


THE
TOURNAMENT
AT
EGLINTON CASTLE.
AUGUST 30. 1859.





Edw. Colburn del.

Day & Haghe, Lith' to the Queen.

THE JOUST BETWEEN THE LORD OF THE TOURNAMENT & THE KNIGHT OF THE RED ROSE.

Aug. 30th 1859.

Published by Hodgson & Graves, Pall Mall, Nov. 30th 1859.



Edward Corbould, del et lith.

Dry & Haghe 1497 to the Queen.

THE LORD OF THE TOURNAMENT AS VICTOR PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

Aug^r 30th 1859.

Published by Hodgson & Graves, Pall Mall, 30th Nov 1859.



Edward. Corbould, del et lith.

VISCOUNT ALFORD.

MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

By E. Haghe Lith^d to the Queen.

THE TOURNAMENT at the REGENTON PASSAGE of ARMS.

Aug^t 30th 1839.

Published by Hodgson & Graves, Pall Mall, Nov. 30th 1839.



Published by Hodgson & Graves, 6, Pall Mall, Nov. 5th 1859.

Day & Haghelith's to the Queen.

THE STAIRCASE leading to the BALL ROOM at EGLINTON CASTLE.

Aug. 30th 1859.



Edward. Corbould, del et lith.

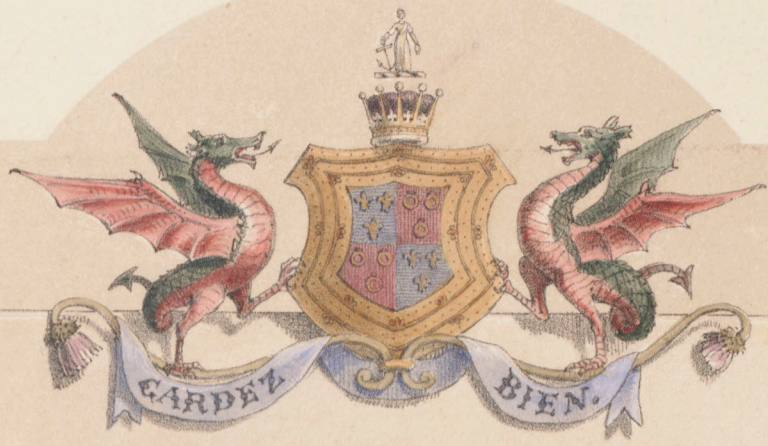
Day & Laing, Litho to the Queen.

THE BALL ROOM AT EGLINTON CASTLE.

Aug^r 30th 1839.

Published by Hodgson & Graves, 6, Pall Mall, Nov^r 30th 1839.

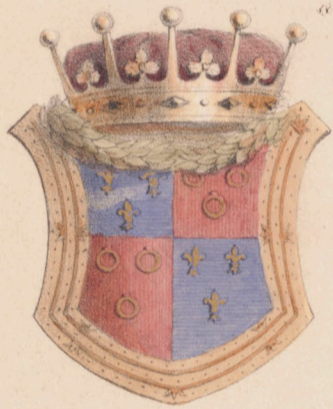




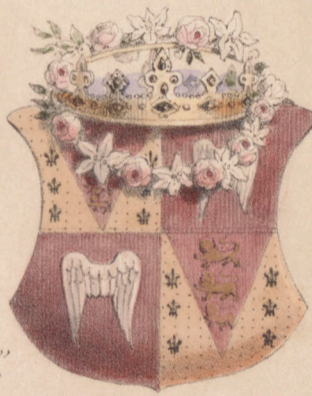
THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.



DEDICATED TO THE EARL OF EGLINTON.



"The field and listes was all about enclosed,
 To barre the prease of people farre away,
 And at thone side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
 To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day
 And on the other side in fresh aray
 Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
 Was set, to see the fortunes of that fray,
 And to be seene as his most worthy wage
 That could her purchase with his lives adventurd gage."



"FAERY QUEENS"



Edward Cornbould, del et hth.

