



N° 6.

GAZETTE FRANÇOISE.

Du février 2004.

*Du BUREAU du PRÉSIDENT, from
the President's Desk*

*Le RAPPORT du CAPITAINE,
Captain's Report*

Bonjour,

I'm going to keep this short because I'm in the middle of packing for my two week trip to France and Belgium...

We had a productive January between our drills and work parties. I'd like to thank everyone who showed up for their hard work. Please remember that there is still a lot more work to be done! We will be working on gaiters, cartridges and hats during the upcoming work parties.

I would like to invite everyone to our next Board of Directors and Officers meeting which will be held on February 17th. (Please note that the date has changed from February 10.) The meeting will be hosted by Frank Marini and will begin at 7:00p.m. The agenda will include formulating the agenda for the annual meeting in March; new cockades; and recruitment.

We are still looking for nominations for the Board and various officer positions. If you are interested, please send an email to either Steven or me.

The Continental Line Meeting will be held in Allentown, Pennsylvania on February 28. If you are interested in making the trip and attending the meeting, please contact Steven or me before February 14 since we need to get the registration in soon

Happy Valentine's Day and see you all when I return from France! And don't worry – I will be taking lots of pictures!

Your Humble Servant,

Dana Rock

Président du 85^{ème} Régiment de SaintOnge

*In garrison
Framingham on the Frozen Sudbury*

Hi Folks,

Well, I hope it warms up real soon or we just will not get the horses out of the barn! Anyway, hope everyone is keeping warm this winter season – whew!

Winter camp is currently underway with drills and work parties. Thanks to the folks who made last month's drill and thanks to Dana for running it while I was "detained" on the West Coast. So far we've had two work parties in which we made a dent in cartridges and constructing black and white gaiters. We'll have another gaiter party so that the folks who need them can get a pair. This month another drill is planned in Stow and Bill will be the host of a hat making work party at his place in Bolton. So yes, we are making a dent in our worn uniform parts!

As the new season and the annual meeting approaches, we are looking for folks to be part of the staff. We've already got some members who are interested in positions for the coming year. If you are interested in a staff or Board position, let Dana or I know, even just to ask a question about what's involved. It's a great way to help with the direction of the group and to understand how the hobby works.

We've got some great events coming up for later this year. Sutton, Québec, Newtown in NY, and Savannah all look like a go for the coming year. We're also planning a one day event at the Hartwell Tavern area with other local units, both crown and provincial. We'll be asking volunteers within the host units, (that includes us), to help with the event. Unfortunately, the Borderlands Tactical event had to be cancelled due to scheduling and budgeting concerns. However,

Borderlands is a great site and we hope to have another event at that site in the near future.

This first Saturday in February, after the drill and the work party, I will be hosting my annual and traditional "February Sucks Party". After the winter we've been having, I think we could all use a party and an excuse to get together!

That's all for now, hope to see you all in the coming month.

*Pour le Roi et le Régiment,
Steven*



ÉVÉNEMENTS PROCHAINS, Upcoming Event<

REGIMENTAL DRILL & WORK- PARTY, Saturday, February 7. ~ Arrival:

Please plan to arrive by 10:30 am at Stow Town Hall in Stow, MA. The drill will run from 10:30am to 12:30 pm. Coffee will be waiting! **Directions:** Old Town Hall is on Route 117 in Stow, one block west of the intersection of Routes 117 & 62. There is limited parking on the street; additional parking is available at the "new" Town Hall directly across the street. From the East, take Rt. 117(W) to Rt. 62 (Stow Ctr.); Old Town Hall is on the right, one block west of the Rt. 117/62 intersection. From the West, take I495 to Rt. 117 (E) - Old Town Hall is about 8 miles on your left, just before the Rt. 62 intersection. From the South, take Rt. 62(E) to Route 117; turn right and it will be one block on your right. From the North, take Rt. 2 or Rt. 111 to Rt 62(W); take Rt. 62 to Rt. 117 and turn right for one block. **Details:** The drill in the morning will again focus on French maneuvers – please remember cartridge box, musket & hat. Please check your email for weather related cancellations. Following the morning drill, we'll be heading to the home of Bill Rose for an afternoon workparty. The focus will be on hats, musket cleaning (if needed), and rolling cartridges. As an added bonus, Bill has added some new toys to his antique collection – they are sure to be interesting! If anyone can't make the drill, but is interested in attending the work party, please contact Bill for directions. Hope to see everyone there!

