HEARD a child go singing down the street:
Merrily came the trill;
When suddenly stopped the sound of her little feet,
And the voice was still.

Someone’s sharp anger broke upon her song,
Chilling her with the shock;
Her joy was dashed, as waves, that ripple along,
Are dashed upon the rock.

O Life, what hopes, what love-dreams and delights,
That men chant as they go,
Like that child’s song, are stopped in sudden frights,
Never again to flow!

WILFRED WOOLLMAN.

INTERESTING MONUMENTS OF DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

TOMB OF QUEEN ELEANOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EVERYTHING which either does, or ought to, interest girls comes within the province of this journal. Sometimes the subjects which we place before our readers are intended for their amusement, at others for their instruction, and occasionally it is our duty to call their attention to matters which are serious, painful, or melancholy. The contemplation of death under any circumstances must be sad, even to those who are best prepared to meet it, and all things which remind us of mortality, such as cemeteries, churchyards, and memorials of the departed, must recall solemn thoughts and ideas; but just as the most exquisite music and the noblest poetry have a touch of the sad and solemn in them, although they give us the most refined sentiments of pleasure, so the thoughts which come to us when contemplating the memorials of the departed, ought to bring to our minds consoling feelings of joy mixed with this sadness, especially when we have a reasonable hope that those commemorated by the monuments we gaze upon have passed away from a life well spent, to reap an everlasting reward and wear an incorruptible crown.

Perhaps there are few monuments to the great and wealthy which encourage this hope more strongly than that of Eleanor of Castile, “The Queen of Good Memory,” as she is sometimes called. Eleanor of Castile was daughter of Ferdinand III, King of Castile and Leon. She is said to have been singularly beautiful, and was possessed of great wealth, being in right of her mother, heiress to the Earldom of Poithieu. She was married to Edward I, while he was yet Prince of Wales, and, although she appears to have been rather delicate in health, she insisted upon sharing all the perils and dangers of his numerous campaigns. When Edward remonstrated with her against accompanying him to the Holy Land, she is reported to have answered: “The way to heaven is as near from Palestine as from England.” Eleanor was crowned with her husband in Westminster Abbey in the year 1275, and she was his faithful wife and constant companion for thirty-six years. It is related that upon one occasion she saved his life by sucking the poison from a wound inflicted in his arm by the dagger of an assassin. When Eleanor first arrived in London she caused herself to be unpopular by what we should now consider a most innocent act. She was, as we have said, of a rather delicate constitution, and, coming from the sunny south to our colder climate, she attempted to keep out the draughts by hanging her chamber round with tapestry. The people regarded this as a kind of sacrilege, because they had never seen these hangings anywhere else except in churches, and the matter actually led to a serious riot. Our girls will, we feel quite sure, acquit this good queen of any irreligious act, and feel grateful to her for having introduced into this country the charming practice of hanging rooms with tapestry, which has such a beautiful effect in so many old English mansions.

The people of London, however, soon learned to appreciate Eleanor, and it is somewhat singular that the very heart of the metropolis should now be garnished with tapestries to fortify the affectionate memory of this good and gentle queen. “Charing Cross” is supposed to be only a corruption of “Chere Reine” Cross, altar-tomb, because it was one of the crosses erected by Edward I, in commemoration of “The Dear Queen.”

Edward seems to have been so impressed by the virtues of Eleanor that he not only erected three monuments at her memory, one at Lincoln, one at the Grey Friars Church in London, and one where she was interred at Westminster, but he also built memorial crosses wherever her body rested for the night, when bringing her from Hardby in Lincolnshire, where she died, to Westminster; these crosses were erected at Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Stoneby, Stratford, Northampton, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charter. Of these three monuments alone remains, at that at Westminster Abbey, and of the ten memorial crosses only three, those of Northampton, Gedlington, and Waltham. These crosses are singularly beautiful structures, and are amongst the most perfect examples of ecclesiastical architecture. Waltham Cross is still fairly perfect.

The monument in Westminster Abbey was probably erected very shortly after Eleanor’s death in 1291. It is an elegantly designed and carved with armorial bearings; on the base below is a large plain panel, upon which the marks of painting can be distinctly traced. The picture must, when perfect, have been intended to represent the lady in her official or ceremonial attire, as there is an open repoussé or raised grue in the centre of the composition. The figure of the person who was being laid to rest has been obliterated, for what reason it is difficult to say, unless it was simple mischief.

The side of the monument towards the aisle is adorned with a most elegant long ground or “herse,” which was made by a blacksmith of Leighton-Buzzard in the thirteenth century. It is difficult to see the effigy of the good queen very well. It, however, represents a woman with a singularly modest and gentle face; one hand rests upon her breast, and the other formerly held a sceptre, which has now disappeared. The figure is composed of copper very thinly gilded, and was cast by a London goldsmith. All the space on either side of the effigy is stamped with armorial bearings. The tomb itself is composed of a native marble which was brought from Petworth, and it is interesting to notice the laborious skill which the thirteenth century workmen must have bestowed upon it in fashioning the elegant little bunches of oak and vine leaves which form the finials and other adornments of the small canopies. Unfortunately the dampness and neglect to which the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey were for very many years subjected have caused the marble to disintegrate, and consequently many of these charming little examples of foliage carving are reduced to mere fragments, but enough remains to show the extreme delicacy and elegance of the original work.