FRIDAY AVGVST 30th 1839.

Day & Haghel, Ld^s to the Queen.

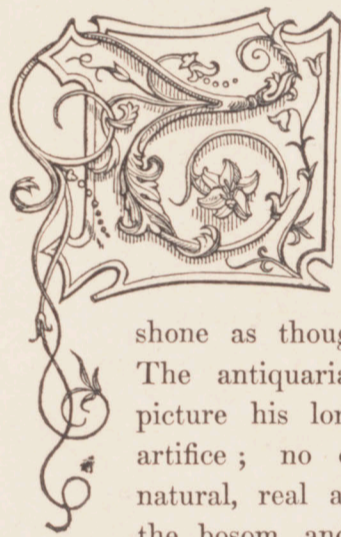
Published by Hodgson & Graves, Print-Sellers to the Queen, Pall Mall 1840.

THE TOURNAMENT

AT EGLINTOUN CASTLE,

AUGUST 30TH, 1839.

"That Day (the dreaddest Day that living tought
E'er see upon this world to shine),
So soon as heaven's window shew'd light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shone,
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define."
Spenser's "Faery Queen."



HE day was brilliant, and appeared the more so, since preceding days of rain had tantalised the hopes and spirits of many thousands,—natives of all parts of the world,—who had united to assist at, or witness a pageant not less interesting in all its associations, than exciting and splendid in its exhibition. On one small spot time had revolved; it shone as though five centuries had rolled and left all unchanged. The antiquarian might close his volume and look on the living picture his lore pondered o'er—no scenic delusion; no dramatic artifice; no character sustained in masquerade—all true, all natural, real as on the battle-eve, all the nobler feelings swelled the bosom and dignified the port. It would appear the sacred fire of chivalry ever glowed in the breast of man; however obscurely it smouldered, oppressed by narrow interests and grosser cares, lightened but a few hours from these, again it shone forth in all its nobleness, bestowing valour, honour, truth to the heart, courtesy and dignity to the address, grace and manhood to the deportment; while, with that beauty which mantles into deeper loveliness at proofs of sincere devotion, it imparted to the fairer creation that faith and fervour which should ever guerdon heroism.

It was with sentiments akin to these we stood in the antient hall of Eglintoun Castle, and looked on the crowd of lovely women, apparelled with exceeding richness and taste, to whom the exciting scene gave new charms; and on the iron-clad men, to whom the towering plume, the frowning crest, the ponderous shield and sword, the clanging armour, and deep, heavy tread, gave an air of heroism.

The imagination borrowed from those romaunts and legends which all ages love, to array not only the scene, but each individual with its romantic colouring.

The groupings, though highly picturesque, were too crowded and evanescent for the pencil. From out this hall of knights, and dames, and squires, and maidens—all in preparation to form in the marshalling procession—amidst heralds, pursuivants, chamberlains, and gaunt men at arms, flaunting gonfalons, and "harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray," amidst barbed and champing steeds, we wandered forth to the park, which presented, from all parts, a population bearing to one common point; but chiefly did we note,

"The chequered trews and belted plaid
That wild and garish semblance made.

* * *
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frames were sinewy, short, and spare,
And hardened to the blast."

That the details may hereafter be the better understood, it will be necessary to quit for an instant a chronological order, and represent a general view of this most beautiful pageant, as it appeared at the interesting moment when the Knight of the Dolphin ran a course against the Black Knight.

Looking south, at the centre of the line was erected the splendid pavilion of the Queen of Beauty, calculated to hold about seven hundred assistants. It was of gothic structure, castellated, lined with crimson cloth, and hung with magnificent draperies; flights of steps led on either side to the barrier of the throne and galleries. The throne and dais advanced some fifteen or twenty feet. Splendid gilt chairs were occupied by the Queen and King of the Tournament; in attendance stood the pages and their squires, surrounded by a body-guard of the noble Ayrshire Archers. Immediately behind the Queen of Beauty's throne were seated the Ladies of Honour—Lady Charleville, Mrs. Garden Campbell, Miss Upton, Miss Hamilton of Sundrum. Then the Lady Visitors who rode in procession. The lovely Ballochmyle Archeresses, the Queen of Beauty's guard of honour, occupied the other seats in rear of the throne. On either wings, on graduated seats, were placed the guests personally invited by the Lord of the Tournament.

