

GOTHIC BOURNES

CAROLINE COURTNEY

**by Thomas Bellamy
(1795)**

TRANSCRIPTION BY
Ali Kadhim Adhab

EDITING GOTHIC TEXTS
NINTH SERIES, 2022
N° 12

THE
MONTHLY
MIRROR:

REFLECTING
MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH
STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,
The Stage.

To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.

Novum recusat DRAMA.

VOL. I.

Embellished with superb engravings.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
Under the direction of THOMAS BELLAMY, and published at the
Monthly Mirror Office, King-Street,
Covent Garden.

Source text:

<https://books.google.es/books?id=X8sPAAAAQAAJ&pg=PA212&dq=Anselm+fitz-alban&hl=en&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwj2iZvLvlv0AhXmhv0HHaAdA7gQ6AF6BAgDEA#v=onepage&q=Anselm%20fitz-alban&f=false>

DECEMBER 1795 (pages 13-16, 211-213, 279-281, 346-351)

CAROLINE COURTNEY

[13] The last smile of autumn had gleamed over the extensive and romantic boundaries of Courtney Castle— and an early winter had stripped of their luxurious foliage the ancient oaks which graced the majestic turrets of that impregnable pile founded on ambition and defended by tyranny,—in days when lordly rule held in ignoble chains a BRITISH PEASANTRY.

The haughty and vindictive William glowed with the spirit of the first baron Henry, who built the fortress with the immense wealth which fell to him on his marriage with Eleanor, celebrated for her beauty and remembered for patient bearing and unexampled sufferings.

In form and fate lady Matilda but too nearly resembled the personage just mentioned, whose life was the life of sorrow— whose death the death of mystery. Such memorial rested on the long suffering, pious, and resigned Matilda.

The interment of Matilda was equal to her exalted birth; and a sumptuous monument covered the mouldering remains of all that was, in life lovely or interesting.

The black flags waved to the wind on the lofty towers of Courtney Castle, in which the swelling heart of William exulted, and which he had lately considerably enlarged and strengthened, it was feared, from intentions [14] hostile to the peace of a country too lately ravaged by highborn despots, while contending for portions of land to which they laid mutual claim, and for which the lives and liberty of hundreds were to be sacrificed.

Courtney, the proud and unbending Courtney, experienced in Edward Fitz-Alban a powerful rival: in extent of domain and in sovereignty of sway, Fitz-Alban remained more than his equal. This good and gallant nobleman once loved, and had been again beloved by the departed Matilda, before she was condemned by relentless prejudice to be the wife of Courtney. Since her doubtful death, repose came not to the desponding heart of Edward; and on the summit of an aspiring hill, which commanded a view not more vast than beautiful, frowned in proud defiance the battlements of a mansion towering and terrific as that of his envenomed and implacable enemy.

The mournful occasion demanded a pause from hostilities which had crimsoned plains long peaceful and happy, when blooming with all rich variety of healthy agriculture.

During that pause, answering flags appeared on Fitz-Alban towers, where they displayed a type of *affection*. But in these funeral ensigns an exception to uniformity presented itself to William—an exception which stung his soul even to its deepest recesses. A banner raised above the rest, and streaked with lines of *crimson*, held forth a meaning which at once appalled and irritated the turbulent baron, and fixed his resolve of affecting a long meditated vengeance.

A few weeks before the death of her parent, young Fitz-Alban had seen the beautiful Caroline, while walking on the terrace which surrounded the walls of Courtney. From that moment the stripling conceived an affection for the daughter of William; an affection which yielded not [15] in strength or in truth to which had imbibed the days of his father.

The gardens of Courtney Castle were extensive and solitary. Caroline had no female confidant in whose converse affliction might experience relief; therefore, since the loss of her best friend, every evening beheld her on the terrace and paths about it, where the ill-fated Matilda loved to ramble and beguile melancholy.

The grief of Caroline owned two sources; that which sprung from her mother's death was known to the baron: the other remained with herself. She was conscious of a partiality for the son of her father's enemy, and in-born virtue commanded her to struggle against it.

