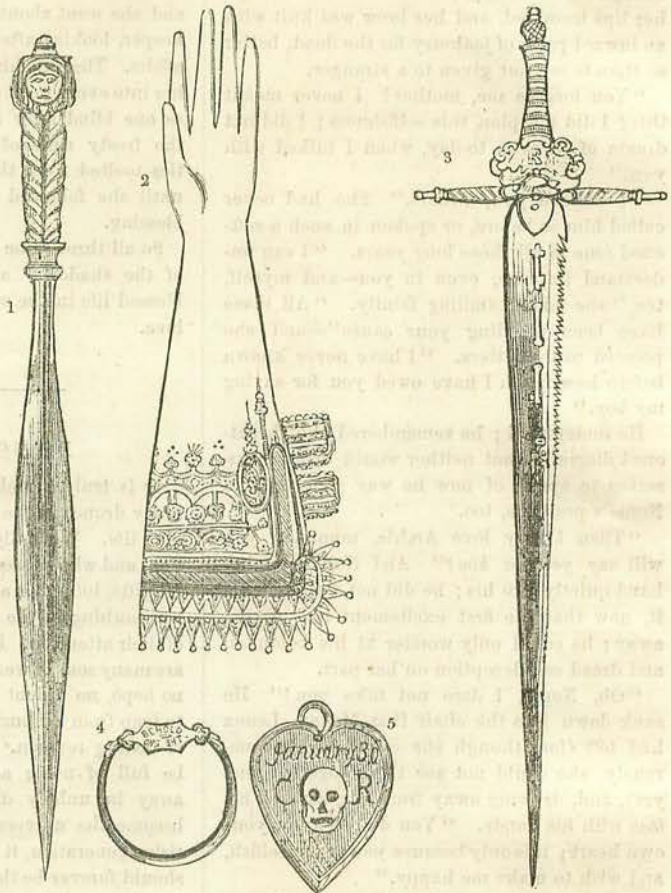


WONDERFUL THINGS.

THE dagger of Raoul de Courey, of which a representation is included among the above group, is an interesting relic, and its authenticity can be relied upon. Raoul de Courey, according to the old French chroniclers, was a famous knight, the lord of a noble castle, built upon a mountain that overlooks the Valée d'Or, and the descendant of that haughty noble who took for his motto—"Neither king, nor prince, nor duke, nor earl am I, but I am the Lord of Courey"—in other words, greater than them all.

The glove shown in the engraving is said to have been presented by the unfortunate Queen Mary, on the morning of her execution, to a lady of the Denney family. The embroidery is of tasteful design, and may be useful as a contrast with many of the patterns for needlework at present in fashion. Moreover, the sight of this memorial brings to recollection a few particulars in connection with this somewhat important part of both male and female costume.

The ancient Persians wore gloves, and the Romans, towards the decline of the empire, began to use them. In England, they seemed to have been introduced at a very early period. In the Anglo-Saxon literature we meet with *glof*, a covering for the hand, and in the illuminated MSS. of that period the hands of bishops and other dignitaries are shown encased in gloves which, in many instances, were ornamented with costly rings, while on the tombs of kings and queens, etc. the hands are shown almost invariably covered.



1. Dagger of Raoul de Courey. 2. Embroidered Glove, presented by Mary, Queen of Scotland, on the morning of her execution, to one of her attendants. 3. Spanish Dagger of the sixteenth century. 4. Ring, with inscription, "Behold the End," formerly the property of Charles I. 5. Silver Locket, in memory of the execution of Charles I.

It is related of the patron Saint of Brussels, who lived in the sixth century, that she was distinguished for only two miracles. One consisted in lighting a candle by means of her prayers, after it had been extinguished; the other happened in this way: The fair saint being in a church barefooted, a person near, with respectful gallantry, took off his gloves and attempted to place them under her feet. This comfort she declined, and, kicking the gloves away, they became suspended at some height in the church for the space of an hour.

