

## BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

### BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

IN the programme of our "wide and universal theatre," we read the outline of many entertainments to be presented to an eager public in the Year of Grace One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty, but with as little foreknowledge of what is positively in store for us as have the spectators who flock to the Haymarket or the Adelphi to see a previously unacted play. Like them we are more or less acquainted with the principal performers; we can predict, with tolerable certainty, the skilful acting of some, and give a shrewd guess at the failures of others; but in what particular passages the great tragedian will shine or the low comedy man eclipse himself, is a question that can only be solved after the curtain, which is now about to be raised, has fallen.

The first piece to be performed is a play called "The Congress." The materials of the story are derived from Italy, the scene is laid in Paris, and the *dramatis personæ* are the representatives of every people in Europe, except those who are the most interested in making their appearance. Something of the plot is known to us. It is an intricate one, and the author has the arduous task before him of being obliged to reconcile impossibilities. There are tyrannical old fathers, who have been forcibly dispossessed of their estates, yet promised restitution; there is a young and ardent lover, with several blooming brides all eager to throw themselves into his arms; there are numerous disappointed suitors; there is a real hero, such as the world in these latter days has seen but few of; there is a bandit from the Abruzzi, the villain, *par excellence*, of the piece; and, finally, there is the *grand escamoteur*, who has set all the wheels in motion but does not know how to stop them, unless, indeed, the marvellous pamphlet "Le Pape et le Congrès," to which the name of M. de la Gueronnière is attached, be the *panacea* for all the ills that Italy is heir to. If Louis Napoleon be the absolute master of the situation, which every one says he is, the pamphlet which expresses his will has settled the question. The posters circulated throughout Europe announced the first representation of "The Congress" for the 5th instant; but though the dresses and decorations and all the *mise en scène* were prepared, the cast of the play could not be completed in time, in consequence of the disputed claims of some of the actors to certain parts, and

the disinclination of others to make their appearance. These little difficulties have, however, been got over, and the 19th of this month is the day definitively fixed for the parties concerned to meet, seal, and sign, that being all which the French emperor requires of them.

A melodrama succeeds this comedy—if comedy it turn out, and not eventually a tragedy—and here we have a distinguished *troupe* engaged. The piece bears the high-sounding title of “The Cross and the Crescent,”—the locality is the north coast of Africa,—and the persons represented, on real horses, are the hidalgos of tawny Spain and the fiery sons of swarthy Morocco. The story, on the face of it, is as unintelligible as the story of most melodramas, unless we content ourselves with that derived from the fable of the Spaniard assigning to the Don the rôle of the quarrelsome wolf, and to the Moor that of the inoffensive lamb. Here, however, the parallel stops—for the fray begun, the showman’s dilemma arises, and it becomes difficult to tell which is which. There will be a tremendous deal of prancing and curveting, no end to vaporous speeches; the Virgin will be appealed to on one side, the Prophet on the other; there will be a good deal of cutting and slashing, and perhaps a few unhaeked rapiers; much powder will be wasted, a good many oaths expended, red fire *ad libitum*, and the whole affair, if diplomatic declarations mean anything—“a question to be asked”—will probably end in smoke. At all events, there will be a vast amount of bloodshed without any one being the better for it. Stay! One result there must infallibly be. The Spanish army will “cover itself with glory!”—whether the Moors get the worst of it or not. But to be glorious in this wise is to fulfil the true purpose of melodrama.

Akin to this glittering production is the pantomime now getting ready for the Chinese waters. It bears the title of “Harlequin Mandarin; or, the Willow-pattern in Danger.” The tricks and transformations are likely to be very numerous, hard knocks will abound, and the tumbling is expected to be in the loftiest style.

To descend to the lowest point in the dramatic scale, a farce, and not a very amusing one, is in preparation nearer home. It is to be called “The Reform Bill of 1860,” and the infinite jest which makes it farcical will, in all probability, be found to lie in the fact that the “bill” contains no “reform” worth mentioning. Such as it is, this piece is the great eard of the Palmerston cabinet. It has long been underlined, and the parts distributed. The premier, of course, has no more to do than cut the very few jokes with which it will be sprinkled; Lord John has to pretend to be very much in earnest—a style of acting in which he is perfect—and Mr. Bright, who has already told us he will take anything he can get, even without the ballot, will be the “cheap Jack” of the entertainment, and make a vast display of wares “not vendible.”

The ministerial *repertoire* will not, however, be exhausted in the profitless farce of Reform. A serious drama is in rehearsal on the subject of "The National Defences." Lord Palmerston's brother-in-law, Admiral Bowles, has lately taught us the most expeditious way of leaving our shores defenceless, and Lord Palmerston's commissioners have found out the most expensive mode of defending them, while Lord Palmerston's Chancellor of the Exchequer—the man of one expedient—encouraged by the *Times*, proposes to raise the ten millions necessary for putting our house in order by again increasing the income-tax, instead of having recourse to a loan—though the policy and justice of the latter measure are beyond all dispute. It is to be presumed that the works recommended for the protection of our arsenals and dockyards are intended to be permanent: why, then, should the present generation alone, who have quite enough to do to pay the existing income-tax, be saddled with all the cost? Situated as Europe is now, the contingency of war is not so remote as to justify a finance minister in anticipating his war resources upon every occasion. When the day of invasion arrives, augment the income-tax to what extent you please and the people will cheerfully pay it; but if you wish the goose to go on laying her golden eggs, for the sake of common prudence leave her throat uncut while peace is still permitted! *A propos* of invasion, and the grand military spectacle which is being got up to prevent or render it abortive, there is one great reason for national encouragement which has not been sufficiently dwelt upon. It is commonly believed that, except in the memorable case cited by Sir Boyle Roche, mortals are not ubiquitous; yet this would seem to be an error, for the Volunteer Rifle Corps returns tell us that our evergreen premier, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, is decidedly "three gentlemen at once." Lord Palmerston is at one and the same time a volunteer in Westminster, a volunteer at Southampton, and a volunteer at Tiverton. So active a man as Lord Palmerston has not put down his name without intending to serve, and therefore on three of our most vulnerable points we are safe. Should the enemy land in the west, Lord Palmerston is at the head of the riflemen of the borough he represents in Parliament; if the Solent be their point of attack, see how gallantly he marches forth from his ancestral home at Broadlands; and, supposing the metropolis assailed, what chance has the foe against the St. James's Rifles, with the indomitable premier to lead them on? Falstaff says of Mrs. Quickly, "A man knows not where to have her," but to those—and they are many—who express the same doubt of Lord Palmerston, his lordship, pointing to his three suits of uniform, may reply, with the much-abused hostess of the Boar's Head, "Any man knows where to have me." All this, however, is before the curtain rises.

Having disposed of our *pièces de résistance*, let us see what

*entremets* remain for our discussion. And here we confine ourselves entirely to home matters, treating of those subjects which more legitimately than politics—or at all events more pleasantly—fall under our consideration.

What is behind the curtain in respect of Art? A determination on the part of the Royal Academy to take from that body the reproach of being the incubus of genius instead of its fostering protector, seems to be no longer doubtful. Already its portals expand for the admission of a larger number of Associates, and more liberal measures are on the *tapis* for the benefit of those members amongst "The Forty" who, seeking retirement, are willing to leave the field open for younger men. These alterations are valuable, chiefly, however, as indications of measures of reform of greater amplitude. We are not amongst those who believe that genius is monopolised by the unrepresented, but it is quite time that the Art-franchise should be extended, if only to relieve the picture-loving public from the monotony of worn-out names and the iteration of complacent mediocrity. The annual Exhibition gives us here and there a diamond of purest water, but paste unfortunately predominates. It is not enough to make competition general, if you neutralise its effect by arbitrary exclusion: let the Academy, therefore, consult its best interests by being unreservedly liberal.

The prospects of the Drama—the actual, not the hypothetical—are by no means of an encouraging nature. The retirement of Mr. Charles Kean from the management of the Princess's Theatre, is a blow to the London stage from which it will not readily recover. The learning, the skill, the taste, the talent, the unselfish perseverance of Mr. Kean, are qualities of the rarest combination, and we look in vain for his successor. To say this is not to disparage the laudable exertions of other managers who cater in their own way for the amusement of the public, but their sphere is limited to specialities which "come like shadows" and "so depart." It seems to be the aim, now, of those who are considered the most successful dramatists, to emulate M. Scribe and Lope de Vega in the multiplicity of their productions and the rapidity with which they are written, but the resemblance goes no further.

Of literature we have higher expectations, for besides what we know of the silent labours of the most distinguished writers—Lord Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle being cited as examples—fresh names are being added every day to the long list of English authors, whose productions worthily sustain the intellectual reputation of the country. It would be hard, indeed, if this were not the case, for never, perhaps, has the *cacoethes scribendi* been so fully developed as at the present day. The mania for rushing into print assails all classes, and happy is the family that does not number an author among its members; but, notwithstanding the deluge of

books on every possible subject, the number of those which promise to float steadily down the stream of time is very great, and promises increase. There are some losses which, however, can never be wholly supplied—and two remarkable instances occurred during the year on which the curtain has just fallen, in the deaths of Prescott, the brilliant historian, and Washington Irving, fascinating alike as the historian, the biographer, the essayist, and the contributor to miscellaneous literature. The memory of Geoffrey Crayon is especially dear to England, and though America claims him for her son, our language pleads for the right to enrol his name amongst our most distinguished writers. To speak of Washington Irving is at once to recal the name of "John Murray the elder," and, remembering the encouragement he gave to so many who have enriched the world with their productions, we are led naturally to the acknowledgment of how worthily "John Murray the younger" treads in his father's footsteps. One of the brightest links that connects the two, is the name of Byron; and here, before we close our somewhat desultory remarks, we would say a word. The Letters of Horace Walpole have a world-wide reputation, but the art of letter-writing did not die with him. Amongst the many great gifts with which he was endowed, Lord Byron possessed the faculty of expressing himself in that clear, comprehensive, familiar style, which is the great charm of all epistolary correspondence. It is, therefore, with more than common pleasure that we see Mr. Murray has begun the publication of a "People's edition" of the poet's "Letters and Journals," hitherto a sealed book to the multitude. Another great boon, for which the public are also indebted to Mr. Murray, is the publication, in a cheap form, of Croker's "Boswell's Life of Johnson," rightly characterised by the *Quarterly Review* as "the most entertaining and instructive book in the language." In the year that is now before us we anticipate that the example thus set by Mr. Murray will be widely followed—but here we must stop—the inexorable printer pointing to the diminishing space on the allotted page; and so, wishing a Happy New Year to all our readers, we tell the Prompter to "ring up the curtain."

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# OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.\*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

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## Part the Third.

HAWKING ON THE DOWNS.

### I.

THE OSTREGER AND HIS SON.

HORSE, hawk, and man were at the gate, awaiting the colonel's coming forth with Duleia.

Stately and upright sat the hawks on the falconer's gloved fist, as if conscious of their tufted hoods of crimson and white velvet, their jesses and bewets with bells affixed to them, and their silver-linked varvels, graven with their owner's armorial bearings. Both birds looked in fine condition: plumage glossy and unruffled, legs and talons without speck or blemish. Gallant to behold was the Barbary, or tartaret falcon; not remarkable in point of size, for it was smaller than a tercel-gentle; but specially to be admired for its proud neck, broad breast, fine sails and beams, and long train; and, when unhooded, for its keen-bent beak, with barb feathers beneath the clap, wide nares, and full black eye. Fierce and courageous, also, was the tartaret's companion, the merlin; very nimble of wing, and, like the Barbary falcon, armed with strong singles and pounces.

Eustace Saxby, the falconer (or ostreger, as he preferred to be styled), was as gallant-looking as the hardy birds on his fist. Clad in a doublet of Lincoln-green, with his master's arms embroidered on the shoulder, with his upper hose tied with ribbons at the knee, and his feet protected by stout leather buskins, he carried in his right hand a tall hawking-pole, and was provided with a large hawking-bag, containing coping-irons, knives, scissors, creancee, and other implements of his craft; together with medicines in the shape of mummy-powder, washed aloes, saffron, and casting. Eustace Saxby was a strong, well-built man, in the prime of life, with a hard but honest-looking physiognomy, of the true Sussex cast. No Puritan he. Abhorring a Roundhead as much as his master, Eustace allowed his long locks to flow over his shoulders from beneath his green velvet cap, to manifest his contempt of the

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crop-eared curs. When younger, our ostreger had been remarkable for activity, and could then walk faster than any man in the county, and keep up in running with a horse at full speed; but having now grown stiffer in the joints, he was forced to cede the palm of fleetness to his son, Ninian.

Close to the ostreger stood his assistant, Barnaby Lashmere, carrying a square wooden frame suspended by broad leather straps from his shoulders. On this frame were perched several other hawks, of various kinds, in hoods and jesses, in readiness for the colonel, in case he might choose to take any of them with him.

Ninian Saxby, who filled the post of under-falconer, was with his father on the present occasion. A very good-looking young fellow of one-and-twenty was Ninian, with a fresh complexion, a merry blue eye, and brown curling hair. His lithe figure and active limbs seemed made for running and vaulting, and he excelled in all manly sports. A rattling tongue had Ninian, as well as a bright eye, and his pleasant talk and winning smiles made him a general favourite with the village damsels, even with those of a Puritanical turn; but his fondness for dancing and other pastimes, gaiety of manner, and light discourse, frequently drew upon him the grave rebukes of the elders. Ninian, however, cared little for such censure. The young falconer was too indiscriminate in his attentions to the damsels generally, and too fickle in his regards, to be assigned to any one in particular; but if he had a preference, it was supposed to be for Patty Whinchat—the pretty handmaiden herself being decidedly of that opinion. Ninian's habiliments resembled those of his father; his green jerkin was vastly becoming to him, while his green velvet cap, with a single heron's plume in it, placed jauntily on his curly head, suited well with the handsome and somewhat sauey features beneath it; giving the wearer quite as much the air of a page as of a falconer. Ninian had a bugle slung at his back by a green cord, a cross-bow over his shoulder, and a case of quarrels with a gaffle for bending the bow at his hip. Moreover, he had two fine spaniels, coupled together, and in leash, in his charge.

Falconers, hawks, dogs, horses, and grooms, formed a picturesque group, viewed in combination with the ancient mansion, near whose porch they were assembled. Amidst the group, old Rupert, Colonel Maunsel's favourite charger, and as noble a piece of antiquity as the colonel himself, occupied a prominent place. Rupert's best days were long past, it is true—and so, alas! were his master's—but though there were unmistakable marks of age about him, he was a fine animal still. There was fire in his eye, courage in his arching neck, that told of former mettle. Bright bay had been old Rupert's colour, but the hue was now sadly changed, and the flanks were dull, which had once shone like satin. He was furnished with a large easy saddle, having a high pommel, and

a troussequin at the hinder bow. A dapple-grey palfrey, with white mane and tail, was destined for Dulcia, and this lively, but well-trained little animal, by his pawing, champing, and snorting, offered a strong contrast to the sedate deportment of the ancient charger.

Notwithstanding his reduced revenue, Colonel Maunsel still managed to keep up a large troop of servants of one kind or other. Born upon the estate, most of the members of the old Cavalier's establishment were so attached to him, that they would never have quitted his service, except upon compulsion. Wages were with them a minor consideration; one and all expressing their readiness to share their good old master's reverses of fortune.

With the grooms and falconers awaiting the colonel's coming forth, were gathered several others of the household: to wit, Giles Moppett, with a fat turnspit at his heels; Elias Crundy, the yeoman of the cellar, who had brought out a large black jack filled with stout ale for the falconers; Holney Ticehurst, the upper gardener, and Nut Springett, his man, with two or three hinds from the farm-yard.

The unusual circumstance of the colonel's riding forth to enjoy the pastime of hawking would have sufficed to bring a portion of the household to the gate; but there was another motive for gathering together so many of them on the present occasion, which might easily be detected in the serious expression of their countenances. The state-messenger's warning had struck terror into them all. Not that their fidelity to the colonel and his son was shaken by it; but knowing that Clavering had returned on the previous night, they were very apprehensive for his safety; for though told that the fugitive had left again before daybreak, few of them credited the statement, but felt convinced that he was hidden in the house.

It was on this alarming topic that they were now conversing together.

"Ah, well-a-day! these be sad times, indeed!" old Ticehurst observed. "Wheresoever our young master may be, there I hope his enemies will never find him. Hast any news to gi' us, Master Moppett? Thou be'st a scholard like his reverence, Master Beard, and read'st de pappers."

"I have no news likely to yield thee much satisfaction, good Master Ticehurst," Moppett replied. "I have read both the *Perfect Diurnal* and the *Mercurius Politicus*, and they are full of nothing save the Lord General Cromwell's late glorious victory over the Scots king (as they term his most sacred Majesty) at Worcester; telling us how old Noll returned to London, and was met by a procession of the Men of Westminster, and how he made a triumphal entry into the City; how great rejoicings were held,



and how the poor Scots prisoners were marched through the streets. Stay! I have one piece of news—and sorry bad news it is!—the brave Earl of Derby, the Earl of Lauderdale, and some other Royalists, who fought at Worcester, have been captured in Cheshire, and it is said will all be brought to the block. Heaven avert the like fate from our young master!”

“Ay, Heaven avert it from him, and from one higher than him,” said Eustace Saxby, in a deep, earnest tone. “Canst give us any tidings of the King, Master Moppett? Hath he escaped the bloodhounds set on his track? ’Tis to be hoped he will be watched over as David was when pursued by Saul.”

“There be all sorts of rumours concerning him,” Moppett rejoined; “and right glad am I that there be so, for their number will serve to mislead his enemies. Most likely his Majesty be hidden in some ellinge old house in Hampshire, waiting for a vessel to convey him to France. Such is the colonel’s opinion.”

“And the colonel ought to know, methinks, if any man doth,” Elias Crundy observed. “But why don’t his Majesty come to the Grange? Our master could soon hire him a fishing-smack at Newhaven or Shoreham to carry him across the Channel.”

“That’s more easily said than done, Elias,” Eustace Saxby rejoined. “No one is allowed to embark at any port along the coast without special license. And as to the Grange being a safe hiding-place, I’m very doubtful about it. Only yesterday, I heard from a Brightelmstone Jug, whom I met at Rottingdean Gap, that a troop of old Noll’s terrible Ironsides, under Captain Stelfax, have arrived at Lewes; and that all houses in the neighbourhood, suspected of harbouring fugitive Royalists, are to be strictly searched by ’em—the Grange one of the first.”

“Lord presarve us from these ravenous wolves and regicides!” Crundy exclaimed. “That be bad news, indeed! But I hope it ben’t true.”

“I’m afeardt yo’n find it o’er true, Elias,” Nut Springett remarked, shaking his head.

“I’ve heard John Habergeon speak of Captain Stelfax,” Giles Moppett said; “and a bloody and barbarous rebel he must be, from John’s account. He goes to work at once with thumbscrew and boot—thumbscrew and boot—d’ye mind that, my masters? If he comes here we shall all be put to the torture.”

“And if we be, the truculent Roundhead shall discover nothing,” Eustace Saxby cried, resolutely. “Let him do his worst. He will learn what stuff a loyal Sussex yeoman is made of. If thy black jack ben’t empty, prithee fill up the horn, Elias. I would fain drink a health, which Master Moppett tells me was drunk in the dining-hall last night—soon after young master’s return.”

“Drink it under thy breath then, Eustace,” Moppett observed; “there be spies about, and no saying who may ever hear thee.”

“In that case, I’ll drink confusion to the king’s enemies! and

may his Majesty soon enjoy his Own again!" the falconer exclaimed aloud, emptying the foaming horn offered him by Crundy.

Ninian Saxby took no part in the foregoing discourse. After quaffing a horn of humming ale with the rest, he began to wind a call upon his bugle that made the walls of the old house echo to the cheerful notes. Perhaps this might have been intended as a signal, for as he sauntered towards the porch, who should issue from it but Patty Whinchat!

"Give you good day, sweetheart," quoth Ninian, gallantly doffing his cap. "How blithe and bonny you do look this morn-ing, fegs! Now for a well-turned phrase to tickle her ears withal," he added to himself. "You look for all the world like a newly-roused tercel-gentle—the tercel is the falcon's mate, Patty, and the falcon is a hawk for a prince—when after mantling, as we falconers term it, she crosseth her wings over her back, and disposeth herself to warble."

"To warble!" the handmaiden exclaimed. "Lawk a mercy! I never yet heard that a hawk doth sing."

"Neither doth she, Patty; but she warbleth, nevertheless—that is to say, she sitteth erect as yon tartaret doth on my father's fist. Dost know what 'coming to the lure' means, Patty? If not, I will teach thee—I will, fegs!"

"Nay, I know well enough," she rejoined, "and I would have you know, in return, that I am not to be lured, like a silly bird, by the call of a cunning falconer, or by the tinkling of silver bells. If you must whistle for some one, let it be at Morefruit Stone's door, and I warrant you his daughter Temperance, Puritan though she be, will come forth quickly. The luring-bells may be tried with Dorcas Thatcher, the milkmaid."

"You are like a raking musket, Patty, that forsaketh her proper game, and flyeth at daw, or pie, or any other bird that chances to cross her. I, Ninian, am thy quarry—I am, fegs! Thou shalt bind me, and plume me, and truss me, if thou wilt."

"A truce to this nonsense, sirrah," she rejoined. "Be serious for a moment, if you can, and attend to me. There is something strange going on in the house. I can't make it out, for Mistress Dulcia won't admit me into her confidence."

"A word in your ear, Patty," the young falconer said, drawing closer to her. "Is anybody hidden in the house?—you understand, eh?"

Patty did not trust herself to answer otherwise than by an affirmative nod.

"Young master?" Ninian whispered.

Another nod.

"You're quite sure of it?"

Two more nods.

"I thought as much," Ninian muttered. "Then it behoves us all to be upon the watch—it does, fegs!"

"It behoves you to keep a close tongue in your head, sir, and not to blab a secret of such importance to any of the numerous maidens to whom you pay court. However, I *do* want you to keep watch over some one in particular."

"Name him, and it shall be done—it shall, fegs!"

"It is Increase Micklegift. May I trust you, Ninian? Well then, my young lady met him this morning in the churchyard."

"Met Increase Micklegift! whew! What sort of 'lure' did *he* use, Patty?—the whistle, or the bells, eh?"

"She was scared by him, rather than lured, poor gentle dove!" the handmaiden rejoined.

"Say the word, Patty, and a bolt from my cross-bow shall visit the canting preacher's skull—smash it like an addled egg. It shall, fegs!"

"Killing him won't help Mistress Dulcia. I'll tell you what to do. But hush! they are coming forth. More another time."

So saying, she hastily retreated, while Ninian drew back with equal celerity.

A moment or two afterwards, the stately figure of Colonel Maunsel appeared at the doorway. The old Cavalier had offered his hand to Dulcia to lead her forth, and was ceremoniously preceded by Martin Geere, and followed by two other serving-men.

But before accompanying them to their horses, and noting the effect produced by the colonel's appearance on his attached retainers, let us see what had taken place within the house since we last left it.

## II.

### THE PROCLAMATION.

AFTER giving directions to Martin Geere, as before related, Colonel Maunsel, attended by Mr. Beard, sought his son, in order to acquaint him with his meditated ride to Lewes. Clavering's disappointment will be readily conceived, on hearing that, in consequence of this arrangement, he should be deprived of Dulcia's society, on which he had fondly calculated. However, he did not venture to remonstrate, but accepted, with the best grace he could, Mr. Beard's offer to remain with him during the colonel's compulsory absence.

At this juncture, John Habergeon returned to his post, which he had temporarily quitted, as the reader is aware; and the colonel briefly explained his plans to him. The old trooper made no objection, but informed his master that he had ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Increase Micklegift had discovered that Captain Clavering was concealed in the house. John did not deem it needful to state how he had obtained this information, neither did he declare what he meant to do; but he appeared so sanguine as to his ability to baffle the enemy's machinations, that he allayed the fears which his intelligence was calculated to excite

As the principal bedroom in the house, the colonel's chamber was of considerable size,—it was, in fact, a double room, for there was an inner apartment, which did not communicate with the gallery, and the entrance to which could be screened by a thick arras curtain. Wainscoted with lustrous old black oak, and hung with faded tapestry, the larger room had an extremely sombre air. In it were one or two closets, and it was furnished with a large oak armoire, half a dozen high-backed chairs, and a great elbow-chair, always used by the colonel himself, and placed near a massive oak table, on which were writing materials and a few books. In the inner chamber stood the bedstead, a very antique piece of furniture, with lofty tester, carved posts, and heavy hangings.

His conference with John Habergeon finished, the colonel repaired to the inner room. Opposite the bed stood a large oak coffer, strengthened with iron bands. Unlocking this chest, after rummaging for a short space amongst its contents, he found the deed he was looking for, secured it about his person, and then summoning John to his aid, proceeded to equip himself for the ride; putting on a dark riding-dress, with boots having immense funnel tops, and large spurs.

Mr. Beard, meantime, had gone down stairs to look after his daughter, and returned with her, just as the colonel's preparations were completed.

A green velvet robe, with long skirts, ornamented with gold lace in front, and a feathered hat, constituted Dulcia's riding apparel; and very well it became her. The young damsel had been the colonel's constant companion so long as he was able to take horse exercise, and he had bestowed this somewhat showy dress upon her in order to evince his contempt of the primness and simplicity affected by the Puritans.

Very little time was allowed the young folk for conversation; but even in that brief interval, Clavering could perceive from Dulcia's manner that her mind was troubled. To a candid nature like hers it was very painful to have a secret from her father; and equally distressing was it to her to think that Clavering should be menaced by a danger of the existence of which she could not warn him.

Aware of the cause of her anxiety, John Habergeon sought an early opportunity of relieving it, and while the colonel was talking apart with Mr. Beard, the old trooper approached her, and whispered, "Be not uneasy, my dear young lady. I overheard what passed in the churchyard. No harm shall befall his reverence or Captain Clavering. Trust to me."

These words produced an instantaneous change in Dulcia's spirits, and the few minutes more allowed to the young people ere the colonel went down stairs, were far more agreeably spent than those which had preceded them.

Every head was uncovered as the colonel and his fair com-

panion issued forth, and old Rupert, recognising his master's voice and footstep, pricked his ears, and neighed a welcome. Raising his black Spanish hat, looped at the side, and ornamented with a sable ostrich plume, in return for the salutations of his dependents, the old Cavalier paused for a moment to look round, still retaining Dulcia's hand within his own. Though he appeared thin and careworn, all his retainers were struck by his unwonted activity, for he did not seem to need the support of his crutch-handled stick, or even of Duleia's arm.

After exchanging a few words with Eustace Saxby, who advanced to receive his instructions, the colonel assisted Duleia to her saddle, and then prepared to mount Rupert. On being brought up to his master, the old charger manifested his delight by whinnying softly, and thrust his nose into the colonel's hands, as the latter patted him kindly. The moment was now come when the old Cavalier's new-born activity was to be more sharply tested than it had hitherto been. When he placed his foot in the stirrup and attempted to mount, the effort wrung a groan from him, and it required the strong arm of the groom to lift him upon Rupert's back.

Hawking not being the real business that the colonel had in hand, he dispensed with the attendance of Barnaby Lashmere and the supplementary hawks, contenting himself with the birds which the ostreger had upon his fist.

The party then set forth in gallant style, but had scarcely issued from the gate, when they came to a sudden halt.

On gaining the road, it was noticed for the first time by all, that a board had been hung against the trunk of a large tree which grew by the gate. On this board, evidently designed for the purpose, was pasted a Proclamation, from the Council of State, for the Discovery and Apprehension of Charles Stuart, his Adherents and Abettors. A Reward of 1000*l.* was offered to whomsoever should apprehend the said Charles Stuart: while penalties of High Treason were menaced against all who should harbour him, or aid him to escape. Proportionate rewards were offered for the apprehension of Charles Stuart's adherents, with penalties of fine and imprisonment for concealing them, or lending them assistance. Strict commands were given, in conclusion, to all officers of Port Towns, and others in authority, to permit no person to pass beyond Sea without special license.

After perusing the Proclamation, the colonel demanded in a furious voice, who had dared to put it up?

An answer came from an unexpected quarter. Some half-dozen individuals, who had been standing behind another large tree at a short distance from the first, now came forward, and one of them detaching himself from the rest, marched towards the colonel. It was the state-messenger, with whom the old Cavalier had parleyed that morning.

"Thou askest by whom that proclamation touching the apprehension of the man Charles Stuart hath been set up," the messenger said. "Know, Wolston Maunsel, that it was I, Nehemiah Lift-up-hand, who placed it on the tree growing at thy gate. I did so at the bidding of Hezron Stelfax, Captain of the Lord-General Cromwell's own chosen troop of Ironsides; the said valiant and God-fearing captain being now at Lewes."

"Pluck it down, some of ye, and hew it in pieces," the colonel ejaculated, wrathfully.

"Let any man remove it on peril of his life," Nehemiah cried, taking a pistol from his belt. "I have placed the mandate before thy dwelling, thou son of Belial, and there it shall remain."

As the words were uttered, the persons by whom the messenger was attended came up, and proved to be the emissary from Goldsmiths' Hall, Thomas Sunne, Thomas Geere, and Increase Mickle-gift. The Independent minister, however, kept a little in the rear of the others.

"Do as I bid ye! On your fealty to me—on your allegiance to the king—I charge you pluck down that proclamation," the colonel vociferated.

But no one stirred.

"Thy servants owe no allegiance to the son of the man who caused Israel to sin," Nehemiah rejoined, "and who provoked the Lord God of Israel to anger by his vanities. Even as Elah, the son of Baasha, was slain by Zimri, captain of the chariots, so shall Charles, the son of Charles, perish by the hand of the great captain of our new Israel."

"Take heed lest an Omri arise to depose thy murderous and rebellious leader," the colonel retorted, carried away by passion, "and cause him to burn the king's house over him, so that he perish by fire, like Zimri. Since none of you will pluck down that insolent placard, I will do so myself."

Ere he could execute his rash purpose, however, the twang of a bow was heard, a quarrel whistled past, and plunged deeply into the bark of the tree, severing the cord by which the board was hung to a small branch. Whereupon, the proclamation instantly dropped to the ground.

A loud burst of laughter from his companions followed this proof of Ninian's skill in the management of the cross-bow. But the young falconer took instantly to his heels; probably thereby escaping the vengeance of Nehemiah, who, on discovering the author of the mischief, discharged his pistol at him, but without effect.

The report of the pistol, echoing loudly through the valley, brought several other persons to the scene of action. Menacing cries arose at the same time from the colonel's attendants, amongst whom were Eustace Saxby, Martin Geere, Giles Moppett, old

Ticehurst, Elias Crundy, and the rest of our acquaintances, who had accompanied their master to the gate. But the most formidable demonstration was made by Ninian, who having fled to the farmyard, presently returned at the head of a posse of rustics, armed with flails, pitchforks, and bills. These sturdy fellows, as they rushed up, surrounded Colonel Maunsel and Dulcia, like a body-guard, uttering fearful threats against the Roundheads.

On the other hand, Nehemiah and his party had been materially reinforced, and maintained their ground resolutely. No sooner was the pistol fired by the state messenger, than, apprehensive of mischief, Thomas Geere hurried off to all such cottages as were tenanted by Puritans, and in a very short space of time collected together some dozen or fourteen hinds, armed much in the same manner as Ninian's companions. Chief amongst these upholders of the authority of the Rump Parliament was Morefruit Stone, a fanatic of such a morose-looking and ill-favoured aspect that if his daughter, Temperance, had borne any resemblance to him, it is not likely she would ever have caused Patty Whinchat a moment's jealous uneasiness.

A conflict seemed imminent; and if it took place, the passions of the men on both sides being fully roused, there could be no doubt that the consequences would be disastrous. It was this feeling that prevented the colonel from allowing his men to make an attack upon their opponents.

Taking up a position by the side of his father, Ninian began deliberately to bend his cross-bow with the gaffle, muttering to himself, as he did so,

"'Twere a pity to lose a chance like this. If I happen to hit yon psalm-singing rook, 'twill be a good riddance, and little harm done, fegs!"

Unconscious of his danger, the Independent divine seemed anxiously bent upon preventing a collision between the opposing parties. Addressing himself to the Puritanical cottagers, over whom, as their minister, he naturally exercised great control, and specially to Morefruit Stone, as an elder, he enjoined them not to strike a blow unless they themselves were stricken; and his pacific efforts were seconded by Thomas Sunne, who seemed to labour under great alarm. Having succeeded in keeping the members of his flock quiet, Micklegift next addressed himself to Nehemiah, who boldly confronted the colonel and his clamorous attendants. The state-messenger had not budged an inch, but having drawn a second pistol from his belt, held it in readiness.

"Put up thy weapon, Nehemiah," Micklegift said to him, "and cut not off any of these malignants in their sin. Leave them time for repentance and amendment. Perchance, they may yet be gathered into the fold."

"How sayst thou?" Nehemiah exclaimed. "Wouldst have me

allow the proclamation of the Parliament, whose officer I am, to be cast down and trampled under foot? Wouldst have me tamely stand by, and hear his Excellency the Lord-General Cromwell insulted by yon contumacious malignant? As spake Joshua the son of Nun,—‘O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?’—what shall I say unto the captain of our second Joshua when his mandates have been set at naught. Interpose not between me and these men of Ai.”

“I say unto thee again, put up thy weapon, Nehemiah,” the Independent minister rejoined; “for if thou take the life of this man, or the life of any of his followers, thou shalt not be justified. Make not of this peaceful dene a second Valley of Achor.”

Then seeing Colonel Maunsel draw his sword, as if about to lead his men to the attack, he stepped fearlessly towards him, and taking hold of his bridle, besought him to desist.

“Who art thou who wouldst stay me?” Colonel Maunsel cried, feigning not to recognise him.

“Thy friend, if thou wilt let me be so,” Micklegift rejoined, in a pacific tone, “who would fain save thee from the peril into which thou art about to rush. Have respect, I pray thee, for lawful and constituted authority. Join thy entreaties to mine, damsel,” he added to Dulcia, seeing that the colonel paid little heed to him, “and prevail upon this hot-headed gentleman not to bring certain destruction upon himself and others.”

There was a certain significance in Micklegift’s tone that, even in that moment, did not escape Dulcia, and she at once comprehended the jeopardy in which the infuriated old Cavalier’s rashness might place Clavering and her father. She therefore implored the colonel not to engage in actual strife with the Parliamentary officer and his supporters.

“I shall not come to blows with them till you are out of harm’s way, rest assured, girl,” the old Cavalier rejoined.

“Disperse your followers, Colonel Maunsel,” Micklegift continued, in a low tone, “and I will answer for it that the matter shall be amicably adjusted. Believe me, I counsel for the best.”

“Indeed he does,” Dulcia cried. “In this instance, at all events,” she added.

“What! dost thou, too, side with Puritans and rebels, girl?” the colonel cried. “Well, I own I have been over hasty,” he continued, returning his sword to the scabbard; “yet the knave gave me great provocation.” Then turning to his followers, he said, “I thank you, good fellows, for this display of your attachment, but I will not put it to further proof. Return to your occupations, all of you—except Eustace Saxby.”

Upon this, the throng around him moved off, though reluctantly, and with very dissatisfied looks; many of them turning round as they went to shake their fists at the Roundheads, or make other



gestures of defiance. Observing Ninian linger behind, the colonel motioned him to depart.

"Must I go too, your honour?" the young falconer asked.

"Of a certainty," the old Cavalier answered. "Yon pestilent varlet will be sure to take exception to thee."

"Here's wishing your honour and Mistress Duleia a pleasant morning's pastime, then," Ninian said, doffing his cap, "though it hath begun badly, fegs! Take the spaniels, father. I'll go round by the shaw," he whispered, "and join you by the nearest burgh on the downs. The rook hath 'scaped me now," he muttered, eyeing Micklegift askance, as he went away; "but though I have missed this chance, I may find another."

Meanwhile, at the exhortation of Micklegift, Morefruit Stone and the rest of the sanctimonious flock had likewise returned to their labour.

"Peace is restored," Micklegift said to the colonel. "Proceed on thy way."

"Hold!" Nehemiah exclaimed. "I will not shut mine ears to the voice of a Minister of the Word, and since thou desirest peace, peace there shall be. Yet ere I suffer this dangerous malignant to pass, I must know his errand. He is placed under restraint by the Council, and may not go beyond a limit of five miles."

"You hear what the man in authority saith," Micklegift cried, addressing the colonel. "Satisfy him, I pray you."

"My errand is apparent," the old Cavalier rejoined, chafing at the interruption. "I am not as yet a prisoner in my own house, and am about to enjoy the pastime of hawking upon yonder downs."

"So thou sayest," Nehemiah rejoined; "but I have been too often deluded by those of thy dissembling party to trust thee without some pledge of thy sincerity."

"Ha! dost dare to doubt me, fellow?" the colonel cried.

"Hinder him not," Micklegift interposed. "I will be his surety."

"Thou!" Nehemiah exclaimed, in astonishment, while the colonel himself looked equally surprised.

"Even I, one of the elect," the minister replied. "Let him pass freely. These worthy persons," he added, in a lower tone to the colonel, glancing at the same time at Dulcia, "tarry with me till to-morrow, and much vexation and trouble may be spared thee by discreet behaviour towards them."

To this speech the colonel vouchsafed no reply, but rode slowly past Nehemiah and the emissary from Goldsmiths' Hall, who stood beside him, followed by the elder Saxby with the hawks and spaniels.

As Dulcia went by, the Independent minister drew near her, and regarding her fixedly, said in a low tone, "I shall expect thy answer to-morrow, damsel."

## III.

## THE TARTARET AND THE HERON.

AFTER this somewhat inauspicious commencement of his ride, Colonel Maunsel, with Dulcia and Eustace Saxby, turned off on the right, and mounting a steep road cut in the chalk, which skirted the garden-wall, soon gained the charming down at the rear of the mansion.

The day was delightful. A pleasant breeze, fresh but not too strong, and redolent of the sea, came from the south-west. Fleecy clouds swept rapidly overhead, their shadows flitting across the downs in the direction which the party were about to take. So invigorating was the breeze—so beautiful the prospect—so calm and gentle the aspect of all nature—that the colonel, though worn-out by long watching, fatigue of body, and great mental anxiety—exasperated, moreover, by the insults he had recently endured—soon experienced the kindly influence of the scene, felt his chest dilate, and his spirits revive.

At no point, as we have elsewhere remarked, are the downs more beautiful than here. Our old Cavalier had a great love for the eminence on which he now found himself. In moments of impatience he talked of exiling himself from the rebellious land of his birth, but he would have been miserable if he had carried his threat into execution. His severe rheumatic attacks having confined him of late altogether to the house and garden, summer had gone by, and he had not once visited his favourite downs. It was, therefore, with redoubled delight that he found himself, after so long an absence, once more upon their breezy heights. He seemed as if he would never tire with gazing at the prospect around him. Familiar as it was, if he had looked upon it for the first time it could not have charmed him more.

Crossing the brow of the hill, the party reached the brim of a steep escarpment dipping into a beautifully hollowed combe; and here the colonel came to a momentary halt. The sides of this hollow, smooth as if scooped out by art, were covered with a carpet of the richest turf. Here and there, a little rounded prominence, or gentle depression, heightened their charm, as a mole or a dimple may lend piquancy to the cheek of beauty. A delightful air of solitude reigned over this fairy dell, which well deserves its present designation of the Happy Valley. On the right of the combe, near a circular excavation filled with water for sheep, grew a grove of trees of considerable size, with a thicket beyond them. The sides of the down, which hemmed in the valley on the opposite side, were by no means so steep as those of the escarpment, and had a warm brown tint, being clothed with gorse and heather. Through the midst of the combe wound a road leading from Rottingdean to

Lewes, and looking over the shoulder of the hill on the right, could be discerned the old church and clustered houses of the former place.

While contemplating this beautiful combe, the colonel fell into a reverie, which Dulcia did not care to disturb, and Eustace Saxby remained at a little distance behind them. The silence, therefore, was unbroken, until a blithe voice was heard singing :

“In my conceit, no pleasure like to hawking there can be :  
The tongue it lures, the legs they leap, the eye beholds the glee ;  
No idle thought can harbour well within the falconer’s brain,  
For though his sports right pleasant be, yet are they mixed with pain.  
He lures, he leaps, he calls, he cries, he joys, he waxeth sad,  
And frames his mood, according as his hawk doth ill or bad.”

“Ah! art there, Ninian?” the colonel exclaimed, as, recognising the voice of the singer, he looked back and perceived the young falconer descending the slope towards them. “I ought to chide thee for disobeying orders. But i’faith! I am not sorry thou hast come after us.”

Ninian, who had disencumbered himself of his cross-bow, and brought a hawking-pole with him instead, laughed cheerily, and went on with his song :

“At cockpit some their pleasures place to wager health away,  
Where falconers only force the fields to hear the spaniels bay.  
What greater glee can man desire, than by his cunning skill,  
So to reclaim a haggard hawk, as she the fowl shall kill ;  
To make and man her in such sort, as tossing out a train,  
Or but the lure, when she’s at large, to whoop her back again?”

“Well sung, i’faith, lad!” exclaimed the colonel, as Ninian drew near him. “There is good sense in thy ballad.”

“It is written by old Geordie Turberville,” Ninian replied. “There is more of it, if your honour and Mistress Dulcia have patience to listen.” And he struck up again :

“When hawks are hurt and bruis’d by rash encounter in the skies,  
What better skill than for their harms a powder to devise,  
To dry the blood within the bulk, and make the mummy so  
As no physician greater art on patients can bestow ?  
To cut her hoods, to shape her jess, her tyrets, and her line,  
With bells and bewets, varvels eke, to make the falcon fine,  
Believe me is no common skill, nor every day devise,  
But meet for civil, courtly men that are reputed wise.”

“A good song, and well trolled,” cried the colonel. “But let us set forward.”

Taking their way over several gentle undulations, covered with the softest sward, and still keeping on the uplands, the party, ere long, approached a large barn, in front of which was a stubble-field, and here, as a covey of partridges was pretty sure to be found, the spaniels were uncoupled, and set free by Ninian, while the colonel took the merlin from the elder Saxby, and began to unstrike her hood.

After ranging for a while within the new-shorn field, bounding from ridge to ridge, and leaving scarce an inch of ground untried, the dogs became suddenly motionless, and Eustace Saxby, who, with his son, had followed them cautiously, now gave a sign to his master, by raising his hand, that the partridges were found.

The colonel then advanced, and when within a short distance of the falconers, unhooded the merlin, and cast her from his fist, crying out, "Hey, gar! gar!" No sooner was the merlin upon the wing, than, urged by Eustace, the spaniels rushed in and sprung the partridges. After them darted the hawk, while the terrified birds, instantly perceiving their danger, strove to escape by rapid flight—vainly strove, as it turned out, for with marvellous quickness two of their number were stricken to the ground by the merlin, and almost as quickly retrieved by the spaniels, who, guided and incited by the cries of the falconers, followed the flight of the hawk.

At this moment, and while the partridges, scattered in their terror, were still upon the wing, the Barbary falcon, which had been committed to Dulcia, was unhooded by her and cast off, and with inconceivable swiftness joined her companion in the chase. All was now animation and excitement, the falconers shouting and encouraging dogs and hawks, and loudly applauding every successful stroke of the latter, the colonel riding after them shouting likewise, and closely attended by Dulcia.

Being very fleet of wing and keen of beak, the tartaret did terrible execution. Such of the scared and bewildered partridges as escaped from the merlin fell beneath his gripping talons, and almost in as brief space as we have taken to recount the occurrence, was the whole covey struck to the ground, and retrieved by the spaniels. The hawks were then lured back by the falconers, and bountifully rewarded for their pains by gorges of the prey—the elder Saxby making for them what is called the Italian *soppa*. The partridges having been counted, and tied together by Ninian, were given by him to a shepherd lad, who had joined them, to convey to the Grange.

So excited had Colonel Maunsel been by the pastime, that for the moment he quite forgot his troubles, and it was with improved spirits that he once more set forward on his way; shaping his course in a north-easterly direction over the downs, chatting pleasantly with Dulcia as he went, and now and then addressing a word to the falconers, who kept close beside him. He resisted, however, all their attempts to induce him to flet the hawks again; declining to enter a holt, wherein Ninian told him there was a nye of pheasants; and paying no attention to Eustace, when the latter pointed out a reedy pond in a hollow, where he would be sure to find wild-fowl—a spring of teals, or a covert of coots. Neither would he permit a cast of the merlin at what the young falconer styled a "congregation" of starlings.

Proceeding in this way at an easy pace—now descending into a broad valley—now mounting another heather-clad down—anon passing over an elevated platform covered with fine green turf, on which he encountered a large square encampment, the colonel reached the summit of Kingston Hill, where a magnificent view burst upon him. Almost at his feet, as it seemed—though, in reality, three or four miles off—lay the ancient and picturesque town of Lewes.

A very striking object is Lewes, as viewed from this lofty eminence; but, striking as it is, it constitutes only a small portion of the vast and extraordinary picture presented to the looker-on—a picture so vast, indeed, that it cannot be taken in at a glance, but must be regarded from the right, and from the left. Surrounded by an amphitheatre of lofty hills, and planted upon a protruded down, rising amid the Levels, the old town occupies a singularly commanding position. In the midst of it, reared upon a high mound, so as to dominate the surrounding structures, stands its proud Norman castle, with its grey gateway, ivied towers, and keep. Many churches and venerable edifices are there in the quaint old town—many large gardens and fine trees—and most noticeable of all, the picturesque ruins of its reverend priory.

Beneath Kingston Hill lie the broad Lewes Levels, a large alluvial plain, through which the narrow and meandering Ouse flows towards the sea, to find an embouchure at Newhaven. At the southern extremity of the valley is Newhaven itself, with the bold promontory called the Castle Hill overlooking its harbour. Opposite, on the eastern side of the wide plain, is the majestic Mount Caburn, the southern point of the Cliffe range of hills, Firl Beacon, and Malling Hill, with its sheer white cliff, at the back of Lewes. Towards the north-east the eye ranges over a vast woody tract, comprising a great portion of the Weald of Sussex, but known in the days of Roman subjugation as the *Anderida Sylva*, in the days of the Saxons as the *Andredswald*, and during the Heptarchy as the *Royal Chase*. Inward, the view extends as far as Crowborough and the Reigate Hills—a range of nigh forty miles. To the west of Lewes, and commanding the Weald, is the monarch of the South Downs, Mount Harry, so designated after the famous battle fought upon its sides wherein Harry the Third was worsted by Simon de Montfort and the Barons.

While the colonel gazed delightedly upon this immense panorama, Ninian, whose quick eye was sweeping the horizon in search of some bird upon which to exercise the prowess of the Barbary falcon, perceived a heron, probably from the heronry in Angmering Park, sailing slowly towards them, in the direction of the marshy flats near Newhaven, and he instantly called his master's attention to the stately bird. The old Cavalier hesitated for a moment, thinking the tartaret too small to make a flight at a heron,

but being assured on this score by Eustace, he assented. When the heron, who came slowly on, with wide wings expanded, and long neck and bill stretched out, had drawn sufficiently near, as the colonel judged, he took off the tartaret's hood, and dismissed her, shouting out, as before, "Hey gar! gar!" while the falconers also encouraged her by their cries.

Startled by these noises, and at the same moment perceiving her enemy, the heron instantly quickened her flight. Swift as an arrow from a bow, the brave little tartaret climbed towards her quarry. It was a fine sight to watch her mount, and strive to overtop the heron, who now, fully comprehending her danger, soared upwards likewise, till well-nigh lost to view.

Both birds now looked like specks as their movements were watched by the group below. Ninian, who had the quickest and best eye of the party, and who had never lost sight of the birds, told them at last, with great exultation, that the tartaret had made her mountée, and got above the heron. On hearing this, the colonel uttered an exclamation of delight, as did the elder Saxby. Hoping to avoid the hawk's fatal stoop, the heron now descended as rapidly as she had previously soared aloft—the tartaret coming after her with equal quickness.

The crisis of the struggle was now at hand, as the watchers well knew, and they looked on with increased anxiety. All at once the heron turned over on her back, with her long, sharp beak pointed upwards, like a lance, to impale her foe.

At this moment the tartaret made her stoop, and dropped like a stone upon her quarry, seizing her and binding her. Both birds then fell together, and reached the ground at the foot of the precipitous descent, down which Ninian ran with great swiftness, hoping to be in time to rescue the hawk. But ere he got up all was over with the brave little tartaret. The heron's bill had transfixed her when she made her stoop, and the gallant bird was dead ere touching the ground.

The hawk and her quarry were lying together. The heron was still alive, but grievously wounded, and Ninian at once despatched her.

#### IV.

##### CAPTAIN STELFAX.

"ALACK! alack! my pretty tartaret, thou art beyond the aid of mummy-powder," Ninian exclaimed, as having liberated the yet warm body of the falcon from the cruel bill of its adversary, he was smoothing the blood-stained mails on its breast. "A lusty, royster-ing hawk thou wert, and sore grieved am I to lose thee!"

He might have gone on bemoaning his favourite for some while longer, had not the trampling of horses suddenly roused him. Look-

ing in the direction whence the sound proceeded, he perceived a small body of troopers advancing towards him at a rapid trot along the road leading from the adjacent village of Kingston to Iford and Rodmill. He knew that these men must belong to the Parliamentary army, for since the rout at Worcester not a dozen Royalist soldiers, horse or foot, could have been got together. The little band numbered twenty men, and with them was an officer. Having heard from his father that a detachment of Cromwell's Ironsides had just arrived at Lewes, Ninian rightly divined that these men must belong to that invincible troop. Their leader, in fact, was no other than the dreaded Captain Stelfax.

Not liking to hurry off, the young falconer judged it best to remain where he was until the troop should pass by. They were now within bow-shot of him, and he could discern that they were all powerful-looking men, well-mounted, well-accoutred, and apparently well-deserving the hardy name they had acquired. Their doublets and saddle-cloths were of scarlet, the original bright hue of which had suffered from exposure to weather, and service in the field; but their steel breastplates, tassets, and head-picces, were highly polished, and gleamed brightly in the sunshine. Each trooper had bandoleers over his shoulder, with powder-flask and bullet-bag attached to the broad leathern belt; and bore a long sword at his side, and a carabine slung from his shoulder.

There was no marked distinction between the leader of the troop and those under his command, except that the helmet and corslet of the latter were filigrained, and in lieu of bandoleers he had a crimson sash fringed with gold across his shoulder. At his side he carried a long Toledo sword. Captain Stelfax was a man of middle size, heavily built, square set, and very muscular, and endowed with such prodigious strength of arm, that, like a knight of old, he could cleave a foeman to the chine. Captain Stelfax was not thought to be so rigorous an ascetic as the elders of his troop might have desired, but being a thoroughly brave soldier, and of tried fidelity to the cause, his failings were regarded with a lenient eye. Though ferocious in the field, and merciless, it was said, in his treatment of those who came within his grasp, his expression, on the whole, was good humoured, and his features handsome, though rather coarse. His hair was cropped short, but he wore a bushy red beard, the glowing hue of which put to shame the tarnished splendour of his scarlet doublet. A weighty man, like this captain of Ironsides, required a strong horse to carry him, and he rode a great sorrel charger, who seemed quite equal to his burden.

Captain Stelfax, it presently appeared, had descried the party on Kingston Hill, and, curious to know who they were, on coming near Ninian, halted his men, and shouted to the young falconer to come to him. Ninian did not dare to disobey, and though he

would much rather have taken to his heels, he affected great alacrity in complying with the summons. Captain Stelfax put a few interrogatories to him in a brief authoritative tone, and appeared satisfied with the replies he received; but as soon as he ascertained that it was Colonel Maunsel who was on the heights, he turned to one of the troopers nearest him, whom he addressed as Sergeant Hadadezer Delves, and, pointing out the party stationed on the hill, bade him bring them down to him.

Sergeant Delves executed his commission with great promptitude. Notwithstanding the precipitous nature of the ascent, he very soon gained the summit of the hill, and presenting himself before Colonel Maunsel, delivered his leader's message to him. Knowing that refusal was impossible, the old Cavalier expressed his readiness to accompany the sergeant—the more so, he said, as he was actually intending to proceed in that direction—and only stipulated that he and the young lady might be allowed to descend at a point where the declivity was less abrupt. To this the sergeant made no objection, and a bridle-road being indicated by Eustace Saxby, the whole party soon afterwards reached the valley without misadventure.

Captain Stelfax made no advance to meet the colonel, but remained lolling back listlessly in his saddle, with his left hand on the hinder bow, while the greater part of his men having lighted their pipes, puffed away at them vigorously. On approaching the Roundhead troop, Colonel Maunsel haughtily demanded of the officer wherefore he had been sent for?

Without changing his position, or making him any reply, the captain of the Ironsides regarded him insolently for a moment, and then casting his eye upon Dulcia, appeared much struck with her charms. He did not care to conceal his admiration, but gazed at her with much boldness.

"Is this comely damsel your daughter, Colonel Maunsel?" he inquired.

Offended by the question, as well as by the other's deportment, the old Cavalier felt disinclined to answer. Putting a constraint upon himself, however, he rejoined coldly, "She is the daughter of the Rector of Ovingdean, who has been deprived of his benefice, and who resides with me."

"Ardingly Beard, is he not named?" the other rejoined. "I have him upon my list of suspected. And his daughter is called Dulcia. I like not the name. It is heathenish, and besemeth not one so richly endowed with good gifts. Nay, avert not your face from me, damsel. A rough soldier's talk need not offend you. Perchance you have heard of Hezron Stelfax, captain of the Lord General's chosen troop of Ironsides? I am he."

"Ask me not, then, what I have heard of you, sir," Dulcia re-



plied, sharply, "or I may be forced to utter that which will not sound pleasing in your ear."

"You can say naught that will be displeasing to me, I am well assured," he rejoined. "But what have you heard of me? Speak out, and fear not."

"I have heard that your whole troop are cruel and bloodthirsty," she replied; "and that you are the cruelest among them."

"Ho! ho!" Stelfax laughed. "Cavaliers' tales, believe me. I am cruel only to my foes—bloodthirsty only in the field. And so is every soldier, malignant as well as Parliamentarian. But since you reside with Colonel Maunsel, damsel, you must have known his son, Clavering?"

Dulcia made no reply, but her cheek burnt hotly.

"What of him?" demanded the colonel, who had with difficulty controlled his anger during this discourse.

"Have you not heard?" the other said, looking at him steadfastly.

"Heard what?" the colonel cried.

"Your son fought at Worcester," Stelfax rejoined; "on that great day when the Lord of Hosts so wonderfully manifested his power, covering our heads in the conflict, and enabling us utterly to overthrow our enemies. Praise and glory to His holy name for the great success given us. 'Thou didst march through the land in indignation. Thou didst thrash the heathen in anger. Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people; thou woundedst the head out of the house of the wicked.'"

"It is not your intention, I presume, Captain Stelfax, to hold forth to me like a preacher at a conventicle," the old Cavalier observed, contemptuously. "What have you to tell me concerning my son?"

"I do not desire to give you needless pain, colonel," Stelfax rejoined. "But it is plain you have not received intelligence of your son's fate. Learn, then, that he was amongst the slain at Worcester."

"My son amongst the slain!" the colonel exclaimed.

"His body was found, recognised, and buried on the field of battle," Stelfax returned. "But you need not repine. Many an adherent of the man Charles Stuart suffered greater loss on that day—glorious to us, if disastrous to your cause. Neither need you grieve, fair damsel, for this poor youth," he added to Dulcia. "A better man may be found to supply his place."

"Were he lost, his place could never be supplied to me!" Dulcia murmured.

"Colonel Maunsel," Stelfax now said to the old Cavalier, "I sent for you to give you a warning. You are known to be ill-affected towards the Commonwealth——"

"I am known for my loyalty to my king, whom Heaven preserve!" the colonel cried.

"Take heed you give not Charles Stuart shelter. Take heed you aid him not so that he escape beyond sea," Stelfax said, sternly, "or you will find little mercy from your judges."

"I expect none," the colonel rejoined—"neither mercy nor justice. Have you done, sir?"

"For the present—yes," Stelfax rejoined. "Yet hold! It is part of my duty, Colonel Maunsel, to make a strict inquisition of your house—Ovingdean Grange, I think 'tis called—to ascertain whether any fugitive malignant be concealed within it. Should you find me there on your return, you need not feel surprised. And now, my men, forward!—Farewell, sweet Dulcia! We shall soon meet again." So saying, he departed with his troop towards Iford.

Colonel Maunsel rode on in silence and great anxiety towards Kingston, until the Parliamentary leader and his men had disappeared from view. He then said to the younger Saxby, "Thou art swift of foot, Ninian. Dost think that thou canst reach the Grange before yon redcoats?"

"Ay, marry can I," the young falconer rejoined.

"Off with thee, then," the colonel cried. "On the instant of thine arrival, seek out John Habergeon—thou wilt find him in my chamber—and acquaint him with the intended visit of this rebel captain. Say to him—and say to the whole house—that my son is reputed to have been slain at Worcester—dost understand?"

"Perfectly, your honour," Ninian replied. And mounting Kingston Hill with the lightness and swiftness of a deer, he ran across the summit, and then dashed down on the further side of the eminence.

Meanwhile, Colonel Maunsel and Dulcia, attended by Eustace Saxby, rode on towards Lewes.

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## ROSE'S DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE.\*

THE Right Honourable George Rose occupies a distinguished place amongst the statesmen and political writers of the conclusion of the last century and the commencement of the present. Like many another spirited boy, he served for a few preliminary years as a midshipman. He even saw service, and was severely wounded. Quitting the navy in his nineteenth year, he was, within four years of that time, appointed joint Keeper of the Records, with a salary of 500*l.* a year, with the view to the printing of the Journals and the Rolls of Parliament. This was a great step for a youth whose career opened so differently, nor are we precisely informed how it was brought about.

About the year 1777, Mr. Rose was appointed secretary of the Tax-office, and this new appointment brought him into connexion with Lord Shelburne, and when the latter became First Lord of the Treasury, he nominated Mr. Rose to the secretaryship of the Treasury, and it was thus that this active, laborious, and gifted man became launched in party politics.

The greater portion and the most useful part of Mr. Rose's life as a servant of the Crown and of the public, was, however, spent in connexion with Mr. Pitt. His first appointment to the Treasury did not last above a year, but having the very same year (1783) met Mr. Pitt in Paris, whom he had previously known when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Shelburne's administration, the two became more intimately acquainted, and when Mr. Pitt became prime minister in 1784, Mr. Rose was again appointed secretary to the Treasury, which office he held during the whole of Mr. Pitt's administration. When Mr. Pitt came again into office, he was appointed joint Paymaster-General of the Forces and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and which offices he retained till January, 1806, when Mr. Pitt died.

Although Mr. Rose still continued in his career of labour and activity after that period, and acted as Treasurer to the Navy and Vice-President of the Board of Trade under the Duke of Portland, a place which he held till his death in 1818, still the great era of Mr. Rose's usefulness as a public man may be said to have expired with his distinguished patron. Mr. Rose took a part in the ministerial complications that arose between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning; he was also full of activity during the brief administration of Mr. Perceval, and he lived to witness the gradual failure of the mental powers of the king and the establishment of a profligate and extravagant regency, but he never had the influence after Pitt's death that he enjoyed during that great man's lifetime.

Amid the large number of letters contained in these volumes, there are many which clear up some old political difficulties, adding much that is new to the details of Pitt's conduct with regard to Catholic emancipa-

\* The Diaries and Correspondence of the Right Hon. George Rose: containing original Letters of the most distinguished Statesmen of the day. Edited by the Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt. Two Vols. Richard Bentley.

tion, the peace, and other matters. The opinion of the Russians, as expressed through Count Woronzow, of the Addington administration, was of the most humiliating character :

He told me that he received a letter on Monday, the 15th, from the Emperor of Russia, written in his own hand, in which his majesty expressed the deepest regret at hearing Mr. Pitt was not likely to enter upon the charge of the administration again, as he could have no confidence whatever in the men who now govern this country, marked as they are throughout Europe for their utter imbecility; which, the count said, occasioned no surprise in him, as he knew from all the foreign ministers here, and from his correspondence with different parts of Europe, that they are held in universal contempt. The count added that he had so much experience of their weakness, and in some instances of their falsehood, that he should conceive it a point of duty to do all in his power to disabuse the king respecting their true characters; with a view to which it was his intention to communicate the original letter above alluded to, through Baron Leuth, the Hanoverian minister, to his majesty, as soon as the baron should return from Germany, having made frequent confidential communications to the king through that channel.

There is an amusing account of an intended formal (not real) reconciliation that was to have taken place between the king and the Prince of Wales; and this is followed up by an additional statement, to the effect that—

I heard, while at Weymouth, with great concern, from an authority I respect quite as much as if I had been myself present at the conversation, that the Princess of Wales said to Mrs. George Villiers, "I cannot say I positively hate the Prince of Wales, but I certainly have a positive horror of him." They lived in different houses, dined at different hours, and were never alone together. The princess said, "Nothing shall shake the determination I have taken to live in no other way than the state of separation we are now in." Little was known on the subject at the place, and not a syllable said to me about it, except in one house. The circumstances cannot, however, be kept under, I think, much longer, as there are occasional manifestations of them that must meet the eyes and ears of observers.

The deaths of Pitt and Fox were the two greatest events in Rose's life; and they are also treated of at the greatest length and with greater eloquence than any other topic.

There are also some detailed recollections respecting Sellis's attempt on the Duke of Cumberland's life (May 31st, 1810), by a member of the Rose family—for the better understanding of which a plan of the apartments is added—and which we regret we cannot enter upon, as many absurd rumours were current at the time in connexion with the incident, and, indeed, still float on the surface of the popular mind.

Exclusively employed in public offices of great importance, Mr. Rose was, throughout a long and eventful career, brought into contact with the most distinguished men of his age; and their letters, as introduced in this correspondence, constitute a truly valuable contribution to the history of that period. Mr. Rose also knew much that was hidden from the outer world, and hence are his diaries not less important to the future historian than his correspondence. The two together give a curious idea of an eventful period, in main part portrayed in the very words of the actors themselves.

“UN PERE PRODIGUE.”

“WHAT next?—and next?” the astounded reader of the younger Dumas’s comedies may fairly exclaim, on noticing the extraordinary motives he selects for evolvment. In fact, it seems as if he were working up family matters to the benefit of his pocket; in “Le Fils Naturel” most persons saw an allusion to the writer’s position; while there cannot be a question that his new play, “Un Père Prodigue,” was suggested by the career of his own father, Alexander the Great.

It is a curious psychological fact that Frenchmen, who arrogate to themselves the possession of sensibility beyond all other nations, should, at the same time, excel all others by the cool way in which they analyse their emotions, and convert them into copy. Dumas père unblushingly tells us in his Memoirs that the “Dame aux Camélias” was a young lady of his and his son’s acquaintance, while the story of the “Dame aux Perles” was mainly founded on fact.

But this fault is not peculiar to the two Dumases. All the successful authors of France have more or less sinned in the same way, and it is really high time that a stop should be put to such revelations.

By his new comedy Dumas fils has aroused a very dangerous antagonist in Granier de Cassagnac, who, in an article that recently appeared in the *Pays*, has successfully proved that the author’s reputation is based on exaggeration. So long as he confined himself to the demi-monde and the Bourse, this did not so much matter, but he has had the audacity to accuse the aristocracy of open vice. M. de Cassagnac urges, most justly, that the very nature of society has changed of late years in favour of morality. He then refers to the comedy we have now under consideration, and declares that it is a great mistake in Dumas fils, and writers of his class, to bring such pieces before the public in the present day. His remarks demand careful perusal:

Good Heaven! who could find any pleasure in seeing a father of a family, calling himself a count, and moving in the highest circles, who, though above fifty years of age, parades, as does also his son, a young man of twenty-five, dashing Aspasia well known to all the town, not only at the sea-side, but in his own carriage, in his own house even, where they give orders as if at home? What! you would make people believe that there are now among the French nobility—among those proud families whose dignity all parties for forty years past have been constrained to acknowledge and respect—examples of those prodigal, or rather infamous fathers, who throw disgrace by such creatures on the family pictures which La Tour and Rigaud painted, and in which their grandmothers are represented in the attire and attitude of a presentation at court?

