

Literature, &c.

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From Graham's Magazine.

THE NUN OF LEICESTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Concluded.

When Duke Richard left the monastery he dismissed his attendants, and turned his horse into a bridle-path which led towards the dwelling of Cicely Wayne. It was fully dark when he reached the mansion, and dismounted at the portal. Everything around bore a gloomy aspect; the casements were closed, and no gleam of light could be seen breaking through the chinks. On his right was an arbor, where he had often whiled away the spring morning with the lovely girl whose heart he had come to crush. The leaves were falling from the horeysuckles and white roses which had wreathed the little bower with bloom and fragrance but a few weeks before. Every object which greeted the young duke was overhung with darkness and gloom. He made his way through the darkened hall, up a flight of stairs, and paused near the door of a chamber where the sound of human voices came faintly through. It was the soft, cooing laugh of a child, mingled with the voice of a woman; a mournful voice, and broken with tears.

Richard pushed open the door and entered; scarcely had his foot passed the threshold when a cry of thrilling joy burst from the young mother, who was kneeling by a cradle near the window, and the next instant the flushed and tearful face of Cicely Wayne was buried on his chill bosom. Duke Richard flung his arm over the trembling form that clung to him so closely. He laid his hand, as of old, caressingly on her hair, and when, in her full and deep tenderness, she lifted her face to look on his, he bent down and kissed the forehead, but all the time his heart beat not a single pulse the quicker, and no warm impulse prompted the mockery of affection. He acted only as he resolved to act.

"Oh, my sweet lord, if thou didst but know how thy poor wife has waited and suffered!" cried Cicely, while tears rose afresh in her violet eyes. "Was it kind to risk thy precious life in battle, and bring no word of thy safety till now?"

"Nay, sweet one," replied Richard, in the same honeyed tones that won the noble creature who still leaned on his shoulder, "methinks thine own bright eyes might have assured themselves of my safety. Did I not mark thee at the open casement when the troops went by?"

"True, my lord, I remember," said Cicely, rising with mild dignity from his supporting arm. "I remember right well. It was the first time my eyes ever beheld a frown upon this forehead. Whence rose it, Gloucester?"

"From this sweet chidder; methinks a matron of such tender years and beauty should scarce have braved the gaze of troops rampant with victory, and that with an infant in her arms."

A flush of shame broke over the young matron's face, her eyes fell, and she answered with tender humility—

"Dear, my lord, I saw in all the host no face but thine; and that, alas, looked frowningly on me."

"Nay, the displeasure was but for a moment," replied Richard, smiling, "so look up, fair dame, thy face has taken too much of the red rose for true loyalty to a Plantagenet."

"Oh, Richard, it shakes this poor heart when thou chidest but in jest," said Cicely, striving to return his smile, and laying her hand on his arm she drew him toward the cradle.

"See how our son is calling me back to his cradle, like a bird cooing in its nest; come, sweet lord, thou wilt marvel at his growth; I love to think he has thy smile, with a touch more sunshine in it, perchance, come?"

Richard obeyed the impulse of her hand, but as he bent over the cradle the child shrunk down in his lurid bed, his large eyes filled with terror and he began to cry.

"Nay, it is thy father, boy, thy own noble father," cried Cicely, taking the child up and hushing his cries upon her bosom, while she turned his bright and blooming face toward the Duke. "Is he not beautiful?" she said, kissing the infant's cheek, and turning to the young father with a glance of exulting fondness. "It would go hard to scare the rebel rose from this little cheek."

For the first time that night, a shade of sadness, of regret, perhaps, for the wrong he meditated, fell upon Duke Richard's heart. "The boy must be cared for," he said inly, but his face betrayed nothing of what was passing in his mind—"another son may never be given me—she must be soothed, if only for his sake."

