to admit your lordship’s noble brother-in-law, together with one for whose services I shall have further occasion,” continued Father Ambroise, as they approached the table. “My lord of Blonay, I beg you to witness that the Sire de Beaufort puts his signature without compulsion, to that deed.”

The Governor wrote his name, and the monk, folding the paper, and placing it in his bosom said, “There is yet another act of restitution which I require from your hands, my lord; I demand punishment on a murderer, and his office for one whom you unjustly degraded.”

The Governor seemed relieved by the lightness of the task now imposed on him, and willingly

delivered up Bertoldo to justice. "As the vicegerent of the church, I place the culprit in your hands, father," he said, crossing himself, "and wash mine from all participation in his crime."

"You will then give orders that the wretched Bertoldo, with two of your followers, do proceed immediately to the outer door of the dungeon," said Father Ambroise; then turning to De Blonay, he added, "I know I may reckon on your kind cooperation, my son, in giving decent burial to the murdered man, and administering punishment to his murderer."

The Count bowed, and said as he was quitting the room, "We will now leave you, father, to your religious offices, and in half an hour await your arrival at the dungeons."

"Before you quit us," said the Governor, detaining him, "let me inform you of my intention of sending off the prisoners ere the evening arrives."

"In so doing, my lord," answered De Blonay, with firmness, "I deem you would be guilty of an act of injustice, in which I cannot participate; since, if there be deliverance at hand for them, I would not frustrate the will of Heaven."

The Governor bowed submissively, saying, he

would leave the final arrangement to him and the father ; and the Count and Lenoir left the room.

When alone with the penitent, Father Ambroise said solemnly, "Sire de Beaufort, you have now complied with the terms of repentance that I, in the name of our church, required of you ; I can therefore no longer withhold the absolution which she empowers her priests to pronounce. Kneel down, and receive the pardon she graciously accords you !"

The Governor obeyed, and the monk, in accents of blended intercession and solemnity, pronounced the striking formulary used on these occasions by the Romish priesthood. The solemn benediction given, this indefatigable servant of God, and friend of man, hastened to fulfil another painful duty, and to meet his friend at the dungeon door.

We pass cursorily over the horrid scene that followed. The terror of the wretched Bertoldo when called on to surrender the keys of his office, and to remain himself a prisoner—his abject cries for mercy—his imprecations of vengeance, and his frightful agony and remorse when sentenced to occupy the cell of his murdered victim. His merciful judges, however, at the earnest pleading of

Lenoir, consented to an exchange of cells with another prisoner, who deemed the spot hallowed by the death of a fellow countryman, martyred in the cause, for which he himself suffered.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIEGE OF CHILLON.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips, and strained eyes
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
His friends sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the *gallant enemy*
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

MACAULAY.

HISTORY has preserved but few details of the siege of Chillon. That feudal fortress, of no more importance than hundreds of others now sunk in ruin and oblivion, owes its present celebrity not only to the strength of its massive walls, and the surpassing

beauty of its situation, but to the classic halo thrown around them by genius, and yet more to the sufferings of its celebrated prisoner Bonnivard, connected as they were with that glorious struggle for religious and civil liberty that immortalized the commencement of the sixteenth century. The feeble light which history has thrown over this last effort of the house of Savoy in the Pays de Vaud, has enabled us to trace the cowardice and treachery of one of their adherents, whilst her more seductive sister, Tradition, has shed a gleam over the misty waste, by preserving in the romantic adventures of another, one of those chivalric traits which, if not founded on authentic records, meet a ready belief from all generous minds. We have not essentially altered or added to the scanty materials which we have collected, being aware that, however the writer of historical romance, like the landscape painter, may adorn his sketches by imaginary groups, the outline, when professedly drawn from nature, should be rigidly correct in its leading features.

The morning after the events recorded in the last chapter, at an early hour, the Lady Blanche and her attendants left the castle. They took with them the principal articles of value belonging to the Governor,

together with several chests of treasure committed to his keeping by some of the neighbouring gentry, during the late invasion of the Bernese.

The Count de Blonay was indefatigable in his endeavour to prepare for the approach of the enemy, laying in stores for the siege, encouraging the garrison, and setting an example of activity and self-devotion ; but he early perceived a supineness throughout, caused by the representations of the Governor, echoed by the leading officers, of the hopelessness of defence, and the needless expenditure of lives and treasure in its attempt.