"There were
A world of ladies; but to tell aright
Their beauty grete, lyth not in my might,
Ne their array; nevertheless I shall
Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all.
The surcots, white, of velvit well fitting
They were in clad, and the semis each one
As it were in a manner garnishing,
Were set with emeralds, one and one
By and by, but many a rich stone
Was set on the purfiles, out of doubt
Of colours, sleeves, and trains about,
As of great pearls, round and orient,
And of diamons fine, and rubys red,
And many other stones, of which I want
The names now, and everich on her hede
A rich fret of gold, which, without a dred,
Was of full stately rich stones set;
And every lady had a chapelet."

In keeping and accordance with the gorgeous attire of the ladies was the sumptuous costume of the cavaliers.

On each side of the Grand Pavilion, Stands capable of containing one thousand spectators each were placed; though less magnificent and of modern fashion, all in these stands wore elegant costumes. The

pavilions and white tents of the Knight of the Burning Tower,* the Knight of the Dolphin,† the Knight of the Ram,‡ occupied the west of this line. The Black Knight,§ the Red Rose of Lancaster,|| the Knight of Gael, had pitched their black; red and white; blue, red, and green encampments, on the eastern space. On the west side of the parallelogram, the gonfalons of the Knights of the White Rose,¶ the Golden Lion,** the Griffin,†† floated over tents of blue and yellow, blue and crimson, scarlet and white. On the east side stood the black and white tents of the Knight of the Stag's Head,‡‡ and the magnificent pavilion and encampment of the Lord of the Tournament. At the western extremity of the south line were pitched the marquees and tents of the Knight of the Black Lion and the Dragon Knight. The whole of these tents were of antique fashion. A stand near the tents of the Lord of the Tournament was erected for gentlemen connected with the press. This arena was a strongly enclosed plane of 650 feet by 250: along the centre ran the barrier, 100 yards in length and about five feet in height, from opposite sides and ends of which the knights, attended by their squires, ran their course.

It had been admirably selected, since, surrounded by gentle acclivities, even distant spectators had a perfect view. Oaks and elms threw every where their shade, and round about in dense crowds stood,

"The bonnie lasses, on whose ruddy face
Unfurled was health's rejoicing banner seen,
Tricked in their Sunday mutes, edged with lace,
Tippets of white, and frocks of red and green,
Gay as May morning, tidy, gim, and clean;
Whilst jocund at each wench's side, her joe
Now crack'd many a rustic joke; now marvell'd at the show."

The south of this amphitheatre, which nature and art had so embellished, was terminated by the murmuring Lugden, its banks rich

"With bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine."

But, away! away! Already ladies bright and fair, "young knights and squires—a gallant train," are mounted, and by the enclosed path this way the procession wends.

Rest we near this gothic bridge, as gorgeously it passes! How lovely, at all times, is this spot! The gentle Lugden ruffled into louder murmurs by the abutments of the bridge. The swans sailing on its current: a soft umbrageous light throwing in bolder relief the antique architecture! But now an unwonted spectacle arouses other feelings than those calm, meditative sentiments, it hath oft called forth. Already the stout men-at-arms, the soul-stirring trumpeters, the heralds, the pursuivants, have passed. Forward hath ridden, in grand dignity, the Judge of Peace followed by his grim attendants. The magnificent King of the Tournament, in robes of velvet and ermine, borne by his matchless charger, nears the arena. Hark! hark! What shouts rend the air! The Lord of the Tournament approaches the bridge. He now crosses it with all his gorgeous retinue and bold retainers, radiant in golden armour.

