



# GAZETTE FRANÇOISE.

Du Mai 2004.

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

Bonjour,

The season has officially started. We had a great turnout at the Hartwell Tavern, and everyone had a blast. The Park Service was very pleased with our performance, and the Brits want everyone to come back and do it again next year. Now if we can just make sure Beth H. and her friends don't get captured again by the British.

The Regiment will be holding its yearly trailer work party on Sunday, June 6<sup>th</sup>. We'll be starting 1 o'clock. It's important that we have a large number of people show up for the work party. We have a lot of work to get done for the season. We need to empty the trailer, clean all the equipment, make repairs as necessary and repack everything. The work party usually takes about 5 hours, but the more people we have, the less time it will take. It's everyone's responsibility to help care for this equipment, so please make an effort to be there.

Hope to see you all soon.

*Your Humble Servant,  
Dana Rock  
Président du 85<sup>ème</sup> Régiment de SaintOngé*

*Le RAPPORT du CAPITAINE,  
Captain's Report*

*In Camp -  
Sutton on the Blackstone*

Hi Folks,

What a month this has been! If you are like me, you're recovering from the three charges up the hills of Sutton

in which we were victorious. Our actions this year are leading to a great campaign season.

Thanks to all who participated in one of the best Hartwell Tavern events in a long time. The tactical scenario that was planned by the Battle Road Committee (of which Myles, Bill, and myself are members) went without a hitch. Working with the Park, we were able to extend our scenarios and "vignettes" so that they were enjoyable by the crowd as well as the participants. It was so busy during the day that I could not get into the room to see how Dan and Judy were doing with their surgeon and herbalist display. At this event we welcomed Brad, Carl, and Ellie to the field! Also, we were joined by our friends from the First Michigan. We are definitely growing as we approach Quebec. Rounding out our ranks was Dana, Abe, Klaus, and Bill. In the back of the Tavern, Carrie M., Sue, Colleen, and Lauren were busy with their own demonstrations, while Nelia, Beth, and Will worked with the music. A fun time was had by all.

At this writing, we are preparing for the Sutton event. From all reports, this should be one of the more memorable events of the year! Looks like Keith Downer, Brian Bausk, and a cast of dozens have been really busy. I also hear tell that the "Ladies of Refined Taste" have some interesting tales to tell as well as showing off their finery to admiration of all.

All of our activities can't happen without the work behind the scenes. Thanks to everyone who participated in the workparties, rolling and filling cartridges, cutting out and sewing gaiters, and those who finished off hats. We still have some work organizing the trailer and our gear and finishing off the gaiters, but were really getting there and improving the impression.

Looking forward to the coming month's campaign in Sutton and the parades in Somerville, Andover, and Medford!

*Pour le Roi et le Régiment,  
Steven*

## ÉVÉNEMENTS PROCHAINS, Upcoming Events

### DRUMMERS' CALL (musicians), Saturday, May 15 & Sunday, May 16.

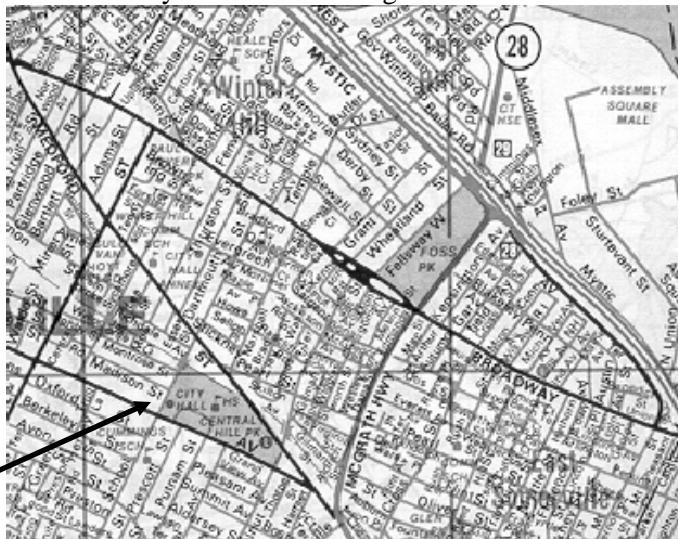
**Details:** This event will be taking place at Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia. Numerous prestigious fife & drum corps will be on site for a weekend of military music programming. Music programs will take place throughout the day on Saturday and drill exercises will be demonstrated on Sunday. Although this event is primarily for the musicians, any soldats wishing to attend and acting as part of the colorguard are very welcome. Please contact Steven or Nelia if you are interested in taking part in this event.

