

hero, here, good Albert Denyn who certainly has borne my banner this day through fields I never thought to see it cross! Ladies dear, for the rest of you, on my life, you are so many, and we so few, you must e'en share the rest of us among you; but nevertheless, I will trust that one good man at arms will show himself able this day to defend four ladies against at least a hundred Jacques.

'Alas! my lord,' said the Duchess of Normandy, 'speak not of it so lightly you are very, very few, and you know not the numbers that are opposed to you. We hoped that you had led the advanced party of a larger force. There are very many thousands in the town of Meux and the neighboring fields. They are even now attacking the gate. Hark! the engine has dashed another stone against it.'

'Fear not, lady, fear not,' answered the captal. 'By my life and by my honor, there is not a doubt or an apprehension in my mind that these few hands which are around you are quite sufficient to catter you base rabble to the winds of heaven, and give their carcasses to the ravens. Some two miles hence I have seen a sight which has filled my spirit with a fire that burns for the destruction of these men, who have not only cast off a yoke, which was perhaps a heavy one, but have cast off also every feeling of humanity, and by deeds of blood and horror, and infernally devised cruelty, have shown themselves unworthy of any state but that against which they have risen. But who have we here?'

'My lord of Chamble,' said the Count of Foix, who had been speaking to the Duchess of Orleans, and now advanced toward the gentleman who approached, 'how goes it with you? But badly, I fear. However, we have come to give you help, and we will soon, please God and our Lady, set this affair to rights.'

The tone of confidence in which the Captal and Count of Foix spoke, as well as the very fact of receiving assistance at all, at a moment when it seemed beyond all expectation, had restored, in some degree, lost hope and comfort to the breasts of the young ladies of France, but such was not the effect upon the young Lord of Chamble when he beheld the scanty number which followed the two leaders, and remembered the immense multitude he had lately had before his eyes.

'There may now be some chance, my lord,' he said, 'of repelling these villains and defending the place; for even your small force will enable us to man the walls, and to repair what evil is done to the gates; but as for deliverance, I fear we must wait till the regent arrives.'

'Small force!' exclaimed the Count of Foix, with a gay and cheerful laugh. 'Why, my friend, do you not see we have an army? Is not the Captal de Buch standing here? to say nothing of the poor Count of Foix: and as for the rest, were you to ask any of the gentleman ranged in that band whether for half a kingdom he would have his numbers tripled, I tell you he would say, No. So greedy are we of the glory of this day, that you may think yourself lucky, Monsieur de Chamble, if we let you share in it.'

'Please God, my lords,' replied the young nobleman, 'what you share I will share; but tell me what it is that you intend to do? for I see nothing that can be done.'

'You ask what we will do,' said the Captal de Buch taking a step forward, and speaking in a determined tone: 'this my noble lord. With God's pleasure, and these ladies' favor as soon as our horses are fed, or we can procure fresh ones, we will throw open yonder gates, give our banners to the wind, clear the bridge, we saw as we came down, of the enemy, and smite the base knaves as long as there is one of them or us left living. This is our purpose; and it shall never be said that we suffered ourselves to be here cooped up, trusting to stone walls for defence against the scum of France. I declare, before Heaven, that would no one else go with me, I would set out myself, with my lance in my hand, and ride them down. Who will refuse to do the same?'

'Not I,' 'Not I,' 'Not I,' cried the voices all round.

'Nor I, my lord,' replied the young Lord of Chamble; 'but—' and he glanced his eye over the group of ladies who stood near.

'Doubt not, doubt not,' exclaimed the Count of Foix. 'Ladies, do you trust us?'

'Ay my lord,' answered the Duchess of Orleans. 'Were they ten times as

many, we would rely on you as if you were a host. As for horses, there are plenty here: had we had men to mount them, we might be delivered long ago.'