"His carriage is full comely and upright,
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yett so stern and terrible in sight,
That chears his friendes, and does his foes amate:
* * * * * borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well can he tourney, and in lists debate."

Mark with what majesty of seat he curbs his impatient barbed charger, curveting beneath his sumptuous caparisons of blue and gold. His casque, barred and coroneted, from which frowns the wyvern, and floats the magnificent panache, is borne by a squire. In advance his gonfalon proudly floats. Surrounded by richly attired squires, his banner is nobly borne. Then marshal his long line of gaunt retainers; and then appear the halberdiers of the valorous Knight of the Griffin.

* Sir F. Hopkins. † Lord Cassilis. ‡ Hon. Captain Gage.
§ L. Gilmour, Esq. || R. J. Lechmere, Esq. ¶ C. Lamb, Esq.
** Captain J. Fairlie. †† Lord Craven. ‡‡ Captain Beresford (absent).

The Queen of Love and Beauty approaches the pavilion.

"Smooth, and fair as ivory, was her brow;
Her mouth was small and roseate, and a smile
Played there, like summer lightning; but the glance
Of her clear eyes—those might, indeed, beguile
The coldest heart into the utterance of admiration!
And as in beauty she surpassed the choir,
So nobler was the rest of her attire—
A crown of ruddy gold enclosed her brow."

The Queen's magnificent charger—a stately grey, plumed and adorned with festoon garlands and rich array—moved as though conscious of his lovely freight. Two grooms, in rich costumes of blue and silver, restrain his impatient march. The beautiful ladies of honour rode next; then a magnificent *cortège* of pages, squires, attendants. Applause at each step greeted this magnificent cavalcade. But when

"She, with the dark, full, sprightly orbs, that oft
Mingling high dignity with their radiance soft,"

acknowledged with gentle courtesy such grateful salutation, enthusiasm knew no limits; every heart bounded under the witchery of beauty, adorned by the virtues and the graces. As all eyes strain after the Queen of Beauty and her lovely train, the attention is arrested by

"The whoop, and the halloo, and the festive gibes,"

of my ancient inkle, right merry cos, the Jester. His racy humour hath the breadth of Shakspeare, with the terse point of Burns. There is a piquancy which provokes attack; and, when stung by the sharp repartee, like the effect of a slight electric shock—the intermeddler grins and laughs more broad and loudly than the bystanders.

The long, magnificent line of the brilliant procession, has wheeled into station. The Queen of Beauty has ascended her throne. All the great officers are at their posts. With flourishes of trumpets the valorous knights and gallant squires pass in review, inspected by arch glances from smiling beauties, as they pay homage to the throne of love.

Again, loud alarums of trumpets; while

"The Knight-Marshal demands of each knight
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Asks his lineage, and orderly proceeds
To swear him to deal justly in this cause."

The valiant Knight of Gael having sounded challenge on the shield of the redoubtable Knight of the Black Lion, they first appear candidates for chivalric honours:

—"Sprightly and bold,
Stay but the summons of the appellant trumpet."

Hark! now the Marshal cries!

"Sound trumpets! 'Laissez, les aller!' Set forward, champions!"
Three jousts are run. A slight advantage gives to the Gaelic Knight the honours of the Queen of Beauty's first award.

Again, with solemn ancient formula, the herald proclaims that the formidable Golden Lion Knight challenges the puissant Knight of the Griffin.

Rather than the whirlwind of reckless valour, the charge bespeaks trained, disciplined courage, building victory on discretion. Both lances shiver in the stern attack. The rich Milan armour of the Griffin Knight receives a shock not felt since Cressy's fight. Waving kerchiefs, loud huzzas, attest deep interest and approbation of this feat.

A pass of courtesy restores to each knight fresh vigour.

In the third course, full on the emblazonment of his antagonist's shield, the lance of the Griffin Knight is shivered. Mounted on a magnificent charger, with housings of silver, scarlet, and gold, the Knight of the Griffin is led to pay his devoirs to the Queen of Beauty.