### BOD & OFFICERS' MEETING, Tuesday, May 18. ~

**Details:** Please stay tuned to email for details on the upcoming BOD meeting. Starting time and topics to be discussed are upcoming events, including Biddeford, Maine & Québec and membership standards. Any questions? Please contact Dana or Steven.

### SOMERVILLE MEMORIAL DAY PARADE, Sunday, May 30. ~

**Arrival:** Meet at City Hall (Highland & School Streets) at 12:00 for a 1 pm step-off. **Directions:** Take Route 93 South towards Boston. Take exit #30 to McGrath Highway. Turn right onto Medford St., then left onto Highland St. The High School & City Hall are on the right.

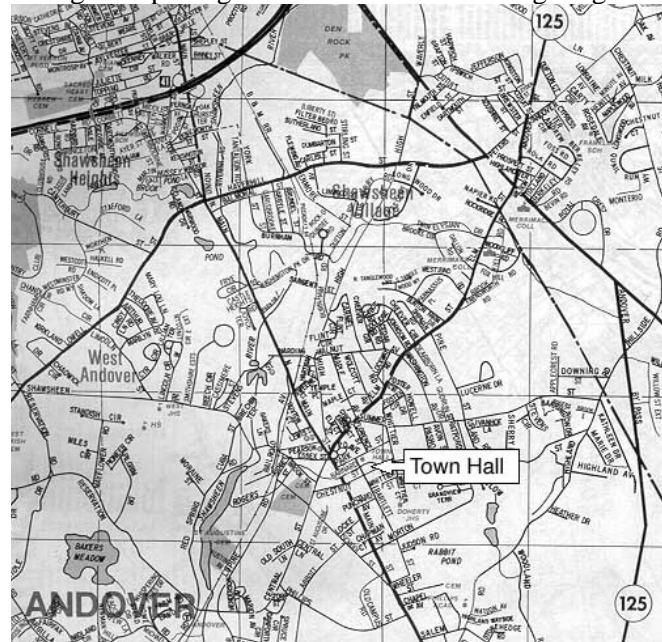


**Details:** Another traditional parade for members of 4<sup>th</sup> Middlesex and since our participation was not necessary for the South Boston parade – this will be our first march of the season! We are marching as 4<sup>th</sup> Middlesex – dress is militia, bring a full canteen. The parade is about 1-1/2 miles and finishes with a brief ceremony at the Veterans

Cemetery. If there's any interest, we'll head to Watch City Brewery in Waltham afterwards (corner of Moody & Crescent Streets).

### ANDOVER MEMORIAL DAY PARADE, Monday, May 31. ~

**Arrival:** Assemble at 8:45 for a 9:30 step-off. **Directions:** Assemble & park behind the old Town Hall on Rte. 28. A larger map image can be found on [saintonge.org](http://saintonge.org).



**Details:** Same as previous years: great parade, very short route (8 blocks) with an excellent ceremony to remind us why we're doing this. And lunch provided by the sponsors before we head to Medford. Dress is French, white gaiters, full canteens.

### MEDFORD MEMORIAL DAY PARADE, Monday, May 31. ~

**Arrival:** Please plan to arrive in Medford by noon as the roads begin to close at that time. **Directions:** Park at Medford City Hall where the parade ends (exit 32 off Route 93, take the first left just after the Rotary) and get the Shuttle Bus no later than 12:15 pm. (The Parade starts near the Somerville line at Main & Medford Streets.) A larger image is on [saintonge.org](http://saintonge.org).