M. de Cassagnac then urges that society in France is ameliorating, and that authors will, ere long, have to take another track, or remain without readers. He bids them appeal to noble and elevated sentiments, which are respected by all, even by those who do not possess them, and they will be certainly listened to and applauded. Still it does not seem as if this regeneration were a *fait accompli* in Paris, for the Gymnase is nightly thronged to see the piece M. de Cassagnac objurgates. As an

example, then, of the comedies which delight a French audience, and as enabling us to appreciate their character, suppose we give an analysis of this celebrated play.

At the opening, we find the *Vicomte André de la Rivonnière* suffering from the pains of an ill-regulated household. He is on the point of joining his father, the *Count*, at Dieppe, but is detained by a succession of visitors. The first is a *Madame Godefroy*, to whom the *Count* made love in his younger days, and who, though strictly virtuous, has no objection to marry him now that she is a widow. To this his son gladly accedes, for his father is a terrible old rake, though fifty, as we have seen, and he would like to see him settled down. Next enters an old battered roué, one *De Tournas*, who lives by borrowing money of his friends, and on the reputation of the fortune he had devoured in his youth. To them is added *Albertine*, a gay lady, who has held *André* in her silken nets ere now, and pays him a visit. But *André* is summoned away to meet a bill his prodigal father had drawn on him, and the lady is left with *De Tournas*, to whom she expounds her philosophy in the following manner:

*Albertine.* Talking of Lorédan, I am, perhaps, the only person who offered him a helping hand upon his discomfiture. I took him fifteen thousand francs. He was a very honest fellow, and refused them. I expected that he would, but still I did my duty.

*De Tournas.* Fifteen thousand francs. Exactly one year's interest of his fortune. Well! and then?

*Albertine.* When he had not a halfpenny left, after paying his debts, instead of marrying, which he might easily have done, because he is a handsome fellow and of good family, he found a situation of six thousand francs a year on a foreign railway. He is very well, and quite happy.

*De Tournas.* And he possesses your esteem?

*Albertine.* Yes, he does, and, mind, everybody is not so fortunate. The men who ruin themselves for us are fools, that I grant; but there are some honest men among them, who remain so afterwards, and that is not easy. After that, it is quite unnecessary for us to exchange disagreeable remarks, eh? Wolves don't devour one another, and I know you.

By her philosophy the lady has contrived to save thirty thousand francs a year, and intends to retire as soon as she has increased it to forty thousand. She then proposes to sell all her jewels and cashmeres, and live charily, her only occupation being to love, which she has not hitherto found the time to do. During the conversation the couple are joined by the *Count*, whose inflammable old heart is touched by the charms of the lady, and a very *leste* interchange of sallies goes on, which proves that M. Dumas has graduated with honours in the Rue Bréda. When the lady has departed, *André* reappears on the scene, and reads his father a high moral lesson on his extravagance. At length, *André* offers his father forty thousand francs a year if he will make over to him his estates, but does not tell him that he is entirely ruined, and that the money comes out of his own pocket, being exactly one-half his fortune. These matters satisfactorily settled, the prodigal papa imparts the great secret which has brought him to Paris: he is madly in love with *Hélène de Brignan*, a young lady he has met at Dieppe, to whom *André* is secretly attached. He, however, subdues his own feelings, and agrees to go courting for his father.

In the second act we find ourselves at Dieppe, where *M. de Lorédan* and the *Comte de Naton* converse generally about matters connected with the fair sex. The former gentleman is a misanthropist *pour cause*, and expresses his feelings in the following outburst :

What I blame Albertine for is her saving propensities : you have to do with an economical woman, the most dangerous of the breed. However, this amphibious race, half *Aspasia*, half *Harpagon*, is a recent product of our progressive folly in love affairs. Formerly, these demoiselles were born in a garret, and died, no matter where. That served them as an excuse beforehand, and as a pardon afterwards. Gaiety, carelessness, and prodigality accompanied them along the road, sometimes even love : they were ever reckless, often good-hearted, sometimes devoted. If a man ruined himself it was with them, and not for them. Now-a-days you ruin yourself sorrowfully, without a smile, as if compelled to do so. These ladies are no longer living beings, but machines moved by mysterious and invisible wheels, like a steam-mill. When they have seized a little finger, unless you have the presence of mind and courage to sacrifice it at once, you pass under the millstones, and even the smallest grain has to offer its contingent of flour to this incessantly revolving mill. These ladies keep a book of receipts and expenses like a grocer, and if a young and simple lover ransacks their drawers to find a rival's letters, he comes across a quire of paper ruled in double columns, on one side of which he reads, “Received of M. X., a thousand francs ;” on the other, “Pot-herbs, a penny.”

The gentlemen are soon joined by the *Count*, who keeps the ball moving, and holds a fiery dissertation on the absence of old women from the world. He says that young men are entirely to blame for this, as they only ask of women that they should be pretty. Formerly, ladies accepted old age as a necessity, and exchanged love for friendship, beauty for esprit, youth for grace, and gallantry for good humour. Their salons were thronged by young men who desired to form themselves, and they kept up a certain control over fashionable society. Now-a-days, women, both old and young, seek factitious charms in rouge and false locks, and you are disgusted at seeing grandmothers aping the younger generation, and contending with them for their lovers. Still, this *laudator temporis acti* is not true to his theory, for he has selected a young girl for his future wife. Desirous, however, of hearing her real sentiments when his son is pressing the father's suit, the *Count* hits on the old expedient of overhearing the conversation from an adjoining room. It is thus that *Hélène* expresses her views about marriage to her aunt, when *André* has retired from the attack :

Listen, my dear aunt : I reflect sometimes—often, even ; and, since we are on this point, I will tell you the result of my reflections, especially as I find them to-day to be more rational than I fancied. After passing their sixteenth year—and you know it as well as I do, for you have not long passed that age—all girls, rich or poor, voluntarily or unconsciously, are engaged with one subject—marriage. That is the great curiosity, the grand mystery. What will this husband be like ? Where is he ? We begin at first by imagining him tall, handsome, romantic, with his eyes raised to heaven ; he overturns mountains in order to reach us. Then we enter the world, and, alas ! we have scarce compared the husband dreamed of with the possible husband, than our poor ideal falls to pieces. Some then go to the contrary extreme, and, believing that they cannot obtain from destiny what they ambitioned, only ask of marriage the noise, pleasure, and excitement of the world ; others sincerely consult their nature, their tastes, and say to themselves that there are eternal conditions of happiness, like the light of the sun ; it is youth, faith, the intelligence of good ;

it is the love of children for their parents, of the wife for her husband, of the mother for her babes. With this conviction the young girl should find, if not the poetic chevalier she has dreamed, at least a young, loyal, and good man, who, feeling in her as in himself the sentiment of good, will say to her: "I esteem you, I love you, as my wife. Let us join; not to couple our esutchcons and our fortunes, but to love sincerely, to endure together the joys and griefs of this world; to be a force and an example." Well, my dear aunt, the day I have found this man—all the better if he belong to my caste, but no matter if he does not—I will marry him; for the important thing, look you, is not to be noble, is not to be rich—it is to be happy.

This simple confession of faith overpowers the old *Count*, and he recognises that his son possesses all the qualities *Hélène* demands. He therefore joins their hands, and all begin weeping, after the French fashion, the *Aunt* confessing that she had forgotten how to cry; but the *Count* reminds her that tears are always where there are children.

In the third act we find *Hélène* and *André* married, and the *Count* living with them. The old gentleman is very proud of his new daughter, and has taken her about to balls and parties during his son's absence on business. The latter is about to speak his mind to the *Count*, when he is summoned away by a visitor. This is a married lady whom *André* had known previously to marriage, and who insisted on seeing him again for the last time. He is in a most awkward dilemma for fear *Hélène* should find it out, but the *Count* takes the affair on himself in a most paternal manner, and gets rid of the lady by engaging her to express her feelings by writing to *André*, under cover to himself. At this moment *De Tournas* comes to trouble the *Count's* felicity by telling him the *cancans* afloat in society, and informs him that it is currently reported that *André* is jealous of his attentions to *Hélène*. The *Count* cannot believe it; but *De Tournas* tells him to try his son's feelings by saying he is about to travel for a year, and see how he takes the news. In his embarrassment the *Count* seeks advice of *Madame Godefroy*, who happens to come in. Read the following passage, put in the mouth of an *honnête femme*, and then form an opinion of modern Parisian society from M. Dumas's point of view:

Oh, my opinion is that people who know you cannot make any mistake; but those—and they are the majority—who have only heard of your luxury, prodigality, and amours, are ready to accept the most ridiculous reports about you. Now, opinion is made by the majority, and there is no middle term. According to it, when a man has assumed certain habits he is capable of anything. Certainly, it is original and amusing to make a son a friend, a comrade, a witness of all your actions; but on one condition, that all your actions must be examples to him, if not, they will become his excuses on the day that he thinks proper to behave badly. Are you quite sure that all your doings could, and ought, to be known by your son? If you are, you deceive yourself, my friend. Follow opinion since your youth, listen to its flatteries, its hesitations, its decision. Do you know that young Count Fernand de la Rivonnière, who has just arrived at Paris with his wife? He is charming. He has a lovely boy; they are happy, and they deserve it. Madame de la Rivonnière is dead. What, that adorable lady? What a misfortune! The husband is inconsolable, poor young man! All the women sympathise with him. At the end of two years he reappears in the world. Ah! he is consoling himself; still, he cannot weep all his life. What parties he gives!—what splendid horses!—what a well-appointed house! He must be rich, then? Oh, a fourfold millionaire. Oh, oh, that is a large sum; he is devouring his capital a little. He is said to be the lover of the Baroness



de —, of the Countess de —, of the Duchess de —. His son is fifteen years of age. Have you seen him? His father takes him everywhere; he is wrong—he is right. He must take care; the young man has a mistress. Ah, ah! a ballet girl. What does his father say? Oh, he finds it quite natural. How could a father, who has enjoyed life, prevent his son doing so? A good dog shows his breed. You know that the La Rivonnières are ruined, or nearly so? That was to be expected; but the father is going to marry Mlle. de Brignac. Is it possible? It is certain. Have you heard the news? It is the son who has married Mlle. de Brignac, and the father arranged matters. And the father? Oh, he lives with the young people, and is quite steady. Nonsense! there is something behind the cards. He steady! it is impossible. He is in love, you may be sure. With whom? With Mlle. de Brignac. But she is his son's wife. No matter. Oh! you do not know him; he is a libertine, a debauchee. Well, perhaps it is so; he takes his daughter-in-law to balls and theatres while his son is absent. He allows no one to approach her—he is jealous—he is loading her with presents—ruining himself for her: it is scandalous! Well, then, he is his daughter-in-law's lover?—perhaps was so before, who knows, eh?

The poor *Count* tries the test, and his suspicions are confirmed by the coolness with which *André* receives the news of his approaching departure.

With the fourth act we find that, instead of the *Count* leaving Paris, *André* and *Hélène* have proceeded to Italy. The old *Count* is leading a deplorable life. *Albertine* is openly living with him in the paternal mansion. The first scene is an admirable satire on the “traviati.” *De Naton* has returned to *Albertine's* side, and she treats him with the most consummate indifference, of which he naturally complains. Here is a specimen of the scene:

*De Naton.* So you never loved me?

*Albertine.* Never, my friend.

*De Naton.* And yet you said so.

*Albertine.* That I loved you, oh yes. Women say such things, but they mean nothing. A woman only loves a man whom she recognises as superior to others and to herself, either in mind, heart, or character; but men like you, my dear *De Naton*—you need not deceive yourself—can be found everywhere. One is the photograph of the other, and Nature takes as many copies as she likes, without any fatigue.

*De Naton.* But I loved you.

*Albertine.* No; you came to see me, like other men came. A man belonging to a certain class must have it in his power to say, at a certain hour, while passing his hand through his hair: “I am going to Titine or Loulou!” You can no longer visit Titine, so go to Loulou; it will be precisely the same thing. When you have carried this game on for ten years, you will be ruined; but you will have a nickname in your turn, and you will be called “Bibi.” Come, that is the best thing you can do; and if you profit by the lesson, you have no cause of complaint. Fifty thousand francs! It was not dear.

So soon as *De Naton* has departed, enters *De Tournas*, who has become the *âme damnée* of *Albertine*. She employs him as her spy on the *Count*, whom she entertains a design of marrying; but she is greatly vexed to hear of *André's* return to France, for she fears his power over his father. Hence she persuades the *Count* to leave Paris with her, and he has agreed to do so, when *André* makes his appearance. He commits the folly of threatening to withdraw the allowance he makes his father, and they part after a stormy scene, in which the *Count* behaves with much dignity. Just at this time arrives *M. de Prailles*, husband of

the mysterious lady who had visited *André* after his marriage. He has found a letter addressed to the *Count* among her papers, and determines to deliver it himself, so as to obtain satisfaction. The *Count* takes the intrigue on himself, for fear of any harm befalling his son, and they agree to meet the next morning.

The fifth act plays at an hotel at Fontainebleau, where *André* and *Hélène* are residing. The *Count* joins them here, and tells his son that he has left *Albertine* for ever, and is about to quit the country. He is a ruined man, and throws himself on his son's generosity. At the same time they come to a perfect explanation on the subject of *André's* supposed jealousy of his father, and all promises a return of happiness, were it not for the impending duel, of which the *Count* does not breathe a word to his son. After a while *Albertine* arrives to make her conditions, now that the *Count* has left her entirely, and the scene between her and *André* is so characteristic that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

*Albertine* (raising her veil). It is I.

*André*. You here!

*Albertine*. Is it not an hotel—neutral ground, consequently? And besides, it is not the first time you have received me. However, to pacify your conscience, we have business which does not concern you personally. It is not Mademoiselle *Albertine*, shortly, whom you now receive, but Madame de la Borde, propriétaire and holder of a bill of exchange.

*André*. Bill of exchange?

*Albertine*. Yes; here it is, for forty thousand francs, accepted by the Count de la Rivonnière.

*André*. Ah! he told me of it. Then we owe you forty thousand francs? Plus the commission?

*Albertine*. Of course.

*André*. Suppose we say fifty thousand?

*Albertine*. That will do admirably. Then there is a certain necklace.

*André*. Here it is. I was requested to hand it you.

*Albertine*. I do not care for it: it is a toy for a lady of the world. I am not rich enough to wear on my neck a sum representing a thousand francs a year.

*André*. Then you value it at twenty thousand francs?

*Albertine*. Yes.

*André*. Then that makes seventy thousand francs. Is that all?

*Albertine*. Yes! I have only to hand you the keys of the cellars and linen-closets. You will see in what condition the house is.

*André*. Did my father write to you?

*Albertine*. Yes, sometimes.

*André*. Where are the letters?

*Albertine*. Here. I was going to give them to you.

*André* (tearing them up). Twenty thousand francs for the keys and the letters! Is that enough?

*Albertine*. More than sufficient.

*André*. One cannot pay too much for the happiness of regaining a father.

*Albertine*. Here is your little bit of paper.

*André*. And here an order on my solicitor.

*Albertine*, having thus made a capital thing of it, retires to marry *De Tournas*, while *André* is thrown into a frightful state of alarm by hearing that his father is fighting a duel for him. Fortunately the old gentleman soon returns, having had the satisfaction of shooting *M. de Prailles* through the arm—a very proper lesson for husbands who are so imbecile as to interfere with their wives' little distractions. The curtain falls with

a moral tag, in which the *Count* advises *André* to love his son as he had loved him, but not to bring him up in the same way.

Such is the plot of this extraordinary play, which has aroused tremendous excitement. It is far from being original: indeed, a piece, founded on the same motive, was recently produced on the Parisian boards, but the merit lies in the manner in which Dumas fils has treated it. It is decidedly the most carefully written of all his comedies, and sparkles with wit, like a play of Douglas Jerrold. The interest is capitally sustained, and we can quite understand how the French have so eagerly received it, for it flatters their false ideas of sentimentality. Still we think (and our readers will probably agree with us) that M. de Casagnac was quite justified in exposing the exaggerations of which M. Dumas has been guilty, and we hope that his remarks will have a due effect. The exquisite passage we quoted, in which *Hélène* depicts the husband of her heart, shows that M. Dumas is capable of better things, and that he could easily emancipate himself from the trammels of a vicious style. Still the exposé of *Albertine's* character ought to do some good; it is drawn with a master hand, and the cupidity and unblushing arrogance of such creatures pitilessly laid bare. We have been compelled to omit many salient bits which would not read well in English, but, altogether, we prefer this play to the “*Demi-monde*.” One thing we hope—that its very broadness will keep our dramatists from attempting to paraphrase it for the English stage. Our play-going population are growing tired of this false virtue so fashionable across the Channel, and longing for some stronger food. At the Lyceum, a very tremendous drama of this hybrid class has been tried without success, and there is reason for believing that managers will have to fall back on native talent; and we care not how soon this takes place. Lamentation has been made about the dulness of our drama, but it has not been fairly treated. We have plenty of men who could write good plays were it made worth their while, but so long as the public go to see these wretched adaptations from the French, there is no chance of the drama reviving. However, a reaction has already set in, which, we trust, will have beneficial results for all parties concerned. In fact, if French playwrights continue to write such pieces as “*Un Père Prodigue*,” there will be no possibility soon of stealing at all, for we hardly think that Paterfamilias would allow his children to witness such pieces, which are an insult to all the best feelings of humanity.

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## THE KING YEAR.

A MASQUE OF WINTER-TIME.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

LET us give our hands to the good New Year,  
 For the Old is almost dead and gone;  
 They bear him away on his royal bier,  
 All cold and grey, all stark and wan;  
 And the harper-winds about him go,  
 Through the bleak hills sweeps the requiem lay,  
 While the fierce storms all their tempests blow,  
 And the flutes of the river reeds wail low,  
 As the dark clouds bear the pall of snow,  
 And the torch of the North-fire lights the way;  
 And the sharp white stars with silver light  
 Burn under the catafalque of sky,  
 Where the thin-faced vigil-moon all night  
 Watches the ritual mournfully.  
 Oh! memories sweet of the dying Year,  
 That throng the heart's gate to and fro,  
 Hand-touches, looks, and the voices dear,  
 Passing on to the "long ago,"  
 Bid him adieu ere the spectral streaks  
 Tremble far over the ghostly East,  
 When slowly the bald cold dawning breaks,  
 And the world wakes to a New Year's feast;  
 Then bid him adieu before he goes,  
 Wait not the cock-crow voice of the day,  
 For swiftly over the silent snows  
 Will midnight bear the Year away.  
 Oh! dawning of glad, fresh hope to rise,  
 When at length is passed the portal through,  
 And when receding over the skies  
 The cloud-rack folds to the tender blue,  
 And welcomed by daylight's smile increased,  
 From his grave green blades and petals spring—  
 Hark! midnight chimes—the herald East  
 Proclaims, ere the trembling bell has ceased,  
 "The King is dead—long live the King!"

Let us give our hands to the new King Year,  
 For the old is dead, is dead and gone;  
 They bear him away on his royal bier,  
 All cold and grey, all stark and wan;  
 And the harper-winds about him go,  
 Through the bleak hills sweeps the requiem lay,  
 While the fierce storms all their trumpets blow,  
 And the flutes of the river reeds wail low,  
 As the dark clouds bear the pall of snow,  
 And the torch of the North-fire lights the way,  
 Let us hail him who on the threshold stands  
 Of the present—a child half hope and fear;  
 Let us give him our hearts, let us give our hands,  
 Let us give our hands to the good New Year!

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE NEAR HAMPSTEAD.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Demon, Ghost, or Ghoul—what is it?

## I.

ON the summit of one of those undulations which gently swell on every side from Hampstead-heath, there stands a large house, somewhat fantastically constructed.

Seen at a distance, this house forms a kind of landmark, its battlements and flying buttresses making it a conspicuous object in the view.

But it is only from a distance that the house can be well seen, for, on a nearer approach, the high road sinks beneath a bank bordered by dark fir-trees, which nearly surround the domain and give the place, on its only accessible side, a very gloomy appearance.

About twenty years ago this cheerless aspect was greatly increased by neglect. At the entrance was a lodge which had been half built and then abandoned; two tall pillars were there, with no gate between them, and a broad, open track, rather than a road, led up to the house itself, which was green with the damp that streaked its stuccoed walls.

These indications of a newly erected dwelling were confirmed by everything around. The grounds were all in disorder, the shrubberies thinly planted, the garden walks rough and ragged; near the portico lay fragments of a frieze that had never been put up; the skeleton of a gigantic conservatory displayed its huge, bare ribs; a large stone basin, intended for a fountain, remained waterless; nothing seemed finished; and the general impression was that of a grand undertaking suddenly arrested midway.

The cause of this desolation was the bankruptcy of the person for whom the house was originally built. He was a City broker, named Ardmore, who, speculating wildly, had failed in a great commercial panic. Mr. Ardmore's principal creditor, who became the trade assignee, held a heavy mortgage on the Hampstead property, and when the bankrupt's affairs were wound up, Ardmore House, as the place was called, passed easily into his hands.

The new proprietor, also a broker, and commonly known amongst City men as old Dick Crowther, was enormously rich, and, if he had been so minded, might speedily have completed his predecessor's unfinished designs; but either he had no taste for improving or did not like the expense of it, for although he immediately took up his abode at Ardmore House, he refused to lay out a single shilling on embellishments. The lodge entrance was stopped by an ordinary swing-gate which served for all purposes, the fences were repaired where broken, the land was converted into pasture, but the shrubberies were allowed to dwindle, the garden plots held no flowers, the sculptured frieze sank deeper in the ground, no glass covered in the conservatory, the fountain continued dry,

mildew still stained the walls,—and except that the grounds were shut in and partly turned to a useful end, the change in their appearance was not very striking.

The interior of Ardmore House was rather more satisfactory than its outside promised. A good deal of money had been spent in making it habitable by the man who never had the fortune, good or bad, to live there. It is true he did not furnish it, but, as far as he had proceeded, it was fitted up very completely. Mr. Ardmore, like most people who make money with rapidity—keep it how they may—was fond of decoration, and the fashion of the day being in favour of Gothic art, the Gothic style prevailed: all the rooms down stairs were panelled with oak, light was filtered through narrow casements, the passages were long and dark, the staircases wide, and heavy with cumbrous and grotesque carving. What Mr. Ardmore might have done with the upper rooms could only be guessed at, for the ruin which overtook him had left them bare. This mattered little, however, to old Dick Crowther, who found space enough below for his own occupation and that of his family.

That family consisted only of himself and five servants: an elderly housekeeper, two young women, who divided the household work between them, a gardener, and a groom, who, when not in his stable, was employed in all sorts of ways in-doors. A larger family than this might have tenanted Ardmore House, had its owner so willed it, for old Dick Crowther was neither childless nor without relations. But he lived apart from his own kindred, having quarrelled with and discarded his only son, a young man of seven or eight-and-twenty, who, in opposition to his commands, had married a beautiful but penniless girl; as for his relations, they were all in straitened circumstances—a reason quite sufficient with him not to notice them; and for acquaintance, he made none, receiving visits from nobody except the man of law in whom he put his trust.

Though not absolutely a miser, old Dick Crowther was what is called “close.” He had realised by his own exertions every farthing of his large fortune, and occupied in making money all his life, felt no inclination to spend it. Neither was he fitted by temperament to dissipate any part of his means by seeing company or mixing with society. He was of a morose and malicious nature, had always a sour or spiteful word for everybody, and those who had business to transact with him were never so well pleased as when their business was over. But it was not necessary for him to speak to declare his character: the face of old Dick Crowther left none in doubt, if any faith were to be placed in physiognomy, what manner of man they had before them.

His figure was spare and under the middle height, and a habit of stooping made him look much shorter than he really was; his arms were so disproportionately long that his wiry fingers reached below his knees, while his lower limbs were bowed and short; yet with these apparent disadvantages he possessed great strength and activity, and even advancing years did not seem greatly to diminish these qualities. But you almost forgot his ungainly form when you looked upon his face—it was of such exceeding ugliness. His small, gleaming eyes were deeply sunk in his head, and buried beneath a brow “villanously low” that receded at a rapid angle; his nose was nearly flat, his upper lip very long, his

mouth wide but compressed, deep wrinkles furrowed his sallow cheeks, and his chin was lost in a fringe of white whisker which encircled his jaws from ear to ear: what had been the colour of his hair was a mystery of the past, for within the recollection of man he had always worn a short, stiff-set wig, which the many whom he had played false in the course of his dealings said—when he was out of hearing—was the only real thing about him.

For three years after taking possession of Ardmore House, old Dick Crowther kept the even tenor of his way, making life uncomfortable to his few dependents, who dreaded alike to see or hear him, yet who lingered on in his service, in the hope—common enough with the class—that he would leave them something when it should “please the Lord,” as they said, to remove him from this world!

That event appeared, to them especially, a long while in coming; but the much-desired tokens came at last. At the end of the third year, when the word “unbearable,” as applied to their master’s conduct, was freely circulated through the house, and “warning” was on every servant’s lip, old Dick Crowther was taken ill.

One cold December afternoon, just as it was getting dusk, the front door-bell of Ardmore House was rung several times in quick succession, and with unusual violence, and Thomas, the groom, hurrying up, found that his master’s eagerness to get in was the cause of the hasty summons. There was just light enough for him to see that old Dick Crowther, generally so calm and collected, was in a state of extreme agitation, and looked, to use Thomas’s phrase, “quite scared.” In answer to the question if anything was the matter, Mr. Crowther said he had been standing about too long in the grounds and thought he had caught a chill; he should be better, no doubt, after a glass of hot brandy-and-water, which he desired might be sent up to him at once. He delivered this order with so little of his customary harshness—it sounded even gently in Thomas’s ears—that the groom was filled with surprise, and it became that evening the subject of much comment in the kitchen, Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, expressing it as her opinion that she should not be astonished “if something happened.”

She was a true prophet, for when she called Mr. Crowther next morning he told her he had had a very bad night, and thought, if he did not get better soon, he must have a doctor: he would wait a little, however; the uncomfortable sensations—he could not well describe them—might pass away if he stayed quietly in bed.

For old Dick Crowther to keep his bed was indeed a wonder, and would have made a jubilee in Ardmore House that day if something mysterious had not been attached to the circumstance. There was more talk in the kitchen, but it was in a lower tone than ordinary, as if a sense of dread pervaded the household; and when one or other went up to listen at “master’s door,” the report brought back was invariably to the effect that he was talking to himself, which Thomas said was a sign he was “going into Illyrium.”

A remoter country seemed, however, to be his more probable destination, for, as the day wore away, Mr. Crowther became evidently worse.

“Such strange tremblings and startings all of a sudden,” said Mrs.

Jones, "I never yet was a witness to. And that last paracism when he gave a screech that you might have heard on the top of Hampstead-heath, was most awful! I told him then I thought he ought for to see the doctor without no more delay, which he agreed to it with a shiver, and so Thomas you must ride off to St. John's-wood and fetch the nighest."

## II.

MRS. JONES'S advice had not been taken too soon, for when the medical man arrived, whose "signal of distress"—his coloured lamp—had caught Thomas's eye as he galloped up the Finchley-road, he did what most doctors generally do in the first instance—looked grave, and shook his head.

"Pulse," said Mr. Gorrick, pausing and ejaculating—"pulse soft and weak—circulation languid—rigour—animal heat deficient—voice feeble—any cough?—hum—ha!—debility—yes, a good deal of debility—mustn't fast too long—shouldn't be exposed to cold—dangerous at a certain time of life—stimulants necessary—send something to do good—meantime, Mrs. Jones—kind enough—nice beef-tea—soon as possible—half an hour after, glass of old port wine—medicine at bedtime, that is to say, usual hour—needn't be uneasy—only want restoratives—do very well—see him in the morning."

Having comforted his patient, Mr. Gorrick left the room, followed closely by Mrs. Jones, who, wanting something a little stronger in the way of opinion to descant upon down stairs, asked him, when she was fairly outside, what he really thought of her master's condition.

"You have lived here some time?" inquired Mr. Gorrick, in reply.

"Not here, but with Mr. Crowther going on for five-and-twenty years."

"Then I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Jones, that I suspect"—he leaned forward, and whispered—"I suspect the heart is affected: what we term 'dilatation with attenuation.' How old is Mr. Crowther?"

"Eighty-one, sir, next birthday."

"Hum—ha! See he takes what I send. Good night, Mrs. Jones. Call early to-morrow."

"No!" said Mrs. Jones to herself, as she closed the door on Mr. Gorrick, "he's wrong there. Nothing ever affected *his* heart. Look at Master James and his young family: poor starving things!"

Whether it were the beef-tea, the port wine, the medicine, a combination of all three, or the gradual fading away of the exciting cause of illness, is uncertain, but Mr. Crowther seemed better on the following day. The symptoms, Mr. Gorrick said, were alleviated, and his patient, encouraged by his words, turned his thoughts, from the fear which had possessed them, into their old channel. There was a sum of money lying at his banker's—doing nothing, as he grumbled—about investing which he was anxious. He must consult Mr. Vowles, his attorney, respecting the security which had been offered for a loan at a high per-centage, and though not well enough to get up—that, after all, did not signify, he could transact business where he lay as well as in his chair—a message was despatched desiring Mr. Vowles's immediate attendance. In the



course of the afternoon the lawyer made his appearance, and was shown at once into his patron's bed-chamber, a locality which there is a reason for describing.

It was a spacious and lofty apartment, dimly lit, in the dark December weather, by a single pointed window in a deep embrasure, with solid mullions and diapered panes. The walls were wainscoted; an immense oaken press occupied one end of the room; on the third side yawned a wide chimney-piece, built for burning wood on the hearth, on which some large logs were blazing brightly; and on the fourth side stood a bed of Elizabethan dimensions, carved and ornamented in Elizabethan fashion, with the addition of much damask drapery that swept in heavy folds to the floor; a massive table covered with a thick cloth, and numerous high-backed chairs, completed the furniture of the apartment, where all was, to a great extent, in uniform sombre keeping.

We need not occupy ourselves with the details of the conversation between Mr. Crowther and his attorney, so far as it referred to the investment of the old man's superfluous cash; but that which followed, having a direct relation to the events which afterwards occurred, requires to be told.

"And now, sir," said Mr. Vowles, "this matter being settled, I think, to your satisfaction, perhaps it may not be amiss, since I *am* here, if we go a little into the other business that you were speaking of the last time I had the pleasure of attending."

Old Dick Crowther, who sat propped up with pillows, his long arms resting on the counterpane, like sentinels over the papers which he had just examined, cast a sharp glance at the attorney, but did not make an immediate reply. Mr. Vowles, therefore, returned to the charge.

"If you remember, sir," he began—

"I know, I know," testily exclaimed Mr. Crowther; "you mean the will. I'm not likely to forget that."

"Oh no, sir, of course not. Only I thought I would just name it."

"You thought! Did you think of anything else? My illness, for example?"

"Well, sir," hesitated the attorney—"you know, sir, you have been—a little—what shall I say?—indisposed—and—and——"

"I might be carried off in a hurry before you got what you wanted. Was that it?"

"Mr. Crowther! I assure you——"

The old man laughed satirically.

"Don't tell me any lies. I know you. If I didn't, you'd never have done for me. So you think I had better make my will! But, I tell you what, Vowles, I'm not so bad as you fancy. I feel quite well again."

"I'm delighted, sir, to hear you say so. All I meant was, that it might be prudent to guard against accidents. They will happen, you know, sir, to the very strongest, and with your large property, consider, sir—if you left no will, all of it would go to the very person who—if I understand you rightly—you don't wish to succeed to it."

"Don't wish!" almost screamed the old man. "Curse him! He *shan't* have it! He *shan't* have it, I tell you! Do you hear? He *shan't* have it!"

"In that case, sir——"

"In that case? Ah! that confounded shiver and spasm! Well, you're right. We had better go to work. Give me yonder box from the table beside you!"

Mr. Crowther unlocked it with a key which hung from a chain round his neck. He took out some papers, looked at what was written on the back of one of them, unfolded it, and read it through. When he had done, he handed it to the attorney and told him to do the same.

Mr. Vowles eagerly obeyed, but after devouring two or three lines, he suddenly stopped short, and his face became white as ashes.

Old Dick Crowther, who watched him intently, gave way to an exulting burst of laughter.

"What!" he cried, "you thought you had lost your chance! Ha! ha! ha! Look at the date, man—look at the date."

Mr. Vowles hastily turned the leaf.

"I see, sir," he said, with an effort to recover himself. "It is a will—drawn up—and witnessed—ten years ago—in favour of your only son—James—Crowther—but—there is no codicil—it is not revoked!"

"We will revoke it in a moment, Vowles. You see that fire! I needn't tell you what to do!"

The attorney skipped across the room and thrust the paper between the blazing logs, bending over them till it was entirely consumed.

"We have cleared the ground now," resumed old Dick Crowther. "If your nerves are steady enough, take pen and paper and write to my dictation: if not, never mind, another time will suit me."

"Oh no, sir, no,—now, now," urged the attorney, breathless again, but from a different cause. "I'm quite ready, sir—quite!"

"We'll make it short, Vowles."

"The shorter, sir, the better."

Old Dick Crowther then, in a steady voice, set forth his intentions, in that last will and testament which the eager attorney rapidly penned. Divested of all technicalities, the document declared that the testator bequeathed to his only son James "the sum of one shilling, as a reward for filial obedience," and to "Martin Vowles, Gent., one, &c.," the whole of his real and the residue of his personal estate, after the aforesaid legacy and all the testator's just debts were paid.

Mr. Vowles, when he laid down his pen, thought it necessary to make a speech.

"Your bounty, your goodness, Mr. Crowther, will ever be engraved on a grateful heart. I want words, sir, to express——"

"Don't trouble yourself to look for 'em, Vowles," interrupted old Dick Crowther. "Shall I tell you why I have made you my heir?"

"I have no merit to plead, sir, except the desire to serve you faithfully."

"No merit. Yes, you have, Vowles. You have one merit, that exceeds any your modesty keeps in the background. I leave you my money, because"—how the old man enjoyed the attorney's suspense—"because—you are the greatest scoundrel I ever knew in all my life!"

And with another burst of laughter the old man fell back exhausted on his pillow.

Unpalatable as was the compliment, Mr. Vowles swallowed it, there being no one by to see the dirt he ate.

"Who shall we have, sir, to witness it?" he asked, as soon as old Dick Crowther had left off laughing.

"Anybody; call Jones, and Thomas. They'll do, I suppose!"

"Perfectly, sir—perfectly!"

The housekeeper and groom were summoned, and the paper being doubled back to hide the contents, old Dick Crowther affixed his name to it; the act was witnessed by Jane Jones and Thomas Hedges, and they were dismissed.

"Give me the paper," said Mr. Crowther.

Mr. Vowles handed it to him. He ran his eye over it, muttering to himself the while,

"One shilling—yes—a shilling's worth of sugar-plums for his brats. Or a bonnet-string for his wife. She's a fine lady they say. A shilling to buy her a ribbon!"

Something more followed. Perhaps another compliment to Mr. Vowles, but it was inaudible.

Perceiving that he had read it through, the attorney held out his hand to receive back the will, but if he had formed the hope of keeping it in his custody he was disappointed.

"No," said Mr. Crowther, "it will be safer here than anywhere else. Besides, I may want to look at it again."

And he put the will under his pillow, and lay down on it, like a "gryphon," over "the guarded gold."

"Vowles," said he, "you may go! I don't want you any more now. Mind you bring me those securities to-morrow! Good night!"

By this time the evening was far advanced, and though the attorney took leave of his patron, he did not leave the house. It was usual with Mr. Vowles now and then to take a bed there, and on this occasion the thought struck him that it would be better if he remained where he was. Mrs. Jones sent him up some supper; he made himself comfortable, and by ten o'clock all the inmates of Ardmore House were hushed in repose.

### III.

WHAT was that shriek in the dead of the night that woke every one from sleep in Ardmore House, crying, "Woe! woe!" in accents the shrillest that ever startled human ear?

The attorney leaped up and sat trembling, for the sound came upon him in the midst of a dream, wherein the preparation of the iniquitous will which he had counselled was being re-enacted—with this addition, that the heir whom he had despoiled was there, striving to wrest the paper from his grasp, while old Dick Crowther's mocking laughter rang in his ears. He listened, fearing to hear the cry again, but it was not repeated, and trusting that indigestion only had caused his alarm, he tried to compose himself once more to sleep. Conscience, however, was too wakeful: in one short minute, as he lay there—a minute that seemed interminable—all the worst and meanest acts of his life came crowding into his thoughts, combat as he would against them. To drive them away he sat up again, and then he fancied he heard a noise, as if somebody were in the passage. He listened more intently, and felt sure he heard a footstep, but he was too much frightened to ask who was there, dreading something he knew not what. He held his breath, but for a time everything was still. At length—the interval appeared long to him, though it was brief in

reality—another cry arose, echoing through the house, a cry unlike the first, but almost as piercing. It was a woman's voice screaming for help, yet the coward did not stir: bathed in a cold perspiration, he shrank down in bed, covering his head with the clothes.

"Help! help! my master! my master!"

Immediately afterwards there was a sharp knocking at the attorney's bedroom door.

"Oh, Mr. Vowles—pray, sir, get up and come this way. I am afraid Mr. Crowther is dead!"

"Dead!" gasped Mr. Vowles. "I—I—I haven't a light." Then, some impulse getting the better of his fear, he cried, "Stay, stay, don't go away—I—I will join you directly. Is nobody there but you, Mrs. Jones?"

But she was now appealing to others for aid. The two maid-servants, the groom, and the gardener had rushed up-stairs, all but the last more or less scared. Mr. Vowles heard them hurry past his door, and remembering that in a multitude there is safety, he huddled on his clothes as well as he could, and made haste after them.

When Mr. Vowles entered the room where the servants were assembled, he saw at a glance that Mrs. Jones's apprehension was verified.

There lay old Dick Crowther on his back, rigid as stone: in his last agony his head had slipped from the pillow and hung over the side of the bed. Death, however, as it seemed, had not taken him without some warning. He had apparently wrestled with the dark shadow—perhaps endeavoured to ring for assistance—for the bed-clothes were disordered, and one of the curtains was partly torn down, the old man's left hand still clutching the folds that were gathered round his head.

Had he been taken with an ague fit in the first instance, and left his bed to warm himself? It appeared likely, for the embers were scattered over the hearth. And, finding the fire extinguished, had crept back again, and the death-pains had seized him.

This was Mrs. Jones's belief. What did Mr. Vowles think?

Only one idea possessed the mind of Mr. Vowles. If old Dick Crowther was dead, he, Mr. Vowles, was his heir. Capricious and deceitful the old man might have been, but the suddenness of his death had prevented the possibility of his altering his will.

Wasting no time, therefore, on useless conjectures, Mr. Vowles rushed to the bed, and, leaning on the corpse, thrust his hand under the pillow.

But that which he sought for he sought in vain. The will was not there!

Who had removed it?

With quick suspicion the attorney turned to Mrs. Jones.

"What have you done with that paper," he cried, "which you, and Thomas there, witnessed last night?"

"Me, sir!" exclaimed the astonished housekeeper. "I done with it, sir? I've never set eyes upon it since—not from that hour to this!"

"You lie, woman! You were in this room by yourself, and you must have taken it!"

Before she could reply he again tossed over the pillow, threw it into the middle of the room, and rummaged the bed in every direction,

respecting the dead no more than if a log of wood had lain in his place.

"For shame, Mr. Vowles!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "Is that the way to behave?"

"Mrs. Jones," said the attorney, quivering with ill-suppressed passion, "I advise you not to trifle with me. The will is gone, and you've taken it. I'll have you searched!"

"Come, sir!" said the gardener, a sturdy fellow, "this won't do, sir—Mrs. Jones is respectable, and above such an act as that."

"If it was the last word I had to utter——"

"That you wouldn't, Mrs. Jones, that you wouldn't," exclaimed both the housemaids in chorus, completing the unfinished asseveration; "you'd scorn it, Mrs. Jones."

The housekeeper's accents were so full of honesty, the general belief in her innocence so firm, and the support she received so strong, that the attorney drew in his horns.

"Well," he said, "it's the most marvellous thing in the world! Here was a will made, and in safe keeping only a few hours ago, and now it's spirited away, God knows where! You must excuse my irritation, Mrs. Jones, I am interested in that will. The poor dear old gentleman left me a trifle."

"We'll help you to search for it, sir," said the housekeeper, coldly. "Master's keys are lying on that table. There's the box he kept his papers in. Open it, and let us all stand by while you look for the missing will. He may have locked it up after you left."

"True! true! Mrs. Jones, I'm obliged to you," said Mr. Vowles. "Stupid in me not to have thought of that."

He offered to shake hands, but the housekeeper drew back, and pointed to the box.

It was opened. Every paper was turned over one by one, but the absentee, which Mr. Vowles could have sworn to at a glance, was not discovered.

"There's only one course left," said he; "as soon as it's light, you, Thomas, ride off to the registrar of deaths: tell him to let the coroner know;—oh yes, he's dead sure enough; cover up his face with the sheet, Mrs. Jones;—and let me have a pair of fresh candles; I shall stay here till the morning."

Cupidity had mastered fear.

#### IV.

THE inquest was held next day. Mr. Gorrick, who attended, gave it as his opinion—in the absence of all external signs, and judging from previous symptoms—that spasm of the heart, brought on by ague, had shortened the days of old Dick Crowther; and a verdict was returned of natural death.

The attorney's vigil had been fruitless. He had ransacked every place he could think of, but all in vain. Mr. Vowles would not, however, give up his chance; he might have overlooked the very spot; he would wait till the body was removed, to be placed in its coffin in another room, and then he would search again. He resolved, therefore, to make Ardmore

House his home until the funeral, which he took upon himself to order, was over; and as for several years he had managed the affairs of the deceased, there was no one to say him nay. Some business he had to transact meanwhile, which, though not to his liking, could not be avoided. If Mr. Crowther had been a man of less mark where merchants most do congregate, Mr. Vowles would have trusted to the chapter of accidents, and not have promulgated the news of his decease; but the papers would report the inquest, concealment was impossible, and therefore he wrote to announce "the melancholy event" to Mr. Crowther's expectant relations—that is to say, to all who lived in London; there was only one who did not live there—the nearest in blood—but him Mr. Vowles accidentally forgot.

It was late in the afternoon of the day following that on which Mr. Crowther died before the mortuary arrangements were made that left the field clear for the search which the attorney proposed to renew. If there had been gloom over Ardmore House while old Dick Crowther lived, it was not diminished by his being in his coffin. Natural feeling apart—though there was little in this instance to excite it—a sense of awe attaches always to the presence of the dead amongst the living, and every one of the house servants sincerely wished that their late master was buried. But it was a more than common apprehension that made them unwilling to venture near the room in which he had been placed, though the door was locked and the key of it in Mrs. Jones's pocket. Old Dick Crowther's life, they felt tolerably sure, had been a bad one; the manner of his death was strange, the loss of the will a thing to wonder at; he was himself so weird of aspect, and so rich withal, that they found plenty to talk about to augment their fear. Alone, not one of them would have consented to go up-stairs; and they moved about hurriedly in pairs, returning as quickly as they could to their common centre before the kitchen fire.

Scarcely more comfortable thoughts filled the mind of Mr. Vowles as he sat in his private apartment meditating by turns on the past, the present, and the future. It was, however, no time for inaction—that he knew—and all the meditation in the world would not advance his object—the discovery of the will. He must set to work in earnest if he wished to find it, and so, conquering his repugnance to enter the room where he had seen the fearful spectacle of his patron's twisted corpse, he took up his light and proceeded towards his destination. He had to pass the dining-room where, food for worms, old Dick Crowther tested the weight of his own mahogany, and he shuddered as he quickly strode by: the next moment he cautiously turned the handle of the bedroom door, and as cautiously entered. The chamber, it will be remembered, was both large and lofty, and the light Mr. Vowles carried was too feeble to penetrate the obscurity in which it was wrapped. He set the candle down on the table, which he drew close to the bed, where he proposed to make his first examination. It was likely enough that the paper he was in search of might have slipped between the mattresses, and one by one he carefully displaced all the coverings, shaking them out, and casting them in a heap on the floor. When he had taken away the lower sheet, and thrown that aside with the rest, he paused for a few moments to consider how he should proceed. The first mattress was thick and heavy, and it required

all his strength to drag it off the bed: he wished also that his operations should be conducted as noiselessly as possible. The table must be put back to its former place to admit of room for the mattress to lie on the ground, and Mr. Vowles turned to remove it.

Gracious Heaven! what object met his view!

There, peering across the table, stood old Dick Crowther, with the same malicious eyes and the same wicked grin that Mr. Vowles so well recollected!

The figure did not speak, but the expression on its terrible face plainly asked—as Mr. Vowles averred to his dying day—if he had found the will; and a hideous chuckle seemed to express delight at the attorney's failure.

Suddenly the figure stretched out his long arms as if to seize him, but more than this Mr. Vowles was unable to remember: his terror was so excessive that he sank on the floor in a swoon.

Again and again the cry of "Woe! woe!" resounded through Ardmore House, making the blood run cold of the group in the kitchen, who huddled together for protection.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, falling on her knees: "the same words as last night."

"And forgive us our sins!" chimed in both the housemaids, following her example.

Thomas's teeth chattered; he tried to speak, but could utter nothing intelligible.

"Something heavy seemed to tumble," said Mrs. Jones, pointing to the ceiling.

"Per-haps," said Thomas, not yet master of his voice—"per-haps—the—the—De-De-Devil—is—a-carrying off—of—M-m-master!"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!" screamed the three women, in simultaneous chorus.

"Or that—there—attur-ney!" continued Thomas, pursuing the encouraging theme. "Who—who'll go and see?"

"Woe! woe!" shrieked the unearthly voice; but the sound came now from a different quarter.

If at that moment you had offered those four persons a thousand pounds apiece, in glittering gold, it would not have tempted them to stir a foot.

"What can have become of William?" ejaculated Susan, the younger of the two housemaids. She alluded to the gardener, the only one who was absent. "He never," she added, "stops out so late as this!"

"Here I am!" said the person in question, entering as he spoke.

Another scream from Susan.

"Oh Lord, William, you've given me quite a turn. Is it you?"

"Who else should it be?" returned her admirer. "Why, what ever is the matter,—you seem all nohow-like!"

"Well we may, William!" said Mrs. Jones, "and so would you be if you'd heard what we've heard!"

"What did you hear?"

"I can't tell you, William."

"Perhaps I might say the same if you was to ask me what I've just seen."

"Oh, what was it?" cried they all, gathering round the gardener.

"That's just where it is," said William; "I don't know. But," he continued, speaking in a grave, even a solemn tone, "I'll tell you what. I'm not a man as believes in ghosts or them kind of things"—his listeners shivered—"but if I was to be put on my oath, I could only say what I think I saw."

Nobody, this time, had courage to repeat the former question, and William went on.

"Not more than five minutes since—hardly so much—as I was coming along the middle garden-walk—I had been earthing up my celery, and was later than usual—there was just a gleam in the sky level with the first-floor windows, and all of a sudden something flew right down and lit upon one of the buttresses that stick out on that side, you know. It was a big thing, but it made no noise, and I saw it as plain as I see any of you, all in white. I got nigher, and looked up, but before I could fix it the thing took another sweep, fluttering through the air, and fetched up in a moment on the top of the next buttress, five-and-twenty foot off if it's a single inch. There it sat still, didn't move till I got close again. I had my lantern, and turned the light full on. If that wasn't Mr. Crowther's face, why I don't see yours, Thomas, nor yours, Susan, nor yours, Mrs. Jones."

"Whatever did you do, William?" said Susan, pressing closer.

"I looked my hardest," replied the gardener, "but while I looked the thing was gone—vanished altogether."

"And was it like master," asked Thomas.

"Two peas ar'n't liker. White whiskers, flat features, and, if I may so express myself, wrapped up in a shroud!"

"His very winding-sheet!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

"And now," said William, "please to satisfy my curiosity."

They made enough of their subject, and when they had repeated, with variations, their several experiences, William observed:

"It appears to me that the proper thing to do is to name all this to Mr. Vowles, and if he thinks fit, we might just look in and see if all's right in the dining-room."

Every possible objection was raised, particularly to the course last recommended; but William was firm, and his firmness gave them something like courage: courage enough to make them follow in his wake when he led the way up-stairs.

A gentle tap at the door of Mr. Vowles's apartment produced no answer; a harder knock, yet nobody replied. It was found that he was not within. Had Thomas's words come true? The women shook as they brought them to mind.

"I see a light at the end of the passage in Mr. Crowther's bedroom," said William. "He may be there."

There, indeed, they discovered Mr. Vowles, stretched at full length beside the bed, and senseless. The front of his shirt was dabbled in blood, and a deep gash furrowed his face as if some sharp instrument had scored it, though no weapon was anywhere visible. The bed-clothes were scattered about the room, one of the sheets being torn to shreds—the other was missing.

The luckless attorney was raised and carried into his own chamber.



By dint of cold water, some brandy and other restoratives, they brought him to his senses. When he opened his eyes, he looked round with a terrified air.

"Hide him from me!" he exclaimed; "don't let me see him again! Burn the will if it's found! I renounce the gift! Send for a carriage, and take me away from this detestable place! Oh, that dreadful vision! Dick Crowther, Dick Crowther, where have you gone to now?"

And once more the wretched man swooned away.

"I'll see the rights of this, though," said William, resolutely. "Give me the key, Mrs. Jones. Let anybody come with me that likes!"

Susan and Thomas followed; the other two remained with Mr. Vowles.

The thick air of the dining-room was already pervaded by the sickening odour of death, and silently the three drew near the coffin, which rested on the table in the middle of the room. Susan, who clung to William's arm, hid her face on his shoulder as he put out his disengaged hand to raise the cloth which had been placed to cover the dead.

"Is it empty?" she whispered, not daring to turn her head.

"No!" he replied; "there he lies, though I must own I hardly expected to have seen him. Look, Thomas!"

"Ye—s," said Thomas—but the glance was a very hasty one. "Now," he added, "let's be off, we know all we want to."

"Not quite," observed William, putting back the cloth; "however, it's of no use staying here any longer."

"Double lock the door," said Thomas, as they all left the room. "And I say, William, wouldn't it be as well to have up the parson from West End. I could soon fetch him."

"Fetch the carriage first to take Mr. Vowles home; he's coming to again, I can hear. We can see about the parson by-and-by."

William had quite taken the lead in the house, and Thomas did as he was ordered. In about half an hour he returned with a fly. Mr. Vowles, who shook like an aspen, and had lost all his presence of mind, was helped into it and driven away, and no one now remained at Ardmore House but Mr. Crowther's servants.

## V.

THE story, incoherently told by Mr. Vowles, while the women were in attendance on him, was of a nature to confirm their worst apprehensions. It was all very well, they said, when they conferred together afterwards,—it was all very well for Him—they did not like now to mention Mr. Crowther's name—to go back to his coffin; of course he could do that as easy as leave it; to get him to stay there was the thing.

"Sperrits," said Mrs. Jones, "can't be confined by bolts and bars. If they're uneasy when they leave the body, uneasy they'll be afterwards. He wasn't comfortable when he died, that were pretty clear. Them hands as tore down the curtains and grappled the bed-clothes was quite enough to show he had something on his mind at the time he was took. She shouldn't wonder if it was the will. Mr. Vowles had hinted as much. Why should he say he would give it all up if wrong hadn't been

done to somebody? They all knew who that was likely to be. No—he wouldn't be laid till such as ought to had their rights which they was justly entitled to them."

The suspicions of such people as the housekeeper and her companions on matters of fact generally point in the right direction, much that they overhear helping them to their conclusions. Mr. Vowles, however, had said sufficient to make them suppose that old Dick Crowther had made an unjust will, and, to their thinking, nothing was more natural than that he should "walk" in consequence.

"He hadn't been able to consume it in his lifetime,"—her late master and a raging fire were somehow associated in Mrs. Jones's idea—"and on that account he come back to make away with it."

These arguments and opinions did not, however, make the situation more pleasant. Little as any of the household liked the attorney, they wished he had remained till the legacy question was settled: then they could "suit" themselves, for stay longer in a place that was haunted they neither could nor would. Mrs. Jones, too, felt the responsibility that, in the absence of Mr. Vowles, had fallen upon her, and if she had known where young Mr. James Crowther was living, she would have written to him of her own accord; but he had been banished some years from his father's house, and she was ignorant whether he were in England or abroad.

There was only one person who did not share in the general perturbation. This was William, the gardener, who, though occupied like his fellow-servants with the events of the last four-and-twenty hours, sat thoughtful from a different cause. At last, after a long silence, he spoke:

"About that noise that woke us all up last night, and you say was repeated this evening before I came in."

"Well, William! What about it?" said they all.

"I want to know what you think it was like."

"Like! Like nothing I ever heard before! It crept into my very marrow," said Mrs. Jones.

"So it did into mine," said Thomas, corroborating the housekeeper; "I felt it right under me as I lay. I thought at first it was I—do'—no'—what—stopping no end of a team of horses."

"Wo! wo!" interposed Mrs. Jones, "was the very words it uttered, but much more awfuller, Thomas, than ever horses was speke to!"

"Could an old man have screamed so?" asked William.

"His sperrit might," returned Mrs. Jones. "Sperrits and men is very different."

"More wind in 'em," said the gardener, jocosely.

"Oh, don't make a joke of it, William," cried Susan.

"It is a impious thing to do," said the housekeeper.

"Well, but what made him call out?"

"His pains, William. He was a dying, perhaps, at that moment."

"Very good. But he could only die once; his pains were over when you heard the cry again."

"Only ONE knows, William! I'm afraid," added Mrs. Jones, in a trembling voice, "they was only beginning."

"Where did the first sound seem to come from to-night?"

"Right overhead. In His bed-room."

"Was that before you heard Mr. Vowles fall down?"

"No—a little after."

"And how do you think Mr. Vowles cut his face?"

"He struck against the table in falling."

"Did Mr. Vowles say so?"

"No. He couldn't call anything to mind after seeing Him—that is, Master—show his teeth and make a sort of strike out with his arms."

William asked no more questions, but resumed his meditations. After a while he told Thomas he wanted him, and, taking the groom aside, he said, in a low voice: "I mean to sit up to-night. Are you afraid to keep me company?"

To this direct appeal, Thomas could only make one reply: He was *not* afraid. And he said so the more readily that he put greater trust in William's courage than in his own. The men slept together, and to be alone in his bed was the worst alternative.

"Well," said William, in a cheerful tone, returning to his seat and addressing the women, "you need have nothing to fear to-night. Thomas and I are going to mount guard till the morning. Don't say a word about it, Susan: we mean it. Time for supper, Mrs. Jones. A little extra beer will do us no harm."

The meal was eaten, the kitchen cleared, and the gardener and groom were left together.

## VI.

"Now they are gone," said William, "I'll tell you, Thomas, what I'm going to do. I didn't care to name it before Mrs. Jones and the girls."

"What?" asked Thomas.

"This," replied the other. "There's foul play of some kind going on in this house. What it is I don't know, but I mean to try and get to the bottom of it. I don't believe a word about the old gentleman walking."

"But you saw him yourself, William."

"Somebody very like him, I must confess. When I saw Mr. Crowther, he was in his coffin."

"Who was the other, then?"

"Old Nick, maybe. But that's the mystery. I suspect thieves. They think to frighten us all by their strange noises, and then rob the place. I intend to spoil their game."

"How?"

"You shall see. Wait here a minute."

William left the kitchen, and shortly returned with a gun in one hand and a powder-flask and shot-belt in the other.

"This," he said, laughing, "keeps the birds off in summer: it must keep off thieves in winter, or pepper 'em if they come. Those chaps don't like the report of fire-arms."

William then drew the old charge, eased the hammer, tried the trigger with his thumb, loaded the gun, and put a fresh cap on the nipple. When he had prepared his weapon, he set it upright in the chimney corner, and invited the groom to help him out with the beer. To this proposition Thomas gave a prompt assent, and thus gently sipping and

nodding to each other's good health, with fragments of talk between, the time wore on towards midnight.

When the last drop was drained—nothing having occurred to disturb their conversation—William rose and shouldered his gun.

"Come along, Thomas," he said.

"Where are you going to?" asked the groom.

"Over the house," replied William.

"At this time of night!" exclaimed Thomas. "I thought you meant to stay here. I didn't bargain for this."

"I can't help what you bargained for. What's the use of our being here, if any one breaks in up-stairs? Do as you please. I shall go, at all events."

Ashamed to be thought a coward, though with none of the feelings of a hero, Thomas also rose, and said he was ready.

"Take the lantern, then, and don't show too much light."

They walked abreast, having taken their shoes off, as a precaution against noise. On the floor to which they first ascended, all was still as death: death, indeed, reigned there as silently as in the tomb. William listened at the dining-room door.

"No need to disturb that," he said, and passed on.

The bedroom underwent a visitation, reluctant as Thomas was to go in. Dreary enough, but a blank.

"Do you mean to go any higher?" inquired Thomas, whose sense of security diminished the further he left his usual haunt behind.

"Higher?" answered William. "To the roof."

Very seldom, indeed, had the inmates of Ardmore House mounted the principal staircase, not a room on the drawing-room floor being furnished.

If William the Bold proceeded with caution, depend upon it that Thomas the Timid was not less circumspect: every angle was eyed by him as if the forty thieves—of whom he had never heard—were at his elbow: it was no matter, there were forty thousand thieves and as many ghosts in his imagination.

The staircase creaked, though those who mounted were shoeless: new wood, contracted for, complains as much as old. On the upper landing-place the broad passage was dim with the December fog, which had gradually crept up from the lower ground and now pervaded the house.

It was chilly, and Thomas shivered: of course, because of the cold. William neither shivered nor faltered, but moved straight on.

Whoever visited that part of the house last, had left one of the doors ajar: a reason for beginning the circuit there. It opened into a broad ante-room, from a corner of which a staircase led to the attics on the garden side.

Like every other part which they had yet visited, nothing was to be heard or seen. To be seen? Stay! After advancing not more than three paces, Thomas grasped his companion's arm.

"What's that?" he said, in the very faintest whisper.

"Raise your lantern," replied William; "I see nothing."

"But I do," said Thomas. "A thing like—oh, Lord, it's Master himself! What shall we do?"

"Master, is it?" returned William. "Let us see!"

The light was flashed across the ante-room, and William beheld what might have made the bravest tremble.

Slowly, and with the laboured effort which characterised his manner of walking when he lived, with his head poking forwards, and his long arms swaying to and fro, with cadaverous face and distended jaws, old Dick Crowther appeared silently moving towards the intruders.

William's heart beat quicker at the sight, and for a moment it quite failed him. Only, however, for one moment: in the next his courage came back.

"It may be Master, or it may be 'tother one," he said, in a low, determined voice; "but whichever 'tis, I'll have a shot at him!"

"Don't!" said Thomas, quaking with dread. "He he-ears y-you!"

"He shall feel me, too! Keep the lantern steady."

The figure raised one of its arms in a menacing attitude. The hand was then lowered and seemed to rest on the projecting balustrade of the staircase, with one finger pointing downwards. William cocked his gun and poised before he raised it to his shoulder. At that instant the figure disappeared.

"Gone!" exclaimed William, in astonishment.

"Oh, no, I wish it was," said Thomas, fascinated by fear; "I see him still—on the top stair. He is shaking his hand again!"

At those words William levelled and fired.

There was a loud report, but it was lost in the piercing "Woe! woe!" which immediately filled the air.

"Give me the lantern!" said William. "I'll follow him up. I've hit him!"

"Don't be a fool!" cried Thomas, striving to detain his companion. "He'll carry you off with him to——"

Before Thomas could articulate the place he meant to name, William had rushed up the staircase.

The scene just enacted had been a terrible trial to the poor groom, but, left in darkness and suspense, his condition now was worse. Afraid to stir hand or foot, he stood stock still, in momentary expectation of being seized upon. He began the Church service in his fear:

"'When the wicked man——'"

He got no further: a loud shout calling him by name made him fall on his knees, and took away his utterance.

Again his name was shouted, and Thomas recognised William's voice; he tried to reply, but his own was too feeble to make itself heard, and once more silence prevailed. Not long, however, for presently the light gleamed from above, and William descended. He looked composed but pale, and as he held out the lantern for Thomas to take, the groom observed that his hand was red with blood.

"For God's sake! what have you done?" he asked.

"I'll tell you, Thomas, when we get down stairs. I have seen something I didn't expect to see."

"Woe! woe!" A pause. A fainter cry: "Woe! woe!" Fainter still: "Woe! woe!" And with the last prolonged note the sound died away altogether.

"You'll not hear it again," said William. "I expect that was about his last."

## VII.

ON the third day after Mr. Crowther's death, a stranger came to Ardmore House, and asked for the housekeeper. Though altered by sickness and privation, the change was not sufficient to conceal his identity, and Mrs. Jones recognised Mr. James Crowther. The interview was grave and full of deep interest. The housekeeper told him all that had lately happened, and more than the reader yet knows. There was no one to contest the rights of the eldest son—no will to bar him from taking possession of his father's property.

We pass over the details of the funeral to follow the footsteps of the heir, as, accompanied by William, he ascended to that part of the house where the figure shot at by the gardener had disappeared.

William led his young master to an attic, used as a store-room for keeping apples and vegetables for winter use. On a heap in one corner a dark object was coiled up, and a torn sheet, stained with blood in several places, was spread out beside it.

"This, sir," said William, dragging the object nearer the light, "was the cause of all our trouble."

Mr. James Crowther had only arrived in England two days before, in a vessel which brought him from the East, whither he had adventured to better his fortunes, and the first thing that greeted him was a paragraph in the *Times'* obituary, announcing his father's death.

He looked attentively at what was before him.

"I have been in Malacca," he said. "These creatures are common there. It is a Gibbon, or long-armed ape. Some call it the 'Woo-woo,' from the cry it utters. Its habits are predatory, and it is very fierce when opposed. There can be no doubt it went down to warm itself when it was seen in my father's chamber. Very likely it had been there before."

"I should say so, sir," said William, stooping: "look at these bits of paper; they were lying just under the body. He must have brought them, for I didn't, and nobody else comes here but me. They have writing on them."

There were two pieces of paper, mere strips, with marks of teeth indented. On the first was written, in a large official hand, "I bequeath to my only son, James Crowther——" The rest was torn away. On the second: "the whole of my real and——" a gap; then followed "personal property, after all my just debts are paid." To this last were appended the signatures of Richard Crowther and the attesting witnesses.

"The creature," said Mr. James Crowther, "must have picked up the will, and eaten all but these fragments."

That was the most probable conclusion. Another, afterwards verified, was that the animal had escaped from the Zoological Gardens; but to this hour there are many, and Thomas the groom is amongst the number, who firmly believe that Ardmore House is haunted by Old Dick Crowther.

## A GERMAN IN LONDON.

M. JULIUS RODENBERG, in whose company our readers will remember that we made, some months back, a pleasant autumn trip to Wales, has since that period paid another flying visit to our metropolis, and has recorded his travelling impressions for the benefit of his German countrymen in an unpretending little volume. We have selected it for analysis from the fact that M. Rodenberg does not follow the usual silly fashion of continentals visiting our country, who abuse our institutions because they cannot understand them, but writes modestly and temperately. He appears to have studied his facts carefully, and they consequently possess some value even for ourselves. And it is high time that such information should be afforded to the German public, for the impression seems almost indelible among them that England is only inhabited by the tremendously rich and the frightfully poor. M. Rodenberg's sketches of London life will therefore serve a useful purpose, for they bear the impress of truth, and cannot but remove grave misconceptions now obtaining in his fatherland as to the social condition of Old England.

M. Rodenberg came to our shores from Bremen, and the voyagers collected on board the steamer spoke volumes as to the migratory tendencies of the Germans. Among them was a student not thirty years of age, but he had already gone through a lifetime of adventure. He had served as officer in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign. Gaining nothing by this, save sundry wounds, he emigrated to Australia, where he was a gold-digger for six years. Thence he returned home, poor as he had started, and was now emigrating for a second time to America. Another had been four years in Lima; a third, ten years in the Moluccas; a young man of twenty was starting for Ceylon, in the confident hope of making a fortune; while the captain of the steamer had visited Patagonia, and was engaged during the Crimean war in the French transport service. The truth is, if you want to find real Germans, you must not seek them on the Continent: there they are Prussians, Bavarians, and what not; but go to London, Quebec, and Buenos-Ayres, and you will find them in their integrity. The most amusing character on board was a Polish Jew, visiting England for the first time on business, and who was of very saving tendencies, for he ate nothing the whole day, but seemed to live on the smoke of penny cigars. As he justly observed, "A man must have some pleasure: I don't snuff, drink, or carry a stick, so I smoke." His notions of England were, to say the least of them, vague: he had heard that it was an island, and, on inquiry, discovered that this meant land lying in the water. Hence he assumed that the English were all fish, and as he was told that it was so dark there that you could not see your hand before your face, that fully accounted for the number of thieves who lay in wait to devour the unwary traveller. But when he landed, the worthy Hebrew found out his mistake. Here is how he described his disillusionising to our author when he met him in Regent-street:

My poor friend was in the seventh heaven of delight, for things were not so bad in England as he had anticipated. "Don't talk to me of an island: what's an island? I see no water and I hear no water. How can England be an island?"