FEBRUARY SUCKS PARTY AT STEVEN'S HOUSE, Saturday, February 7. ~

Arrival: The party starts at 7pm! Early birds will be forced to help clean the house before everyone else arrives and late-comers may miss the best food... so plan accordingly! **Directions:** Take 495 to Route 20 East or Route 128 to Route 20 West. Follow Route 20 into Sudbury. At the set of lights immediately after the Shaw's Supermarket Plaza (heading east) or Sudbury Farms (heading west), turn onto Nobscot Road. Follow Nobscot Road into Framingham. (*It turns into Edgell Rd in Framingham*) Look for the Framingham Animal Hospital on your left. You will take the first real left after the Animal hospital onto Treeland Drive. (*Don't take the hairpin left turn onto Harrington.*) Follow Treeland Dr to the end, take a right and then a quick left onto Janebar Circle. Follow Janebar Circle down the hill and around the bend, take your first right onto Roundtop Road. #79 on the right, light grey with dark grey shutters. **Details:** A drill in the morning, a work party in the afternoon... after concentrating all day long on regimental business, you'll need someplace to wind down and blow off some steam! Enter Steven's annual February Sucks Party. The party will be held at his place in Framingham, starting at 7pm and will go 'til? Bring yourself and something for the groaning board. As usual, there will be plenty of libations. Members of MCV and other reenactors have been invited, so there should be a lively crowd. With all this nasty cold weather, we could use a lighthearted evening!!

BOD MEETING, Tuesday, February 17.

~ **Arrival:** Please plan to arrive by 7 pm at the home of Frank & Rosemary Marini in Berlin, MA. The meeting is expected to last approximately 2 hours. **Directions:** The house is at 64 Brook Lane, Berlin, MA. Frank's number is (978) 838-2112 – just in case! From Sudbury, Framingham, Concord: Take Route 62 through Hudson. Stay on RT 62 through Rotary. You will come to a three way fork in the road. Take River Street on Left. Travel for about 3 Miles. Look for Meadow Brook Village on the right. Turn Right onto Brook Lane. Travel ¼ mile down Brook Lane. It's #64 Brook Lane on Left. From 290 and 495: Take 290 to the Solomon Pond Mall Exit. Turn Right at end of Ramp. Stay in far Left Lane. Travel Straight for 1 mile. You will come to a rotary; take first right onto River Road. Travel for about about 3 miles on River Road. You will pass the 1790 Farm. Meadow Brook Village will be on your Left. Turn Left onto Brook Lane. Travel 1/4 Mile down Brook Lane. It's #64 Brook Lane on Left. **Details:** The BOD meeting is open to all members of the regiment. Anyone wishing to add items to the agenda should contact Dana or Steven. This is a great opportunity to see the BOD in action and to learn more about what goes on behind the scenes.

ROAD TRIP: A DAY OF FABRIC SHOPPING, Saturday, February 28. ~

Arrival: This will be an all-day adventure, likely starting between 9 and 10am so we can try to fit in as many fabric shops as possible. Once we know who is interested, we'll finalize our plans and share the details by email. **Directions:** We'll plan to meet in one central location and take as few cars as possible. Directions will be emailed to those who are interested. **Details:** Spend a day with friends as we traipse around New England checking out some great fabric stores! We're looking for suggestions about which shops to visit, so if you know of any hidden gems (that you are willing to share!) please let us know. The winter season is a great time to stock up on fabrics as we prepare for the next campaign season. Those interested should contact Sue Felshin (978.371.0367 or sfelshin@ai.mit.edu) or Carrie Midura (508.846.8673 or cdmidura@earthlink.net). It should be a great way to spend a winter afternoon - hope you can join us!