Some of our girls who have given their time to the study of carving and modelling in clay might do well to copy these exquisite little groups of leaves, or what is still left of them; for although every care is now taken of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, yet year by year the process of disintegration and decay goes on, and nothing appears to retard their progress. The late Sir Gilbert Scott imagined that he had discovered a solution which would arrest this process of decay in the Abbey, and it really did seem to have the desired effect, but it does not appear to have been altogether successful, and of course restoration, which is the process of replacing old work by modern, would in such a case as the present be simply out of the question.
Adjoining the tomb of Queen Eleanor, to the left of our drawing, will be noticed an archway adorned with numerous statues, niches, coats of arms, etc. Immediately over this arch reposes the body of another English queen, Katherine, the wife of Henry V., daughter of the poor mad King of France, Charles VI., and the unhappy and much maligned Isabella of Bavaria. Henry VII.'s courting of this princess is quaintly represented by Shakespeare in his play of Henry V.

After the death of Henry she married Owen Tudor, and was the grandmother of Henry VII.

That monarch, however, seems to have shown very little respect to her memory, because, when he built his own chapel, he not only destroyed her monument, but dug up her body and had it placed in an oak chest, which was deposited under the archway of Henry V.'s tomb, where it remained for many years. The chest appeared to have been broken open in later times, and the body, reduced to the condition of a mummy, was actually exhibited in the 17th century. Pepys himself recalls having witnessed the queen. The body was afterwards removed, but did not find a proper resting-place until the late Dean Stanley, with good taste and judgment, had it very properly buried beneath the floor of the gallery which supports the chantry of Henry V.

H. W. B.
CELEBRATED MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

THE MONUMENT OF LADY IZODNE, CALLED "THE PERCY SHRINE.

A remarkably beautiful monument known as "The Percy Shrine," at Beverley Minster, is probably the most exquisite work of art, erected to commemorate a woman, now existing in this county; and therefore, although the history attached to it is somewhat obscure, it should interest our readers.

"The Percy Shrine" is situated between the columns which support the arch leading into the north little transept in the noble arch of St. John the Baptist, at Beverley, better known as Beverley Minster. It is undoubtedly a work of the time of Edward III, and if our readers will refer to the "Girl's Own Paper," upon which architecture appeared in The Girl's Own Paper, with our view of the Percy Shrine before them, they will see at once that it exhibits in a very marked manner all the characteristics therein described as being peculiar to what is called the "Cavilinicer Decorated" development of the "Second Pointed" style, such, for instance, as the flowing lines of the tracer, the non-conformity to foliages, etc. Now we refer to this, because, as we shall show, a want of architectural knowledge has led several very eminent writers upon Beverley Minster to fall into singular errors with regard to the history of this monument; and to create an amount of confusion and doubt which has resulted in rendering it difficult to separate what is simple conjectural from what are the known facts concerning the lady whose mortal remains await the resurrection beneath this exquisite tomb. Amongst those who have helped to create the confusion to which we have alluded, is none less a man than the celebrated Bishop Percy of Dromore, who, it appears, convinced himself and many others that the Percy Shrine was commemorated by a monument which is evidently a work of the fourteenth century, and which, moreover, has upon it the arms of Edward III. and of the Clifford family, to which she was in no way related.

Gough, the antiquary, singularly enough, fell into the same mistake, because he saw a small tomb opened which stood under the arch of the Percy Shrine, and which he, for some reason, concluded to contain the body of Lady Maud; but as Polon, in his excellent history of Beverley, points out, the tomb in question had nothing to do with the Percy Shrine, but had simply been removed to this site at a much later period than that of its erection. The body was that of a girl about twenty years of age. Another member of the Percy family whom this shrine has been supposed to commemorate is Lady Eleanor Percy, daughter of Lord Percy, who was son of the celebrated Hotspur, but here again neither the architecture nor the heraldry would agree with the conjecture, as this lady was living in the thirteenth century. Polon, in his "History of Beverley," has undoubtedly settled the point as to the identity of the lady to whom this monument was erected. She was the Lady Idonea, wife of Henry Percy, and daughter of Lord Robert Clifford. This lady died in 1365, having survived her husband fourteen years. She was a very charitable and religious woman, and left behind her such a reputation that, at the close of the fourteenth century, a special statute was enacted by Archbishop Arundel, that commemorative services should be continued for the reparation and affection paid to her memory. Now these facts known concerning the Lady Idonea would in every way explain what we see of the shrine. It is just the costly kind of monument that would be erected to a lady benefactor of the Church. Its date is evidently the latter half of the fourteenth century. The Lady Idonea was a daughter of Lord Clifford, hence the Clifford arms upon the monument, and as Edward III. was the reigning king, it is in no way astonishing that his statuette and arms find a place amongst its numerous and beautiful carvings. We have thus got rid of the singular corroboration of these facts. When the monument was being repaired some years back a penny of Edward III. was found embedded in the stonework; discoveries of this kind encourage one to believe that the stones used in the stonework of ancient buildings are not uncommon; at times, no doubt, they were purposely deposited, as we still to this day place them within the cavity of the foundation stone of a building, but probably it may frequently have happened that the stonemason was in want of what is called a "dowel"—that is, a little piece of metal or some other hard material to clasp securely together the two pieces of stone which he wanted to join. Oyster shells and flint stones were most commonly used for this purpose, and our girls will perhaps be surprised to hear that the gorgeous roof of Henry VII.'s chapel is, to a great extent, held together by native oyster shells. Now, the mason who was erecting the beautiful Percy Shrine may have been unable to find an oyster shell or flint stone which exactly suited, and so he put his hand into his pocket, took out a penny, which made the kind of dowel he required, never for a moment supposing that what he was doing would furnish an interesting proof of the date of its work. It will be said at once, "Why, a penny was ever so much more valuable in the fourteenth century than it is now, so it is not likely that a mason would have used one for such a purpose." To any of our readers who would advance this argument we say, go to Beverley Minster, get a ladder and climb to the top of the Percy Shrine, then look upon it, and what do you see? Why, this remarkable fact that every finial, crocket and pinnacle is as carefully finished at the back—where it cannot possibly be seen from below—as it is in front; and we would ask, would a man who did his work in such a style as this hesitate at making use of a penny or a shilling if he thought it would make a better dowel than an oyster shell?