It is a large, handsome city, in which there are large, handsome houses, and long streets, and lots of trade. I was told that on an island people went about in boats. Where have I seen any? I have seen lots of carriages and horses, but no boats. They say, too, that on an island the folks go about in bearskins. Nonsense! they wear round hats, and long coats down to their feet, but no bearskins. On an island there are wild beasts, too. I have seen cats, and I have seen dogs, but where are the wild animals? They say that on an island there is nothing to eat. Why, I saw two fine gentlemen eat a whole quarter of lamb and throw the bones under a chest of drawers. On an island there are no manners, so I was told. Why, they gave me in the house where I live a room three stories high. The woman comes and asks me whether I would dine upstairs or down stairs. I ask, 'Which is the cheaper?' She says, 'Down stairs.' So I say, 'I'll have down stairs.' 'Well!' she said; and went down. I cleaned myself, and sat down and waited—how long shall I say?—why, three-quarters of an hour. 'Where is my dinner?' I ask, when it did not arrive. 'It has been waiting for you half an hour down stairs,' was the answer. 'Why don't you bring it up?' I ask; and they asked if I had not requested to dine down stairs. I said yes, and asked them to show the down-stairs the way to my room. But they only laughed, and said that when a person had engaged a down-stair room he must come down to it. Then I said that I did not know it, but if that was the custom on an island, I would come down and eat the down-stairs there; and so I eat roast mutton and potatoes, which they call down-stairs on an island. Talk about an island, I only wish I lived on an island, and could feed on down-stairs all my life.

Even M. Rodenberg, old visitor though he was to our shores, was overpowered by the pirates who await the new comer in the purlieus of the docks. He gave the boatman a five-shilling piece to get change, while he seated himself on his trunk; but he might be sitting there to this day if he expected to see him again. Not a policeman or cab was visible—they are only to be found when they are not wanted. He sent a boy to fetch a vehicle—that cost a shilling; carrying the trunk, another: altogether, M. Rodenberg calculates that it cost him as much to reach his hotel as the entire passage from Bremen to London. This is, indeed, a crying evil, and not foreigners alone have to complain of it; even Paterfamilias, on returning from the Continent with his family and a decent amount of trunks, will expend more oaths in defending his property from the land-rats who infest St. Katharine's Docks than become an eminent citizen. The only remedy we have found applicable is to hit the gentry over the knuckles with a stout stick; they may show fight, but a determined rush will usually keep them at bay. Another thing that surprised M. Rodenberg was on visiting his old barber's shop, which he had not entered for two years; the only remark the barber made was that he had not seen him for a long time. In Germany, the master would have been in a fever of agitation till he had found out what had kept his customer away so long; but London is so large! "Who asks the globule in the sea whether it swam yesterday in the Scheldt, or crossed the Channel in a cloud? The only remark the barber made was that the weather was very fine, considering."

M. Rodenberg insists that the stranger desirous of finding spring in London must only seek it at the West-end. The only idea of spring the City possesses is in the faded roses ragged girls offer for sale at a penny each. On the other hand, the West-end is nothing when spring has passed, and it is everything when spring is present: seat of politics and fashions, rendezvous of nations, and altar of all arts. The West-end



knows only the season ; at all other periods of the year it is dead. But let our author speak for himself :

It seemed strange to the German, who spent the spring of 1858 as a quiet observer here, and who more than any one else recognises the value of English institutions for the future development of the world, to notice how jovially London spent its season—visited the theatres, and patronised concerts—while England's sons were bleeding in India, and her fathers discussing vital questions in parliament. It was once again one of those peculiar traits in the character of the Englishman which, like his country, his language, and his population, bears the stamp of contradiction and amalgamation. There are districts in this country where an eternal spring rules, while the storms of autumn ever howl through the Highlands, over the Hebrides, and round Snowdon. There sun and luxuriant verdure on an undulating soil ; here, mist and fog amid rocks and desolation. There is the same shadowing in the language—Saxon roughness, Norman boldness, and Romanic southland echoes full of grace and softness. And, then, the people who inhabit this country and speak this language ! here, the horny-handed sailor, the descendant of the Frieze and the Angle ; here, the well-to-do farmer, with his velvet jacket and broad-brimmed hat—the relative of the low Saxon boor. There, the haughty baron, whose ancestors followed the banner of the conquering William from the coasts of Normandy ; there, too, the wild inhabitants of Scottish mountains and islands in gaudy plaid, with feathers and claymore ; and there, in the mud hovels of Western Ireland, poor Paddy, who believes in the shamrock, Pope, and fairies ; there, again, in the coal mines and slate quarries of Wales, the last of the Cimmerians, who calls Troy his home and Priam his ancestor. Ah, these poor Celts, resembling a centenarian among blooming lads—a riddle for the historian, and an elegy for the poet. And what keeps all these components together, which appear so centrifugal and contradictory ? The sea that begirds them, the rocky coasts that confine them, the insular isolation by which they are compelled into assimilation. The Englishman, who begins every word with a small letter, and only writes his own great "I" with a capital, is the man who has covered the narrow soil of his home foot by foot with factories, and forces the rest of the world to buy their productions, for the sea that separates other lands from his connects him with them, and the isolation in which he lives renders him doubly bold and daring abroad. He is the man who, as a naturalist, mounts to the ice and snow clouds of the Chimborazo, and investigates the glowing entrails of Etna ; who follows a desolating war as reporter, and, to gain a bet, dares all the menaces of the Hellespont in an open sailing-boat ; he is the successor of the Roman, who, when dying beneath the victors' rods, cried, "Civis Romanus sum ;" he is idealist and materialist, pedlar and knight, Philistine and adventurer ;—he is everything, because he is, in reality, nothing but an egotist. Each man lives and dies on the spot he has selected for himself. Havelock is dead ; Colin Campbell may die ; Palmerston has fallen and risen ; Disraeli has risen and fallen ; while a turn of the wheel may to-morrow thrust all the others into the turmoil of public life. But as to-day they are away from business and secure from danger, why should they not keep up the season, visit the theatres, and patronise concerts ? "One for all, and all for one," that is German ; "Each for himself," that is English !

It is all very fine for a German to flatter his countrymen at the expense of England, but that grand flourish about national disinterestedness is "bunkum." One for all and all for one—they showed pretty plainly, in the revolution of 1848, how far this sentiment prevailed. Still, there is some truth in our excerpt, and we, for that reason, gave it room, asking our readers to accept it with the necessary grain of salt.

The chapter which M. Rodenberg devotes to the "Night side of London," deserves perusal, for it tends to do away with that absurd notion which would render London the most moral capital in the world, because

our vice is concealed. The *Times* did good service in this cause recently by an analysis it gave of the cases tried in the Divorce Court, which went to prove that the old myth about the aristocrats being the only immoral persons was a fallacy. We will make one extract, as showing how careful an observer M. Rodenberg has been of our institutions :

He who would see Petticoat-lane in its glory must visit it on Sunday morning. When Big Ben summons the faithful to public worship, when the aisles of St. Paul's are filled with pious men and women, then the dirty side streets of Houndsditch grow lively, and business commences. In the centre is a low, rambling building, with tottering roof and rapidly decaying woodwork. It bears, in letters which wind and time have almost effaced, the inscription "Old Clothes Exchange." It is a labyrinth of gloomy passages, hung with old coats and trousers, dilapidated feather-beds, and worn-out boots. Beneath these trophies sit old, fat women, who exchange coarse jokes with the passers-by, and invite them to buy or sell. They are so hot on business that they almost rend their customers asunder. When I entered, I had a great-coat hanging on my arm. At once I was surrounded by three or four women, and in a second they had torn the coat from me, and were quarrelling about the right of pre-emption. "Two shillings, sir," one said. "I'll give you half-a-crown," another shouted in my ear. "It is worth three shillings, and here is the monish, sir," another yelled, and offered me a handful of coppers. I had great difficulty in explaining to the women that I had no intention of selling the coat, and still greater difficulty in getting it back. It was only the threat of calling a policeman that rescued it, and I was compelled to put it on to save myself from further unpleasantness.

Strangely enough, M. Rodenberg has a good word to say for the Thames! He declares that in July and August it is the only cooling offered to the Londoner. The long, broad, endless streets, full of sun and omnibuses, remind the passenger of the desert—a desert without oasis, without shade, without cooling beverage. English beer only excites thirst, and the water in London, during summer, is thick and warm as the air. Were it not for night and the Thames, how would it be possible to pass a summer in London? There is one thing to be said in favour of M. Rodenberg, he is the first foreigner who has allowed that we possess a sun. Who can forget the story of the Persian ambassador, who, when asked by a lady of fashion whether he did not worship the sun, sagely replied, "And so would you, ma'am, if ever you saw him." The real fact is that the sun in London, during the summer, is as broiling as in any portion of the habitable world, and it was only this very year that we heard an Indian lady complain at Quartermaine's, that she had never felt it so oppressive in her native land. We owe M. Rodenberg thanks for exposing this vulgar error, for, to our knowledge, there are many of his countrymen who still regard us as Hyperboreans. The truth is, though, that our author only regards the Thames in its connexion with Cremorne, to which enchanted spot he pays all proper respect: there is, after all, no such place in the universe: Mabilie, Closerie des Lilas, all the Parisian suburban gardens of Armida, pale before our peculiar institution. On this point our author fully agrees with us:

You enter a peculiar world when you proceed to Cremorne. It is that world which has thrust itself between the two other worlds, between the high world and the world of common life—a world which has no foundation in the traditional order of things, and which floats in the air like a dream. Since the age of the learned Socrates there have been circles in which the mind dared to emancipate itself—unwatched by the spies of responsible morality—and in these

circles of emancipation celebrated women have ever been the priestesses. What were the "bureaux d'esprit" in the time of the Regency and the coffee-houses at the end of the eighteenth century else? Were not Madame de Tencin, Madame Geoffrin, Madame Duffaut, and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse the Aspasias of encyclopædic Paris? And was not Lady Montague the grandmother of all the blue-stockings on both sides the Channel? In fact, it was a merry society, this "bonne compagnie," of whom Voltaire writes that they spoke like honest people and behaved like canaille. Still there was life and strength in them. They made the Platonic republic and prepared the French revolution. They possessed talent and wit, and had their scientific and historic value. Our demimonde boasts nought but a slight amount of patchouli and crinoline, but any quantity of Verdi and Dumas fils. This world has conquered its place in society—taken possession of our stage. Innocent girls of sixteen play their melodies on the piano, and their romances are translated into all living languages: sentimental sensuality is their sphere, and their empire extends so far as Verdi is sung and Dumas read. They are the two great apostles of this latest spiritual manifestation. We in Germany are angry because Verdi is placed on our stage side by side with Mozart, and that managers dare to present to us the Ladies with the Camellias and the Natural Sons of the younger Dumas. But what would you have? You are astonished at the consequences and never think of the reason. Verdi is Italian and Dumas French. It is a Romanic evil, which we Saxons in Germany and England merely copy—at times, too, in a rather clumsy and stupid fashion.

According to our author, the great fault of the English is want of taste: if they attempt to imitate French lightness and elegance, they produce a caricature; and when they transfer to their social system the freedom of mental movement (Heaven save the mark!) which characterises German society, they only become "wooden copyists." The result is, that they are childishly naïve, and are imposed upon daily by monstrosities. Giant meetings, giant concerts, giant ships are English household words: any effect must be produced *en masse*, and nothing imposes on them so much as lofty show-windows and huge boards. They allow themselves to be deceived like inexperienced rustics, and swear by everything that appears in print. Hence, the extraordinary power the press exercises upon them, and, as a natural consequence, the value of every description of advertising. The fact is, that the Germans are so far behind the rest of the world, that they have not yet appreciated the necessity for advertising as an essential branch of progress: Hans Michel is content to do the same trade as his father before him, and has no idea of making a fortune. He is satisfied with being able to drink his chopine, and have his friends round him on his anniversary, but, beyond that, he takes no interest in the outer world. Hence, though M. Rodenberg may poke his fun at the unparalleled extension advertising has gained among us, he is not a fair judge in the matter. Were he to take up a Cincinnati paper, for instance, and see how largely his countrymen in America avail themselves of publicity, he might be induced to alter his opinion. Among us advertising is assuming the proportions of an art, and one of the great "pillars" of the state has just offered a reward of one thousand pounds to the man who will show him how to expend other ten thousand in a novel mode—of course, profitable to himself and his pills. This chapter of his book, however, enables M. Rodenberg to make sensible remarks worthy quotation:

The most interesting feature of the London night advertisements is the "Judge and Jury Society," which begins its sittings about nine and terminates

at twelve. Here coarse, litigious cases are tried, after the manner of the English law process, and the contrast between the accused and the seriousness of the actors, who appear in the attire of the English Bar, renders the scene most amusing, and, in a certain sense, instructive. For this is only possible in a country where public life is so thoroughly well known to all, that the entire comicality of the contrast is felt by everybody. The earnestness with which the English nation regards all its public institutions is required in order for these coarse jests to be comprehended as such. Even in this dingy hole, where every man smokes his cigar and drinks his beer, a species of reverence is shown to the actors who represent the authority, and when the man who performs the part of usher to the court shouts "Respect for the Lord Chief Baron Nicholson!" the whole company rise, and with bare heads greet the fat man, who takes his seat on the bench, and opens the proceedings by calling for a glass of brandy-and-water and a spill; then he orders the attorney-general to open the case, and nods his judicial head in gentle sleep. Here and there he makes some ludicrous remark, or lights a cigar, while a witness is under examination. Extraordinary fellows in the most eccentric costumes make their appearance, the judge sums up, and a species of public entertainment concludes with the heartiest applause, which, among ourselves, would neither be tolerated by the public, nor obtain the sanction of the police.

We might cull many significant passages from M. Rodenberg's work, but, regarding the present season, we prefer devoting the remainder of our paper to his account of merry Christmas. A merry Christmas and a happy new year! Such words send a thrill through every heart, and we quite agree with our author, that the foreigner who has not seen London in its Christmas garb knows its splendour not. He is ignorant how gloriously happy, how immeasurably jolly two million five hundred thousand human beings can be for one day in the year. The German Christmas is a festival for the children, and for the grown-up, who become children once again for the nonce. In England, moreover, the whole population rejoices; the richest and the poorest are equal on that occasion only. It may be, as M. Rodenberg remarks, that the greater portion of the Christian festivities date from the Druidical period: we call it Yule, in remembrance of the old Pagan festival held in honour of the December sun, which then held its solstice, and began to turn its "Iuil," or *cyclus*, nearer to the earth: the Yule log, too, is an old heathen reminiscence. But, what then?" Were we to listen to all this, we should be forced to abolish our mistletoe, because it was held in reverence by the Druids. No; let our good old Christmas customs be maintained, no matter where they came from; and, above all, let us sedulously resist the encroachments of the insidious Christmas-tree. We have no liking for this foreign importation; it has done away with our old friend snap-dragon, and "hunt the slipper" is now pronounced low. Before long, we dare say that mistletoe will be scouted from respectable society, and then, we ask, what will become of Christmas? In the words of the orator, we pause for a reply. No Christmas-trees, say we; and the only transient grudge we ever bore our beloved queen was for their introduction among us; we had a prevision of the melancholy state of things to which they must lead.

We are not surprised at finding M. Rodenberg speaking so enthusiastically as he does about our Christmas, for it is really a wonderful sight for a foreigner. Let him visit Leadenhall-market for a week prior to the great event, and he must form a true idea of the nature of our glorious country. Were it our lot to conduct an intelligent foreigner

about London at that sanctified season of the year, we should take him in the first instance to the market at the back of the India House. We visited it this very Christmas, and were astounded at the display. Here were swans, and fine birds, too, probably shot by a silver bullet: they were not worth eating, but went to swell the show. Here we saw an albatross, a peacock, a bittern or so, a brace of herons, and other rare birds. But if you want to see the solidities, there is abundance to satisfy you: ten thousand geese on their way from Norfolk—and they will arrive, too, and be eaten on Christmas-day. Turkeys by thousands, pigs by droves, glorious beef—all collected for this one gobbling day of the nation. It is not surprising that the intelligent foreigner wonders where the money comes from to pay for all these luxuries. But that is not all: let the foreigner regard the purchasers, and his wonderment must be increased. These worn-looking men are our mechanics, who have come to lay in their Christmas diuner. See! oh, intelligent foreigner! we have another class besides the extreme rich and extreme poor. Stay! we will inquire of one of these men, but politely, an it please you, for he has all the pride of the Briton. You hear what he says; he is engaged in a foundry, and earns his thirty shillings a week; he and his old woman mean a goose for Christmas-day, and why shouldn't they? Go back to your countrymen, worthy foreigner, and tell them that they must not listen to the fables about the English proletariat with which partisan writers stuff them. England is not degenerated yet, whatever rumours may be afloat as to Waterloo being speedily avenged. M. Rodenberg will serve as a good guide to his own countrymen so long as he writes in the following sensible manner:

Christmas in England has only one day, but the Christmas pleasures begin earlier, and last longer than among us. In the early days of December, London shops are adorned with the green branches of holly and mistletoe, two bushes little known and regarded among us, but which play a most prominent part in English Christmas festivities. They play the same character there as the fir-tree among us, but with this difference, that by the time Christmas arrives, every room is decorated with them—nay, the very food placed on the table—so that London is converted into an evergreen forest, in which the red and white berries and the million lights of the metropolis glisten. It is a glorious, incomparable sight to see the City of mist thus decorated—house after house displaying the fresh symbol of the universal joy! Holly and mistletoe precede the Christmas festivities, and accompany them faithfully to the last. A painted garland of holly, with the words "A merry Christmas and a happy new year!" adorns every letter written at this merry season, and a mistletoe-bough is suspended from the ceiling of every room. And happy the man who meets a pretty girl beneath it: he may venture to kiss her, even if mother and father and half a dozen aunts were present. Heavenly privilege! blessed pleasure! magic bush which subjugates even the prudish hearts of English girls! Would that there were mistletoe among us, that we might wave it over the heads of beloved maidens, and exclaim, "Sub hoc signo!"

We have not been able to extract one tithe of the remarks M. Rodenberg makes about our happy country; still we think we have shown how impartial a critic he is. We are glad to greet any foreigner who imparts useful information about us, for only in this way can the errors in circulation be removed. We therefore hope that his little work will meet with a hearty reception at home, in which case it will tend to correct a great deal of that acidity which Germans have recently displayed in writing about England.

## THE SUMMER DREAM.

*Fonthill, Wiltshire, June, 1859.*

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

O MERRY steered the snow-white swans  
 Under the chesnut-trees,  
 Between green dells where dun fawns cropped  
 The crisp grass at their ease.

I lay down in the seeding-grass,  
 That was rich and ripe with June,  
 And dozed asleep with listening  
 To the lark's exulting tune.

Slowly a balmy, stifling sleep  
 Dimmed all the outer sounds,  
 The brooding doves, the soaring larks,  
 Rising to heaven's bounds.

And I awoke in another world,  
 With one dead long ago  
 Beside me, in the rich June grass,  
 Where the cowslips used to blow.

I was 'ware of a fuller, freer world,  
 Where cataracts of song  
 The angel birds exulting cast  
 Upon us fast and long.

The silver-coated, tumbling fish  
 Again leaped through the air,  
 And merry in their racing strife,  
 Flew semicircling there.

Again all through that summer dream  
 The swans abreast did go,  
 Like country brides to village church,  
 Soft pacing in a row.

Yes! through my gently gliding dream,  
 Those swans bore down in sail,  
 Their full white feathers blowing like  
 The canvas in a gale.

With pouting breast in ermine dress'd,  
 They puffed and panted on,  
 Like fat canons in their full white gowns,  
 Late for the even song.

It set my poor brain rhyming  
 To see that swan fleet pass,  
 As I sat there by my dead, dead love,  
 Half hidden in June grass.

O grandly bore those birds of snow,  
 So lordly in their pride!  
 They went steering down like a fleet in sail,  
 Seven on either side;

Bound on some fairy enterprise,  
 Their orange beaks in line ;  
 Around them leaped the tumbling fish,  
 With silvery-spangled shine.

These birds were formed of magic snow,  
 And drove adown the stream,  
 Like lovers that rushed to their own love's heart,  
 Or like sweet thoughts through a dream.

They were shaped, I dreamt, of last April's snow,  
 The summer had kissed away ;  
 They were made for some little fairy queen  
 In a region far away.

They were for her ear, or were steeds for her,  
 Toys dazzling silvery white ;  
 The very fish leaped up to see  
 That strange and royal sight.

They passed like a fleet of fairy boats  
 Down a fairy river.—See !  
 The kingfisher on the willow-stump,  
 The dun deer on the lea.

The poplar green rose maypole high,  
 A mammas 'mong the trees,  
 And round and round the ivy flung  
 Green streamers to the breeze.

O my swans swam down the merry, merry stream,  
 Like snow-drifts borne away.

'Twas pleasant to see, above on the lea,  
 The young fawns bound and play.

The wood-doves, clouding grey and white,  
 Broke through green tides of leaves ;  
 Where spiders swung in snug hammocks spun  
 Under the brown fern's eaves.

The seeded thistles' withered disks  
 Rose up among the briars,  
 The holly's glossy prickly-leaves  
 Burned with unquenching fires.

There, like a blob of lingering snow,  
 The guelder-rose was lagging ;  
 And black against the spotless blue  
 The sluggish rook—was—flagging.

On the grass was a bloom of silvery plush,  
 And every flowering weed  
 Had a necklace strung of quivering gems—  
 Opal and the diamond's seed.

A silver fritter of last night's shower  
 Was on the dark fir-tree,  
 On the purple bramble's rough green leaf  
 That glistened over the lea.

The swans bore down the river, dear,  
 O merrily floated they ;  
 Like the ships I saw in full, full sail  
 Bearing from Cadiz bay.

The trees shook down their silver, dear,  
 As my swans with the orange and black  
 Came steering blind and sullenly,  
 With their cygnets at their back.

White mists ran brightening up the hill,  
 Where the antlered deer were feeding;  
 Over the rich fat meadows where  
 The summer grass was seeding.

The swans bore past the crop-eared slopes,  
 Hot, grassy—mile—on—mile—  
 Where ranks of squadroned lancer firs  
 Marched, ranked in file and file.

It was O for the mottle of grey-winged cloud,  
 And O for the mottle of blue,  
 And O for the orange that burnt to gold,  
 Till fire crimson smouldered through.

“O fear nor time nor tide, dearest;  
 Till snow fly back to heaven,  
 Till the Danube river shall run out,  
 Till six times six are seven.

“No! Dews melt in the morning sun,  
 The knave kings fade away,  
 But never, while heart and brain beat true,  
 Shall this love for thee decay.”

There, yonder, midst the village roofs,  
 Appears the old church tower,  
 And, lo! the grave and measured bell  
 Strikes off another hour.

I sang like a summer goldfinch, dear,  
 As we watched the swans go by,  
 But woke from that fairy summer dream—  
 To see you were not nigh.

The swans passed on to fairy land;  
 I woke and found my love  
 Was vanished too—high overhead  
 I heard the cooing dove.

Then like a curtain from a stage  
 Sleep's dark veil was upfurled,  
 And, vision like, I saw appear  
 The glory of the world.

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

... but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 Bp. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

## CALIBAN.

LIKE many another, and more engaging, Shakspearean creation, Caliban is capital company in the closet, but loses spirit and substance on the stage. The spell of imagination which sublimates him, is broken when he appears on the boards, an actual shape made up by the property man. Careful and clever artistes may be got to represent him, but the idealism of the brave monster is gone. At best the acted Caliban (for the original one we take to be unactable) wears very much the appearance to the spectators that he did to that foolish fellow Trinculo, who had no eye for the picturesque, and whose scrutiny of the son of Sycorax was conducted in the vulgarest style of coarse, inquisitive manipulation. Trinculo holds his nose as he examines the recumbent figure: a fish, most likely? he, or it, smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. Legged like a man, and his fins like arms. A mooncalf; *not* a most delicate monster. Any but a conscientious actor, of ripe intelligence and chastened taste, is nearly sure to fall in with Trinculo's view of the savage, and amuse the groundlings by making Caliban ludicrous, and nothing more. The proud distinction that Shakspeare has drawn between him—grotesque as he is—and his pair of tipsy associates from the wreck, will be ignored by the ordinary performer, and everything sacrificed to the endeavour to raise a laugh, and even emulate in *abandon*, and outdo in pantomimic extravagance, the buffooneries of the hiccouging butler and the pied ninny from the ship. Bannister's is said to have been the best Caliban of the last age, and next to it, if not before it in idiosyncratic vigour and effect, ranked Emery's presentment of the demi-devil.

Of those actors who, of late years, have essayed the part, Mr. George Bennett, who "made a sensation" as Prospero's island-slave, when Mr. Macready revived "The Tempest" at Covent Garden theatre, and who was also the Caliban of Mr. Phelps's reproduction of it, in the first season that Shakspeareanised Sadler's Wells,—is generally acknowledged, we believe, to have retained more of the poetry of the character, more of the wild, indefinite, mystical grotesque—not without gleams of underlying pathos, and broad flashes of savage grandeur—than any other recent player. Mr. Ryder, at the Princess's theatre, does not seem to have exalted it much above the level of traditional stage-practice. Mr. Barrett roared in a deep bass, and footed it well in the drunken dance, but was in the main "a very shallow monster," an over close approximation to Trinculo's verdict of "a most poor credulous monster." How Mr. Webster got through the part at Windsor Castle, it is—or perhaps by court etiquette it is *not*—for the privileged eye-witnesses to say. Not so well, we guess, by a long reckoning, as in *Triplet* or *Richard Pride*.

Shakspeare is not exactly Mr. Webster's forte, and Caliban demands a Shakspearean actor, *intus et in cute*.

When we say that Shakspeare has pointedly discriminated Caliban from his rollicking partners, we refer to the poetical investiture with which the island monster is, from first to last, so memorably girt about, in such utter contrast to the gross conceits, grovelling habits, and low prosaic diction of Stephano and the jester. He is of another and higher sphere. Abominable he is, no doubt, and too literally (in apostolic phrase) earthly, sensual, devilish. Vindictive he is to the last degree, brutal in his lusts, murderous and unrelentingly cruel in the devices of his heart. But he is not meant to be laughed at with the comfortable contempt we vouchsafe his chance companions from Naples. He talks in another strain, aims at other objects, is moved by other impulses. His "pals" are all for plunder—but he has a soul above that. There is as much difference between Caliban and that precious pair, when they filch jerkin and "glistering apparel" from the line, as between a grim political conspirator and a couple of area sneaks.

*Trinculo.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe is here for thee!

So cries the jester, in greedy, chuckling, unmistakable prose, at sight of the tempting array of royal vesture hung out by Ariel on the line before Prospero's cell. Caliban, on the other hand, not only is above these petty peculations, and the vulgar ecstasies the opportunity for them elicits, but his disdainful remonstrances are couched in all the dignity of blank verse.

*Caliban.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

But the others are deaf to metrical impressions, and incapable of this sublime altitude of self-restraint; they have no more notion of keeping their hands from picking and stealing, than their tongues from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, or their bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity. The rapture of rifling a royal wardrobe is the top-most bliss of their ambition, and for either of them to miss it, or delay it, or disdain it, were to write himself down an ass.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

*Steph.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Calib.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean  
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,  
And do the murder first.

There is no dissuading them, however, from their rapacious resolves, and they importune their impatient comrade to help them in the theft, and bear off his share of the finery.

*Steph.* Be you quiet, monster . . .

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Calib.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villanous low.\*

\* The Tempest, Act IV. Sc. 1.

He knows the magician's wealth of resources, in retaliatory pains and penalties; and, with all his deformity of figure and monstrosity of aspect, Caliban shrinks from identity in facial angles with the wild man of the woods; fortune may have made him the companion of thieves, but he is scornfully superior to going shares in the spoil.

The loathly creature makes his entrance with a malediction, but it is one that bespeaks him no retailer of common oaths. His nurture, lineage, and solitary life, forbid *that*. He curses his master, and that master's dainty, tricksome spirit—with whose ethereal nature his own fiendish origin is elaborately put in contrast—but the curses are deep-drawn from brooding malignancy, which, believing itself foully wronged, resents the wrong with bitterness concentrated and vehement in its wrath, and will avenge the wrong as soon, and as completely, and as crushingly as ever it can. Prospero has put him to base uses, and keeps him to them with the jealous tenacity of tyranny prepense. Prospero has no bowels for this monster, not a grain of mercy on the would-be ravisher of his daughter, on the hag-seed he has found unimpressionable by kindness, and whom he therefore, now, for safety's sake—his own and Miranda's—will and must grind to the dust, an irredeemable and most abhorred slave. 'Tis a villain Miranda loves not to look on—who never yields kind answer. But the magician-master's *ménage* cannot do without him: he makes their fire, fetches in their wood, and serves in offices that profit them. The mood in which this slave, this Caliban,—who claims the island for his own by right,—cannot but regard the usurping enchanter and his child, as well as that “quaint Ariel” who fulfils so promptly all Prospero's behests, is quite intelligible, and not utterly removed from the range of human sympathy, considering the bondage to which the “blue-eyed hag's” son is reduced, and the sense of injustice and usurpation that festers in the bad blood of his heart.

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er!

The malediction is irrepressible, though he knows as he utters it that a penalty abides each clause, and will overtake him almost before he has vented its concluding execration: for day-by-day experience has made gratuitous the despot's reminder, “For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps”—side-stitches that shall pen his breath up, and the restless teasing of imps that shall pinch, and sting, and all but fret the life out of him, when he betakes him, in dogged desperation, to his evening lair. He returns reproach for menace—indignant upbraiding for ruthless threat.

This island's mine, by Sycorax, my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strok'st me and mad'st much of me; would'st give me  
Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh-springs, briue-pits, barren place, and fertile.

That is Caliban's retrospective statement, and it awakens real interest in

him, and something near akin to compassion. One can make allowance, thus far, for the rancour of his denunciation on what, as he represents it, is nothing but a selfish despotism, regardless of right, and incapable of a grateful return or of one generous thought :

Cursed be I that did so !—All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest of the island.

Perfectly intelligible and natural is this rage at being, as he believes, duped into serving a tyrant, who, his turn once served, would then appropriate his possessions with impunity, and laugh, or scorn, or silence by ingenuities in torture, all his appeals for redress or even for relief. But there is the master's version of these antecedents to be heard : *audi alteram partem*. Prospero retorts on this "most lying slave," whom "stripes may move, not kindness," that he has used him, "filth as he is," with human care, and lodged him in his own cell, until he offered violence to its maiden occupant. And Caliban's brutal chuckle at the reminder amply justifies the after terms of Prospero.

Abhorred slave,  
Which any point of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known : but thy vile race  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with : therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.\*

Prospero has taught Caliban language ; and Caliban's profit on't, is, to know how to curse him : "The red plague rid you, for learning me your language." In cursing, at any rate, as a rhetorical art, as well a vent for genuine hatred and despair, the son of Sycorax shows himself a proficient pupil : he is the most eloquent and imaginative of malediction-makers, and goes to the work with a vengeance, and with a will.

Addison remarks† that it shows a greater genius in Shakspeare to have drawn his Caliban than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar : the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history, and observation. This is a mere Addisonian common-place as it stands. We may collate with it a bit of colloquy between Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney, apropos of the Bristol milkwoman, whose history led old Samuel to remark, that there is nothing so little comprehended among mankind as genius. They give to it all, he said, when it can be but a part. Genius *he* declared to be nothing more than knowing the use of tools ; but there must be tools for it to use : a man who has spent all his life in one room of a house will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next. "Certainly, sir," is

\* The Tempest, Act I. Sc. 2.

† Spectator, No. 279.

pretty Fanny's way of qualified assent; "yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakspeare could never have seen a Caliban." "No," rejoins Shakspeare's stalwart editor and critic; "but he had seen a man, and knew, therefore, how to vary him to a monster. A man who would draw a monstrous cow, must first know what a cow commonly is; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head or an elephant's tusk will make her monstrous?"\* But the exceptional greatness of the genius (to recur to Addison's expression) that alone could have sufficed so to draw in outline, and so to fill up, this extraordinary portrait, is acknowledged by every intelligent inquirer. King Charles the First, and his courtiers, we are told, cherished an even "fervent admiration"† for this dramatic masterpiece. Indeed, as Franz Horn observes in his *Shakspeares Schauspiele erläutert*, Caliban, who, in spite of his imperfect, brutish, and half human nature, as the son of a witch, is something marvellously exciting, and as pretender to the sovereignty of the island something ridiculously sublime, "has been considered by every one as an inimitable character of the most powerful poetic fancy; and, the more the character is investigated, the more is our attention rewarded." In Caliban, the same German critic proceeds to remark, there is a curious mixture of devil, man, and beast, descending even to the fish species. He desires evil, not for the sake of evil or from mere wickedness, but because it is *piquant*, and because he feels himself oppressed. He is convinced that gross injustice has been done him, and thus he does not rightly feel that what he desires may be wicked. He knows perfectly well how powerful Prospero is :

I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

Nevertheless, Caliban "cannot cease to curse, and certainly with the gusto of a virtuoso in this more than liberal art. Whatever he can find most base and disgusting he surrounds almost artistically with the most inharmonious and hissing words, and then wishes them to fall upon Prospero and his lovely daughter. . . . He has acquired one fixed idea—that the island belonged to his mother, and, consequently, now to himself, the crown prince. The greatest horrors are pleasant to him, for he feels them only as jests which break the monotony of his slavery. He laments that he had been prevented from completing a frightful sin,—

O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!

and the thought of a murder gives him a real enjoyment, perhaps chiefly on account of the noise and confusion that it would produce.

"Recognising all this, yet our feelings towards him never rise to a thorough hatred. We find him only laughably horrible, and as a marvellous though at bottom a feeble monster highly interesting, for we foresee from the first that none of his threats will be fulfilled. Caliban could scarcely at any time have been made out more in detail, but we are well enabled to seize upon the idea of his inner physiognomy from the naked

\* Diary of Madame D'Arblay, vol. ii., *sub anno* 1784.

† See De Quincey's article "Shakspeare," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—a tractate of rare merit and pregnant suggestiveness.

sketch of his external form. He is, with all his foolish rage and wickedness, not entirely vulgar; and though he allows himself to be imposed upon, even by his miserable comrades (perhaps only because they are men, and, if ugly, yet handsomer than himself), he everywhere shows more prudence, which is only checked because he considers himself more powerful than he really is. Indeed, he stands far higher than Trinculo and Stephano.\*

The Cyclops of Euripides has often been compared to Caliban,—among others by Charles Fox, who calls the Greek play “entirely comic, or rather a very coarse farce; excellent, however, in its way, and the conception of the characters not unlike that of Shakspeare in Caliban,”† who also, we suppose, would be styled excellent in his way. Mr. Landor, in his own Imaginary Conversation with the Abbé Delille, pronounces the character of the Cyclops to be somewhat broad and general, but worthy of Euripides, and such as the greatest of the Roman poets was incapable of conceiving: that of Caliban, he maintains, is peculiar and stands single; it is admirably imagined and equally well sustained. “Another poet would have shown him spiteful: Shakspeare has made the infringement of his idleness the origin of his malice. He has also made him grateful; but then his gratitude is the return for an indulgence granted to his evil appetites. Those who by nature are grateful are often by nature vindictive: one of these properties is the sense of kindness, the other of unkindness. Religion and comfort require that the one should be cherished and that the other should be suppressed. The mere conception of the monster without these qualities, without the sudden impression which brings them vividly out, and the circumstances in which they are displayed, would not be to considerate minds so stupendous as it appeared to Warton, who little knew that there is a *nil admirari* as requisite to wisdom as to happiness.” “And yet,” interposes Delille, “how enthusiastic is your admiration of Shakspeare.” Mr. Landor replies as a poet:

He lighted with his golden lamp on high  
The unknown regions of the human heart,  
Show'd its bright fountains, show'd its rueful wastes,  
Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he raised  
Refulgent, where eternal breakers roll,  
For all to see, but no man to approach.

“The creation of Caliban, wonderful as it is, would excite in me less admiration than a single sentence, or a single sentiment, such as I find in fifty of his pages.”‡ Victor Hugo pays homage in a not dissimilar spirit to the creative genius of Shakspeare:

Jamais il ne recule; il est géant; il dompte  
Richard Trois, léopard, Caliban, mastodonte;  
L'idéal est le vin que verse ce Bacchus.  
Les sujets monstrueux qu'il a pris et vaincus  
Râlent autour de lui, splendides ou difformes.§

*Caliban, mastodonte*, is true Victor Hugöesque, picturesque-grotesque,

\* Franz Horn.

† Correspondence of C. J. Fox, vol. iv. p. 459.

‡ Imaginary Conversations: The Abbé Delille and Walter Savage Landor.

§ Les Contemplations, t. i. livre iii. 28.

—not out of analogy, however, with the Cyclops parallel which we have illustrated from Fox and Landor. We apprehend that Caliban was prominently in M. Hugo's mind, when he conceived and embodied what has been called *l'union de la laideur morale et de la laideur physique*\* in such creations as Hans of Iceland and Habribah. Then again we have seen Caliban compared to Mr. Shelley's

—poor lone impossible monster abhorred,

as Leigh Hunt calls the thing of horror in Frankenstein. Other comparisons, odious and inodorous, have been suggested for Caliban—and in nearly all, the *vis comica* seems to be the first thing thought of, which was surely not the case in Shakspeare's conception and embodiment of the character. Trinculo's sea-shore inspection of that "moist unpleasant body," as Mr. Mantilini might have described it, appears to have given the cue for the popular impression of the witch's son. And certainly the fun of that preliminary investigation is rich enough to exercise an abiding impression, fraught with associations the most ludicrous. We cannot help being reminded of it when reading that part of Seneca's satire on the deification of the Emperor Claudius,† in which Jupiter sends Hercules, as a travelled god, and knowing in languages, to interrogate the creature that has arrived halting at the gates of Olympus. "But Hercules himself, bold and valiant as he is, shudders at the sight of a strange unearthly monster, with the hoarse inarticulate moanings of a seal or sea-calf. He fancied that he saw his thirteenth labour before him. Presently, on a nearer view, he discovers that it is a *sort of man*."‡ The comic is the side view taken of Caliban when made up for a masquerade, as in Hayley's lines—

The fateful evening comes—the coach attends,  
And first the gouty Caliban ascends;  
Then, in deformity's well-suited pride,  
Sour Sycorax is stationed by his side.§

And one might fancy him discernible, under this aspect, in Churchill's portraiture of

Pomposo, form'd on doubtful plan,  
Not quite a beast, nor quite a man;  
Like—God knows what—for never yet  
Could the most subtle human wit  
Find out a monster which might be  
The shadow of a simile.

Southey was alive only to the grotesque in the poor monster's composition, when he compared one of two senior schoolfellows at Mr. Lewis's to the son of Sycorax. "I used to call him Caliban," we read in the Autobiography: "he might have played that character without a mask, that is, supposing he could have learned the part; for the resemblance held good in mind as well as in appearance, his disposition being somewhat between pig and baboon." In another paragraph Southey adds:

\* Gustave Planche, *Portraits Littéraires*.

† Known as the *Apocolocyntosis*, or Pumpkinification.

‡ See an account of Seneca's *Ludus de morte Claudii Cesaris*, in Chapter the Fiftieth of Mr. Merivale's *Romans under the Empire*, vol. v.

§ Hayley's *Poems*, The Masquerade.

"Caliban had a sister whom I shall not libel when I call her Sycorax. A Bristol tradesman, a great friend of S. T. C[oleridge]'s married her for her money; and the only thing I ever heard of Caliban in after life was a story which reached me of his everywhere proclaiming that her brother was a very superior man to Mr. Coleridge, and had confuted him one evening seven-and-twenty times in one argument." Southey sets about explaining this cube of three, by mentioning a habit Coleridge had, as a listener, when expected to throw in something, with or without meaning, to show that he was listening, of using the word—"undoubtedly." The foolish woman had understood this expletive in its literal meaning, and kept account with her fingers that S. T. C. "used it seven-and-twenty times, while enduring the utterance of an animal in comparison with whom a centaur would deserve to be called human, and a satyr rational."\* A description that scarcely suits the Shakspearean Caliban, however nicely it may hit the Bristol shopkeeper.

Coleridge himself shows on various occasions a fine critical insight into the character of Prospero's ill-conditioned thrall. Caliban, he says, in his Notes on "The Tempest," is all earth—in contrast with Ariel, who in everything has the airy tint which gives the name—all condensed and gross in feelings and images. Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel has the same remark: "In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of the air cannot fail to be perceived; his very name expresses it, as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the hard earthly element."† Coleridge adds, that Caliban has the dawning of understanding without reason or the moral sense, and that in him, as in some brute animals, this advance to the intellectual faculties, without the moral sense, is marked by the appearance of vice. "For it is in the primacy of the moral being only that man is truly human; in his intellectual powers he is certainly approached by the brutes, and, man's whole system duly considered, those powers cannot be considered other than means to an end, that is, to morality."‡ Elsewhere, again, Coleridge designates Thersites, in "Troilus and Cressida," "the Caliban of demagogic life"—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse.§ In the ninth of his celebrated Lectures—for a partial report of which we have to thank Mr. Payne Collier—the character of Caliban is interpreted by Coleridge more in detail. First our attention is directed to the description given of him by Prospero, in such terms as to prepare us for the appearance of a foul, unnatural monster. Caliban is not seen at once; his voice is heard; this is the preparation; he is too offensive to be seen first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound as from sight. And after we have heard Caliban's voice, still he does not enter, until Ariel has preceded him "like a water-nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus acquired without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that unpleasant sensation which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to the vision.

"The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived. . . He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from the brutes in two

\* Life of Southey, vol. i. p. 114.

† Schlegel's Dramatic Literature.

‡ Coleridge, Lectures on Shakspeare, vol. i. Notes on the Tempest.

§ Ibid. Notes on Troilus and Cressida.



ways :—by having mere understanding without moral reason ; and by not possessing the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being : the poet has raised him far above contempt : he is a man in the sense of the imagination : all the images he uses are drawn from nature, and are highly poetical : they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth : Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed ; beyond animal passion, and repugnance to command.”\*

*Création étrange que celle de Caliban!* exclaims M. Saint-Marc Girardin, in one of his lectures on Dramatic Literature. As Shakspeare, he says, is the poet of contrasts, he leaves us not for long among the pleasures soft and sweet of the idyll, but, by the side of Ferdinand and Miranda, who represent the soul’s purest and most gracious instincts, is placed Caliban, “ a kind of deformed monster, who represents the low, gross instincts of human nature.”† Charles Lamb, in some fragmentary notes on “ The Virgin Martyr ” of Massinger and Decker, after saying that the very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of that play, like Satan among the Sons of Heaven, have a strength of contrast, a raciness, and a glow, in them, which attest the hand of Decker, not Massinger,—adds, as a forcible illustration of dramatic contrast : “ They are to the religion of the rest what Caliban is to Miranda.”‡—But to return to M. Girardin. This critic proceeds to say of Caliban that he is a product of the most daring imagination, an expression of the saddest reality, and, as such, personifies the material appetites of man ; that he is the brutal savage, and not the naïf and ingenuous savage that is sometimes invented, when a writer desires to oppose the virtues of primitive barbarianism to the vices of civilised life. M. Girardin might have likened him to the loathsome creature that bore off fair Amoret in her woodland wanderings, who

—was to weet a wilde and salvage man ;  
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,  
And eke in stature higher by a span ;  
All overgrowne with haire, &c.,§

or again to the monstrous being that fought Sir Artegal—

Of stature huge and hideous he was . . .  
His face was ugly and his countenance stern,  
That could have frayed one with the very sight,  
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne ;  
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.||

In Shakspeare’s time, the French critic, above cited, further observes, voyages of discovery were greatly in vogue, and many were the narra-

\* Seven Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, by S. T. Coleridge, from Mr. Collier’s notes (1811-12).

† St. Marc-Girardin, Cours de Litt. Dramat. t. iii.

‡ Lamb, Characters of Dramatic Writers.

§ Spenser, The Faerie Queene, book iv. canto vii.

|| Ibid. book v. canto xii.

tives then current of marvels met with in far-off isles of the sea; some of which islands were perhaps converted into ravishing Arcadias, and the anthropophagi who inhabited them into handsome and virtuous savages. "But the profound good sense of Shakspeare was impatient of these capricious strictures on civilisation; he too discovers his far-off island, and places there, it is true, his Arcadia and his idyllic heroes, handsome, young, amorous, high-minded,—an image, in short, of humanity in its primitive or visionary innocence; but he also places there a faithful likeness of brutal humanity, such as it is before or after civilisation. Caliban is man made brute by his vices and his ignorance. *Voilà le vrai sauvage!* the panegyrists of the state of nature are told. But, lest the panegyrists of civilisation be in too great a hurry to triumph beyond what becomes them at this energetic depicting of barbarism,—the day that Caliban gets a taste of civilisation, it only makes him more wicked than before. He learns to speak, and his profit of it is, to know how to curse his benefactor. He seeks to dishonour that benefactor's daughter, fair young Miranda; and so far from repenting the attempt, when Prospero upbraids him for his brutal infamy, he laughs a gross, cynical laugh, and is shamelessly sorry he had not succeeded. Needs there another and last trait to this portrait of the savage perverted by contact with civilisation? he worships as his god one of the sailors escaped from shipwreck, because this sailor has a bottle of brandy which Caliban has tasted: it is the sailor's brandy bottle that forms his object of divine worship. Do not laugh; do not say, as another sailor\* does, who arrives while Caliban is kissing the bottle-bearer's feet, do not say, *Voilà un sot monstre, un monstre bien idiot* [By this good light, this is a very shallow monster—a very weak monster—a most poor credulous monster]; man readily adores any one that intoxicates him; whether it be the sailor who bids him Drink! or the tribune who bids him Reign!—any one, in short, that satisfies his appetites and passions. Caliban, in the scene with the sailor, no longer represents the brutal savage only; he represents also the credulous and hot-headed rebel who shouts, Liberty for ever! because he gets a change of masters. But whether savage or rebel (*révolté*), it is always man such as man is seen to be when degrading himself under the law of instinct or the law of corruption."† Such are the ethical and social lessons M. Girardin draws from Caliban's worship of Stephano:

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:

I will kneel to him . . . .

. . . . I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy

True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Stephano complacently lumours that jest. Dropp'd from heaven? Exactly guessed. "Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was."

\* M. Girardin makes a mere *matelot* of Stephano, the butler, and a mere *matelot* of Trinculo, the jester. And how knows he that the contents of Stephano's bottle were the particular liquor he names? Stephano, who ought to know, calls it wine.

† Pardon, monsieur. Trinculo was there first.

‡ Saint-Marc Girardin, t. iii. § xlvi. "L'Arcadie de Sydney."

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee ;  
My mistress show'd me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Which profession of faith elicits the scornful scepticism of Trinculo as to the monster's intellectuals. But the wine gets higher and higher to Caliban's head, and down he grovels lower and lower at Stephano's feet. His gratitude is exuberant to the wine-giver, his promises unbounded in return. Stephano and Trinculo are only fuddled into extra prosiness ; Caliban is elevated into characteristic poetical licence.

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island ;  
And kiss thy foot : I pr'ythee, be my god.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I'll kiss thy foot ; I'll swear myself thy subject.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

The interspersed prose comments of matter-of-fact Trinculo, give additional effect to Caliban's consistently sustained blank verse. "A most ridiculous monster," protests the jester, "to make a wonder of a poor drunkard." Heedless of any such animadversions, the enthusiastic devotee persists in his poetics :

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young sea-mells from the rock.

With tipsy dignity master butler accepts the offer, and anon Caliban bursts forth into a frenzy of drunken joy. The change of masters, together with that celestial liquor, is too much for him ; and he makes the welkin ring with ecstatic howlings, till his contemptuous censor rates him as "a howling monster, a drunken monster." Caliban's song of freedom certainly justifies M. Girardin's caustic remarks on sons of freedom, and their intoxication, in later ages and other climes :

No more dams I'll make for fish ;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ;  
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-Caliban,  
Has a new master—Get a new man.

"Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day, freedom !"\*  
And so the inebriated monster wends his way to the woods, hugging the chains of his new thraldom.

And now there are sweet, fitful noises in the air : "a shaggy monster, his lips glued to a bottle—his eyes scarlet with wine—wine throbbing in the very soles of his feet—heaves and rolls along, mocked at by a sparkling

\* The Tempest, Act II. Sc. 2 *passim*.

creature, couched in a cowslip's bell."\* With the wine fermenting in his brain, and the god of his idolatry at his elbow, Caliban is ripe for mischief on an ambitious scale. Prospero must be ousted forthwith from his usurped dominion:

I say, by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him,

then Caliban will at once show the place where, and the manner how, and will hail Stephano as sovereign in Prospero's stead. "I'll yield him thee asleep, where thou may'st knock a nail into his head." For it is Prospero's custom to sleep of afternoons: "there thou may'st brain him, having first seized his books; or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember  
First, to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command.

One spirit, meanwhile, quaint, delicate, aerial, listens to, and ridicules, and frustrates the plot—a "sparkling creature," whose mocking-bird tunes, even on homely pipe and tabor, occasion one of Caliban's most poetical speeches:

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.†

Evidently, as Mr. de Quincey remarks, Caliban is not meant for scorn, but for abomination mixed with fear and respect. He is mortal, doubtless, as his "dam" Sycorax; but from her he inherits such qualities as a witch could be supposed to bequeath. His parentage may in a manner recall to us the fabulous origin assigned to Attila's Scythian hordes, an origin worthy of their form and manners,—namely, that the witches of Scythia, who for their foul and deadly practices had been driven from society, had herded in the desert with infernal spirits; and that the Huns were the offspring of this execrable conjunction. The tale, observes Gibbon, "so full of horror and absurdity, was greedily embraced by the credulous haters of the Goths; but while it gratified their hatred, it increased their fear; since the posterity of demons and witches might be supposed to inherit some share of the supernatural powers, as well as the malignant temper, of their parents."‡ The son of Sycorax trembles indeed before the moral supremacy of Prospero in Christian wisdom; but, "in presence of dissolute and unprincipled men, he rises at once into the dignity of intellectual power."§ An anomalous being he may be, but at any rate

\* *Cakes and Ale: Shakespeare at Bankside.*

† *The Tempest, Act III. Sc. 3.*

‡ *Gibbon, Roman Empire, ch. xxvi.* § *De Quincey's essay on Shakespeare.*

he is made consistent with himself. He may be discordant from the general concourse of men, but he is in harmony with himself, as an imaginative creation. Abrupt transitions, as an Edinburgh Reviewer once remarked, and paradoxical contrasts, and crimes of complicated enormity, and passions of demoniacal violence, are favourite ingredients in the literary caldron of *Sturm-und-Drang* third-rates: whereas Shakspeare produced his effects by legitimate means, and without sacrificing one iota of truth. "So thoroughly did this great principle of truth pervade his writings, that, far from attempting to dazzle the world with glaring exhibitions of man as he is not, he even so described supernatural beings that (as has been already well remarked) we feel a conviction, that if such beings had existed, they would have acted and spoken as he has represented."\* Charles Lamb is bold to affirm that where Shakspeare seems most to recede from humanity, there will he be found the truest to it. Admirably that most admirable Shakspearean critic maintains that whenever Shakspeare summons possible existences from beyond the scope of Nature, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency, and is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. "His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild seabrood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames, and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture. Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth." Herein, as Elia so clearly shows, the great and the little wits are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves, and their readers. "Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active—for to be active is to call something into act and form—but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of nature, they give you the plainly non-natural."† Now Caliban is preter-natural or extra-natural—without the range of ordinary human existence—beyond the pale of the human family. But, given this exceptional existence, there is nothing disorderly in its subsequent delineation and dramatic development. A monster Caliban may be, but the monster lives, moves, and has its being consistently throughout with the postulate which admits of its entrance on the scene.

\* *Edinburgh Review*, No. lxxx, p. 447.

† *The Last Essays of Elia*: "Sanity of True Genius."

## SILVER CHIMES AND GOLDEN FETTERS;

OR,

HOW THE OLD YEAR WENT OUT AND THE NEW YEAR CAME IN.

BY OUIDA.

## I.

WALDEMAR FALKENSTEIN AND VALÉRIE L'ESTRANGE.

"A QUARTER to twelve! By Heaven, if my luck don't change before the year is out, I vow I'll never touch a card in the next!" exclaimed one of several men playing lansquenet in Harry Godolphin's rooms at Knightsbridge.

There were seven or eight of them, some with long rent-rolls, others within an ace of the Queen's Bench; the poor devils losing in the long run much oftener and more recklessly than the rich fellows; all of them playing high, as that *beau joueur* of the Guards, Godolphin, always did.

Luck had been dead against the man who spoke ever since they had deserted the mess-room for the *cartes* in the privacy of Harry's rooms. If Fortune is a woman, he ought to have found favour in her eyes. His age was between thirty and thirty-five, his figure with grace and strength combined, his features nobly and delicately cut, his head, like Canning's, one of great intellectual beauty, and by the flash of his large dark eyes, and the additional paleness of his cheek, it was easy to see he was playing high once too often.

Five minutes passed—he lost still; ten minutes' luck was yet against him. A little French clock began the Silver Chimes that rang out the Old Year; the twelfth stroke sounded, the New Year was come, and Waldemar Falkenstein rose and drank down some cognac—a ruined man.

"A happy New Year to you, and better luck, Falkenstein," cried Godolphin, drinking his toast with a ringing laugh and a foaming bumper of Chambertin. "What shall I wish you? The richest wife in the kingdom, a cabal that will break all the banks, for Mistletoe to win the Oaks, or for your eyes to be opened to your sinful state, as the parsons phrase it—which, eh?"

"Thank you, Harry," laughed Falkenstein. (Like the old Spartans, we can laugh while the wolf gnaws our vitals). "You remind me of what my holy-minded brother wrote to me when I broke my shoulder-bone down at Melton last season: 'My dear Waldemar, I am sorry to hear of your sad accident; but all things are ordered for the best, and I trust that in your present hours of solitude your thoughts may be mercifully turned to higher and better things.' Queer style of sympathy, wasn't it? I preferred yours, when you sent me 'Adélaïde Méran,' and that splendid hock I wasn't allowed to touch."

"I should say so; but catch the Pharisees giving anybody anything warmer than texts and counsels, that cost them nothing," said Tom Bevan of the Blues. "Apropos of Pharisees, have you heard that old Cash is

going to build a chapel-of-ease in Belgravia, to endow that young owl Gus with as soon as he can pull himself through his 'greats?' It is thought that the dear Bella will be painted as St. Catherine for the altar-piece."

"She'll strychnine herself if we're all so hard-hearted as to leave her to St. Catherine's nightcap," laughed Falkenstein.

"Why don't *you* take up with her, old fellow?" said a man in Godolphin's troop. "Not the *sangue puro*, you'd say; rather sullied with XXX. But what does that signify? you've quarterings enough for two."

"Much good the quarterings do me. No, thank you," said Falkenstein, bitterly. "I'm not going to sell myself, though my dear friends would insinuate that I was sold already to a gentleman who never quits hold of his bargains. I've fetters enough now too heavy by half to add matrimonial handcuffs to them."

"Right, old boy," said Harry. "The Cashranger hops and vats, even done in the brightest parvenu *or*, would scarcely look well blazoned on the royal *gules*. Come, sit down. Where are you going?"

"He's going to Eulalie Brown's, I bet," said Bevan. "Nonsense, Waldemar; throw her over, and stay and take your revenge—it's so early."

"No, thank you," said Falkenstein, briefly. "By the way, I suppose you all go to Cashranger's to-morrow?"

"Make a point of it," answered Godolphin. "I feel I'm sinning against my Order to visit him, but really his Lafitte's so good—I'm sorry you *will* leave us, Waldemar, but I know I might as well try to move the Marble Arch as try to turn you."

"Indeed! I never set up for a Roman, Harry. The deuce take this pipe, it won't light. Good night to you all." And leaving them drinking hard, laughing loud, and telling *grivois* tales before they sat down to Play in all its delirious delight, he sprang into a Hansom, and drove, not to Eulalie Brown's *petit souper*, but to his own rooms in Duke-street, St. James's.

Falkenstein's governor, some twoscore years before, had got in *mauvaise odeur* in Vienna for some youthful escapade at court; powerful as his princely family was, had been obliged to fly the country; and, coming over here, entered himself at the Bar, and, setting himself to work with characteristic energy, had, wonderful to relate, made a fortune at it. A fine, gallant, courtly *ancien noble* was the Count, haughty and passionate at times, after the manner of the house; fond of his younger son Waldemar, who at school had tanned boys twice his size; rode his pony in at the finish; smoked, swam, and otherwise conducted himself, till all the rest of the boys worshipped him, though I believe the masters generally attributed to him more *diablerie* than divinity. But of late, unluckily, his father had been much dominated over by Waldemar's three sisters, ladies of a chill and High Church turn of mind, and by his brother, who in early life had been a prize boy and a sap, and received severe buffetings from his junior at football; and now, being much the more conventional and unimpeachable of the two, took his revenge by carrying many tales to the old Count of his wilder son—tales to which Falkenstein gave strong foundation. For he was restless and reckless, strikingly original, and, above the common herd, too impatient to take any meddling with

his affairs, and too proud to explain where he was misjudged; and, though he held a crack government place, good pay, and all but a sine-cure, he often spent more than he had, for economy was a dead-letter to him, and if any man asked him a loan, he was too generous to say "No." Life in all its phases he had seen from the time he left school, and you know, mon ami, we cannot see life on a groat—at least, through the bouquet of the wines at Véfours, and the brilliance of the gas-lights in Casinos and Redoutes. The fascinations of play were over him—the iron hand of debt pressed upon him; altogether, as he sat through the first hours of the New Year, smoking, and gazing on the flickering fire gleams, there was not much light either in his past or future.

Keenly imaginative and susceptible, blasé and sceptical though he was, the weight of the Old Year and of many gone before it, weighed heavily on his thoughts. Scenes and deeds of his life, that he would willingly have blotted out, rose before him; vague regrets, unformed desires, floated to him on the midnight chimes.

The Old Year was drifting away on the dark clouds floating on to the sea, the New Year was dawning on the vast human life swarming in the costly palaces and crowded dens around him. The past was past, ineffaceable, and relentless; the future lay hid in the unborn days, and Falkenstein, his pipe out, his fire cold and black, took a sedative, and threw himself on his bed, to sleep heavily and restlessly through the struggling morning light of the New Year.

James Cashranger, Esq., of 133, Lowndes-square, was a millionaire, and the million owed its being to the sale of his entire, which was of high celebrity, being patronised by all the messes and clubs, shipped to all the colonies, blessed by all the H.E.I.C.s, shouted by all the potmen as "Beer-r-r-how," and consumed by all England generally. But Cashranger's soul soared above the snobisms of malt and jack, and, *à la* Jourdain, of bourgeois celebrity, he would have let any Dorante of the beau monde fleece him through thick and thin, and, *en effet*, gave dinners and drums unnumbered to men and women, who, like Godolphin, went there for the sake of his Lafitte, and quizzed him mercilessly behind his back. The first day Harry dined there with nine other spirits worse than himself—Cashranger having begged him to bring some of his particular chums—he looked at the eleventh seat, and asked, with consummate impudence, who it was for?

"Why, really, my dear Colonel, it is for—for myself," faltered the luckless brewer.

"Oh!—ah!—I see," drawled Harry; "you mistook me: I said I'd dine *here*—I didn't say I'd dine *with you*."

That, however, was four or five years before; now, Godolphin having proclaimed his cook and cellar worth countenancing, and his wife, the relict of a lieutenant in the navy, being an admirable adept in the snob's art of "pushing," plenty of exclusive dandies and extensive fine ladies crushed up the stairs on New Year's-night to one of Cashranger's numerous "At homes." Among them, late enough, came Falkenstein. These sort of crushes bored him beyond measure, but he wanted to see Godolphin about some intelligence he had had of an intended illegitimate use of the twitch to Mistletoe, that sweet little chesnut who stood favourite for the Oaks. He soon paid his devoir to madame, who wasn't quite



accustomed even yet to all this grandeur after her early struggles on half-pay, and to her eldest daughter, the Bella aforesaid, a showy, flaunting girl with a peony colour, and went on through the rooms seeking Harry, stopping, however, for a word to every pretty woman he knew; for though he began to find his game grow stale, he and the beau sexe have a mutual attraction. Little those women guessed, as they smiled in his handsome eyes, and laughed at his witty talk, and blushed at his soft voice, how heartily sick he was of their frivolities, and how often disappointment and sarcasm lurked in his mocking words. To be blasé was no affectation with Falkenstein; it was a very earnest reality, as with most of us who have knocked about in the world, not only from the variety of his manifold experiences, but from the trickery, and censure, and cold water with which the world had treated him.

"You here, old fellow?" said Bevan of the Blues, meeting him in the music-room, where some artistes were singing Traviata airs. "You don't care for this row, do you? Come along with me, and I'll show you something that will amuse you better."

"Show me Godolphin, and I'll thank you. I didn't come to stay—did you?"

"No. Horrid bore, ain't it? But since you are here, you may as well take a look at the dearest little actress I ever saw since I was a boy, and bewitched by Léontine Fay. Sit down." Bevan went on, as they entered a room fitted up like a theatre, "There, it's that one with blue eyes, got up like a Watteau's huntress; isn't she a brilliant little thing?"

"Very. She plays as well as Déjazet. Who is she?"

"Don't know. Can you tell us, Forester?"

"She's old Cash's niece," said Forester, not taking his eyes off the stage. "Come as a sort of companion to the beloved Bella; dangerous companion, I should say, for there's no comparing the two."

"What's her name?"

"Viola—Violet—no, Valérie L'Estrange. L'Estrange, of the 10th, ran away with Cash's sister. God knows why. Horrid low connexion, and no money. She went speedily to glory, and he drank himself to death two years ago in Lahore. I remember him, a big fellow, fourteen stone, pounded Bully Batson once at Moseley, and there wasn't such another hard hitter among the fancy as Bully. When he departed this life, of course his daughter was left to her own devices, with scarcely a rap to buy her bonnets. Clever little animal she is, too; she wrote those proverbs they're now playing; full of dash and spice, ain't they? especially when you think a girl wrote 'em."

"Introduce me as soon as they're over," said Falkenstein, leaning back to study the young actress and author, who was an engaging study enough, being full of grace and vivacity, with animated features, mobile eyebrows, dark-blue eyes, and chesnut hair. "Anything original would be as great a wonder as to buy Cavendish in Regent-street that wasn't bird's-eye."

"Valérie's original enough for anybody's money. Hark how she's firing away at Egerton. Pretty little soft voice she has. I do like a pretty voice for a woman," said Forester, clapping softly, with many a murmured bravissima.

"You're quite enthusiastic," smiled Falkenstein. "Pity you haven't a bouquet to throw at her."

"Don't you poke fun at me, you cynic," growled Forester. "I've seen you throw bouquets at much plainer women."

"And the bouquets and the women were much alike in morning light—faded and colourless on their artificial stalks as soon as the gas glare was off them."

"Hold your tongue, Juvenal," laughed Forester, "or I vow I won't introduce you. You'll begin satirising poor little Val as soon as you've spoken to her."

"Oh, I can be merciful to the weak; don't I let *you* alone, Forester?" laughed Waldemar, as the curtain fell.

The proverbs were over, and having put herself in ball-room style, their author came among the audience. He amused himself with watching how she took her numerous compliments, and was astonished to detect neither vanity nor shyness, and to hear her turn most of them aside with a laugh. She was quite as attractive off as on the stage, especially with the aroma of her sparkling proverbs hanging about her; and Falkenstein got his introduction, and consigning Godolphin and Mistletoe to futurity, waltzed with her, and found her dancing as full of grace and lightness as an Andalusian's or Arlésienne's.