REGIMENTAL DRILL AND ANNUAL MEETING, Saturday, March 6. ~

Arrival: The location will be the American Legion Post 234 on West Main Street in Northborough. A drill at 10am will start the day, followed by a potluck lunch and the annual meeting. **Directions:** The phone number for the American Legion (just in case) is (508) 393-9486. From the Massachusetts Turnpike: Take the exit for Rte 495 North. From Rte 495 to Rte 20 West: Take Exit 24B Northboro, Rte 20 West. Follow Rte 20 West into the center of Northboro. Continue through the center of Northboro for about 1 mile. You will see the St. Rose of Lima Church on the right and Northboro Plaza on the left. Almost immediately you will see a blinking yellow light and Rte 20 takes a sharp turn to the left. **DO NOT** follow Rte 20 at this point. You want to stay straight (sign says Shrewsbury). You are now on West Main Street. Follow for a short distance and you will see the American Legion on your right (white building). Across the street from the Legion is a store with a huge red and white chicken outside...difficult to miss. From Rte 495 to Rte 290 West: Take Exit 25B, 290 West. Follow 290 West to Exit 24 Northboro/ Boylston, Church Street. Follow signs for Church Street, Northboro at the end of the ramp. When you get off the ramp onto Church St .,you will then take first right at Crawford Street . Follow Crawford Street to the end (long country road). At the end of Crawford Street take a left. American Legion is 1/8 mile on the left (white building). From Worcester: Follow Rte 290 East to exit 24, Church Street, Northboro/Boylston. At the end of the ramp take a right and then your first right (almost immediate) onto Crawford Street. Follow Crawford Street to the end (long country road). At the end take a

left onto West Main Street. Legion is 1/8 mile on the left. *** Note from Les *** I recommend that if you are not familiar with the area that you follow Rte 290 directions as they are the most direct. If you have any questions, you can call Les at (508) 393-8297 or e-mail him at lmalecki@ma.ultranet.com. **Details:** This is a meeting you won't want to miss! Hear the latest information from the Continental Line meeting and get all the details for the events in 2004. This is your chance to voice your opinions about this year's schedule and the 2004 Board of Directors. Spend a few hours catching up with friends and hearing the plans for work-parties, drills, recruiting, reenactments and other special events taking place in 2004. Your opinions matter - make sure you're there to voice them!



*GALERIE de IMAGES,
Picture Gallery*

*Do you have picture< to share? The editor is looking for image< to help fill these page< - please send any photo< you would like to <ee published in the newsletter to gazettefrancoise@earthlink.net
Many thank<*

*La LITTÉRATURE
Some light reading*

Due to a general lack of educational, informative or otherwise useful articles for the newsletters, you will find an excerpt from Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*. It was written in 1764 and is generally considered the first gothic novel ever written. The plot is wild and entertaining and full of dark mysterious dungeons, nefarious bad guys, and other mysterious characters. Enjoy reading it and look for additional excerpts in upcoming newsletters. For those that aren't enthralled with the story... please, please, please take a few moments and send something to be printed as an alternative! You can send your electronic submissions to the editor at gazettefrancoise@earthlink.net. Pictures, recipes, short stories, research, event reviews... any and all are welcome. Thanks for your help!



Le PROGRAMME, the schedule for 2004

The events listed below are current possibilities for 2004 - the official schedule will be printed in the newsletter after it has been approved by the membership. Questions and suggestions may be directed to members of the BOD. It should be a great year !

| Date | Unit | Event |
|-----------------|---------|--|
| Jan 12 | BOD | BOD & Officers Meeting (Postponed) Berlin, MA |
| Feb 7 | All | Work Party at Bill Rose's Bolton, MA |
| Feb 17 | BOD | BOD & Officers Meeting Berlin, MA |
| Feb 28 | Distaff | Fabric Shopping Road Trip TBA |
| Mar 6 | All | Regimental Annual Meeting Northborough, MA |
| Apr 17 | 4th | Hartwell Tavern Muster Lincoln, MA |
| Jul 31 Aug 1 | 85e | À l'Assaut de la Capitale! Québec City, Québec, Canada |
| Aug 28- 29 | 4th | 225th Anniversary of Newtown, NY Elmira, NY |
| Sep 25 | 85e | Colonial Faire & Muster Sudbury, MA |
| Oct 10- 11 | 85e | 225th Anniversary -Siege of Savannah Savannah, GA |