When the heralds announced that the Knight of the Red Rose of Lancaster had challenged the Lord of the Tournament, a pause of deep excitement ensued. Every eye was riveted as the stately

Knights reined up at the barrier. On the preceding day, the Knight of the Red Rose of Lancaster had proved himself a consummate horseman, and one of the most redoubtable knights in the lists. The Lord of the Tournament had hitherto been victorious over every opponent. Both of tall, athletic frame; both excellently mounted; both splendidly equipped and attended; both were admirably and perfectly armed; both gallantly bore their casque, and dexterously and gracefully brandished lance.

As the trumpets sounded the charge, every spirit was with its blast.

The course was beautifully and scientifically rode—a joust of range and practice. The second joust—a highly finished, graceful pass of courtesy, replete with elegance and dignity. But the third: all was stern, formidable, earnest—the horses were at the exact pitch of mettle, suppleness, and command. The knights, their vigour aroused; their judgment cool; eye experienced; hand accurate; prepared, firm, resolved; at utmost speed came on. The encounter was terrible—the effect of the crash that reverberated through the lists, no figure of speech could exaggerate: the shield of the Knight of the Red Rose was struck full in its centre; and the lance of the Lord of the Tournament, shivered into splinters, was hurled far, high, and wide. At the instant that the Knight of the Red Rose received the tremendous blow, delivered full on his chest, his horse, startled by the crash and clamour, swerved: the equilibrium disturbed by the double event, the knight was shook, and reeled in his saddle. For a moment he appeared as though he would regain his seat; but the horse, alarmed as he approached the pavilions, again swerving and plunging, the valiant and skilful knight was thrown.* He instantly remounted.

It is utterly impossible to imagine any joust more knightly ridden than this, or a lance delivered in a finer style than that of the Lord of the Tournament. The whole congregated mass of population shouted long and deafening applause; hats, caps, kerchiefs, waving; flowers showering over the arena.

A part of the pageant, perhaps the most graceful and interesting, was where the victorious knight does homage to the Queen of Beauty. It was a truly splendid spectacle when the Lord of the Tournament, ushered by trumpets, heralds, surrounded by the great officers of state, followed by his brilliant squires and retinue, his champing charger led by magnificently clad grooms, was conducted to the pavilion—

“Where ladies' eyes
Rain'd influence and adjudg'd the prize.”

As the Knight-Marshal, amidst triumphs of trumpets, presents the Lord of the Tournament to the Queen of Beauty—a conqueror in the lists—the victor knight, bending o'er his saddle-bows, his lance lowered to earth, lays at the feet of the Queen of Beauty his honours and his trophies. The Queen—

“With something than beauty dearer,
Or on whose mind, or mind-illumin'd face,
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, grace, shone”—

rose, with gentle dignity congratulated the valorous knight, and rewarded him with that tribute successful valour claims from Beauty's Queen.

Again the herald proclaims “Oyez! oyez! oyez!” and calls attention to a new source of interest. An unknown knight challenges the daring Knight of the Dolphin.

Conjecture is rife, inquiries murmur round, who this unknown may be?

The pause which ensued was employed by riding for the ring, which the Jester proclaimed the Ladies' Tilt—the ring, indeed, was suspended before, and under the immediate tutelage of, the ladies; knights and squires intermingled in this sport, and, as in quick succession, at full gallop, *par tour*, they tilted to bear it away, the exercise was pretty enough; nor less entertaining was the jousting at the quintain; a huge Saracen, who bestowed, much to the amusement of the laughter-loving crowd, on the *mal-adroit* knight who struck him, but not full and fairly, a thundering thwack with his oaken

* For effect, we have—we trust with pardonable liberty—depicted the fall of the knight, as if immediately on receiving his adversary's lance.

brand. At these pastimes, the Lord of the Tournament was pre-eminently successful and graceful.

The promised passage between the Unknown Knight and the Knight of the Dolphin having been postponed for the morrow, the Black Knight hastened to challenge the bold Knight of the Dragon.