Unfortunately no inscription remains upon the Percy Shrine, and if ever there was a raised tomb beneath it, it has disappeared. Probably, however, from its being called a shrine, it may have served the purpose of what was called an "Easter sepulchre"; that is to say, a canopy beneath which, in the Middle Ages, a statue of the Saviour, as He was laid in the tomb, was placed on Good Friday evening. It was thought in old times to be a great honour to have a monument used for such a purpose, and many magnificent examples still exist. Of course when this was the case no remnant statue could be placed upon the monument.

When Leland, the antiquary, visited Beverley Minster shortly after the Reformation, he says, "there were three Percy monuments in the choir of the Minster," but where the other two they could have had nothing to say. It is just possible that he may have written from memory, and may have got the idea into his head that the two other fine Perse monuments existing in the church were in the choir. One of these monuments bears a striking resemblance to the Percy Shrine, though it is earlier in date and less elaborate. A strange legend is associated with it, which is not unlike Longfellow's "Moxol and the Little Bird," in the "Golden Legend." Two beautiful sisters enter the convent, and are remarkable for their saintly lives, when suddenly, and without any notice, they are seen to glide out of the chapel. Years after they are discovered sleeping in the tower, and have no idea of the passage of time. A poem upon this subject was published some sixty years back, which is given at full length in Polon's "History of Beverley," but what foundation there is for the legend, or why this monument is called the tomb of "The Sisters of Beverley," it is impossible to say. It may have been erected to the memory of two ladies of the Percy family, but it so they could not have been nuns attached to Beverley Minster, inasmuch as that church was a collegiate establishment, and never at any time a convent of nuns.

H. W. BREWER.

CHAPTER II.
LADY CONSTANT.

ASHBEARE was a quiet little country parish, where life was monotonous, and marked by few changes, except the unavoidable ones wrought by Time's busy hand, in the growth of one generation and the passing away of another, as some of the village trees spread into larger proportions, while the poplars and elms were swept away by some sudden storm, and so made room for the younger ones.

When Mr. Brown had come, some ten years ago, to the vicarage, the villagers felt rather doubtful of his "new-fangled ways," but very soon this feeling vanished under the influence of his kindly disposition, and the tiring interest in their welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, and there was not much they had hesitated to do to please their vicar.
THE PERCY SHRINE IN BEVERLEY MINSTER.
MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

JANE WREN.

We will not for a moment suppose that our girls don't understand Latin, but, in case some of the very youngest amongst them should be unacquainted with that language, we venture to give the following translation:

"Beneath is buried Christopher Wren, the builder of this church and city, who lived for over ninety years, not for his own good, but for that of the public. Reader, if you seek his monument, look around you. He died 23rd February, 1723, aged 91."

On the stone covering the grave itself is the simple English inscription:

"Here lieth Christopher Wren, esq, the builder of this cathedral Church of St. Paul, etc, who died in the year of Our Lord MDCCLXIX, and of his age xci."

On the opposite side of the aisle are the handsome marble tablets shown in our view. The most distant one records the second wife of Sir Christopher, and that on the pilaster is to the memory of his daughter, Jane Wren. It consists of a slab of white statuary marble, the chief portion of which is occupied by the representation of a young woman playing an organ, surrounded by angels singing or playing upon musical instruments. Of course it cannot be merely accidental that this bas-relief bears such a strong resemblance to the pictures one sees in Italy of St. Cecilia, which were painted in the seventeenth century; and it is disfigured by the fanciful absurdities and affectations of the late Italian school; such, for instance, as a solid organ and a by no means ethereal-looking young lady supported on clouds, an angel bringing in a fresh supply of music books, all pointing to the degradation which had come over art when the Medieval traditions, which had inspired such painters as Fra Angelico and Pinturicchio, were exchanged for a ridiculous combination of classicism and realism. The workmanship, however, is very good, and was probably executed by Dance. The inscription is as follows:

"MS. DESIDERATISSIME VIRGINIS JANE WREN CLARISS. ESL., CHRISTOPHERI WREN FILII UNICI, PATERN. INGOLIS, LITERIS DEDITA, PLE, BENEVOLE, DOMESTICA, ARTE MUSICA PERPETVAM.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF MRS. JANE WREN, ONLY DAUGHTER OF

SR. CHR. WREN, ESQ. BY DAME JANE, HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER OF

WILLIAM LORD FITZWILLIAMS, BARON OF LIPPO, IN THE

KINGDOM OF IRELAND. DR. XXIX. DEC. ANN. MDCCCLXIX. AE. XXVI.