EXERCICES et PRATIQUES, Drill & Practice

| Date | Unit | Event |
|--------|------|--|
| Jan 10 | 85e | French Drill (10-12) - Stow Town Hall, no musicians |
| Feb 7 | 85e | French Drill (10:30-12:30) Stow Town Hall, Stow, MA |
| Mar 6 | 85e | French Drill (10-12) - American Legion Northborough, MA |
| Apr 11 | 85e | French Drill (TBA) |

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85ème Régiment de Saintonge

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Work-parties and additional drills will be scheduled throughout the year. If you have a specific project you would like to work on – let the captain or president know. Getting the French uniform and accoutrements in order will take top priority as the French prepare to take the field again this year!

CASTLE OF OTRANTO

by Horace Walpole

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The following work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529. How much sooner it was written does not appear. The principal incidents are such as were believed in the darkest ages of Christianity; but the language and conduct have nothing that savours of barbarism. The style is the purest Italian.

If the story was written near the time when it is supposed to have happened, it must have been between 1095, the era of the first Crusade, and 1243, the date of the last, or not long afterwards. There is no other circumstance in the work that can lead us to guess at the period in which the scene is laid: the names of the actors are evidently fictitious, and probably disguised on purpose: yet the Spanish names of the domestics seem to indicate that this work was not composed until the establishment of the Arragonian Kings in Naples had made Spanish appellations familiar in that country. The beauty of the diction, and the zeal of the author (moderated, however, by singular judgment) concur to make me think that the date of the composition was little antecedent to that of the impression. Letters were then in their most flourishing state in Italy, and contributed to dispel the empire of superstition, at that time so forcibly attacked by the reformers. It is not unlikely that an artful priest might endeavour to turn their own arms on the innovators, and might avail himself of his abilities as an author to confirm the populace in their ancient errors and superstitions. If this was his view, he has certainly acted with signal address. Such a work as the following would enslave a hundred vulgar minds beyond half the books of controversy that have been written from the days of Luther to the present hour.

This solution of the author's motives is, however, offered as a mere conjecture. Whatever his views were, or whatever effects the execution of them might have, his work can only be laid before the public at present as a matter of entertainment. Even as such, some apology for it is necessary. Miracles, visions, necromancy, dreams, and other preternatural events, are exploded now even from romances. That was not the case when our author wrote; much less when the story itself is supposed to have happened. Belief in every kind of prodigy was so established in those dark ages, that an author would not be faithful to the manners of the times, who should omit all mention of them. He is not bound to believe them

himself, but he must represent his actors as believing them.

If this air of the miraculous is excused, the reader will find nothing else unworthy of his perusal. Allow the possibility of the facts, and all the actors comport themselves as persons would do in their situation. There is no bombast, no similes, flowers, digressions, or unnecessary descriptions. Everything tends directly to the catastrophe. Never is the reader's attention relaxed. The rules of the drama are almost observed throughout the conduct of the piece. The characters are well drawn, and still better maintained. Terror, the author's principal engine, prevents the story from ever languishing; and it is so often contrasted by pity, that the mind is kept up in a constant vicissitude of interesting passions.

Some persons may perhaps think the characters of the domestics too little serious for the general cast of the story; but besides their opposition to the principal personages, the art of the author is very observable in his conduct of the subalterns. They discover many passages essential to the story, which could not be well brought to light but by their naivete and simplicity. In particular, the womanish terror and foibles of Bianca, in the last chapter, conduce essentially towards advancing the catastrophe.