The first and second tilts were without atteint: the lances crossed at the third. These passages were made at racing speed, and full of spirit. No award was made. It was at this time that a joke of my shrewd Jester afforded infinite fun.

The mad-wag Knight of the Dragon, athirst from his late passage, whips from the pouch of our motley friend a flagon of Scotch ale; the which, *sans cérémonie*, he half drains off. The Jester makes full and fair retort; for, entering the Dragon's *antre*, he re-issues forth, with half-a-dozen bottles of champagne dangling round his waist: the foaming, sparkling contents of which, aided by his wit, regale and rejoice the spectators.

The heralds announce that the Knight of the Dolphin, vainly belted to receive an unknown antagonist, now challenges the ardent Knight of the White Rose.

The three tilts were spiritedly ridden, but neither gained advantage.

The Knight of the Swan was then proclaimed antagonist of the sturdy Ram. The horsemanship was beautiful: the equipments and retinue brilliant: three tilts were ran without atteint.

The bold Knight of the Golden Lion then offers laurels to be won by the formidable Knight of the Burning Tower.

At the second tilt, the lance of the Golden Lion is riven on his opponent's shield. No achievement in the third joust excelling the feat of the second. The Golden Lion is presented victor to the Queen of Beauty.

The Lord of the Tournament, attended by a splendid cavalcade, paying lowly homage, now appeared before the Queen, announcing that, with her good pleasure, the jousts would here conclude, to be resumed on the morrow.

Meanwhile, preparations were making for the *mêlée*: a contest which, with the stirring, exciting influence of numbers, brings on the scene all the variety and reality of a conflict. Be it by accident, or by design, as, completely armed, on opposing sides the knights were ranged, many failed not to remark, that the Knights of Caledonia and Hibernia were to win honours from Britannia's champions. Thus—the Lord of the Tournament opposed the Red Rose of Lancaster; the Knight of the Dragon, the Black Lion; the Black Knight, the Knight of the Swan; the Knight of the White Rose, the Golden Lion.

The charge sounds! With ready sword each knight rushes to the contest—

“With aid of leg, of hand and rein,
Each warlike feat to shew;
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain
Mid high curvet, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman casque below.”

In this essay it is to be regretted, that the gallant Knight of the Swan's gauntlet being cut through, he received thereby a severe wound.

At the second *mêlée* six knights appear; their numbers lessened, their ardour increased: four knights having exchanged the blows prescribed by the regulations of the tourney, pass on—not so the ardent Knights of the Dragon and Black Lion. Warmed into noble emulation—their souls in arms—their armour rings with quick successive blows—now warded by lightning-gleaming swords—now received—wheeling in whirlpool eddies, aided by high courbettes, ballotades, capriolles, voltes, pirouettes,—knight hangs on knight, dealing with resistless force the swift, countless, jarring strokes. An excitement approaching tremor seizes all! As witnessing a real conflict the eyes of men inflame! The female cheek grows pallid! The judge awes the combatants! The Knight-Marshal commands them to their ranks! Though warmed with generous ardour, the knights obey.

As they gallantly salute the brilliant eyes witness of their prowess, smiles and waving kerchiefs reward the chivalry which prompts to noble deeds, and teaches not less to subdue one's self than foe.

The day's great achievements draw to their close; the Queen of Beauty descends her throne, again remounts her noble grey; the ladies resume their palfreys; the procession forms; and,

"Knights, with a long retinue of squires,
In gaudy liveries march'd, and quaint attires.
The coursers pawed the ground with restless feet,
And snorting, foam'd, and champ'd the burnish'd bit;
The yeomen steady march in stately bands,
And clowns came crowding on, with cudgels in their hands."

Nine had been sounded before the ladies reappearing, the magnificent Banqueting-hall was thrown open to near five hundred guests.

All that taste, regardless of expense, could devise; blending in harmony the gothic with the modern—all that magnificence could desire, or hospitality proffer, was here profusely offered. But feasting, however sumptuous, is not poetic: it leaves aerial flights for more substantial enjoyment.