The Latin inscription informs us that Jane Wren was the only daughter of Sir Christopher, that she died unmarried at the age of twenty-six, and amongst other virtues and merits, that she excelled in music and literature. She was, in fact, if we accept the statement of the epitaph, "most highly skilled in the musical art." There is a tradition also that she assisted her father in his profession, and the spire of the church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East has been ascribed to her—whether correctly or not it does not seem possible to ascertain. When Sir Christopher Wren partially rebuilt the church, which had been damaged by the fire of London, he left the old tower standing, and the present tower was not erected until some years later; whether from the design of Sir Christopher himself, his daughter, or one of his pupils, I have been unable to ascertain. In some respects it is unlike the work of Sir Christopher Wren, some of its details bearing a strong likeness to those of the western towers of Westminster Abbey, which used to be ascribed to Sir Christopher, but are now not supposed to have been his work. If Jane Wren did really design St. Dunstan's spire, she is one of the only two female architects who have had a hand in ecclesiastical work; the other one being Symonds von Steinbach, who really appears to have assisted her father, Erwin von Steinbach, at Strasbourg Minster. Doubt has been thrown upon this, but I am inclined to think that the fact of Symonds's statue being placed in a corresponding situation to that of her father may be accepted as a proof that she had a share in the work.

I have been unable to discover any other tradition of girls or women acting as architects. Of course, much of the practical carrying out of buildings would be almost an impossibility to them; but it seems strange that there should be no record, or even tradition, of their having designed buildings, except the two instances to which I have referred.

H. W. B.

* This spire is threatened with destruction at the present time.
with the other three children in a brighter mood than usual.

"It will do the boy no harm to roll on the soft grass this morning," said her mother.

"We have had no rain for a week, and the dew there was dripped up. You will be able to rest, only be sure you keep your eye on baby."

Poor Mary! the prospect was blissful. In or out of sight, the child had conscientiously carried out her mother's orders. Her arms might have ached and her feet grown weary, but never had the boy touched a lump yet, though trudging to and fro it had been hard work for the young nurse. To-day the little girls should gather daisies, and she would make them into chains whilst baby rolled and kicked in the warm sunshine.

Mary first went some distance on the cliff, then sat down with the baby on her lap whilst the other children went further in search of flowers.

The soft breeze, just a breath of summer, and the warm sunshine soon affected her little charge, and she fell asleep. Unwilling to rouste her she sat quietly on, admiring the rosy face of the slumbering baby and not sorry for the rest she too was sharing.

At home Mary was uneasy at not hearing the voices of her sisters, and turning to look in the direction they had taken found they were nowhere to be seen. She rose, it is very singular that between these two is a monument to Aymer or Audomar De Valentine Earl of Pembroke. Why Aymer De Valentine should have a monument between those of the husband and wife it is difficult to say.

There used to be a tradition that Aveline was "widow, wife and widow in one day," her husband being accidentally killed in a tournament held to celebrate his wedding. I cannot find out how this singular tradition arose, as it does not appear to have been born out by any particulars that I have come across in her history, and yet such traditions as these nearly always have some foundation in fact, inclined to think that there may have been at Westminster Abbey, formerly, some monument which really did recall the memory of a lady whose life was darkened by the painful calamity, and that probably during the destruction of monuments in the Abbey which took place in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many have been destroyed, and in the confusion that ensued the tradition may have been either by mistake or willfully transferred to the monument of Aveline. Even that careful historian of Westminster Abbey, Sandford, who wrote at the commencement of the eighteenth century, has fallen into error in the account which he gives of Countess Aveline, as he states that "she died the same year she was married." Now, this could not have been the case, as she was married in December 1269, whereas, a writ dated February 2nd, 1273, commands that certain properties in the counties of Hampshire, Kent, Rutland, Lincoln, York, Bucks, and Surrey, are to be handed over to Aveline and her husband as having been granted by her father, William De Forthias Earl of Albemarle. She must, however, have died shortly afterwards, as mention is made of property she bequeathed to a servant called "Cross." As to the other "Cross" it is derived from the Old English often called "Crouche" embroidered upon her surcoat.

As he plays such a very important part in our national history, it may not be out of the way to say a few words about him. The House of Lancaster derived their vast inheritance and their highest honours from this prince. Through his first wife, Aveline, he became "King of the Isle of Wight," and even previous to his marriage, it is said in a part of the kingdom of Sicily and Apulia, and it is said that the enormous grants of money which Henry III. levied to support this latter dignity which had been bestowed upon his son, led to the association of the Barons against Henry III., the appointment of Conservators of the peace in the several counties, and the settlement of the democratic part of our constitution on a permanent basis.*