The barge containing the valuable freight from the castle had scarcely reached the opposite shore, when the flotilla from Geneva hove in sight, consisting of six large galleys armed and manned. They sailed majestically over the bosom of the clear waters, hailing the crowds assembled along the shores, and were received by them with shouts and acclamations. The Bernese troops approached at the same time by land, and throwing up trenches, commenced a cannonade, which was feebly returned by the besieged. The Count de Blonay could not contend single-handed against the cowardly spirit which pervaded all ranks. It was in vain he raised his

voice in the council, or strove, by sharing the labours and danger of the lowest soldier, to protract their efforts of defence: at the end of two days of siege, he had the grief and mortification to see the white flag float on the great tower of the castle, and a herald leave its gates with offers of capitulation. The armed galley, called *Le Petit Charlemagne*, quitted at the same time, its posture of defiance in front of the walls, and by the command of the Governor, was drawn up so closely to the sides of the fort, that it might easily be reached by means of a gang board.

Disgusted with the base spirits he had to contend with, the young cavalier left the council, and sought consolation for his grieved soul in the sympathy of Father Ambroise, whom he found pacing the rampart, which had formerly been the favourite walk of the Lady Beatrice.

“How delightful is this calm!” said the monk, as his young friend approached; “the deafening din of war is hushed, and yon magic flag in its white purity, seems characteristically to portray the soft reign of peace.”

De Blonay shook his head: “I can rejoice in no peace which is not first purchased by victory.”

“ Alas, and what is victory on one side, but defeat and disappointment on the other? I have seen enough of war even during these last two days, to sicken me of the high-sounding names of glory and renown, with which man has glossed his avarice and ambition. Be comforted, my son, thou hast done all that the most devoted subject could do for his prince; but every drop of human blood that flows after the last reasonable hope of resistance is past, is murder, call it by what name you choose.”

“ Yet surely, father, you cannot justify the cowardice of the Governor, and the baseness of the officers, in thus yielding up a fortress, whose stores are undiminished, and walls unbroken.”

“ I cannot read the heart, but let us hope that mercy may have induced them to stop the waste of human life.”

“ And if a sense of duty and personal responsibility should induce me to refuse a base surrender of my arms and honour into the enemy’s hand, will you judge me with the same lenity?”

“ I am not likely to show more partiality to the Sire de Beaufort than to thee, my son,” said Father Ambroise, with a sweet smile; “ but what can thy

unassisted arm do, impelled though it be by thy chivalric soul, to prevent the fall of Chillon?"

"Nothing—but it may ward off the dishonour of yielding my sword into the invader's hand."

The monk started, and looking fixedly at his companion, said, "What mean these dark hints, De Blonay? Thou art a Christian, and wilt lay no unhallowed hand on thy life, to escape from what even men do not call disgrace, and God entitles submission."

The young man smiled affectionately, but the transient gleam was soon overcast by a more than usual shade. "Fear me not, dear christian friend," he said, whilst he grasped the monk's hand, "the last sand of the hour-glass shall flow unchecked by me, even though each grain be marked by heaviness and pain. But see! the herald has crossed the bridge, and has reached the enemy's trenches. Why—the surly bears will hardly deign to gnaw the bone thus thrown to them without a struggle!"

"Their leader is merciful as he is brave, and would not willingly stain the laurels that he has reaped on foreign fields, with his countrymen's blood," observed the monk. "That tall form which

advances to meet the herald is he. I had the honour of frequent intercourse with him whilst at Berne. Methinks, so deep an impression has his worth and courtesy made on me, that I seem, even at this distance, to hear the gentle accents of his voice."

"I would fain hear them also, father, if you will be his interpreter. The herald waits for the combined decision of the chiefs, whom I see assemble near him—the general turns to him—now what does he say?"

"Without any assumption of witchcraft or astrology, I think I can venture to predict the words of François Neugli from my knowledge of his character."

"Proceed then, father, or the messenger will be back ere you have established your fame for sooth-saying."

"Well, then, the Bernese general offers the garrison of Chillon safe conduct to the borders of their own country—nay, more, he gives them time to collect their goods, and to go out with them and their arms, demanding only the walls, and the prisoners."

“ Those are fair and generous terms.”

“ And such as even a De Blonay should not scruple to accept.”

“ Perhaps not,” said the young man, hesitatingly ; “ but at any rate, the Governor of Chillon will not be so scrupulous as to reject them, for here he comes, ready accoutred to meet the conference—but why does he cross the court of the castle so hastily ?”