Falkenstein cared little enough for the saltatory art, but this waltz did not bore him, and when it was over, regardless of some dozen names written on her tablets, he gave her his arm, and they strolled out of the ball-room into a cooler atmosphere. He found plenty of fun in her, as he had expected from her proverbs, and sat down beside her in the conservatory to let himself be amused for half an hour.

"Do you know many of the people here?" she asked him. "Is there anybody worth pointing out? There ought to be, in four or five hundred dwellers in the aristocratic west."

"I know most of them personally or by report, but they are all of the same stamp, like the petals of that camellia, some larger, some smaller, but all cut in the same pattern. Most of them apostles of fashion, martyrs to debt, worshippers of the rising sun. All of them created by art, from the young ladies who owe their roses and lilies to Breidenbach, to the *ci-devant* jeunes hommes, who buy their figures in Bondstreet and their faces from Isidore. All of them actors—and pretty good actors, too—from that pretty woman yonder, who knows her milliner may imprison her any day for the lace she is now drawing round her with a laugh, to that sleek old philanthropist playing whist through the doors there, whose guinea points are paid by the swindle of half England."

She laughed.

"Lend me your lorgnon. I should like to see around me as you do."

"Wait twenty years, you will have it; there are two glasses to it—experience and observation."

"But your glasses are smoked, are they not?" said Valérie, with a quick glance at him; "for you seem to me to see everything en noir."

He smiled.

"When I was a boy I had a Claude glass, but they break very soon; or rather, as you say, grow dark and dim with the smoke of society. But

you ask me about these people. You know them, do you not, as they are your uncle's guests?"

She shook her head.

"I have been here but a week or two. For the last two years I have been vegetating among the fens, with a maiden aunt of poor papa's."

"And did you like the country?"

"Like it!" cried Valérie, "I was buried alive. Everything was so dreadfully punctual and severe in that house, that I believe the very cat had forgotten how to purr. Breakfast at eight, drive at two, dinner at five, prayers at ten. Can't you fancy the dreary diurnal round, with a pury old rector or two, and three or four high-dried county princesses as callers once a quarter? Luckily, I can amuse myself, but oh, you cannot think how I sickened of the monotony, how I longed to *live!* At last, I grew so naughty, I was expelled."

"May I inquire your sins?" asked Falkenstein, really amused for once.

She laughed at the remembrance.

"I read 'Notre-Dame' against orders, and I rode the fat old mare round the paddock without a saddle. I saw no harm in it; as a child, I read and rode everything I came near, but the rough-riding was condemned as unfeminine, and any French book, were it even the 'Génie du Christianisme,' or the 'Petit Carême,' would be regarded by Aunt Agatha, who doesn't know a word of the language, as a powder magazine of immorality and infidelity."

"C'est la profonde ignorance qui inspire le ton dogmatique," laughed Falkenstein. "But surely you have been accustomed to society."

"No, never; but I am made for it, I fancy," said Valérie, with an unconscious compliment to herself. "When I was with the dear old Tenth, I used to enjoy myself, but I was a child then. The officers were very kind to me—gentlemen always are much more so than ladies"—("Pour cause," thought Waldemar, as she went on)—"but ever since then I have vegetated as I tell you, in much the same still life as the anemones in my vase."

"Yet you could write those proverbs," said he, involuntarily.

She laughed, and coloured.

"Oh, I have written ever since I could make A B C, and I have not forgotten all I saw with the old Tenth. But come, tell me more of these people; I like to hear your satire."

"I am glad you do," said Falkenstein, with a smile; "for only those who have no foibles to hit have a relish for sarcasm. Do you think Messaline and Lélie had much admiration for La Bruyère's periods, however well turned or justly pointed? but those whom the caps did not fit probably enjoyed them as you and I do. All satirists, from Martial downwards, most likely gain an enemy for each truth they utter, for in this bal masqué of life it is not permitted to tear the masks off our companions."

"Do you wear one?" asked Valérie, quickly. "I fancy, like Monte Cristo, your pleasure is to 'usurper les vices que vous n'avez pas, et de cacher les vertus que vous avez.'"

"Virtues? If you knew me better, you would know that I never pretend to any. If you compare me to Monte Cristo, say rather that I

'*prêche loyalement l'egoïsme,*' laughed Falkenstein. "Upon my word, we are talking very seriously for a ball-room. I ought to be admiring your bouquet, Miss L'Estrange, or petitioning for another waltz."

"Don't trouble yourself. I like this best," said Valérie, playing with the flowers round her. "And I ought to have my own way, for this is my birthday."

"New Year's-day? Indeed! Then I am sure I wish you most sincerely the realisation of all your ideals and desires, which, to the imaginative author of the proverbs, will be as good as wishing her Aladdin's lamp," smiled Falkenstein.

She smiled too, and sighed.

"And about as improbable as Aladdin's lamp. Did you see the Old Year out last night?"

"Yes," he answered, briefly; for the remembrance of what he had lost watching it out was not agreeable to him.

"There was a musical party here," continued Valérie, "but I got away from it, for I like to be alone when the past and the future meet—do not you?"

"No; your past is pure, your future is bright. Mine are not so; I don't want to be stopped to contemplate them."

"Nor are mine, indeed; but the death of an Old Year is sad and solemn to me as the death of a friend, and I like to be alone in its last hour. I wonder," she continued, suddenly, "what this year will bring. I wonder where you and I shall be next New Year's-night?"

Falkenstein laughed, not merrily.

"I shall be in Kensal-green or the Queen's Bench, very likely. Why do you look astonished Miss L'Estrange; one is the destination of everybody in these rooms, and the other probably of one-half of them."

"Don't speak so bitterly—don't give me sad thoughts on my birthday. Oh, how tiresome!" cried Valérie, interrupting herself, "there comes Major D'Orwood."

"To claim you?"

"Yes; I'd forgotten him entirely. I promised to waltz with him an hour ago."

"What the devil brought you here to interrupt us?" thought Falkenstein, as the Guardsman lisped a reproof at Valérie's cruelty, and gave her his arm back to the ball-room. Waldemar stopped her, however, engaged her for the next, and sauntered through the room on her other side. He waltzed a good deal with her, paying her that sort of attention which Falkenstein knew how to make the softest and subtlest homage a woman could have. Amused himself, he amused her with his brilliant and pointed wit, so well, that Valérie L'Estrange told him, when he bid her good night, that she had never enjoyed any birthday so much.

"Well," said Bevan, as they drove away from 133, Lowndes-square; "did you find that wonderful little L'Estrange as charming a companion as actress? You ought to know, for you've been after her all night, like a ferret after a rabbit."

"Yes," said Falkenstein, taking out a little pet briar-wood pipe, "I was very pleased with her: she's worth no more than the others, probably, *au fond*, but she's very entertaining and frank: she'll tell you anything. Poor child! she can't be over-comfortable in Cash's house."

She's a lady by instinct ; that odious ostentation and snobbish toadying must disgust her. Besides, Bella is not very likely to lead a girl a very nice life who is partially dependent on her father, and infinitely better style than herself."

"The devil, no! That flaunting, flirting, over-dressed Cashranger girl is my detestation. She'll soon find means to worry little Valérie. Women have a great spice of the mosquito in 'em, and enjoy nothing more than stinging each other to death."

"Well, she must get Forester or D'Orwood—some man who can afford it—to take compassion upon her. All of them finish so when they can ; the rich ones marry for a title, and the poor ones for a home," said the Count, stirring up his pipe. "Here's my number: thank you for dropping me ; and good night, old fellow."

"Good night. Pleasant dreams of your author and actress, *aux longs yeux bleus.*"

Waldemar laughed as he took out his latch-key. "I'm afraid I couldn't get up so much romance. You and I have done with all that, Tom. Confound it, I never saw Godolphin, after all. Well, I must go and breakfast with him to-morrow."

## II.

### FALKENSTEIN BREAKS LANCES WITH THE "LONGS YEUX BLEUS."

HE did breakfast with Godolphin, not, however, before he had held a small but disagreeable levee to one or two rather impatient callers whom he couldn't satisfy, and a certain Amadeus Levi, who, having helped him to the payment of those debts of honour incurred in Harry's rooms, held him by Golden Fetters as hard to unclasp as the chains that bound Prometheus. He shook himself free of them at last, drove to Knightsbridge, and had a chat with Godolphin, over coffee and chibouques, went to his two or three hours' diplomatic work in the Deeds and Chronicles Office, and when he came out, instead of going to his club as usual, thought he might as well call on the Cashrangers, and turned his steps to Lowndes-square. Valérie L'Estrange was sitting at a Davenport, done out of her Watteau costume into very becoming modern English morning dress ; he had only time to shake hands with her before Bella and her mamma set upon him. Miss Cashranger had a great admiration for him, and, though his want of money was a drawback, the royal gules of his blazonments, joined to his manifold attractions, fairly dazzled her, and she held him tight, talking over the palace concerts, till a dowager and her daughter, and a couple of men from Hounslow, being ushered in, he was at liberty, and sitting down by Valérie, gave her a book she had said the night before she wished to read.

"Goethe's Autobiography!" Oh, thank you—how kind you are!"

"Not at all," laughed Falkenstein. "To merit such thanks I ought to have saved your life at the least. What are you doing here; writing some more proverbs, I hope, to give me a part in one?"

She shook her head. "Nothing half so agreeable. I am writing dinner invitations, and answering Bella's letters."

"Why, can't she answer them herself?"

"My motto here is 'Ich Dien,'" she answered, with a flush on her cheeks.

Bella turned languidly round, and verified her words: "Val, Puppet's scratching at the door; let him in, will you?"

Waldemar rose and opened the door for a little slate-coloured greyhound, and while Bella lisped out her regrets for his trouble, smiled a smile that made Miss Cashranger colour, and looked searchingly at Valérie to see how she took it. She turned a grateful, radiant look on him, and whispered, "Je m'affranchirai un jour."

"Et comment?"

She raised her mobile eyebrows: "Dieu sait! Comme actrice, comme feuilletonniste—j'ai mes rêves, monsieur—mais pas comme institutrice: cela me tuerait bientôt."

"Je le crois," said Falkenstein, briefly, as he took up the autobiography, and began to talk on it.

"I don't like Goethe for one thing" said Valérie; "he loved a dozen women one after the other. That I would pardon him; most men do so; but I don't believe he really loved any one of them."

"Oh yes he did; quite enough, at least, to please himself. He wasn't so silly as to go in for a never-ending, heart-burning, heart-breaking, absorbing passion. We don't do those things."

"Go in for it!" repeated Valérie, contemptuously. "I suppose if he had been of the nature to feel such, he couldn't have helped it."

"I can help going near the fire, can't I, if I don't wish to be burnt?"

"Yes; but a coal may fly out of the fire, and set you in flames, when you are sitting far away from it."

"Then I ought to wear asbestos," said Waldemar, with a merry, quizzical smile. "You authors, and poets, and artists think 'the world well lost, and all for love!' but we rational people, who know the world, find it quite the contrary. Those are very pretty ideas for your proverbs, but they don't suit real life. *We*, when we're boys, worship some parterre divinity, till we see her some luckless day inebriate with eau-de-Cologne, or more unpoetic porter, are cured and disenchanted, wait ten years with Christines and Minna Herzliebs in the interim, and wind up with a rich widow, who keeps us straight and heads our table. *You*, fresh from the schoolroom, fasten on some lachrymose curate, or flirting dragoon, as the object of your early romances, walk with him under the limes, work him a smoking-cap, and write him tender little notes, till mamma whispers her hope that Mr. A. or B. is serious, and you, balancing, like a sensible girl, A. or B.'s tangible settlements with the others' intangible love-speeches, forsake the limes, forswear the notes, and announce yourself as 'sold.' That's the love of our day, Miss L'Estrange, and very wise and——"

"Love!" cried Valérie, with supreme scorn. "You don't know the common A B C of love. You might as well call gilt leather-work pure gold."

Falkenstein laughed heartily. "Well, there's a good deal more leather-work than gold about in the world, isn't there?"

"A good deal more, granted; but there is some gold to be found, I should hope."

"Not without alloy; it can't be worked, you know."

"It can't be worked for the base purposes of earth; but it may be found still undefiled before men's touch has soiled it. So I believe in some hearts, undefiled by the breath of conventionality and cant, may lie the true love of the poets, 'lasting, and knowing not change.'"

"Ah! you're too ideal for me," cried Waldemar, smiling at her impetuous earnestness. "You are all enthusiasm, imagination, effervescence——"

"I am not," she answered, impatiently. "I can be very practical when I like: I made myself the loveliest wreath yesterday; quite as pretty as Bella buys at Mitchell's for five times the sum mine cost me. That was very realistic, wasn't it?"

"No. That exercised your fancy. You wouldn't do—what do you call it?—plain work, with half the gusto; now, would you?"

Valérie made a *moue mutine*, expressive of entire repudiation of such employment.

"I thought so," laughed Falkenstein. "You idealists are like the fire in the grate yonder; you flame up very hot and bright for a moment, but the sparks fly upward and expire, and if they're not fed with some fresh fuel they soon die out into lifeless cinders."

"On the contrary," said Valérie, quickly, "we are like wood fires, and burn red down to the last ash."

"Mr. Falkenstein, come and look at this little 'Ghirlandaio,'" said Bella, turning round, with an angry light in her eyes; "it is such a gem. Papa bought it the other day."

Waldemar rose reluctantly enough to inspect the "Ghirlandaio," manufactured in a back slum, and smoked into proper antiquity to pigeon, under the attractive title of an "Old Master," the brewer and his species, and found Miss Cashranger's ignorant dilettantism very tame after Valérie's animated arguments and gesticulation. But he was too old a hand at such game not to know how to take advantage of even an enemy's back-handed stroke, and he turned the discussion on art to an inspection of Valérie's portfolio, over whose croquis, and pastels, and water-colours, he lingered as long as he could, till the clock reminded him that it was time to walk on into Eaton-square, where he was going to dine at his father's. The governor excepted, Falkenstein had little rapport with his family. His brother was as chilly disagreeable in private life as he was popularly considered irreproachable in public, and as pragmatical and uncharitable as your immaculate individuals ordinarily are. His sisters were cold, conventional women, as utterly incapable of appreciating him as of allowing the odour of his Latakia in their drawing-room, and so it chanced that Waldemar, a favourite in every other house he entered, received but a chill welcome at home. A prophet has no honour in his own country, and the hearth where a man's own kin are seated is too often the one to nurture the cockatrice's eggs of ill-nature and injustice against him. Thank Heaven there are others where the fire burns brighter, and the smiles are fonder for him. It were hard for some of us if we were dependent on the mercies of our "own family."

The old Count gave him this night but a distant welcome, for Maximilian was there to "damn" his brother with "faint praise," and had been pouring into his father's ear tales of "poor Waldemar's" losses at play. The dinner passed off heavily. All that Falkenstein said, his

sisters took up, contradicted, and jarred upon, till he, fairly out of patience, lapsed into silence, only broken by a sarcasm deftly flung at Maximilian to floor him completely in his orthodoxy or ethics. He was glad to bid the governor good night; and leaving them to hold a congress over his scepticism, radicalism, and other dangerous opinions, he walked through the streets, and swore slightly, with his pipe between his teeth, as he opened his own door.

"Since my father prefers Max to me, let him have him," thought Waldemar, smoking, and undressing himself. "If people choose to dictate to me or misjudge me, let them go; and if they have not penetration enough to judge what I am, I shall not take the trouble to show them."

But, nevertheless, as he thus resolved, Falkenstein smoked hard and fast, for he was fond of the old Count, and felt keenly his desertion; for, steel himself as he might, egotist as he might call himself, Waldemar was quick in his susceptibilities and tenacious in his attachments.

Since Falkenstein had got intimate with Valérie L'Estrange in one ball, you are pretty sure that week after week did not lessen their friendship. He was amused, and past memories of women he had wooed, and won, and left, certain passages in his life where such had reproached him, not always undeservedly, never presented themselves to check him in his new pursuit. It is pleasant to a naturalist to study a butterfly pinned to the wall; the remembrance that the butterfly may die of the sport does not occur to him, or, at least, never troubles him.

So Falkenstein called in Lowndes-square, and lent her books, and gave her a little Skye of his, and met her occasionally by accident on purpose in Kensington Gardens, where Valérie, according to Mrs. Cashranger's request, sometimes took one of her cousins, a headstrong young demon of six or seven, for an early walk, to which early walks Valérie made no objection, preferring them to the drawing-rooms of No. 133, and liked them, you may guess, none the less after seeing somebody she knew standing by the pond throwing in sticks for his retriever, and Falkenstein had sat down with her under the bushes by the water, and talked of all the things in heaven and earth; while Julius Adolphus ran about and gobbled at the China geese, and wetted his silk stockings unproved. He made no love to her, not a bit; he talked of it theoretically, but never practically. But he liked to talk to her, to argue with her, to see her demonstrative pleasure in his society, to watch her coming through the trees, and find the *longs yeux bleus* gleam and darken at his approach. All this amused him, pleased him as something original and out of the beaten track. She told him all she thought and felt; she pleased him, and beguiled him from his darker thoughts, and she began to reconcile him to human nature, which, with Faria, he had learnt to class into "les tigres et les crocodiles à deux pieds."

It was well he had this amusement, for it was his only one. He was going to the bad, as we say; debts and entanglements imperceptibly gathered round him, held him tight, and only in Valérie's lively society (lively, for when with him she was as happy as a bird) could exorcise his dark spirit.

You remember the vow he made when the Silver Chimes rang in the New Year? So did not he. We cannot be always Medes and Persians,



madam, to resist every temptation and keep unbroken every law, though you, sitting in your cushioned chair, in unattacked tranquillity, can tell us easily enough we should be. One night, when he was dining with Bevan, Tom produced those two little ivory fiends, whose rattle is in the ear of watchful deans and proctors as the singing of the rattlesnake, and whose witchery is more wily and irresistible than the witchery of woman. No beaux yeux, whether of the cassette or of one's first love, ever subjugate a man so completely as the fascinations of play. Once yielded to the charm, the Circe that clasps us will not let us go. Falkenstein, though in much he had the strong will of his race, had no power to resist the beguilements of his Omphale; he played again and again, and five times out of seven lost.

"Well, Falkenstein," cried Godolphin, after five games of *écarté* at a pony a side, three of which Falkenstein had lost, "I heard Max lamenting to old Straitlace in the lobby, the other night, that you were going to the devil, only the irreproachable member phrased it in more delicate periods."

"Quite true," said Falkenstein, with a short laugh, "if for devil you substitute Queen's Bench."

"Well, we're en route together, old fellow," interrupted Tom Bevan; "and, with all your sins, you're a fat lot better than that brother of yours, who, I believe, don't know Latakia from Maryland. Jesse Egerton told me the other day that his wife has an awful life of it; but who'd credit it of a man who patronises Exeter Hall, and gave the shoeblacks only yesterday such unlimited supply of weak tea, buns, and strong texts?"

"Who indeed! Max is such a moral man," sneered Falkenstein; "though he has done one or two things in his life that I wouldn't have stooped to do. But you may sin as much as you like as long as you sin under the rose. John Bull takes his vices as a ten pound voter takes a bribe; he stretches his hand out eagerly enough, but he turns his eyes away and looks innocent, and is the first to point at his neighbour and cry out against moral corruption. Melville's quite right that there is an eleventh commandment—'Thou shalt not be found out'—whose transgression is the only one society visits with impunity."

"True enough," laughed Jimmy Fitzroy. "Thank Heaven, nobody can accuse us of studying the law and the prophets overmuch. By the way, old fellow, who's that stunning little girl you were walking with by the Serpentine yesterday morning, when I was waiting for the Metcalfe, who promised to meet me at twelve, and never came till half-past one—the most unpunctual woman going. Any new game? She's a governess, ain't she? She'd some sort of brat with her; but she's deuced good style, anyhow."

"That's little L'Estrange," laughed Godolphin; "the beloved Bella's cousin. He's met her there every day for the last three months. I don't know how much further the affair may have gone, or if——"

"My dear Harry, your imagination is running away with you," said Falkenstein, impatiently. "I never made an appointment with her in my life; she's not the same style as Mrs. Metcalfe."

Oh the jesuitism of the most candid men on occasion! He never made an appointment with her, because it was utterly unnecessary, he knowing perfectly that he should find her feeding the ducks with Julius Adolphus any morning he chose to look for her.

"All friendship is it, then?" laughed Godolphin. "Stick to it, my boy, if you can. Take care what you do, though, for to carry her off to Duke-street would give Max such a handle as he would not let go in a hurry; and to marry (though that, of course, will never enter your wildest dreams) with anybody of the Cashranger race, were it the heiress instead of the companion, would be such a come-down to the princely house, as would infallibly strike you out of Count Ferdinand's will."

Waldemar threw back his head like a thorough-bred impatient of the punishing. "The 'princely house,' as you call it, is not so extraordinarily stainless; but leave Valérie alone, she and I have nothing to do with each other, and never shall have. I have enough on my hands, in all conscience, without plunging into another love affair."

"I did hear," continued Godolphin, "that Forester proposed to her, but I don't suppose it's true; he'd scarcely be such a fool."

Falkenstein looked up quickly, but did not speak.

"I think it is true," said Bevan; "and, moreover, I fancy she refused him, for he used to cry her up to the skies, and now he's always snapping and sneering at her, which is beastly ungenerous, but after the manner of many fellows."

"One would think you were an old woman, Tom, believing all the tales you hear," said Godolphin. "She'd better know you disclaim her, Falkenstein, that she mayn't waste her chances waiting for you."

Waldemar cast a quick, annoyed, contemptuous glance upon him. "You are wonderfully careful over her interests," he said, sharply, "but I never heard that having her name on your lips, Harry, ever did a woman much good. Pass me the whisky, Conran, will you?"

The next morning, however, though he "disclaimed" her, Waldemar, about ten, took his stick, whistled his dog, and walked down to Kensington Gardens. Under the beeches just budding their first leaves, he saw what he expected to see—Valérie L'Estrange. She turned—even at that distance he thought he saw the *longs yeux bleus* flash and sparkle—dropped the biscuits she was giving the ducks to the tender mercies of Julius Adolphus, and came to meet him. Spit, the little Skye he had given her, welcoming him noisily.

"Spit is as pleased to see you as I am," said Valérie, laughing. "We have both been wondering whether you would come this morning. I am so glad you have, for I have been reading your 'Pollnitz Memoirs,' and want to talk to you about them. You know I can talk to no one as I can to you."

"You do me much honour," said Falkenstein, rather formally. He was wondering in his mind whether she *had* refused Forester or not.

"What a cold, distant speech! It is very unkind of you to answer me so. What is the matter with you, Count Waldemar?"

She always called him by the title he had dropped in English society; she had a fervent reverence for his historic *antécédens*; and besides, as she told him one day, "she liked to call him something no one else did."

"Matter with me? Nothing at all, I assure you," he answered, still distantly.

"You are not like yourself, at all events," persisted Valérie. "You should be kind to me. I have so few who are."

The tone touched him; he smiled, but did not speak, as he sat down by her, poking up the turf with his stick.

"Count Waldemar," said Valérie, suddenly, brushing Spit's hair off his bright little eyes, "do tell me; hasn't something vexed you?"

"Nothing new," answered Falkenstein, with a short laugh. "The same entanglements and annoyances that have been netting their toils round me for many years—that is all. I am young enough, as time counts, yet I give you my word I have as little hope in my future, and I know as well what my life will be as if I were fourscore."

"Hush, don't say so," said Valérie, with a gesture of pain. "You are so worthy of happiness; your nature was made to be happy; and if you are not, fate has misused you cruelly."

"Fate? there is no such thing. I have been a fool, and my folly is now working itself out. I have made my own life, and I have nobody but myself to thank for it."

"I don't know that. Circumstances, temptation, education, opportunity, association, often take the place of the *Parcæ*, and gild or cut the threads of our destiny."

"No. I don't accept that doctrine," said Falkenstein, always much sterner judge to himself than anybody would have been to him. "What I have done has been with my eyes open. I have known the price I should pay for my pleasures, but I never paused to count it. I never stopped for any obstacle, and for what I desired I would, like the men in the old legends, have sold myself to the devil. Now, of course, I am hampered with ten thousand embarrassments. You are young; you are a woman; you cannot understand the reckless madness which will drink the wine to-day, though one's life paid for it to-morrow. Screened from opportunity, fenced in by education, position, and society, you cannot know how impossible it is to a man, whose very energies and strength become his tempters, to put a check upon himself in the vortex of pleasure round him——"

"Yes," interrupted Valérie, "I can. Feeling for you, I can sympathise in all things with you. Had I been a man, I should have done as you have done, drunk the ambrosia without heeding its cost. Go on—I love to hear you speak of yourself; and I know your real nature, Count Waldemar, into whatever errors or hasty acts repented of in cooler moments the hot spirit of your race may have led you."

Falkenstein was pleased, despite himself, half amused, half saddened. He turned it off with a laugh. "By Heaven, I wish they had made a brewer of me—I might now be as rich and free from care as your uncle."

"You a brewer!" cried Valérie. Her father, a poor gentleman, had left her his aristocratic leanings. "What an absurd idea! All the old Falkensteins would come out of their crypts, and chanceries, and cloisters, to see the coronet surmounting the beer vats!"

He smiled at her vehemence. "The coronet! I had better have full pockets than empty titles."

"For shame!" cried Valérie. "Yes, bark at him, Spit dear; he is telling stories. You do not mean it; you know you are proud of your glorious name. Who would not rather be a Falkenstein on a hundred a year, than a Cashranger on a thousand?"

"I wouldn't," said Waldemar, wilfully. "If I had money, I could find oblivion for my past and hope for my future. If I had money, what loads of friends would open their purses for me to borrow the money they'd know I did not need. As it is, if I except poor Tom Bevan, who's as hard up as I am, and who's a good-hearted, single-minded fellow, and likes me, I believe, I haven't a friend. Godolphin welcomes me as a companion, a bon vivant, a good card player; but if he heard I was in the Queen's Bench, or had shot myself, he'd say, 'Poor devil! I am not surprised,' as he lighted his pipe and forgot me a second after. So they would all. I don't blame them."

"But I do," cried Valérie, her cheeks burning; "they are wicked and heartless, and I hate them all. Oh! Count Waldemar, I would not so. I would not desert you if all the world did!"

He smiled: he was accustomed to her passionate ebullitions. "Poor child, I believe you would be truer than the rest," he muttered, half aloud, as he rose hastily and took out his watch. "I must be in Downing-street by eleven, and it only wants ten minutes. If you will walk with me to the gates, I have something to tell you about your MS."

### III.

"SCARLET AND WHITE" MAKES A HIT, AND FALKENSTEIN FEELS THE WEIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FETTERS.

"Tom, will you come to the theatre with me to-night?" said Falkenstein, as they lounged by the rails one afternoon in May.

"The theatre! What for? Who's that girl with a scarlet tie, on that roan there? I don't know her face. The ballet is the only thing worth stirring a step for in town. Which theatre is it?"

"I am going to see the new piece Poms and Vanities is bringing out, and I want you as a sort of claqueur."

"Very well. I'll come," said Tom, who regarded Falkenstein, who had been his school and formfellow, still rather as a Highlandman his chief; "but, certainly, the first night of a play is the very last I should select. But if you wish it—There's that roan coming round again! Good action, hasn't it?"

Obedient to his chief's orders, Bevan brushed his whiskers, settled his tie, or rather let his valet do it for him, and accompanied Waldemar to one of the crack-up theatres, where Poms and Vanities, as the manager was irreverently styled by the habitués of his green-room, reigned in a state of scenic magnificence, very different to the days when Garrick played Macbeth in wig and gaiters.

Bevan asked no questions; he was rather a silent man, and probably knew by experience that he would most likely get no answers, unless the information was volunteered. So settling in his own mind that it was the début of some protégée of Falkenstein's, he followed him to the door of a private box. Waldemar opened it, and entered. In it sat two women: one, a middle-aged, ladylike-looking person; the other a young one, in whom, as she turned round with a radiant smile, and gave Falkenstein her hand, Bevan recognised Valérie L'Estrange. "Keep up your courage," whispered Waldemar, as he took the seat behind her, and leaned

forward with a smile. Tom stared at them both. It was high Dutch to him; but being endowed with very little curiosity, and a lion's share of British immovability, he waited without any impatience for the elucidation of the mystery, and seeing the Count and Valérie absorbed in earnest and low-toned conversation, he first studied the house, and finding not a single decent-looking woman, he dropped his glass and studied the play-bill. The bill announced the new piece as "Scarlet and White." "Queer title," thought Bevan, a little consoled for his self-immolation by seeing that Rosalie Rivers, a very pretty little brunette, was to fill the *soubrette rôle*. The curtain drew up. Tom, looking at Valérie instead of the stage, fancied she looked very pale, and her eyes were fixed, not on the actors, but on Falkenstein. The first act passed off in ominous silence. An audience is often afraid to compromise itself by applauding a new piece too quickly. Then the story began to develop itself—wit and passion, badinage and pathos, were well intermingled. It turned on the love of a Catholic girl, a *filie d'honneur* to Catherine de Médicis, for a Huguenot, Vicomte de Valère, a friend of Condé and Coligny. The despairing love of the woman, the fierce struggle of her lover between his passion and his faith, the intrigues of the court, the cruelty and weakness of Charles Neuf, were all strikingly and forcibly written. The actors, being warmly applauded as the plot thickened and the audience became interested, played with energy and spirit; and when the curtain fell the success of "Scarlet and White" was proclaimed through the house.

"Very good play—very good indeed," said Tom, approvingly. "I hope you've been pleased, Miss L'Estrange." Valérie did not hear him; she was trembling and breathless, her blue eyes almost black with excitement, while Falkenstein bent over her, his face more full of animation and pleasure than Bevan had seen it for many a day. "Well," thought Tom, "Forester *did* say little Val was original. I should think that was a polite term for insane. I suppose Falkenstein's keeper."

At that minute the applause redoubled. Poms and Vanities had announced "Scarlet and White" for repetition, and from the pit to the gods there was a cry for the author. Falkenstein bent his head till his lips touched her hair, and whispered a few words. She looked up in his face. "Do you wish me?"

"Certainly."

His word was law. She rose and went to the front of the box, a burning colour in her cheeks, smiles on her lips, and tears lying under her lashes.

"The devil, Waldemar! Do you mean that—that little thing?" began Bevan.

Falkenstein nodded, and Tom, for once in his life astonished, forgot to finish his sentence in staring at the author! Probably the audience also shared his surprise, in seeing her young face and girlish form, in lieu of the anticipated member of the Garrick or new Bourcicault, with inspiration drawn from Cavendish and Cognac; for there was a moment's silence, and then they received her with such a welcome as had not sounded through the house for years.

She bowed two or three times to thank them; then Falkenstein, knowing that though she had no shyness she was extremely excitable, drew

her gently back to her seat behind the curtain. "Your success is too much for you," he said, softly.

"No, no," said Valérie, passionately, utterly forgetful that any one else was near her; "but I am so glad that I owe it all to you. It would be nothing to me, as you know, unless it pleased you; and it came to me through your hands."

Falkenstein gave a short, quick sigh, and moved restlessly.

"You would like to go home now, wouldn't you?" he said, after a pause.

She assented, and he led her out of the box, poor victimised Tom following with her duenna, who was the daily governess at No. 133.

As their cab drove away, Valérie leaned out of the window, and watched Falkenstein as long as she could see him. He waved his hand to her, and walked on into Regent-street in silence.

"Hallo, Waldemar!" began Bevan, at length, "so your protégée's turning out a star. Do you mean that she really wrote that play?"

Falkenstein nodded.

"Well, it's more than I could do. But what the deuce have you got to do with it? For a man who says he won't entangle himself with another love affair, you seem pretty tolerably *au mieux* with her. How did it all come about?"

"Simply enough," answered Falkenstein. "Of course I haven't known her all these months without finding out her talents. She has a passion for writing, and writes well, as I saw at once by those New Year's Night's Proverbs. She has no money, as you know; she wants to turn her talents to account, and didn't know how to set about it. She'd several conversations with me on the subject, so I took her play, looked it over, and gave it to Poms and Vanities. He read it to oblige me, and put it on the stage to oblige himself, as he wanted something new for the season, and was pretty sure it would make a hit."

"Do the Cashrangers know of it?"

"No; that is why she asked the governess to come with her to-night. That stingy old Poms wouldn't pay her much, but she thinks it an El Dorado, and I shall take care she commands her own price next time. I count on a treat on enlightening Miss Bella."

"Yes, she'll cut up rough. By George! I quite envy you your young genius."

"She isn't *mine*," said Falkenstein, bitterly.

"She might be if you chose."

"Poor little thing!—yes. But love is too expensive a luxury for a ruined man, even if—The devil take this key, why won't it unlock. You're off to half a dozen parties I suppose, Tom?"

"And where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"What! going to bed at half-past ten?"

"There is no particular sin in going to bed at half-past ten, is there?" said Waldemar, impatiently. "I haven't the stuff in me for balls and such things. I'm sick of them. Good night, old fellow."

He went up-stairs to his room, threw himself on his bed, and, lighting his pipe, lay smoking and thinking while the Abbey clock tolled the hours one after another. The *longs yeux bleus* haunted him, for Waldemar had

already too many chains upon him not to shrink from adding to them the Golden Fetters of a fresh passion, and marriage, unless a rich one, was certain to bring about him all his entanglements. He resolved to seek her no more, to check the demonstrative affection which, like Esmeralda, "à la fois naïve et passionnée," she had no thought of concealing from him, and which, as Falkenstein's conscience told him, he had done everything to foster. "What is a man worth if he hasn't strength of will?" he muttered, as he tossed on his bed. "And yet, poor little Valérie—Pshaw! all women learn quickly enough to forget!"

Some ten days after he was calling in Lowndes-square. True as yet to his resolution, he had avoided the tête-à-tête walks in the Gardens; and Valérie keenly felt the change in his manner, though in what he did for her he was as kind as ever. The successful run of "Scarlet and White," the praises of its talent, its promises of future triumphs—all the admiration which, despite Bella's efforts to keep her back, the *yeux bleus* excited—all were valueless, if, as she vaguely feared, she had lost "Count Waldemar." The play had made a great sensation, and the Cashrangers had taken a box the night before, as they made a point of following the lead and seeing everything, though they generally forswore theatres as not quite *ton*. Pah! these people, "qui se couchent roturiers et se lèvent nobles," they paint their lilies with such superabundant colouring, that we see, at a glance, the flowers come not out of a conservatory but out of an atelier.

They were out, as it chanced, and Valérie was alone. She received him joyously, for unhappy as she was in his absence, the mere sight of his face recalled her old spirits, and Falkenstein, in all probability, never guessed a tithe she suffered, because she had always a smile for him.

"Oh! Count Waldemar," she cried, "why have you never been to the Gardens this week? If you only knew how I miss you——"

"I have had no time," he answered, coldly.

"You could make time if you wished," said Valérie, passionately.

"You are so cold, so unkind to me lately. Have I vexed you at all?"

"Vexed me, Miss L'Estrange? Certainly not."

She was silent, chilled, despite herself.

"Why do you call me Miss L'Estrange?" she said, suddenly. "You know I cannot bear it from *you*."

"What should I call you?"

"Valérie," she answered, softly.

He got up and walked to the hearth-rug, playing with Spit and Puppet with his foot, and for once hailed, as a relief, the entrance of Bella, in an extensive morning toilet, fresh from "shopping." She looked rapidly and angrily from him to Valérie, and attacked him at once. Seeing her cousin's vivacity told, she went in for the same stakes, with but slight success, being a young lady of the heavy artillery stamp, with no light action about her.

"Oh! Mr. Falkenstein," she began, "that exquisite play—you've seen it, of course? Captain Boville told me I should be delighted with it, and so I was. Don't you think it enchanting?"

"It is very clever," answered Falkenstein, gravely.

"Val missed a great treat," continued Bella; "nothing would make her go last night; however, she never likes anything I like. I should

love to know who wrote it; some people say a woman, but I would never believe it."

"The witty raillery and unselfish devotion of the heroine might be dictated by a woman's head and heart, but the passion, and vigour, and knowledge of human nature indicate a masculine genius," replied Waldemar.

Valérie gave him such a grateful, rapturous glance, that, had Bella been looking, might have disclosed the secret; but she was studying her dainty gloves, and went on:

"Could it be Westland Marston—Sterling Coyne?"

Falkenstein shook his head. "If it were, they would put their name on the play-bills."

"You naughty man! I do believe you could tell me if you chose. Are you not, now, in the author's confidence?"

The corner of Falkenstein's mouth went up in an irresistible smile as he telegraphed a glance at "the author." "Well, perhaps I am."

Bella clapped her hands with enchanting gaiety. "Then, tell me this moment; I am in agonies to know!"

"It is no great mystery," smiled Falkenstein. "I fancy you are acquainted with the unknown."

"You don't mean it!" cried Bella, in a state of ecstasy. "Have you written it, then?"

"I'm afraid I can't lay claim to the honour."

"Who can it be? Oh, do tell me! How enchanting!" cried Miss Cashranger; "I am wild to hear. Somebody I know, you say? Is it—is it Captain Tweed?"

"No, it isn't," laughed Falkenstein. Elliot Tweed—Idiot Tweed, as they all called him—who was hanging after Bella, abhorred all caligraphy, and wrote his own name with one e.

"Mr. Dashaway, then?"

"Dash never scrawled anything but I. O. U.s."

"Lord Flippertygibbett, perhaps?"

"Wrong again. Flip took up a pen once too often, when he signed his marriage register, to have any leanings to goose quills."

"Charlie Montmorency, then?"

"Reads nothing but his betting-book and *Bell's Life*."

"Dear me! how tiresome. Who can it be? Wait a moment. Let me see. Is it Major Powell?"

"Guess again. He wouldn't write, save in Indian fashion, with his tomahawk on his enemies' scalps."

"How provoking!" cried Bella, exasperated. "Stop: is it Mr. Beauchamp?"

"No; he scribbles for six-and-eightpences too perseveringly to have time for anything, except ruining his clients."

"Dr. Montressor, then?"

"Try once more. His prescriptions bring him too many guineas for him to waste ink on any other purpose."

"How stupid I am! Perhaps—perhaps——Yet no, it can't be, because he's at the Cape, and most likely killed, poor fellow. Could it be Cecil Green?"



Falkenstein laughed. "You needn't go so far as Kaffirland; try a little nearer home. Think over the *ladies* you know."

"The ladies! Then it is a woman!" cried Bella. "Well, I should never have believed it. Who can she be? How I shall admire her, and envy her! A lady! Can it be darling Flora?"

"No. If your pet friend can get through an invitation-note of four lines, the exertion costs her at least a dram of sal volatile."

"How wicked you are," murmured Miss Cashranger, delighted, after the custom of women, to hear her friend pulled to pieces. "Is it Mrs. Lushington, then?"

"Wrong again. The Lushington has so much business on hand, juggling rose-hued notes to twenty men at once, and wording them differently, for fear they may ever be compared, that she's no time for other composition."

"Lady Meelin, perhaps—she is a charming creature?"

Falkenstein shook his head. "Never could learn the simplest rule of grammar. When she was engaged to Meelin, she wrote her love-letters out of 'Henrietta Temple,' and flattered him immensely by their pathos."

"Was there ever such a sarcastic creature!" cried Bella, reprovingly, her interest rather flagged, since no man was the incognito author. "Well, let me see: there is Rosa Temple—she is immensely intellectual."

"But immensely orthodox. Every minute of her life is spent in working slippers and Bible markers for interesting curates. It is to be hoped one of them may reward her some day, though, I believe, till they *do* propose, she is in the habit of advocating priestly celibacy, by way of assertion of her disinterestedness. No! Miss Cashranger, the talented writer of 'Scarlet and White,' is not only of your acquaintance, but your family!"

"My family!" almost screamed Bella. "Good gracious, Mr. Falkenstein, is it dear papa, or—or Augustus?"

The idea of the brewer, fat, and round, and innocent of literature as one of his own teams, or of his son just plucked for his "smalls" at Cambridge, for spelling Cæsar, Sesar, sitting down to indite the pathos and poetry of "Scarlet and White," was so exquisitely absurd that Waldemar, forgetting courtesy, lay back in his arm-chair and laughed aloud. The contagion of his ringing laugh was irresistible; Valérie followed his example, and their united merriment rang in the astonished ears of Miss Cashranger, who looked from one to the other in wrathful surprise. As soon as he could control himself, Falkenstein turned towards her with his most courteous smile.

"You will forgive our laughter, I am sure, when I tell you what I am certain *must* give you great pleasure, that the play you so warmly and justly admire was written by your cousin."

Bella stared at him, her face scarlet, all the envy and reasonless spite within her flaming up at the idea of her cousin's success.

"Valérie—Valérie," she stammered, "is it true? I had no idea she ever thought of—"

"No," said Falkenstein, roused in his protégée's defence; "I dare say you are astonished, as every one else would be, that any one so young,

and, comparatively speaking, so inexperienced as your cousin, should have developed such extraordinary talent and power."

"Oh, of course—to be sure—yes," said Bella, her lips twitching nervously, "mamma will be astonished to hear of these new laurels for the family. I congratulate you, Valérie; I never knew you dreamt of writing, much less of making so public a *début*."

"Nor should I ever have been able to do so unless my way had been pioneered for me," said Valérie, resting her eyes fondly on Waldemar.

He stayed ten minutes longer, chatting on indifferent subjects, then left, making poor little Val happy with a touch of his hand, and a smile as "kind" as of old.

"You horrid, deceitful little thing!" began Bella, bursting with fury, as the door closed on him, "never to mention what you were doing. I can't bear such sly people! I hate——"

"My dear Bella, don't disturb yourself," said Valérie, quietly; "if you had testified any interest in my doings, you might have known them; as it was, I was glad to find warmer and kinder friends."

"In Waldemar Falkenstein, I suppose," sneered Bella, white with rage. "A nice friend you have, certainly; a man whom everybody knows may go to prison for debt any day."

"Leave him alone," said Valérie, haughtily; "unless you speak well of him, in my presence, you shall not speak at all."

"Oh, indeed," laughed Bella, nervously; "how very much interested you are in him! more than he is in you, I'm afraid, dear. He's famed for loving and leaving. Pray how long has this romantic affair been on the tapis?"

"He's met her every day in the Gardens," cried Julius Adolphus, just come in with that fatal *apropos* of "*enfants terribles*," much oftener the result of *méchanceté* than of innocence; "he's met her every day, Bella, while I fed the ducks."

Bella rose, inflated with fury, and summoning all her dignity:

"I suppose, Valérie, you know the sort of reputation you will get through these morning assignations."

Valérie bent over Spit with a smile.

"Of course, it is nothing to *me*," continued Bella, spitefully; "but I shall consider it my duty to inform mamma."

Valérie fairly laughed out.

"Do your duty, by all means."

"And," continued Bella, a third time, "I dare say she will find some means to put a stop to this absurd friendship with an unmarried and unprincipled man."

Valérie was roused; she lifted her head like a little Pythoness, and her blue eyes flashed angry scorn.

"Tell your mamma what you please, but—listen to me, Bella—if you venture to harm him in any way with your pitiful venom, I, girl as I am, will never let you go till I have revenged myself and him."

Bella, like most bullies, was a terrible coward. There was an earnestness in Valérie's words, and a dangerous light in her eyes, that frightened her, and she left the room in silence, while Valérie leaned her forehead on Spit's silky back, and cried bitterly, tears that for her life she wouldn't have shed while her cousin was there.

The next time Falkenstein called in Lowndes-square, the footman told him, "Not at home," and Waldemar swore, mentally, as he turned from the door, for though he could keep himself from seeking her, it was something new not to find her when he wished.

"She's like all the rest," he thought, bitterly; "she's used me, and now she's gone to newer friends. I was a fool to suppose any woman would do otherwise. They'll tell her I can't marry; of course, she'll go over to D'Orwood, or some of those confounded fools that are dangling after her."

So in his sceptical haste judged Falkenstein, on the strength of a single "Not at home," due to Cashranger malice, and the fierce throbs the mere suspicion gave him showed him that he loved Valérie too much to be able to deceive himself any longer with the assurance that his feeling towards his protégée was simple "friendship." He knew it, but he was loth to give way to it. He had long held as a doctrine that a man could forget if he chose. He had been wearied of so many, been disappointed in so much, he had had idols of the hour, in which, their first gloss off, he had found no beauty, he could not tell it might not be the same with Valérie. Warm and passionate as a Southern, haughty and reserved as a Northern, he held many a bitter conflict in his solitary vigils at night over his pipe, after evenings spent in society which no longer amused him, or excitement with which he vainly sought to drown his cares. When he did meet Valérie out, which was rarely, as he refused most invitations now, his struggle against his ill-timed passion made his manner so cold and capricious, that Valérie, who could not divine the workings of his heart, began, despite her vehement faith in him, and conviction that he was not wholly indifferent to her, to dread that Bella might be right, and that as he had left others so would he leave her. He gave her no opportunity of questioning him as to his sudden change, for when he did call in Lowndes-square, Bella and her aunt always stationed themselves as a sort of detective police, and Falkenstein now never sought a tête-à-tête.

One evening she met him at a dinner-party. With undisguised delight she watched his entrance, and Waldemar, seeing her radiant face, thought, in his haste, "She is happy enough, what does she care for me?" If he had looked at her after he had shaken hands carelessly with her, and turned away to talk to another woman, he would have discovered his mistake. But when do we ever discover half our errors before it is too late? She signed to him to come to her under pretext of looking at some croquis, and whispered, hurriedly,

"Count Waldemar, what have I done—why do you never come to see me? You are so changed, so altered——"

"I was not aware of it."

"But I never see you in the Gardens now. You never talk to me, you never call on me."

"I have other engagements."

Valérie breathed hard between her set teeth.

"That are more agreeable to you, I suppose. You should not have accustomed me to what you intended to withdraw when it ceased to amuse you. I am not so capricious. Your kindness about my play——"

"It was no kindness; I would have done the same for any one."

She looked at him fixedly.

"General kindness is no kindness," said Valérie, passionately. "If you would do for a mere acquaintance what you would do for your friend, what value attaches to your friendship?"

"I attach none to it," said the Count, coldly.

Valérie's little hands clenched hard. She did not speak, lest her self-possession should give way, and just then D'Orwood came to give her his arm in to dinner; and at dinner Valérie, demonstrative and candid as she was, was gay and animated, for she could wear a mask in the bal d'Opéra of life as well as he; and though she could not believe the coldness he testified was really meant, she felt bitterly the neglect of his manner before others, at sight of which Bella's small eyes sparkled with malicious satisfaction.

#### IV.

##### SOME GOLDEN FETTERS ARE SHAKEN OFF AND OTHERS ARE PUT ON.

"MRS. BOVILLE told me last night that Waldemar Falkenstein is so dreadfully in debt, that she thinks he'll have to go into court—don't they call it?" lisped Bella, the next morning; "be arrested, or bankrupt, or something dreadful. Should you think it's true?"

"I know it's true," said Idiot Tweed, who was there, "having a little music" before luncheon. "He's confoundedly hard up, poor devil."

"But I thought he was in such a good position—so well off?" said Bella, observing with secret delight that her cousin's head was raised, and that the pen with which she was writing had stopped in its rapid gallop.

"Ah! so one thinks of a good many fellows," answered the Guardsman; "or, at least, you ladies do, who don't look at a man's ins and outs, and the fifty hundred things there are to bother him. Lots of people—householders, and all that sort of thing—that one would fancy worth no end, go smash when nobody's expecting it."

"And Mr. Falkenstein really is embarrassed?"

The Guardsman laughed outright. "That is a mild term, Miss Cash-ranger. I heard down at Windsor yesterday, from a man that knows his family very well, that if he don't pay his debts this week, Amadeus Levi will arrest him. I dare say he will. Jews do when they can't bleed you any longer, and think your family will come down handsomely. But they say the old Count won't give Falkenstein a rap, so most likely he'll cut the country."

That afternoon, on his return from the Deeds and Chronicles Office, whose slow red-tapeism ill suited his impatient and vigorous intellect, Waldemar sat down deliberately to investigate his affairs. It was true that Amadeus Levi's patience was waning fast; his debts of honour had put him deep in that worthy's books, and Falkenstein, as he sat in his lodgings, with the August sun streaming full on the relentless figures that showed him, with cruel mathematical ruthlessness, that he was fast chained in the Golden Fetters of debt, leaned his head upon his arms with the bitter despair of a man whose own hand has blotted his past and ruined his future.

The turning of the handle of his door roused him from his reverie. He looked up quickly.

"A lady wants to speak to you, sir," said the servant who waited on him.

"What name?"

"She'd rather not give it, sir."

"Very well," said Falkenstein, consigning all women to the devil; "show her up."

Resigning himself to his fate, he rose, leaning his hand on the arm of the chair. He started involuntarily as the door opened again.

"Valérie!"

She looked up at him half hesitatingly. "Count Waldemar, don't be angry with me——"

"Angry! no, Heaven knows; but——"

Her face and her voice were fast thawing his chill reserve, and he stopped abruptly.

"You wonder why I have come here," Valérie went on, singularly shyly for her, "but—but I heard that you—you have much to trouble you just now. Is it true?"

"True enough, Heaven knows."

"Then—then," said Valérie, with all her old impetuosity, "let me do something for you—let me help you in some way—you who have done everything for me, who have been the only person kind to me on earth. Do let me—do not refuse me. I would die to serve you."

He breathed fast as he gazed on her expressive eyes. It was a hard struggle to him to preserve his self-control. "No one can help me," he answered, hurriedly. "I have made my own fate—leave me to it."

"I will not!" cried Valérie, passionately. "Do not send me away—do not refuse me. What happiness would there be for me so great as serving you—you to whom I owe all the pleasure I have known! Take them, Count Waldemar—pray take them; they have often told me they are worth a good deal, and I will thank Heaven every hour for having enabled me to aid you ever so little." She pressed into his hands a jewel-case.

Falkenstein could not answer her. He stood looking down at her, his lips white as death. She mistook his silence for displeasure, and laid her hands on his arm.

"Do not be offended—do not be annoyed with me. They are my own—an old heirloom of the L'Estranges that only came to me the other day. Take them, Count Waldemar. Do, for Heaven's sake. I spoke passionately to you last night; I have been unhappy ever since. If you will not take them, I shall think you have not yet forgiven me!"

He seized her hands and drew her close to him. "Good Heavens! do you love me like this?"

She did not answer, but she looked up at him. That look shivered to atoms Falkenstein's resolves, and cast his pride and prudence to the winds. He pressed her fiercely against his heart, he kissed her again and again, bitter tears rushing to his burning eyes.

"Valérie! Valérie!" he whispered, wildly, "my fate is at its darkest. Will you share it?"

She leaned her brow on his shoulder, trembling with hysterical joy. "You do care for me, then?" she murmured, at last. "Oh! thank Heaven."

In the delirium of his happiness, in the vehemence of feelings touched

to the core by sight of the intense love he had awakened, Falkenstein poured out on her all the passion of his impetuous and reserved nature, and in the paradise of the moment forgot every cloud that hung on his horizon.

"Valérie!" he whispered, at length, "I have now nothing to offer you. I can give you none of the riches, and power, and position that other men can——"

She stopped him, putting her hand on his lips. "Hush! I shall have everything that life can give me in having your love."

"My darling, Heaven bless you!" cried Falkenstein, passionately; "but think twice, Valérie—pause before you decide. I am a ruined man—embarrassments fetter me on every side. To-morrow, for aught I know, I may be arrested for debt. I would not lead you into what, in older years, you may regret."

"Regret!" cried Valérie, clinging to him. "How can I ever regret that I have won the one heaven I crave. If you love me, life will always be beautiful in my eyes; and, Count Waldemar, I can work for you—I can help you, be it ever so little. I cannot make much money now, but you have said that I shall gain more year after year. Only let me be with you; let me know your sorrows and lighten them if I can, and I could ask no greater happiness——"

Falkenstein bent over her, and covered with caresses the lips that to him seemed so eloquent: he had no words to thank her for a love that, to his warm and solitary heart, came like water in the wilderness. The sound of voices gay and laughing, on the stairs, startled him.

"That is Bevan and Godolphin; I forgot they were coming for me to go down to the Castle. Good Heavens! they mustn't see you here, love, to jest about you over their mess-tables. Stay," said Falkenstein, hastily, as the men entered the front room, "wait here a moment; they cannot see you in this window, and I will come to you again. Hallo! old fellows!" said he, passing through the folding-doors. "You're wonderfully punctual, Tom. I always give you half an hour's grace; but I suppose Harry's such an awful martinet, that he kept you up to time for once."

"All the credit's due to my mare," laughed Godolphin. "She did the distance from Knightsbridge in four minutes, and I don't think Musjid himself could beat that. Are you ready, I say? because we're to be at the Castle by six, and Fitz don't like waiting for his turbot."

"Give me a brace of seconds, and I shall be with you," said Waldemar.

"Make haste, there's a good fellow. By George!" said Harry, catching sight of the jewel-case, "for a fellow who's so deucedly hard up, you've been pretty extravagant in getting those diamonds, Waldemar. Who are they for—Rosalie Rivers, or the Deloraine; or that last love of yours, that wonderful little L'Estrange?"

Falkenstein's brow grew dark: he snatched the case from the table, with a suppressed oath, and went back to the inner room, slamming the folding-doors after him. Godolphin lounged to the window looking on the street, where he stood for five minutes, whistling *A te, o cara*. "The devil! what's that fellow about?" he said, yawning. "How impatient Bonbon's growing! Why don't that fool Roberts drive her up and down? By Jove! come here, Tom. Who's that girl Falkenstein's now

putting into a cab? That's what he wanted his brace of seconds for! Confound that portico! I can't see her face, and women dress so much alike now, there's no telling one from another. What an infernal while he is bidding her good-by. I shall know another time what his two seconds mean. There, the cab's off at last, thank Heaven!—Very pretty, Falkenstein," he began, as the Count entered. "That's your game, is it? I think you might have confided in your bosom friend. Who is the fair one? Come, make a clean breast of it."

Falkenstein shook his head. "My dear Harry, spare your words. Don't you know of old that you never get anything out of me unless I choose?"

"Oh yes, confound you, I know that pretty well. One question, though—was she pretty?"

"Do you suppose I entertain plain women?"

"No; never was such a man for the beaux yeux. It looked uncommonly like little L'Estrange; but I don't suppose she could get out of the durance vile of Lowndes-square, to come and pay you a tête-à-tête call. Well, are you ready now? because Bonbon's tired of waiting, and so are we. A man in love makes an abominable friend."

"A man in love with himself makes a worse one," said Waldemar; which hit Harry in a vulnerable spot, Godolphin being generally chaffed about the affection he bore his own person.

"That *was* the little L'Estrange, wasn't it?" asked Godolphin, as they leaned out of the window after dinner, apart from the others.

"Yes," said Waldemar, curtly; "but I beg you to keep silence on it to every one."

"To be sure; I've kept plenty of your confidences. I had no idea you'd pushed it so far. Of course you won't be fool enough to marry her?"

Falkenstein's dark eyes flashed fire. "I shall not be fool enough to consult or confide in any man upon my private affairs."

Godolphin shrugged his shoulders with commiseration, and left Waldemar alone in his window.

Falkenstein called in Lowndes-square the morning after, and had an interview with old Cash in the library of gaudy books that were never opened, and told him concisely that he loved his niece, and—that ever I should live to record it!—that little snob, with not two ideas in his head, who couldn't, if put to it, tell you who his own grandfather was, and who owed his tolerance in society to his banking account, refused an alliance with the refined intellect and the blue blood of one of the proud, courtly, historic Falkensteins! He'd been tutored by his wife, and said his lesson properly, refusing to sanction "any such connexion;" of course his niece must act for herself.

Waldemar bowed himself out with all his haughtiest high-breed-ing; he knew Valérie *would* act for herself, but the insult cut him to the quick. He threw himself into the train, and went down to Fairlie, his governor's place in Devonshire, determining to sacrifice his pride, and ask his father to aid him in his effort for freedom. In the drawing-room he found his sister Virginia, a cold, proud woman of the world. She scarcely let him sit down and inquire for the governor, before she pounced on him.

"Waldemar, I have heard the most absurd report about you."

"Most reports are absurd."

"Yes, of course; but this is too ridiculous. What do you think it is?"

"I am sure I can't say."

"That you are going to marry."

"Well?"

"Well! You take it very quietly. If you were going to make a good match I should be the first to rejoice; but they say that you are engaged to some niece of that odious, vulgar parvenu, Cashranger, the brewer; that little bold thing who wrote that play that made a noise a little while ago. Pray set me at rest at once, and say it is not true."

"I should be very sorry if it were not."

His sister looked at him in haughty horror. "Waldemar! you must be mad. If you were rich, it would be intolerable to stoop to such a connexion; but, laden with debts as you are, to disgrace the family with such——"

"Disgrace!" repeated Falkenstein, scornfully. "She would honour any family she entered."

"You talk like a boy of twenty," said Virginia, impatiently. "To load yourself with a penniless wife when you are on the brink of ruin—to introduce to us the niece of a low-bred, pushing plebeian—to give your name to a bold manœuvring girl, who has the impudence to take her stand before a crowded theatre——"

"Hold!" broke out Waldemar, fiercely; "you might thank Heaven, Virginia, if you were as frank-hearted and as free from guile as she is. She thinks no ill, and therefore she is not, like you fine ladies, on the constant qui vive lest it should be attributed to her. I have found at last a woman too generous to be mistrustful, too fond to wait for the world's advantages, and, moreover, untainted by the breath of your conventionalities, and pride, and cant."

Virginia threw back her head with a curl on her lip. "You are mad, as I said before. I suppose you do not expect me to countenance your infatuation?"

He shrugged his shoulder. "Really, whether you do or not, is perfectly immaterial to me."

Virginia was silent, pale with anger, for they were all (pardonably enough) proud. She turned with a sneer to Josephine, a younger and less decided woman, just entering. "Josephine, you are come in time to be congratulated on your sister-in-law."

"Is it true?" murmured Josephine, aghast. "Oh! my dear Waldemar, pause; consider how dreadful for us—a person who is so horribly connected; the man's beer-waggon is now standing at the door. Oh, do reflect—a girl, whose name is before the public——"

"By talent that would grace a queen!" interrupted Waldemar, rising impatiently. "You waste your words; you might know that I am not so weak as to give up my sole chance of happiness to please your pitiful prejudices."

"Very well. I shall never speak to her," said Virginia, between her teeth.

"That you will do as you please; you will be the loser."

"But, Waldemar, do consider," began Josephine.



"Your women's tongues would drive a man mad," muttered Falkenstein. "Tell me where my father is."

"In his study," answered Virginia, briefly. And in his study Falkenstein found him. He saw at once that something was wrong by his reception; but he plunged at once into his affairs, showing him plainly his position, and asking him frankly for help to discharge his debts.

Count Ferdinand heard him in silence. "Waldemar," he answered, after a long pause, "you shall have all you wish. I will sign you a cheque for the amount this instant if you give me your word to break off this miserable affair."

Falkenstein's cheek flushed with annoyance; he had expected sympathy from his father, or at least toleration. "That is impossible. You ask me to give up the one thing that binds me to life—the one love I have given me—the one chance of redeeming the future that lies in my grasp. I am not a boy, led away by a passing caprice. I have known and tried everything, and I can judge what will make my happiness. What unfortunate prejudice have you all formed against my poor little Valérie——"

"Enough!" said his father, sternly. "I address you as a man of the world, and a man of sense; you answer me with infatuated folly. I give you your choice: my aid and esteem in everything you can desire, or the madman's gratification of the ill-placed caprice of the hour."

Falkenstein rose as haughty as the Count.

"Virtually, then, you give me no choice. I am sorry I troubled you with my concerns. I know whose interference I have to thank for it, and am only astonished you are so easily influenced," said Falkenstein, setting his teeth hard as he closed the door; for his father's easy desertion of him hit him hard, and he attributed it, rightly enough, to Maximilian, who, industriously gathering every grain of evil report against his brother, had taken such a character of Valérie—whom, unluckily, he had seen coming out of Duke-street—down to Fairlie, that his father vowed to disinherit him, and his sisters never to speak to him. The doors both of his own home and of Lowndes-square were closed to him; and in his adversity the only one that clung to him was Valérie.

If he had been willing to ask them, none of his friends could have helped him. Godolphin, with 20,000*l.* a year, spent every shilling on himself; Tom Bevan, but that he stood for a pocket borough of his governor's, would have been in quod long ago; and for the others, men very willing to take your money at écarté are not very willing to lend you theirs when you can play écarté no longer. Amadeus Levi grew more and more importunate; down on him at once, as Falkenstein knew, would come the Jew's *griffes* if he took any such unprofitable step as a marriage for love; and with all the passion in the world, mesdemoiselles, a man thinks twice before he throws himself into the Insolvent Court.

One night, *volens volens*, decision was forced on him. He had seen Valérie that morning in the Pantheon, and they had parted to meet again at a ball, one of the lingering stragglers of the past season. About twelve he dressed and walked down Duke-street, looking for a cab to take him to Park-lane. Under a lamp at the corner, standing reading, he saw a man whom he knew by sight, and whose errand he guessed without hesitation. He passed unnoticed close beside him; he stood a

moment and glanced over his shoulder; he saw a warrant for his own apprehension at Levi's suit. The man, looking to make sure of the dress, never raised his eyes. Falkenstein walked on, hailed a Hansom in Regent-street, and in a quarter of an hour was chatting with his hostess.

"Where is Miss L'Estrange?" he asked, carelessly.

"She was waltzing with Tom a moment ago," answered Mrs. Eden. "If you run after her so, I shall believe report. But is anything the matter, Falkenstein? How ill you look!"

"Too much champagne," laughed Waldemar. "I've been dining with Gourmet, and all the Falkensteins inherit the desire of obtaining that gentlemanlike curse, the gout."

"It's not the gout, mon ami," smiled Mrs. Eden.

"Break your engagement and waltz with me," he whispered, ten minutes after, to Valérie.

"I have none. I kept them all free for you!"

He put his arm round her and whirled her into the circle.

"Count Waldemar, you are not well. Has anything fresh occurred?" she asked, anxiously, as she felt the quick throbs of his heart, and saw the dark circles of his eyes and the deepened lines round his haughty mouth.

"Not much, dearest. I will tell you in a moment."

She was silent, and he led her through the different rooms into Mrs. Eden's boudoir, which he knew was generally deserted; and there, holding her close to him, but not looking into her eyes lest his strength should fail him, he told her that he must leave England, and asked her if he should go alone.

She caught both his hands and kissed them passionately. "No, no; do not leave me—take me with you, wherever it be. Oh, that I were rich for your sake! I, who would die for you, can do nothing to help you——"

He pressed her fiercely to him. "Oh, Valérie! Heaven bless you for your love, that renders the darkest hour of my life the brightest. But weigh well what you do, my darling. I am utterly ruined. I cannot insure you from privation in the future, perhaps not even from absolute want; if I make money, much must go in honour year by year to the payment of my debts, by instalments. I shall take you from all the luxuries and the society that you are formed for; do not sacrifice yourself blindly——"

"Sacrifice myself!" interrupted Valérie. "Oh! Waldemar, if it is no sacrifice to you, let me be with you wherever it be; and, if you have cares, and toil, and sorrow, let me share them. I will write for you, work for you, do anything for you, only let me be with you——"

He pressed his lips to hers, silent with the tumult of passion, happiness, delirious joy, regret, remorse, that arose in him at her words.

"My guardian angel, be it as you will!" he said, at length. "I must be out of England to-morrow, Valérie. Will you come with me as my wife?"

Early on Sunday morning Falkenstein was married, and out of his host of friends, and relatives, and acquaintance, honest Tom Bevan was the only man who turned him off, as Tom phrased it, and bid him good-by, with few words but much regret, concealed, after the manner of Britons, for the loss of his old chum. Tom's congratulations were the only ones that fell on Valérie's ear in the empty church that morning;

but I question if Valérie ever noticed the absence of the marriage paraphernalia, so entirely were her heart, and eyes, and mind, fixed on the one whom she followed into exile. They were out of London before their part of it had begun to lounge down to their late breakfasts; and as they crossed the Channel, and the noon sun streamed on the white line of cliffs, Falkenstein, holding her hands in his, and looking down into her eyes, forgot the follies of his past, the insecurity of his future, the tale of his ruin and his flight, that would be on the tongues of his friends on the morrow, and only remembered the love that came to him when all others forsook him.