Edmund, however, did not enjoy all these extraordinary titles and emoluments for many years, as the grant of Sicily was revoked by the Pope in 1263. On the death of Aveline, he lost his right to the kingdom of the Isle of Wight, and notwithstanding the brilliancy of his early career, he ultimately died of grief and vexation; for in the year 1266 he was dispatched upon an expedition into Gascony, but his troops deserting for want of pay, he expired at Bayonne. We have in the history of this couple two strange examples of the mutability of human affairs and the uncertainty of worldly prizes. For an enormously wealthy beautiful heiress forms the most brilliant marriage of her time, but dies at little more than twenty years of age, whereas the husband, after having been twice deprived of the title of king, dies at last, unable to meet his liabilities. I question almost whether the actual history of Edmund and Aveline is not more sad and more painful than the tradition, and whether it would not have been a preferable lot to have been slain in a tournament at the commencement of his

MONUMENT OF COUNTESS AVELINE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
career than to have outlived the death of his beautiful countess, to have seen his high hopes and ambitions perish one by one, and to die deserted by his troops, whom he had hoped to lead on to victory. The monument to Avelline was probably erected by her husband shortly after her death. Neale says, "That it was probably the first in the pointed style of architecture ever erected in this church;" but he goes on to describe it as being entirely of freestone, which is not the case, because the effigy and slab are of marble. Unfortunately the face of the former has been willfully mutilated, so that, alas! we have no means of judging what the beautiful countess was like in life; and the body, like most thirteenth century effigies, so shrouded from view by the voluminous folds of her mantle, that what ladies call her "figure" is entirely concealed. The two angels who kneel at her head and the faithful dog at her feet have also shared in this barbarous mutilation. The canopy is adorned externally with lovely carvings of the oak bearing acorns and the vine laden with grapes, sad emblems of hopes never realised. The top feature of the canopy, the insal, or modern, the original termination having been knocked away to make room for a gallery at one of the coronations. The inside of the canopy has been painted all over with a trailing vine, and the front of the monument has niches with statuettes standing in them, but who these are intended to represent it is impossible to say; as they have suffered the same shameful mutilation which has so injured the other portions of this most graceful monument. This mischief was probably the work of Cromwell's soldiers, who used part of Westminster Abbey as a barracks. If they had only known the history of the monument they might have seen what a witness it was of the vanity of earthly hopes, the uncertainty of life, and the worthlessness of ambition. Foolish men, they little knew that the very objects they were wrecking their vengeance upon could feed to the royalty and nobility of their country a far more wholesome lesson and a far more lasting rebuke than all their blabulations, which, so far from injuring the cause they desired to dishonour, have simply sufficed to throw discredit on their own.

As I have pointed out, Avelline was really a reigning monarch, as she became Queen of the Isle of Wight by succession, and conferred upon her husband the title of king, which, it is said, he lost forever when he cause the succession to pass to her mother; and the story is further embellished with an account of Edward I, producing a forged document after the mother's death by which the English crown became possessed of the Isle of Wight. It seems curious that this should have been received as genuine history, because in the first place how could the right to a kingdom pass by succession from a daughter to a mother? And in the second place it is absurd to suppose that a welfaric sovereign like Edward I, would have committed forgery to obtain possession of an island which could not possibly have been defended against him if he had determined to have it. Sir William Dugdale, however, gives the story for what it is worth, but relates another account, which sounds far more plausible, to the effect that Edward I, being desirous of obtaining the Isle of Wight, bought it of Avelline. According to Doyle's Barometre, however, it is a part of the state of Alkenahr in the reign of Edward III, who claimed the title of "King of the Isle of Wight. But there can be scarcely any doubt that Avelline, Countess of Lancaster, was the last real sovereign of the Isle of Wight, and that the sovereignty of that island either became extinct at her death, or that it was sold to Edward I, very shortly before that event.

H. W. B.

* Dugdale's Barometre.

BLANCHARDYN AND EGLANTINE.

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

TRANSCRIBED BY LILLY WATSON.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the Provost and Blanchardyn were fully armed and mounted on their mighty chargers, they rode forth to the town gate, where they found three thousand men, summoned by the provost's message, ready to sally forth under their command. Blanchardyn, who was longing to prove his valour and make himself known to Queen Eglantine, mounted on the front with his great spear, and in good order they issued from the gate and charged the foe with a terrible shout. Then followed a fierce onrush, when the dust that rose, when the ground darkened the light of the sun, and it seemed to them within and without the city as if all four elements were warring together. Blanchardyn quickly slew the nephew of King Alymodes, Corbadas by name, and another of his knights. So great was his prowess that, before his spear was broken, he unhorsed six of his enemies. Then he laid about him with the sword, smiting down knights and horses to right and to left of him. He seemed, indeed, to be rather a fairy knight than a creature of the world, so that at last all fled before him in terror, even as the large storks fly from the sparrowhawk. Friends and foes alike marvelled at his strength and valour, and great and horrible was the sight.

The noise and shouting became so loud that the fair Lady-pride-in-love, leaning out of her window, was drawn to notice the wonderful deeds of arms done by Blanchardyn, and asked her foster-mother if she knew who was the fair knight with the white caparison and the black sleeve in his helmet. The nurse knew not; "but," said she, "he is certainly the bravest of all. Look, madam, they all say so before him, and no man dares strike him! Fain would I know who and what he may be."

Even as they talked together there came a squire, who said, "Oh, my dread Queen, you must go and see the very flower of knighthood, the slayer of your enemies, who carries all before him. Madam, know for a truth it is the fair knight who is lodged at the provost's house."