**Details:** The final of the three Memorial Day Weekend parades finds us joining many of our friends as we march through the streets of Medford. The crowds are always large and appreciative and of course it's another chance to add more funds to the regimental coffers. Participation is requested of all members. We are in Division One (unit 2) behind MCV and in front of Knox's Artillery, 2<sup>nd</sup> Mass and 1<sup>st</sup> NH. How's that for good company? Park at City Hall where the parade ends and board shuttle buses to the assembly point (Main Street at Tufts Park). Most of you are coming from the Andover Parade or other parades so just get there as soon as you can. Try to be in the bus line by 12:15. The last bus is at 12:30 and there's usually more than one bus load trying to get on it. Dress is French, white gaiters, full canteens. See you there!



*ÉVÉNEMENTS RÉALISÉS,  
Past Events*

*DE LINCOLN, le 17 Avril. Steven pretty much covered this one in the Captain's Column, but if anyone has another perspective they would like to share please let us know! Your reviews and pictures can be sent to Carrie at gazettefrancoise@earthlink.net or cdmidura@earthlink.net.*



*FOR YOUR INFORMATION*

☼ **UPDATED ROSTER** – The editor would like to publish an updated roster in the next newsletter. This will allow you to stay in touch (or get in touch!) with fellow members. If you have moved, changed phone numbers or email addresses, please send the updated contact information to Carrie M. at cdmidura@earthlink.net. Many thanks!

☼ **ELECTRONIC NEWSLETTER** - Are you interested in receiving your newsletter electronically? By receiving the *Gazette Française* via email, you are helping to save money for the Regiment since postage and copying costs are always increasing! In addition, by sending the newsletter through email, we can include color pictures and detailed images that don't always fare well in the copier. Just send an email to Dana at stonge85@comcast.net and let him know!

☼ **NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS** - Do you have suggestions for the editor? Is there anything you would like to add or change to the new *Gazette Française*? We're looking for contributors – photographers, writers, critics – any and all are welcome! Email gazettefrancoise@earthlink.net with your ideas.

*85ème Régiment de Saintonge  
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*85ème Régiment de Saintonge*

*Post Office Box 854*

*Sudbury, MA 01776*

*www.saintonge.org*

*AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE,*  
*A Traditional French Song, c.1704*

Dans les jardins de mon père,  
Les lilas sont fleuris ;  
Dans les jardins de mon père,  
Les lilas sont fleuris ;  
Tous les oiseaux du monde  
Viennent y faire leurs nids ...

{Refrain:}

Auprès de ma blonde,  
Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon.  
Auprès de ma blonde,  
Qu'il fait bon dormir !

Tous les oiseaux du monde  
Viennent y faire leurs nids ;  
Tous les oiseaux du monde  
Viennent y faire leurs nids ;  
La caille, la tourterelle  
Et la jolie perdrix.

{ au Refrain }

La caille, la tourterelle  
Et la jolie perdrix  
La caille, la tourterelle  
Et la jolie perdrix  
Et ma jolie colombe,  
Qui chante jour et nuit...

{ au Refrain }

Et ma jolie colombe,  
Qui chante jour et nuit  
Et ma jolie colombe,  
Qui chante jour et nuit  
Elle chante pour les filles  
Qui n'ont pas de mari.

{ au Refrain }

Elle chante pour les filles  
Qui n'ont pas de mari.  
Elle chante pour les filles  
Qui n'ont pas de mari.  
Pour moi ne chante guère,  
Car j'en ai un joli...

{ au Refrain }

Pour moi ne chante guère,  
Car j'en ai un joli,  
Pour moi ne chante guère,  
Car j'en ai un joli,

"Dites-moi donc la belle,  
Où donc est votre mari ? "

{ au Refrain }

"Dites-moi donc la belle,  
Où donc est votre mari ? "  
"Dites-moi donc la belle,  
Où donc est votre mari ? "  
Il est dans la Hollande,  
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.