It is natural for a translator to be prejudiced in favour of his adopted work. More impartial readers may not be so much struck with the beauties of this piece as I was. Yet I am not blind to my author's defects. I could wish he had grounded his plan on a more useful moral than this: that "the sins of fathers are visited on their children to the third and fourth generation." I doubt whether, in his time, any more than at present, ambition curbed its appetite of dominion from the dread of so remote a punishment. And yet this moral is weakened by that less direct insinuation, that even such anathema may be diverted by devotion to St. Nicholas. Here the interest of the Monk plainly gets the better of the judgment of the author. However, with all its faults, I have no doubt but the English reader will be pleased with a sight of this performance. The piety that reigns throughout, the lessons of virtue that are inculcated, and the rigid purity of the sentiments, exempt this work from the censure to which romances are but too liable. Should it meet with the success I hope for, I may be encouraged to reprint the original Italian, though it will tend to depreciate my own labour. Our language falls far short of the charms of the Italian, both for variety and harmony. The latter is peculiarly excellent for simple narrative. It is difficult in

English to relate without falling too low or rising too high; a fault obviously occasioned by the little care taken to speak pure language in common conversation. Every Italian or Frenchman of any rank piques himself on speaking his own tongue correctly and with choice. I cannot flatter myself with having done justice to my author in this respect: his style is as elegant as his conduct of the passions is masterly. It is a pity that he did not apply his talents to what they were evidently proper for--the theatre.

I will detain the reader no longer, but to make one short remark. Though the machinery is invention, and the names of the actors imaginary, I cannot but believe that the groundwork of the story is founded on truth. The scene is undoubtedly laid in some real castle. The author seems frequently, without design, to describe particular parts. "The chamber," says he, "on the right hand;" "the door on the left hand;" "the distance from the chapel to Conrad's apartment:" these and other passages are strong presumptions that the author had some certain building in his eye. Curious persons, who have leisure to employ in such researches, may possibly discover in the Italian writers the foundation on which our author has built. If a catastrophe, at all resembling that which he describes, is believed to have given rise to this work, it will contribute to interest the reader, and will make the "Castle of Otranto" a still more moving story.

SONNET TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY MARY COKE.

The gentle maid, whose hapless tale
These melancholy pages speak;
Say, gracious lady, shall she fail
To draw the tear adown thy cheek?

No; never was thy pitying breast
Insensible to human woes;
Tender, tho' firm, it melts distress
For weaknesses it never knows.

Oh! guard the marvels I relate
Of fell ambition scourg'd by fate,
From reason's peevish blame.
Blest with thy smile, my dauntless sail
I dare expand to Fancy's gale,
For sure thy smiles are Fame.

H. W.



CHAPTER I.

Manfred, Prince of Otranto, had one son and one daughter: the latter, a most beautiful virgin, aged

eighteen, was called Matilda. Conrad, the son, was three years younger, a homely youth, sickly, and of no promising disposition; yet he was the darling of his father, who never showed any symptoms of affection to Matilda. Manfred had contracted a marriage for his son with the Marquis of Vicenza's daughter, Isabella; and she had already been delivered by her guardians into the hands of Manfred, that he might celebrate the wedding as soon as Conrad's infirm state of health would permit.

Manfred's impatience for this ceremonial was remarked by his family and neighbours. The former, indeed, apprehending the severity of their Prince's disposition, did not dare to utter their surmises on this precipitation. Hippolita, his wife, an amiable lady, did sometimes venture to represent the danger of marrying their only son so early, considering his great youth, and greater infirmities; but she never received any other answer than reflections on her own sterility, who had given him but one heir. His tenants and subjects were less cautious in their discourses. They attributed this hasty wedding to the Prince's dread of seeing accomplished an ancient prophecy, which was said to have pronounced that the castle and lordship of Otranto "should pass from the present family, whenever the real owner should be grown too large to inhabit it." It was difficult to make any sense of this prophecy; and still less easy to conceive what it had to do with the marriage in question. Yet these mysteries, or contradictions, did not make the populace adhere the less to their opinion.

Young Conrad's birthday was fixed for his espousals. The company was assembled in the chapel of the Castle, and everything ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Manfred, impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, despatched one of his attendants to summon the young Prince. The servant, who had not stayed long enough to have crossed the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless, in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing, but pointed to the court.

The company were struck with terror and amazement. The Princess Hippolita, without knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her son, swooned away. Manfred, less apprehensive than enraged at the procrastination of the nuptials, and at the folly of his domestic, asked imperiously what was the matter? The fellow made no answer, but continued pointing towards the courtyard; and at last, after repeated questions put to him, cried out, "Oh! the helmet! the helmet!"