## V.

## THE SILVER CHIMES RING IN A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ONE December evening Falkenstein sat in his lodgings in Vienna; the wood fire burnt brightly, and if its flames lighted up a room whose *appanages* were rather different to the palace his grandfather had owned in the imperial city, they at least shone on waving hair and violet eyes that were very dear to him, and helped to teach him to forget much that he had forfeited. From England he had come to Vienna, where, as he had projected, his uncle, one of the cabinet, had been able to help him to a diplomatic situation, for which his keen judgment and varied information fitted him; and in Austria his name gave him at once a brevet of the highest nobility. Of course the knowledge that he was virtually outlawed, and that he was deep in the debt of such sharps as Amadeus Levi, often galled his proud and sensitive nature; but Valérie knew how to soften and to soothe him, and, under her caressing affection or her ready vivacity, the dark hours passed away.

He was smoking his favourite briar-wood pipe, with Valérie sitting at his feet, reading him some copy just going to her publishers in England, and little Spit, not forgotten in their flight, lying on the hearth, when a deep English voice startled them, singing out, "Here you are at last! I give you my word, I've been driving over this blessed city two hours to find you!"

"Tom!" cried Falkenstein.

"Captain Bevan!" echoed Valérie, springing to her feet, while Spit began barking furiously.

Bevan shook hands with them; heartily glad to see his friend again, though, of course, he grumbled more about the snow and the stupidity of the Viennese than anything else. "Very jolly rooms you've got," said he, at last; "and, 'pon my life, you look better than I've seen you do a long time, Waldemar. Madame has done wonders for you."

"Madame" laughed, and glanced up at Falkenstein, who smiled half sadly.

"She has taught me how to find happiness, Tom. I wish you may get such a teacher."

"Thank you, so do I, if my time ever comes; but geniuses *aux longs yeux bleus* are rare in the world. But you're wondering why I'm here, ain't you?"

"I was flattering myself you were here to see us."

"Well, of course, and very happy to see you, too; but I'm come in part as your governor's messenger."

Valérie saw him look up quickly, a flush on his face. "My father?"

"Yes, that rascal—(you know I always said he was good for nothing, a fool that couldn't smoke a Queen without being sick)—I mean, your brother Maximilian—was at the bottom of the Count's row with you. Last week I was dining at old Fitz's, and your father and sisters were there, and when the women were gone I asked him when he'd last heard of you; of course he looked tempestuous, and said, 'Never.' Happily, I'm not easily shut up, so I told him it was a pity then, for if he did he'd hear you were jollier than ever, and I said your wife was——Well, I won't say what, for fear we spoil this young lady, and make her vain of herself. The old boy turned pale, and said nothing; but two days after I got a line from him, saying he wasn't quite well, would I go down and speak to him. I found him elained with the gout, and he began to talk about you. I like that old man, Waldemar, I do, uncommonly. He said he'd been too hasty, but that it was a family failing, and that Max had brought him such—well, such confounded lies—about Valérie, that he would have shot you rather than see you give her your name; now he wants to have you back. I'd nothing to do, so I said I'd come and ask you to forgive the poor old boy, and come and see him, for he isn't well. I know you will, Falkenstein, because you never *did* bear malice."

"Oh yes, he will," murmured Valérie, tears in her eyes. "I separated you, Waldemar; you will let me see you reconciled?"

"My darling, yes! Poor old governor!" And Falkenstein stopped, and smoked vigorously, for kindness always touched him to the heart.

Bevan looked at him, and was silent. "I say," he whispered, when he was a moment alone with Valérie, "I didn't tell Waldemar, because I thought you'd break it to him less blunderingly than I should, but the old Count's breaking fast. I doubt if he'll live another week."

Bevan was right. In another week Falkenstein stood by the death-bed of his father. He had a long interview with him alone, in which the old Count detailed to him the fabricated slanders with which his brother had blackened Valérie's name. With all his old passion he disowned the son capable of such baseness, and constituted Waldemar his sole heir, save the legacies left to his daughters. He died in Waldemar's arms the night they arrived in England, with his last word to him and Valérie, whom, despite Virginia's opposition, he insisted on seeing. Falkenstein's sorrow for his father was deep and unfeigned, like his character; but his guardian angel, as he used to call her, was there to console him, and, under the light of her smile, sorrow could not long pursue him.

On his brother, always his own enemy, and now the traducer of the woman he loved, Waldemar's wrath fell heavily, and would, to a certainty, have found some means of wreaking itself, but for the last wishes of his father. As it was, he took a nobler, yet a more complete revenge. The day of the funeral, when they were assembled for the reading of the will, Maximilian, unconscious of his doom, came with his gentle face, and tender melancholy air, to inherit, as he believed, Fairlie and all the personal property.

Stunned, as by a spent ball, horror-struck, disbelieving his senses, he heard his younger brother proclaimed the heir. It was a serious thing to him, moreover, for—for a man of large expenses and great ostentation—his own means were small. To secure every shilling he had schemed, and planned, and lied; now every shilling was taken from him. Like the

dog of Æsopian memory, trying to catch two pieces of meat, he had lost his own!

After the last words were read, Waldemar stood a moment irresolute; then he lifted his head, his dark eyes bright and clear, his mouth fixed and firm, a proud calm displacing his old look of passion and of care.

He went up to his brother with a generous impulse, and held out his hand.

"Maximilian, from our boyhood you never liked me, and of late you have done me a great wrong; but I am willing to believe that you did it from a mistaken motive, and by me, at least, it shall never be recalled. My father, in his wish to make amends for the one harsh act of his life to me, has made a will which I know you consider unjust. I cannot dispute his last desire that I should inherit Fairlie, but I can do what I know he would sanction—divide with you the wealth his energy collected. Take the half of the property, as if he had left it to you, and over his grave let us forget the past!"

\* \* \* \* \*

On the last day of the year, so eventful to them both, Falkenstein and Valérie drove through the park at Fairlie. The rôle of a country gentleman would have been the last into which Waldemar, with his independent opinions and fastidious intellect, would have sunk; but he was fond of the place from early associations, and he came down to take possession. The tenantry and servants welcomed him heartily, for they had often used to wish that the wild high-spirited child, who rode his Shetland over the county at a headlong pace, and if he sometimes teased their lives out, always gave them a kind word and merry laugh, had been the heir instead of the one to whom they applied the old proverb "still and ill."

The tenantry had been dismissed, the dinner finished, even the briar-wood pipe smoked out, and in the wide Elizabethan window of the library Falkenstein stood, looking on the clear bright night, and watching the Old Year out.

"You sent the deed of gift to-day to Maximilian?" said Valérie, clasping both her hands on his arm.

"Yes. He does not take it very graciously; but perhaps we can hardly expect that from a man who has been disinherited. I question if I should accept it at all."

"But you could never have wronged another as he wronged you," cried Valérie. "Oh, Waldemar! I think I never realised fully, till the day you took your generous revenge, how noble, how good, how above all others you are."

He smiled, and put his hand on her lips.

"Good, noble, silly child! those words may do for some spotless Gahlahad or Folko, not for me, who, a month ago, was in debt to some of the greatest blackguards in town, who have yielded to every temptation, given way to every weakness; not with the excuse of a boy new to life, but wilfully and recklessly, knowing both the pleasures and their price—I, who but for your love and my father's, should now be a solitary exile, paying for my past follies with——"

"Be quiet," interrupted Valérie, with her passionate vivacity. "As different as was 'Mirabeau jugé par sa famille et Mirabeau jugé par le peuple,' are you judged by your enemies, and judged by those who love

you. Granted you have had temptations, follies, errors; so has every man of high spirit and generous temper, and I value you far more coming out of a fiery furnace with so much of pure gold that the flames could not destroy, than if you were some ascetic Pharisee, who has never succumbed because he has never been tempted, and, born with no weaknesses, is born with no warmer virtues either!"

Falkenstein laughed, as he looked down at her.

"You little goose! Well, at least you have eloquence, Valérie, if not truth, on your side; and your sophistry is dear to me, as it springs out of your love."

"But it is not sophistry," she cried, with an energetic stamp of her foot. "If you will not listen to philosophy, concede, at least, to fact. Which is most worthy of my epithets—'noble and good'—Waldemar Falkenstein, or Maximilian? And yet Maximilian has been quiet and virtuous from his youth upwards, and always wins white balls from the ballot of society."

"Well! you shall have the privilege of your sex—the last word," smiled Waldemar, "more especially as the last word is on my side."

"Hark!" interrupted Valérie, quiet and subdued in a second, "the clock is striking twelve."

Silently, with her arms round his neck, they listened to the parting knell of the Old Year, stealing quietly away from its place among men. From the church towers through England tolled the twelve strokes, with a melancholy echo, telling a world that its dead past was laid in a sealed grave, and the stone of Never More was rolled to the door of the sepulchre. The Old Year was gone, with all its sins and errors, its golden gleams and midnight storms, its midsummer days of sunshine for some, its winter nights of starless gloom for others. Its last knell echoed; and then, from the old grey beliries in villages and towns, over the stirring cities and the sleeping hamlets, over the quiet meadows and stretching woodlands and grand old forest trees, rang the Silver Chimes of the New Year.

It shall be a happy New Year to you, my darling, if my love can make it so," whispered Waldemar, as the musical bells clashed out in wild harmony under the winter stars.

She looked up into his eyes. "I *must* be happy, since it will be passed with you. Do you remember, Waldemar, the night I saw you first, my telling you New Year's-day was my birthday, and wondering where you and I should spend the next? I liked you strangely from the first, but how little I foresaw that my whole life was to hang on yours!"

"As little as I foresaw when, after heavy losses at Godolphin's, I watched the Old Year out in my chambers, a tired, ruined, hopeless, aimless man, with not one on whom I could rely for help or sympathy in my need, that I should stand here now, free, clear from debt, with all my old entanglements shaken off, my old scores wiped out, my darker errors forgotten, my worst enemy humbled, and my own future bright. Oh! Valérie! Heaven bless you for the love that followed me into exile!"

He drew her closer to him as he spoke, and as he felt the beating of the heart that was always true to him, and the soft caress of the lips that had always a smile for him, Falkenstein looked out over the wide woodland that called him master, glistening in the clear starlight, and as he listened to the SILVER CHIMES—joyous herald of the New-born Year—he blessed in his inmost heart the GOLDEN FETTERS OF LOVE.

## THE OUTREMANCHE CORRESPONDENCE.

[MONSIEUR VICTOR GOUACHE, a French gentleman long resident in England, who has reasons of his own for distrusting the Post-office, has made us the medium of communication between himself and several of his friends in Paris, to whom he is desirous of making known his opinions on current events in this country. M. Gouache has been so good as to promise us a series of letters, of which the following is the first.—ED. *Bentley's Miscellany.*]

### No. I.

TO M. ALFRED BROCARD, RUE ST. DOMINIQUE, NO. 42, à PARIS.

MY DEAR ALFRED,—A distinguished critic of our own country, in the exercise of his *métier*, lately said : “L'à-propos est beaucoup dans les Arts comme dans la vie. Il ne faut faire ni la comédie de la veille, ni la comédie du lendemain. Bornons-nous à la comédie du jour ; c'est la plus vraie, et celle qui a la plus de chance à réussir.”

That which he applied to the drama, it is my intention—as well as I am able—to apply to what I see and hear in the great city where I have taken up my abode ; not recently, as you are well aware, or I should shrink from the presumption of recording the observations and ideas which you and other friends have asked me to put on paper for the gratification of those from whom I have so long been absent. No, my dear Alfred, no—a thousand times, no ! If I were not as completely Anglicised by residence as I am still a Frenchman in thought, I would not attempt to gratify even a legitimate curiosity like yours. But the time I have passed in England, some opportunity, and a tolerable knowledge of the language—which you and I studied together at the Collège de France, and in which you request me to write—are reasons that excuse me to myself in undertaking the task you have imposed on me.

Entrons en matière alors ! Or, to follow Hamlet's advice, let us leave our damnable faces and begin. Hamlet, you know, is the chief-d'œuvre of Shakspeare, and let me observe, par parenthèse, my dear Alfred, that the poet is no longer to be called “the divine Williams :” England possesses but one Williams, he is a member of parliament, and his apotheosis is sufficiently remote.

Where, then, to begin ? The choice is, perhaps, of little consequence. So much is in the wallet that something to the purpose is sure to turn up whenever I put my hand there. Of this be assured : I shall not entertain you, now, as I might have done ten years ago—on my first arrival in London—with histories of baronets who are *censés* to be found seated at *guéridons*, drinking “groggs” in the middle of the day, or boxing with their grooms for prize-fights in their noble houses of Piccadilly and West-end, or dragging their wives to Smithfield for sale, with halters round their lovely necks. Those descriptions belong to the past,

and I leave them to travellers who, neglecting the use of their eyes, see only through their ears.

They have a curious way of recompensing literary merit in England. About five-and-thirty years ago, King George IV., who, in other things, is not very advantageously remembered, set apart from his civil list a certain annual sum for the express purpose of rewarding the labours of such as devoted themselves to literature and science. One might suppose that, in a country so prolific of writers as England, there would be no great difficulty in selecting appropriate objects for this royal bounty. But when one reads the yearly list, this is the inevitable conclusion. Of two things, one: either literary people in England are few and underserving, or the Minister who distributes the dole—for it is no great amount—is incapable of distinguishing between pauperism and literary merit. My own convictions incline me to believe in the last-named category. *En voici la preuve*: In the list published a few weeks ago—I suppress names, which would not interest you—I find that 50*l.* is given to Mrs. B., “in consideration of the services of her late husband, Captain B., for twenty-five years’ employment in the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa, where at last he fell a victim to the climate.” Mrs. B. had, unquestionably, an excellent claim to a pension; but, as the services of her husband were those of an active naval officer, does it not strike you that a literary fund is somewhat inappropriately taxed for her support? Without intending the slightest disrespect to the memory of Captain B., I permit myself to observe that it is doubtful if his literary efforts ever extended beyond the composition of his log-book. Here is another logical deduction: Dr. B. receives 100*l.* “for his services to literature.” *Très bien!* But what the English call “a rider” is saddled on the donation. “When Dr. B.” (says the official document) “was in better circumstances he gave the Astrolabe of Drake to Greenwich Hospital.” He might, when a richer man, have lent the Prime Minister a guinea—have bestowed a pestle and mortar on any other hospital—have made a present of his wig to the British Museum—or have exercised his munificence in a thousand ways more exemplary even than these,—but why should not his “services to literature” have been considered a reason sufficient for his literary pension? Another Dr. B. is rewarded with 100*l.* for his “philosophical works;” but this is not claim enough: to deserve his pension it is necessary for him to be in “straitened circumstances,” that fact being made public in order, I suppose, to put his philosophy to the test. Great benefits have accrued to the country through the improvements made by the late H. C. in “the manufacture of iron.” It has long been a reproach to England that his family should have suffered great poverty. Well, this is now partially remedied: 100*l.* is divided between the two surviving daughters of H. C. Little enough, you will say; but then you cannot fail to admire the intimate connexion between cast iron and literature! Mrs. G., the daughter of H., the painter, receives 100*l.* “on account of the long services of her late husband.” Prepare yourself, my dear Alfred, to hear of a work on art, a *catalogue raisonné* at the least;—no such thing—it is “in the consular service,” and not in the cause of either art or literature. Mrs. R., the widow of the Bishop of A—, is pensioned with 150*l.*, because of the episcopal labours of her husband, and a nume-



rous family unprovided for. Poverty again—and not on account of the late bishop's contributions to theology. To Mrs. R. is awarded a sum of 50*l.*, "in consideration of her husband's services in South America and the United States, and"—pray notice this—"his *being poisoned on his return home!*" The last reason is perfectly *unique*, and the Minister who makes so happy a distribution of literary rewards is certainly *impayable*. The literary pension-list in his hands answers the purpose of all the remedies that were applied in the kingdom of "La Quinte Essence." It cures everything but the specific ailment for which it was invented. As to desert, the unhappy English author may say with Alceste :

Laissons mon mérite, de grace ;  
De quoi voulez-vous là que Lord P—— s'embarrasse ?  
Il aurait fort à faire, et ses soins seraient grands  
D'avoir à déterrer le mérite des gens.

*Assez sur ce chapitre*, but the general subject of misplaced generosity is not quite exhausted.

It is said that the English are not an impulsive nation—like ourselves—though, between you and I, my dear Alfred, I believe we sometimes look before we leap. The English, however, are very often suddenly stirred to do things which those who judge with sobriety can scarcely understand. They forget a proverb of their own, which I give you as Chamfort wrote it, with his commentary : "Il faut être juste avant d'être généreux, comme on a des chemises avant d'avoir des dentelles."

You have heard, I suppose, of the gentleman whom our Paris papers call "Sir Cobden," but perhaps you do not know all his history. *N'ayez pas peur*,—I am not going to be his biographer : it is only an episode in his career that I am about to relate. Ce Monsieur Cobden—to use his own words, before he learnt French—made his "*first début* in political life" as an anti-Corn-law agitator ; that is to say, he thought it a more promising speculation to become a free-trader than to sell printed cottons at a very small profit. He was right. When the agitation was over, and the Corn-laws were repealed, his friends, the Manchester manufacturers, were told that he had neglected his own affairs—*c'est beau, ça*,—to his impoverishment. They consequently set on foot a subscription to reward him for his services, and raised the colossal sum of 70,000*l.*—one million seven hundred and fifty thousand francs, *mon cher*—which Monsieur Richards Cobden put in his pocket. Against all this it n'y a mot à dire. But what do you think "The Champion of Free Trade," *comme on l'appelle ici*, did with this enormous sum of money? Invested it, you will say, in the *English* funds, or in some other *English* security. Not at all, my dear friend. Pour être *Anglais*, Monsieur Cobden ne s'inquiète pas de devenir *Américain*. To obtain a higher rate of interest for his capital, he embarked the whole or the greater part of the fortune which had been given him in American railways, and, like the dog in le bonhomme Lafontaine's fable, snatched at a shadow in the stream and lost the *gros morceau* that was already in his mouth : in other words, he did *not* neglect his affairs this time, but, nevertheless, he was ruined. *Tant pis pour lui*, I hear you—who are not much interested in this gentleman's fortunes—exclaim! Again you are deceived. So far from its being so much the worse for Monsieur Cobden, it turns out to have been so much

the better. Here is what I read to-day in the *Athenæum*, a well-informed literary journal: "The public will regret to hear a rumour that Mr. Cobden has lost nearly the whole of his private fortune by investment in American railway shares. They will rejoice, however, if the rumour should be true, to hear that the loss will be repaid to this useful servant of the public, in a manner at once splendid, delicate, and prompt. In a few days, if we are rightly told, names have been put down for 40,000*l.*, in sums from 500*l.* to 5000*l.* each. The friendliness thus expressed is a most noble tribute to public virtue and public service." So that, after twelve years' enjoyment of the feverish delight of speculation, with his patriotic soul fixed on the improvement of American railways, and, *bien entendu*, his own advantage, after developing so rare an amount of disinterested love of country and utter abnegation of self, Monsieur Cobden *se remet dans son assiette* as comfortably as if he had never been disturbed in it. When a man makes ducks and drakes of a large fortune, and has his losses made up "in a manner at once splendid, delicate, and prompt," what should be his line of conduct for the future? Can you ask it? Why, speculate more and more in American railways, continue to play at ducks and drakes, throw good money after bad, do anything so as not to deserve another subscription, and then English generosity will make it "all square," as they say here.

Free trade having been touched upon, in the person of Monsieur Cobden, I must not dismiss the subject without congratulating you, whose father is a Bordeaux wine-grower, and myself who am a Bordeaux wine-drinker—even in this country, at seven or eight francs a bottle—on the prospect of being able—your estimable father to sell three times as much as before, and my estimable self to drink, if not three times as much, what I desire, at one-third of the former price. It is a one-sided measure for the present, *mais qu'est-ce que ça nous fait?* Let Lord Palmerston's free-trade cabinet look to that.

I must now close this letter. Just as I am about to do so I hear the guns firing, which announce the arrival of the Queen at the House of Lords, to deliver the royal speech. The great sop in the pan for the hungry British public is the new Reform Bill, which no human being here cares a single *sou* about, least of all those—but I need not tell *you* that—who make the most noise about it. The clamour for it is what the Americans call "Bunkum." We have not the precise word in our language, but, decidedly, we have the thing. And now adieu, *mon cher Alfred*. Knowing where you live, and how surrounded, I echo the wish of Monsieur Jourdain, et "vous souhaite la force des serpents et la prudence des lions."

A vous de cœur,

VICTOR GOUACHE.

In my next I shall tell you how politics are getting on "over the water."

# OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.\*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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## Part the Fourth.

THE SEARCH BY THE IRONSIDES.

### I.

#### THE PRIORY RUINS.

APPROACHING Lewes by the picturesque suburb of Southover, the little party halted near the ruins of the once magnificent priory of Saint Pancrace.

Here, quitting the road, the colonel and Dulcia, followed by the ostreger, with the merlin on his fist and the spaniels at his heels, entered a smooth, green area, of several acres in extent, surrounded by crumbling walls and arches, partly overgrown by ivy and brambles, and giving some slight evidence of the vast dimensions of the majestic pile formerly occupying the spot.

The Priory of Lewes, the first of the Cluniac order in England, was founded in the latter part of the eleventh century by William de Warenne and Gundreda his wife, daughter of the Conqueror, and was ruthlessly destroyed at the period of the Reformation by command of Thomas Lord Cromwell. The size and splendour of the conventual church—a portion only of the monastery—may be estimated by the report of Cromwell's commissioner, John Portmarus—a name to be held in abhorrence by the antiquary—who thus wrote to his employer in 1538 : "I advertised your lordship of the length and greatness of this church, how we had begun to pull the whole down to the ground, and what manner and fashion we used in pulling it down. I told your lordship of a vault on the right side of the high altar, that was borne with four pillars, having about it five chapels, which be compassed in with the walls, 70 steps of length, that is feet 210. Now we are plucking down a higher vault borne up by four thick and gross pillars, 14 foot from side to side, about in circumference 45 feet."

From the measurement furnished by this Vandal, we learn that the circumference of the conventual church was 1558 feet; the thick-

\* *All rights reserved.*

ness of the steeple walls 10 feet, and the height of the steeple above the roof of the stately fabric, which was near 100 feet high, 90 feet. Of these ponderous pillars, storied windows, vaulted chapels, embowed roof, high altar, steeple, cloisters, and proud monuments, all are gone. Even the bones of the illustrious founders of the hallowed pile have been disinterred, and conveyed to another resting-place!

Out of the disjointed fragments left—here a range of thick walls with gaping apertures—there a solitary, misshapen piece of grey masonry—further on a yawning pit—it is scarcely possible for the eye of fancy to reconstruct the magnificent edifice. The knave Portmarus did his work effectually, and the only regret is, that he did not obtain the same reward for his services from Cromwell which the latter obtained from *his* master.

But though nothing but a few venerable walls told of the former magnitude and grandeur of the ancient priory and its church, still those ruins were picturesque and beautiful. A clear rill flowed through the spacious court, washing the base of the ivy-grown fragments, and into this rill the dogs instantly plunged to drink and bathe. A herd of goats wandered amidst the broken walls, nibbling the rich pasture afforded by the turf.

Within a bow-shot of the priory, on the south-west, stood a very singular structure, which has now totally disappeared. This was an immense pigeon-house, built of brick, in the form of a cross, with a tower in the centre. The structure was as large as many a church—much larger, indeed, than our diminutive church of Ovingdean—and its proportions will be readily conceived when we mention that it contained upwards of three thousand holes for pigeons, constructed of hewn chalk-stone. Around this gigantic dove-house clouds of pigeons circled; and when by accident the whole flock arose together, the air was almost darkened, while the flapping of wings was prodigious.

Hard by the priory ruins on the east, and overlooking them, stood that remarkable mound, the construction of which has been attributed to one of the Earls of Dorset; though the hillock was probably, as has been conjectured, thrown up in monkish times, and designed for a Calvary. Undoubtedly, no better position whereon to rear cross or chapel could be found than is afforded by this artificial eminence. The large but shallow excavation at its foot—jocosely designated the Dripping-Pan—shows whence the soil was taken to compose the mound.

Colonel Maunsel's sole purpose in seeking this retired spot being to leave Dulcia within it during his visit to Zachary Trangmar, he presently dismounted, and consigning old Rupert to the charge of the ostreger, and promising speedy return, he went his way.

Amid a scene so beautiful, and on a day so bright and sunny, with so many objects of great and peculiar interest around her—

the ruins of the antique priory, with its historical associations—the gigantic dove-house, with its myriad occupants, in itself a never-wearying spectacle—the neighbouring mound—the old and picturesque town of Lewes, with its quaint, climbing houses and its towering castle—the noble amphitheatre of downs encircling her, and now glowing radiantly in the sunshine,—with this picture before her, Dulciana might have been glad to be left to its contemplation for a while, had her mind been at ease. But, alas! ever since the interview with the terrible captain of Ironsides new fears had beset her, and full of anxiety for Clavering and her father, she found it impossible to enjoy the various objects of attraction displayed before her.

After gazing listlessly around, scarcely noticing the cloud of doves hovering overhead, or alighting on the ruins, and which specially attracted the attention of Eustace Saxby, making him long to try the merlin at such a wonderful “flight,” Dulciana fixed her eyes on the little rill flowing at her feet, and pensively awaited the colonel’s return.

## II.

### MOCK-BEGGAR HALL AND ITS INMATE.

THE pleasant suburb of Southover, now constituting an important portion of Lewes itself, consisted, at the time of which we write, of a few scattered houses, some of which skirted the road leading past the church dedicated to Saint John the Baptist, where now rest the bones of William de Warenne and Gundreda; while others were built on the south side of the gently sloping and well-wooded hill. A clear brook flowing through a charming valley separated the suburb from the parent town. Towards this valley our old Cavalier now wended his way. Traversing a road shaded by noble trees, and crossing a little bridge over the brook, he presently reached the porch of an ancient mansion.

Though ancient, the house was in excellent preservation; the hard grey Caen stone of which it was constructed looking as fresh as if it had only just left the mason’s chisel, and promising to resist the destructive action of the weather for centuries to come. On either side of the porch—to approach which a couple of steps leading into a small court had to be descended—was a far-projecting wing, furnished with bay mullioned windows. The wings had gable roofs, and on the northerly side of the habitation there was a massive stone chimney of very ornamental construction. A tolerably extensive garden was attached to the house; laid out in the old-fashioned style, planted with yew-trees and evergreens, possessing good walls for fruit, and watered by the brook that flowed through the valley.

Hospitality on a profuse scale might have been anticipated from

such a goodly exterior as was presented by Mock-Beggar Hall—for so was the house designated, perhaps in derision—but slight hospitality was practised within it. The door did not stand wide open so as to admit a view into a spacious hall, thronged with serving-men. On the contrary, it was closely barred. No smoke issuing from the massive stone chimney told of preparations for good cheer. Most of the chambers were dismantled, while the few that were still occupied were meagrely furnished. In the kitchen, where many a noble sirloin and fatted haunch had erstwhile been roasted, little cooking now went on. The house looked starved. In it dwelt a hard, griping usurer and miser.

Old Zachary Trangmar had known how to profit by the troublous times in which he lived. When men are driven to extremity, money must be had at any rate of usance, or at any sacrifice, and the desperate circumstances of most of the adherents of the royal cause had been the old usurer's gain. A loan under such circumstances had put him in possession of Mock-Beggar Hall—heretofore known as the Priory House. He had sold its handsome furniture and fine pictures, and meant to sell the house itself, as soon as a favourable opportunity for doing so should offer. Meantime, he occupied it himself. Old Zachary's establishment consisted of three persons only, an aged domestic and his wife, who having lived with him for many years, were accustomed to his thrifty and penurious habits, and a stout porter, Skrow Antram by name, whom he thought it necessary to maintain as a protection against robbers.

Colonel Maunsel knocked at the door of Mock-Beggar Hall, and presently afterwards a little grated wicket was opened, and a surly, ill-favoured countenance appeared at it. After scrutinising the colonel for a moment, Skrow Antram, for it was he, grunted out a word of recognition, shut to the wicket, and departed, as was evident by his retreating footsteps, to consult his master. Ere long, he returned and unbarred the door. Thus displayed to view, Skrow Antram proved to be a powerfully built man, of middle age, and dark, sinister aspect, who, it would seem, could scarcely have been hired on the strength of his honest looks. He wore a leathern doublet with pewter buttons, with petticoat breeches of green serge tied at the knee. Making a clownish obeisance to the colonel, Skrow forthwith proceeded to usher him into his master's presence.

Old Zachary Trangmar occupied a room on the ground floor, looking into the garden. It had once been a library, but books and book-shelves were gone; and the sole piece of furniture placed against the bare walls was a large dingy oak press. The old usurer was seated at a table covered with deeds and papers. Within reach of his hand was a pair of small scales, nicely adjusted for weighing gold. Further on lay a pile of account-books with sheepskin backs. Close behind the money-lender, on the floor, was a large chest, bound with iron hoops.

Though between seventy and eighty, old Zachary was as quick of intellect as ever, and keen were the glances which he cast from beneath his grey overhanging eyebrows at the colonel, on the entrance of the latter. Old Zachary wore a black velvet doublet, much frayed, and over it a loose murrey-coloured robe, which, like the doublet, had seen better days. A black silk skull-cap protected his bald head. His shrunk shanks were encased in nether-hose of lambswool, and his feet thrust into a pair of pantouffles. His features were sharp and pinched, his frame excessively thin, and his skin as yellow as the parchment of deeds lying beside him.

Silently saluting his visitor, old Zachary motioned him to a seat. Colonel Maunsel bowed gravely and somewhat haughtily, and took the chair, but uttered not a word till Skrow Antram had retired.

The usurer then looked at him with a shrewd smile.

"The old business, I presume, colonel? More money—ha! Nothing else would bring you to Mock-Beggar Hall, as fools call my dwelling. You couldn't have come at a worse time. All going out—not a doit coming in. As I hope to be saved, I haven't received a noble for this fortnight past!"

"What of that, thou avaricious rascal?" cried the colonel. "Thy strong-boxes are replete with rose-rials, broad pieces, and angels. I know it well, man—so attempt not to plead poverty with me."

"Heaven fend that I should plead poverty!" Zachary returned. "I meant not that. Money enough is owing to me in all conscience; and if I only get my dues I shall account myself rich. But ready money is what I lack. You are mistaken if you suppose my chests are full, colonel. They have been well-nigh emptied by you and your brother Cavaliers, and my goodly jacobuses and caroluses, my rose-rials and spur-rials, my angels and double crowns, have been turned into musty parchments."

"So much the better for thee, thou insatiate extortioner. Here is another parchment to add to thy stock."

Whereupon, the colonel took the deed from out his doublet.

"I thought as much," the old usurer exclaimed, affecting to groan, though his eye twinkled with covetous satisfaction. "Give it me, and let me look at it," he added, clutching at the deed like a vulture. "I see! I see! this relates to your farm at Piddinghoe, which brings you in a hundred nobles, or about thirty-eight pounds a year? What sum do you want, colonel?"

"Two hundred pounds to pay my fine to the state—I must have it at once, thou old skinflint."

"You are very peremptory, colonel; but suppose I cannot lend it you?"

"Then I must obtain the money elsewhere, or the commis-

sioners must seize upon the farm and satisfy themselves. I warrant me they will be content."

"Nay, that were a pity indeed—and rather than the unconscionable rascals should get it, I will find the two hundred pounds; even though I should inconvenience myself. But I must have a bond, colonel."

"Agreed," the old Cavalier rejoined. "I know thy mode of proceeding too well to dispute that point with thee."

"And the rate of usance as before?" Zachary cried, quickly.

"The rate of usance as before, thirty per cent.—agreed!" the colonel rejoined, with a sigh. "'Tis too much! But I cannot help myself, and must submit to thy extortion."

"Nay, but consider the risks I incur, colonel," the old usurer rejoined—"consider the disturbed state of affairs. If we lived under a stable government—under a Monarchy—it might be different—but under a Republic——"

"Tut! tut! all knaves prosper under the Republic,—to the ruin of honest men," the old Cavalier rejoined.

"Ha! ha! you will ever have a gibe at the Roundheads, colonel. And I marvel not at it, for they have used you and your party scurvily. My own sympathies," he added, in a lower tone, "are for the royal cause—but I dare not manifest them. 'Twould be my ruin."

"Miserable hypocrite!" exclaimed the colonel.

"You disbelieve me. But I will give you proof of my sincerity. I have the lives of many a Cavalier of consequence in my power—but they are safe with me. And so is their royal Master, whose present retreat I could—if I chose—point out."

"Mark me, Master Trangmar," the colonel rejoined, sternly. "If the exalted personage to whom thou hast just alluded should be betrayed by thy instrumentality, it shall profit thee little. Nothing shall save thee from the sword of the avenger."

"I would not betray him for all the wealth of the Commonwealth," the old usurer hastily rejoined. "It was to prove my loyalty that I unlocked my breast to you, knowing you might be safely confided in."

"Since you have said thus much, you must say yet more, and inform me where the royal fugitive now hides his head."

"Not so, colonel," Zachary rejoined. "I can keep a secret as well as yourself."

"As you please, sir; but you must allow me to put my own construction on your silence. Let us conclude our business."

"Readily, colonel," the usurer returned.

Upon which he unlocked the chest standing near him, and taking out a leather bag, placed it upon the table. Just as he had untied this bag, and was pouring forth its glittering contents, the door was suddenly opened by Skrow Antram, who entered, followed by a tall man. Almost involuntarily, the old usurer spread



his skinny hands over the heap of gold, sharply rebuking Skrow for coming in unsummoned, and glancing suspiciously at the person by whom he was accompanied. The latter, though wearing a plain riding-dress of the precise Puritan cut, and mud-bespattered boots, together with a tall steeple-crowned hat and long cloak totally destitute of velvet and lace, had nevertheless a certain air of distinction, combined with great dignity of deportment, and might be described as looking like a Cavalier in the guise of a Roundhead. He was of middle age—perhaps a little past it—but appeared full of vigour. His features were handsome, and rather haughty in expression; his locks were clipped short, in puritanical fashion.

The moment Colonel Maunsel cast eyes upon the stranger he knew him to be Lord Wilmot, the devoted attendant of the fugitive king; while on his part the nobleman, recognising a friend, signed to the other not to betray any knowledge of him.

"How dared you admit this gentleman, Skrow? Hath he bribed you to let him in, eh?" the old usurer cried, with so angry a look at the porter, that the latter beat a hasty retreat. "What seek you, sir?" Zachary added to the new comer. "What business have you with me?"

"Read that letter from Colonel George Gunter, of Racton, and you will see," was Lord Wilmot's reply. "He has urgent and immediate need of five hundred pounds, and has despatched me for it."

"You have come on a fool's errand, sir," old Zachary rejoined, sharply. "Colonel Gunter has had more money of mine than I shall ever see back again. I won't lend him another noble."

"Read the letter before you give an answer," Lord Wilmot cried, authoritatively.

While old Zachary glanced over the missive, signs like those of freemasonry passed between the nobleman and Colonel Maunsel, from which the latter understood for what purpose the money was wanted. In another moment the old usurer threw down the letter.

"I won't lend the money," he cried, in an inflexible tone. "You may go back to Colonel Gunter and tell him so."

"Dost thou not perceive that he promises to pay thee back double the amount in two months?" Lord Wilmot exclaimed.

"Is not that enough, thou old extortioner?"

"Ay, but he offers me no security. He *can* offer none; since I hold the title-deeds of his whole estate in yonder press."

"But I must have the money, I tell thee. Much depends upon it," Lord Wilmot exclaimed.

"If the kingdom depended upon it, you should not have it from me—without security," the old usurer rejoined.

"I will be thy security, Master Trangmar," Colonel Maunsel interposed. "This gentleman, I am well assured, is a person of honour. Give him the two hundred pounds you intended

for me. Add other three hundred. Thou shalt have my bond, and further security on another farm of mine at Bevingdean."

"You are a true friend to the good cause, sir," cried Lord Wilmot.

"Ah! I begin to see what it all means now," the old usurer exclaimed, rubbing his skinny hands. "Well, sir, whoever you may be, and I have an inkling that I have seen your face before, you shall have the money. Nay, I will go further. Colonel Maunsel's generosity shall not be taxed so far as to deprive him of the two hundred pounds which he requires for his own use. He shall have that amount, without reference to the loan to your master—I crave your pardon—to Colonel Gunter." As he spoke, he again unlocked the coffer, and took out five bags. "Each of these bags," he continued, "contains a hundred pounds in gold. Can you carry them?"

"I will make shift to do so," Lord Wilmot rejoined, bestowing them hastily about his person. "My friend is much beholden to you, Master Trangmar. Colonel Maunsel," he added, in a low tone, to the old Cavalier, "you have rendered his Majesty a signal service, and I thank you heartily in his name."

"Enough, my lord," the other replied. "Farewell! Heaven speed you!"

"Soh! there is a visitor who has cost you a good round sum, colonel," Zachary remarked, drily, as Lord Wilmot departed.

"The visit will cost me nothing," the other returned, coldly. "The money will be certainly repaid."

"Be not too sure of that," the usurer said. "One can be certain of nothing now-a-days. However, I can pretty well tell *how* it will be employed; and I sincerely hope it may lead to the desired result."

"I heartily hope it may—for whatever purpose it is designed. And now let us complete our transaction, Master Trangmar. I am somewhat pressed for time."

"I will only detain you while I draw out a memorandum for your signature, colonel. My scrivener, Thopas Tipnoke, shall wait upon you at Ovingdean Grange with the bond—it will be an *obligatio simplex*, as Tipnoke would style it—and he can receive from you the title-deeds of your farm at Bevingdean, which you propose to deposit with me. That is understood, and agreed, eh? Will you please to count this gold"—thrusting the heap towards him—"and see that you have your just amount."

A few more minutes sufficed to bring the transaction to an end. Colonel Maunsel signed the document prepared by the crafty usurer, who was as great an adept in such matters as his scrivener, Tipnoke, and received, in exchange, the two hundred golden caroluses. The usurer attended him to the door, and, just as he was about to depart, said to him, "Let me give you one piece of counsel before you go, Colonel Maunsel. A rigorous

search is about to be made of all houses in this part of the county suspected of harbouring fugitive Royalists, and as you are accounted—be not offended, I pray you—one of the most obnoxious malignants hereabouts, Ovingdean Grange hath the foremost place on the list. I ask you not whether you have any one hidden within your house? If it be so, be warned by what I tell you, and if you value your friend's life and your own safety, let him depart without delay. The search will be made by an officer of the Lord General's own troop of Ironsides, Captain Stelfax, who hath lately come to Lewes—a merciless man, with the powers of a provost-marshal—and if he should find an unfortunate Royalist, he would think no more of shooting him than of stringing up a deserter. Excuse me, colonel. I have thought it my duty to warn you."

"I thank you, good Master Trangmar," the old Cavalier replied, striving to conceal his uneasiness. "I will take all needful precaution. I met this Captain Stelfax on my way hither, and he threatened me with a domiciliary visit."

"A pest upon him!" ejaculated the old usurer. "His visits are like witches' curses—they kill. Fare you well, colonel. These are sad times. When good men part, now-a-days, they know not how, or when, they may meet again. Heaven grant his Majesty a speedy restoration!—and should we live to see that blessed day, you will not fail to tell him, I trust, who lent the five hundred pounds."

"Nor to mention the rate of interest exacted for the loan," rejoined the colonel, unable to repress a smile. "Well, so thou wilt treat any pestilent Puritan in the same fashion, I care not."

"Trust me, I will sweat him properly if I get such an one into my clutches," old Zachary replied, with a chuckle.

Upon this, Colonel Maunsel quitted Mock-Beggar Hall.

On returning to the priory ruins he found Dulcia and the ostreger where he had left them. With Saxby's aid, he got once more into the saddle, and the party then started for Kingston, whence they mounted the steep hill at the foot of which the little village is nestled, and so shaped their course across the downs towards Ovingdean Grange.

But we must lie thither before them.

### III.

#### HOW NINIAN DELIVERED HIS MESSAGE.

IF Ninian had been mounted upon a swift steed he could not have reached the Grange more quickly than he contrived to do by the use of his own active limbs.

Not deeming it necessary to inquire whether Captain Stelfax and

his troopers had made their appearance, for he felt certain he had beaten them, the young falconer's first business on entering the house was to seek out John Habergecon. As luck would have it, he found him in the buttery, discussing a jug of ale and a mouthful of bread and cheese—"bren cheese," the old trooper would have termed it in his Sussex vernacular—with Giles Moppett and old Martin Geere, and instantly delivered the colonel's message to him, taking care to add that the leader of the Ironsides entertained the belief that Captain Clavering had been slain at Worcester.

"The latter part of thy news is better than thy first, lad," John cried, swallowing down a huge mouthful, and springing to his feet. "Go all of ye, and spread the intelligence amongst the rest of the servants. Take care they are all of one story, d'ye mind? They will be sharply questioned by this cursed Roundhead officer—I know him well by report. Keep out of sight, Ninian, should the Ironsides come hither before the colonel returns, or they will understand that thou hast been sent on to give the alarm."

John then hurried up-stairs, and acquainting Clavering with the message which had just been brought by Ninian, told him he must take instant refuge within the hiding-place, and remain there till the danger was passed. Scared by the imminence of the peril, and apprehensive of discovery, Mr. Beard counselled flight; but John scouted the idea.

"Where is the captain to fly to?" the old trooper cried. "Were he to venture forth, those lynx-eyed Ironsides would be likely enough to capture him. And then that rascally Micklegift is playing the spy upon all our movements."

"Ay, there is another risk! How are we to guard against that?" Clavering exclaimed. "You say Micklegift is aware of my return, and knows I am concealed in the house. Will he not betray me to Stelfax?"

"No. His lips are sealed till to-morrow," the old trooper rejoined. "Ask me not why? I had rather not explain."

"You have good reason for what you assert, no doubt, John," Mr. Beard remarked; "though such tender consideration for us seems wholly inconsistent with Micklegift's character."

"It is perfectly consistent with his character, as your reverence would admit, if you knew all," John replied. "But the Ironsides may be upon us at any moment—don't suppose they will give us notice of their approach. In with you, captain," he continued, touching the secret spring in the mantelpiece, and disclosing the entrance to the place of concealment. "You have all you require, and are provisioned for a week. Don't be disheartened, if we should be unable to communicate with you for some time; and let no summons—no alarm—induce you to come forth. Mind that."

"I will obey your directions implicitly, John," the young man

said. "Yet my mind misgives me, and I enter this retreat with reluctance."

"Have a good heart, sir," John cried, cheerily. "All will turn out well."

"Heaven grant it!" Mr. Beard ejaculated, fervently. "Place yourself under the care of Providence, my son; and my prayers shall also be offered for your safety."

Upon this, Clavering passed through the aperture, and the next moment the pillar was returned to its place.

It was time. Scarcely had Clavering made good his retreat, when the blast of a trumpet was heard outside the house, proclaiming the arrival of the Ironsides.

#### IV.

IN WHAT MANNER THE CAPTAIN OF THE IRONSIDES EMPLOYED HIS TIME AT THE GRANGE.

AT this fearful summons, old Martin Geere, Giles Moppett, and some others rushed to the door, and, to their great dismay, found the house invested by a troop of armed men, who, having ridden through the gateway, were now drawn up before the porch.

"What ho, fellow!" cried their red-bearded leader, addressing Martin. "We are come to pay thy master a visit, as thou seest."

"You and your men are right welcome, worshipful captain, and my master, I am sure, will feel greatly honoured," old Martin rejoined; "but he is from home at the moment, hawking on the downs."

"He is at Lewes, thou shouldst say, for I left him riding thither scarce an hour ago with the episcopalian divine's comely daughter," Stelfax rejoined. "As to welcome, we should have little enough, I warrant me, either from thee or from thy master, if we could not enforce it. But my men are hungry, and would eat; thirsty, and would drink——"

"They shall have the best the house affords, worshipful captain," old Martin hastened to say.

"They ever *do* have of the best when they pay a malignant a visit," rejoined Stelfax, laughing. "Your substance hath been delivered into our hands, and wherefore should we hesitate to take it? I shall tarry here until thy master returns, for I have to interrogate him."

Giving the word to his men to dismount, Stelfax next directed two of them to stand at the door, and suffer no one to go forth. Every other outlet from the house was to be similarly watched: the guard to be relieved every half-hour, so that no man might be deprived of his share of the creature comforts to be found within. Sergeant Delves was instructed to take the horses to the stables, see them foddered, and then rejoin his leader.

All these orders given, Captain Stelfax sprang from his saddle, and, marching into the entrance-hall, made the whole place resound with his clattering sword and heavy boots. Old Martin Geere and the others kept at a respectful distance, anxiously watching him.

On reaching the middle of the hall, the formidable leader stood still, as if uncertain in which direction he should first bend his steps.

"Will it please you to enter the banqueting-room, or the library, worshipful captain?" Martin Geere inquired.

"I shall enter every room in the house in turn," Stelfax rejoined; "but I care not if I begin with the banqueting-room."

"A small collation shall be served there in a moment, captain," said Giles Moppett.

"Mayhap, your worship may like a cup of Bordeaux, or of Gascoigne wine?" insinuated Elias Crundy.

"Bring a flask of the best wine thou hast in thy cellar, fellow," returned Stelfax; "and broach a cask of thy stoutest ale for my men—unless they prefer wine, in which case thou wilt give it them."

"They shall have whatsoever they ask for, of that your worship may rest assured," Elias said.

"Or your own skins will suffer for it, I promise thee," Stelfax rejoined. "It seems, then, that you have not heard that the rebellious malignant, your young master, was slain at Worcester?"

"Alack! worshipful captain, we have heard the sad tidings," answered Martin Geere, in a doleful tone; "but we have not ventured to tell the colonel. Poor gentleman! the news will break his heart."

"Tut! thou art mistaken," Stelfax cried. "I told him of the occurrence myself, and he seemed more surprised than grieved. But who brought you the news?"

"An old trooper of King Charles's time, John Habergeon, captain."

"Where is the knave? Bring him before me."

So saying, he marched into the banqueting-hall, and flung himself into the arm-chair usually occupied by the colonel. In hopes of mollifying the formidable intruder, Giles Moppett and Elias Crundy both bestirred themselves, and speedily set wine and eatables before him. But this did not pacify the captain, for he roared out, "Why comes not the rogue Habergeon to me? Must I go fetch him?"

"I am here, captain," John responded, entering the banqueting-room. "What would you with me?"

Close behind the old trooper came Sergeant Delves, who had just returned from the stables. Stelfax looked sternly at John, who stood bolt upright before him, never moving a muscle.

"Thou shouldst have been a soldier of the Commonwealth, fellow," observed the Roundhead captain, approvingly—"thou hast the look of an Ironside."

"I am sorry to hear it," John replied. "Your honour might not deem it a compliment were I to say that you are too well-looking for a Puritan, and have more the air of a roystering Cavalier."

"Go to, knave, and liken me not to a profane follower of Jehoram," cried Stelfax, not altogether displeased. "Take heed that thou answerest me truthfully. Thou art newly returned from that battle-field whereat the young Man, Charles Stuart, was utterly routed, and where our great general, like Pekah, the son of Remaliah, slew many thousands of men of valour in one day because they had forsaken the Lord God of their fathers. Didst thou bear arms in the service of Ahaz?"

"I followed my young master——"

"Who paid the penalty of his rebellious folly with his life—I know it. But I demand of thee if thou wert actually engaged in the strife?"

"I tried to rescue my young master when he was stricken from his horse."

"And thy efforts were futile. He was justly slain, forasmuch as he hearkened not unto the words of Necho, but came to fight in the valley of Megiddo. However, I blame not thy fidelity, and it is well for thee that we take not account of the units of the host, but only of the captains. Thou owest thy safety to thine insignificance. But if thou art ever again caught in arms against the Commonwealth, a rope's end will be thy quittance. Had thy young master been living, I might have spared him the ceremony of a court-martial, my power being absolute."

"It is well for him that he is out of your honour's reach," returned John.

"Therein thou sayest truly, fellow," Stelfax rejoined, with a laugh. "Well, I have done with thee for the nonce. I will question thee further when the profane malignant, thy old master, returns from his ride. Meantime, thou art a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" John Habergeon exclaimed.

"Ay, all within the house are prisoners during my tarrying here. None may stir forth on peril of life."

At this juncture, Mr. Beard and Increase Micklegift entered the room. Having witnessed the arrival of the troopers from the parsonage-house, the Independent minister had come over to watch their proceedings. John Habergeon having informed the Round-head captain who the new-comers were, the latter prayed them to be seated, and addressed himself to the ejected clergyman.

"Your daughter is a comely damsel, Master Beard," he said—"a very comely damsel. I met her a short while ago, on the other side of the downs, in Colonel Maunsel's company."

"She went out to ride with my honoured patron," Mr. Beard replied.

"You have been told, I doubt not, of the death of your patron's son—the young malignant, Clavering Maunsel?" pursued Stelfax.

"I have been told of it," Mr. Beard replied, casting down his eyes, for it was painful to him to equivocate.

"What is this I hear?" Micklegift exclaimed, in surprise.

"The young man was slain at Worcester," Stelfax remarked, in an indifferent tone.

"That cannot be!" the Independent minister cried.

"Wherefore, can it not be, I prithee?" Stelfax retorted. "I say unto thee again, the young man is dead and buried."

"Thou thinkest so?" said Micklegift.

"Nay, I am certain of it," the other rejoined. "There is small chance of his rendering further service to the young man, Charles Stuart. But I was speaking of your daughter, sir," he added to Mr. Beard. "She deserves a good husband. Have you ever thought of giving her away in marriage?"

"I have not," the clergyman replied. "She is yet of tender age, and I look to her as the prop of my declining years—should I be spared."

"But you know not what may befall you," Stelfax rejoined.

"A wise man will provide against the evil day."

"Your counsel is good, valiant captain," Micklegift remarked.

"And Master Beard will do well to commit his daughter to the care of some godly and discreet man, who will be as a safeguard to her."

"Like thyself," John Habergeon muttered.

"Nay, were I Master Beard," cried Stelfax, "I would rather give her to some man with a strong hand, who having carved his way with the sword, will maintain what he hath won with the same weapon."

"What! is this Roundhead captain too a suitor?" John Habergeon muttered. "We shall have the pair at daggers drawn ere long."

"This man is my rival," Micklegift mentally ejaculated; his pale features flushing angrily. "I must thwart his designs."

"I like not this Independent minister," Stelfax muttered to himself. "He is not a true man. I must keep an eye upon him. Well, Master Beard," he added, aloud, to the clergyman—"are you disposed to follow my recommendation, and bestow fair Mistress Dulcia upon a man of might and valour?"

"Or on a man of wisdom and godliness?" Micklegift said.

"His reverence must be hard put to it to answer them," John muttered, with a laugh.

"I shall leave the choice to my daughter," the clergyman replied, gravely; "and until she consults me on the subject, I shall give no thought to it."

A seasonable relief was unexpectedly offered to Mr. Beard at this juncture. A great disturbance was heard in the corridor, and the next moment two troopers entered, dragging in Ninian, with



his hands bound behind his back with a leathern thong, and followed by Patty Whinehat, sobbing loudly.

"How now, Besadaiah Evestaff, and thou, Tola Fell," Stelfax cried, addressing the troopers, "what hath this varlet done, that ye bring him thus bounden before me?"

"He hath assaulted our comrade, Helpless Henly, and smitten him on the head with a bill-staff," Besadaiah replied.

"Is Helpless Henly much hurt?" Stelfax demanded.

"Nay, I cannot avouch that," Besadaiah replied. "Luekily, he hath a thick skull. But the blow was delivered with right good will, and felled him to the ground."

"What caused the attack?" sternly demanded Stelfax.

"I was the unlucky cause of it, an please you, worshipful captain," sobbed Patty. "The soldier wanted to kiss me whether I would or not; so I cried out, and Ninian came to my assistance, and—and—that was all."

"No, not quite all, my pretty damsel," Stelfax said. "What place dost thou fill in the establishment?"

"That of handmaiden to Mistress Dulcia, an please you, worshipful captain," Patty rejoined.

"Mistress Dulcia is well served, I warrant her," Stelfax remarked, with a smile. "Take the varlet forth," he added to the troopers, "and belabour him soundly with your scabbards for ten minutes."

"Oh, spare him!—spare him!" Patty implored, throwing herself on her knees before the captain.

"Get up, Patty," Ninian cried, "and don't ask pity of him. I would sooner die than do so."

"This fellow is thy sweetheart—as the phrase goes with you profane folk—is he not?" cried Stelfax.

"He is, an please you, captain. Spare him! spare him! I am in fault, not he!"

"Well, thou hast won him grace," Stelfax replied, chucking her under the chin. "I marvel not that Helpless Henly was tempted by those cherry lips. Beshrew me, but thou art a pretty lass—almost as comely as thy mistress."

"That is ever the way with the captain," grumbled Evestaff. "Like Samson the Nazarite, the son of Manoah, any wanton Delilah can prevail over him. Shall we unloose the varlet's bonds?"

"Yea, verily," Stelfax replied. "Yet stay!" he continued, looking hard at Ninian. "This must be the knave whom I encountered with the malignant colonel at the foot of Kingston Hill. There must have been a strong motive for his expeditious return. I will soon find it out," he muttered to himself. "Render an account of thyself, fellow. Why wert thou sent on by thy master?"

"To see all made ready for you, captain," Ninian answered, promptly.

"I have no doubt of it," Stelfax remarked, drily. "And thou hast done thy best to carry out the order. Wert thou to get thy deserts, thou shouldst have double the number of stripes I just now ordered thee; but thou art free. Thou owest thy liberation to this pretty damsel. Let him not out of your sight," he added to the troopers, as they undid the thong.

With a covert glance at Ninian, which seemed to say "Forget not what I have just done for you!" Patty Whinchat hastily disappeared.

Filling a large silver flagon, holding well-nigh a quart, with Bordeaux, Stelfax emptied it without drawing breath; pronounced the wine good; and then, getting up, expressed his intention of forthwith searching the house. He ordered John Habergeon and Ninian to attend him, but made no objection to the company of Mr. Beard and Micklegift, who proffered to go with him. Sergeant Delves and the two troopers brought up the rear. Old Martin Geere joined the party in the hall, and on seeing him, Stelfax cried out,

"Go fetch thy keys quickly, thou Pharaoh's butler. I will have every room and every closet—ay, and every secret place—opened unto me."

"There are no secret places that I wot of, worshipful captain," old Martin replied.

"Thou liest!" Stelfax exclaimed, fiercely; "and I will make thee show them to me, or thou shalt have the thumbscrew."

While old Martin, in a state of great trepidation, hurried off to obey the terrible captain's behest, the latter marched into the library, and glanced around it, making contemptuous observations on many of the objects that met his view. He had just finished his scrutiny when Martin came back with a large bunch of keys.

"I will begin with the ground-floor," Stelfax said. "Conduct me to the kitchen and cellars."

The old serving-man bowed and led the way to the back part of the house, Stelfax and the others following him, with the exception of Mr. Beard and the Independent minister, who stayed in the entrance-hall. As Stelfax passed the buttery, he perceived half a dozen troopers seated at a table, with well-laden trenchers and large mugs before them. Amongst them was a great brawny-looking fellow, with his head tied up with a napkin, through which the blood had oozed. This was Helpless Henly. To judge from the expeditious manner in which Henly was clearing his trencher, he was not much worse for his broken pate. On seeing Ninian, the injured Ironside sprang to his feet, and drawing his tuck from its scabbard, would have spitted him as completely as the jack heron had recently transfixed the poor tartaret, but for the interference of his captain, who ordered the fellow to sit down again—a command which he obeyed with ill-concealed discontent, and muttered threatenings at Ninian.

The next visit was paid to the kitchen, where other troopers were discovered, similarly employed to those in the buttery. A brace of them, having satisfied their appetites, were seated near the fire, smoking their pipes, and watching the merry movements of the active little turnspit in his box. Stelfax tarried no longer in the kitchen than allowed him time to number the household, and put a few questions to them.

Next came the cellar. A short flight of steps conducted the searchers into an extensive range of vaults with strong stone walls and arches calculated to sustain the weight of the superincumbent structure. Nothing, however, could be discovered within these subterranean chambers more dangerous than certain hogsheads of ale placed within the arched recesses. Nor, when the wine cellars were unlocked, was anything to be discovered except a goodly supply of long-necked, cobwebbed flasks quietly reposing in their bins. These bottles offered too strong a temptation to the troopers to be resisted. Each of them, including Sergeant Delves, took toll from the bins, carrying off a plentiful supply for themselves and their comrades. No notice of the spoliation was taken by their leader.

The cellar doors being locked, the searchers returned to the buttery, where the wine was put aside by the purloiners for future consumption, and this precaution taken, the Roundhead captain intimated his intention of visiting the upper rooms. Upon which, they repaired to the entrance-hall, where they found Mr. Beard and Micklegift, and after examining several other apartments on this floor, the whole party went up-stairs.

Every room in the upper story, large and small—with one exception—was carefully searched; every closet unlocked; every place, likely, or unlikely, to conceal a fugitive, inspected. The apartments allotted to Mr. Beard and his daughter underwent the same rigorous scrutiny; even Duleia's sleeping-chamber was not respected. In this latter apartment Patty Whinchat had sought refuge, hoping to escape further molestation, and she was greatly alarmed when Stelfax and the Ironsides burst upon her retreat. The Roundhead captain, however, sought to reassure her, and thrusting out his followers, claimed a kiss as the reward of his liberation of Ninian. Of course, Patty could not refuse the request. Neither did she exhibit quite so much disinclination to the red-bearded captain's salute, as she appeared to have done in the case of Helpless Henly.

Colonel Maunsel's chamber was reserved to the last. Refusal to admit the searchers within it would have instantly awakened suspicion, so old Martin had no alternative but to open it for them.

On entering the room, Stelfax uttered an exclamation which filled John Habergeon with misgiving. But the trusty old fellow took heart when the searchers marched into the inner room, and proceeded to its careful examination. The hangings were pulled aside;

the old oak armoire was opened; the closets peered into—but nothing was found.

John began to hope that the danger was over. But all his fears revived when Stelfax, throwing himself into the colonel's elbow-chair, and fixing his eyes upon the great mantelpiece, exclaimed in a loud voice to Sergeant Delves,

"Bring hither hammer, hatchet, lever, chisel, and auger. I have work for you to do."

## V.

### SHOWING HOW INCREASE MICKLEGIFT DID A GOOD TURN TO CLAVERING.

As this terrible order was issued, and the sergeant and the two troopers went forth to execute it, anxious looks were furtively exchanged by the Royalists, who now gave up Clavering for lost. These glances did not escape Stelfax, though he feigned not to perceive them, but smiled to himself. For one moment it occurred to John Habergeon to make an attack upon the Roundhead captain, and by the sacrifice of his own life possibly ensure Clavering's escape. But he was deterred by Mr. Beard, who, reading his desperate purpose in his looks, laid his hand upon his arm, and besought him in a low tone to forbear.

Secretly enjoying the consternation he had occasioned, Stelfax now arose from the chair, and marched to the window as if to look out at the garden, but really to indulge in a quiet laugh.

"If we could only get him out of the room for one minute, before the others return, Captain Clavering might be saved," John Habergeon whispered.

"I see not how that can be accomplished," groaned Mr. Beard. "The poor young man is lost. What will his unhappy father say when he returns?"

"I cannot bear to think of it," John returned, with a look of anguish. "Cost what it may, an effort must be made to save him."

"I may help you in this extremity," said Micklegift, in a low tone to John. "You will not forget the service?"

"Never," John returned, emphatically—"never! But what you do must be done quickly."

"Not a moment shall be lost on my part," Micklegift rejoined. And he moved towards the Roundhead leader.

"Methinks you did not sufficiently examine yon further closet, captain," Micklegift observed. "In my opinion it hath a false back."

"You must have quicker eyes than I have, to have made that discovery, Master Preacher," Stelfax cried, falling at once into the snare. "However, I will go see."

"I will show you what I mean," said the Independent divine, preceding him to the closet.

As he entered the recess with Stelfax, the Independent divine cast a significant look at John, the import of which the latter at once comprehended.

"Thou art lighter of foot than I, Ninian," he said to the young falconer. "Fly to yon closet!—the key is luckily in the door—lock them in!—quick!"

Ninian needed no second bidding. Stealing swiftly and noiselessly to the closet-door, he clapped it to suddenly, and locked it, almost before Captain Stelfax, who was at the further end of the deep recess, could turn round.

Infuriated at the successful trick played upon him, the Roundhead leader dashed himself with all his force against the door; but it was of solid oak, and resisted his efforts. He then roared out to the Royalists to set him instantly free, threatening them with his direst vengeance if they refused; but so far from attending to him, Ninian very coolly took the key out of the lock, saying, with a laugh, "If you wait till I let you loose, captain, you will wait long enough."

Meantime, John Habergeon had not been idle. So soon as Stelfax was secured, he rushed to the mantelpiece, touched the secret spring, and putting his head into the aperture, called to Clavering to come forth without an instant's delay.

The young man at once obeyed the summons. The noise made by the searchers had reached him in his retreat, and guessing the cause, he prepared to stand upon his defence, resolved not to surrender with life. Happily, his resolution was not put to the test.

In a few words John Habergeon explained to him what had occurred. But though he was free, escape might be rendered impracticable by the return of the troopers. What was to be done next? To get out of the house seemed almost impossible. Every outlet, as John knew, was guarded. Still, something must be done—and quickly. No mercy was now to be expected from the maddened Roundhead leader, who was hammering and hacking at the door with his sword, and making a terrific disturbance.

John's brain was usually fertile in expedients, but he was at his wits' end now, when Ninian, coming up to them, recalled his energies.

"Why do you loiter?" the young falconer cried, impatiently. "Those cursed troopers will be back in a moment, and Captain Clavering will be caught."

"But all the doors are guarded!" John cried.

"Except the door of this room, and that will serve our turn," Ninian answered, with a laugh. "Come with me, and I will show you how to get out of the house, in spite of them."

"Have with you then," cried Clavering. "Will you not come with us, sir?" he added, to Mr. Beard.

"No, my dear son," the clergyman said. "Do you seek safety in flight; I will abide here."

"You had better come, reverend sir," John cried. "Yon savage Roundhead is no respecter of persons, and will show little consideration for your holy calling."

"I will withstand his malice," Mr. Beard answered, resignedly. "Do not concern yourselves about me. Go!—and Heaven guard you!"

"Quick! quick! or you will be too late!" cried Ninian, who had partly opened the door. "Methinks I hear them coming."

"Make sure that we may venture forth," cried Clavering.

Ninian stepped out into the gallery, and reported that no one was there, but that he could hear the voices of the troopers in the hall below. On this assurance, Clavering and John Habergeon instantly went forth, closing the door after them.

Left alone, the good clergyman sat down, and strove to prepare himself for the scene which he expected to ensue. All the time, Stelfax continued battering at the closet door, and vociferating loudly.

Ere long, Sergeant Delves and the two troopers entered the room, bearing the implements for breaking open the mantelpiece. They were surprised on seeing only Mr. Beard, and at a loss to account for their leader's disappearance, for Stelfax had momentarily ceased his clamour—probably from exhaustion. However, he presently renewed it, and with greater fury than ever, and then Sergeant Delves, beginning to comprehend what had occurred, rushed up to the clergyman, and, seizing his shoulder, shook him violently, exclaiming,

"What! thou perfidious and dissembling Episcopalian, hast thou entrapped our leader, a mighty man of valour like Amasiah, the captain of Jehoshaphat, and fastened him within yon closet? Give me the key thereof instantly, or I will smite thee with the edge of the sword, even as the false priests of Baal were put to death by the soldiers of Jehu."

"To do me injury will advance thee little, friend," replied, Mr. Beard firmly. "I have not the key. Thou wert better liberate thy captain thyself. Thou hast the means of doing so."

Apparently, the sergeant thought the advice good, for he called out to Captain Stelfax that assistance was at hand, which had the effect of tranquillising him. Delves next directed his men to burst open the door—a task which they easily accomplished.

Thus liberated, the Roundhead captain strode forth, sword in hand, and foaming with rage, followed by Micklegift, who maintained the most perfect composure.

"'Tis as I expected!" Stelfax cried, looking around, and seeing only Mr. Beard; "the treacherous rogues have fled. But they shall not escape me. They cannot have quitted the house."