{ au Refrain }

Il est dans la Hollande,  
Les Hollandais l'ont pris,  
Il est dans la Hollande,  
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.  
Que donneriez-vous, belle,  
Pour avoir votre ami ? ... "

{ au Refrain }

Que donneriez-vous, belle,  
Pour avoir votre ami ?  
Que donneriez-vous, belle,  
Pour avoir votre ami ?  
Je donnerais Versailles,  
Paris et Saint-Denis.

{ au Refrain }

Je donnerais Versailles,  
Paris et Saint-Denis,  
Je donnerais Versailles,  
Paris et Saint-Denis,  
Les tours de Notre-Dame  
Et le clocher de mon pays.

{ au Refrain }

Les tours de Notre-Dame  
Et le clocher de mon pays,  
Les tours de Notre-Dame  
Et le clocher de mon pays,  
Et ma jolie colombe,  
Pour avoir mon mari.

{ au Refrain }

*Le PROGRAMME,  
the schedule for 2004*

The events listed below are the official schedule for 2004 - as approved by the membership at the annual meeting. Questions and suggestions may be directed to members of the BOD. It should be a great year !

Date	Unit	Event
Feb 7	All	<b>Work Party at Bill Rose's</b> Bolton, MA
Feb 17	BOD	<b>BOD &amp; Officers Meeting</b> Berlin, MA
Feb 28	Distaff	<b>Fabric Shopping Road Trip</b> TBA
Mar 6	All	<b>Regimental Annual Meeting</b> Berlin, MA
Mar 6	BOD	<b>BOD &amp; Officers Meeting</b> Berlin, MA
Mar 20	Music	<b>Freezer Jam</b> Michigan
Mar 26	Distaff	<b>Movie Night</b> Framingham, MA
Apr 17	4th	<b>Battle Road/Hartwell Tavern Event</b> Lincoln, MA
May 1 - 2	85e	<b>Revolutionary War Weekend</b> Sutton, MA
May 15	Music	<b>Williamsburg Fife &amp; Drum Program</b> Williamsburg, VA
May 18	BOD	<b>BOD &amp; Officers Meeting</b> Northborough, MA
May 30	85e	<b>Memorial Day Parade</b> Somerville, MA
May 31	85e	<b>Memorial Day Parade</b> Andover, MA
May 31	85e	<b>Memorial Day Parade</b> Medford, MA
Jun 5	4th	<b>Rum &amp; Revolution (optional)</b> Weston, MA
Jun 25 - 27	85e	<b>La Kermesse Franco-Americaine Festival</b> Biddeford, ME
Jul 31 Aug 1	85e	<b>À l'Assaut de la Capitale!</b> Québec City, Québec, Canada
Aug 28- 29	4th	<b>225th Anniversary of Newtown, NY</b> Elmira, NY
Sep 6	85e	<b>Marlborough Labor Day Parade,</b> Marlborough, MA

Sep 6	All	<b>Regimental Birthday &amp; Cookout</b> TBA
Sep 18 - 19	??	<b>Rebecca Nurse Homestead Encampment</b> Danvers, MA
Sep 25	85e	<b>Colonial Faire &amp; Muster</b> Sudbury, MA
Oct 10- 11	85e	<b>225<sup>th</sup> Anniversary -Siege of Savannah</b> Savannah, GA
Oct 16 - 17	??	<b>Kingston</b>
Nov 20	85e	<b>Military Timeline</b> Plymouth, MA

*EXERCICES et PRATIQUES,  
Drills & Practices*

Date	Unit	Event
Jan 10	85e	<b>French Drill (10-12) - Stow Town Hall,</b> no musicians
Feb 7	85e	<b>French Drill (10:30-12:30)</b> <b>Stow Town Hall, Stow, MA</b>
Mar 6	85e	<b>French Drill (10-12)</b> Berlin, MA
Apr 3	All	<b>Drill (11-1) – Stow Town Hall</b> Stow, MA
May 8	85e	<b>French Drill (10:30-12:30)</b> <b>Stow Town Hall, Stow, MA</b>
Jun 12	85e	<b>Drill (TBA)</b>

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!