In the meantime, some of the company had run into the court, from whence was heard a confused noise of shrieks, horror, and surprise. Manfred, who began to be

alarmed at not seeing his son, went himself to get information of what occasioned this strange confusion. Matilda remained endeavouring to assist her mother, and Isabella stayed for the same purpose, and to avoid showing any impatience for the bridegroom, for whom, in truth, she had conceived little affection.

The first thing that struck Manfred's eyes was a group of his servants endeavouring to raise something that appeared to him a mountain of sable plumes. He gazed without believing his sight.

"What are ye doing?" cried Manfred, wrathfully; "where is my son?"

A volley of voices replied, "Oh! my Lord! the Prince! the Prince! the helmet! the helmet!"

Shocked with these lamentable sounds, and dreading he knew not what, he advanced hastily,--but what a sight for a father's eyes!-- he beheld his child dashed to pieces, and almost buried under an enormous helmet, an hundred times more large than any casque ever made for human being, and shaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers.

The horror of the spectacle, the ignorance of all around how this misfortune had happened, and above all, the tremendous phenomenon before him, took away the Prince's speech. Yet his silence lasted longer than even grief could occasion. He fixed his eyes on what he wished in vain to believe a vision; and seemed less attentive to his loss, than buried in meditation on the stupendous object that had occasioned it. He touched, he examined the fatal casque; nor could even the bleeding mangled remains of the young Prince divert the eyes of Manfred from the portent before him.

All who had known his partial fondness for young Conrad, were as much surprised at their Prince's insensibility, as thunderstruck themselves at the miracle of the helmet. They conveyed the disfigured corpse into the hall, without receiving the least direction from Manfred. As little was he attentive to the ladies who remained in the chapel. On the contrary, without mentioning the unhappy princesses, his wife and daughter, the first sounds that dropped from Manfred's lips were, "Take care of the Lady Isabella."

The domestics, without observing the singularity of this direction, were guided by their affection to their mistress, to consider it as peculiarly addressed to her situation, and flew to her assistance. They conveyed her to her chamber more dead than alive, and indifferent to all the strange circumstances she heard, except the death of her son.

Matilda, who doted on her mother, smothered her own grief and amazement, and thought of nothing but assisting and comforting her afflicted parent. Isabella, who had been treated by Hippolita like a daughter, and who returned that tenderness with equal duty and affection, was scarce less assiduous about the Princess; at the same time endeavouring to partake and lessen the weight of sorrow which she saw Matilda strove to suppress, for whom she had conceived the warmest sympathy of friendship. Yet her own situation could not help finding its place in her thoughts. She felt no concern for the death of young Conrad, except commiseration; and she was not sorry to be delivered from a marriage which had promised her little felicity, either from her destined bridegroom, or from the severe temper of Manfred, who, though he had distinguished her by great indulgence, had imprinted her mind with terror, from his causeless rigour to such amiable princesses as Hippolita and Matilda.

While the ladies were conveying the wretched mother to her bed, Manfred remained in the court, gazing on the ominous casque, and regardless of the crowd which the strangeness of the event had now assembled around him. The few words he articulated, tended solely to inquiries, whether any man knew from whence it could have come? Nobody could give him the least information. However, as it seemed to be the sole object of his curiosity, it soon became so to the rest of the spectators, whose conjectures were as absurd and improbable, as the catastrophe itself was unprecedented. In the midst of their senseless guesses, a young peasant, whom rumour had drawn thither from a neighbouring village, observed that the miraculous helmet was exactly like that on the figure in black marble of Alfonso the Good, one of their former princes, in the church of St. Nicholas.

"Villain! What sayest thou?" cried Manfred, starting from his trance in a tempest of rage, and seizing the young man by the collar; "how darest thou utter such treason? Thy life shall pay for it."

