

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

KATHERINE GREY.

The really affecting history of Katherine Grey and her husband, the Earl of Hertford, forms the tale of which her name is assigned. Queen Elizabeth is here described to be enamored of the Earl: and after the discovery of his connexion with Katherine, her jealousy vents itself in confining them to separate apartments in the tower. We pass over the imaginary interview between the queen and Katherine, and shall commence our extracts with the resolution taken by Elizabeth, who is supposed to be residing in the tower at the time, to visit Seymour, at the moment when the lieutenant of that fortress has permitted his prisoners to meet, notwithstanding her Majesty's express commands to the contrary.

[*Albion.*]

"The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the queen's address.

"How now, Master Lieutenant!" asked Elizabeth; "what means this? My resolution is, perhaps, a somewhat singular one: but surely there is nothing in it so appalling that it should banish the blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions. Lead on, I say—"

"Gracious madam!" said Warner, "pause a moment ere you take this step."

"Not an instant, Sir Edward," said the queen. "How! do you dispute the commands of your sovereign?"

"Then, most dread sovereign," said the lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the queen's feet, "pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your majesty's subjects."

"Ha!" said the queen, using the favorite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye, and lowered in her darkened brow; "what dost thou mean?"

"The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon."

"What, escaped! Traitor—slave—nast thou suffered him to escape?"

"Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said, 'He is in the Lady Katherine's apartment.'

"What he there!" shouted the queen as the white foam gathered on her lip, and her own frame became agitated, though not with fear, but with uncontrollable anger.—"Guards, seize the traitor!"

"Several yeoman of the guard immediately entered the apartment, and seized the lieutenant of the Tower, binding his arms behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of her guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Katherine Grey, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward War-

ner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a queen in her gait and gesture, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Katherine Grey in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the queen.

"The guards gazed for a moment wishfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the queen. "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death he has taken so much pains to merit."

"The guards immediately surrounded the earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Katherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth and seize the skirt of her robe.

"Have pity, gracious queen!" she cried, "have pity!"

"Away, minion!" said the queen; "he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

"Not yet, great queen, not yet!" said Katherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. "Can naught save him?"

"Naught, save my death," said the queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

"Katherine's ear caught the last part of the queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, 'thy death or mine. O queen: then thus,' she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandished it aloft, 'thus may his life be spared!'

"A cry of 'treason! treason!' pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Katherine and the queen whose life she seemed to threaten, but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand, she had buried it in her own bosom.

"Now, now do I claim thy promise, Oh queen!" she said as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound. "Katherine Grey no longer disturbs thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour."

"Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted, to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Katherine Grey was released from all its sorrows.

"The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kinswo-

man's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that period released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the lady Katherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair frame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful, he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union."

VARIETY.

THE MOST ENTERTAINING OF AUTHORS.

Ten gentlemen of acknowledged taste, when on a visit to a gentleman of rank, were each desired to write out a list of the ten most interesting works they had ever read. One work only found its way into every list, this was *Gil Blas*.

Had Dr. Johnson been present, and been previously heard upon the subject, the preference would probably have been given to *Don Quixote*. The Doctor used to say, that there were but few books of which one ever could possibly arrive at the last page; and that there never was any thing written by mere man, that was wished longer by its readers, except *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. After Homer's *Iliad*, he said, the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world, as a book of entertainment; and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his own countrymen, and perhaps to the literary classes among them; while *Don Quixote* is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally enjoyed by the court and the cottage; equally applauded in France and England, as in Spain; quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age, from infancy to decrepitude; the first book you see in every shop, where books are sold, through all the states of Italy; who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all modern writers?

Shakespeare himself has, until within the last half century, been worshipped only at home; while translators and engravers live by the hero of *La Mancha* in every nation; and the walls of the miserable inns and the cottages, all over England, France and Germany, are adorned with the exploits of *Don Quixote*.

To be Remembered by the Ladies.

A correspondent assures us that *chloride*, sold by apothecaries under the name of bleaching salts, in small tin boxes will certainly take out the most inveterate grease spots from a silk dress, or cotton garments. Carpets, however badly bespattered by the upsetting of a lamp, can be as readily restored to their former beauty, as one can blow dust from a dry surface.