A waistcoat workshop is in the works for early this summer. Those members who are interested in receiving a Saintonge waistcoat kit, individual fitting assistance and instructions for completing a waistcoat should contact Dana. The date(s) for the workshop will be sent via email and published in the next newsletter.



## CASTLE OF OTRANTO

by Horace Walpole

(continued from the April Gazette Française)

"My poor Bianca," said Matilda, "how fast your thoughts amble! I a great princess! What hast thou seen in Manfred's behaviour since my brother's death that bespeaks any increase of tenderness to me? No, Bianca; his heart was ever a stranger to me--but he is my father, and I must not complain. Nay, if Heaven shuts my father's heart against me, it overpays my little merit in the tenderness of my mother--O that dear mother! yes, Bianca, 'tis there I feel the rugged temper of Manfred. I can support his harshness to me with patience; but it wounds my soul when I am witness to his causeless severity towards her."

"Oh! Madam," said Bianca, "all men use their wives so, when they are weary of them."

"And yet you congratulated me but now," said Matilda, "when you fancied my father intended to dispose of me!"

"I would have you a great Lady," replied Bianca, "come what will. I do not wish to see you moped in a convent, as you would be if you had your will, and if my Lady, your mother, who knows that a bad husband is better than no husband at all, did not hinder you.-- Bless me! what noise is that! St. Nicholas forgive me! I was but in jest."

"It is the wind," said Matilda, "whistling through the battlements in the tower above: you have heard it a thousand times."

"Nay," said Bianca, "there was no harm neither in what I said: it is no sin to talk of matrimony--and so, Madam, as I was saying, if my Lord Manfred should offer you a handsome young Prince for a bridegroom, you would drop him a curtsey, and tell him you would rather take the veil?"

"Thank Heaven! I am in no such danger," said Matilda: "you know how many proposals for me he has rejected--"

"And you thank him, like a dutiful daughter, do you, Madam? But come, Madam; suppose, to-morrow morning, he was to send for you to the great council chamber, and there you should find at his elbow a lovely

young Prince, with large black eyes, a smooth white forehead, and manly curling locks like jet; in short, Madam, a young hero resembling the picture of the good Alfonso in the gallery, which you sit and gaze at for hours together--"

"Do not speak lightly of that picture," interrupted Matilda sighing; "I know the adoration with which I look at that picture is uncommon--but I am not in love with a coloured panel. The character of that virtuous Prince, the veneration with which my mother has inspired me for his memory, the orisons which, I know not why, she has enjoined me to pour forth at his tomb, all have concurred to persuade me that somehow or other my destiny is linked with something relating to him."

"Lord, Madam! how should that be?" said Bianca; "I have always heard that your family was in no way related to his: and I am sure I cannot conceive why my Lady, the Princess, sends you in a cold morning or a damp evening to pray at his tomb: he is no saint by the almanack. If you must pray, why does she not bid you address yourself to our great St. Nicholas? I am sure he is the saint I pray to for a husband."

"Perhaps my mind would be less affected," said Matilda, "if my mother would explain her reasons to me: but it is the mystery she observes, that inspires me with this--I know not what to call it. As she never acts from caprice, I am sure there is some fatal secret at bottom--nay, I know there is: in her agony of grief for my brother's death she dropped some words that intimated as much."

"Oh! dear Madam," cried Bianca, "what were they?"

"No," said Matilda, "if a parent lets fall a word, and wishes it recalled, it is not for a child to utter it."

"What! was she sorry for what she had said?" asked Bianca; "I am sure, Madam, you may trust me--"

"With my own little secrets when I have any, I may," said Matilda; "but never with my mother's: a child ought to have no ears or eyes but as a parent directs."