“ Let us come a little on this side, De Blonay,” said Father Ambroise, drawing his companion into a watch-tower which commanded a more unimpeded view. “ Tell me, are they not drawing up the bridge ? and who is that now stepping on board *Le Petit Charlemagne* ? It surely cannot be the *Sire de Beaufort* !”

“ Dastardly coward !” exclaimed the young soldier ; “ the Governor flies, and leaves his garrison at the mercy of a justly enraged enemy !”

Saying these words, he flew, rather than ran, across the rampart, and bounded over the steps that led to the court of the castle ; but ere he had reached it, his worst fears were more than realised.

We have seen that the drawbridge was raised ; at the same time, the galley belonging to the castle

drew nearer to its walls, and the Governor, descending hastily to the rocks that projected at their base, crossed the gang-board and stepped into it.* In an instant, forty oars were plunged into the water, as if springing from the sides of the vessel, so artfully had they, and those who guided them, been concealed; and ere the thought of treachery had crossed the enemy's mind, the vessel had launched wide into the lake. A loud cry of "treason! treason!" burst from their ranks, and shot, thick as hail, rattled over the lake, now buried beneath its limpid waters, and then rising and hissing along its surface. The Genevan fleet, furious at what they supposed to be the treacherous abstraction of the prisoners they came to rescue, grasped their oars, and crowded sail in the pursuit: at the same time, a deep curse on the cowardice of their commander escaped from every mouth in the garrison. The soldiery awaited in fearful expectation the renewed attack of an enemy justly exasperated by this act of treachery in the moment of negotiation; but the wise and temperate Bernese leaders, satisfied by the assurance of the herald that the captives were yet secure in the dungeons of the castle,

* See note N.

did all in their power to curb the impatience and calm the resentment of their followers, whilst De Blonay seized on the moment as propitious for endeavouring to rouse the courage of the garrison—but his promises and reproofs were alike abortive. They threw the blame of defeat on the avarice of their commander; and instead of endeavouring to obliterate the odium thus cast on them, remained inertly watching the flying bark and its pursuers. When it had crossed the lake about half way, the Genevan galleys gained on the fugitive, but having thrown its guns overboard, *Le Petit Charlemagne* darted on with increased speed, and was soon anchored in ignominious safety beneath the sheltering coast and arms of Savoy.

After some further debate, the Bernese general determined on sending back the herald with the offer of terms, more rigid than those at first proposed to the garrison of Chillon, before the disgraceful flight of the Governor—inasmuch as it now called on them to lay down their arms, and evacuate the fortress at the end of two hours. These terms, however humiliating, were acceded to by Colonel Dufour, and all the rest of the officers excepting the Count de Blonay, who, nevertheless, perceiving the utter use-

lessness of any further remonstrance, resigned himself to the necessity of bidding a last adieu to Chillon.

And now, whilst the forces of the Duke of Savoy reluctantly prepare to yield up their hold on the beautiful country won by the valour of his renowned ancestor, the invading armies of Berne and Geneva pant to throw open the gates of the hitherto impentable dungeons. It was a moment of intense, though conflicting interest to both parties, when, at the expiration of the acceded time, the roll of the drum called on the besieged to assemble in the court of the castle. A long blast of the trumpet was next heard—a melancholy protracted note, returned in echoes from the rocks, and dying gradually along the waters. All was stilled at the sound; not a soldier stirred in the ranks of Berne—not an oar moved the waters around the Genevan galleys. The drawbridge was lowered—the gates of the castle thrown open, and a party was seen slowly issuing from its court. In front, walked the Count de Blonay, accompanied by Father Ambroise, and attended by Lenoir and a groom, who with difficulty reined in the fiery impatience of the richly-caparisoned war-horse which he led. The Count was dressed with a

magnificence more suited to a conquering, than a vanquished knight, and he walked with an erect port and measured step; he wore a vest of dark velvet richly embroidered, and a large two-handed sword hung over his shoulder, the sheath of which was ornamented with gold studs, and the hilt set in brilliants. Father Ambroise walked at his right hand, bare-headed, and carrying the crucifix so often noticed. The groom who followed, was dressed in a rich livery, and held a small flag, displaying on a dark ground, the cross and star of Savoy—whilst his companion Lenoir, habited in the gorgeous trappings of a warder, a bunch of ponderous keys hanging at his belt, gave, by his gigantic form, and dark countenance, the last shading to the singular yet picturesque group. Imagining that they intended to offer some fresh terms of capitulation, General Neugli and his staff, who stood in front of their lines, came forward a few steps to meet the advancing party, as they slowly crossed the bridge; but these acknowledging the courtesy by a deep reverence, turned from them, and mounting a grassy knoll on the right which sloped gently down to the edge of the lake, stood in the centre of the invading forces. Here the Count de Blonay, placing one