With these thoughts working in the darkness of his heart, but still with the serene countenance, Duke Richard sat down by his victim, while she hushed her babe to sleep, and amid loving speeches, and still more loving smiles, turned the conversation in a channel that was best calculated to lead her gently to the cruel truth. For Richard of Gloucester loved not cruelty for the pleasure of being cruel and though in after years, his motto might well be—"That bought by blood must be by blood maintained," in the policy of his cold youth craft more than cruelty worked for his master's ambition. There have ever existed men, cruel only from the love of inflicting pain, tyrants alike in trifles and things of moment, but Richard was not one of these. His clear, cold intellect was kindled by one grand passion, and refined by a class of reading but little known to the age. Taste and a love of the arts were to him, in their bearing on his acti-

ons, what the affections are to other men, and he would have smothered an enemy gently in a bed of poisoned roses, rather than give him boldly to the rack. Therefore it was that he allowed Cicely Wayne to dally with her fate, and scattered flowers over the brink of the precipice from which he was about to hurl her. Never had he seemed so gentle, so full of human sympathy as on that night. Every syllable that dropped from his lips was honeyed with love. He held the little hand of the child in his, while it lay sleeping on the lap of its happy and beautiful mother; he talked of the court, the queen, and the ladies that enlivened it with their beauty. At last he mentioned Anna Neville, quietly, as if her name had fallen by chance upon his thought.

"Oh," said Cicely, putting back a ring like curl that lay on the temple of her babe, "that was the poor lady who won thy attention from us, on the day when King Edward's army passed by to London. She was so beautiful—in sooth I could not but feel a jealous pang when thou gavest smiles and consoling looks to her, but only frowns to us."

"Nay, sweet one, it was a feeling unworthy thy lofty nature," said Richard, weaving his jeweled fingers softly in those that had been half withdrawn from his clasp during the last minutes. "Reasons of state, and the king's command, may force me to wed another, but I shall ever love only thee."

Cicely started, gazed wistfully in his face, and made a painful effort to smile. "Oh, Richard, this is a cruel jest, too, too cruel!"

"Were I king of the realm, not a younger brother, bound to obey the head of our house, then my fair Cicely might well deem the notion of my marriage with Warwick's daughter only as one of those idle speeches made by court gallants to sharpen a sluggish love scene. But the king's brother are but the subjects of his bounty—their hands the playthings of his ambition. But the heart, sweet one, the heart—Edward cannot control that,—and while Gloucester's beats with life, it must be true to its first love. Though it is decided that Anna Neville must be given, an unwelcome bride to the bosom where thou hadst found shelter, still, Cicely, still thou wilt ever be queen there!"

These words were uttered in a voice so deprecatory and low with sadness, that Cicely could no longer doubt their earnest sincerity, so far as her own fate was concerned. As this bitter conviction forced itself on her mind, the look of apprehension and surprise that had marked those sweet features, settled into a chill and marble whiteness, painful to look upon. Richard saw this, miserable change—he felt the fingers woven with his grow cold as death. But even these signs of terrible grief in a being so young, and who had lavished the entire wealth on him alone, had no power to shake the firm self-possession which had nerved him throughout the scene. He clasped the cold hand still tighter, and sat watching the anguish in that young face, with the lids half drooping over the dark pupils of his eyes, and calculating on the moment when this state of freezing despair would change to the fever of outraged tenderness. But there she sat, in a stupor of grief, as white and motionless as death.

Richard was surprised. With all his knowledge of the pride and warm affections which made the beauty of her character, he was not prepared for this immovable despair. The babe had fallen asleep on her lap, where its smiling and rosy face lay in painful contrast with hers. Hoping to arouse her, Gloucester softly released her hand, and taking up the child laid it in the cradle, and, as he did so, scooped down and kissed the rosy mouth that broke into a smile beneath his touch. He then returned to Cicely, took her hand again, and pressed it to the lips which were yet dewy with the infant's breath. She started as if an asp had stung her, drew a sharp breath and rose to her feet.

"Mock me not! in the name of our blessed Lady, mock me not, Richard of Gloucester!" she cried, her limbs trembling and her anguish breaking forth in a voice of heart-shrilling woe. "I am thy wife—am I not a wife?"