"Well! to be sure, Madam, you were born to be a saint," said Bianca, "and there is no resisting one's vocation: you will end in a convent at last. But there is my Lady Isabella would not be so reserved to me: she will let me talk to her of young men: and when a handsome cavalier has come to the castle, she has owned to me that she wished your brother Conrad resembled him."

"Bianca," said the Princess, "I do not allow you to mention my friend disrespectfully. Isabella is of a cheerful disposition, but her soul is pure as virtue itself.

She knows your idle babbling humour, and perhaps has now and then encouraged it, to divert melancholy, and enliven the solitude in which my father keeps us--"

"Blessed Mary!" said Bianca, starting, "there it is again! Dear Madam, do you hear nothing? this castle is certainly haunted!"

"Peace!" said Matilda, "and listen! I did think I heard a voice-- but it must be fancy: your terrors, I suppose, have infected me."

"Indeed! indeed! Madam," said Bianca, half-weeping with agony, "I am sure I heard a voice."

"Does anybody lie in the chamber beneath?" said the Princess.

"Nobody has dared to lie there," answered Bianca, "since the great astrologer, that was your brother's tutor, drowned himself. For certain, Madam, his ghost and the young Prince's are now met in the chamber below--for Heaven's sake let us fly to your mother's apartment!"

"I charge you not to stir," said Matilda. "If they are spirits in pain, we may ease their sufferings by questioning them. They can mean no hurt to us, for we have not injured them--and if they should, shall we be more safe in one chamber than in another? Reach me my beads; we will say a prayer, and then speak to them."

"Oh! dear Lady, I would not speak to a ghost for the world!" cried Bianca. As she said those words they heard the casement of the little chamber below Matilda's open. They listened attentively, and in a few minutes thought they heard a person sing, but could not distinguish the words.

"This can be no evil spirit," said the Princess, in a low voice; "it is undoubtedly one of the family--open the window, and we shall know the voice."

"I dare not, indeed, Madam," said Bianca.

"Thou art a very fool," said Matilda, opening the window gently herself. The noise the Princess made was, however, heard by the person beneath, who stopped; and they concluded had heard the casement open.

"Is anybody below?" said the Princess; "if there is, speak."

"Yes," said an unknown voice.

"Who is it?" said Matilda.

"A stranger," replied the voice.

"What stranger?" said she; "and how didst thou come there at this unusual hour, when all the gates of the castle are locked?"

"I am not here willingly," answered the voice. "But pardon me, Lady, if I have disturbed your rest; I knew not that I was overheard. Sleep had forsaken me; I left a restless couch, and came to waste the irksome hours with gazing on the fair approach of morning, impatient to be dismissed from this castle."

"Thy words and accents," said Matilda, "are of melancholy cast; if thou art unhappy, I pity thee. If poverty afflicts thee, let me know it; I will mention thee to the Princess, whose beneficent soul ever melts for the distressed, and she will relieve thee."

"I am indeed unhappy," said the stranger; "and I know not what wealth is. But I do not complain of the lot which Heaven has cast for me; I am young and healthy, and am not ashamed of owing my support to myself--yet think me not proud, or that I disdain your generous offers. I will remember you in my orisons, and will pray for blessings on your gracious self and your noble mistress--if I sigh, Lady, it is for others, not for myself."

"Now I have it, Madam," said Bianca, whispering the Princess; "this is certainly the young peasant; and, by my conscience, he is in love--Well! this is a charming adventure!--do, Madam, let us sift him. He does not know you, but takes you for one of my Lady Hippolita's women."

"Art thou not ashamed, Bianca!" said the Princess. "What right have we to pry into the secrets of this young man's heart? He seems virtuous and frank, and tells us he is unhappy. Are those circumstances that authorise us to make a property of him? How are we entitled to his confidence?"

"Lord, Madam! how little you know of love!" replied Bianca; "why, lovers have no pleasure equal to talking of their mistress."

"And would you have ME become a peasant's confidante?" said the Princess.