knee on the earth, took off his sword and gave it to the monk, who in return, placed in his hands the precious crucifix. Having reverentially kissed the relic, he held it whilst the father pronounced a solemn benediction over his bended head; then rising and returning it, he vaulted lightly into the saddle, throwing the reins on the neck of his charger, who stood obedient to his master's voice. In this situation, the young soldier remained a few brief moments, contemplating the living wall of foes which rose on one side, and the waste of waters which encircled him on the other, as if irresolute which path to choose; when taking the banner from the hand of his servant, whilst his whole form was dilated by indomitable resolution, he waved it slowly several times around his head, and turning his horse towards the lake, they plunged together into its waters. Astonishment, mixed with admiration, kept the countless spectators in breathless suspense, as the animal and its rider struggled bravely amid the waves. The decks of the galleys, and the ramparts of Chillon, sent forth a mingled cheer of encouragement and esteem—whilst the Bernese, partaking the generous enthusiasm of their captain, joined the stronger accents of their northern

tongue, to the softer salutations of the south, exclaiming, "Success to the horse and his rider! Long life to the true and the brave!"* When they had diminished to a speck on the face of the waters, and could scarcely be discerned by the keenest eye, Father Ambrose rose from his knees, on which he had thrown himself, and advanced to meet General Neugli.

"You and your young hero, father," said the Bernese captain, "have placed us in a situation of greater peril, even than that in which you yourselves stood. One unguarded shot would have tarnished the lustre of a day, which I trust will descend to posterity as one of the brightest in our history."

"Next to Heaven, my general," replied Father Ambrose, "I trusted to your brave Bernese, and you see I did not trust in vain. The young man will doubtless be perceived and aided from the opposite shore, since Chillon is at this moment an object of too much interest to permit any one to leave its walls unobserved.

"I hope you may be right, father," said the general. The Savoyards, I am well aware, will use every effort to meet their young hero, and convey him in safety

* Note O.

to the shores he has ennobled; but the enterprise was fraught with peril."

"He would not believe anything impossible to fidelity and courage; and besides what he considered the dishonour of leaving his post, disarmed and vanquished, I suspect his secret wish was to redeem the dishonour done to the cause of Savoy from the dastardly cowardice of its other adherents, by shedding a parting lustre on its arms. Yet think not I sanctioned the daring enterprise, though I could not refuse to execute the commission entrusted to me by my young friend—to beg that this sword, to prevent the surrender of which he has perilled his life, may be hung up in the ancestral halls he has now for ever vacated."

Saying this, Father Ambroise would have presented the weapon to the General, but Neugli drew back, and whispered a few words to his aide-de-camp.

"Keep it," he said, "until you can deliver it into the hand of his kinsman. Although I trust that François Neugli may reckon amongst his friends all the generous and true, yet standing in his public position as opposed to De Blonay, even he may not touch that trusty blade; here," he continued, as a

young officer approached with the aide-de-camp, "is a scion of his own noble house. Take this sword, De Blonay, hang it high in the halls of your forefathers, that all who look on it may be reminded of the unshaken truth, and disinterested loyalty of him who bore it."

A tear glistened in the youthful soldier's eye, even whilst a flush of pride and pleasure mantled his cheek, as he knelt to receive the valuable charge from the hand of Father Ambroise, who, in rendering it up, breathed a pious benediction over his young head.

"And now," said the General, "the day wears; we must not forget that we have a great work to do, —that there are prisoners to be freed."

"For that purpose, General, I have brought one anxious to open their dungeons," said Father Ambroise, pointing to Lenoir; "and I would myself fain participate in the delightful task."

"In which I fear we shall have but too many competitors," returned Neugli,— "I tremble for the sudden inroad of light and sound."

"Cannot you set the captives secretly at liberty?" asked Father Ambroise.

"It would scarcely be politic, even if it were

possible," replied the General. " This, however, it is not, for the moment the garrison evacuates, the castle must be delivered up to sack and plunder. I will now go forward and receive the keys of the fortress, and the capitulation of its former occupants."