'Quick, then. Let them be brought forth,' exclaimed the Captal de Buch. 'put our caparisons on them: they are some what wet with the water of the river, but we will soon dry them in the fire of the battle. Ladies fair, if we deliver you this day, as we trust right certainly to do, I pray you remember, whether I live or fall, it is to this young gentleman here present, as much as any one, that you owe your safety.'

'I, for one, owe him much already, my lord,' said a pale but beautiful girl, taking a step forward. 'He generously tried to save my dying father, when delay might have been worse than death to himself. But that father, noble captal, commanded me strictly, the very first moment I could gain speech with you, to give you this packet, and beg you to see right done, I will explain hereafter everything concerning it, but I must not fail to obey his words. Here is the packet.'

The captal took it, saying, with a smile, 'I must not stay to read it now, fair lady, for there are some skillful hands playing a mangonel against the gates, I hear. Lo: here are the horses Cousin, take your choice—the gray?—well, give me the black one then. Brace up those girths tighter, good youth—how the brute plunges, he has not been forth for many a day. We will take down that fire before we have done. Albert, you shall be my squire, and win the spurs you talked of. Mauleon, come you on the other side. Cousin of Foix, let us make our front as wide as the gate will admit. Bring down any men at arms that can be had from the tower, and let the varlets twang the bow string eagerly upon the enemy, till we be past the bridge. Fair ladies, adieu. Close well the gates behind us, and then watch us from the walls. Your bright eyes will give us a thousand hearts. Down with your vizor, Albert.'

'I would fain that he should know me, my lord,' replied Albert Denyn.

'Ha,' said the captal; 'well, as you will. Now let our trumpet sound to the charge. Open the doors and on them.'

The gates of the city were suddenly thrown back; and through the archway might be seen the line of the bridge over the Marne, with but very few men upon it; but beyond it appeared a sea of fierce and very furious faces, turned up toward the walls from the large open space on the other side of the river. A great part of the multitude were but rudely armed, with pikes, or bills, or scythes; but among them, too, were men covered from head to foot with armor: and banners and standards were likewise displayed in their ranks; while in the midst a huge mangonel was seen in the act of throwing another immense stone into the air.

'Halt!' cried the captal, 'halt! till it has fallen. Now on them!—charge! Greilly to the rescue. St. George for merry England.'

'Foix! Foix! St. Michael and St. George!' 'St. Michael and St. George!' cried the Count of Foix; and dashing their spears into their horses' flanks, they galloped through the archway, the proud beasts that bore them, full of blood and rest, plunging fiercely, as if to escape from rein.

The news of a re-enforcement having thrown itself into the market place had reached the multitudes of the Jacquerie a few minutes before, and somewhat shaken their confidence; but when they saw the gates thrown open, and banners and spears coming forth, many a heart, not knowing the scanty numbers of their adversaries, began to quail ere the first horsemen were upon the bridge.

A movement instantly of flight took place. In vain Caillet tried to rally the multitude; in vain the Parisians, and a number of his own determined followers, made a fierce stand to oppose the passage of the fugitives. As man after man poured forth from the narrow archway and thundered along the bridge, and as the arrows from the gate fell amongst them, wounding many and killing one or two, the effort for flight became general, and every street leading from the bridge was jammed up with people.

Mad, furious and despairing, Caillet seized a crossbow from one of the men near him, saying—'I will show you how to treat the vipers,' and aiming a quarrel at the Captal de Buch, he loosed the string. The missile flew off with a hissing sound, but the pressure of the people had shaken the marksman's aim. The captal rode on unharmed, piercing at the very moment the back of one of the fugitives with his keen lance; but the Lord of Chamble wavered in his saddle, dropped the reins, fell and was dragged by a page from under the horse's feet.