One moment, gentle reader, while we quaff this glass of sillery *à votre santé*; anon we will be with you.

Among all the elaborate preparations for this matchless *fête*, none presented a *coup d'œil* more unique than the staircase leading to the Ball-saloon. It, and the corridor it opened on, were hung with the richest gobelins, and blazed with variegated illumination. Odoriferous exotic plants made a wilderness of perfume and beauteous flowers. At the foot of the broad stairway covered with velvet, men-at-arms bore the rich emblazoned banners of the different knights, guarded by grim, gaunt halberdiers. In superb costumes, the bands of the Queen's Bays and 78th occupied each angle opposite the stairs. But beyond all attractive were the varying groups that now a moment stay, then flit past; or the lovely fair, attended by the splendid cavalier, who mount to other scenes of gaiety, or descend to the Ball-saloon.

"Flush'd by the spirit of the genial hour—
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow."

Thence, the Ball-room opened with a display of brilliancy and magnificence that makes the descriptions of Lord Leicester's *fête* at Kenilworth appear but mummery. This sumptuous saloon was 171 feet by 45. The chandeliers were of the most gorgeous

description, besides innumerable lights on antique bronze pedestals. The upper end of the saloon was occupied by a throne, surmounted by a canopy of gold and silver cloth, decorated with magnificent plumes. At the centre of the right side was placed the grand orchestra, lighted by festooned lamps, embowered with the rarest of the parasitic tribes; and right merrily within this hall

"The gallant knights, and ladies bright,
Did move to measure fine;
Like frolic faries, jimp and light,
Wha dance in the pale moonshine."

With waltzes, quadrilles, gallopades, the strathspeys and reels were introduced. At two, a sumptuous supper was served. Again the dancing renewed.

As the day dawned, this memorable *fête* waned: one which, without alluding to the preceding days, had for nineteen hours been a constant succession of gorgeous splendour, united to exhibitions of highest and most intense interest. As the Italian mariners exclaim of the Bay of Naples,

"Vede e poi morire,"

so might we, in conclusion, justly say of this spirited attempt to revive the chivalric sports of the heroic ages of Europe.

We are aware how unattainable it is to hope, by pencil or pen, to do justice to the achievements of the knights, the splendour of the assistants, the magnificent hospitality of the Lord of the Tournament. We have essayed, however inadequately, with fidelity, to convey some idea of the most remarkable points of these splendid pageants; and to record an event which, as at the moment of its announcement it created a sensation in all the civilised parts of the globe, so it will not fail to be curiously scrutinised and commented on to the latest posterity.

Greatly, indeed, would we rejoice, could our humble efforts so stimulate the opulent and chivalric, that the laudable example of the Earl of Eglinton might not be lost. That we might again behold to flourish the manly sports of our forefathers, which, as from distant ages, second only to religion, they have been ever considered the cradle and nurse of all the cardinal virtues; so in these our days they cannot fail of being tutelary to magnanimity and valour, while they open to commerce and the arts a new, varied, and wide-extending channel.

B * *



Edward Corbould, del et lith.

KNIGHT OF THE DOLPHIN.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Day & Baghe Lark to the Queen.

THE TOLT-GROUND at EGLINTON CASTLE.

Aug^r 30th 1859.

Published by Hodgson & Graves, Pall Mall, Nov^r 30th 1859.



Edward Colbould, Sep^r 1839

By K. Hayler, Lith^o to the Queen.

THE LORD of the TOURNAMENT (LORD EGLINTON) with his ESQUIRES and RETAINERS.

Aug^t 30th 1839.

Published by Hodgson & Graves, Pall Mall, Nov^r 30th 1839.



Edward Corbould, del. et. lit.

Jay & Bagnall, lith. to the Queen.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY ADVANCING TO THE LISTS.

Eglinton, Aug. 30th 1839.

Published by Hodgson & Graves, Pall Mall, 30th Nov. 1839.