In another hour the castle of Chillon had passed from the dominion of Savoy to that of Berne. An advance guard was posted within the gates to prevent the entrance of any beneath a certain rank, either in the Bernese or Genevan forces; the rush, notwithstanding, was considerable, and the name of Bonnivard was repeated with thundering acclamation, until it penetrated into the captive's dungeon, and jarred in its intensity almost as much on his delicate organs, as the accents of disaster and grief. Such is man!

" A harp, whose chords elude the sight,"

trembling alike at the touch of joy or woe! Bonnivard, the sage, the hero, the Christian,—he who stood firm in adversity, now sinks into weakness, as the flaming torches strike on his dilated eye, and the loud huzzas pierce his tender ear. The impatient soldiers attempted to break open the door of

his cell, ere Lenoir could struggle through the crowd to unlock it—and when he had done so, they pushed him aside, seized on the captive, and bore him to the outer door of the dungeon.

“For the love of Heaven, sirs, be patient,” cried out Lenoir, as he exerted his giant strength in following them.

Bonnivard turned at the well-known voice—memory and her thousand associations awoke, and he threw himself into the arms of his compassionating jailer; then raising his head as they reached the threshold of the prison, he looked back on the melancholy abode of six years' solitary confinement, and burst into tears!—tears, it is said, of regret—but who shall attempt to analyze those mingled drops that fall from human eyes! The fountain of our tears, unlike all other springs, can send forth, at the same moment, sweet and bitter waters.* When Bonnivard was conveyed into the upper world, General Neugli, and the principals of each army, approached to receive, and convey him to an inner apartment, where he was furnished with every accommodation, and left with one attendant, to

* See note P.

recover his agitated spirits. In the interim, the services of Lenoir were loudly called for. Cell after cell was opened, and the captives they contained restored to the arms of their friends.

The reader has already learnt that the subterranean dungeon of Chillon contained at that time, seven separate cells. The first was empty—its two former inmates rejoicing in the fulness of that liberty which has no earthly clog. From the next three cells were released as many deputies from the cantons, who had long been unjustly detained; then came the vacant dungeon of Bonnivard, and from the one adjoining issued an emaciated Genevese, who, together with a brother-soldier, since dead, had been placed in confinement after the battle of Guiguins. There remained yet another cell unopened—and at the door of this Lenoir hesitated.

“Do your duty,” exclaimed the impatient crowd; “unlock the door!”

“If you will permit, good sirs,” said he, “we will leave this fellow until we ask his excellency the General what his pleasure may be respecting him. He is a Savoyard, and——”

“No, no!” vociferated several of the bystanders;

“our General will not suffer any one to remain in bonds on such a day. Slip his collar, and let the poor dog free!”

“You will not harm him, noble sirs!”

“Harm him!” repeated their leader, a young Genevan officer. D’ye take us for cannibals? Open the door, I say!”

Lenoir reluctantly turned the key, and the officer entered the cell. Ordering one of the soldiers to approach with a torch, they discovered lying, or rather coiled up in a corner, beneath a heap of straw, the wretched Bertoldo.

“What have we here?” exclaimed the officer, removing with his sword the covering from the ill-shaped lump, “snake or lizard? Unroll thyself, reptile! Thou verily art an ill-visaged knave, and a Savoyard to boot; but we will not stain our good blades with thy slime. Nay, off! off! I like not thy clammy touch! I tell thee, I mean thee no harm. Why dost thou beslabber me thus?” he continued, shaking off the terrified and grovelling wretch, who clung to him with his long lean arms, his skinny fingers taking fresh hold, as fast as the officer disengaged himself from their tenacious hold. “Here, jailer—seneschal! for thou art too fine a

fellow for the first calling—get me quit of this jabbering idiot, or I may do him some harm.”

As he spoke, and ere Lenoir could secure the retreat of the trembling wretch, the Genevan soldier who had been liberated from the adjacent cell, took the arm of his fellow-citizen, saying; as he led him from that of Bertoldo, “Close the door, we will examine into the case to-morrow; but we must not set at liberty the murderer of my comrade.”