"Well, then, let me talk to him," said Bianca; "though I have the honour of being your Highness's maid of honour, I was not always so great. Besides, if love levels ranks, it raises them too; I have a respect for any young man in love."

"Peace, simpleton!" said the Princess. "Though he said he was unhappy, it does not follow that he must be in love. Think of all that has happened to-day, and tell me if there are no misfortunes but what love causes.-- Stranger," resumed the Princess, "if thy misfortunes have not been occasioned by thy own fault, and are within the compass of the Princess Hippolita's power to redress, I will take upon me to answer that she will be thy protectress. When thou art dismissed from this castle, repair to holy father Jerome, at the convent adjoining to the church of St. Nicholas, and make thy story known to him, as far as thou thinkest meet. He will not fail to inform the Princess, who is the mother of all that want her assistance. Farewell; it is not seemly for me to hold farther converse with a man at this unwonted hour."

"May the saints guard thee, gracious Lady!" replied the peasant; "but oh! if a poor and worthless stranger might presume to beg a minute's audience farther; am I so happy? the casement is not shut; might I venture to ask--"

"Speak quickly," said Matilda; "the morning dawns apace: should the labourers come into the fields and perceive us--What wouldst thou ask?"

"I know not how, I know not if I dare," said the Young stranger, faltering; "yet the humanity with which you have spoken to me emboldens--Lady! dare I trust you?"

"Heavens!" said Matilda, "what dost thou mean? With what wouldst thou trust me? Speak boldly, if thy secret is fit to be entrusted to a virtuous breast."

"I would ask," said the peasant, recollecting himself, "whether what I have heard from the domestics is true, that the Princess is missing from the castle?"

"What imports it to thee to know?" replied Matilda. "Thy first words bespoke a prudent and becoming gravity. Dost thou come hither to pry into the secrets of Manfred? Adieu. I have been mistaken in thee." Saying these words she shut the casement hastily, without giving the young man time to reply.

"I had acted more wisely," said the Princess to Bianca, with some sharpness, "if I had let thee converse with this peasant; his inquisitiveness seems of a piece with thy own."

"It is not fit for me to argue with your Highness," replied Bianca; "but perhaps the questions I should have put to him would have been more to the purpose than those you have been pleased to ask him."

"Oh! no doubt," said Matilda; "you are a very discreet personage! May I know what YOU would have asked him?"

"A bystander often sees more of the game than those that play," answered Bianca. "Does your Highness think, Madam, that this question about my Lady Isabella was the result of mere curiosity? No, no, Madam, there is more in it than you great folks are aware of. Lopez told me that all the servants believe this young fellow contrived my Lady Isabella's escape; now, pray, Madam, observe you and I both know that my Lady Isabella never much fancied the Prince your brother. Well! he is killed just in a critical minute--I accuse nobody. A helmet falls from the moon--so, my Lord, your father says; but Lopez and all the servants say that this young spark is a magician, and stole it from Alfonso's tomb--"

"Have done with this rhapsody of impertinence," said Matilda.

"Nay, Madam, as you please," cried Bianca; "yet it is very particular though, that my Lady Isabella should be missing the very same day, and that this young sorcerer should be found at the mouth of the trap-door. I accuse nobody; but if my young Lord came honestly by his death--"

"Dare not on thy duty," said Matilda, "to breathe a suspicion on the purity of my dear Isabella's fame."

"Purity, or not purity," said Bianca, "gone she is--a stranger is found that nobody knows; you question him yourself; he tells you he is in love, or unhappy, it is the same thing--nay, he owned he was unhappy about others; and is anybody unhappy about another, unless they are in love with them? and at the very next word, he asks innocently, pour soul! if my Lady Isabella is missing."

"To be sure," said Matilda, "thy observations are not totally without foundation--Isabella's flight amazes me. The curiosity of the stranger is very particular; yet Isabella never concealed a thought from me."

"So she told you," said Bianca, "to fish out your secrets; but who knows, Madam, but this stranger may be some Prince in disguise? Do, Madam, let me open the window, and ask him a few questions."