The first time Caroline beheld Anselm Fitz-Alban was, when riding past the gate which terminated the garden of the castle. The horse starting at something on the road, he was dismounted and came to the ground. Stunned by the fall, his attendants bore him into the courtyard, where the servants ministered needful aid, while the baron beheld him from a window, and was unfeeling enough to command that no one presumed to bring him beneath the roof of his dwelling.

This circumstances rendered Courtney still more hateful to Fitz-Alban; who, however, determined to remain a generous foe, and not sully his plans of just retribution with vindictive marks of meanness and inhumanity, even if chance should furnish him with the means of retaliation.

One evening Caroline wandered later than usual, and had proceeded to the end of a walk shaded with lofty trees and of a considerable length. She was musing on the probable meaning of the striped banner which she had lately viewed, as it fluttered to the moaning wind. On her return the distant thunder rolled awfully along the heavens. [16] It became soon loud and frequent, and the atmosphere appeared one entire blaze. Trembling with dismay, the agitated Caroline hastened to a temple placed in a recess in the walk. She entered the porch: at that moment a gleam of horrid light darted on the prostrate figure of a man, to all appearance lifeless on the pavement!— "Mysterious and all-protecting Heaven," she exclaimed, "preserve thy creature!" at this moment another gleam, still more dreadful than the last, darted on the object, and presented to her view the form of— Anselm Fitz-Alban!

[To be concluded in the next Number]

CAROLINE COURTNEY

[Continued from page 16.]

[211] The sight overpowered her senses, and the agitated Caroline sunk to the ground: a violent shriek, the prelude to insensibility, was heard by one of the armed watch, who had just taken his nightly station on the ramparts. The alarm was instantly given, and several of the baron's domestics hastened to the spot from whence the sound which caused it proceeded. Caroline had left the temple before she fell, and was found motionless, pale, and lost to all enquiry, at some distance [212] from it. She was borne to her chamber, and to the storm was attributed the cause of her situation.

The perturbed state of the mind of Caroline forbade repose. During the night she remained in a stupor which raised serious apprehensions, nor till the noon of the following day did she exhibit signs of returning reason. Her father, from an adjoining chamber, heard, with a mixture of surprise and indignation, the name of Anselm Fitz-Alban pronounced in piteous and enquiring accents from the lips of his distracted

daughter. His displeasure was still more heightened on hearing her exclaim, "I see him still! Ah! remove his pallid corse,¹ from the blood-stained temple!" Enraged at expressions which so evidently spoke the state of her heart, toward the son of his enemy, Courtney commanded his vassals to follow him with torches to the spot, where he suspected he might glut his revenge in beholding the unoffending youth either a lifeless corse, [sic] or, at least, an unresisting victim to his dagger's point.

In vain, however, was the temple visited, and all the avenues leading to it: no Anselm Fitz-Alban was to be found, and the disappointed tyrant returned to his castle, overwhelmed with suspicions which heightened the natural gloominess of his disposition. In the mean time, the afflicted Caroline, recovering by slow degrees, experienced not the consolation of a parent whose affection was her right, and which she had never forfeited.

Restored to health, but for ever lost to happiness, Caroline sought in vain the presence of her father. The thought of his being totally withdrawn, stern and regardless as she had ever found him, preyed upon her spirits: she was but too sensible of her love for Anselm, but she had determined never to swerve from the duty of a child, although the ties of nature appeared to be renounced by the author of her being.

One evening, while wandering with her maiden Winifred, around the solitary boundaries of the castle, and contemplating on the probable fate of the son of her father's foe, the object of her musings appeared suddenly before her. "Think not," he said "I can remain conscious of your sufferings, on my account, from a vindictive father."— Caroline, with all the dignity of virtue, fixed her expressive eyes on Anselm; they darted reproof, and looked him into silence, on a subject hostile to those feelings which inborn virtue had planted in her unsullied bosom.