"Wouldst thou bring ruin on us both by this empty claim, Cicely?" replied the duke, his calm and silky voice contrasting forcibly with the agony that had sharpened hers. "Listen to me, sweet one. It seemeth to thy soft nature that Gloucester would wrong thee, when he but obeys the mandate which he dare not oppose. Wouldst thou be revenged, Cicely—revenged on the father of thy child? Mark! I will point out the way."

"Take the boy yonder in thy arms, go up to London—the king is easy of access—say that his brother, the youngest and most favored, has by a rash act of love made the orphan Cicely Wayne a Duchess. Say that when her father's estate was confiscated, and awarded to him, he neither cast her forth from her home to perish, as others have done by Lancastrians of as gentle birth, nor insulted her purity by offers of light love. Say that with the sacred rights of holy church he gave her a shelter and home in his heart, and thereby has bereft himself of the power to obey the behest of his sovereign and ever-indulgent brother. I know Edward well, Cicely; thou hast but to prove all this to him, and the blood of thy husband reddens the block in less than three days after. I will not speak of that which may bechance thee and thy little one, for my heart fails me when this picture but in thought comes before me. His own fate Gloucester could bear, but not the thoughts of what would fall surely overwhelm thee and our child. Behold, Cicely, thy husband offers thee a glorious revenge for the wrong which he is forced to perpetrate!"

As Richard ceased, he sat down, covered

his eyes with one hand, and seemed to wait her decision in speechless sorrow. For more than a minute that unhappy creature stood with her steadily fixed on his shrouded face, two large tears started to her eyes, but she brushed them between their heavy lashes, her bosom heaved slowly, and the anguish which seemed choking her burst in a sob from her lips. She spoke at length, and never was voice so full of touching sadness as that which aroused the false duke from his seeming grief.

"Leave me now, Richard, I would be alone!" The hand dropped from Gloucester's eyes, and he stood up. "To-morrow, dear one, when thou hast had time for reflection I will come again. Let me but see a smile on those lips before I go."

She tried to obey him, poor thing! but a quiver of the lip, and a slight shudder was all the sign she gave. Richard took her hand, pressed it, and moved toward the door—"I do but leave thee in hopes of a more loving morrow," he said, turning as he went out.

"To-morrow!" with this single word, Cicely sprang forward as if to fling herself on his bosom, but stopping short, she repeated—"to-morrow, aye, to-morrow be it," and turned mournfully away.

That night Cicely Wayne, with her child and Marguerite, left the house whose roof had sheltered her birth and witnessed the uprooting of her happiness forever.

"It is well settled," muttered Duke Richard, as he mounted his horse and rode toward the inn where he had ordered his attendants to wait his coming. "The lady will be silent from tenderness. I might have known as much; still, it was no bad policy to secure the priest. Yet they might both have prayed till doomsday but for the heresafter. When I am king, there shall be no cavil about former contracts—sweet Anna Neville must not be flouted in her court as Elizabeth Woodville has been. Cicely Wayne shall never play the Eleanor Jabot of Richard's history. Now for the king—he will not refuse me the Lady Anne, much as his feelings may go against it, for to those who know how to honour him, Edward refuses nothing."

While these thoughts were passing through his mind Gloucester joined his followers, and rode into London.

"It is well sealed," muttered Duke Richard, the next day, as he came forth from the deserted dwelling of Cicely Wayne, with a letter which she had left for him open in his hand. "A convent was the best choice she could make. Now for King Edward and sweet Anna Neville!"

More than thirteen years had passed since Richard Duke of Gloucester parted with the injured Cicely Wayne. Many a line—not of time, for he was only thirty-two, but written by care, and it may be conscience—marked his stern features. He sat alone in his tent at Bosworth field, a widowed man, a king without heir to the throne which he had sacrificed honor and conscience to ascend. His head was bowed forward, for gloom and sadness, the dim shadows of coming events, hung over his spirit like a pall. In one corner of the tent lay a pile of armor ready for the morning. His sword lay on a table near by, and close beside it the diadem of England stood, in its crimson cushion, glowing in the lamp light. Richard had flung open his surcoat, for its ermine lining did but add to the oppression which seemed chaining down his breath. Perhaps, in that hour when the soul took retribution on itself, the wrongs of Cicely Wayne were not quite forgotten amid the thousand evils which the one great sin had flung upon his conscience.