The bystanders caught the dreadful import of his words—they had sought in vain for their missing fellow-countryman, and at this intimation of his fate, the vaults resounded with imprecations on his murderer. “To the gibbet! to the gibbet!” exclaimed a hundred voices, hoarse with vengeance—and deaf alike to the expostulations of Lenoir and the command of their officers, they seized on Bertoldo, hurried him into the outer dungeon, and having passed a rope around his neck, suspended him from the gallows. A few piercing screams of agony—a few writhings of expiring nature, and—earthly suffering was ended, and his spirit in the presence of his offended Judge!” *

The crowd having executed this summary act of

* See note Q.

retribution, now quitted the dungeons, intent on the plunder of the castle, leaving Lenoir alone with their yet quivering victim.

“*Thou* hast justly merited thy fate!” he exclaimed, apostrophising the ghastly spectacle, “but hundreds of innocent men have perished on that same gallows. O may Heaven grant that the groan of human suffering may never again echo from these guilty walls!”

The castle was now given up to indiscriminate plunder; alas! that man cannot perform an act of justice without tarnishing it by rapacity and revenge! The beautiful apartments of the Duke were despoiled, not only of their costly furniture, but of the silver which was inlaid in their ceilings. The chapel was plundered, the tombs desecrated; and when the secrets of the great prison-house were brought to light, it is supposed the mysterious roof in poor Cottier’s apartment was discovered, and Bertoldo’s ill-gotten treasures taken from their hiding-place. One dark, lone, spot remained unexplored,—the ashes of the martyred knight lay unmolested, until three centuries had mouldered all but a few bones, which, with the badge of knighthood,

were found enveloped in the coarse winding-sheet, in which his dying limbs were wrapped.

On the second morning after the taking of the fortress of Chillon, the returning flotilla hove in sight of Geneva, whose quays and ramparts looked like living walls. Every street had poured forth its inhabitants—the young, the old, the rich, the poor, all alike anxious to welcome their emancipated captives, to greet their victorious fellow-citizens, and above all, to hail the return of one who had suffered so long and so devotedly in the cause of Geneva and of truth. The name of Bonnivard was repeated by every tongue, until even infancy had learnt to lisp it, and clap its little hands in imitative joy. And now, as the white sails and floating pennons heave in sight, one lofty bark, conspicuous above the rest, advances first towards the quay, gliding majestically over the bosom of the tranquil lake. Every eye is strained to view its inmates—to discern the idolised Bonnivard. Yes, it is he! They can discern his still commanding form in the prow of the vessel, and around him are his emancipated fellow-sufferers;—but whence that melancholy group near them?—that sable bier—those mourners? O, who

that had a friend amongst the captives, but dreaded to find him *there*.

The galley nears the port amid stunning acclamations—the hero of the day and his companions are borne through streets lined with spectators, and strewn with flowers, to the council-chamber.—But the bier and the mourning train stop at the mansion of Cottier's mother.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

AND Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon! In depicting all that remains of his eventful life, we must be content with the few faint lines which the pen of history enables us to trace.

He lived many years after his release from captivity—mingled once more with his fellow-men—returned to the busy strivings of political life, and left to after generations a copious history of his own times, the beautiful manuscript of which is still preserved in the public library of Geneva. This, however, furnishes but little information of a personal nature.

It is related of him, that the powers of abstraction and imagination which had converted his

solitary cell into the academy or senate-house, enabling him to draw around him, as by the spell of a powerful enchanter, the great and good of all nations and ages, were not weakened by a return to the peopled scenes of life; and that shutting himself up with his Bible and his favourite authors of ancient Greece and Rome, he felt as much abstracted amid the busy hum of men, as in the solitude and silence of his cell.

All research has failed in tracing the history of Bonnivard's last days. It is well known, however, that he lived to an advanced age, and as his death is nowhere recorded in the registers or archives of the city, those who have most diligently investigated them, suppose it to have taken place in the year 1570, during the ravages of the plague, when the bills of mortality were discontinued, and that he probably fell a sacrifice to that dreadful malady. Some historians, however, have adopted an earlier date for it, placing it in the year 1556, just twenty years after his liberation from captivity; but whatever difference of opinion may exist respecting the exact period at which it took place, all seem to agree in the pleasing assurance of its having been preceded by an honourable old age.

The place of Bonnivard's interment remains a secret which even conjecture has not ventured to disturb—and it is one we have little wish to unravel, or cause to regret—since why should we seek the spot that contains only the dust returned to its kindred earth, when we have the tomb in which the living man so long bore his testimony to the truth; so long suffered in that great cause, that moral earthquake, which shook all the nations of Europe—that salutary tempest, during which our catholic and apostolic church, emerging from the clouds and darkness in which the weakness and wickedness of man had enveloped her, cast indignantly away the broken cisterns of human tradition and invention, and returned, with her pristine zeal and love, to the unsullied and unfailing stream which flows direct from the

LIVING ROCK!