After a pause, Caroline earnestly intreated Fitz-Alban to retire, and warned him of the probable consequence should he be discovered by any one belonging to the castle. Anselm was on the point of [213] making a reply; when, reddening with fury, the Baron Courtney approached, accompanied by two of the castle guard, who had discovered Anselm at a distance, on his way to the innocent, but unfortunate object of his love. The youth was disarmed, but, at the moment his dagger was taken from him, darting a severe and reproachful look on Courtney, he exclaimed. "Monster, I am no *murderer*, and was Courtney in my power I should only devote him to his bitterest enemy, his own reflection! Do with me as you will, and if it will gratify your resentment, or your pride, hear me descend to entreaties for a daughter whose sense of duty to yourself will never permit her to listen to the vows of her adorer Anselm. At the moment of your sudden appearance her own lips had pronounced my fate, and that fate was never to see her more. It is, however, some alleviation to know, that the son of Fitz-Alban is banished by the stubborn and unbending Courtney, and not by the gentle and deserving Caroline."

The Baron surveyed by turns the ill-fated lovers; while suspicion, dark as his own heart, lowered on his brow. Then sternly commanding Winifred to see his daughter to her chamber, and charging one of the guards to see that command obeyed, he turned haughtily towards Anselm, saying to the other guard, "Release this presuming boy." Thus disarmed and disgraced do I dismiss a son who would have robbed me of my child, to a father, who would have drawn my wife to dishonour. There, however, my fears are over; and I trust the monument wherein rests [sic] the remains of my ancestors was not

¹ Corpse

disgraced when its doors were unbarred to admit the corpse of the erring and misled Matilda.

Anselm, from the noblest motives, and apprehensive of the too probable fate of Caroline, made no other reply to the tyrant than "be merciful to your innocent, your honourable, your duteous daughter; as you wish heaven, in your expiring moments, may visit them with peace." Saying this, he instantly departed, never again to return to the boundaries of Courtney Castle; when the Baron proceeded to the chamber of Caroline.

[To be concluded in our next.]

CAROLINE COURTNEY

[Continued from page 213.]

[279] In vain the daughter of Courtney pleaded her innocence. The incensed Baron turned a deaf ear to her protestations, reproached her with all the vehemence of unrestrained passion, and on his departure affirmed, with a solemn oath, that not until young Fitz-Alban became no longer an object of his suspicion, would he permit her to wander beyond the limits of the gallery leading from her own chamber to that of Winifred, to whose charge he consigned the unoffending, and unfortunate object of his displeasure.

Many revolving and mournful days passed away in sorrow and confinement, before Caroline again beheld her father: but, on his next visit his manner appeared more consistent with that endearing title, than she had ever before experienced. Emboldened by that manner, kneeling, she ventured to implore forgiveness, and even to entreat a blessing. The Baron paused, gazed upon her in expressive silence, and with a deep drawn sigh bade her be at peace, as he himself wished to be. Then grasping her hand, he hastened from her presence, while her tear-full eye followed him till he reached the stair-case, and was lost for ever to her sight.

His looks, his too evident agitation alarmed her; lost in lonely musing, the time passed away till the hour of midnight was given by the deep-toned bell of the castle clock; an unusual weight on her mind denied the approach of sleep. She proceeded to the gallery. The beautiful appearance of the morn² engaged her attention, while the fantastic shadows its beams occasioned, as they illumined, with visionary light, the gothic windows of the building, for a time, relieved her bosom from extreme oppression. Returning to her chamber, she paused at the door to take another view of the gallery, when, to her astonishment, her eye glanced on a letter which lay on the floor; she took it up. It was addressed to the Baron Courtney. Caroline [280] paused upon the impropriety of examining its purport, but the sudden and recent change she had observed in the person whose name was on it, his perturbation, his down-cast look, his unwonted tenderness all conspired to raise her curiosity, and prevail on her at length, without his knowledge or permission, to peruse a father's letter.