As he sat, buried in dark and bitter thoughts, the curtain of his tent was raised, and a stripping form shrouded in a loose cloak entered and stood before him. The youth held a helmet in his hand, but his almost femininely beautiful features had no other covering than the thick chestnut curls that fell over his shoulders and shaded his forehead.

Richard lifted his haggard eyes to the young face, appearing thus suddenly before him—folded his arms on his breast and spoke in a hoarse voice.

"Comest thou also to torment me in this midnight hour? I know thee, Cicely Wayne, for thou comest in a shape more palpable than the rest."

The youth flung aside his cloak and knelt at Richard's feet, clad in full armor.

"Father," he said, "this is indeed thy hour of trial, but I come not to give pain. One who has wearied Heaven in prayers for thee, bade me hasten to Bosworth, and, in her name, crave a son's privilege of sharing the dangers that beset his sire."

"I need not ask who thou art, boy—no love but that of women, would have sought the king at this dark hour when treason is rife around him. Thy mother—methinks her own sweet soul looks on me through those eyes."

From her convent at Leicester, she sends her blessing and forgiveness. It was but yesterday when the city was full of royal troops, that she told me of my parentage; I came away, with tears upon my head, her blessing warm at my heart, to claim a son's right to die for his father and king."

And, by St. George, a son's right shalt thou have," cried the king, shaking off the gloom that had chained down his faculties, and starting up with sudden enthusiasm. "Methinks those that Richard has wronged, alone, remain faithful. God and our blessed Lady grant us victory to-morrow, and thou shalt be proclaimed heir of England throughout the kingdoms."

And lifting the youth to his bosom, Richard for the first time in his life shed tears. But while these strange drops were moistening his eyelids, a low sound of a claron stealing mournfully through the camp proclaimed the

dawn of day. Richard started and the old military fire flashed into his eyes.

"My armour, boy help—help me on with my armour! Let treason do its worst. Methinks the hand of Richard could alone hew a path through a world of Lancastrian traitors, now that he has an heir to the throne which he fights for. Put on thy helmet, boy, and draw close the visor. The camp is all astir. Keep my plume ever in sight when the battle comes on. Now, ever now blow for St. George and the White Rose!"

Richard snatched the crown from its cushion and placed it around his helmet as he uttered this brave battle cry, and, flinging aside the certain of his tent, rushed out. The youth drew his sword, and, repeating the cry of St. George and the White Rose, sprang amid the mailed throng that crowded around the king as he issued from his tent.

It was night, three days after the battle of Bosworth field, the town of Leicester was still crowded with Lancastrian soldiers, flushed and turbulent with victory. For three days they had feasted their mockings eyes on the body of King Richard, where it was brutally exposed to the public gaze in the open market place. Thrice during that time a stripping form had attempted to rescue the dead from their debasing gaze, and each time he had been driven back by the mob.

But now it was midnight, and the boy was left almost alone with the insulted dead. Behind him the walls of a convent abutted on the market place. He was looking anxiously toward a little gate cut into the stonework, when it opened and something white seemed fluttering within.

With an anxious look around, the youth lifted the body of the king in his arms, bore it hastily through the portal and laid it at the feet of a nun, who stood waiting in the quiet and moonlit garden.

"Thus I redeem my promise, oh, my mother. My stripping arm could not stay the kingly valor that urged him on to death, but it has rescued his remains from the jibing people," cried the boy, in a sad and humbled voice.

"To the chapel—come forward to the chapel," said the nun, in a broken whisper.