When the Lady-pride-in-love understood this the blood rushed into her face, and she waxed red as a rose. She felt glad and joyful at heart to know that it was Blanchardyn, and began to think that he was right worthy to be beloved. She said to her foster-mother, "Certainly, that knight whom I see yonder does wonderful deeds of arms. I see the provost close to him. I suppose he means to give him one of his daughters in marriage with a great dowry; but, on my faith, it would be a sad pity, for he is so brave and valiant that doubtless he is come of some noble house."

By this the foster-mother perceived that Eglantine's indignation and evil will against Blanchardyn had died away, and wondered if it were because she had overcome her anger. This was indeed true; but, in order to find out if it were so, she began to say to the proud Queen, "Madam, if you do not beware, your pride will cause the total destruction of your kingdom. Do you not see you are the occasion of all this fighting and bloodshed? If you would only wed King Alymodes, all your land would be restored to peace and quietness."

Eglantine, hearing this exhortation, ordered her foster-mother never to speak of the matter again; for, quoth she, never would she wed a pagan nor a heathen. So they ceased to talk, and looked again toward Athens, where they saw the knights on either side fighting hard; but Blanchardyn was by far the bravest warrior of them all. Many of King Alymodes's knights tried to stop him, but he subdued every man that came near, so that in the end no one durst approach him. The people of the Lady-pride-in-love bore themselves right well that day. The fighting lasted till midnight, when King Alymodes, seeing that Blanchardyn could not be conquered, had the retreat sounded, and withdrew, in wrath and sorrow, into his tent; but Blanchardyn and the provost, in great glory and triumph, rode into
THE TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Sea Serpent advanced with the tide, in the stately advance of a ship of war bound for her anchorage.

I think the sight of our bonnets and pelisses must have been a revelation and a considerable surprise to many of the Hampshire country people who had flocked to the shore, who were accustomed to regard a ship as a place to sail and fight in, a centre of rough hardship and boisterous hilarity, destitute of all the amenities of life. I am not sure that even the ladies did not conclude we belonged somehow to the prisoners we were bringing back with us, who were ranged elsewhere. I fancy some of the spectators thought we too were going, and we had had occasion to live in less humane times, might have been so many slaves.

Hyacinthe had deserted us and taken up his position with the other French officers, absolute to hear we intended to lay the palace on fire, which I am not sure his patriotism could have prevented. We should, of course, have been under sentence of death; but being Frenchmen as well as Frenchwomen, and having had occasion to live in less humane times, might have been so many slaves.

Father was away, and he was the hero of the day, and the rowdiest of the rowdy Portnoys, to which he had not attacked such as he had, and who would have filled them with gloom, whatever gallant face they put upon it.

Neither were the conquerors always generous like father. From the boats circling round us like so many war ships there arose many a jeer and taunt at "the Monseigneurs," "the Johnny Creapaud," with "Tony" "their Corsican chief, who had slain their king (the speakers were by no means conscious for historical accuracy), to whom they had sold themselves as to another thief, to fit well," whereas, the later and modern monuments in the same church seem to have been erected or set up without the slightest regard to the idea they were intended to occupy. If our girls will turn to the back numbers of The Girl's Own Paper, and compare the drawings of the monuments of Queen Eleanor of Castile, the wife of Edward I, or of "Lady Margaret," mother of Henry VIII, with the illustration we now give of the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, they will see at once what we mean. Of the Abbey itself, a comparison between the shockingly ill-placed statue of Watt, and the quiet, but artistically treated grave of the standard-bearer of Agincourt, which are side by side, will serve still more to emphasize this remark.

This modern precedent of ignoring completely the surroundings of such structures would appear to have been first established by James I. In his erection of the monuments commemorating Mary, Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, which are so badly placed that scarcely sufficient room is left to pass between them, and the walls of the narrow aisle of Henry VII's chapel, in which they are so injudiciously placed. To make the matter worse, both the tombs in question are designed to be seen from the north or south, their fronts in both cases being toward the west. This way, if that has been considered, yet it is simply impossible to see them at all from those points of view, as there is only a space of about four feet between the monuments and the walls, or solid screens of the chapel, whereas the ends of the structures, which were scarcely intended to be seen at all, are visible the whole length of the aisle, showing distinctly the whole length of the figure as to the position which they were to occupy ever entered into the minds of the sculptors who executed them, or the artists who designed them, and thus they not only block up the delicate and beautiful aisles of the chapel in a combersome and clumsy manner, but by so doing they destroy all quality that they themselves possess, for the most part lost. It must be granted, however, that although they have a certain amount of general picturesque value, they are neither of them works of a very high order of merit. That over the grave of Mary Stuart in the south aisle is perhaps, but except that it is rather larger, of the two there is not much to choose between them. It is a question whether Elizabeth's monument is not the better, and also for the mounting herself and her sister Mary, as we read in a very conspicuous position upon it the following inscription: "Regno consortes et uras, hic obdormimus, Elisabetha et Maria sorens, in memoriam mortis," which should translate as follows: "The queen and queen consort in this vault are sleeping, here rest we, two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, in hope of our resurrection." The accounts for the erection of this sumptuous pile as presented, and the cost of the whole was £665; but this does not appear to have included the cost of the material, which was £107, or that paid to the blacksmith of the name of Patrick, £3, and to John de Crite the painter, of £100. The blacksmith's work here charged for has disappeared; it was a very handsome railing, which formerly surrounded the tomb, but which was removed in the year 1832. The name of the architect or sculptor, who is responsible for the work, was Maximilian Powtran. It is not however very clear in what capacity Maximilian Powtran is to be regarded. It is said he supplied the materials, and also probably the design, but whether he executed any of the sculpture and carving may be very much doubted. There is also the name of a similarity between the tomb and that of Mary Stuart, that the same hand must certainly have been at work on both of them; that of Mary Stuart was the work of Cornelius Cane, and it is by no means improbable that he was the real sculptor of some portions, at any rate, of Elizabeth's. The work shows that somewhat coarse treatment which was peculiar to English works.