"Impossible, captain," Sergeant Delves rejoined. "Every issue is guarded."

"We will have them, alive or dead!" cried Stelfax. "Get thee down stairs quickly, Delves, and give the alarm to thy comrades. Bid them be on the alert. If any one attempts to escape, let him be shot down. Bring up half a dozen men with you. We will search the house from top to bottom but we will find them."

Some one must have been concealed within this chamber—perchance the young Man, Charles Stuart himself.”

“Ha! say you so, captain?” Delves exclaimed. “That were a prize, indeed!”

“Nay, ’tis mere conjecture,” Stelfax rejoined, somewhat hastily. “Yet ’tis certain some one has been hidden here. Away with thee down-stairs, and leave me to question this Episcopalian preacher.”

And as Delves departed, the Roundhead captain marched up to Mr. Beard, and shaking him as roughly as the sergeant had done, fiercely demanded who had been concealed in the room.

“I will answer no questions,” Mr. Beard replied, meekly but firmly; “so you may spare yourself the trouble of interrogating me.”

“I will find a way of making thee speak, thou perverse and purblind zealot,” Stelfax roared. “Think not I will show thee mercy because of thy comely daughter. Thou shalt undergo the torture. My men shall put jagged rings upon thy thumbs that shall pierce deeply into the flesh. Thy legs shall be thrust into an iron boot that shall crush bone and marrow, and make thee lame for life.”

“All this you may do, and more, as your savage nature may suggest,” the clergyman said, firmly; “yet shall you not force me speak.”

“We shall see presently,” Stelfax cried. “I ask thee again, who has been concealed in this room?—the young Man, Charles Stuart, eh?”

Mr. Beard made no reply.

“Put on the thumbscrew, Tola,” Stelfax said. “I will waste no more time with him.”

“Hold, captain,” Micklegift interposed. “I will not permit this worthy man to be tortured.”

“Thou wilt not permit it! ho! ho!” Stelfax exclaimed, in a jeering tone. “In what way wilt thou prevent it? Withdraw, if thou carest not to see my order executed.”

“No, I will not withdraw. I protest against thy cruel order,” Micklegift cried, resolutely. “I lift up my voice against it, and if thou harmest this good man, thou and thy men will repent it.”

“I have heard enough,” cried Stelfax, fiercely. “Thrust him from the room, and obey my order.”

“I will resist them—yea, I will resist them with force,” said Micklegift.

The troopers hesitated, not liking to lay hands upon the Independent minister.

At this moment the door opened, and Colonel Maunsel and Dulcia entered the room. The old Cavalier looked pale as death, and greatly agitated. He cast an anxious look around, as if apprehensive that his son’s retreat had been discovered. Dulcia was equally alarmed.

“My father! my father!” she shrieked, flying towards the poor clergyman.

## LORD ELGIN'S MISSION.\*

ALTHOUGH the treaty of 1858 has been as little regarded and as faithlessly held as all previous treaties made with the Chinese, still, considering that European powers are at last determined to teach the government of that great and populous nation the necessity of abiding by political and international contracts, the mission of Lord Elgin may be justly looked upon as having been not only the most eventful, but also the most important of any that have preceded it. Sir George Staunton's, Lord Macartney's, and Lord Amherst's embassies were beneath the dignity of a great nation.

The treaty of Sir Henry Pottinger, in 1842, was replete with grave errors. It left the shipping and commercial relations of the British colony of Hong-Kong in a very unsatisfactory state. It contained no clause—so necessary with the Chinese—declaring the British text to be the true reading. It removed our influence from the capital to Canton, the remotest and most unruly part of the empire. And it made no provision for personal access to the high commissioner, still less for communication with the government. The treaty, in fact, was signed, as most others have been, not with the purpose of honestly giving effect to its conditions, but to get rid of the barbarian pressure, and to bide the time when its obligations could be got rid of altogether. Happily, circumstances were altered. Instead of having to deal with a home government, the Chinese authorities were thrown into immediate contact with the British colonial authorities, and a collision soon took place. In 1847, Sir John Davis, impatient at Keying's procrastination and subterfuges, determined to attack Canton, but a respite was sued for and granted. Sir George Bonham and Seu, who succeeded, carried on the same temporising and unsatisfactory policy. In Sir John Bowring's time the progress of the rebellion, obliged the then chief commissioner, Yeh, to solicit the assistance of the British fleet, which was granted. This amicable intervention was, however, as usual, represented to the people as an act of vassalage, and the assistance rendered as having been in obedience to orders issued by imperial authority!

Wearied with so many evasions, difficulties, and delays, the ministers of the treaty powers, in 1854, determined to approach the capital, in order to represent to the court the unsatisfactory state of foreign relations with the imperial commissioner at Canton. The mission was received at the Taku forts, but the mendacity and treachery of the Chinese commissioners effectually prevented anything being done. Yeh, in the mean time, turned the execution-ground at Canton into a huge lake of blood; hundreds of rebels were beheaded daily.

The affair of the *Arrow*, and the determination of Sir John Bowring, brought about the inevitable crisis.

Though in this particular instance (says the author of the work now before us) "the alleged insult" itself claims but a brief notice, and that merely as a

\* Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan in the Years 1857, '58, '59. By Laurence Oliphant, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. With Illustrations. Two Vols. William Blackwood and Sons.



matter of history, the steps taken by our diplomatic and naval authorities on the spot to redress it, are worthy of a fuller consideration, because there can be little doubt that it was in consequence of the results which these entailed—coupled with other causes which will be hereafter mentioned—that Lord Elgin was compelled to adopt a line of policy not altogether in accordance with his original instructions, as defined in the House of Commons by Lord Palmerston, during the session of 1857. That this may be the more clearly apprehended, and a correct estimate formed of the embarrassing nature of the difficulties with which the high-commissioner (Lord Elgin) found himself surrounded at the outset, it will be necessary to narrate briefly the course of events which occurred in the Canton river previous to his arrival. Their consideration will enable us at once to perceive *how humiliating was the attitude we were occupying in the eyes of the Chinese, and more especially of the Cantonese, how grave the injury which our national prestige was suffering in consequence, and how inconvenient were the complications arising out of the anomalous position in which Great Britain found herself placed with reference to other nations.*

The difficulties here alluded to were contained mainly in the fact that in consequence of the ridiculously inadequate manner in which warlike operations were at the onset carried on against the Cantonese, not only was our colony at Hong-Kong injured, our prestige impaired, our relations with neutral powers embarrassed, and our commerce at all the other ports of the empire placed in jeopardy, but the difficulties in the way of any negotiations which might be attempted directly with the court of Peking were materially enhanced.

These difficulties were to a certain extent relieved at the time that Lord Elgin's embassy was despatched to China, by the nearly simultaneous departure of an expeditionary force under General Ashburnham, but all advantages to be derived from the direction of public interest to Chinese affairs, and the employment of an adequate naval and military force in its waters, were put an end to by the progress of the mutiny in India. Lord Elgin was so crippled by this event, that, after a short stay at Macao and a passing glance at the state of things in Quantung, he retraced his steps back to Calcutta. The force from China removed thence by the high-commissioner to India, contributed materially to stem the current of rebellion.

The first landing was effected on the 27th of December, the French contriving, in their national determination never to be outdone, to get on shore first. On this occasion all those who offered no opposition were treated as friends, a policy which led to Captain Hackett's head being cut off in a "friendly" village, and to many others being shot from behind. The capture of Lin's Fort was within the programme for the first day's operations, and here French impetuosity again took the lead. "When the banner of the last Chinaman," Mr. Oliphant says, "had disappeared, the French rushed in; and it must be admitted that there was no reason why we should not have done the same."

The next day the town itself was taken by assault, and, according to Mr. Oliphant's version of the matter, there was not much ground for the international discussion which followed as to who was first.

In the entire British force, consisting of nearly five thousand men, the result of the two days' operations was eight killed and seventy-one wounded, including among the former one killed by our own shot, and one waylaid and murdered by villagers. The French, out of a force of nine hundred, lost only two men killed and thirty wounded.

The position of the Europeans in Canton after the capture of the city was ridiculous in the extreme. The lower class were looting the houses of the middle and better classes, and only two persons—Mr. Wade and Mr. Parkes—could converse in Chinese, so, Yeh having been made prisoner by Captain Key, Pihkwei was appointed governor, with the Tartar general to assist him, under the commander-in-chief, who was to be the supreme authority.

The raising of the blockade having been announced, and the necessary arrangements for reopening trade having been made, the mission next took its departure for Shanghai, whither Lord Elgin proposed to proceed in the first instance, to invite a properly accredited minister to meet him there, for the settlement of all questions in dispute between the two countries, and this failing, his intention was to push on northwards without delay, for the purpose of approaching Peking as nearly as was practicable with gun-boats of the lightest draught.

“A visit of a few hours to Amoy on the way sufficed,” Mr. Oliphant says, “to reconcile them to a speedy departure.” This is the more remarkable, as the streets, albeit “narrower and more filthy than those of Canton,” were crowded with a gaily-dressed population, engaged in feasting and visiting at one another’s houses, and celebrating the new year. At daylight on the morning of the 20th of February they found themselves in the muddy waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and they reached Woosung, on the river of the same name on which Shanghai is situated, the same afternoon. As the Taoutai, or intendant of Shanghai, was absent, it was resolved to deliver the letters to Chauu, the governor of Kiangsu, who resides at Soo-chow, in person. The expedition was composed of seventeen boats, and when at anchor the first night at a pagoda, a few miles above Shanghai, they observed a mandarin boat moor in significant proximity to them. They subsequently discovered that every movement they made had been minutely recorded by a petty mandarin sent to watch them.

As they proceeded up the river, they found the population not to be so much collected into large villages as in the south, but to be scattered over the country in farms and hamlets, imparting to the otherwise uninteresting scenery that air of domestic comfort and civilisation which is more particularly the characteristic of Belgium and the Low Countries. Everywhere the population were industriously engaged in agricultural pursuits; not an inch of ground seemed uncultivated, not a resource neglected for increasing the fertility of the soil. The whole country was intersected with water communication, most of the channels being a combination of the natural and artificial, and the sails of junks were visible above the level of the country, through which they seemed impelled by some mysterious and hidden influence. At this time of the year a thick hoar-frost covered the fields in early morning, and a good coal-fire was enjoyed at night.

On the morning of the 26th the walls and pagodas of Soo-chow were visible. The tapering masts were lowered shortly afterwards to pass under a very handsome stone bridge, which spanned the Imperial Grand Canal in a single arch, and hence they reached the south-east angle of the city wall. The banks of the canal had been broken down for now

five years, and the "vast supplies of grain," upon which Captain Sherard Osborn lays so much stress, had to be sent to the north in sea-going junks. The enormous imperial grain junks formerly employed looked like so many stranded arks going to decay. In some instances their decks were grass-grown.

Soo-chow is built in the shape of a perfect square, each side four miles in length, and washed on all sides by canals, with lanes of water in the interior, which, like those of Venice, opened in divers directions. Soo-chow is celebrated throughout China for the beauty of its women, and Mr. Oliphant says, that those he saw did not belie its reputation. In other towns they are shy of barbarians, but there "they love both to see and be seen, and with good reason." The mission was received by the governor at his yamun, in the centre of the city, and the letters from Lord Elgin to Yu, the prime minister, were confided to his care. The mandarin is governor of a province containing thirty-eight millions of inhabitants, with power of life and death, and yet he is only the subordinate of the governor-general of the Two Kiangs, who, in his turn, is a responsible officer.

Of Shanghai itself, Mr. Oliphant says, that of all the spots upon the coast of the Celestial Empire at which Europeans have established themselves, it is certainly the pleasantest, as a residence. With a society almost as numerous as Hong-Kong, there is much agreeable social intercourse. "There is, moreover, an air of substantial prosperity about Shanghai which occasionally expands into magnificence, and displays itself in palatial residences and an expensive style of living." The handsome houses which line the shore for a distance of two miles also give it an imposing appearance as approached from the sea. As far as the Chinese part of the town is concerned, all of its class are so like each other as to be almost undistinguishable. Shanghai, it is to be observed, is the principal port for the export of the annual supply of rice to the north. Thousands of junks bound for the Peiho leave the river in successive fleets during the spring months. Mr. Oliphant himself admits that one of the most important means that could be brought to bear upon the capital would be intercepting this supply, which could be done with a few gun-boats in the Gulf of Pecheli.

Of Ningpo, the literary city of China, to which Mr. Oliphant next proceeded, he says, that it decidedly ranks first among those at present open to Europeans. It is situated at the confluence of two rivers, contains a population of about a quarter of a million, and is five miles in circumference. A bridge of boats, two hundred yards long, connects it with the principal suburb. The book shops are worthy of its high literary reputation, and commemorative arches of granite record the names of great scholars and philosophers. Ningpo is also noted for the excellence of its wood carving and inlaying, and the embroidery in silk and satin is often beautiful.

There is no doubt, from its situation at the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, whence all the grain to the north takes its departure, whence the Imperial Grand Canal can be blockaded, and where the greatest opening to commerce that exists in all China presents itself, that Chusan ought to be the first place reoccupied by the British in the case of renewed hostili-

ties. The scenery and climate of the Chusan Archipelago reminded Mr. Oliphant of a former yachting experience among the sunny Grecian isles.

Although the treaty of Nankin secured the right to her Majesty's representative in China to correspond direct with the highest imperial authority in the empire, the prime minister Yu, to whom the communications conveyed to Soo-chow had been addressed, did not condescend to reply to them, but he instructed the authorities of the Two Kiangs to enjoin the mission to return to Canton, where barbarian affairs would be duly arranged! Whereupon Lord Elgin returned the letter, appealed to the treaty, and announced his intention of proceeding forthwith to the Peiho, in order to place himself in more direct communication with the high officers of the imperial government at the capital. The mission having strengthened itself, with the aid of the French, as much as possible, started on the 10th of April. It was favoured with lovely weather up the Yellow Sea, met with some difficulties in rounding the mountainous cape of Shantung, and on the 14th was ploughing the muddy waters of the Gulf of Pecheli.

Operations were commenced on arriving off the Peiho, by sending the *Staney* across the bar to capture a few empty junks, into which the *Cormorant* could discharge her coal and other dead weight, previous to trying the experiment of crossing. Three forts were made out on the south, and two on the north bank of the river. Innumerable banners fluttered from the parapets and embrasures, waving defiance. The spring tides, however, went by, and Lord Elgin was obliged to await the arrival of the admirals with a larger force of light-draught gun-boats, a delay which, according to Mr. Oliphant, prevented an immediate and direct intercourse with the emperor, and brought about all subsequent inconveniences. But this does not appear to be a logical deduction, for the same opposition would have been, in all probability, offered to the approach to Pekin in April as occurred in May. There is no doubt, however, that this delay, and the subsequent vacillation in regard to hostile movements, enabled the Chinese to strengthen their position materially.

At length, on the 19th of May, six gun-boats went dancing merrily over the bar, and as steadily approached the descendants of the soldiers of Genghis Khan. That day, however, they came to anchor out of range, and the next there was a parley and an ultimatum. No answer being vouchsafed, however, at ten A.M. the ships began to take up their respective positions. The signal was made, and the *Cormorant* dashed off at the bamboo barrier, her men lying flat on the deck. Nor was it long before the fire of three forts opened upon her. Regardless of this proceeding, she burst the barrier, and then concentrating her fire on the northern forts, silenced them completely in about eighteen minutes. The *Fusée* and *Mitraille* came up too late to participate in the bombardment. The *Nimrod* also for some time engaged the southern forts single handed, till the *Avalanche* and *Dragonne* came up to her support. The admirals, followed by their fleet of gun-boats, then passed up, the storming parties were landed, and, as there were but a few yards of mud to be crossed, the men were in the embrasures at once. The Chinese were totally unprepared for such a proceeding, whereas, in the late unfortunate attack, not only was the distance in mud to be crossed much greater, but the garrison

were, doubtless, fully prepared for a landing. "We saw," says Mr. Oliphant, who was on the maintop of the *Nimrod*, "the leading blue-jacket jump into the battery; an instantaneous panic spread itself like lightning along the line of batteries at our feet, and in the 'sauve qui peut' which followed, some amusing scenes occurred, as Jack, at the top of his speed, dodged and chased the terrified soldiers, who, with outstretched arms and nimble legs, scattered in every direction." We wonder if this blue-jacket was rewarded, as the French marine was who first pulled the tricolor flag from his breeches-pocket at the assault of Lin's Fort? A sad gloom was cast over the triumph by the explosion of a powder magazine, which killed or injured upwards of forty French sailors and marines. The forts were found to be well and solidly constructed of stone masonry, covered with earth; the guns were of great calibre and exquisite finish, many of them English; there were whole batteries of gungalls, carrying pound balls, and numbers of beautifully made rockets. It is evident that all that was wanting were men, and these were provided for in the last untoward affair.

There were still two entrenched camps on the plains to be taken, in which were not only the defeated garrison, but also a body of cavalry, and this having been gallantly accomplished by the men of the *Pique*, *Furious*, and *Surprise*, the first division proceeded up to Taku, which Mr. Oliphant describes as in every respect similar to a fellah village on the banks of the Nile. The body of Tehkwei, the acting commandant at the defence of the forts, was found in the "Temple of the Sea God," close by. He had anticipated his imperial master's wrath by suicide. Most of the scenes, the heads of which are here given, are as graphically illustrated by the pencil of Mr. Bedwell as by the pen of Mr. Oliphant in the entertaining work before us.

On the 22nd the admirals proceeded up the river, Mr. Oliphant being permitted to accompany them in the *Opossum*. They went at first quietly along, feeling their way with no little interest and curiosity up a river not wider than the Thames at Richmond, and for the first time ploughed by a foreign keel. The poor peasants saluted them as they passed with profound and reverential obeisances. "The villagers," says Mr. Oliphant, "were clearly under the impression that we were on our way to upset the dynasty. I accompanied Captain Hall and Mr. Lay to the shore, when the latter gentleman had some communication with the people. It invariably commenced, however, with a request that we should come and reign over them. 'Hail, O king!' they shouted, as we approached; 'welcome, great king! be thou our emperor; come thou and reign over us!'"

As the gun-boats advanced they cleared out the junks, sometimes cutting their cables and sending whole fleets of them pell-mell down the river, and huge stacks of millet-straw were fired, till at times the gun-boats seemed anchored in a sheet of flame. On the 26th they reached Tientsin, and as the *Opossum* was sent back with the news, Mr. Oliphant had the satisfaction of reporting to Lord Elgin by midnight of the same day the gratifying intelligence of the fortunate issue of the expedition. It is to be observed, that upon this, as upon other occasions, the French gun-boats were found utterly useless for performing sundry functions for which our smaller class of gun-boats are alone adapted.

Hence, during the subsequent stay at Tientsin, our gun-boats were constantly employed on the French account, bringing up supplies and provisions, and performing the entire river service of both squadrons.

The plenipotentiaries proceeded at once to Tientsin, where they were accommodated in the "Temple of Supreme Felicity," and their slumbers were presided over by grim deities with enormous stomachs, or many-armed goddesses with heads encircled in a blaze of golden, or rather brass, flame. After the usual delays and tergiversations, certain acts of insurrection on the part of the mob, and the suicide of Commissioner Keying, the treaty was at length signed, the breaking of which, combined with the abominable outrage on the Peiho, are the grounds of the hostile attitude assumed at the present moment by England and France towards the "Flowery Empire."

This accomplished, Lord Elgin proceeded on his eventful expedition to Japan, upon which occasion the wondrous city of Yedo may be said to have been first laid open to an admiring public.

On Lord Elgin's return from Japan to Shanghai, an expedition of as high importance to the future trade openings in the far East as that made to Yedo, was effected up the Yang-tse-Kiang. Unfortunately, the progress of the expedition up the river having been opposed by the rebels in occupation of Nankin, this led to hostilities, by which, at all events, however much as it was to be deplored, the one party will have received as useful a lesson as the imperialists did at Ngan-king, where the progress of the expedition was once more opposed. The splendid scenery, the vast population, the boundless resources, the commercial movement upon this great river, have been before the object of our descriptions, but they were never placed in a more favourable and picturesque, as well as satisfactory light, than they are by Mr. Oliphant, and that although the expedition laboured under all the disadvantages of visiting the country when the imperialists and the rebels were alike hostile to their proceeding, and when the disturbed state of the country affected all things in the most unfavourable manner possible.

Mr. Oliphant, remarking upon the return voyage down the Yang-tse-Kiang, and the opening to British enterprise and commerce presented by that river, says :

We performed the voyage from Kew-kiang to the mouth of the Shanghai river in a week. When we remember that this was at the driest season of the year, and our gun-boat drew eight feet of water, we are forced to admit the capabilities of the great river of China for purposes of navigation. When, however, steamers built expressly for the purpose begin to ply on this great channel of internal communication, they will find that their success depends not upon the depth of water but upon the nature of the competition with which they will have to contend. If river-tugs can tow flats at a cheaper rate than the Chinese can work barges upon the canals and inner waters of the country, then the Yang-tse-Kiang will become the highway for British commerce. In any other country in the world, machinery, whether applied to steam-ships or cotton-mills, will beat manual labour. In China, where a man's work is not worth a farthing a day, his labour takes a higher place in competition with steam power. We have failed to substitute, to any extent in China, cotton manufactured by the hand; let us hope that, at all events, we may succeed in replacing junks by steamers. Where valuable cargoes, such as opium, are concerned, there is no doubt that steamers will be preferred to the water-conveyances of the country; but in teas and heavier cargoes the question is more problematical.

Increase of speed and the removal of monopolies are left out of sight in this quotation. Such a state of things cannot be expected to last. Manufacture by steam must ultimately beat out hand-loom wherever its products can find an easy and cheap access, and the people would be glad to turn their industry to those more profitable openings which would be presented by the cultivation of tea, the rearing of silkworms, and other native products, and for which a readier market for disposal would be made available by the very steps that would bring them cheap manufactured goods.

The real difficulty that presents itself—for, without entering into all the details of the question, we entertain no doubts as to the expansive character of the Chinese commercial mart—is how to open that mart to its most remote ramifications. Treaties, it is manifest, are not worth the paper or parchment upon which they are written. To subjugate so vast and populous a country is utterly out of the question, besides that it would be killing the goose to obtain the golden eggs. The question, then, is, how to make a presumptuous, arrogant, exclusive, faithless, and treacherous government abide by its treaties. The tactics of shelying off responsibility and sacrificing mandarins ought not to be tolerated. Sir John Bowring has justly pointed out that even the capture of Peking by the allies may prove rather an embarrassment than a final and satisfactory solution to the difficulty. “Winter will come—the cruel, bitter winter of northern China; the rivers will be frozen, communications cut off; and with no war-ship in the Gulf of Pecheli, supplies must be inaccessible. Peking may even prove another Moscow to its conquerors.”

The same authority suggests the administration of the custom-house revenues in Shanghai and Canton as a means to an end; but Captain Sherard Osborn—who attributes the failure of the competition of steam manufactures against hand-loom, and the long upholding of a wavering and incompetent policy, to the extortions of mandarins and the egotism of the British mercantile community—justly remarks that, after teaching the Chinese that perfidy cannot go unpunished, that treaties must be respected, and compelling every part of China to look to its own defence, we should not only insist upon every part of the Elgin treaty being carried out in its integrity, but we should obtain indemnity for the expenses incurred by the sequestration of all imperial property. “Pitch Hong merchants and mandarins overboard,” says the gallant tar, and remove monopolies, and millions would buy and sell, and the power-loom could then enter into competition with the hand-loom. Breaking down the unrighteous walls of commercial monopoly and official jealousy; opening trade to English bottoms; sequestering the grain supplies to the north and other imperial property; administering for a time the customs at all open ports; seizing upon a few commanding positions, notoriously the entrance and exit of the imperial canal on the Yang-tse-Kiang and Chusan, at the mouth of the same river, and something may be done without much bloodshed to ensure a permanent opening and a respect for engagements. But, before all things, except to punish perfidy and treachery, it ought not to be lost sight of that all active operations north of the Yang-tse-Kiang can be of no use to the future prospects of commercial intercourse or the progress of civilisation.

## THE RUSSIANS AS THEY ARE.

DRAWN BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

It is a curious fact, that while the Russians are so touchy if any outer barbarian dare to express his doubts as to the correct working of their governmental system, whenever a Russian takes the pen in hand himself he proves the severest critic his country can have. Gogol's satires went home, and were bitterly felt; Alexandre Herzen has also inflicted terrible wounds on the pride of the Russ; while last, but not least, Saltikow, in his descriptions of provincial life in Russia, has laid bare the ulcers which prey on the vitals of the nation. It is to the last-named work that we shall confine our attention on the present occasion, as we think that it contains much matter which must prove novel to the English reader at a period when Russian social progress is so loudly vaunted.\*

The plot on which these sketches are based is simple enough: the author is supposed to be a government official in the small provincial town of Krutogorsk, where he has opportunity to survey every class of society from the highest to the lowest. Undoubtedly, however, the most interesting portion of his volumes is that devoted to the police, and we will, therefore, direct our attention more particularly to this, as Mr. Sala, in his "Journey due North," analysed every class of society with which he came in contact, but was fortunate enough to keep out of the clutches of the police.

At the outset, the author allows that he took money; and why should he not? Surely it is better to have an encouragement which greases the wheels of justice. Now-a-days all this has been altered: the police are bountiful in promises, but, somehow or another, business does not progress so satisfactorily. In those times, if you had lost all your money at cards you went to the captain of the district to help you, and, after scolding you, he would order you to go into some county and collect the taxes. Perhaps the czar came off rather short, but, at any rate, your children did not starve. The way in which it was arranged would be this: the peasants, after scratching their heads for a while, would depute one to ask the government official whether he could not make it convenient to wait till harvest time—of course they made it worth his while—and he would go home, say, with four hundred roubles, a very agreeable morning's work, and much more humane than locking the poor fellows up as defaulters.

Another excellent source of revenue was to institute an inquiry, suppose about a horse theft: the rascal was plucked, and then allowed to go. In a month or two he was sure to be back; then he was plucked again, and, at last, when he had not a feather left, why, he was sent to prison. Some moralists might consider this tampering with justice, but the real fact is, that it, is the purest humanity, for as the policemen are sure to nail their man when they want him, it would be hard to deny him a little

\* Skizzen ans dem Russischen Provinzialleben von Saltikow. Deutsch von A. Mecklenburg, Kaiser: Russ: Oberlehrer. Berlin: Springer.;



pleasure for his money. Here, again, is a very clever mode of raising the wind, worthy of Vidocq :

In our circle there was a great merchant, a millionaire, who had a cotton factory, and carried on a roaring trade. We might try what we liked, but we could make nothing out of him. He kept his cars sharpened, if ever a man did. At times he asked us to tea, or cracked a bottle; but that was the whole profit. We thought for months how we should get this rogue of a merchant in the trap; but it was of no use, although everything was tried, even to cunning. Our man saw this, never moved a feature, and kept as calm as if he noticed nothing.

Now, can you believe it? One day I went with Iwan Petrowitch to an examination: a corpse had been found not far from the factory. So we drove past it, talking on the way of the difficulty in trapping the scamp. All at once Iwan became very thoughtful, and, as I placed great confidence in him, I thought, "He's got something in his head;" and, in fact, he had invented a grand scheme. The next morning we were sitting together, and trying to recover from our last night's drunk.

"What do you say? Will you give me halves if the merchant pays up to you two thousand?"

"What do you mean, Iwan? You can't be in your senses! Two thousand?"

"Well, you shall see. Sit down and write:

"To the Merchant of the First Guild, Stepanow Tropkurow, at Iswienowogersk, charge: According to the evidence of such and such peasants, the above-described body was sunk in your pond last night, after being murderously dealt with. Hence you will allow us to inspect the pond for the purpose of verification."

"But, good gracious, Iwan Petrowitch, the body lies there in a cabin near the high road!"

"Only do what I tell you."

Then he hummed his favourite air, and as he was sensitive, and this song always affected him, he began crying a little. Afterwards I learned that he had bidden the hundred-man conceal the body temporarily in a ravine. The obstinate man read our document, and almost fell in a fainting-fit. In the mean while we followed it up, and entered his court-yard. He came to meet us, quite pale.

"Would you take a glass of tea?"

"What tea, brother?" Iwan said. "We have nought to say about tea, but do you let the pond off."

"Have mercy, little father! Why do you wish to ruin me?"

"Ruin you? Look ye! we have only come to make an investigation. We have orders."

One word brought on another: the merchant saw it was no jesting matter. "Will you have it so? Good. Then let the water off at once!" Well! he paid up three thousand, and the matter was settled. After that, we drove round the pond, thrust hooks into the water, and naturally found no corpse. At dinner, though, when we were all drunk, what did Iwan Petrowitch? He told the merchant the whole story! and the miser, I assure you, grew so angry that he was unable to move. Yes, yes, sin and ingratitude is to be found in man.

This Iwan Petrowitch was a curiosity in his way, and surgeon of the circle: so, of course, he left no stone unturned to gain an honest penny. One of the most successful was to order a general vaccination of the children, which was a horror to the superstitious peasant women; so they paid up a rouble apiece to be let off. Of course many schemes were employed to catch him in the fact, but he managed to escape by his cleverness. On one occasion a recruit was planted on him, who offered a bribe to escape, while witnesses were placed to overhear the transaction; but

Iwan, assuming a stern tone, ordered him off at once to the army, had his head shaved, and would not listen to the protestations of his parents. The only sin this excellent man had on his conscience was, that he hurled a stranger into ruin. The matter was so characteristic that we must quote it:

As you are aware, gentlemen, our district is well covered with wood, and a great many people from other parts, chiefly Finns and Mongols, reside in it, a well-to-do and honest race. The only thing is, they are so uncleanly, whence so many foreign diseases are rife among them, that they are handed down from generation to generation. They kill a hare, for instance; they merely take the skin off, and thrust it in the pot just as it is; the kettle, too, is never cleaned; in short, the stench is unendurable; but they do not trouble themselves a bit about it, but eat with the best possible appetite. Such a race is hardly deserving of any polite attention, for it is stupid, ignorant, and dirty—a sort of hogs. Now, one of these foreigners went to shoot a squirrel, and was so clumsy at it that he wounded himself in the shoulder. An investigation was, of course, necessary, and the court decided in the case that it must be left to the will of God, and the peasant be handed over to the physician to be cured. Iwan Petrowitch received orders to proceed slowly—terribly slowly. All at once he remembered that the peasant was rich; so, after waiting three weeks, as some other business took him to those parts, he visited him on this occasion. In the mean while his shoulder had grown quite cured. He walked in and read him the authority.

“Take off your coat,” he said.

“Why, papa, my shoulder is quite well,” the peasant replied—“five weeks ago.”

“But, do you see this here? Pagan, do you see this ukase? Don’t you see the order to cure you?”

There was nothing to be done: the peasant stripped, and the other probed his shoulder heartily. The fool yelled for merey, but the doctor only laughed and pointed to the paper. It was not till the peasant handed him three gold pieces that he left off.

“Now,” he said, “God with thee!”

So soon as Iwan Petrowitch wanted money again, he went to the stranger’s to cure him, and in this way he tortured him for more than a year, till he had quite cleaned him out. The peasant grew thin, ate nothing, drank nothing; the doctor sat on his soul. When the latter, however, remarked that the source was dried up, he no longer went out. The peasant recovered, and began to be jolly again. One day, however, a perfectly strange official drove through the village, and happened to ask how this fellow was (for he was known to many officers on account of his hospitality). This was told the peasant, and what do you think he did? He fancied that the doctor wanted to cure him again, ran home, said nothing to anybody, and hanged himself in the night.

Well may the author complain of these good old times being past! The police were no common cutpurses or thieves: no! they were the real friends of the people. At present, they are forbidden to take bribes: it is just like finding a heap of money on the high road, and not picking it up. Ah, it all comes from the spread of enlightenment.

The town-captain at Krutogorsk was a terrible man—a goose with claws. His name was Feuer, and he was descended from a German stock. He had no perception for a joke, and when he ordered a thing it had to be done. He was the man to make a rope of sand, and strangle the culprit with it. This is the practical way in which he managed affairs when appointed to the town, and it certainly did him credit:

So soon as he was appointed, Feuer summoned all the manufacturers, and we had about fifty of them in the town.

“You used to pay the old man,” he said to them, “ten roubles apiece, but

that is too little. I would spit on ten roubles. I must have seventy-five from every proprietor."

They wouldn't hear a word of it. "We have seen hundreds of such quill-drivers," they said.

He was just on the point of bursting out.

"Well," he said, "so you won't pay seventy-five apiece?"

"Five," they shouted, "not a kopek more."

"Very good," he said.

A week later he went to inspect the shop of one of them, a tanner by trade.

"The hides you have here, friend, are stolen property."

Stolen or not, the present owner would not tell whom he had them from.

"Well," he said, "you wouldn't pay seventy-five, so now hand over five hundred."

The man almost fell on his knees, but a smaller sum would not do: the other would not hear of it. He sent him home with a hundred-man, and he fetched money under the idea that Feuer would be merciful, and take two hundred. But he only counted the money, and put it in his pocket.

"Now go and fetch the other three hundred."

Once more the trader began to bow humbly, but in vain. Feuer did not swerve. And he did not let him go till he had paid every doit.

The other fellows saw that matters were going queerly. They threw stones into his windows, poisoned his watch-dogs, smeared his doors with tar, but all of no use. Then they began to feel sorry, and came with excuses, and each with seventy-five roubles in his hand. But it was no go.

"No," he said, "you did not give the money when I asked for it, and, as matters stand, I demand nothing."

And he really did not take it. He openly declared that he should settle affairs more comfortably with each in detail.

The most interesting idea of the Russian official system will be found in a short history of the life and adventures of one Porphyrius Petrowitch. He was a man who had gained golden opinions from the whole population of Krutogorsk, and they lauded their good fortune in possessing so inestimable an official amid them. And yet he did not attain this enviable position without trouble. But his greatest merit was that he had never spotted his character by one queer action, as will be seen from the few incidents we are enabled to string together.

His papa was a village sexton, his mamma—well, sextoness, of course. Porphyrius was decidedly fortunate in possessing the latter parent, for through her he obtained the favour of a great man. He grew apace, and displayed remarkable qualities at school. His protector he kissed, and called pappy, but he could not endure the sight of his drunken old father. Indeed, he used to play him all sorts of tricks, to the great amusement of his mother. They lived, not exactly poorly, but untidily and dirtily. Parashka (the mother) had any number of silk gowns, but hardly a decent chemise. She would go to the market and buy a rouble's worth of pastry when there was not a loaf in the house. In consequence of this, Porphyrius was often hungry enough, and generally went about, winter and summer, barefooted and in a torn sheepskin.

One day he found in the street a griwennick (ten kopeks); he picked it up and hid it. Another time his protector gave him one, which he also concealed. He took a pleasure in money, for at home nothing else was talked about. When his drunken father had slept off his vodka, he incessantly complained because he had no money; if the mother paid a visit to the benefactor, she also ever complained of want of money.

"A fine thing must money be!" Porphyrius thought; "and I only possess two griwennicks! Ah! if I had a whole chest full, I would build a hut and sell lollypops. When the schoolboys went past, I would say, 'Do not despise our goods, honoured gentlemen. Of course, as a stick of barley-sugar costs ten kopeks; you will pay me thirty kopeks for it.'"

Soon after he began to indulge in little thefts. When his father, for instance, received his wages, he went straight to the public to pay his respects to the landlord. Thence he came home more drunk than vodki itself, fell on the bench and snored; whereupon Porphyrius crept up, emptied all his pockets, and hid the proceeds in the loft, wrapped in a piece of rag. Soon after, Parashka inspected her husband's pockets in her turn: "Where have you left your money?" But he could only twinkle his eyelids. Of course, a drunken man, what can you get out of him? He has either drunk it or lost it.

In his thirteenth year Porphyrius was sent into an office, not so much to write as to run to the nearest pot-house for vodki for the clerks. In this he was principally engaged, and it must be allowed that his life was not very jolly at that period; one pulled his hair, another poked him in the ribs; for any mistake blows rained on him directly; in such a place a fellow would sooner be dead. And for all this tyranny he received a rouble and a half in paper as wages.

Through his readiness and skill he gained the confidence of the captain to such an extent that he took him with him to criminal inquiries. On such occasions he displayed extraordinary qualities: the captain, for instance, could sleep the sleep of the righteous while Porphyrius settled the people off, received the thanks, and arranged everything properly. When he reached the age of twenty, the captain himself began to call him Porphyrius Petrowitch.\* The clerks, too, had long ago left off thrashing him, and, indeed, hardly dared to look him in the face. At the same time he established such regulations in the court, that even the governor, on inspecting the books, could not find a single defect, but drove off again.

One morning the captain of the circle was sitting at home drinking his tea, and feeling as jolly as possible. He was engaged with pleasant dreams—how the governor pressed his hand for his distinguished services, and promised to secure him promotion. But the dreams are dispelled by the entrance of Porphyrius Petrowitch:

"Welcome, welcome!" Demian Ivanowitch exclaims. "I was almost asleep, my dear friend, over delicious dreams. Have you any request to make?—if so, speak."

"Yes, I have," Porphyrius Petrowitch replies, in some embarrassment.

"What is it?"

"Well, it is that it no longer suits me to remain with you. The pay is small, and I shall soon reach the first class. Such a position is not fitted to my talents."

"I am sorry to part with thee—really sorry. Little can be done, as thou knowest, without thy assistance. Well, if thou hast ambitious views, I am not angry with thee."

"I am also sorry, *very* sorry, Demian Ivanowitch—for your sake, I feel sorry: but that is not the point."

\* In the addition of the father's name, "Peter's son," respect is indicated.

"What dost thou desire?"

"Will you have the kindness to hand me two thousand roubles; not as a loan, but merely as a reward for my exertions?"

"I am curious to know why I owe thee this money."

"Various documents are in our hands——"

Demian Ivanowitch opened his mouth widely.

"Documents! What documents?" he yells. "What nonsense art thou talking to me, impudent fellow? Thou hast invented some swindle."

"There are several documents in existence, all of your handwriting. You granted me your confidence, and of course I could not destroy your notes, for that would have been indelicate, for you were my superior. Now, be kind enough to remember how a merchant killed a workman by misadventure; you wrote me a note, bidding me to settle matters. Do you fancy, Demian Ivanowitch, that a man would give up such documents under two thousand? It is of no use, I tell you at once. I only do it out of respect for you, because you are my superior, and treated me kindly. Well, I have a heart, too."

The captain all but had a paralytic stroke. He sank back on the sofa, and did not rise again. Water was poured on his face, however, and he gradually recovered.

"God has punished me for my sins," he sighed; "that was the reason I nurtured such a viper."

"Really and truly, Demian Ivanowitch, a viper; but be good enough to remember that your sins are not trivial. On that occasion you let a murderer free, and brought an innocent man to the lash; and you have compromised me, a very lamb, in these matters. You see, then, that, looking rightly at it, two thousand are not dear, especially as all the documents are in evidence, as well as witnesses. I must tell you, though, that I require the two thousand absolutely. Judge for yourself: I am going to the governmental town; I wish to obtain a situation worthy of my talents; without recommendations nothing can be done, and these will have to be bought."

What was the result? Demian Ivanowitch gave him the money, and his curse in the bargain.

Armed with two thousand solid recommendations, Porphyrius dressed himself decently and went to the chief town. Here the governor deigned to remember his extraordinary attention in his old situation, and gave him an appointment, in which he distinguished himself by his miraculous honesty, and was a curse to all the office. Still, he fancied that he did not advance with sufficient rapidity, so he hit on a new plan. The governor had the fault of being terribly jealous of his *cara sposa*, and, of course, Porphyrius worked himself into her confidence. She soon revealed to him that she indulged in a sentimental attachment for the tutor of her children, and by degrees he induced her to entrust him with the letters that passed, in perfect innocence, between them. Armed with these, Porphyrius revealed all to the governor, who gave his wife a most tremendous thrashing, and placed unbounded confidence thenceforth in Porphyrius. Thus secured, the confidential clerk began to grow more indulgent, and the result was that, within ten years, Porphyrius was regarded as a man worth two hundred thousand roubles. But he never made the mistake of lowering himself; if a man wanted to bribe him, it always began with fresh caviare; and what followed was a mystery between himself and his host. But no one had to complain of breach of confidence; if Porphyrius took anything, he always kept his word, and was naturally on velvet. It might be an expensive luxury, still, the result was arrived at much more rapidly. No wonder that Porphyrius lived

respected and respectable ; married a rich widow, and is in strong hopes of being raised to the "Tchin" ere long.

Hitherto we have only dealt with the satirical portion of our author's work, and, indeed, it is rather difficult to find anything else in it. Still, we may be allowed to quote the following touching episode from his account of the Russian prisons, as proving that he has a heart susceptible of better feelings :

In the village of Berisino a fire broke out. There was no doubt of its being the act of an incendiary, and all that was left was to discover the culprit. During my inquiries, a peasant and a woman, both quite young, came to me and accused themselves of the act. At the same time they told me all the circumstances connected with it fully and clearly.

"What induced you to cause this fire?" I asked.

Silence.

"Are you man and wife?"

It was proved that they were strange to each other, but both no longer free, for either was married.

"Do you know the punishment you may expect?"

"We know it, pappy—we know it!" they both said; and appeared rather pleased.

One thing was curious to me. From what cause could a peasant and a woman, hitherto strangers to each other, agree to commit such a crime as arson? Had this doubt not existed, all that would have been left me to do was to verify their statements, and hand over the affair to the courts. But I can never satisfy myself till I have examined a matter from Alpha to Omega. In fact, it was proved that the affair had happened exactly as they had stated, but I learned more on inquiry: the two culprits had long lived on intimate terms.

"Why, then, the arson?" I asked them, after detecting this fact.

It was a long time ere they would speak, till I told them that an explanation of the motives might, perhaps, lead to the sentence being mitigated.

"And what punishment shall we receive?" the peasant asked.

I told him, and both seemed very miserable. After much persuasion, I made them say that they loved each other passionately, and had committed the crime in the sole hope that they would be transported to Siberia, where they could be married.

You ought to have seen their despair, and heard their groans, when they learned that the crime would not avail them. I was, myself, dispirited at my discovery, for, instead of finding a reason to mitigate the sentence, it might be easily doubled in severity. I confess that the struggle with my conscience was a heavy one. On one side, I said to myself that the arson was purely an interlude, and that the crime, however heavy, aroused a sympathetic feeling; but, on the other hand, a voice spoke loudly to me—the voice of duty and service—which proved to me that I, as inquisitor, had no right to judge, much less to display sympathy.

The author is very careful ever to insist on the fact that his sketches refer to the past alone; and, indeed, in the last chapter the past is buried. It is notorious, however, that the Emperor Nicholas, even with his iron will, was unable to suppress the official corruption among his people; then, can the present czar, in five short years, have so entirely eradicated it that it may be reckoned among the things that have passed away?

## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 Bp. LATIMER's *Sermons*.

## ROMEO AND ROSALINE.

WHEN Waverley read "Romeo and Juliet" to the company assembled at tea with an Edinburgh lady of quality, we are told that the mistress of the house, and several of her fair guests, severely reprobated the levity with which the hero transfers his affection from Rosaline to Juliet. Flora Mac-Ivor, on the other hand, when appealed to for her opinion, thinks the circumstance objected to not only reconcilable to nature, but such as in the highest degree evinced the art of the poet. "Romeo is described as a young man, peculiarly susceptible of the softer passions; his love is at first fixed upon a woman who could afford it no return; this he repeatedly tells you,—

From love's weak, childish bow she lives unharmed;  
 and again,—

She hath forsworn to love.

Now, as it was impossible that Romeo's love, supposing him a reasonable being, could continue to subsist without hope, the poet has, with great art, seized the moment when he was reduced actually to despair, to throw in his way an object more accomplished than her by whom he had been rejected, and who is disposed to repay his attachment.\* Miss Mac-Ivor can scarce conceive a situation more calculated to enhance the ardour of Romeo's affection for Juliet, than his being at once raised by her from the state of drooping melancholy in which he appears first upon the scene, to the ecstatic state in which he exclaims—

—come what sorrow can,  
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
 That one short moment gives me in her sight.†

There is an *arrière pensée* throughout in the lady's argument—which is, in fact, a sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, or argument directed at the man Edward Waverley; nevertheless, the drift of it appears to be shrewd and sound, and agreeable to what the best critics deliver on the subject of Romeo and Rosaline.

Second-best critics—or rather the ignoble vulgar who, being (by their own avowal) nothing if not critical, are therefore nothing—have been apt to take Romeo to task for unjustifiable inconstancy, in this transfer of affection, on much the same grounds, and in much the same tone, that they objurgate Goethe for his desertion of Frederika, and half a dozen more. Their spokesman (though they deserve not so good a one) is the Franciscan friar, who rallies young Montague (with rhyme and reason) on this abrupt revulsion:

\* Waverley, vol. ii. ch. xxv.

† Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 6.

Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!  
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then—  
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO.

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO.

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO.

I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,  
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;  
 The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

O, *she* knew well

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.\*

In such terms the old friar rates the "young waverer." But his knowledge of the heart is deeper than he chooses to manifest; he cannot but have descried the difference between Romeo's first fancy and his present fervour; only the old man eloquent is pleased to tease Romeo a little, and twit him with an inconstancy which, at first sight, and to common seers, was flagrant enough.

*Il n'y a que d'une sorte d'amour*, says La Rochefoucauld, *mais il y en a mille différentes copies.*† Romeo's, for Rosaline, was but a copy, and an indifferent one; not a fine impression; a first impression only. That love was merely like what Mr. Tennyson calls

an idle tale,  
 And fading legend of the past;  
 And *he*, as one that once declined,  
 When he was little more than boy,  
 On some unworthy heart with joy,  
 But lives to wed an equal mind;

\* Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 3.

† Maximes de La Rochefoucauld, LXXIV.



And breathes a novel world, the while  
 His other passion wholly dies,  
 Or in the light of deeper eyes  
 Is matter for a flying smile.\*

When Marfisa of Madrid, poor girl, swore eternal fidelity to her afflicted Lope de Vega, it is to be supposed, as Lope's biographer says, that the young poet was not backward in swearing also; and doubtless he thought his constancy would be invincible. "But the constancy of a poet! and that poet seventeen! We know what value to attach to such oaths. Romeo has taught us how long it takes a Juliet to drive a Rosaline from a despairing heart. Poets like unhappy love very well—to write about."† This sort of boy-passion, full of exaggerated fancies, and affectations in the matter and the manner of it, is analysed without much mercy by Gustave Planche. It commonly begins in a fit of enthusiasm, he says, inspired or suggested by a mere glimpse of the creature of its idolatry. It delights in arraying her in the impossible perfections of an ideal apparel; exalts, and sublimates, and refines away her qualities of mind and heart. Start a doubt, hint a query, let fall a shrewd suspicion, to the detriment of this fair perfection, or in distrust of the longevity of this attachment,—and how the innamorato hates you, scorns you, hurls defiance to your face, almost loathes himself for herding with such cattle. "Et ceux qui orient: Prenez garde! il les appelle blasphemateurs."‡ But the prosaic seniors are right, and see farther, nor feel less deeply, than the fuming and fretting junior,—of whose exuberant ardour they would make no more, in effect, than Laertes (though *he* is mistaken) does, of the trifling of young Hamlet's favour,—

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
 No more.

OPHELIA.

No more but so?

LAERTES.

Think it no more.§

"Prenez Roméo," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "prenez-le au début de l'admirable drame: il s'était cru jusque-là amoureux sans l'être, il était mélancolique à en mourir; il s'en allait vague et rêveur, en se disant épris de quelque Rosalinde. Tout cela n'est que nuage."|| Romeo, all this while, is deceiving himself, and the truth is not in him. With tears he may augment the fresh morning's dew, and add to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs, and then "private in his chamber pen himself," shut up his windows, lock fair daylight out, and make himself an artificial night,—but

For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as much as a' that,

\* In Memoriam, LXI.

† The Spanish Drama, by G. H. Lewes, ch. ii.

‡ Gustave Planche, Portraits Littéraires.

§ Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 3.

|| Sainte-Beuve, Essai sur Théocrite.

the young gentleman is not veritably in love. His companions have a shrewd conviction of the real state of the case; but they have only to suggest his looking out for a fairer face as well as a less obdurate owner in some other direction, to send him into vehement heroics forthwith:

When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
And these,—who often drown'd, could never die,—  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world began.\*

Ere the all-seeing sun rises next morning, Romeo has seen one who is more than Rosaline's match, twice ten thousand times told,—and finds himself, for the first time, absolutely, incontestably, and inextricably, in love. Hitherto, it was no such thing.

When his village Nancy was gone, Harry Esmond, we are told, fell to composing an elegy in Latin verses over the rustic little beauty. His biographer relates how this young gentleman bade the Dryads mourn and the river-nymphs deplore her; and how he made a long face, but, in truth, felt scarcely more sorrowful than a mute at a funeral. Which humiliating assertion induces the corresponding reflection, as a general truth, that these first passions of men and women are mostly abortive; and are dead almost before they are born. "Esmond could repeat, to his last day, some of the doggerel lines in which his muse bewailed his pretty lass; not without shame to remember how bad the verses were, and how good he thought them; how false the grief, and yet how he was rather proud of it. 'Tis an error, surely, to talk of the simplicity of youth. I think no persons are more hypocritical, and have a more affected behaviour to one another, than the young. They deceive themselves and each other with artifices that do not impose upon men of the world; and so we get to understand truth better, and grow simpler as we grow older."† A deal of this home-truth of Mr. Thackeray's is applicable to Romeo in the matter of Rosaline. How false and inflated the young man's language, while that affair holds! What far-fetched conceits he elaborates—what an expenditure of fantastical epithets, and paste diamonds, and artificial flowers! What a profusion of interjections, apostrophes, and notes of admiration! Even that material consideration, the dinner question, is made the prelude to a rhapsody of sighs and sorrows:

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—  
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O anything, of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.‡

That last line is too true: the love, and the feeling, are in the minus sign,

\* Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. 2.

‡ Esmond, ch. ix.

† Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. 1.

both. Is this Juliet's Romeo? Not in the least. It is only Rosaline's young gentleman, going through his paces. We are in the first act of the tragedy, but the tragedy is not begun. When Romeo shall once be the thrall of passion, he will drop all this swagger, and reduce these strides, and put off sock and buskin, and become terribly in earnest. He will cease, then, to discourse to his associates in pretty Petrarchisms like these :

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;  
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in a lover's eyes ;  
 Being vexed, a sea nourish'd with a lover's tears :  
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
 A choking gall, and a persevering sweet.

*What is it else?* A century of similar inventions, which any lover, sighing like furnace, could compose "by the mile," to his mistress's eyebrow. But Romeo as yet knew not what it was;—he could only talk about it, and about it. Soon he shall know it as it is—and the person of Rosaline be remembered only as the fading, because baseless, fabric of a vision—not too bright to last, but too airy and unreal.

Rosaline was no more to Romeo—less in fact—than the gardener's daughter to the poet—she

So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she  
 To me myself, for some three careless moons,  
 The summer pilot of an empty heart  
 Unto the shores of nothing ! Know you not  
 Such touches are but embassies of love,  
 To tamper with the feelings, ere he found  
 Empire for life ?\*

Hazlitt's remark is, "Romeo's passion for Juliet is not a first love; it succeeds and drives out his passion for another mistress, Rosaline, as the sun hides the stars. This is perhaps an artifice (not absolutely necessary) to give us a higher opinion of the lady, while the first absolute surrender of her heart to him enhances the richness of the prize. The commencement, progress, and ending of his second passion are, however complete in themselves, not injured, if they are not bettered by the first."† We think Hazlitt greatly overrates the "love" and "passion" for Rosaline, and approximates it far too closely to the latter attachment,—from which it seems to differ not merely in degree, but in kind. We would class Romeo's solitary antecedent with the modern poet's plurality of amourettes :

I have loved others, that I do confess ;  
 But they were never sovereigns of my scene,  
 Nor e'er have been to me what you have been.  
 Stray sympathies have cross'd my loneliness,  
 Poor scatter'd vagrants in a flimsy dress ;  
 But you are of my tunèd thoughts the Queen ;  
 I harvest you—the rest I did but glean—  
 My soul of you was but premonitress.  
 Therefore I deem of those my loves of yore,  
 As one might, when the fruit is on the bough,

\* Tennyson, *The Gardener's Daughter*.

† Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*.

Of spring-tide blossoms that exist no more,  
And were fruit's harbingers, all vanish'd now.\*

It would have displeased us, Coleridge remarks, if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so;—"but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet." Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy, according to Coleridge,—who bids us remark the boastful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making, which is never shown where love is really near the heart†—the positiveness referred to being that of the lines beginning,

When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires! &c.,

already quoted by us, to show Romeo's then liability to genteel fustian. Had Juliet taxed him, during their too brief happiness, with the fine things he had lavished on Rosaline, he might have excused, if not justified himself, in the very words of Hesperus to Olivia:

By Truth's white name I'll tell thee,  
Olivia, there was once an idle thought  
That aped affection in my heart; nay, nay,  
Not in my heart; it was a dream or so;  
A dream within a dream; a pale, dim warmth;  
But thou hast dawned like summer on my soul,  
Or like a new existence.‡

Dr. Maginn observes that while the fray with which the play opens was going on, Romeo was nursing love-fancies, and endeavouring to persuade himself that his heart was breaking for Rosaline. "How afflicting his passion must have been, we see by the conundrums he makes upon it"—for, the sorrows which a man can balance in such trim antitheses do not lie very deep. "The time is rapidly advancing when his sentences will be less sounding.

It is my lady; oh, it is my love!  
O that she knew she were!

speaks more touchingly the state of his engrossed soul than all the fine metaphors ever vented. The supercilious Spartans in the days of their success prided themselves upon the laconic brevity of their despatches to states in hostility or alliance with them. When they were sinking before the Macedonians, another style was adopted; and Philip observed that he had taught them to lengthen their monosyllables. Real love has had a contrary effect upon Romeo. It has abridged his swelling passages, and brought him to the language of prose. The reason of the alteration is the same in both cases. The brevity of the Spartans was the result of studied affectation. They sought, by the insolence of threats obscurely insinuated in a sort of demi-oracular language, to impose upon others,—perhaps they imposed upon themselves,—an extravagant opinion of their mysterious power. The secret was found out at last, and their anger bubbled over in big words and lengthened sentences.

\* Chauncy Hare Townshend, *The Three Gates*.

† Coleridge's *Notes and Lectures on Shakspeare*.

‡ Thos. Lovell Beddoes, *The Brides' Tragedy*, Act II. Sc. 3.

“The love of Rosaline is as much affected on the part of Romeo, and it explodes in wire-drawn conceits. . . . It is no wonder that a gentleman who is so clever as to say such extremely fine things, forgets, in the next scene,

—the devout religion of his eye,

without any apprehension of the

Transparent heretic being burnt for a liar

by the transmutation of tears into the flames of an *auto-da-fé*. He is doomed to discover that love in his case is not

A madness most discreet

when he defies the stars; there are then no lines of magnificent declamation.

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Thou [to Balthasar] knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Nothing can be plainer prose than these verses. But how were they delivered? Balthasar will tell us.

Pardon me, sir; I dare not leave you thus:  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

Again, nothing can be more quiet than his final determination:

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

It is plain Juliet,—unattended by any romantic epithet of love. There is nothing about *Cupid's arrow*, or *Dian's wit*; no honeyed word escapes his lips,—nor again does any accent of despair.\* *Quantum mutatus ab illo* whose wire-wove extravagances about Rosaline were so euphuistic, tumid, and tedious exceedingly.

In one of those celebrated lectures delivered by Coleridge in 1811, on the Principles of Poetry, as illustrated in Shakspeare and Milton,—for the only extant records of which we are indebted to Mr. Payne Collier,—there is discussed in some detail Shakspeare's description of the passion of love in various states and stages, beginning, as was most natural, with love in the young. Does he open the play, asks the lecturer, by making Romeo and Juliet in love from the first, as any ordinary thinker would do? Certainly not: Shakspeare knew what he was about, and how he was to accomplish what he was about: he was to develop the whole passion, and he commences with the first elements—that sense of imperfection, that yearning to combine itself with something lovely. Romeo became enamoured of the idea he had formed in his own mind, and then, as it were, christened the first real being of the contrary sex as endowed with the perfections he desired. He appears to be in love with Rosaline; but, in truth, he is in love only with his own idea.

“He felt that necessity of being beloved which no noble mind can be without. Then our poet, our poet who so well knew human nature, introduces Romeo to Juliet, and makes it not only a violent but a permanent love—a point for which Shakspeare has been ridiculed by the

\* Shakspeare Papers, by William Maginn, LL.D.

ignorant and unthinking. Romeo is first represented in a state most susceptible of love, and then, seeing Juliet, he takes and retains the infection.”\*

In a subsequent lecture, Coleridge returns to the Rosaline romance. He quotes the protesting passage (wherein methinks the hero doth protest too much) in answer to Benvolio's suggestion, that Romeo should compare the supposed beauty of Rosaline with the actual, and easily ascertainable, beauty of other ladies; and the critic then points out how it is in his full conviction of confidence that Romeo is brought to Capulet's, as it were by accident: he sees Juliet, instantly becomes the heretic he has just before declared impossible, and then commences that completeness of attachment which forms the whole subject of the tragedy.

Surely, our great philosophical critic goes on to argue,—surely, Shakspeare, “the poet, the philosopher, who combined truth with beauty and beauty with truth, never dreamed that he could interest his auditory in favour of Romeo, by representing him as a mere weathercock, blown round by every woman's breath; who, having seen one, became the victim of melancholy, eating his own heart, concentrating all his hopes and fears in her, and yet, in an instant, changing, and falling madly in love with another. Shakspeare must have meant something more than this, for this was the way to make people despise instead of admiring his hero. Romeo tells us what was Shakspeare's purpose: he shows us that he had looked at Rosaline with a different feeling from that with which he looked at Juliet. Rosaline was the object to which his over-full heart had attached itself in the first instance: our imperfect nature, in proportion as our ideas are vivid, seeks after something in which those ideas may be realised.”†

And Coleridge further insists that what took place in the mind of Romeo was merely natural—that it is accordant with every day's experience. Amid such various events, he says, and such shifting scenes, such changing personages, we are often mistaken, and discover that he or she was not what we hoped and expected; we find that the individual first chosen will not complete or complement our imperfection; we may have suffered unnecessary pangs, and have indulged idly-directed hopes, and then a being may arise before us, who has more resemblance to the ideal we have formed. “We know that we loved the earlier object with ardour and purity, but it was not what we feel for the later object. Our own mind tells us, that in the first instance we merely yearned after an object, but in the last instance we know that we have found that object, and that it corresponds with the idea which we had previously formed.”‡

The meditative poet of “The Three Gates” touches playfully on this theme, where he introduces the young wife, Alice, questioning (not quite cross-examining) her Edward about the Beatrice of his love-poems:

EDWARD.

Nay, pretty wife,  
Surely by this time you must know that poets  
Are Fiction's playmates, and make up a whole,

\* Seven Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, by the late S. T. Coleridge. Edited by J. P. Collier (1856), pp. 73 *sq.*

† Coleridge, *ubi supra*. Eighth Lecture.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 93.

Just as Apelles did construct his Venus,  
 From shreds cull'd here and there, so that their words  
 Are, like all language, only veils to truth.  
 Suppose that you yourself are Beatrice,  
 And I was only making you a secret.  
 A secret! oh it is the nicest thing  
 In life.

ALICE.

All very pretty, Edward; but  
 You did not know me in your childish days  
 Like that same Beatrice!

EDWARD.

That's shrewdly put.  
 Come! I'll not tell you stories, though my rule  
 Is always to tell stories when I'm question'd.  
 There *was* a Beatrice.

ALICE.

I was sure of it.

EDWARD.

But you, who are so clever, and read Shakspeare,  
 Know that all loving hearts have many a love  
 Before a Juliet; nay, all Juliets  
 Romeos by dozens, ere they find the true one.\*

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### MAGINN'S SHAKSPEARE PAPERS.†

THIS reprint is a right welcome boon to the reading world. Dr. Maginn was no ordinary critic. He approached Shakspeare with enthusiasm and reverence, and could appreciate his grand powers as few can. He was not only himself a wit, a scholar, a shrewd observer, and "satirical rogue," but also—little as he may be popularly recognised under this aspect—a man of keen, warm, tender feeling, and one that could quite as naturally be grave as gay, and perhaps even prefer shadow to sunshine. People are apt to think of The Doctor, as *par excellence* he was called, in days when John Wilson was *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, The Professor, as a rollicking Irishman, pure and simple, whole and entire,—a clever, dashing, mercurial, helter-skelter wag of the first water, and there an end. Let them read these Shakspeare Papers and correct any such notion. Maginn is here seen grave as a judge—without a jot of the specific gravity chargeable on judicial dulness. He judges Shakspeare, and may well therefore be grave; but Shakspeare's self, and his own

\* Chauncy Hare Townshend, *The Second Gate: Love*.

† *Shakspeare Papers: Pictures Grave and Gay*. By William Maginn, LL.D.  
 London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

intense sympathy, prevent his ever being dull. He follows no beaten track—takes no plodding commentator, however orthodox, for his infallible guide—but exercises his own right of private judgment, and by the light of his own rare intellect he searches out the deep things of his author, and finds new meanings in old phrases, and fresh import in familiar faces.

Dr. Maginn even tends to paradox in his Shakspearean criticisms. To every character which he takes in hand, he assigns some distinguishing feature hitherto unnoted if not disallowed. We cannot always and altogether go along with him. But, for all that, without paradox on our part (be it said), he carries us along with him, to the very end. We may demur to some of his conclusions; but there is no resisting his company on the way thitherwards. In the last of his papers he alludes to the charge against him of being “fond of paradox,” and of writing not to comment upon Shakspeare, but to display logical dexterity in maintaining the untenable side of every question. And he readily allows that to contend that Falstaff was in heart melancholy and Jaques gay, to contrast the fortunes of Romeo and Bottom, or to plead the cause of Lady Macbeth, is certainly not in accordance with the ordinary course of criticism: “but I have given my reasons, sound or unsound as they may be, for my opinions, which I have said with old Montaigne, I do not pretend to be good, but to be *mine*.” Not the less positive is he that

—those who read aright are well aware  
That Jaques, sighing in his forest green,  
Oft on his heart felt less the load of care  
Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between.

And though he leaves to the jury of his readers, the question: Which of these twain feels more the load of care,—the jesting, revelling, rioting Falstaff, broken of fortunes, luckless in life, sunk in habits, buffeting with the discreditable part of the world, or the melancholy, mourning, complaining Jaques, lying in the forest shade?—his own conviction is clear, and his own verdict on the issue is prompt and emphatic. We commend his pleadings, right or wrong (and even where wrong, a thoughtful man instructs and interests the thoughtful), to the study of every Shakspeare-scholar: it is seldom indeed that such a treat, of its kind, and that kind a high one, comes in our way.

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## GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A NEGOTIATION INTERRUPTED.

IF Madame Mignerot could have spoken, when the vista described in the last chapter opened before Hubert's eyes, her words would, without doubt, have been eloquent in praise of the sagacious animal which still sat before Monsieur Simonet's door with the newspaper in its mouth, waiting for admission; but being breathless with her exertions, the stout portress could only point towards her favourite with a radiant expression on her expressive features, which said, as plainly as if she had spoken, that the equal of Azor was not to be found in the universe.

Before she could recover her voice to shape it to this eulogy, the door was opened, and Hubert descried a lean figure in slippers and *robe de chambre* stooping forward to relieve the dog of his charge.

Hearing the noise of footsteps while thus engaged, this personage turned his head, which was decorated with a white *bonnet de nuit*, and Madame Mignerot exclaimed: "Voilà Monsieur Simonet!"

Hubert saluted the master of the house by taking off his hat, a compliment which the other returned with his nightcap, and then the Englishman followed his pury guide down the passage.

"Here is a gentleman," said the portress, as soon as she got within speaking distance, "named Hubert, who desires to see you on business, Monsieur Simonet."

"I am afraid," added Hubert, before the master of the house could reply, "I have intruded at too early an hour."

"Not at all, not at all, Monsieur," returned the proprietor, "I am quite at your disposal. Business creates its own occasions; it is never out of season. Pray do me the honour to enter."

He held the door open, and Hubert passed into a small ante-chamber, floored, like the passage, with red tiles, and wholly destitute of furniture.