The young noble uttered no sound, but the man whom the captal transixed with his lance gave a sudden yell of agony that spread new

consternation among the people. Caillet, Jacques Morne, Vaillant, Soulas, and the rest, were borne away in spite of all their efforts; and urging on their horses fiercely through the streets, the men-at-arms, some with their lances, and some with their long swords, pierced and cut down, or trampled under foot, the immense multitude which had so lately been attacking the fortified market-place of Meux, but who now smitten with an inconceivable panic, fled before less than a score and a half of men. They pressed each other to death in the narrow streets, trod upon every one that fell without mercy, and at once terrifying and slaying each other, issued forth into the fields and meadows round Meaux—fleeing in every direction, but fleeing in vain. Wherever they turned, wherever a group gathered together, there the fierce hand of the pursuers was upon them, hewing them down without mercy, and giving no ear to the cries and entreaties of those who had never listened to pity in their own hour of power.

From seven o'clock in the morning till nearly three in the afternoon, the band of the Captal de Buch and the Count of Foix continued to slay the Jacques and their accomplices; and however marvellous it may appear, no fact of history can be more clearly ascertained than that, either pressed to death in the narrow streets, or killed by the sword in the city and the fields around, seven thousand men died in that day before the efforts of less than forty.

Very early in the fight, or rather slaughter, the little band of the captal and the Count of Foix had divided into five separate parties; and when, about three o'clock, the former planted his banner upon a small hill, and looked over the plain around, he could see his horsemen wheeling hither and thither, but no body of the insurgents was to be distinguished in any direction.

He ordered his trumpet then to sound a recall; and he was shortly after rejoined by the Count of Foix, who sprang from his horse and cast himself down upon the turf, saying, 'On my life, Captal, though I have seen many hard fought days, and hunted many a wild beast from morning until night-fall, I never have been so weary in all my life. Why, till the last hour my hand has not ceased slaying for a minute. Never let them talk of Samson after this day's work I wish my sword had been the jaw bone of an ass, it would have been easier wielded. How many thousand did you kill, captal? Ho! Raoul take off my casque, and let me have a little air.'

'I slew till I was sick of the bloody work,' replied the captal. 'It was mere butchery; and on my life, I think I should have sheathed my sword and let them go free, had not the tale of that poor dying wretch we found last night—how that they had roasted her husband's body before her eyes, and made her eat him—rung in my ears and rendered me as merciless as the northeast wind. I have no taste for killing sheep.'

'Nor I either,' answered the Count of Foix, 'and to say truth, I had but one fair stroke or two with any man; one of the Parisien fellows, I imagine, who finding me close upon him, turned and aimed a blow at my thigh. He had good arms, for my lance broke on his plastron, and it took me two good thrusts of my sword, which is heavy enough, to end him.'

'Albert Denyn had the best of the day my lords,' said Mauleon, joining in; 'for he attached himself to the man in the black armor, who was worth the whole of them put together. Albert touched no one else but him, except when people came between them, and then he cut his way through them as a ship cleaves the sea.'

'That was Caillet!' exclaimed the Captal de Buch; 'that was their leader. Albert vowed himself to his destruction. Did he kill him?'

'Not that I saw, my lord,' replied Mauleon. 'Just out of the town gates, that fellow and four or five others who were with him, found horses, but there the black armor turned upon Albert, and they had two or three stout blows together. Then the other put the spurs to his horse and galloped, and Albert after him. More than once they came to blows; for, ever and anon, the black armor faced round upon his pursuer, sometimes alone, sometimes with two others, but still Albert made his part good, for I saw him cleave one of them, who had no headpiece, down to the very jaws, and then wheel upon the others again. After that, I followed you, my lord, and saw no more.'

'Let the trumpet sound?' said the captal, 'they are coming in but slowly.'

'They are weary to death, I dare say,' replied the Count of Foix; 'but let us be riding back towards Meux; there will be bright eyes looking out for us. I think we have lost none of our number, but one who was shot by a quarrel on the bridge. Who was he. I saw some one fall, but did not mark who it was.'

'It was the young gentleman we found in the place, my lord,' answered one of the men

at arms. 'Monsieur de Chamble, I think they called him.'

'Indeed,' cried the count. 'Poor fellow! Was he killed?'