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of the period. The fact is that the English did not take kindly to the Italian style until the days of Inigo Jones and the great Sir Christopher, and in all their works, in this style of an earlier period, one notices a want of refinement and familiarity with classical detail which is not to be seen in foreign works. One would suggest that if they are still in existence they ought certainly to be replaced, as considerable damage appears to have been done since they have been taken away. Some people appear to have an irreverent objection to any object being railed off, and to think that they can't possibly see anything properly if the slightest obstacle is interposed between their eyes and the object they wish to look at; but the injury which has accrued to ancient buildings and works of art by this rank stupidity is almost incalculable, because there are a certain class of people who seem incapable of seeing anything distinctly with their eyes unless they can assist their vision by their fingers, which too frequently leads to either pawing the object over, which in the case of sculpture makes it grossly dirty, or to the still more mischievous practice of breaking off little fragments as "keepakes." The present guardians of Westminster Abbey must be acknowledged to everything in their power to protect the works of art committed to their care; but with the thousands of people who visit this noble church it is almost impossible to protect the monuments from injury, and therefore we suggest that wherever the railings which formerly surrounded monuments can be discovered they should be replaced. If one looks through Neat's Westminster Abbey, published in 1853, it will be noticed that nearly all the tombs within reach of the public were protected by railings. It is all very well to put up notices, "Requesting people not to touch the monuments," but it is far more effectual to put up railings which prevent people touching them. We are glad to see that very recently the railings have been replaced round some of the tombs, notably that of Lord and Lady Lydiard, and we trust that this good example will be followed in other cases.

H. W. B.

A VANISHED HAND.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. PENN.

"I have a boy of five years old, his face is fair and fresh to see, his limbs are cast in beauty's mould, and deadly he loves me,"—Wordsworth.

Three days went by, and then Elsie went her steps to Wardour Street again. Andrew Beaton was in his old place behind the counter, but his face did not look any brighter than usual.

"No answer yet, Miss Kilner," he said.

"My mother is worried about the matter. She thinks that we have neglected a duty. I am glad you have come. She is too much alone."

Elsie found the old lady sitting dejectedly in her little parlour, but she brightened at the sight of her visitor.

"We have heard nothing," she began. "And yet the notice has been in all the papers. Mrs. Penn was always a newspaper reader; nothing escaped her ear. I am beginning to fear that she is dead."

"We mustn't imagine evils," Elsie replied.

"But if she is dead one doesn't know what may have happened to the boy! Mrs. Penn had friends and relatives, but would they be likely to look after him? That's what I have said to Andrew a dozen times at least."

She took off her spectacles with fingers that trembled, and put them into an old-fashioned basket with a crimson lining. Elsie had gentle ways with old people, knowing instinctively how to soothe them with touch and voice. She poured out tea, and hovered round Mrs. Beaton with little attentions which were like caresses.

Andrew, coming in with his quiet step, gave Miss Kilner a look and a word of gratitude.

If you set out to do a good deed you may do a hundred small kindesses on the way. Elsie's quest seemed very likely to prove fruitless, but in the seeking she was scattering flowers as she went along. Andrew, who sometimes

found his life sadly commonplace, picked up a blossom or two, and wore them thankfully. The street, the shop, and the parlour were all touched and beautified by these little graces which a woman like Elsie bestows spontaneously. It was a pleasant tea-drinking in the London parlour, although the sun could send in only a slanting beam or two.

They had, all three, talked themselves into a hopeful mood. In their brightened faces Jamie was already found, and they were forming to arrange his future destiny. Elsie proceeded to state her views on the education of boys; but, as she had never had any boys to educate, those views were rather vague. Mrs. Beaton expressed a wish that he could be turned into a blue-coat boy; his curly golden head was so pretty that it was almost a sin to cover it with a cap, and he would soon grow used to being so. Andrew was without fault, and said that he wouldn't be spoiled, and made into a milksop, and suggested that he ought to be taught a useful trade as soon as possible.

Elsie had other ideas; she wanted him to be sent to college.

Mrs. Beaton said it would be a shame to set him to work too early; he was only a little more than five years old. Both women thought that Andrew was too severe in his treatment of boys.

Andrew thought that many a good lad was spoilt because he had lacked a man's control.

Elsie thought that many a dear little fellow was spoiled by brutality, because he had lacked a woman's influence.

Mrs. Beaton then felt that it was her turn to make a remark, but no one ever heard the words of wisdom which were about to come from her lips. Quite suddenly, with unusual noise, the parlour door was flung open, and a woman rushed into the room.