"Permit me to show you the way," said Monsieur Simonet, shuffling along, after he had dismissed the portress and her dog; "I trouble myself as little as I can with servants—they are, at best, a disgraceable necessity."

It seemed, indeed, as if domestic service were altogether prohibited or entirely neglected in Monsieur Simonet's apartments, for dirt and untidiness were paramount. A reason for this existed, perhaps, in the fact that everything there was so old and rickety, that to have displaced or even touched a single article of furniture would have been at the risk of causing it to fall to pieces. The suite consisted of three rooms. The first was a *salle-à-manger*, conveying no very great idea of its owner's hospitality, with a discoloured slender-legged table standing on a mat in

the middle, a solitary straw-bottomed chair, and an earthenware *poêle*, which, to judge by the chilliness of the room, was seldom or ever lighted. The second *pièce* made amends for previous scantiness by being heaped up with *fauteuils* and *canapés*, *guéridons* and *tabourets*, *consoles* and *armoires*—the overflowings, in all probability, of the shop down stairs—scattered about with so little regard to convenience, that good pilotage was necessary for steering safely through them all. This was the *salon*, and we need not penetrate farther, the third room being the *chambre-à-coucher* of Monsieur Simonet.

It struck Hubert that a more equal distribution of the goods and chattels which he saw around him might have set them off to greater advantage, as they did not match very well, the chairs and sofas contending in rival colours, and the strips of carpet deriving their origin from totally different looms. After all, the incongruity did not much signify: age had reconciled the antagonists to each other, and now they wore out the remnant of their existence—the invalids of an empire of bygone upholstery.

The labyrinth threaded at last, Hubert found himself seated, *tête-à-tête* with Monsieur Simonet, before a fireplace, in which two logs of wood were smouldering in grey ashes and imparting their warmth, if any were in them, to the air that went up the chimney, for that which circulated through the apartment enjoyed a temperature of its own, and was anything but genial. Custom, however, or a hardy nature, or the *deceptio visus*, which cheats us all in turn, had reconciled Monsieur Simonet to the atmosphere in which he lived, and there he sat in his thin dressing-gown and slippers, as impervious to the skyey influences as if the place were a *jardin d'hiver* and the heat absolutely tropical.

"Can this man be the purchaser of Gournay," thought Hubert, "and live in a garret like this, in the midst of so much lumber! With good apartments, too, in the house, which, most likely, are well furnished!"

Hubert had never before met with one of the class to which Monsieur Simonet belonged, or he would not have asked himself this question. *Semper avarus eget: avarice ever craves without enjoyment.*

"And now, with Monsieur's permission," said Hubert's meagre host, "I will ask him the motive of the visit by which I am honoured."

"I have just arrived from Normandy," replied Hubert, "where——"

"Pardon the interruption," said Monsieur Simonet, "but am I right in supposing that you are not a Frenchman?"

"I am English," returned Hubert.

"I imagined so," said Monsieur Simonet, "though you speak French in perfection. It was your air, not your language, which guided me to that conclusion. Pray proceed. I am all attention."

"As I was observing," resumed Hubert, "a few days since I was in Normandy—at the Château de Gournay, in fact, of which, I understand, you have lately become the owner."

Monsieur Simonet bowed—as gracefully as a man in a white cotton nightcap may be supposed to bow.

"I learnt when I was there, from the person who showed me over it, that the château was to be let."

"Even to be sold," observed Monsieur Simonet, smiling, "should the terms be agreeable."

"On the latter point," said Hubert, "I am not prepared to speak—at least, at present—but if the rent were not excessive, I have seen enough of the place to wish to become its tenant."

"For how long?" asked Monsieur Simonet.

"That would depend on circumstances. Perhaps for a term, but I would rather take the château, in the first instance, for a year only."

Monsieur Simonet seemed to muse. He was calculating the depth of the Englishman's purse.

"In that case," he said, "I should be at a disadvantage. A single year might prevent the offer of a longer tenancy. However—not to be excessive in my demand—I respect the word you have used, Monsieur—suppose I say twelve thousand francs for six months' occupation."

Hubert was no niggard, but he stared at this offer. He knew, of his own experience, of many a château, equal to Gournay in all respects, that could be had for a fourth of the money.

"I can scarcely have heard you rightly," he replied. "The sum which I understand you to name greatly exceeds the amount I was prepared to give. Twelve thousand francs, for so short a period, appears to me to merit the phrase which we both are desirous to avoid."

"Twelve thousand francs!" exclaimed Monsieur Simonet, with well-feigned astonishment. "Did I say twelve thousand? What could I have been thinking of? Ah, I see! I transposed the numbers. I meant to have said, six thousand francs for twelve months—not twelve thousand for six. That, you perceive, makes all the difference."

"A very material one," returned Hubert, "but yet the terms appear to me sufficiently high."

"High! On the contrary, mon cher Monsieur, they are exceedingly low. When you consider—besides the productiveness of the garden—the magnificent fishing which you may indulge in from the very windows of the château, and the unlimited right of shooting over the whole estate—privileges which your countrymen are the first to appreciate—you will not, I am sure, persevere in the opinion which you have just expressed."

Hubert had been warned that he should have a difficult person to deal with in Monsieur Simonet, and was not, therefore, surprised to hear him overrate the value of his property. The price was, indeed, a secondary consideration with Hubert, if he clung to the fancy of living for a time at Gournay, for he was more solicitous to learn something about the late occupants of the château than to make arrangements with its present owner; but though his purpose, so far, was vague, he had commented on the overcharge with as much sincerity as if his sole object had been the completion of an advantageous bargain. It was not worth his while, however, to prolong the discussion on this point, and after a decent show of resistance, which satisfied Monsieur Simonet far more than a prompt acquiescence would have done, Hubert signified that he was not indisposed to give the rent required.

"The advantages which you describe," he said, "are certainly not indifferent to me; but if I were the possessor of the Château de Gournay I should value it more for its antiquity and historical associations than for the pleasure of eating my own carp or shooting my own rabbits. It

is a very interesting place, and the late proprietor must, I should think, have parted with it very reluctantly."

Monsieur Simonet shrugged his shoulders.

"What would you have?" he answered. "He wanted money to pay his creditors. It was not a moment for being sentimental."

"And he raised enough for the purpose?"

"So I am told. But that did not concern me. My transactions with Monsieur de Gournay were not personal. The estate was in the market, and I bought it, paying a very considerable sum, which I hope I may not live to repent."

"Then, of Monsieur de Gournay himself you know nothing?"

"Only by common report."

"And what, may I ask, did common report say?"

"That he was a ruined man; and when such is the case, I do not see the use of making further inquiry."

"I was informed," persisted Hubert, "that Monsieur de Gournay was a widower, with an only daughter."

"It may be so, but as I permitted myself to observe, a few moments since, I had not the honour of his acquaintance. We will return, if you please, to our own affair. As you are disposed to hire the château, you are prepared, I presume, with satisfactory references, which, to save trouble, it is desirable should be in Paris."

In dropping his family name, Hubert had forgotten that this formality would be required of him, and for the moment he was at a loss how to reply. While he was thinking over it, a bell at the outer door rang violently in a long, continuous peal, and Monsieur Simonet rose, with an impatient gesture, to see who was there.

"Excuse me, Monsieur," he said, "I will return in a moment."

This was a promise more easily made than performed, for the visitor, whoever he was, appeared strenuous to obtain admission, and Hubert overheard the following dialogue:

"I repeat to you, Anatole"—this was the voice of Monsieur Simonet—"that you cannot possibly enter. I am occupied with business of great importance."

"However important, my dear uncle," replied the intruder, in an earnest tone, "you cannot surely refuse me five minutes. I, too, have something of first-rate consequence to communicate."

"Let me hear it by-and-by. Come back in half an hour, when I am disengaged!"

"Half an hour! Quite out of the question! In half an hour I shall be Heaven knows where!—in the Morgue, under the wheels of a railway carriage, shot through the head, dead by my own hand in some shape or other!"

"Is that all? Have you come here only to tell me that you are going to commit suicide? In that case, I wish you a pleasant journey!"

"No, that is not all! Before I take my departure, I must instruct you in an affair that concerns your interests no less than mine."

"What do you say? My interests! Speak lower, Anatole! Speak, and be quick!"

"Admit me, then, if you do not wish that all the world should know——"

"Come in—come in! I will listen to you here! Stay, Anatole, I desire!"

But the effort of Monsieur Simonet to detain his impetuous visitor was made in vain. There was a scuffle in the ante-chamber, something gave way with a furious rent, and the next moment a young man dashed into the room where Hubert was sitting, and heedless of his presence, or of the chairs and tables he overthrew, flung himself at full length on a sofa, and buried his face in one of the pillows.

At this sudden apparition Hubert started up, but before he could advance a step, Monsieur Simonet entered the apartment, his nightcap awry and *robe de chambre* fluttering in wild disorder.

"Malheureux!" he exclaimed, clenching his fist and glaring at the prostrate form of his nephew as he lay stretched on the sofa. "Tu me gâtes ma robe, tu m'abîmes mes meubles, tu me fais des dégâts! Ah! ah! Lève-toi tout de suite! N'écrase plus mon beau canapé! Mais regardez, Monsieur!"

At these last words, which were addressed to Hubert, Monsieur Simonet half turned to display his tattered dress, which was torn up the back to the very nape of the neck.

While he stood, trembling with rage and anxiety, Anatole slowly rose from the sofa, and speaking also to Hubert, said, in a voice of perfect calmness, "A thousand pardons, Monsieur, for the abruptness of my entrance. But there are some necessities which put to flight all the laws of ceremony."

"I entreat you, sir, not to disturb yourself on my account," replied Hubert; "I am about to take my leave of Monsieur Simonet. The business which brought me here will not suffer from a few hours' delay."

Monsieur Simonet cast another vindictive glance at Anatole, who seemed to make no account of his uncle's discomposure. As for Hubert, he was not at all sorry for the interruption. He began to think he had been too precipitate in closing with Monsieur Simonet's proposition, and the indifference with which the old man treated the misfortunes of Monsieur de Gournay had excited in him a feeling akin to disgust; moreover, he wanted time to reconsider the subject now that there appeared no chance of obtaining the information respecting the family in whom he felt so much interested; so, adhering to the intention he had expressed, and promising to communicate further with Monsieur Simonet, Hubert wished him good morning, and left the uncle and nephew to their own devices.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### SOMETHING CONCERNING MONSIEUR ANATOLE DUVAL.

ALTHOUGH not much tempted to repeat his visit to Monsieur Simonet, Hubert felt curious to know something about the young man whose abrupt *entrée* had caused his own departure. He was not sorry, therefore, to have the opportunity of saying a few words to the old *concierge*, whom he found, in obedience to his wife's behests, busily engaged in making Azor's toilet for the day; and as Madame Mignerot was nowhere visible, Hubert accosted him without hesitation.

"That dog," he said, by way of leading to his subject, "must give you some slight trouble, I should think!"

"Trouble, Monsieur," echoed the *concierge*, pausing in the operation of parting the hair of Azor's back, and patting the animal on the head—"trouble! He is the delight of my existence! Art thou not, my cherished one?"

A lively bark, interpreted in the affirmative, was the dog's reply.

"You see, Monsieur," said Jacques, triumphantly, "he understands perfectly."

"Oh, he's a very clever fellow," said Hubert. "But, my friend, when you call him the delight of your existence, to what category does Madame Mignerot belong?"

"Monsieur," returned the *concierge*, "that is another affair. I honour, I respect, I admire—that is to say, I adore Madame Mignerot! She is a woman of great abilities, and entitled"—here Jacques looked quickly over his shoulder, as if he thought some one was coming, but seeing nobody, he continued—"entitled, Monsieur, to my utmost veneration."

"I perceive the distinction," said Hubert. "Well now, as you are all on such good terms here below, may I ask if the same degree of harmony pervades the whole house?"

"I do not precisely comprehend the meaning of Monsieur's observation," replied Jacques.

"You know," said Hubert, "that I have just had an interview with Monsieur Simonet, and, of course, you must be aware that I have also seen his nephew."

"Ah! did my master mention the relationship?"

"I believe not; but the young man called Monsieur Simonet his uncle, so it comes to the same thing."

Jacques screwed up his mouth, and threw an inquisitive glance at Hubert. He detected a lurking smile on his face, and answered, slyly:

"There are always two sides to a question, Monsieur. It may suit the purpose of every nephew to have an uncle, but I am not so sure that it equally suits the purpose of every uncle to have a nephew."

"Then it is as I imagined: Monsieur Simonet and his nephew are not on the very best terms?"

"Ah, that was Monsieur's meaning! I perceive now. No! To tell you the plain truth, the harmony you speak of, which I enjoy so much here"—again Jacques furtively looked over his shoulder—"is generally absent"—he lowered his voice—"from the *troisième au-dessus de Pentresol*; I may observe, in confidence, that it is never there when Monsieur Anatole makes his appearance."

"Of course Monsieur Simonet has reason for being out of humour?"

"Dam! I know not! There is never a perfect agreement between very rich and very poor."

"And Monsieur Anatole, I take it, is not the one who is rich. He is, perhaps, extravagant, idle?"

"Extravagant! Poor fellow, he never had the means! And, for idle—no—I do not believe that; he has too much energy, he is too fond, moreover, of his profession."

"And what is his profession?"

"He cultivates the fine arts, Monsieur. He is a painter. His works are admirable. I possess a portrait by him of Madame Mignerot, which is ravishing. It is the chief ornament of our bedchamber—when my wife, herself, is not there! Ah, if she had not taken the key I would have requested permission to show it to you. A more astonishing performance than that portrait it is impossible to conceive. There is a severe grandeur in Madame Mignerot's countenance which is represented to the life. When not the object of my waking contemplations those features pursue me even in my dreams: they startle me sometimes by their reality!"

"So excellent an artist as you describe ought not to remain a poor one!"

"That is perfectly true, Monsieur! He ought not. As I have often observed to Monsieur Anatole: 'Paint portraits, and your fortune is made!' Ah, if he would only follow my counsel, I could secure him a numerous *clientèle*! To begin with—there is Madame Cassonade, the *épicière* at the opposite corner, a rich person, and capable of paying anything she pleases; then there is Monsieur Grosventre, the *charcutier*—he, too, would be a prize of enormous value; in fine, I could mention all the best names of the *quartier*. There would be no want of sitters; for you know, Monsieur, that when once a machine is set in motion it goes by itself."

"And why is Monsieur Anatole deaf to such good advice?"

"He is an *étourdi*! That is his fault. 'What are these people's faces to me?' has been his reply to my observations; 'they cannot figure in my subjects! It is my ambition to be a painter of heroes, and not of grocers' wives and pork-butchers.' 'And these heroes,' I have inquired; 'tell me, Monsieur Anatole, where are they to be found?' 'On the battle-field,' he has answered; 'wherever the French nation has signalled itself in arms.' '*A la bonne heure*, Monsieur Anatole, but will the heroes pay like grocers' wives and pork-butchers?' 'I paint for fame, and not for money.' 'Then you will be famous for starving.' And here our conversation has always ended. What is your opinion, Monsieur?"

"Nothing could be more sensible than your remarks. But what is the cause of disagreement between Monsieur Anatole and his uncle?"

"In the first place, Monsieur Simonet desired that his nephew, who is an only sister's child, should study the law. Monsieur Simonet himself has done nothing but buy and sell—houses, estates, properties of all kinds. The solidities of life are his pursuit; he despises what he calls its frivolities—the things that do not bring in a quick return. To have a conveyancer in one's family would, under the circumstances, be advantageous; therefore Monsieur Simonet was willing to article Anatole with a friend of his own, a notary: he took the necessary steps, in fact; actually paid money for the purpose; but at the end of six months all was over; the genius of Anatole had taken another direction; he fled from the desk to the *atelier*; there were entreaties on one side, threats on the other; but it was all in vain; Anatole refused to be a notary, and now he is, what you saw him, Monsieur, an artist who does not rightly understand his *métier*."

"And has he no other relation than Monsieur Simonet?"

"No one but his mother, the widow of an officer in the army, who was killed in Algeria in the first campaign of General Clausel, when Anatole was quite an infant. The income of Madame Duval is small enough, as you may suppose, but such as it is she has contrived to give her son the means of study in the pursuit he has chosen. It is true the teachers of art are liberal, and require little from their pupils in the way of money, but still there were expenses, especially, Monsieur, when one is young and not without the inclinations of youth. Toutefois c'est un brave garçon, though, as I have said, un peu étourdi, and his coming here to-day is, I dare say, a proof of it."

"It is not often, then, that he sees his uncle?"

"Very seldom; and whenever it happens there is generally a *fracas* between the two. Ah, mon Dieu! That is Monsieur Simonet's bell. A sign that he cannot get rid of Anatole. It is Madame Mignerot he wants, and she, unluckily, has gone to market. Dieu merci! here she comes at last. Tout essoufflée! Célestine, mon amie! Voilà Monsieur Simonet qui sonne! Entends-tu? Monsieur Anatole est là-haut!"

Effectivement—as Jacques would have said—Madame Mignerot, her face all flame, had returned from the market with her tin pail full of vegetables for the *pot-au-feu*. On hearing the news she speedily deposited her burden in the porter's lodge, and without giving herself time to scold her helpmate—her custom always on reaching home—bestowed a dignified reverence on Hubert, and made all the haste she could upstairs.

"Ah, Monsieur is going, then!" said Jacques. "Merci mille fois, Monsieur; vous êtes trop bon!" This was for a five-franc piece. "It is a pity you cannot stay a little longer, that I might show you Madame Mignerot's portrait. It was strikingly like her when she entered. It is always so after she has been to market. Ces dames de la Halle sont de bien mauvaises langues! They never fail to disturb a temper which is, otherwise, of the most angelic sweetness. Mon Dieu, that is her voice! Pardon! I am called!"

He was, indeed—and called by names that were not the most flattering; neither did they bear witness to the angelic quality of Madame Mignerot's temper. But of that article Hubert had already formed an opinion, and with a meaning smile he nodded to the *concierge* and turned into the street.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE PEBBLE IN THE FOOTPATH.

CARELESS whither he went, Hubert found himself taking the direction of the Tuileries Gardens. Yes! He might as well pass an hour or two there, to think over the events of the past few days, particularly of those in which he had played a rather important part.

It was a bright day, all sunshine, and though the first horse-chestnut, called by Louis XVIII. "le jeune premier," had not yet put forth its leaves, the air was soft as that of summer, children and their nurses fluttered about like butterflies, and withered old men basked in sheltered corners, warming themselves without expense.

Hubert took a chair a little apart from the throng, had to pay for it



before he was fairly seated, declined the *gâteaux de Nanterre* that were as instantaneously proposed, exchanged a few sous for a bunch of violets, bought the newspaper which was offered him, and then, freed from further importunity, remained master of the situation.

The first paragraph he read satisfied him of the safety of the various members of the family for whose sake he had ventured so much: England had received them all, and the Republic, ceasing to occupy itself with their fortunes, was now shaping its own. Declamations, proclamations, Utopian schemes, impracticable theories, filled the rest of the paper, and Hubert threw it aside, without caring to read further.

"What is there, after all," he said, "to interest me in this country? Why should I stay here now? Scarcely any of my own friends are left—and certainly none of my old aunt, Lady Southborough's. The Faubourg is scattered like the flocks and herds of Job, and not one even has returned to tell of their whereabouts. Why then, I ask myself again, should I remain? This family of De Gournay! But am I at all affected by what concerns people I never knew, and whom, in all probability, I shall never see? If a common ancestry sufficed for sympathy, one might sympathise with half the world. But the château is an interesting fact. Yes—and Monsieur Simonet is a fact, though I cannot add that he is interesting, with his griping, overreaching ways, his chaos of old furniture, his nightcap and slippers, his hatchet-face and most portentous nose. I wonder what we should have arrived at, if that nephew of his had not broken in upon us! He would, of course, have saddled me with a place which most likely I should have been tired of in a week. I had better give up the idea altogether and go back to England at once. Why have I stayed away so long? The question is not a difficult one to answer. I know my father's views. He would never rest till I had agreed to marry some Lady Cecilia Neville or Lady Blanche Plantagenet. A great alliance for me, personal aggrandisement for himself, are all he thinks about, and for these things I care nothing. Still he has reason on his side when he urges me to return. I occupy a certain position in my own country, there are duties which I am called upon to perform—the excuse of travel is no longer of any avail, for I have seen all Europe and not a little out of it, and the most unanswerable argument of all is, that I am staying here to no purpose. A purposeless life was not, I think, my destiny. At all events, I am not disposed to accept that issue. No! My mind is made up at last. I will leave Paris to-morrow, and, like a dutiful, if not a prodigal, son, go back to Sussex and knock at the door of Loxwood Abbey. The fatted calf will be slain, in a week I shall be gazetted deputy-lieutenant of the county, and a month hence I shall read in the papers that a marriage in high life is on the tapis, and that I am one of its victims. En attendant, what shall I do with myself the last day of my sojourn in this pleasant but wicked city?"

At the close of this soliloquy Hubert rose, and was preparing to leave the Gardens, when he saw, at a distance, a person walking at a very quick pace, whom, on his nearer approach, he identified as Monsieur Anatole Duval. The young man recognised him also, and suddenly changing his course, advanced to the spot where Hubert stood.

"Pardon, Monsieur!" he said, "I did not expect so soon to have had

the opportunity of repeating to you my regret at having interrupted the business on which you were engaged this morning with my uncle."

"As I said before, Monsieur," replied Hubert, "it was a matter of very little consequence, and required no apology."

"Ah! but if I am to believe my uncle, the case is different. He has heaped upon me every reproach which a human being is capable of enduring on account of my having robbed him—not of your society only, but of the occasion for bringing to a successful termination a transaction in which he declares he is deeply interested."

"Monsieur Simonet attaches more importance to the affair than it is worth. I should have thought—if you will excuse me for saying so—that what you might have had to communicate would have touched him more nearly."

"That is the conclusion which ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have arrived at. Allow me to explain to you."

Monsieur Anatole dropped into a chair as he spoke, and Hubert, willing to humour him, resumed his seat.

"I am," said the young man, "the nearest relation, except my own mother, that Monsieur Simonet has in the world. Consequently, I have the right to look upon myself as the heir to his property, which, I assure you, is of great extent. Unfortunately, or, I should say, owing to a remarkable perversity, he does not consider things in the same light. Against his inclination I made myself an artist, hoping to tread one day in the footsteps of our great Horace Vernet. For that I am forming myself. His *genre* is my predilection. My uncle seeks to detach me from the pursuit of the arts, to follow I know not what mechanical occupation. Naturally I resist what I consider a tyranny over the mind, and a frequent suspension of intercourse is the result. But for my mother it would have been wholly broken off. She, however, has endeavoured, from time to time, to impress my uncle with juster views, and brought him at last to agree to do something for me—for her sake, if not for mine. Twenty thousand francs was named as the maximum of his generosity, though he is able to spare ten times that amount; but there was a condition annexed to the gift. Unless summoned by himself, I was never to appear again before him—never trouble him with any communication. You may easily suppose that this arrangement did not give me much pain. I consented to it at once, and waited for its fulfilment. But Monsieur Simonet is one who abhors to part with money: several months went by, and his promise remained unperformed. At last a circumstance happened. The necessity for studying a particular picture took me one day to the Louvre. I there beheld, engaged also in copying from one of the old masters, the loveliest creature that ever was seen, with whom, I own to you, I fell deeply in love. Day after day I returned to the gallery to offer her my silent worship, for—I cannot tell you why—a strange timidity would not suffer me to address her. At last I resolved to break through the barrier which I myself had raised. I went one morning, resolved to declare my passion. Can you conceive anything so great as my misfortune? She was no longer there. Neither on that day, nor on the next, nor on the one that succeeded—in fact, she had disappeared altogether. I was furious—I was mad! I interrogated the keeper of the gallery, the porter at the lodge of entrance, but in

vain; I could obtain no information respecting her. I was devoured by grief. Paris became hateful to me. I resolved to go hundreds of leagues away, and efface the recollection of that adorable image by constant change of scene. But in order to travel it is necessary to have money. Then my uncle's proposition, which other thoughts had driven away, came back to my remembrance. I saw that he was unwilling to put his hand in his pocket, and say, 'Here, Anatole, is the money I promised;' but it struck me, that if I were willing to accept a smaller sum—to reduce the amount to one half, or even to a quarter—I should make him yield. The idea was no sooner formed than I hastened to put it into execution, and this, Monsieur, was the object of my sudden visit to my uncle."

"Well," said Hubert, who had listened as gravely as he could to this singularly confidential revelation, "I hope you were successful."

"Ah, le scélérat d'oncle!" cried Anatole, jumping up and then dashing himself again into his chair. "Not a sou could I extract from the perfidious old miser! He denied that he had ever entertained the notion of doing anything for one whose conduct, he said—*le plaisant*—had always been in opposition to his wishes; and before I could recover from my astonishment, he turned round, and assailed me with the reproaches to which I did myself the honour to allude when first I addressed you. But he has not triumphed over me as he expected! I believe he thought his refusal would cause me to perform an act which I threatened. Il sera joliment trompé. I shall neither inhale the fumes of charcoal nor throw myself into the Seine. On the contrary—I will live to spite him."

"You act wisely," said Hubert. "Who knows! By waiting patiently a little longer, the tables may be turned in your favour. Monsieur Simonet cannot live for ever. Naturally you will survive him—that is to say, unless you shorten your career by doing something rash."

"Rash!" returned Anatole; "do me the honour to feel my pulse."

"No!" said Hubert, "I will believe that it is as calm as my own. But what do you propose to do?"

"I have not yet formed any plan. When I had the pleasure of seeing you, Monsieur, I was on my way to consult one of my intimate friends, from whom I received this note before I left home this morning."

He put a note into Hubert's hand, who read as follows:

"MON CHER CAMARADE,—Viens dîner chez moi aujourd'hui, avec notre ami B.—sans cérémonie. Affaire de fumer et blaguer.

"Toujours à toi,

"CAMILLE."

"And you mean to go?" asked Hubert, returning the note.

"I have reflected on the terms of the invitation," replied Anatole, "and do not feel equal to the undertaking. No amount of smoking can console me for the loss of my unknown divinity! I can share in no conversation that does not relate to her."

"In that case," said Hubert, "permit me to suggest an alternative. Bestow upon me the favour of your company for the day! We will dine without smoking, and if you choose to make the lady your theme, you will find me an attentive listener."

"J'accepte avec plaisir," said Anatole, holding out his hand. Hubert returned the pressure very cordially, and the *programme* of the day was soon settled between them. In spite of his *accès d'amour*, which, however, were only parenthetical, Hubert found Anatole a very entertaining companion, and they walked and talked, and laughed and dined, as if no such persons as cruel uncles and heart-breaking beauties were in existence. They even—shall I say it?—they even smoked a cigar as they sat on the Boulevard in front of the *café* where they had dined—and then, as Hubert wished to carry away with him a *souvenir* of one of the sweetest voices on earth, they left the Boulevard for the Opera, where Mademoiselle Falcon appeared that night in one of her favourite parts.

It is just possible, if Hubert had been alone, that the evening might have passed without awakening in him any other sensation than delight at hearing the accomplished singer—but towards the middle of the third act his attention was called from the scene by an exclamation from Anatole.

"Mon Dieu! Est-il-possible!" were the words he uttered.

Hubert turned, and saw his eyes fixed on one of the principal *loges du foyer*, in which two persons were seated—one of them an elderly man who wore a decoration, the other a girl apparently about eighteen, with a face of extraordinary beauty.

"Yes—it is she!" whispered Anatole. "But how comes she there, and who is she?"

It was a problem for Hubert as well as for Anatole, and during the remainder of the performance it occupied his thoughts far more than the business of the stage.

Was she the old man's daughter or his niece? There was no resemblance between them to justify the idea, neither did her manner seem such as belonged to close relationship, for Hubert observed that she never turned to speak to her companion, though by the motion of his lips it was plain he frequently addressed her. It might be that he was witnessing the consequences of a *mariage de convenance*—*empressement* on one side, indifference, if not coldness, on the other; and then there was a troubled expression on her face which showed that pleasure had nothing to do with her presence there. Once, and once only, her wandering eyes met those of Hubert, and though the glance was too brief to be measured by time, a feeling as it were of mutual intelligence stirred him with electric force.

When the curtain fell, Anatole, who had been speculating on his own account, said, "Let us get round to the entrance as quickly as we can."

They arrived there in time to see the old man hand his charge into a carriage, and heard the words, "A l'hôtel," as he stepped in after her.

"To whom does that carriage belong?" asked Anatole of a *sergent de ville* who was standing near.

"I cannot inform you," was the answer.

## CEPHALONIA.

## NOTES ON THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

THEAKI—that most interesting locality, the ancient Ithaca—the island most celebrated in classic lore of any, and which is separated from Cephalonia by a channel about six miles in breadth, was one of the places which I made it a point to visit. While I resided at Cephalonia I found a companion, who, like myself, was not to be deterred by the fatigue of a pedestrian journey from Argostoli to Samos, and then crossing the strait or channel, a walk from Opposito to Vathé, which last is the capital of Ithaca.

We set off one morning in summer, and each of us got a soldier's haversack, which contained shirts, and socks, and razors, and combs—in short, quite sufficient for a change of clothes—and strapping these to our shoulders we took the route across the wooden bridge for the convent of San Gerasmo. Our route after this lay through the mountains, which run through the centre of the island, and, after passing San Gerasmo, the country had a very wild appearance. The path, which lay through the rocks, was only fit for pedestrians. There was another road for carriages from the convent to Samos, but it was much too long a circuit, so we went through the mountain path and got out on the road into a large glen, which lay between a vast chasm of rocky heights; no trees, but the bare stones on each side. It was very hot, and the state of the atmosphere betokened a thunderstorm. We turned to the right, down a beautiful valley, by the side of which the shrubs of all sorts of evergreens were thickly planted. The road, now fit for carriages, lay on the right side of the valley, and as far down as we could see was a vast mass of foliage from the various plants which I mentioned, and the valley on the opposite side was also planted in the same way. When we got about a mile from Samos we saw on the mountain to the right the enormous wall, which, built of Cyclopean stones, formed part of the city, which in ancient times was the capital of the island. We soon afterwards got into a plain, and saw the small village, as also the remains of the Roman walls. But we did not linger here long, as we were determined, as soon as possible, to get a boat, which could take us over to the opposite shore of Ithaca. We engaged with some Greek boatmen to go, and got into an open boat. They put up their one sail, and when we had sailed about two miles from Samos the storm came on. The boatmen wanted to go back, but we insisted on their proceeding to Opposito. The wind was very high, and the rain came on also, violently. Luckily the Greeks had two or three large capotes, which were spare ones, as they had each of them been provided with these useful articles for their own covering. My companion and myself wrapped ourselves in these capotes, and found that they gave us some shelter from the "pelting of the pitiless storm." The Greek sailors, despite their timidity and slothfulness, were perfect masters of the art of directing their little craft; so, what with the losing tack and the winning tack, and with plying their oars lustily, when we reached the lee of the high mountain on which the castle of Ulysses stands, they got the boat into Opposito at four in the afternoon. We paid them for their

trouble; and though we had now five miles to walk in the torrents of rain, we thought it much better to do so, and get to the resident's house, than to stay in our clothes, now partially wet, at the harbour-house in Opposito. There was but one house there, and no sort of refreshment to be had in it, so we took the path through the valleys and détours by the mountain cliffs and rugged sides of the hills, but never for any time through any level spot, till we got to the entrance of Vathé. No island which I have ever been in, of the same extent, is so devoid of level ground:

Non est aptus equis Ithacæ locus, ut neque planis,  
Porrectus spatiis, neque multæ prodigus herbæ.

Of the trees which we saw, certainly the fig-tree was most abundant. I have since heard that the figs of Ithaca are reckoned the most delicious of all the island fruit. We had a very wet walk through the island, and mostly through glens and valleys, until we arrived at a break in the mountains, which showed us the entrance to the harbour of Vathé, landlocked as it is. The shape of the harbour is exactly that of the ace of clubs, the bottom part of which figure represents its entrance, and the water forming a deep well, so to speak, washing the shore in the shape of the figure which I mentioned. On the farthest extremity from the entrance lies the town of Vathé, and the resident's house, which is commodious and large, lies about the centre of the town. When we got in, the resident was seated with a large party of friends at dinner, and was describing the effects of the late thunderstorm, which caused a thunderbolt to fall on one of the walls of his outhouses, and crushed it down. It was one adjacent to the magazine which held his powder. What a providential escape was here! and how triflingly we pass over the instances of unmerited and wonderful mercy which the Almighty vouchsafes to show us. Had this magazine exploded, the whole house and its inhabitants, together with many others, would inevitably have been destroyed. In our wet plight we were received most hospitably, and given cordials to keep off the bad effects of the weather. We had no clothes to change, but did not suffer any ill effects from it.

The next day we went out with a party of the visitors to explore the sights of Ithaca. I know that there is a quarto volume, written by Sir W. Gell, treating of the antiquities of Ithaca, but such as it is now, and as regards the objects mentioned in classic lore, the only remains of importance which can be seen are Arethusa's Fountain, the School of Homer, and the Castle of Ulysses. The first lies in a most romantic situation; in a glen about four miles from Vathé. The ascent to the well, where the waterfalls frown from a height, is very steep. Of the history and the associations, I must leave the guide-books or antiquaries to speak. What is called the School of Homer is now only the ruins of some walls, which tradition or history gives this name to. The Castle of Ulysses is the most prominent object of all the ruins in the island. It stands on a high hill, overlooking the strait which lies between Samos and Ithaca. The ruins are large, but the stones are not Cyclopean. They seemed to me as if they were just as likely to belong to a Greek convent, which had been left to go to ruin, as to the abode where Penelope dwelt. The Italians and Greeks have made rhymes upon all the island

names, which pass as proverbially describing them. Thus they say: "Théaké malatraké" (Ithaca the unlucky); "Zante, fior di Levante" (Zante, the flower of the Levant); "Paxo oxo" (Leave Paxo as soon as you can); "Cephalonia melancholia" (Cephalonia the gloomy); "Fra Cerigo a Firenze, poco di differenza" (There is a slight difference between Cerigo and Florence); "Corfu, non più" (There is no more to be desired in existence than is to be had in Corfu).

I well remember the circumstances of the first outbreak which occurred in the island of Cephalonia. I recollect particularly the unforeseen nature of the disturbance. I can carry back my fancy to the time when I was, of all others, most forcibly reminded of the lesson which in early years I had read, depicting in graphic terms the duplicity and treachery of the Ionian or Greek character. It so chanced that, during the autumn of 1848, at a time of the year when the climate and the country are most particularly delightful, a large party, composed of the officers of the Argostoli garrison, together with two or three families belonging to the military staff stationed there, arranged to visit the Black Mountain, a most picturesque locality, about twelve miles from Argostoli. Every vehicle of a nature fitted for conveying the ladies through the mountain roads was had in requisition, and owing to the length of the journey, which was to be carried through a series of roads which wound round the mountains in zig-zags, the party, by mutual consent, decided upon starting very early. To the best of my recollection on the 15th of September, about eight o'clock in the morning, the different Greek coaches, cars, gigs, calèches, and also horses saddled for the men, set off in procession from the town to cross the long wooden bridge (which spans the wide marsh running inland from the bay of Argostoli) over to the mountains which lie on the opposite side to it. So popular was the party, and so great the majority of the felicity hunters, that, amongst the gentry, the only individual who did not join it was the officer on duty. After crossing the wooden bridge, the work of ascent began in earnest. The roads to which the name of zig-zags is here usually given were all of them constructed during the time of Sir Charles Napier, and, similar to those of the same character which one invariably finds in the Alps, are such as are fitted for the carriage of goods, stock, furniture, lumber, and for the convenience of travellers who are not active and strong enough to walk; but the greatest number of the young people much prefer cutting off their circuitous ascent by climbing the rocks which lie straight before them in their course, and so arriving eventually at the end of their destination long before the several multifarious vehicles have circled round three-fourths of the way. The acclivity which the party had to ascend, so far as it led to the convent of St. Gerasmo, was only gradual. The last-named place was situated on a table-land, and lay about five miles from Argostoli. After leaving it, the different chains of mountains, of which the most part of the island is formed, were more lofty, rugged, and wild. Their sides were planted with the vines which the natives call the "uva passata," and when the party reached a point within four miles from the top of the Black Mountain, the road took them through a very extensive pine forest, which stretched till within half a mile of its highest peak, or loftiest pinnacle of the island, which is the top of the Black Mountain. On reaching this, and viewing the different features of the scenery from the most favourable point of view, the party adjourned to a

rustic cottage which lies on the margin of the pine forest, and where every enjoyment in the way of refreshment, cold collation, music and dancing, awaited them. I have generally observed about these parties of pleasure or pic-nics that the same characteristics prevail in all of them—dancing, flirting, indulgence in the greatest mirth with the juvenile portion of the party, and somewhat of lassitude and ennui with those more advanced in years. But, leaving this party to its enjoyment for a time, I must now turn to another part of the island, where a scene of a very different character was about to be enacted.

The population of the island of Cephalonia, numbering about sixty thousand, are disposed of either in the towns of Argostoli or Lixuri, which last place lies on the opposite side of Argostoli Bay, at its entrance, or reside in the numerous villages situated at intervals in the valleys or mountains of which the island is composed. By a lengthened route persons may come through Metaxata from the country parts to Argostoli, but as that village lies six miles from it, the long wooden bridge over the marsh shortens the route considerably, and is consequently a great thoroughfare.

Previous to the time that the party of pleasure had started for the Black Mountain, so little had been thought as to the liability of the Greeks breaking into insurrection, either by the commander of the garrison or by any other of the officers, civil or military, that even the rumour of a rising or of a discontent on the part of the natives had never entered into the conception of any individual among the English population of the island. There had not been even a report of any parties residing in the different villages having anything to complain of, and so secret, so silent, so reticent of speech, and so undemonstrative of demeanour had been the Greek population before the morning in question, that the first intimation that the military received as to what was likely to ensue, was given by a non-commissioned officer commanding a small guard on the Argostoli side of the bridge observing a tumultuous assemblage of Greeks, either with muskets, matchlocks, pistols, reaping-hooks, scythes, and some of them even with large sticks, coming from the mountains across the bridge. Their number was said to be about two hundred. Their object was evidently to enter the town of Argostoli, to seize on the government town-hall, and to proceed to every act of plunder and mischief which an evil-disposed rabble could be guilty of perpetrating. Doubtless they would, in the absence of all guard to the town, have seized on the commandant's house, and as the barracks were some little way from the town, they would have been able to hold their own for some time. But the sergeant in charge of the guard, on viewing the approach of this unlooked-for gang, at the suggestion of the corporal divided the small party under his command in such a manner that their force and their fire might best resist the entrance of the insurgents. He then called on them to retire. This was answered by loud exclamations and threats on their part. He again warned them; and on their still proceeding, he ordered the party most in advance to fire. The guard obeyed; and, on their firing, their shots took effect, and laid low four or five of the foremost of the gang. The insurgents then fired, and two or three of the soldiers fell. On this the whole of the soldiers got the command to fire, and their discharge was so effective



that eight or ten of the Greeks fell. After this, they became, no doubt, dispirited, and, although they made much clamour and outcry, they retreated, and effected their escape back to the mountain villages from whence they came. The sergeant, who had taken the precaution of sending a soldier to warn the officer in charge of the barracks of the disturbance, was speedily reinforced by a party which came from thence, bringing with them ammunition. The greatest credit of course was due to the non-commissioned officers who commanded the bridge-guard, for after the first onslaught of these desperadoes had been so promptly and courageously met by them and the men under their command, it only remained for the officer in charge of the barracks to sound the alarm, get his men in readiness, and send the earliest notice to the commandant of the garrison, who was with the party which went on the pic-nic to the Black Mountain. He also sent an escort to guard the party on their return from the mountain.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the chief and those who composed the party on hearing of this unforeseen step on the part of the islanders. They hurried back down the pine forest, rode their horses, placing the vehicles which carried the ladies in the centre, and, moving as fast as they possibly could (allowing the escort to keep pace with them), arrived at the bridge of Argostoli in a very different state of mind from that in which they were when they crossed it in the morning.

The commandant sent an island steamer instantly to Corfu to inform the lord high commissioner of the news, and to ask for the assistance of more troops to keep the peace of the island. The message arrived at Corfu the next day at six P.M.; and just as the officers of the garrison had assembled for dinner, the colonel of their regiment came in and apprised some of them that, in place of dining, they must get ready and go down with two hundred men in the steamer to Cephalonia.

After the return of the pic-nic party to Argostoli, the commandant placed that town in a state of siege. All the officers were brought into the barracks, which was a very small building. All the guards were trebled, and the outposts of the town had additional guards planted, so as to be ready on the approach of any more of the insurgents. The opposite side of the bay where Lixuri was situated had also been attacked by a small force, which was turned aside by a party stationed there. This party was also reinforced.

The next day was a very busy one. All were occupied in various preparations. The third day was ushered in by the arrival of the reinforcements from Corfu. As soon as these came they were marched into a house which had been used as an hospital in the back part of the town. This lay on a hill. The officers took up such quarters as they could procure in the houses adjoining. Soon after this the whole of the regiment was ordered down to Cephalonia from Corfu, and shortly after its arrival the lord high commissioner came himself.

Previous to his arrival the principal duties of the officers had been patrolling the town streets and neighbourhood with their men, searching the houses in every direction for arms, and turning out at intervals during the night, whenever the commandant thought proper to have the alarm sounded. It seemed as if the spies employed by this commandant were indefatigable in bringing him rumours of the state of the villages,

which induced him forthwith to have the force under arms. I recollect, on one occasion, when they were all sitting at dinner, the alarm sounded, and the officers had to go out with their companies, and remain under arms till one o'clock in the morning, for no excuse whatever, in different parts of the island. Nothing could exceed the anxiety, the flurry, the fidgetiness, and the ubiquity of motion of this military functionary. The men composing the guards were obliged to mount guard with loaded muskets; and one night, when one of the sentries was walking on a post which was furnished from the barrack-guard, a poor Maltese carpenter approached it. The sentry called to him in English for the countersign. The carpenter did not understand the sentry, and walked on in silence, upon which the sentry, without more ado, aimed at the poor carpenter, and shot him dead! The next morning, a person who acted as an overseer to the military stores, and was an Englishman of the yeoman class, a blunt, plain-spoken individual, came to the house in the barrack where the morning's military business was transacted, and seeing the sergeant in attendance there, said to him, "Why, you soldiers have been about a nice business last night—you have been and shot my carpenter!" On which the sergeant replied, "The sentry only acted according to orders, and did his duty." The overseer answered, "You call this doing your duty, I call it committing murder!"

Of course there was a court of inquiry upon the transaction, and the exigencies of the case were taken into consideration, but the circumstance of its being an innocent individual who lost his life owing to his not understanding the English language, caused a great sensation. The extreme haste, the incessant haranguing of the soldiers, and the fussy demeanour of the martinet, earned him the title of "Field-marshal Froth;" and until the opportune arrival of Lord Seaton himself, the harassing treatment which all under his command experienced was something unequalled in the history of military annals. But when the cool and steady experience of the old Peninsular soldier was brought to bear upon the question, those who served under him regained confidence, and also had their duties pointed out to them in a calm and rational manner; so different from the intemperate heat and uncertain passion of the hot-headed colonel who commanded before him, that joy and hope seemed to animate the looks of every individual, high and low. The lord high commissioner directed three parties to proceed to three different points of the island, and there to take up their stations. The first was sent to the convent of St. Gerasmo; the second to a small village five miles from Lixuri; and the third to Metaxata. Thus, in three different directions, the troops were stationed for the purpose of taking arms from the peasantry, or watching the state of the country. As may be imagined, these stations were all at the farthest points possible from each other. The Greeks, now finding themselves so well looked after, felt in no way disposed to make any open demonstration, and the country throughout was as quiet as any county in England during the whole time that the military remained detached in these localities. The troops succeeded in seizing a great number of arms, and during the remainder of that year nothing occurred to disturb the repose of the island.

## BELLES AND BLACKCOCK;

OR,

HOW A LITTLE CANDLE ON THE MOORS LIGHTED DYNELEY  
TO HIS DESTINY.

BY OUIDA.

## I.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

AUGUST had come, and grouse and black game, wild-fowl and snipe, salmon and deer, became the prominent ideas in my mind, and I longed for the advent of the 12th as fervently as any cornet for his moustaches, or young lady for her first ball. I had been bored to death by the season. I am not a marrying man, and the great Emporium of good matches is of no use to me; so, after concerts and crushes, *déjeûners* and dinners, the *coulisses* and the Commons, I was thankful enough when, after having eaten my customary whitebait, I was free to turn my thoughts to the bracken and the mist, the corries and the glens of the dear far-away Western Highlands.

I was impatient to be off. I had my guns browned, bought a new Enfield, overhauled my rods, got no end of new flies, and of course felt discontented with my kennel, though some of my pointers and setters are as good as any on the hill-side, and Ascot, Moustache, and Puseyite cannot be beat either among the turnips or the heather. My cousin Dyneley (Graham Cyril Beauclamp Vavasour, tenth Baron Dyneley, according to that gourmand for strawberry-leaves, Mr. Burke) had been asked to shoot over Steinberg's moor with him, but at the eleventh hour the poor old Viscount had a fit of apoplexy; some said from an *excès* in truffles and Tokay at a Star and Garter dinner he gave the Aquilina. He was ordered to "les eaux," and condemned to a regimen, and, bemoaning his bitter fate, despairingly told Dyneley to fill the box as he pleased. So Dyneley asked me to go down with him and Willoughby of the 14th (Light Dragoons)—we always call him Claude, because there are no end of Willoughbys in the army—and one or two other fellows, to make up our party to bag blackcock and stalk deer on poor Steinberg's moor at Glenmist, in Argyleshire.

Dyneley and I had thrashed Bargees, beat the Westminster, pounded the Harrow boys, and pulled to Putney together years ago when we were young bloods at Eton; and I have had many a day's sport with him since, here and there, among the stubble at home, sticking pigs in the jungle, buffalo-hunting in the prairies, going after elephants in Ceylon, and camping out to net ortolans in Scinde. He has been fond of vagabondising (so have I, *entre nous*), and he is known all over the world as well as Wortley Montagu was, and can make himself equally at home in an Arab tent or in a European court; sleeping under his horse's legs in the wilds of the Pampas, or flirting with a Spanish *doña* in some luxurious palace in Madrid.

Dyneley is poor for a peer, though rich compared to such fellows as Willoughby, who has not money enough to keep his horses. Dyneley's governor went deucedly fast, and spent every shilling the entail would let him lay his hand upon. To be a rich peer, is decidedly a very jolly birth-right; but a poor one—I would as soon be one of the grooms about the Yard. Dyneley thought so too; so, after *he* had gone fast also, he shut up his place in Hampshire to retrench by itself, sold the town-house, took his yacht *Aphrodite* and wandered over the face of the earth, seeing life in all its possible phases, firing a book or two now and then at the world, getting a reputation for cleverness and eccentricity (everything is called eccentric that is at all out of the beaten track), and at five-and-thirty came back from his travels to be admired by some, cavilled at by others, likened by young ladies to Lara and Manfred, and to be *fêté* as a singular *mélange* of Gordon Cumming, Lamartine, and Layard.

He was, however, utterly unlike any of the three, as it happened.

"Well, Monti, are all your traps ready?" said he, when I went to see him one morning at Maurigy's, where he had been staying ever since he and the *Aphrodite* had come home. He was swinging himself in a rocking-chair, smoking a hookah he had brought from Cairo, his stag-hound Mousquetaire lying at his feet. Willoughby chanced to be breakfasting with him, and was lying full length on a sofa. He used to be nicknamed Bella in his troop, for he has all the beauty of his mother, who made a great row when she came out, but ended by marrying for love upon nothing, which aerial inheritance she bequeathed to poor Claude, with her soft almond eyes and fair hair. He is a tall, broad-chested fellow, but Dyneley, swinging there in his rocking-chair, though not so big, beats him hollow in sinew and power; and his face, with its haughty, pale, refined features, and dark eyes that can soften and flash wonderfully when they are moved, has a greater charm for women than even Claude's, though *he* is called the Crusher, from his merciless slaughter of the pretty game—game which he kills as I have shot parrots in India, to leave where they fell. "If you are ready," continued Dyneley, "I think we may as well start. Vere tells me he never shot over better ground. There's a salmon river, plenty of snipe in the moss, and Fitzcorrie's forest joins the moor. I know him intimately; he'll let us kill some stags, to say nothing of the outlying ones. Shall we travel all night? May as well."

"For Heaven's sake, Dyneley, no!" cried Willoughby, with more energy than he often threw into things. "It's all very well for you fellows, with your muscles of iron, that that clever chap in "Guy Livingstone" writes so much about, to talk in that barbarous style. You, who've worn sheepskins with Bedouins, and crossed the Fjord with Laps, may find fun in such monstrosities, but I never tire myself if I can help it; and as to cramping my legs by travelling all night, I'll be shot if I do it, not if you offer me half a million at my journey's end."

"Haven't half a million to offer," said Dyneley, setting down some cold game to Mousquetaire. "It's exactly the sum I want myself, and when I find it I'll open Vauxley, and take my seat in the Lords. But I shouldn't have thought you such a lazy dog, Claude, last February three years, when you pugged that tiger at Darjeeling."

"That?" said Claude. "Oh! that was nothing. I wanted amusement, and the brute turned up. No! I'm a very lazy man. As I'm a poor devil, I must stick in the Cavalry till I'm providentially shot in some

scrimmage; but if I were rich, I'd live among roses and myrtles in Arabia Felix, with a harem and a hookah, lots of sherbet, and some Nautch girls, and never stir all day."

"I tried that once when I was in the East," said Dyneley, "and got intensely bored after a little while; and so would you. Sofa cushions, narghilé, and alme, made me keenly feel the truth of "toujours perdrix." I thought the girls delightful at first, but for a continuance one wants something besides ankles and almond eyes. They never open their lips for any better purpose than to show their white teeth, and you know I've a weakness for brains."

"Do you find yourself any better served in that commodity by English belles than by Turkish bayadères? I don't."

"No!" said Dyneley, after a long pull at his hookah; "women are women all the world over. Whether the question is rouge or betel-nut, rings on the fingers or rings through the nose, women are born, live, and die solely for 'the toilette.' Last March, when I was staying down at Fairlie's, I noticed, one wet day, that his wife and Fanny Villiers, being thrown on their own resources, talked on for five consecutive hours, without stopping, of—DRESS; how splendidly somebody was got up on her presentation, how badly somebody else was dressed at the Handel concert, what one woman's diamonds possibly cost, how little, they knew for certainty, another had given for her Honiton, consoling themselves with the hope that 'dear Adelaide's' pearls were paste, pulling their friends to pieces, cheapening this and envying that, till, by George! it really made me sad to think with what bitter truth our mothers, and sisters, and wives, and daughters might write on their lily-white brows, 'Rubbish shot here!'"

"Their heads ain't more empty than their hearts are icicles," muttered Claude, stroking his silky chestnut moustache. "I've flirted, I dare say, as much as most men, but, as Dick Swiveller says, I 'never loved a dear gazelle but it was sure to marry a market-gardener.' A girl who was mad about me when she was skating in a black hat and a red petticoat at Christmas, I was certain to see the season after selling herself at St. George's in Mechlin and orange-flowers."

"My dear fellow, you're not singular," laughed Dyneley. "I remember having very tender meetings in orange-groves as poetical as you could wish with a handsome Granadine, who vowed her heart would break when we parted, there not being room for her in the yacht. Twelve months after, touching at Frangerola, I went to see after my doña, feeling a friendly interest in her; lo! she'd married a lean old alcaide a fortnight after my departure;—and beautiful Venetians, whom I left inconsolable, I was certain to find provided with my substitute when I and the *Aphrodite* called there again. But about starting to-morrow; we may as well go at once. Curtis and Romer won't come down till the 20th. If you like to sleep in Glasgow, Claude, do. I shall push on; I hate dawdling when I'm once en route. What of that new dog of yours, Monti, do you think he'll stand the heather? Pointers can't often. My kennel's in first-rate condition. You've never seen Mousquetaire pull down a stag. Empress is second best, and Eros and Royal are good working dogs."

We talked on, as hard as a lot of girls talking over a wedding, of the respective merits of Enfield and Purdey, rifle powders and cartridges,

spoons, governors, and flies, and all the thousand necessaries of the moors, comparing notes of the royals we had stalked and the salmon we had played, with many a reminiscence of a good day's sport wound up with a haunch of roe or grilled blackcock, and washed down with steaming tumblers of Farintosh or foaming pints of Prestonpans.

Start we did the next morning, and slept at Glasgow, too, for Dyneley, though he is given to making out that he is a profound egotist, generally gives up his own wishes to other people's. We went on to Greenock early the next morning, and steamed up Loch Fine to Inverary, where Steinberg's head-keeper was waiting for us with a dog-cart and some other traps to take us on the twenty miles to Glenmist.

"Delicious! isn't it?" said Dyneley, looking down into a trout stream as he drove along through the mist, smoking vigorously. "Don't you long to be flinging a fly in there?"

"De—licious! well, I don't know," murmured Claude, wringing the wet from his long moustaches, "people's tastes differ. I can't say myself that I ever thought being as moist as an otter or a Scarborough boatman was any peculiar state of blessedness, but it may be one lives and learns."

"'Pon my life, Claude, to hear you talk, if I hadn't seen you pig-sticking up in Scinde, I should think you deserved your name of 'Bella,' you indolent dog," said Dyneley, whipping up the mare.

"So I do," drawled Claude. "There's not a handsomer man in the Service. All the women will tell you that."

"And almond-paste and kalydor are all you think about, I suppose?"

"My dear fellow, I don't use anything so common. I've a private recipe for cosmetique that I wouldn't suffer out of my hands for half Barclay's, bad as I want tin. I wouldn't mind letting you have a little; it'll keep the sun from bronzing you."

"Don't be such a fool," laughed Dyneley. "Bah! if I thought a girl used either cosmetique or rouge, I wouldn't kiss her now if she were as beautiful as Omphale. Would you?"

"Can't say what I mightn't do under temptation," said Claude, piously. "I'm afraid I haven't always forsworn actresses and danseuses. Have you? And, as my sister Julia paints, I've had to kiss rouge through a sense of duty sometimes."

"Julia must be over thirty; she's only a year younger than you, if I remember?"

"No, poor thing! She's flirted from Dublin to Devonport, and from Canada to Calcutta, all to no purpose. She can't even hook a Cornet."

"She must be very stupid, then," said Dyneley. "Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two I can distinctly remember being engaged to eight different women—all *bonâ fide* affairs, too—rings, and hair, and all the rest of it. Boys always take to old women, too; the sort of women from whom, in after years, they'd flee to the uttermost ends of the earth. In my opinion, there ought to be a law to prevent young fellows committing themselves. The sylph in white muslin that they adore when they're one-and-twenty, they find when they're one-and-thirty to be a common-place, and, alas! too often, fat or red-nosed lady, who looks old enough to be their mother, and who, if they've the misfortune to be tied to her, clings round their neck like a brickbat round a drowning dog's."

"Bravo, Dyneley! You're positively speaking philosophy and truth, two combinations rarely seen on this earth," said I. "Are those the motives that have kept you from matrimony hitherto?"

"I? No. I shall marry for money if ever I do—sell myself to the highest bidder, to keep up the title. That's what you'll end in too, Claude, eh?"

"No," answered Willoughby, sharply, for a wonder. "I shall never marry at all."

"Quite wise, if you can live without it. Here's the lodge; snug little place, isn't it? I wish poor old Steinberg were here to welcome us. I dare say we shall find some grilled grouse waiting for us. Steinberg always tells Alister to shoot some a few days before the 12th."

The grilled grouse was waiting for us, and a good fire too, for the mist made it a chilly night. Alister (the head-keeper) gave us good accounts of the moor. The broods of grouse were large; there were plenty of home-bred snipe in the moss and fowl in the pools, and salmon, and jack, and trout in the river. Fitzcorrie was expected daily down at Glengrouse, and one or two outlying stags had been seen on our moor. Altogether, there was good sport in prospect; and when we had done dinner, and sat round the fire in Steinberg's cozy fauteuils, smoking Cavendish and drinking toddy, and listening to the witty, graphic, satiric sketches with which Dyneley can, when he chooses, delight a mess-table, charm a drawing-room, and even amuse a club-room, we felt as contented and comfortable as any three men could, and rejoiced exceedingly at having escaped drums, crushes, concerts, manœuvring chaperones, and invigiling belles, to enjoy ourselves on the moors, in the dear, free, sans gêne bachelor life.

## II.

### WE BAG BLACKCOCK AND MARK BELLES.

"EXTRAORDINARY what a deal one can do under pressure," said Willoughby, when we were discussing Loch Fine herrings and a lot of other Highland delicacies at six o'clock the following morning. "I never in my life breakfast before twelve up in town or in barracks, except on Derby Day, and then every one makes an effort, and sacrifices his natural term of rest. My cousin, little Flo, and her mother came to see me the other day at Knightsbridge at two o'clock, after their luncheon, dear primitive things! I wasn't up; and I wrote her word I was very sorry for her disappointment, but I didn't know it was her habit to call upon people in the middle of the night."

"You're keener on the hills, old chap, or you wouldn't make a very heavy bag," laughed Dyneley. "You're a prize specimen, Claude, of the militaire noble—all *dolce*, bouquet, and ennui at home, all pluck, and game, and true as steel when you're marking birds in the open, or Caffres in a skirmish."

Claude bowed down to his plate at the compliment. "Well, you know when one's blood is up one likes to polish off the devils handsomely; if I've any *very* great impetus I don't so much mind tiring myself."

"There's an impetus strong enough for any man. Come along,"

said Dyneley, springing up, and going to the window, through which we saw a whole crowd of keepers, gillies, pointers, retrievers, terriers, stag-hounds, setters, the old white pony in the midst of them, with cold black game, sandwiches, Bass and whisky on his back, for our luncheon when we'd shot up to the falls. By Jove, such sport as we had that day was worth twenty guineas an hour! I'm sure, to look calmly at a future time, when one will get out of condition, and the gun will begin to feel heavy, and gout will make one hobble over the heather, and asthma force one to puff and blow, requires more philosophy than all the old Greeks put together could have mustered if they'd ever known the pleasures of the moors. Talk of Socrates smiling at the hemlock, and Seneca inspecting the chopping up of his own veins! they are nothing to contemplating the days when, tied to onc's arm-chair, we shall recal the corries and the glens as joys that are no more for us. We had splendid sport that day; there was a Highland mist (that in Hyde Park, or among the English turnips, we should have thought a heavy shower); a pull up a hill of some eight hundred feet; rocks sharp as needles to scramble over, and deep burns to wade through, and underwood as thick as jhow jungle, but we never had primer fun in our lives; and Claude—lazy dog, as he'd make himself out—enjoyed himself more, wet, stiff, and dead-beat in the moss, and marshes, and brushwood of Glenmist, than he would have been in the most luxurious spot you could put him in.

He and I made very good use of our time, and knocked down grouse and the black game, besides snipe, teal, and a few hares, right and left. But Dyneley took the shine out of us. Alister looked on at him with as much delight as that canny Scotchman could ever be stirred into; and, 'pon my honour, he does handle a gun beautifully. To be sure, he's had such practice as few men have, and the East and the West could tell you many a tale of his deeds, camping out in the Punjab jungles and the primeval woods, and I dare say a better shot than he was never seen on the moors; he does it all so coolly and yet so untiringly, too, putting no end of energy into it, yet never half as fagged as other men are.

The mist had cleared off, and the sun come out, by the time we reached the falls, and found the old pony, the plaids, and the Bass, and stretched ourselves on the heather to have a pipe and enjoy our luncheon.

"Well, this is pleasant, decidedly, but I doubt if it's philosophic," said Willoughby, taking a pull at the mountain dew, "when one looks upon it in a serious light. I doubt if three sensible men, all over thirty, coming four hundred miles on purpose to fatigue, exhaust, and take it out of themselves in every possible way, for the express purpose of putting some shot into unhappy birds, or crawling through bush and briar, after the manner of the serpent, that was more subtle than any beast of the field—I doubt if, taken philosophically, there is not something——"

"Hang philosophy!" laughed Dyneley. "What's in Plato, Lucullus, Swedenborg, Kant, Whewell, Stuart Mill, that will do a man half the good, body and mind, that a good day on the hills does? You know I've read pretty well as much as most fellows, though I don't go in for a classic, and when I get my half million, one of the first things I look after at Vauxley will be the library; but I do say, that a man who knows how to handle his rifle and his rod is worth fifty of your regular bookworms. I



remember, when I was at Granta, fellows who used to sap tremendously, green tea, Greek roots, and all the rest of it. Their mathematics were something wonderful; their whole brain was one giant Euclid; they were a walking classical dictionary, and spent months debating the derivation of a word. What were they worth in the world? Babies in practical knowledge; natural history or every-day politics a dead letter to them. Put them across the Channel, they could not muster words to ask for their dinner; and, tried in any manly sport, a boy from Eton would laugh them to scorn. Bah! what are such men worth?"

"Nothing, most noble lord, in my opinion," said Claude. "Pity you're not in the House, Græham; you'd be as eloquent as Sheil or Bernal Osborne."

"On the uses of the moors?—that would be a novel debate, certainly; quite as sensible as the Maynooth and certain others, perhaps. I tell you, when I find my half million, I shall take my proxy out of Lord John's hands. But it's no good putting on a peer's robes with a miserable six or eight thousand a year. I prefer absenting myself and Bohemianising to going in for certain expenses which I have no money to meet. By George! there's Empress pointing," said he, jumping up. "Good old thing she is. Steady, Empress, steady. There, we shall have them now, beautifully. Whisky, Whisky, you little devil, confound you!"

Whisky, a young dog of Steinberg's that had never been on the heather before, had spoiled the chance of a splendid brood of birds. Dyneley's eyes flashed; he's impetuous and passionate sometimes, and Whisky's fault was very provoking to a keen sportsman, remember; he raised his gun to the dog, and would have shot him in the heat of the minute, but Alister stopped him. "Whisky's unco young, my lord, and he don't know no better yet, poor brute." Dyneley shook him off with a haughty gesture—I tell you he can be fiery on occasion—but after a minute or two he cooled down, and turned to Alister with his frank, sunny smile. "You were right, and I was wrong. I am glad you stopped me in a cruelty which I certainly should have been ashamed of and sorry for afterwards."

I heard Alister say to my servant, a few days after, that "the laird was a bit fiery, but he was a true gentleman and a leal heart, God bless him!" to which my man heartily agreed, tossing down some usquebaugh in his honour.

We had first-rate sport for the next few days; the weather was not the finest, but the rain kept the streams up; there was a good speat in the river, and Dyneley, who is never happier than when whipping the water, hooked and landed a thirty-pound salmon. We bagged plenty of ducks and snipe and some few ptarmigan. We had a battue of mountain hares when Curtis and Romer joined us, and we killed a hare and a two-year-old buck, and found the slot of another, which we lost by his heading to the forest.

"Fitzcorrie'll come down to-morrow," said Dyneley one morning when the letter-bag came in. "Poor old fellow, he's been kept up in town, chained to his gout-stool through this splendid August. He'll fill the Castle, of course, and he hopes we shall have a good many days with him in his forest. I shan't go and stay up there, though; will you? There'll

be his wife and several other women, and when one is dead-beat it's pleasanter to throw oneself on a sofa and have a pipe than to dress for a nine-o'clock dinner, and waltz and talk nonsense to the girls. You don't do justice either to the moors or the flirtations. Fitzcorrie takes a most paternal interest in my affairs; he's always wanting me to marry—pour cause, he'd like to have me in the House to support his measures—and he keeps a look-out for heiresses on my behalf. He will bring one down with him to Glengrouse. Hark what he says: 'I have found exactly what you want, my dear fellow. You have been so little in England, that probably you may not know her. She is a belle, very accomplished, and worth twenty thousand a year. Her father was a Brummagem peer created by Peel; but we anciens pauvres cannot afford to be fastidious. You can have her for the asking, I don't doubt. Douglas Jerrold's till-ocracy will give anything for your quarterings. She's coming to stay with Florence, so you must mind and mark something besides blackcock, for I really think either Adeliza or Constance Vandeleur would be an admirable match for you——' Hallo, Claude, what's the matter? don't you feel well?"