'As dead as a roebuck,' replied the man. 'He was raising his vizor just at the moment, and it went into his forehead.'

'Well, some one must be killed,' said the count, and with this brief elegy the subject was dismissed.

The Count of Foix mounted his horse again, and with their trumpet sounding, he and the captal took their way back toward Meux. As they rode on, party after party came in and joined them, and before they reached the gates of the city, no one was wanting but one or two pages and varlets, who were known to have returned to the market place with some prisoners, the young lord of Chamble, and Albert Denyn.

An unexpected obstacle, however, presented itself under the very walls. Some of the citizens appeared upon the battlements and threatened to keep the gates closed, unless a promise of amnesty was given for the part that the people of Meux had taken. The cheek of the Captal turned very red; but the Count of Foix remarking that the great valves of the gate did not seem fully closed; spurred forward, and pushed them hard with his hand.

The door gave way, in spite of some resistance that was made. The men at arms rushed in, and were joined by a part of the citizens, crying 'Down with the traitors! Down with the traitors! Long live the dauphin! Long live the dauphin!' and in a moment the scene of strife was renewed in the streets of the city.

Worsted, but desperate, some of the mayor's party fled into the houses, and opened a discharge of arrows and quivers from the windows, drawing down a bitter retribution on their own heads.

'Out upon the traitorous hounds!' exclaimed the Captal de Buch.

'Burn them out,' cried the Count of Foix.

The suggestion was too rapidly adopted, fire was brought, and ere an hour was over one half of the town of Meux was in flames. In one of the houses was taken John Soulas the treacherous mayor; and some of the other citizens would have put him to death at once for the evils that he had brought upon the city; but the captal and the Count of Foix interfered, and tying him hand and foot, had him carried into the market place, to await the judgment of the dauphin.

In the midst of that small square, where, not many hours before, they had stood expecting death with all the most aggravating circumstances, the ladies of France were now collected to welcome the little band of their gallant deliverers. Two by two, as they passed the gate; the nobles and their men at arms, leaving their exhausted horses panting in the shade, advanced to meet the congratulations that poured upon them.

All was joy and satisfaction in every bosom but one there present. Adela de Mauvinet however, gazed over the little band as they advanced, and searched among them with an eager and an anxious eye, for the one being most dear to her own heart. She saw him not; she counted them over again and again. He was not there; and as she stood by the side of the Duchess of Orleans, who was pouring forth thanks with an eloquent voice, Adela sunk slowly down, and was caught in the arms of the young lady of St. Luu, hearing not the words which the latter addressed to her, 'He is safe, I am sure he is safe.'

From a Review of Kohl's Russia, in the Quarterly Review.

DESCRIPTION OF ST. PETERSBURGH:

The dangers which at all times beset the imperial city, and the chances—that the awful powers of nature which lie in ambush around it will one day prevail, are thus stated:—

The Gulf of Finland stretches in the greatest length in a straight line from Petersburg westward. The most violent winds blow from this quarter, and the waters of the gulf are thus driven direct upon the city. Where the gulf spacious in this part, there would not be so much to apprehend; but unfortunately the shores contract immediately towards Petersburg, which lies at its innermost point; while close to the city the waters lie hemmed in and pent up in the narrow bay of Cronstadt. In addition to this the Neva, which flows from east to west here discharges its waters into the gulf, thus encountering the violent waves from the west in a dimetrically opposite direction. The islands of the Neva delta, on which the palaces of Petersburg take root, are particularly flat and low. On their outer and uninhabited sides towards the sea they completely lose themselves beneath the waters, and even those parts which lie highest, and are consequently most peopled, are only raised from twelve to fourteen feet above the level of the gulf. A rise of fifteen feet is sufficient, therefore, to lay all Petersburg under water, and one of thirty or forty feet must overwhelm the city.

To bring about this latter disaster nothing more is requisite than that a strong west wind should exactly concur with high water and