If, thus situated, Caroline might be said to have infringed upon the rigid rules of honour and of duty, Caroline was sufficiently punished for her offence. The dreadful scroll was the work of the domestic Osborne, long in the confidence of his cruel, his unprincipled master. Its contents might well create terror and dismay—they were

² The moon

penned—by a MURDERER! In characters, but too legible, the mystery of her mother’s death was at length unfolded.

In a state, little short of distraction, she threw herself on the floor, and bathed the letter with her tears, then rising, she determined on seeking her parent. She hastened to the stair-case— her further progress was checked by a door barred and bolted. She recollected she was a prisoner, a recollection replete with horror; again she perused the dreadful lines—“The hand that removed one object of your displeasure, is equally ready to execute your commands on another. The Lady Caroline is at rest; pronounce the sentence, and the Lady Matilda shall offend no more.”

In awful suspense the time passed on, till the bell in sullen tone announced the third hour; all was still, and Caroline was absorbed in thought; presently she heard a foot-step, by its sound approaching the door of her chamber: fear forbade utterance, and now, by the reflection of a lamp glimmering out its last—she discovered, Osborne!

Seizing her unresisting arm, he muttered —“Attempt to raise alarm, and I silence you forever. Go with me, but fear not. You may sleep as soundly in Fernly Wood, lady, as others have done before you.” Osborne, on saying this, applied the ruffian mode of ensuring silence on the part of Caroline, and instantly proceeded to where two mules were in waiting behind Courtney Castle, to which she was no more to return.

Through paths, solitary and rude as the mind can possibly conceive, they travelled on for several hours. At length they halted at the entrance of a cavern, situated deep in the entangled mazes of Fernly Wood. After pacing numberless intricate and gloomy windings, their course was stopped by an iron door, of vast dimensions. “Now lady,” exclaimed Osborne, in an exulting tone, “You find yourself where human aid can never reach you, and from whence flight is impossible.” Saying this, he applied [sic] his lips to a hollow tube, fixed in the door, and sounded a signal to those on the other side.

[281] Presently a loud and continued shout expressive of riot and revelry, assailed the startled ear of Caroline, who now, recovering from a stupor, she was seized with on her departure from the castle, and, from despair, collecting fortitude,³ she turned to her savage conductor and said, “On this side of your dread abode let instant death terminate my horrors!”

Before Osborne could reply, the door, by means of a spring, suddenly opened, and the glare of numerous and distant torches illumined the cavern.

Osborne conducted, or rather forced Caroline to a seat at a board, liberally supplied with the varieties of luxury and intemperance, and at which were placed a party of banditti. At the call of their captain they instantly arose and filled each his goblet to *The fair stranger*. This ceremony was succeeded by loud and repeated acclamations, while the shaggy pillars, which supported the ample roof of the cavern, shook to the shouts of its ferocious inmates.

Remaining stedfast [sic] in her refusal to partake of the banquet, Osborne said, “I would advise you, lady, to become resigned to a better fate than was intended for you. By this time the Baron thinks you are no more: forget, therefore, such a father, and henceforth consider me as your protector.”

“With these brave men I have long associated. The Captain and myself intend, before many months are past, to leave our places to those worthy of filling them, as our share alone, arising from plunder lately obtained, has enabled us to quit an employ in which we have hazarded our own lives, and sacrificed many. Therefore take comfort,

³ The printer made a mistake by placing a comma instead of a period, thus messing up the syntax.

fear no violence from any here, while I am away presume not to question; be obedient, and be happy.”

This daring address was received with indignation and horror. Osborne waited not a reply, but left the cavern, and repaired to the Baron. In a few days it was given out that the lady Caroline had died suddenly; funeral rites were again performed. The proud, unbending man now left alone and unblessed, was sensible doubts existed in the breasts of many, but equally well he knew that no tongue would presume to utter them.

To return to Caroline. The recent declaration of Osborne removed apprehensions of insult from the ruffian band, who now to pursue the nightly work of rapine, and of murder, had left her to herself.