The spectators, who as little comprehended the cause of the Prince's fury as all the rest they had seen, were at a loss to unravel this new circumstance. The young peasant himself was still more astonished, not conceiving how he had offended the Prince. Yet recollecting himself, with a mixture of grace and humility, he disengaged himself from Manfred's grip, and then with an obeisance, which discovered more jealousy of innocence than dismay, he asked, with respect, of what he was guilty? Manfred, more enraged at the vigour, however decently exerted, with which the young man had shaken off his hold, than appeased by his submission, ordered his attendants to seize him, and, if he had not been withheld by his friends whom he had

invited to the nuptials, would have poignarded the peasant in their arms.

During this altercation, some of the vulgar spectators had run to the great church, which stood near the castle, and came back open-mouthed, declaring that the helmet was missing from Alfonso's statue. Manfred, at this news, grew perfectly frantic; and, as if he sought a subject on which to vent the tempest within him, he rushed again on the young peasant, crying -

"Villain! Monster! Sorcerer! 'tis thou hast done this! 'tis thou hast slain my son!"

The mob, who wanted some object within the scope of their capacities, on whom they might discharge their bewildered reasoning, caught the words from the mouth of their lord, and re-echoed -

"Ay, ay; 'tis he, 'tis he: he has stolen the helmet from good Alfonso's tomb, and dashed out the brains of our young Prince with it," never reflecting how enormous the disproportion was between the marble helmet that had been in the church, and that of steel before their eyes; nor how impossible it was for a youth seemingly not twenty, to wield a piece of armour of so prodigious a weight

The folly of these ejaculations brought Manfred to himself: yet whether provoked at the peasant having observed the resemblance between the two helmets, and thereby led to the farther discovery of the absence of that in the church, or wishing to bury any such rumour under so impertinent a supposition, he gravely pronounced that the young man was certainly a necromancer, and that till the Church could take cognisance of the affair, he would have the Magician, whom they had thus detected, kept prisoner under the helmet itself, which he ordered his attendants to raise, and place the young man under it; declaring he should be kept there without food, with which his own infernal art might furnish him.

It was in vain for the youth to represent against this preposterous sentence: in vain did Manfred's friends endeavour to divert him from this savage and ill-grounded resolution. The generality were charmed with their lord's decision, which, to their apprehensions, carried great appearance of justice, as the Magician was to be punished by the very instrument with which he had offended: nor were they struck with the least compunction at the probability of the youth being starved, for they firmly believed that, by his diabolic skill, he could easily supply himself with nutriment.

Manfred thus saw his commands even cheerfully obeyed; and appointing a guard with strict orders to

prevent any food being conveyed to the prisoner, he dismissed his friends and attendants, and retired to his own chamber, after locking the gates of the castle, in which he suffered none but his domestics to remain.

In the meantime, the care and zeal of the young Ladies had brought the Princess Hippolita to herself, who amidst the transports of her own sorrow frequently demanded news of her lord, would have dismissed her attendants to watch over him, and at last enjoined Matilda to leave her, and visit and comfort her father. Matilda, who wanted no affectionate duty to Manfred, though she trembled at his austerity, obeyed the orders of Hippolita, whom she tenderly recommended to Isabella; and inquiring of the domestics for her father, was informed that he was retired to his chamber, and had commanded that nobody should have admittance to him. Concluding that he was immersed in sorrow for the death of her brother, and fearing to renew his tears by the sight of his sole remaining child, she hesitated whether she should break in upon his affliction; yet solicitude for him, backed by the commands of her mother, encouraged her to venture disobeying the orders he had given; a fault she had never been guilty of before.

The gentle timidity of her nature made her pause for some minutes at his door. She heard him traverse his chamber backwards, and forwards with disordered steps; a mood which increased her apprehensions. She was, however, just going to beg admittance, when Manfred suddenly opened the door; and as it was now twilight, concurring with the disorder of his mind, he did not distinguish the person, but asked angrily, who it was? Matilda replied, trembling -

"My dearest father, it is I, your daughter."

Manfred, stepping back hastily, cried, "Begone! I do not want a daughter;" and flinging back abruptly, clapped the door against the terrified Matilda.

She was too well acquainted with her father's impetuosity to venture a second intrusion. When she had a little recovered the shock of so bitter a reception, she wiped away her tears to prevent the additional stab that the knowledge of it would give to Hippolita, who questioned her in the most anxious terms on the health of Manfred, and how he bore his loss. Matilda assured her he was well, and supported his misfortune with manly fortitude.