NOTES.

VOL. I.

NOTE A.—Page 94.

THE Bible was printed at Neuchâtel, on the 5th of June, 1535, in the French language, a folio edition by Pierre de Winzel, called Pirot Picard—from the type of his book, *Picard de Nation*. The Neuchâtolois granted him the freedom of their city for his beautiful and correct execution of the important task. The Sacred Book bore the following title: “La Bible qui est toute la sainte Ecriture;” and as motto, “Dieu est tout.” It was translated by Olevetan, aided by Calvin, and five hundred gold crowns were furnished by the poor Protestants of the Vaudois valleys, to defray the expenses of its publication; a generosity which we cannot sufficiently estimate, and which is thus acknowledged in some verses placed at the beginning of the Bible.

“ Les Vaudois, peuples evangeliques
Ont mit ce tresor en publique.”

NOTE B.—Page 156.

At the annual meeting of the Société de la Suisse Romande, which was held in the month of August, 1842, at the castle of Chillon, one of the members read an interesting notice extracted from an ancient historian, of the detention therein of Waldo, abbot of Corbie, by his relation, the Emperor Louis le Pieux, in the year 830, a much earlier date than is usually affixed to its venerable walls. Many other proofs of their high antiquity, drawn from the archives of Sion, were at the same time brought forward by the learned antiquarian.

NOTE C.—Page 194.

The holy Sacrament was carried through the city (Paris) in great pomp; Francis walked uncovered before it, bearing a torch in his hand; the princes of the blood supported the canopy over it; the nobles marched in order behind. In the presence of this numerous assembly, the king declared, that if one of his hands were infected with heresy, he would cut it off with the other, and would not spare even his own children if found guilty of that crime. As a dreadful proof of his being in earnest, six unhappy persons were publicly burnt before the procession was finished, with circumstances of the most shocking barbarity attending their execution.—*Robertson's History of Charles 5th*, vol. ii. p. 212.

NOTE D.—Page 210.

Form of Absolution used by Tetzels.

May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee, by the merits of His most holy passion. And I, by His authority, that of his blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and of the *most* holy Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censures, and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognisance of the holy See; and as far as the keys of the holy Church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in purgatory on their account, and I restore you to the holy sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which you possessed at baptism; so that, when you die, the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the paradise of delights shall be opened; and if you should not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—*Robertson's History of Charles 5th*, vol. ii. p. 122.

NOTE F.—Page 254.

“Redeem then,” says St. Eloy or Egidius, Bishop of Noyon, one of the canonized saints of the Church of Rome, of the 7th century, “Redeem then your souls from destruc-

tion, whilst you have the means in your power; offer presents and tithes to churchmen; come more frequently to church; humbly implore the patronage of the saints; for if you observe these things you may come with security in the day of retribution to the tribunal of the Eternal Judge, and say, "Give to us O Lord, for we have given unto Thee."—*Mosheim's Eccles. Hist.* vol. i. p. 324.

NOTE G.—Page 342.

The concealed cavity and staircase here described, was accidentally discovered by a mason, who inhabited the chamber assigned to Cottier, whilst employed in the annual repairs of the castle.

NOTE H.—Page 342.

It is an historical fact, that both Pierre and his countess were buried at Chillon, although no trace of their remains have been discovered. It is conjectured that their tombs were ransacked by the Bernese troops in search of the treasures they were supposed to contain. The vault in which they were deposited is still pointed out, but the ground has been raised ten or twelve feet there, as well as in the little cemetery beyond.

NOTE I.—Page 348.

Bonnivard often composed verses whilst pacing his narrow cell: or held imaginary conversations with persons of celebrity amongst the ancients.—*Chroniques.*

NOTES.

VOL. II.

NOTE, p. 46.

In the summer of 1840, Madame V—— discovered a subterranean dungeon in a tower of the castle, opposite to that in which the oubliettes before known, are situated. Observing a niche in the wall, such as usually contains the image of the Virgin, she informed the author that she caused the floor to be opened, and found, as she expected, an opening into some underground dungeons. A chimney-sweeper was induced, by the promised reward of a five-franc piece, to descend into them with ropes; but he was so terrified that he demanded to be quickly drawn up into a purer atmosphere. He remained, however, long enough to collect some human bones, a rusty spur, and a coarse cloth of goat's hair. The latter was lying at the door of the chamber as late as the summer of 1843, and may possibly still remain; since the superintendence of the castle has passed into the hands of those little interested in its historical or legendary recollections.