[To be concluded in our next.]

CAROLINE COURTNEY

[Concluded from page 281]

[346] Alone, in a place too the aspect of which was sufficient to appal⁴ the stoutest heart, still fear assailed not that of Caroline. As she looked around on the vastness of her subterraneous abode, and its dark and deep recesses, her thoughts were engaged on the martyred Matilda, and in the anguish of her soul she exclaimed aloud, “ Look down, sainted mother, on thy child, thy Caroline; the thought of a father prevents my sending up the prayer to all-righteous heaven—“REVENGE A PARENT’S MURDER!”

The last word caught up by Echo, resounded through the cavern and its numerous windings, till it died away in awful whispers. Caroline remained on her knees, and listened to those whispers till she nearly persuaded herself they were not the effect of her own utterance. At length all was silent! and she arose and wandered, absorbed in bitter reflection, beyond the light reflected by a flame issuing from a large lamp, suspended by a chain, and which, (horrid to relate!) was fed by a prepared portion of the remains of unhappy objects who had fallen beneath the hand of assassins!— remorseless wretches who had yet suffered no one to escape from their horrid confines. How truly dreadful that stage of guilt, where the perpetrator flies to its last enormity for only temporary safety, and to stifle but for a season the voice of conviction.

At the extremity of one of the recesses, her farther progress was impeded by a door secured on the outside with strong bolts; a circumstance which roused her from her reverie, and induced her to quit a spot that chilled every sense with new alarm. At this moment a deep sigh, followed with “Where will my miseries end?” — suggested an idea that the voice was that of some hopeless wretch confined for sacrifice, and that now was the time to summon all her fortitude.

With a trembling hand she drew the bolts, opened the yielding door, and beheld, extended on a couch, the figure of a woman, who, on Caroline’s approach, buried her countenance in the pillow, uttered a shriek, and cried “Leave me! inhuman monster, leave me! The night flame still exists, and loathed dawn is yet far distant.”—Caroline knew the accents, and sunk down by the side of Matilda!

⁴ appall

The mother of Caroline started from the couch, and retreated to a table on which was placed the night-flame she mentioned. Caroline followed; her parent's recollection returned, and embraces mutual and fervent succeeded.

To explanation no pause could be given at a period so important. The means of escape presented itself; but it promised no more [347] than escape from the cavern. Its intricate and untraced boundaries were beset with dangers hostile to their hopes. Long confinement had rendered Matilda extremely weak, and it was with difficulty she proceeded, by the assistance of her companion, to a situation in the wood which seemed the most favourable for concealment. It was now early morning but Matilda properly conjectured that if they advanced to a still greater distance from the haunts of the robbers, they might be seen by some of them, on their return from their nocturnal deeds of plunder and of death.

While, as they too fondly imagined, they remained secure from covery,⁵ the Lady Courtney informed Matilda that Osborne, after conveying her from the castle to the cavern, produced his lord's letter, which commanded him to dispatch and bury her in the wood they were now in; at the same time making a merit of his forbearance in her favour, and promising her life on submitting to proposals which she felt herself degraded even in calling to remembrance. Fortunately for the preservation of her honour, the captain of the band pretended to no small portion of generosity, and as he termed it, manly principle; and strange as it may seem, while with a heart callous to the pleadings of humanity, he could uplift the dagger of death, and plunge it into the bosom of the struggling and devoted female; still would he startle at violation.

"The cell where you found me has been my prison; an opening in the cavern secured by a grating renders it tolerably light during the day, and when night advanced, I was indulged with a lamp: indeed I had nothing to complain of but confinement, and the detested professions of Osborne."

The relation of her much injured parent, was received by Caroline with all that sympathy it demanded; and in return that young lady recounted the history of her own sufferings since the supposed death of her mother.

When the day was pretty far advanced, they determined on seeking refuge and protection in the castle of Fitz-Alban, and for that purpose ventured from their recess.