"But will he not let me see him?" said Hippolita mournfully; "will he not permit me to blend my tears with his, and shed a mother's sorrows in the bosom of her Lord? Or do you deceive me, Matilda? I know how Manfred doted on his son: is not the stroke too heavy

for him? has he not sunk under it? You do not answer me--alas! I dread the worst!--Raise me, my maidens; I will, I will see my Lord. Bear me to him instantly: he is dearer to me even than my children."

Matilda made signs to Isabella to prevent Hippolita's rising; and both those lovely young women were using their gentle violence to stop and calm the Princess, when a servant, on the part of Manfred, arrived and told Isabella that his Lord demanded to speak with her.

"With me!" cried Isabella.

"Go," said Hippolita, relieved by a message from her Lord: "Manfred cannot support the sight of his own family. He thinks you less disordered than we are, and dreads the shock of my grief. Console him, dear Isabella, and tell him I will smother my own anguish rather than add to his."

As it was now evening the servant who conducted Isabella bore a torch before her. When they came to Manfred, who was walking impatiently about the gallery, he started, and said hastily -

"Take away that light, and begone."

Then shutting the door impetuously, he flung himself upon a bench against the wall, and bade Isabella sit by him. She obeyed trembling.

"I sent for you, Lady," said he--and then stopped under great appearance of confusion.

"My Lord!"

"Yes, I sent for you on a matter of great moment," resumed he.

"Dry your tears, young Lady--you have lost your bridegroom. Yes, cruel fate! and I have lost the hopes of my race! But Conrad was not worthy of your beauty."

"How, my Lord!" said Isabella; "sure you do not suspect me of not feeling the concern I ought: my duty and affection would have always--"

"Think no more of him," interrupted Manfred; "he was a sickly, puny child, and Heaven has perhaps taken him away, that I might not trust the honours of my house on so frail a foundation. The line of Manfred calls for numerous supports. My foolish fondness for that boy blinded the eyes of my prudence--but it is better as it is. I hope, in a few years, to have reason to rejoice at the death of Conrad."

Words cannot paint the astonishment of Isabella. At first she apprehended that grief had disordered Manfred's understanding. Her next thought suggested that this strange discourse was designed to ensnare her: she feared that Manfred had perceived her indifference for his son: and in consequence of that idea she replied -

"Good my Lord, do not doubt my tenderness: my heart would have accompanied my hand. Conrad would have engrossed all my care; and wherever fate shall dispose of me, I shall always cherish his memory, and regard your Highness and the virtuous Hippolita as my parents."

"Curse on Hippolita!" cried Manfred. "Forget her from this moment, as I do. In short, Lady, you have missed a husband undeserving of your charms: they shall now be better disposed of. Instead of a sickly boy, you shall have a husband in the prime of his age, who will know how to value your beauties, and who may expect a numerous offspring."

"Alas, my Lord!" said Isabella, "my mind is too sadly engrossed by the recent catastrophe in your family to think of another marriage. If ever my father returns, and it shall be his pleasure, I shall obey, as I did when I consented to give my hand to your son: but until his return, permit me to remain under your hospitable roof, and employ the melancholy hours in assuaging yours, Hippolita's, and the fair Matilda's affliction."

"I desired you once before," said Manfred angrily, "not to name that woman: from this hour she must be a stranger to you, as she must be to me. In short, Isabella, since I cannot give you my son, I offer you myself."

"Heavens!" cried Isabella, waking from her delusion, "what do I hear? You! my Lord! You! My father-in-law! the father of Conrad! the husband of the virtuous and tender Hippolita!"

"I tell you," said Manfred imperiously, "Hippolita is no longer my wife; I divorce her from this hour. Too long has she cursed me by her unfruitfulness. My fate depends on having sons, and this night I trust will give a new date to my hopes."

At those words he seized the cold hand of Isabella, who was half dead with fright and horror. She shrieked, and started from him, Manfred rose to pursue her, when the moon, which was now up, and gleamed in at the opposite casement, presented to his sight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which rose to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempestuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and rustling sound. ... *To be continued...*

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