Andrew started to his feet. Elsie had just turned the page, set down the tea, and utterer a little shriek.

"It's Mrs. Penn!" she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Penn, it is you, isn't it? And you're gone clean out of your mind, aren't you? Oh, dear, oh, dear, your father! And you're anticipated all, "Yes," answered the intruder distractedly, "it is me. And I'm gone clean out of my mind."

"We don't want you without your mind," said Andrew, grown suddenly discourteous. "If you are mad you ought not to have come. Don't you see that you have given my mother a terrible shock?"

"Don't be unkind, Mr. Beaton!" exclaimed Elsie in a tone of reproof.

"Of course Mrs. Penn hasn't come to bring us some news. Oh, Mrs. Penn," she added, losing dignity and self-control all at once, "do speak one word and tell us what has become of Jamie!"

For a moment it seemed as if Mrs. Penn had no power to comply with this simple request. She stood gaping at them all; then, suddenly flinging up her hands with a despairing gesture, she cried out, "Lost! Lost!"

Mrs. Beaton sank back in her chair with eyes closed. Andrew bent over his mother, holding a smelling-bottle to her nostrils, and murmuring reassuring words. Elsie was very pale.

The old lady recovered herself, sat up, and said, rather feebly, that there was nothing the matter. Andrew, somewhat relieved, darted an angry glance at Mrs. Penn.

"Pray sit down, Mrs. Penn," he said, "and let me beg you to be composed. Perhaps a cup of tea may steady your nerves."

She poured out the tea at once, and handed it kindly to the poor shaken woman, whose distress was very genuine.

The Daily Telegraph told me to come here. That's why I came," she whimpered at last. "But no one seems glad to see me," she added tearfully.

Andrew felt a pang of self-reproach.

"We are very glad," he said promptly. "If I was rude, I hope you will pardon me. I was startled a shock, and you came upon us rather suddenly, you see."

"I'm so unhappy," poor Mrs. Penn replied. "I daresay I don't seem a bit
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They went into another court, and Mrs. Roderick opened a door into a dark strip of walled earth, scarcely a yard wide, called a recess. The grass was trodden to a fine crispness and they slipped intuitively in and out of the locks.

"This is the dead-house," she said.

"The what?"

"The dead-house, where the pauper corpses—"

"I would rather see no more," said Mara, turning sick and faint.

"You have a tender heart, my dear. I had when I came first, but one gets used to it. Just the old men."

They went into a room with a stove in the middle, where several old men were sitting on benches; others were in the court. Mara spoke to those she knew, and then consists of a cradle constructed of different coloured marbles, with the "counterfeit presence" of a child sleeping within it, the whole supported upon a low pedimented basement. The lace edges of the counterpane, bassinet cover, etc., are beautifully wrought, and would offer our girls excellent patterns for such work. The end or back of the cradle is finely carved, and they are placed upon a lowseated chaise longue to show that this very young lady died unmarried.

The monument to Princess Mary is in every way different. Mostly of marble, it consists of a podium supporting an altar tomb, which in its turn supports a sarcophagus, upon the lid of which is the effigy of a child in a recumbent attitude. At the angles at the base of the altar tomb are seated statues of children. The whole is composed of marbles of various colours, and is adorned with marbles, inlays, panels, and disks. We have been unable to discover who was the sculptor of these monuments, but in all probability it was Cornelius Cure, who erected the magnificent monument of Mary Queen of Scots for James I.

Of course there is not much to be recorded of the history of this princess who died at the early age of "two years, eight months, and five days," as we are informed by the inscription. The epitaph, probably written by James I, is not in any language at all, and would have been intended to have been read from the hand of that monarch. It is, of course, in Latin, but there is a pretty idea in it, where the child is made to say, "I have no home and have left desire to my parents. While you rejoice for me, mourn with them!" It is, of course, impossible to reproduce the epigrammatic character of the original Latin, as the whole idea is expressed in about eight words. The little princess is chiefly known for a rather silly joke of her father's. "I will not pray to the Virgin Mary, but for the virgin Mary," meaning her daughter.

It cannot also be denied that these monuments abnormally confer an enormous two infants, especially when it is remembered that James I. was always impecunious, and found the greatest possible difficulty in meeting the just demands upon his purse. Probably, however, no English monarch ever expended such vast sums of money upon costly memorials to the dead as did James I. He has, however, no monument to his own memory, and even the place where he repose was doubtful until Dean Stanley discovered his coffin, not near that of his own Queen or children, but absolutely in an obscure grave of King Henry VII and his Queen. How it got there it is quite impossible to say, as although there exists minute detailed accounts of the inexpressively costly funerals (the catafalque alone is said to have cost £20,000), not one word is said as to the position of the grave.

In looking at our engraving it will be noticed that there is a little white marbel sarcophagus in a square aperture of the wall behind the monuments. This is said to contain the bones of the two infant princes who were murdered by order of Richard III. at the Tower, but the whole matter is very doubtful. The fact of the murder ever having been perpetrated is incapable of proof, and the theory that the discovery of the recent body of Charles II. is not above suspicion; it rests alone upon the statement of two workmen who were engaged in removing an old staircase, where they said that they had found the bones of two youths, but were unable to produce them when demanded to do so. They were, however, exhilarated by a forlorn hope. All the so-called antiquities does come to hand."

H. W. B.