To shield the guilty author of their sufferings from the punishment due to his crimes, became their mutual concern, and it was agreed to cloak themselves from observance as much as possible, in the hope that they might remain unknown to all except the baron and his son; Matilda trusting to the humanity of the one, and Caroline to the affection of the other, to save from exposure and infamy the father and the husband, once dear to them.

In this resolve, the adventurers pursued their way, at intervals looking fearfully around them, every moment in dread of discovery. [348] The hours passed on in fruitless endeavour to clear the labyrinth, which became more and more perplexed, till at length fatigued and nearly exhausted they were under the necessity of sitting down to recover strength.

They had not remained long in a spot which seemed to invite repose, before Caroline uttered a violent shriek, and seizing the arm of her mother, tore her in a manner from the bank on which they had reclined.

⁵ discovery

From the hollow of an ancient oak, the branches of which nearly overshadowed it, an enormous snake darted forth, as if to drive them upon an enemy equally dreadful and envenomed. The creature was first seen by Matilda, and in hastening from a spot, where but for her cries, they would have escaped observation; they were instantly surrounded by a party of the robbers, with Osborne at their head.

Painful to every sense, would prove a description of the exultation of this monster in a human form. The escape of Caroline and the Lady Courtney, had filled his soul with direful forebodings of consequences speedy and fatal to his career of cruelty and duplicity. No more must he presume to stand in the presence of the baron, who would soon have to experience in his own person the effect of enormities, not less awful in their punishment, than dreadful in their magnitude. To remain with the band would be equally impossible, their extirpation *must* ensue; where then could he turn for security, with every eye in search for, and every hand against him. Such were his distracting thoughts after a day devoted to the recovery of the hapless fugitives, who from an unfortunate circumstance, were thrown once more within his power.

Unresisting and dejected they were consigned to different cells, and in a little time the captain and the rest of the gang entered the cavern. The capture of the runaways became the subject of conversation; they all congratulated themselves on the occasion, and united in the resolve of leaving in future two of their party to watch its entrance during the absence of their fellows.

Night had pretty far advanced before the party broke up: Osborne elevated by the juice of the grape, entered into a severe dispute with the captain upon the impropriety of not being permitted to pursue the dictates of his will respecting his own captive. In this remonstrance he was seconded by another, to whom he had promised the possession of Matilda, in case his assistance, aptly thrown in, should incline their leader to compliance.

The debate insensibly grew warm, and Howell at length dared to insult his captain in terms so gross and unqualified as to provoke the latter to spurn him to the earth. He was, however, brought to [349] a sense of his offence, and on submission, what he had said was readily forgiven.

The next day was to be set apart as a festival, on some occasion held *joyful* by those unthinking, dissipated, and guilty men.

Preparations for the banquet were such as vied in splendour and expence [sic] with those of their betters; plundered stores of plate were brought forward to dazzle the sight on the spacious table, loaded with viands and wines not less costly. In a few hours all was confusion and uproar: Osborne proposed to open the cells of the fair prisoners, bring them to the convivial board, and oblige them to become partakers in the general revelling. This proved the moment of his triumph. Their captain's objections were drowned in clamour, and Matilda and Caroline were dragged shrieking from their confinement.

If, in this moment, their agony can only be conceived, language would prove equally incompetent to express the joy of the next. Torn from their cells, their cries, loud and incessant, formed a painful contrast to continued shouts of the ferocious tribe, by whom they were surrounded; but sounds of a different nature now were heard; sounds which appalled the stoutest heart among them. The entrance to their den of darkness was secured by a door of iron, which they now heard yielding with a tremendous crash, and in an instant the two Fitz-Alban's appeared to disengage the affrighted objects of their

unhallowed violence. Osborne met his death from the hand of young Fitz-Alban, while in the act of dragging Caroline to the table. The Baron executed a similar vengeance on the wretch who held in his rude grasp the struggling Matilda.