On opening the tomb of Edward I., some years ago, in Westminster Abbey, the antiquaries assembled on that occasion were surprised to find no traces of gloves. It has been suggested that, in this instance, linen or silk gloves had been used at the burial of the king, but which are supposed to have perished with age.

The practice of throwing down a glove as a challenge is mentioned by Matthew Paris, as far back as 1245; and a glove was worn in the hat or cap as a mistress's favor, as the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy.

At a time when the Borders were in a state of incessant strife, Barnard Gilpin, who has been so justly called "the Apostle of the North," wandered unharmed amid the confusion. On one occasion, entering a church—we believe that of Rothbury, Northumberland—he observed a glove suspended in a conspicuous place, and was informed that it had been hung up as a challenge by some horse-trooper of the district. Mr. Gilpin requested the sexton to remove it, who answered, "Not I, sir; I dare not do it." Then Gilpin called for a long staff, took down the glove and put it in his bosom, and, in the course of his sermon, said, "I hear that there is one among you who has, even in this sacred place, hung up a glove in defiance;" and then, producing it in the midst of the congregation, he challenged them to compete with him in acts of Christian charity.

Gloves, in former times, were common among other gifts offered to friends at the new year, and they were received without offence by the ministers of justice. It is related that Sir Thomas More, as Lord Chancellor, decreed in favor of Mrs. Crooker against the Earl of Arundel. On the following New Year's Day, in token of her gratitude, she presented Sir Thomas with a pair of gloves containing forty angels. "It would be against good manners," said the Chancellor, "to forsake the ladies' New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; the lining you may bestow otherwise."

The custom of the presentation by the sheriff of a pair of white gloves to the judge on the occasion of a maiden assize is still in vogue; and, judging from the reports in the newspapers, such presents appear to be of frequent occurrence.

"Gloves, as sweet as damask roses," were highly prized by Queen Elizabeth, and, in her day, formed such an important item of a lady's expenses that a sum was generally allowed for "glove money."

The old-fashioned gloves have now a considerable value amongst the curious. At the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods in 1759, the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denney sold for £38 17s.; those given by James I. to Edward Denney sold for £22 4s.; and the mitten given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denney's lady for £25 4s.

The Spanish dagger formerly belonged to a governor of Castile, in the sixteenth century, as is shown by the perforated fetherlock on the blade; and, although the initials are engraven there also, we have not been able to discover any particulars of the original owner. The workmanship and style of the dagger are of great beauty.

The little ring, with the inscription "Behold the End," was once the property of Charles I., and was presented by him to Bishop Juxon, on the morning of his execution. The silver lockets, on which are the emblems of death, were extensively manufactured and sold after the execution of Charles I. They generally bore the date of the king's death.

SPEAK LOW.

BY HELEN M. L. WARNER.

Speak low—for white-winged angels hover near,
And restless hands are folded quiet now;
Pale lips are mute, and no sad mother's tear
Hath fallen softly on the marble brow,
For, draped in garments pure as falling snow,
Is a slight figure sleeping—then speak low.

Speak low—in gentle, whispering voices,
And close the white lid softly o'er the violet eye;
In its fresh spirit-light an angel host rejoices,
While welcoming the seraph stranger to the sky;
Orphaned no longer—mothers, would you know
The bliss of this dear meeting? then speak low.

Speak low—for a strange monody of pleasure
Fills the still air, a soft and rippling strain;
The first called comes to bear her early treasure
Back to the glorious sheltering fold again;
Now weary, tiny feet no longer come and go,
And little lips are silent; then speak low.

Speak low—enough that the kind hearted
Have smoothed the pathway to the silent shore;
Enough that buds of love, so freshly started,
Have withered round those fostering hearts once more;
A spirit taper burneth with perpetual glow,
Lighting the sighing upward—then speak low.

Speak low—the flower by strangers watered
Has withered, severed from the parent stem;
The proffered love, that never failed or faltered,
Meekly yields up the opening bud to them;
The dead ones, gathered from life's woe
Back to the Father's mansion—then speak low.