Once more the youth lifted his mutilated burden, and, passing into the illuminated chapel, laid it reverently on the altar. The holy sisterhood chanted a requiem for the dead and withdrew, leaving one shrouded form standing alone by the altar-stone. The boy paused a moment and went out, for he was afraid to disturb the holy grief, which shook the frame of that lonely sister, even by a breath.

When all was still, Cicely Wayne threw back her veil, the light from a waxen taper lay full upon her white and convulsed features—she turned toward the body, uttered a smothered cry, and fell upon her knees beside it.

"Oh, God! oh, God! would that I had died in thy stead—Gloucester, my Gloucester!"

As she uttered these words of love—such love as the cloister could not chill or death itself extinguish—the nun of Leicester sunk lower down upon the steps of the altar, her limbs relaxed, and, after a moment, she fell heavily to the pavement. The veil settled in dark folds around her, and when the sisterhood and priests came, with the dawn, to bury the king, their requiem swelled solemnly up over the monarch and his victim. After the burial of King Richard, the youth who had rescued his body at the market place was never afterward seen in Leicester. But more than half a century after, an old man died at Eastwell, in Kent. During the reign of the seventh Henry, he had worked as a stone-mason under the simple appellation of Richard, and on his death-bed another name was revealed to those who watched over him, and in the registry of the town is recorded the death of RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

From Arthur's Magazine.

SELF GOVERNMENT

VARIOUS are the considerations that claim the attention of young men, but the first and most important, is that of self-government. With what a peculiar emotion of pride and pleasure are the words uttered—"I am a man now!" But how few, if indeed, any who thus exult, can control themselves. They feel a proud consciousness of suddenly acquired power and influence, but, where most needed, over themselves; they have made no accessions of strength. Too often, inclination influences every decision, and passion is allowed to blind the perceptions where correct action is most needed.

To acquire that self-control so much needed, and so much desired by every one, it is necessary, in the beginning, that the thoughts should be turned inwards, in calm, unbiassed, earnest, searching exploration. "For a man must know himself before he can govern himself; and only by a process of mental exploration can he possibly know himself. This process, at first, will not be found an easy one. But it will soon begin to exhibit fruits. One discovery of a hidden bias of character, will open the way for new discoveries, and the longer and more frequently the mind is turned inward upon itself, the more will its true elements be perceived in their real terms, character, and relations. And it will also be perceived, how these elements rule the life, and control the external actions.

Such a system of examination once entered upon, the next thing to be done, is, of course, to use the power thus acquired, in self-government. It is always a great help to the right understanding of any proposition, to illustrate it in some way. It may, therefore, be useful, to detail, more practically, the process of self-exploration, and the manner of applying the knowledge thus gained to life.

We will su who is consci is a somethi cause him, w feel or act co tright. He of envy at the mind. He b this feeling, f does within l and indicates he get free fr emotion I or, cabled to gov keep this envi as never to b due propero due such a t will be all-i may so spea and acknowl siness at his siness, or the tation for lea in his mind must let no fe the truth that struggle for at the truth, no liages all-imp be the acknowl battle is gaine false pride, he existence of th us more powe blinded to its and brought in this moral per it is an evil, hi ple against th stags; knowin most himself b would greatly fact, that any how soon, from may be led to But, let us l fault of young They c opinions calla delinations ch reasons offer temperam of his own age years. They comes at onc even sonder rict, only exci of covain become excit edge in harsh happen that and his oppo the weight of h is the same re himself. He his moments weakness, and gain and agai the mental co ry, such a o ry. He sho ed, as a pri main explore way way it is position. I at he so high not unconsci circumstances; never there or says, correct this error honest in the would leave the he desires acknowledging process of h led to see th their rights wh instead of p nstead, for h really desires they they quest An all impor that blinds does our mo: that must be ru When w perveted, while at an inclin at the shoul and, con led from sp natural tend good. C and from sp tion closely great matte get them rounds upo ed, judgme is but on a favor of effort in their Let even de of calm the prom net perce ed in the n people, and usually re a vil pr rid court