Except the captain, every individual in the band was bound and inclosed [sic] in their own cells. Twice their number were appointed to guard them, till the hand of justice should sweep them from the earth they had infested. In the mean time the wife and daughter of the Baron Courtney were conveyed to his castle.

On their way to it, the Baron Fitz-Alban said to the objects of his attention and rescue, "The events of this day must appear to you mysterious and unlooked for. The loss of the owner of Courtney Castle, surely cannot excite your griefs, however it may create that pity which must arise for an object cut off, as he has been, in the midst of unrepented crimes. But a few days are elapsed since I received a letter from the Baron: judge of my astonishment on reading, 'If Fitz-Alban can stifle former resentments, he will instantly attend the present summons to the couch of the expiring Courtney.

"You may readily suppose I lost no time in obeying a call so mystical and solemn. Arriving at the castle, I was informed that [350] the Baron had not many hours to live; but all his attendants were ignorant of the nature of his disorder, which had come upon him suddenly.

"On entering the chamber, he made an unsuccessful effort to rise, the while he cast upon me such a look of pleading sorrow, as fully spoke the state of his mind.

"I seated myself, and requested to know how I could possibly assist him; he looked earnestly in my face, and cried, 'can Courtney die, pardoned by Fitz-Alban?' Assuring him of my forgiveness, he continued, 'my story is short, but terrible in its purport; a wife and daughter have been sacrificed to the callousness, jealousy, and hatred of a wretch, who falls the victim of stubborn pride, and unjust resentment. These papers will settle all animosity between you and me; and, may heaven pre—' here his speech failed him, and with the unfinished word quivering on his lips, he sunk down to everlasting silence.

"The Baron had just breathed his last, when the doctor entered the room. Viewing the lifeless corpse, he waved his hand, and the attendants retired; then respectfully bowing, he said, 'I presume I have the honour to pay obedience to the Baron Fitz-Alban.' I answered in the affirmative; and he continued: "the lifeless object before us has swallowed poison; when I arrived here yesterday I found him in extreme torture; he raved, and inquired 'who sent for me?' in reply, I said, 'I was no stranger to the rash step he had taken, and that I could only relieve, not save him: 'then,' rejoined the unhappy gentleman, 'I am satisfied; so that I am sure of death, I am satisfied; I have no objection to as much bodily ease as possible while life remain, and what is your opinion as to the time before it will be relinquished?'—I replied, 'A day:'—'Enough,' he exclaimed, 'be secret, and let no one know what I have done, but the Baron Fitz-Alban; from him withhold nothing. He then commanded me to depart, and leave him to his own reflections. I instantly obeyed; but did not quit the Castle before I had attended to the preparation of a draught to counteract, as much as possible, the painful effects of the deadly one already taken.'

"The nature of the poison was such as made a speedy interment needful; and providence so ordered its events, as to dissipate my concern for a man who had pursued me through life with hatred, and had procured the untimely death of those most dear to myself, and my only hope, my noble Anselm.

“Such were my thoughts on my return from the funeral, when my domestics informed me that a person had been waiting for me, charged with a momentous business, on which depended every thing that was dear to my interests and affections.

[351] “To be brief, the person proved to be one of a party of banditti; his name Howell. From this fellow a discovery was made which led to your preservation. The cause which induced him to betray his comrades arose from an indignity offered by his captain; but, from his account of his leader, I feel myself inclined to interest myself in his pardon. The rest must suffer the death they merit.”

On the most atrocious of the party, punishment due to their offences was inflicted. The rest, including Howell and the captain, obtained a pardon on condition of voluntary banishment.

In bonds of the most refined friendship the Lady Courtney and Baron Fitz-Alban remained during life: numerous were their acts of humanity and exalted benevolence, and no day passed by without its memorial in the cause of virtue.

After the usual period of mourning was past, an [sic] union took place between young Fitz-Alban and Caroline. Many revolving years rolled on, and during their course all was harmony and peace. At length their time-honoured parents took a last farewell [sic] of all that had contributed to their repose on earth, on their departure for heaven.

T. BELLAMY.