"No," replied Matilda, "I will ask him myself, if he knows aught of Isabella; he is not worthy I should converse farther with him." She was going to open the casement, when they heard the bell ring at the postern-gate of the castle, which is on the right hand of the



tower, where Matilda lay. This prevented the Princess from renewing the conversation with the stranger.

After continuing silent for some time, "I am persuaded," said she to Bianca, "that whatever be the cause of Isabella's flight it had no unworthy motive. If this stranger was accessory to it, she must be satisfied with his fidelity and worth. I observed, did not you, Bianca? that his words were tinged with an uncommon infusion of piety. It was no ruffian's speech; his phrases were becoming a man of gentle birth."

"I told you, Madam," said Bianca, "that I was sure he was some Prince in disguise."

"Yet," said Matilda, "if he was privy to her escape, how will you account for his not accompanying her in her flight? why expose himself unnecessarily and rashly to my father's resentment?"

"As for that, Madam," replied she, "if he could get from under the helmet, he will find ways of eluding your father's anger. I do not doubt but he has some talisman or other about him."

"You resolve everything into magic," said Matilda; "but a man who has any intercourse with infernal spirits, does not dare to make use of those tremendous and holy words which he uttered. Didst thou not observe with what fervour he vowed to remember ME to heaven in his prayers? Yes; Isabella was undoubtedly convinced of his piety."

"Commend me to the piety of a young fellow and a damsel that consult to elope!" said Bianca. "No, no, Madam, my Lady Isabella is of another guess mould than you take her for. She used indeed to sigh and lift up her eyes in your company, because she knows you are a saint; but when your back was turned--"

"You wrong her," said Matilda; "Isabella is no hypocrite; she has a due sense of devotion, but never affected a call she has not. On the contrary, she always combated my inclination for the cloister; and though I own the mystery she has made to me of her flight confounds me; though it seems inconsistent with the friendship between us; I cannot forget the disinterested warmth with which she always opposed my taking the veil. She wished to see me married, though my dower would have been a loss to her and my brother's children. For her sake I will believe well of this young peasant."

"Then you do think there is some liking between them," said Bianca. While she was speaking, a servant came hastily into the chamber and told the Princess that the Lady Isabella was found.

"Where?" said Matilda.

"She has taken sanctuary in St. Nicholas's church," replied the servant; "Father Jerome has brought the news himself; he is below with his Highness."

"Where is my mother?" said Matilda.

"She is in her own chamber, Madam, and has asked for you."

Manfred had risen at the first dawn of light, and gone to Hippolita's apartment, to inquire if she knew aught of Isabella. While he was questioning her, word was brought that Jerome demanded to speak with him. Manfred, little suspecting the cause of the Friar's arrival, and knowing he was employed by Hippolita in her charities, ordered him to be admitted, intending to leave them together, while he pursued his search after Isabella.

"Is your business with me or the Princess?" said Manfred.

"With both," replied the holy man. "The Lady Isabella--"

"What of her?" interrupted Manfred, eagerly.

"Is at St. Nicholas's altar," replied Jerome.

"That is no business of Hippolita," said Manfred with confusion; "let us retire to my chamber, Father, and inform me how she came thither."

"No, my Lord," replied the good man, with an air of firmness and authority, that daunted even the resolute Manfred, who could not help revering the saint-like virtues of Jerome; "my commission is to both, and with your Highness's good-liking, in the presence of both I shall deliver it; but first, my Lord, I must interrogate the Princess, whether she is acquainted with the cause of the Lady Isabella's retirement from your castle."

"No, on my soul," said Hippolita; "does Isabella charge me with being privy to it?"

"Father," interrupted Manfred, "I pay due reverence to your holy profession; but I am sovereign here, and will allow no meddling priest to interfere in the affairs of my domestic. If you have aught to say attend me to my chamber; I do not use to let my wife be acquainted with the secret affairs of my state; they are not within a woman's province."

... *To be continued...*

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