NOTE, p. 60.

The torture-chamber at Chillon still contains the post to which the victim was bound. The instruments of torture have not many years been removed from thence. Mademoiselle C., the daughter of a former commandant, told the author that they were always kept there during the time she resided in the castle.

NOTE, page 63.

Le Comte de Savoie reçut, comme le présent le plus précieuse, l'anneau du St. Martyr, chef de la légion Thébaine. Cet anneau étoit d'autant plus vénéré que les Rois de Bourgogne s'en servaient pour sceller la prise de possession de leur états. C'étoit dans cette Abbaye (celle de St. Maurice) qu'ils venaient en recevoir l'investiture, et se faire couronner. A leur initiation, nos Princes se servirent ensuite de ce même anneau pour sceller les grands acts de leur administration. Le grand Pierre en fit un si grand cas, qu'il le prit pour sa devise

Sacro hoc pignore felix

Heureux par ce pieux gage.

Müller.

NOTE, page 73.

Any one who has entered the dungeon of Chillon after the setting of the sun, in a clear autumnal evening, must be

well aware of the sudden illumination here described. We have been told that Turner has taken his view of these dungeons at this felicitous moment.

NOTE, page 75.

Words said actually to have been uttered by Charles and Bonnivard, during a similar interview.

NOTE K.—Page 105.

The bent bar still remains in the widow, from which a Savoy gentleman is said to have made his escape. It is in a room rarely shown to strangers, and having been evidently used as a place of confinement.

NOTE L.—Page 172.

When the deputies from Berne visited Fribourg, previous to their last offers of assistance to the Genevans, they found the chief magistrates of the city engaged as here described—in organising the Fête des Fous. They were, at the moment of Monsieur Neugli's and his colleague's entrance, endeavouring to prevail on a young priest to take on himself the personification of King Balthazar.—*Archives de Berne.*

NOTE M.—Page 254.

Mademoiselle C., daughter of a former Concierge of Chillon, informed the author that a young Englishman,

doubting the possibility of passing through the narrow loop-hole, through which the young Cottier is said to have jumped into the lake, was furnished by her with ropes and ladders for making the experiment, which succeeded.

NOTE N.—Page 298.

Ce fut le 29 de Mars, 1536, après deux jours de siège seulement, que Chillon fut pris par les Bernois et les Genevois. Il n'y eut pas de resistance sérieuse. La Chatelain s'en fuit lâchement; tandis qu'on parlementait, le capitaine de la grande Galère s'en fugait avec sa nef en si grand hâte et de si bon cœur que Messrs. de Genève n'ont sut l'atteindre.—*Le Chroniquer de la Suisse Romande.*

NOTE O.—Page 303.

Un seul homme, si l'on eut croit la tradition, jeta un reflet de gloire sur les derniers moments du règne des Ducs de Savoie dans le Pays de Vaud, c'était un De Blonay. On raconte que, fort attaché à la religion de ses pères, et à ses anciens maîtres, il se précipita à cheval dans le lac pour s'échapper à la flotilla qui entourait le château, gagna à la nage la rive du chablais, et fut reçu à la cour avec la plus rare distinction. Le peuples s'empara de cette merveilleuse progresse, et la raontra au loin : il ne lui vint pas dans la pensée que rien peut être impossible à la fidélité et au courage.—*Notice sur Chillon extraite des Mémoires Historiques du feu Monsieur Ann Joseph. Chanoine de la Cathedrale de Sion.*

NOTE P.—Page 307.

On a dit que Bonnivard a été quelque temps comme sans savoir ce qu'on lui voulait, et comme s'il lui eût été indifférent de revoir le ciel. On dit encore, qu'au moment de franchir, le seuil de la prison, il s'est retourné, et que son regard humide a fait un long adieu à tout ce qu'il laissait.—*Chroniques*.

NOTE Q.—Page 310.

Outside the principal dungeon of Chillon, between the chapel and the staircase leading to the Salle de Justice, the traveller is still shown a beam, now black with age, as the potence or gibbet; and tradition adds, that the last person who suffered on it was a murderer, found in the dungeons at the time of the release of Bonnivard.

THE END.

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