"Yes, thank you," said Claude, hastily taking a draught out of one of the great silver tankards filled with XXX. "It's this confounded arm of mine that the ball broke at Mejeerut; I dare say the gun strained it a little."

"Ah! broken limbs are the very deuce. I could almost blow my brains out when the neuralgia comes on in the leg that got the grape into it when you and I charged together, old boy, on those miserable little Caffre wretches," said Charlie Curtis.

"Let Sandy carry your gun, Claude, up to the pass, for it's a good five miles to the spot where they have seen the deer," said Dyneley. "Romer, do you know this prize young lady?"

"Yes, I've seen her; everybody has, except nomades like you, who forsake Christian lands to stalk to and fro in the deserts. Her grandfather was a Birmingham man—it's disgusting what a set of snobs the peerage is getting—there's no end of tin in the family, produce of japan tea-trays or electro-plate, I forget which; and she is a good coup—perhaps the best, as far as money goes, of the season—so give her your coronet, pray, and ask us all down to Vauxley for Christmas. By the way, you know her, don't you, Claude? You can tell us all about her. Isn't there a sister a co-heiress?"

"I believe so."

"Believe so? when you stayed in the same house with 'em at Somerleyton three weeks last February?"

"Well done, old fellow!" cried Curtis, laughing. "The XXX is too strong for you, pauvre garçon, or have you met some Highland Mary here, who's turned your brain? Which is it?"

"Neither," said Claude, in his old lazy tone. "But, my dear Charlie, how can you possibly expect me to remember two girls I met full six months ago? I should want scores of memorandum-books merely to enter all the women that make love to me. Sufficient for the day is the flirtation thereof, and to be called on to recollect mere acquaintances is too great a run upon any man's memory."

"Well," said I, "you can tell us, at any rate, what Fitzcorrie's find is

like. Never pretend, Claude, that the colour of a woman's eyes, or the size of her ankle, ever goes out of your mind."

"Can't indeed," answered Claude. "Blue eyes chase black, hazel succeed grey, in very quick succession in my memory. We poor soldiers, you know, learn to be inconstant in our own defence. If we couldn't leave London belles for bright eyes at Exeter, Exeter eyes for Devonport waltzers, and Devonport waltzers, in their turn, for Yorkshire Die Vernons, with a proper amount of philosophy, our hearts would be broken in as many pieces as a coquette has different locks of hair. I say, Dyneley, we must be off if we want to stalk that buck. Mousquetaire will pull him down if any hound can. I envy you that dog."

Fitzcorrie came down the day after to Glengrouse, one of the finest estates in Scotland, with his Viscountess, a haughty young beauty, Constance and Adeliza Vandeleur, and several men, some of them the best shots in the three kingdoms. Fitzcorrie, one of the keenest debaters in the House, is as fresh as a boy again when he gets upon the moors. He is very fond of Dyneley, too, and gave us all *carte blanche* to his forests, and a general invitation to go whenever we liked to the Castle, where dinner was on the table every night at nine, when we were not too done up to consider ladies' smiles too dearly bought by the trouble of a toilette, and to prefer a haunch and some Farintosh in bachelor freedom at our snug little lodge.

The first day Dyneley and I went up alone. Glengrouse lay just across the river, and we rode there in twenty minutes by a short cut. Claude was too fagged, he said, to endure the exertion of putting himself *en grande tenue*, and Curtis and Romer followed his example. We found a good sized party. Dyneley took Constance Vandeleur in to dinner, and talked to her a good deal, studying her with a keen, critical glance. She quite deserved her character of a belle: she had the Irish beauty, dark hair and blue eyes; she was just middle height, graceful and natural, with nothing of the parvenue about her. Adeliza was handsome too, but much more haughty and self-conscious; she came down, however, to Dyneley, whom she tried to charm away from her sister, for Graham (I like to call him sometimes by the old boyish name) has a very soft, gentle way with women, and very amusing conversation; besides, his wandering life, his known talents, and the originality and daring of what he had written, threw a sort of aroma of interest round him.

"Well, what do you think of your proposed wife?" said I, as we trotted slowly home, smoking, in the warm August night.

"Do as well as another, don't you think?"

"Probably; but that is not very enthusiastic."

"Enthusiasm is gone by for me. I've done with it, and I don't expect ever to be roused into it; indeed, I don't wish it."

I laughed. "You make yourself out very philosophic, Gra, but it seems to me that when you have your mind set upon anything, you're much as impatient and energetic as you were at Eton."

"In sport, very likely; and if I resolve upon any step, I do it at once. But I assure you, Monti, life has trampled out all my romance—and so best. I am a practical man now. I expect nothing from people, so I shall never be disappointed, as I was in my green youth, when I indulged myself, like a simpleton, in illusions and ideals, and such un-

profitable ware. I think I shall marry one of these Vandeleurs; the bargain will be even. I have the good blood, they the money. Of the two, I prefer the blue-eyed one. Constance, isn't she called? She is more lively and less dignified; I hate a dignified woman. She will be a graceful mistress for Vauxley. What do I want more?"

"'Love,' poets and women would tell you!"

"Love, my dear fellow? I never expect to love my wife, do you? We none of us do in these prudent days. I have never seen any one worth loving, as perhaps I *could* love a woman; nor do I wish to be roused into anything so stormy. This day ten years I shall care no more for Constance or her sister, if I marry either, than I do now; but either of them will keep up my title, head my table, make me an accomplished wife, and, as I am tired of vagabondising, I shall absorb myself in political life, dashed with some good sporting, and shall be a very happy man, as the world's happiness goes. Here we are. I'm very tired, and shall be glad to turn in. We don't want any opiates to-night. Bonne nuit, old fellow. How grave you look, Montague; one would fancy you were thinking of marriage yourself!"

I did not like, somehow or other, the idea of Dyneley's selling himself. I knew his nature, and I thought—But, however, I remembered this is a barter that our rigid moralist society sanctions, so I troubled my head about it no more, but put the light out and turned in.

During the next few days, Dyneley, Curtis, and I dined once or twice at the Castle. Constance was very accomplished, and sang splendidly, and would have been charming but for a *distract* manner at times that made her spirits as variable as English weather. We could not get Claude up to Glengrouse; one day he was dead-beat; another, his arm had the tic in it; another, he went up in the evening to the Upper Water to fish; and two others, he separated himself from us about noon, and we never saw any more of him till nine or ten, when he came in after a stalk or a hunt for ptarmigan that would have shut up any fellow with less iron nerves than this disciple of the dolce.

"I wish I could get Claude up here," Dyneley was saying to Lady Fitzcorrie one night. "He has a beautiful voice, and would help you with those duets. He is a dear old fellow, but he is such an incorrigibly lazy dog, and really, after the day's hard work, his arm that was broken by a spent shot pains him a good deal, and prevents his enjoying society."

Constance, standing close by playing with a spaniel, looked up. "What did you say, Lord Dyneley? Did you speak to me?"

"I was saying that my friend Willoughby would make you a good tenor. But you know him, I think. Claude Willoughby of the 14th?"

Constance started like a young fawn—I thought of it long afterwards—and bent over the spaniel, while her voice trembled: "Captain Willoughby? Where is he? Is he here?"

"He is staying with us at Glenmist," said Dyneley, without noticing her particularly. "I will drag him here somehow to-morrow, if his arm will give him any peace."

The young lady flushed up and said, rapidly crossing the room to the conservatory before she could have an answer, "If we are such *bêtes noires* to him, pray do not try to force him here against his will. Do you encourage such cavalier treatment, Florence?"

“Oh!” said Lady Fitzcorrie, shrugging her snowy shoulders, “with the vieille cour of the Trianon all courtesy died out in Europe. That rude fop, Brummel, mistook impertinence for wit, and his disciples out-Herod Herod.”

Constance had disappeared in the labyrinths of the conservatory, and left Dyneley to conduct the defence, which that witty conversationalist sustained very ably.

The next day we were to have a grand drive, and Fitzcorrie, ready to like Willoughby as Dyneley liked him, would not let him off. The day was fine, the wind just right, and there was a magnificent herd of fifty or more stags and hinds. We killed five of them. Dyneley’s was a royal; he had wounded him mortally before Mousquetaire pulled him down. Claude’s and Fitzcorrie’s had nine points each; and, altogether, I should say five finer stags were never killed in the same drive. We all went to the Castle to dinner; Fitzcorrie, as I said, would not let Claude off, spite of the tie; he told him Lafitte and Rudsheimer were the best cures for neuralgia, and Claude had to accede. I could not imagine why he shunned the Castle; for no sport was generally so agreeable to the “Crusher” as a new flirtation, and he would leave any quarry to go after the beaux yeux. As we crossed the park in front of the house, we saw the Viscountess and the Vandeleurs taking a stroll before dinner on the terrace, with two or three other ladies staying there.

“There,” said Fitzcorrie, lifting his bonnet to them, “don’t you think, Willoughby, that I’ve chosen well for our friend? That’s the future Lady Dyneley; the one in white silk walking with Florence. Is she not really very pretty?”

The Light Dragoon’s soft black eyes flashed, and he answered rather incoherently, stroking his chesnut moustache, something to the effect that near Lady Fitzcorrie no one could hope to shine.

The old Viscount smiled. He was proud of his handsome young wife, who, like Themistocles’s lady, ruled the ruler of Athens.

The Viscountess came down the steps laughing at some flowery speech of Romer’s to her; Adeliza smiled most generously at Dyneley, and began to inquire about our sport. Constance stood still, playing with the fuschias in a vase; all the colour was out of her cheeks, but that might be the heat. It came back in a rush, though, as Claude lifted his cap to her, spoke a few words to Adeliza, and then leant on his gun in a silence and indifference very unlike the tenderness and empressment of his general manner with the sex. Dyneley put his arm through his and pulled him up the steps towards her.

“Lady Constance, here is your Giuglini. You’ve heard him, I dare say, so I needn’t advertise his vocal powers; but I wish I had them, for when I am hard up, as I too often am, I would have a concert at the Crystal Palace and replenish my exchequer.”

Claude’s eyes were fixed on the girl with a look I could not exactly translate. He laughed lightly, however.

“My dear fellow, you’d make me out a second Sims Reeves; but Lady Constance knows better than to believe you—that is, if her memory does Somerleyton the honour of remembering any of the evenings there.”

This simple remark had great effect on Constance. Though she was a belle, and had just run the gauntlet of her first season, and should, there-

forc, have been self-possessed and impassive, her face glowed very *couleur de rose*, and she pulled the poor fuschia mercilessly.

"You appear to regard Somerleyton as a very dim era of the past," she said, quickly. "I have a sufficiently good memory to be able to go back as far as last March. You, however, have probably things of newer interest to chase it out of your mind."

"I am a poor cavalry man, Lady Constance, with nothing but my holster pistols and charger; and as I am sure of being forgotten, I am glad enough to teach myself to forget," answered Claude, smiling, as he calmly stroked his moustaches, and played with a setter's ears.

"You would throw Hermione's name, then, into the fountain of oblivion without mercy?" said the young beauty through her white teeth, but laughing carelessly too.

"Why not? Hermione would throw mine."

"Constance," cried Lady Fitzcorrie, "come and look at Dyneley's dog. This is the famous Mousquetaire; isn't he a fine fellow?"

Constance bent over Mousquetaire, praising and caressing him most sedulously; and her sister joined us, glancing at Mousquetaire's master, who, leaning on his rifle, with his cap drawn down on his white forehead, looked, as I heard a young lady with light eyes whisper, "just like the dear Corsair." As we looked at the Vandeleurs and Mousquetaire, I dare say we all thought of "Love me, love my dog."

Dyneley took Constance in to dinner, and made himself charming, as he could when he liked, better than any man I know. Claude sat opposite to them, and talked ceaselessly to the young lady with light eyes, whose intellect, being of narrowed limits, took his random wit literally, and, I dare say, put a mem. of him in her Diary with the green velvet cover and patent embossed lock, interlining all her adjectives: "Sat next Captain Willoughby. He has *beautiful* black eyes and fair hair, but is rather *peculiar*. I have heard of officers so shocked by the scene of the battle-field, that they have never quite recovered their senses. He tells me that he has so bad a memory, that the day after Balaklava he was obliged to ask his servant how he got the cut on his sword arm. *I cannot believe it*. I noticed Constance look at him *very* oddly while he was talking to me. I hope he is not mad, he is *so* handsome."

### III.

#### THE LITTLE DIAMOND IN THE DESERT.

A MORNING or two after, Dyneley and I went out by ourselves. Alister was gone with Curtis and Romer to the head of the loch to drag for pike; Claude had taken his gun, and said he should walk up to the pools, and have a shot at the ducks; and Dyneley and I, with Mousquetaire and a brace of setters, had a fancy to try the glen for black game, and, if we found a roe, so much the better. We had good sport till two o'clock, when the pony met us, as usual, by the falls, and we threw ourselves down by the river-side under some willows to cool our throats with Prestonpans, and perfume the woods and hills with our after-luncheon pipe. The pipes and beer made us fresh again, and, after a talk of old Eton days and fun we had had together in the *Aphrodite*, of wild things we had done together, and of dark days in his life, in which I only knew how he had suffered or sinned, we got up to blaze away anew at the

blackcock. "Let bygones be bygones. They give me the blue devils to recal them!" said he, springing up. "My life has never been very bright, and never will be. I laughed the other day, when I read in the *Literary Lorgnon*, speaking of me and my works—'This brilliant and wayward peer has been singularly favoured by fortune. With descent as pure as any in the peerage, and talents daring and original, all the fairies, as Macaulay writes of Byron, have surely blessed his birth.' Good, wasn't it? If the fairies were at my birth, there must have been a devil or two among them who marred it all. Those double-distilled donkeys should know more of a man's life before they venture to relate it. I was made to be a happy man, I think, but, somehow, I've missed it. To ho! Steady, Bluebell! Two brace. Nice birds, are they not? Wait a moment! By Jove, Monti, look here! this is the slot of a deer, and a fresh one, too."

"That it is," said I. "What glorious luck! And it's a good large one. Let's go over the hill, and look down the other side."

"All right," said Dyneley, taking his rifle; and sending the little gillie, with the pony, guns, and setters, round to the pass to which it was most likely the deer would head, we began the stalk. We did the two miles over the hill quickly, and, looking through the glass, we spied a stag's horn far away crouching among the heather. There was but one way of stalking him—a very stiff pull, and a good part of it in full view of the stag; but we would have gone through Avernus to have a shot at him. Away went Dyneley at the swinging pace that had taken him across the Cordilleras and Himalayas, and I after him, though when it came to the serpentine crawl I confess he outdid me, and swore a trifle at me for being such a slow coach. Over the slippery rocks, up to our knees in a burn, pushing through the tangled brushwood, we went on and on for miles, and when Dyneley climbed to the top of the glen, and looked through his glass, he found the stag had used his legs as well as we, and he could just make out his antlers as he had lain down to rest again among the heather. A long dance that unhappy beast led us; but had we been ten times worse beat, wasn't it worth it all to hear the ping of Dyneley's bullet as it bedded itself in the stag's shoulder, and see Mousquetaire, after a short chase, spring at his throat, and pull him down, covered with the reeking blood of his gallant captive? Bravo! my veins tingle when I think of it. Oh! your rose wreaths, and your Falernian and Epicurean joys, what are they all to a long day among the corries and glens with No. 4 and dear old Purdey, and a royal hart in sight!

But all pleasures are bought with a price—at least, so those prosy old gentlemen the moralists say; and to punish us for our pride and exultation in having stalked and shot one of the finest stags of the season, lo! Dyneley and I found ourselves—lost! Lost, as if we were the two babes in the wood of time-honoured celebrity, only, as Gra remarked, there were, unhappily, no dead leaves and robins to finish us pathetically, there being nothing on the moors but heather and black game. Lost we were: two men who had been over almost every inch of ground in the Old World and the New! It was too ridiculous, but it was getting late; we had come out into a distant part of the moor we had never shot over; a mist had enveloped everything in density, and in the opaque atmosphere

neither he nor I could have told our way back to the lodge, to save our lives.

"It's pitch dark, Monti," laughed he, drawing his plaid tighter. "We're in for it, I expect. Do you mind camping out? We've done it many a time. It makes one rather stiff in the morning, though, that's the worst of it; but with plaids and flasks one oughtn't to complain. I've been worse off before now. Have you any fuseses there?"

I had not, nor had he. He tried to get a light with two sticks, but the wood would not catch, it was too damp.

"Hang it!" cried Dyneley, throwing them away impatiently—patience is not in his composition—"to stay till morning without a pipe!—impossible! Never suffered such a deprivation since I was seven, and smoked my first Queen! And besides, the stag! Devil take it, Monti, I *will* get home! Come along."

Easier said than done. After we had bled and grallocked the deer, and tied a handkerchief to his horns, we blundered on through the dark, he pushing his way with his usual reckless impetuosity, till it was a mercy he didn't pitch himself down some precipice, or brain himself against a rock, till we were on the top of the hill on whose side we had killed the stag. We looked round; there was plenty of dense fog and inky sky; nothing more perceptible till Dyneley, who has the quick eye and ear of the Indians, with whom he has hunted, caught sight of a little light flashing in and out of the mist.

"Look there!" said he; "that's a homestead of some sort. If it's only a hut, it's better than nothing. The shepherd can put us right. *Hie, Mousquetaire! show us the way, old boy.*"

Mousquetaire—certainly the cleverest dog I ever knew—looked in his face with his wise, clear, brown eyes, sniffed, paused, and set off at a trot down the hill.

"He'll take us right," said Dyneley, who, sceptic though he is in human flesh, has unbounded faith in Mousquetaire.

He did take us right. After groping our way, many times within an inch of our lives, with many headlong descents that would have seemed perils gigantic to Brown, Jones, and Robinson touring for a fortnight on leave from Twining's or Barclay's, we found Mousquetaire heading us to a gate before the garden of a house, in one of whose windows the blessed light was still twinkling.

"Quite romantic. What a pity we are not eighteen, to magnify it into an adventure," whispered Dyneley. "Whose house is it, I wonder? Do you see a bell or a knocker anywhere about? I thought nothing but black game keepers and shepherds dwelt in these parts. The deuce, Monti, look up there. What a pretty face! quite Rembrandtesque."

I looked up to where he pointed. It was a bedroom window—the identical one that had our light in it; there were no blinds, or at least they were not drawn down, and before the glass stood a young girl putting fuschia sprays into her hair. She was very picturesque even to our tired eyes—at least, in this dismal night, she seemed so. At a concert, or an opera, or a crush, we might never have thought of her. She was smiling at herself as she twisted the flowers in her shining gold hair; there was no self-consciousness or art of the toilette about her, and it was pretty to see her put them in and pull them out, and laugh at herself all the while. At last she threw some of the rejected flowers down and glanced up at



the night, a sad expression stealing over her face, so full of fun a moment ago. Then she left the window, and Dyneley, finding the knocker, performed on it as loudly as a Belgravian flunkey, only with much more impatience of entrance. There was considerable delay, and an amount of talk on the other side of the door, such as is customary in small households when an unexpected inroad is made upon their domestic peace. The bolt was then drawn back, and the door cautiously opened by a Scotch housemaid, prim and plain, no very inviting soubrette, with "Avaunt thee! thou art an Ishmaelite," written on her brow, as Dyneley briefly stated the case, and asked if he could see her master for a moment.

"Ye canna; he's gane oot," was the grim reply.

"Can I see any one, then, who will direct me my way back to Glenmist?"

"I douna say, sirs; ye'd best gang aff as ye came," she answered, almost closing the door.

"My good woman, is this your Highland hospitality?" said Dyneley, impatiently. "I tell you, we have lost our road. Can't you tell us, at least, which way we ought to take?"

"What do those gentlemen want, Elsie?" said a young, clear voice.

By George! it was the little bedroom beauty herself, coming out of a room into the hall, with the identical fuschias round her head.

"Gentlemen! I ken they're some lying loons," muttered the female Cerberus. "Keep awa', Miss Lilla, the wind's cauld."

She was closing the door in our faces, but Dyneley pushed it back with one arm, entered, and, raising his cap, apologised to Miss Lilla for the intrusion, and explained to her how we stood lost on the moors, we knew not how many miles from Glenmist.

She looked up at him earnestly as he spoke—I dare say such a specimen as Dyneley wasn't often seen up there—and answered him unhesitatingly.

"You have lost your way? Pray come in and rest till my uncle returns. He will be back soon; he is only just gone round the farm, and will be most happy to put you en route again."

She spoke as naturally as a child, but with as much good breeding as Lady Constance at a levee. We thought our lines had fallen in pleasant places, so accepted the invitation joyfully. Not so did Elsie hear it given.

"Miss Lilla," she muttered, angrily, "are ye daft to daur let in these laddies, and yer uncle awa', too?"

"Silence!" said Lilla, with an impatient gesture; "show these gentlemen into the drawing-room, and send Robbie to see for my uncle."

"By Jove! Monti," whispered Dyneley, as he took off his wet plaid, "this high-bred little beauty and her drawing-room, with this antiquated portress, and an uncle who's out on his farm, is an odd anomaly. I say, drop the title here; let me be Graham Vavasour, as I was at Eton, will you?"

"If you choose, but I don't see why."

"I do, and that's enough," said my lord, shortly, as we entered the drawing-room aforesaid, a long, low room, simply but tastefully arranged, with no consoles, mirrors, statuettes, or Buhl cabinets about it, but still with a nameless something of refinement, and in it the diamond of the

desert, our wild gowan of the moors. Dyneley introduced himself and me with a certain charm of manner he possesses, which takes with every woman living when he chooses to exert it, and would, a witty Rosière once told him, have won that chill bit of propriety, Penelope herself, into forgetfulness of her wandering lord. The little Highland châtelaine was easy to talk to. She was lively, unaffected, and not shy; indeed, her manners would have done credit to a débutante of the best ton, so young and natural was she. She told us her uncle was a tenant of Lord Fitzcorrie; her own name Lillian Cardonnel; she did not like Scotland, she said, it was so cold, so dull.

"You have not lived here always, then?" said Dyneley.

"Oh no," she said, with a look of horror at the idea. "Till the last six months I have lived in Italy—dear, dear Italy. You cannot tell how I love it. The skies are so blue, the sun so bright there."

"From Italy to the Highlands!" cried Dyneley. "What a change! You must feel your exile as much as Mary Stuart did."

Her eyes looked pitifully sad as she said, with a laugh,

"Yes, like Rachel, I shall die with Camille's words on my lips:

*Alce, mon cher pays et mon premier amour!*"

This was growing very amusing, and we could have cursed her uncle's advent cheerfully, when shortly afterwards he came in and interrupted us.

Dun Cairn was a tall, stern-looking fellow of fifty or so, with a keen, honest physiognomy, his manners rather formal and stiff, but heartily hospitable. He was a curious contrast to his niece—he could have acted Virginius, on occasion, I should say, if he had chanced to live in those severe ages—but he was a very good host to us, pressed us to supper, offered us beds, would not hear of our stirring out in the storm that had now set in, and said he was delighted to show any attention to friends of Lord Fitzcorrie's. So to supper we went, to a table full of Highland dainties, whisky, and XXX, as good as we should have had up at Glengrouse, and little Lilla did the honours with as much grace and self-possession as any one of the Castle belles. Dyneley is reckoned very proud: so he is to pretentious snobs. He has made many enemies for life by declining to know nouveaux riches, and by putting down that detestable, stuck up, yet always servile, noblesse of money. But he will be courteous to a sweep where he would snub a duke, and to Dun Cairn, whom he found to be a sensible man, who tried to make himself out no more than he was, Dyneley was cordial and charming. To be sure, looking on at him were a pair of very bright eyes, and the beaux yeux level rank while their spell is on us, though he, the well-known Eastern traveller, wayward author, and blasé peer, was probably above such weaknesses. Dun Cairn was a man of few words—guano is apt to sodden brains—but Lilla made up for the deficiency; her tongue ran on about fifty topics, and she really talked well, too.

"Isn't there a Lord Dyneley staying somewhere in the neighbourhood?" asked Lilla, at length.

"Yes," said Graham. "Do you know him?"

"No! But I know his books, and I love them. Don't you? Besides, I have read in the reviews of his restless wanderings, his great talents, his wild adventures, till I have an intense curiosity to see him. Is it all true?"

"That he has led a strange wild life?" said Dyneley, with grave tranquillity. "I believe so, and of course, having run over the whole of the globe, he has met with some few adventures. But as to the reviews, you mustn't credit them. Some paint him in much too glowing, others in too satanical colours, though most likely he has more of the demon than the angel about him, like all the rest of us men."

"And is he handsome?" asked Lilla.

"Some women tell him he is. I don't think him so myself."

"But gentlemen can never judge one another," she said, laughing. "I want dreadfully to see him. I wish they would put his portrait in the *Illustrated*. Do you think they will?"

"I'm afraid he's not célèbre enough for that questionable honour," said Graham, smiling. "He'll never be a lord mayor, you see, or a pet preacher. Perhaps, if they want to fill up a corner, they may stick in an imaginary picture, and put his name under it. But if you really care for his portrait, Miss Cardonnel, I will ask him to sit to me. I know him very well, and he will in a moment, if he knows the honour you do him."

"Will you?" cried Lilla. "Oh! thank you, Mr. Vavasour. How charming that would be. I have engravings of Bulwer, and Thackeray, and all my darlings up in my room, and I should so love to have Lord Dyneley, too. What an incessant traveller he has been! Meeting him on the high road, one might say to him, as they said to the Chevalier de Boufflers, 'I am happy to meet you *at home*.'"

"What a little wonder that is, to be found in a Highland farm-house," said Dyneley, when, shown up to our rooms, he came into mine to have a last pipe. Lilla had not in the least objected to tobacco, but stayed in the fumes of the Cavendish, laughing and talking, though Dyneley would have gone without his darling nicotine rather than offend her olfactory nerves, if she had not threatened to leave the room if he did not follow Duncairn's example, and take his meerschaum—a threat which soon induced Graham to light it. "'Pon my life, Monti, she's very entertaining, and her manners are so graceful, exactly the *juste-milieu*, neither shy nor bold, though I dare say some fools might misconstrue her frankness and vivacity. She must have been brought up in good society. How on earth does she come to be buried here, poor little thing?"

"She seems to interest you," said I.

"Yes, she does. She puts me in mind of finding a flower up among the snow on the *Aigre*."

"Quite poetic!"

"Don't be sarcastic, Monti; that's *my* line. I haven't much poetry left in me, thank Heaven; it's an unprofitable commodity that the world estimates very low indeed. Before I knew the world I wrote sonnets; now I know it, I write satires."

"Nevertheless, you seem so struck with this little wild gowan, that we may live to see you writing 'Glenmist braes are bonny,' à la Douglas of Finland, yet."

"And keeping faithful to 'Annie Laurie,' who jilts me and marries Craigdarroch? Thank you; I don't think that is much like my rôle. I'm afraid I have been more sinner than victim in the matter of faithlessness."

"So the poor gowan will find, I'll bet. With such a romantic beginning, you can't reject the goods the gods have sent you."

Dyneley laughed. Then he said, with his pipe between his teeth, "No! I'll be merciful for once. I won't brush the dew off your gowan, as you call her. Who's poetical now, I wonder? Neither you nor I would do the poor flower much good."

"Very possibly; but neither you nor I are much given to pausing for that consideration."

Fresh and fair "the gowan" looked when she came down to breakfast, unconscious of our remarks concerning her, and beamed on "Mr. Vava-sour" a bright good morning smile. With Lilian Cardonnel it was not her face, though that was pretty enough, nor her brain, though that was clever enough, but, as we say of Piccolomini, it was her *ways* that had such a charm for us. I have heard ladies very spiteful on the little Italian because we say so, and so I dare say they would have been on Lilla, had any known her, ladies being generally addicted to those "nice quiet girls," whom *they* like because *we* don't (I never heard one woman praise another unless she could damn her with that detestable little epithet "quiet"); but, as it was, fortunately Lilla had more lenient judges, and Dyneley's and my verdict, when we bade her good-by, was "charming," and infinitely too good to be buried away in the solitude of the moors.

After breakfast I went with Duncairn to see some prize heifers of his. Dyneley, who never cares a straw for cattle and corn, preferred the entertainment in-doors, where they got on very well, I dare say, for when we came back she was sitting on a low stool, with Mousquetaire at her feet, and he was leaning over her, looking at her drawings. She had never been taught, but had real talent, as became a native of Rome, and they were as good friends as if they had known each other twelve months. When we started homewards, Lilla offered to guide us to the top of a hill about a couple of miles' distance, whence we could find our own way to the glen, and a very pleasant walk we had with our lively little cicerone. We were quite loth to part with her when we came to the hill. Dyneley stood still, and watched her run down the slope homewards as fast as a greyhound. When she reached the bottom, she turned too, to see if he was gone. He took off his cap to her, waved his hand, and came on with a smile on his lips.

A couple of nights after we dined at the Castle, and plenty of chaffing we got for having lost our way on the moors.

"So a tenant of mine gave you house room!" said Fitzcorrie. "Did you see little Lilla? Of course you did, though. Trust you to be in the same house with a pretty woman and not ferret her out!"

"Oh yes," said Dyneley. "I saw her, and a pretty, dear little thing she is. But, by Jove! Fitzcorrie, she's utterly out of place there. How does she come to belong to a farmer, of all horrible things? She must have some gentle blood in her veins."

"You're right, old fellow," said the Viscount. "Though it's certainly a good idea to ask me for the genealogies of my tenants, I *can* tell you something about that. You've heard me talk of poor Charlie Cardonnel; he was a great chum of mine in the old college days, and there couldn't have been a better fellow if he hadn't been so miserably romantic. Well, one luckless Long, Charlie came to shoot with me up here, and became dreadfully spoony over Duncairn's sister Lilian. She was the beauty of Argyleshire, and Charlie, poor dear fellow!—you'll hardly credit it, I

dare say—was actually fool enough to marry her—*marry* her—a yeoman's daughter! To marry young, we all know, is one of the greatest evils that can betide a man, and to marry beneath him damages him still worse; but do it he did; why, I couldn't say, nor he either. Six months after, of course, he was sick of her; six years after, naturally he met somebody else, and wanted to break his chains. Break them he couldn't, so he ran away with his new love, and her brother shot him through the heart. Poor dear Charlie! a man had better take to drinking, racing, gambling, rather than take to romance. Lilian had nothing to live on, and herself and her daughter to keep. Serve her right for entangling poor Charlie! So she took a tumble-down palace in Rome, and let rooms to English visitors, till she died five years ago, when an old Italian Comtessa took a fancy to the child, and brought her up till *she* died too, and Lilla came over to Duncairn. She's very like poor Charlie in look, and manners, and mind. The Cardonnels, of course, never notice her. I have got Florence to ask her here occasionally for her father's sake; but it's difficult to take up one's friend's child, who is one's tenant's niece, too, and I don't think my lady likes her."

"I dare say not," said Dyneley, sotto voce. "Well, she's a nice little thing. I wish her a better fate than her mother's."

"Yes, she is certainly chic," said Fitzcorrie, "notwithstanding the plebeian blood of the distaff side. I should be sorry you'd seen her if I didn't know you were too old a hand to commit yourself à la pauvre Charlie."

"I should say so. Romance has been beaten out of me long ago; and a good thing too, for I couldn't afford such an expensive luxury."

Soon after we went into the drawing-room Lilian came on the *tapis* again. Lady Fitzcorrie and Adeliza Vandeleur raised their eyebrows, and smiled the smile with which women sneer down an enemy of their own sex.

"What, are you talking of the farmer's little niece? Do you admire her? Really! She was here at the tenants' ball last Christmas; I remember noticing her. She is not so gauche as one might expect, is she?"

"Gauche!" repeated Dyneley, with a peculiar smile. "I think I never saw manners more graceful."

Adeliza's haughty under-lip protruded. "Indeed! I had fancied I once heard you were fastidious, Lord Dyneley."

"So I am," said Graham, sipping his coffee. "I should say no man more so."

"Do you mean that girl with golden hair, that Lord Fitzcorrie called Lilla when she came here last Christmas?" interrupted Constance. "I thought her lovely; she played so brilliantly, too."

Dyneley leant down over her chair. "Lady Constance, you show me a miracle: one Helen has the generosity to toss the golden apple to another."

"You bitter satirist! Why should not women praise each other?"

"I don't know why they *shouldn't*, but I know they never *do*. At least, never without some qualifying rider," laughed Dyneley. "Will you give us some music? Sing me my favourite, 'Io son ricco.'" Wiloughby there will be charmed to accompany you."

"No, pray don't trouble him. I beg you won't," said Constance, hastily; but Dyneley had already crossed over to where Claude stood leaning against a console, talking to nobody, with a look of dignified ennui, as if he was longing for a "new sensation," and couldn't for his life find one, and, taking him by the shoulder, brought him up to Constance, very much against his will, I fancied.

"I am very sorry Lord Dyneley disturbed your *dolce*," she said, not looking at him, and playing listlessly with her fan. "I suppose, Captain Willoughby, when there is no sunshine in society brilliant enough to attract you, you retire, like the moles, into a state of quiescence; they call it sleep, you call it ennui, but it appears to me much the same thing."

"But the moles are better off," said Claude, in his most languid voice. "You know they have holes to go into, and we haven't; we're constantly being bored by being woke up and asked to do something fatiguing. But if you want me to sing, I don't mind."

The tone, lazy as that in which was uttered the memorable words "the Tenth don't dance!" the air tranquilly rude, which Lady Fitzcorrie justly stigmatised as "out-Brummeling Brummel"—which no man in the Service knew better how to assume, when he chose, than did Claude—made Constance's eyes flash, and her colour flush deep.

"Wish you to sing!" she said, carelessly. "What could make you dream that I did? I wouldn't inflict the exertion upon you. Pray go back to the *dolce*; there is a remarkably comfortable chair in the inner drawing-room, and you need have no pangs of conscience, for when the moles abjure society, nobody misses them, you know."

"Thank you," said Claude, stroking his long moustache. "You were very kind to think of that chair; I'll go to it at once."

Go to it he did; and he sank down among its cushions, but enjoy the *dolce* he didn't, for Lady Fitzcorrie was there, who has no objection to a flirtation with a handsome cavalry man; and they flirted away, till the Viscount, who was a bit of a George Dandin in his old age, would have been bitterly wrathful if he hadn't happily been deep in whist in the card-room, where Dyneley soon joined him, while Adeliza looked very chagrined at his desertion, and her sister sang duets with Curtis and with me as if she were aspiring to the *rôle* of prima donna. I was standing by her at the piano when Claude came up to bid her good night. As she turned, he knocked down a song; he picked it up, and a bitter smile came on his face as he laid it on the piano. Constance turned pale, too, as he put it down, and said, with a laugh, "That used to be a favourite of yours, Lady Constance, but newer music has come up since, and we are not so cruel as to expect fidelity from ladies."

I glanced at the title of the song: it was "Wert thou but mine own, love;" and on it was written, in Claude's writing,

"L'amour sait rendre tout possible,  
Au cœur qui suit ses étendards.

"Somerleyton, Feb. 16th."

I thought I began to see into Master Claude's hand, carefully as he held his cards.

## IV.

THE GOWAN OF THE MOORS GROWS MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN THE GAME.

"WHERE'S Dyneley?" said Curtis one afternoon, some three weeks after, when he and I were out after ducks at the pools; "gone to see that gold-haired Highland belle of his again, I suppose. Poaching on one manor spoils shooting on another; but there never was such a fellow for 'large blue eyes and fair white hands.'"

I laughed. "I dare say he's up there. Shall we go and see? It's getting dusk."

"Do," said Curtis; "I want to see her. Romer and Ashington have found her out, and they say she's pretty enough to make Adeliza strychnine her. Do you think that will be a match between Dy and the Vandeleur? There's plenty of tin for Dyneley."

"Can't say. She's willing, no doubt, and he's no money to speak of: it may come off, though I doubt if Graham will ever put on the handcuffs matrimonial. We're not very far off Duncairn's now. Come along, and give the guns to Ronald."

An hour's walk brought us to the farm, a long, low, rather picturesque house. Elsie, looking upon us with much suspicion, showed us into Lilla's little drawing-room, where we found Dyneley sitting in the broad window-seat, and Lilla by him, in her customary low chair, looking up in his face while he talked earnestly to her. For the first time, I think I may say in my life, he looked anything but best pleased to see me. He was expatiating on one of his favourite topics, the great fault of the day, Intolerance—not of anything warmer—but with her speaking eyes fixed on him, and her quick intelligence answering him, I dare say he was wrathful at being interrupted. *She* looked sorry, too, and showed it, which he didn't, he having had twenty years' icing in society, and she none. She received us, however, in her graceful, lively style, and Curtis studied her with more admiration than I ever saw in him for the belles of the "Ride and the Ring." Dyneley leant back against the window, and didn't vouchsafe much conversation, save when Lilla appealed to him, which was certainly about once every three minutes; and Curtis did his best to amuse her: he's a very pleasant fellow, too, when he likes. It was quite a levee for her; and I dare say the little Queen of our Argyleshire Balmoral enjoyed it.

"Won't you come to-morrow?" she said to Dyneley, when he shook hands with her, looking very earnest about her request.

He smiled. "We'll see."

"Ah! then I know you will; and when will you do Lord Dyneley's picture?"

"He hasn't sat to me yet," said Graham, "but I certainly will not forget it. However, you'll be disappointed in him. You fancy him a demigod, and you'll find him a very mortal indeed."

"I do not care; I know him in his writings," said Lilla, decidedly. "I never judge a man by his life, but by his heart; circumstances may make the one, but nature has formed the other, and if it be the right metal it will always ring true."

We laughed involuntarily, but Dyneley looked grave; perhaps he was

thinking his had not always rung as true as it might have done to his boyish dreams of hope and energy, ambition and success.

"Miss Cardonnel," said Curtis, bidding her good-by, "I wish very earnestly that you would make me the same request you did Vavasour there. I'd come at your call."

"What a paladin!" laughed Lilla. "It is quite a pity you didn't live in the days of the Round Table, and Elaine and Morgue la Faye."

"One does not need to go back so far for fairies," said Curtis, with an eloquent glance.

Dyneley made an impatient movement. *He* never compliments by any chance.

"But really," Charlie went on, "may I, too, 'come to-morrow?'"

Lilla looked vexed, and hesitated. "If you wish, certainly, but it is a very long walk."

"My legs are as good as Vavasour's," said Curtis, laughing to hide the pique he felt; but if you honour him with the monopoly——"

Dyneley silenced him with a flash of his dark eyes.

Lilian looked haughty and dignified. "If Mr. Vavasour," she said, quickly, "is so kind as to walk eight miles that I may have the pleasure of talking my dear Italian once more, I am not so vain as to suppose that all his friends would take the same trouble."

"Nor do you care that they should," thought I.

"Well, Dy, I congratulate you on your game," said Curtis, as we went home; "it's better than the blackcock, and more easily knocked over, I guess. Take care I don't poach on your manor, old fellow."

"If I had, to adopt your elegant parable, marked the game, I should know perfectly well how to secure it," said my lord, with a contemptuous twist of his moustaches. "But I consider Miss Cardonnel a lady, if you don't, and I do not speak of her as of a grisette of the Quartier Latin."

"Lady? So she is in manner, but a yeoman's niece! The devil! if one mayn't have a little fun with her, with whom on earth may one?"

"Try it, Charlie," said Dyneley, dryly.

"Well, why not? By George! this is the first time I ever knew you so scrupulous."

"Possibly. You are young yet, and boys do not know that there are 'femmes et femmes.' When you have lived as long as I, you will know that a young girl, too frank and guileless to be a prude, too warm-hearted to be a coquette, is not to be confounded with the Aspasia and Phrynes of our experience."

Charlie being four-and-twenty, and looking upon himself as a very old hand, considered this speech in the light of an insult, and walked along in resentful silence. Dyneley stopped to light a cheroot, and strode on silently too.

"I say, Gra," said I, as Curtis went on in front, "I thought you were going to be merciful and spare the gowan. Making love to her and marrying Adeliza won't——"

"Pooh! I never make love to her," said he, shortly. "She is clever, and amuses me to talk to; but anything beyond that would answer neither of us, for I certainly can't marry her, and I'd never abuse



Duncairn's hospitality. I tell you she's a fair flower, and I'll leave her untouched."

"Then I wouldn't advise you to go after her quite so much."

"Keep your counsel till you're asked for it, Monti. Poor child! she's no idea of love in her head for me yet, and I shall not teach her."

I laughed outright. "My dear fellow! I never thought I should live to hear a man of the world like you talk such bosh. The poor gowan, I pity her! *she's* doomed!"

Dyneley blazed away at a hare that crossed the path, and, I suppose, didn't hear my remark.

Next morning he left the blackcock after luncheon, and spent his afternoon in the wide window-seat in Lilla's drawing-room, talking Italian and reading Leopardi. And many afternoons went in the same manner, till Fitzcorrie and all of us laughed about the game Dyneley had found on the moors. Curtis, Romer, Ashington, and I often found occasion to shoot up in the direction of the farm, and would drop in for some of Duncairn's Prestonpans, to which the hospitable Highlander told us we were always heartily welcome. I fancy they all thought that *Chau-mière* love and *coulisses* flattery would do very well for a farmer's niece, but they soon found that little Lilla, frank and gay as she was, required as refined a style as even Lady Constance, and consoled themselves for their disappointment by jests at her and Dyneley.

"I wish those confounded fellows wouldn't keep hanging about here," said he, savagely, one day. "There are women enough at the Castle, if they want them."

"Hallo! are we jealous?"

"Jealous!" repeated he, with scorn. "Of what, pray?"

"Well, if you repudiate the sentiment, what do you care if fifty men come round her?"

"Because I don't want her spoiled. She has no art, or concealment, or manœuvres now, and it is a pity she should be taught them."

"I don't see why Romer, or Ashington, or Curtis is more likely to teach her than yourself; and if you won't have her either at Cupid's or Hymen's hands, and will bid her good-by in a few weeks' time, and will find her, if ever you come here again, the wife of some rich, thriving, hard-featured yeoman, it can't matter much whether or no she is spoilt a little."

Dyneley held his head in the air, playing impatiently with his whiskers. "Lilla marry a clod of the valley! Poor little thing, she'd better die first."

"Why do you never come up to the Castle?" I asked her, a few days after.

"Can't you guess? *You* can?" she said, turning to Dyneley, who bent his head in acquiescence. To begin with, I am very rarely asked; secondly, I know Lady Fitzcorrie dislikes to see me there; and thirdly, and chiefly, I am too proud to be treated as they treat me. I will go nowhere on sufferance, to be subjected to a condescension which is insult, to be scarcely spoken to, or, if addressed, addressed with that supercilious smile, which says as plainly as any words, 'Petite, how come you near us? go back to your proper sphere.' My father was a gentleman, and I will never go anywhere where I am not received as a lady."

"Quite right," said Dyneley, looking admiringly at her animated eyes and gestures. "If they cannot appreciate you, do not honour them."

Lilla coloured with pleasure. Poor child! it was his first praise. I dare say he thought it *was* quite right for her not to go to the Castle, since it kept his star in obscurity, to shine only for himself. Othello's form of selfishness is an exceedingly natural and common one.

Nevertheless, he took Lady Fitzcorrie to task for not inviting her. She only answered him with a smile and a sneer, being afraid of his witty tongue; but I heard her say to Adeliza, "What do you think? Dyneley actually dared to ask me to invite that young person, as if *we* were to countenance and receive his Scotch grissettes!"

(N.B.—My lady had tried to hook Dy, and failing, out of pique had taken up with poor Fitzcorrie.)

Meanwhile, Claude and Constance either hated or loved each other very warmly. They were as distant as they could be not to be remarked, and he seemed, before her, to affect all the languor, indifference, and *nil admirari*-ism that he could.

"What is it between you two?" said I one night, when we came back from the Castle (he said he was not well enough to go), and found him sitting by the fire, looking a most gloomy contrast to the dashing, flirting, light-hearted Dragoon I had always known him. "Come, tell me, old boy, what's Constance done to you?"

He looked very fierce at me.

"You've found it out, have you? I hoped I'd concealed my folly too well for fools to have it to mock at."

"Fools! Bien obligé. My dear old fellow, what's the matter? what's it all about? You know

*L'amour sait rendre tout possible,  
Au cœur qui suit ses étendards."*

Claude, the sweetest temper possible, glared at me as if I were going positively to take his life.

"Did she tell you that? Did she make a jest of it to you?"

"What are you talking about, Claude? Who's 'she?' I merely read Molière's lines on a song the other night in your handwriting."

"I wrote that when I was mad," said Claude between his teeth, poking the fire recklessly. "You know I stayed in the same house with that girl down at Somerleyton for six weeks. I admired her, and God knows whether she meant it or not, but she waltzed, and sung, and rode almost solely with me, and I thought preferred me to the other men. She never discouraged me. The night I wrote those very words on the song, she smiled and looked up in my face as only the most fond or the most artful woman can. I said nothing decisive to her, for I knew she was a great heiress and I had nothing, and my pride revolted from owing my money to my wife, or seeming mercenary in *her* eyes. So we parted. I went to join Ours at Aldershot, knowing we should meet in the season. I did meet her?—how do you think? I was leaning on the rails looking out for her; she passed me on her hack, riding with that idiot Cromarty, who's dangling after her now. She gave a bow without a smile—after the hours we had spent together!—and cantered on."

His voice shook, and he leaned his head on his arms on the mantel-piece. I was going to speak, but he stopped me.

"Hush! it's idle talking. I was nrad to suppose she would fling herself away on a poor cavalry man. You know my secret—keep it. I must get over it somehow, and end my days as soon as I can in some skirmish."

With a dreary laugh, he bid me good night, and, taking my pipe, I mourned over the loss of one of the best fellows in the Service, caught and bound in those tight rose-chains from which the blind god so seldom remembers to take out the thorns.

"Monti," said Dyneley, coming in out of the hall, "I wish you'd give me back that daguerreotype Claudet took of me when you were romantic enough to wish to have one when I was going into Arabia Deserta, and you fancied I might never come back. Will you?"

"Well, it isn't over-generous of you, but I'll send to town for it if you wish."

"That's a good fellow. I want it for little Lilla, and I'll have another done for you."

"So you're going to make the child waste her years crying over your daguerreotype? That's being 'merciful,' is it?"

"I promised her," he said, shortly, "and she shall have it."

"Very well, Gra," said I. "Don't take my head quite off. You've taken care to photograph yourself in her memory pretty indelibly, so she may as well have the picture."

The picture came down. Dy's clear-cut features, his black hair, and whiskers, and eyes, came out strong in the photograph; he might pardonably feel vain when he looked at it, but he put it in his pocket immediately it appeared, and set off to Duncairn's. Lilla was looking for him, and let him in, kissed Mousquetaire most warmly, and smiled upon Mousquetaire's master. Without speaking, he held out the picture. She looked at the case in dismay.

"What! Lord Dyneley at last! How kind you are! But this is Claudet's name, it is not your painting?"

"Open it," said Dy, smiling.

She did as he told her; gave the picture one glance, and turned round to him, her face flushed and agitated.

"It is you!—*you*! And may I have it? May I keep it? Oh! why did you never tell me! To think that it is your thoughts I have so long read in your books! You, whom I have——"

"Lilla! Good Heavens! what is the matter?" said Dyneley, seeing, to his consternation, that she trembled excessively, and tears stood in her eyes.

"I don't know," said the girl; "only—you seem so much farther off me. I feel as if some one had taken you away."

Dyneley was more touched than he knew was prudent, and thought he had better end the scene.

"You feel too deeply, Lilla," he said, hastily. "You will never be happy. I cannot stay now, for Montague is waiting for me at the falls. Keep the daguerreotype if—it interests you; and, though I bear another name than you fancied, never think of me as other than—your friend."

"Monti," said he that night, "I shall leave this in a day or two. It's the middle of November, and I shall go down and look at Vauxley."

"By Jove!" said I, "a new move. I thought you'd have spent Christmas at the Castle."

"My dear fellow, I've stayed four months in the same place. That's an unprecedented halt for me. Of course you can all stop, if you like."

"Not I," said Claude. "My leave's up on the 25th."

"Confound Cupid," thought I, "for breaking up a nice set of braves garçons just as they are comfortable."

Two days after Dyneley lighted a cheroot, put on his waterproof, drew his cap over his eyes, and started off—you can guess where as easily as I did. As he opened the gate to the garden, Curtis came out of it. Graham looked fierce at him, for the young fellow had grown very spoony about Lilla, and, despite his opinions at starting, was just as likely, being a young hand, to have committed himself, as Cardonnel had done before him. Curtis looked gloomy, and brushed quickly past him, and Dyneley drew his own conclusions.

"I met Curtis," he said to Lilla, when he had been there about ten minutes, and their talk had not flowed quite so fluently as usual. "Has he been with you? Yes? Then what has he said to vex you?"

"To vex me? Nothing."

"Yes he has, and to vex himself, too. I can guess what," said Dyneley, impatiently; "and you refused him?"

"Of course!" said Lilla, in surprise.

"You were not wise," said Graham, speaking hard through his teeth. "He is a boy, to be sure, but he is worth ten thousand a year. He has a very good position. Many women would sell their souls to be mistress of his wide acres; yet you refuse him without a thought."

"Hush! hush!" cried Lilla, vehemently. "You know well enough that I would reject him, and twenty such as he. You are cruel—unjust—ungenerous!"

"Nay, I spoke only for your good," said he, in a cold, forced tone. "Forgive me if I offended you."

"Offended me? *You!*"

He took her outstretched hands, and pressed them fiercely; then dropped them, and traced the carpet pattern gloomily with his stick. There was a dead silence. He tried to talk of a few trivialities, but could not get on well with them; in desperation rose, and said, without looking at her,

"I came to bid you good-by. I leave to-morrow."

She caught hold of his arm, and looked up in his face with the look of a stricken stag.

"You are not going away?—not for long? You will come back soon?—I shall see you again?"

Dyneley did not look at her face, or, even with his iron will, he would have found it difficult to answer as he did.

"I cannot say. I shall leave England—possibly for years."

Lilla uttered a cry like a hunted hare's; she would have fallen to the ground but for Dy's arm. He never wanted his self-control more, and he knew he dared not try it long. Before she could speak a word to him, or a look of her eyes shake him, he pressed her against his heart, kissed her passionately, and, whispering in her ear "Forget me and

forgive me, if you can," rushed out of the house, and through the garden, like a madman.

We saw nothing of him that day. When he came home he said he was tired, and went straight up to his room. The next day he made his adieus at the Castle, foiling all Lady Adeliza's hopes, and, in a pelting storm, bade us good-by, and steamed away down Loch Fine. The next thing I heard of him were a few lines to say that he was starting in the *Aphrodite*, and had not determined the route. Poor old fellow! his pride would not let him marry the girl; his feeling of honour prevented him returning Duncairn's hospitality by running away with his niece. He thought that in conquering himself, and leaving her, he was doing what was kindest and best for her. I doubt if to poor little Lilla the kindness was quite so apparent.

## V.

## THE LIGHT ON THE MOORS SHINES AGAIN FOR DYNELEY.

CLAUDE was not, meanwhile, much better off. He, the dashing Dragoon, who had lost his heart and found it again a thousand times in water parties and archery fêtes, in Woolwich luncheons, Chatham balls, Exeter deux temps, and Portsmouth gallops, had fallen headlong in love during the long days and evenings at Somerleyton; and Constance's manner, sometimes distant or sarcastic to him, sometimes, when she thought he did not see her, silent and subdued; the constant sight of her beauty, and the attention the other men paid her, were not altogether calculated to cure him. I thought he might have been happier if he had sought an explanation; but nothing would induce him; he was too proud to risk a repulse. I thought I might as well act his *Deus ex machinâ*.

"I think you're very mistaken in not giving Constance some chance of an explanation," said I to him, as we went up to the Castle the evening before he left. "If the girl does like you, and there has been any misconception, so haughty and all but rude as you are to her, she must think you don't care any more for her than you do for this mare."

"She knows better than that," said Claude, biting the end off his cigar fiercely. "How can I speak? If I were a rich man I would let my pride go hang, and speak to her at once; but what would she and everybody think?—that I was hunting her for her money, and pretending love, that I might build up the broken fortunes of my family with the wealth she would bring me. Were she penniless and I a Duke, I would risk her rejection to-morrow; as it is——"

He stopped, and blew a cloud of smoke into the frosty air.

"Oh the contradictions of human nature!" thought I. "Dyneley and his love are in the very relative position that Claude thinks would make it all square for him; and yet they are not one whit better off than these two."

At dinner, Claude had the length of the table between him and Constance, so there did not seem much prospect of his following my advice. I, however, took her in and turned the conversation upon him.

"So Lord Dyneley is gone," she said to me. "What an agreeable man! He is so amusing when he likes."

"I'm glad you like him. There isn't a better fellow upon earth," I

answered. "Yes, our party is breaking up. You leave next week, do you not? I must be down at my father's for Christmas, and Claude yonder joins the 14th at Dublin to-morrow."

Her hand shook as she set down her wine-glass. She evaded a reply. "Where is your place? Fawnham, isn't it called?"

"Yes, it's in Hants. I often hunt with Assheton Smith's hounds; and I have often heard how *you* have followed a fox in the next county, Lady Constance. I wanted Willoughby to spend Christmas with me, but his leave is up. You knew him before, did you not? Don't you think him much altered in eight months?"

She hesitated. "He seems as indolent as ever."

"Pardon me," I said. "I don't mean that, but his spirits are so gone down. He was one of the lightest-hearted, sunniest-tempered men possible, for all his pretended laziness; but now, I only hope he mayn't go off into consumption, as his father did before him."

For all her high breeding, the young lad was as white as her lace dress. Now I lowered my voice confidentially, like a school-girl telling another of a Valentine:

"Can you tell me, Lady Constance—excuse my asking you, but I've known Claude so long, and esteem him so highly—but do you know whether there was any one at Somerleyton who didn't treat him well, or of whom he seemed at all *épris*? for ever since that luckless visit he hasn't been the same fellow."

Her colour varied—the bracelets on her arm trembled. Just then Lady Fitzcorrie gave the move: she rose hastily, dropping her handkerchief in her agitation. As I gave it to her she smiled and blushed (I wished Claude had seen that smile and that blush), and said, quickly,

"He is to be married to Miss Melbourne, is he not?"

"He? No; who can have told you so? What, to Miss Melbourne, that fat Australian heiress! My dear Lady Constance, he'd as soon marry a Red Indian; he is only too fastidious about poor *militaires* aspiring to any one with riches."

Her eyes danced, and she gave a quick sigh of relief; her glance dwelt on Claude a moment as she passed out of the room; he did not deserve the glance, for he had been flirting shamefully with Lady Fitzcorrie, but he caught it, and his eyes flashed out of their tired languor.

"If you don't win the game it will be your own fault," I whispered to him, as we went into the drawing-room. Constance was not there; the Viscountess challenged him to chess; Claude let her checkmate him in no time; and when it was over, regardless of my lady's annoyance, he lounged into the music-room. Adeliza and another lady, with Romer and Ashington, were singing glees. Constance was standing by the piano turning over some music, without thinking of what she was doing.

Claude went up and looked over her: her hand lay on the memorable song. He took out his pencil and wrote underneath his former lines two others:

"Apprenez-moi ma destinée :  
Faut-il vivre ? faut-il mourir ?"

She looked up at him—that was enough for them both. The glees went on a little longer, then we went back to the drawing-room. They lingered behind us, putting up the music. I glanced round as I left the

room ; her head was resting on his shoulder, and his moustache touched her hair, so I suppose they had managed their explanations in a satisfactory style.

"Well," said I, as we drove back to the lodge, "I expect to be groomsmen, mon garçon, for certainly I've made your marriage for you. Is it all right, pray, at last?"

"Thank God, yes ; and you're a brick, Monti," said the gallant Captain, fervently. "You put it all square capitally, and I'm eternally obliged to you. Poor darling ! she says she was just as miserable as ever I was when I left her at Somerleyton without a word. The idea of her money making me hesitate had never entered *her* head ; and I can't make her see that it causes the slightest barrier. When I went away, that confounded Adeliza—I always did detest that woman—told her I was engaged to Emily Melbourne (you know that dreadful girl with large feet and unheard-of tin, who dresses, too, in such awful taste ?) ; and when they were a month in Lowndes-square and I never went near them—you know I couldn't, I was tied down at Aldershot—she began to think I'd flirted with her, and in a momentary pique, that she's regretted ever since, she bowed coldly to me in the Ring."

"That's the tale, is it ? A very good lesson to people not to ride off on an idea without seeking an explanation. She's just of age, isn't she ?" I asked, having the practical side of the thing in view, and not being in love myself. "So all the money must come to you ?"

"The money, yes," said Claude, in disgust. "Her mother's her only relative living, and she'd let her do anything she liked. I wish the money were at the devil, myself."

"You'd soon ask Satan for it back again."

"But the tin never crosses her mind," Claude went on, disdaining my interruption. "She said so prettily to me, 'Never let us speak of it. What is mine is yours. I know you would give me anything, and I would take anything from you. Surely you love me sufficiently to do the same by me.'"

I saw he wasn't likely to talk anything sensible that night, so I left him to his delicious thoughts, and was only profoundly thankful that he did not turn the dog-cart over with his headlong driving of the poor mare. Claude had to go to Dublin the next day, to his own intense disgust. He always used to bemoan early parade, and yet enjoyed a rough campaign. But Constance wrote to her mamma, begging her to accept an invitation they had had from the Viceroy, to which her mamma, being wildly idolatrous of her, and exceedingly curious to see Claude, immediately accepted. When she did see him, she fell decidedly in love with him herself, and being of good birth, though allied to Brummagem aristocracy, was better pleased with his gentle blood than she would have been with a long rent-roll. I went over to his marriage, which was on New Year's-day, and for the first time in his life he got up early without thinking it a hardship. We all told him he was the luckiest dog in the Service, to have won his love and twenty thousand a year by the same coup, and really on his wedding-day he was too happy to be indolent ; he only swore at the breakfast as a horrid bore and a most cruel probation. Dyneley, dear old fellow, who ought to have been there to season the affair with his sparkling sarcasms, was away yachting, Heaven alone knew where.

An uncle of his had died, leaving him considerable property, but his lawyers could not tell where to address him. He was six months away. I began to get uneasy about it, for I thought he might be gone shooting to Norway, and would be very likely to go on exploring northward till he went a trifle too far into the ice-plains. At last, one night late, when I was sitting smoking in the Albany, to my delight I stalked Dyneley, looking very ill and worn, restless and impatient in his manner—quite unlike himself.

"Where have I been?" he said. "To Barbadoes. I set myself so many miles to do, and, for fear I should break my resolution, I took out little Dalmaie, who wanted to join his troop."

"And have you heard your good news?"

He looked up quickly.

"Good news for *me*? That would be a miracle indeed."

"The miracle has happened, then. Old Chesney has kicked off, and made you his heir."

"Are you certain?" he cried, vehemently.

"To be sure. It would be nothing extraordinary."

He stood silent, leaning his head on the mantelpiece. At last, he looked up. I was astonished to see how happy he seemed, for he was generally very careless of money.

"Monti, I have farther to go to-night," he said, hastily. "I can't stop with you now. Good-by, dear old boy, and thanks for your news. I shall see you soon again." And, before I could stop him, he was gone again as suddenly as he had come.

As I heard afterwards, Dyneley, as soon as he left little Lilla, found out that he had not been with her four months without finding her winning ways and frank affection grow necessary to him. But having the strongest will of any man I know, he set sail nevertheless, and compelled himself to be away six months, taking Dalmaie to Barbadoes, that in case his resolution failed him he should still be obliged to go on. All that six months his fiery and unwelcome passion grew and grew, as it does in strong natures, with absence or difficulty. Night after night he paced the deck of the *Aphrodite*, trying, to no purpose, to stifle it. It was not the slightest use. Love, in men like Dyneley, is not put away at a word, and he came back to England worse than he was before, with only one thought in his mind—to see Lilla. Farther he did not look, for though his pride now would have yielded, his want of money prevented his ever making her his wife. It was a fair, fresh May morning when he steamed up Loch Fine again, and saw once more the lovely woods and bays of Lilla's Argyleshire. His love, fiery as Bucephalus unbroken, made his heart beat quick with a thousand anxieties and vague fears, and his veins thrill with a longing to see her face and hear her soft, fond voice. At a slashing stride he walked the ten miles from the shore to Duncairn's farm; the bodily exertion was a relief to him. He came to the very glen where we had lost our way; he saw the chimneys of the house far off down the hill-side. His heart stood still in an anguish of dread. She might be gone, she might be—— The last thought he shut out as too hideous to be endured. He drew near the gate, and thanked God when he saw her. He stood for a time behind a tree and watched her sitting on the steps of the window, her little thin hands and



pale cheeks, with the total absence of all the rayonnant brightness of expression once her peculiar charm, were a mute reproach to him. Poor child! she was looking at his picture. He pushed the gate open, and uttered her name. She glanced up, sprang towards him with a wild cry, and threw herself on his breast, laughing and weeping in an agony of joy. She looked up in his face, tears raining down her cheeks.

"You are come back at last. I knew you would. I have watched for you every day. Ah, you will never leave me again—promise me you never will!"

Exhausted with the intensity of her joy, she turned sick and faint, and her head drooped on his arm. He began to fear the shock might harm her; but joy never hurts any one permanently, and Dyneley's words and caresses after a time brought her to consciousness, though not for a very long time to calmness. But, in truth, I dare say, though he sets up for a philosopher, my lord was not so very much calmer himself, being, for all he may say to the contrary, of an enthusiastic, vehement, impulsive nature when he is roused.

"Ah! it was cruel to leave me," murmured Lilla, when they had grown a little more tranquil. "If you knew all the agonies of suspense, all I have felt when I knew not where you were, whom you were with, whether you were well or ill, happy or unhappy—if you could guess how the days dragged on from sunrise to sunset, and I watched for you, always in vain, and my brain whirled and my heart sickened with the longing to look upon your face—oh! if you had known all I suffered, I do not think you would have gone!"

Dyneley thanked her—*selon les règles*: "Dear child, do you think I, too, did not suffer? I did what I thought best for you. Honour alone forced me from you then. Had I stayed another day in Scotland I could never have left you. But when I was away from you, I felt to the uttermost how dear you had grown to me. I knew that as soon as I came to England I should come to you. Last night I heard of my inheritance of money, which enables me to marry; and to you, who loved me when you knew not that I loved you—you, who would have loved me through every trial and every sacrifice—to you I can now offer both my name and my home. Make me happy, Lilla, as, since my boyhood, I have never yct been."

They were married in Argyleshire very soon after, for if Dyneley sets his mind upon a thing he never waits for it. She *does* make him happy. Her caressing, demonstrative, passionate devotion to him just suits him. He wants something strong and out of the common. One of your "quiet," retiring girls, with their calm, domestic affection, would have bored him eternally—never understood, and never satisfied him. Anything cold, conventional, or inanimate in a wife would have distracted him, and driven him away from her in no time.

Vauxley is thrown open, and little Lilla shines brilliantly in her new life, which must be a curious contrast to that in Argyleshire. Women take her to task for her enthusiasm, her impulsiveness, and for a hundred thousand things, of course, because she is so delightful to us. The Cardonnels would now be very happy to notice her, and make many advances towards it, but he does not choose his little diamond of the

Desert should be so taken up, and keeps them all at arm's length. Dyneley's chums admire her immensely—an admiration which, though she likes it, as it does credit to Dyneley's taste, her exclusive worship of him prevents her appreciating and cultivating as much as Lady Fitzcorrie, no doubt, would do. Dyneley says he has but one fault to find with her—she will pet Mousquetaire, and give him cream, and such-like injurious condiments; but the old dog is as game as ever, though he likes to follow her over the house as well as to follow the slot of a deer. Claude and his wife, Romer and I, and two or three other men, were down at Vauxley last September for the 1st, and very good fun we had. Altogether, my two friends have made a good thing of that autumn at Glenmist, when they bagged *en même temps* BELLES AND BLACKCOCK. I often think, when I hear his clear ringing voice in the Lords, or his musical laugh in the hunting-field—and he often says, when we sit in the smoking-room at Vauxley (into which sanctuary of Cavendish, Lilla, too, sometimes penetrates)—that he has good cause to mark with a white stone that memorable night when we lost ourselves in the mist, and—A LITTLE CANDLE ON THE MOORS LIGHTED HIM TO HIS DESTINY.

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## A VACATION TOUR IN SPAIN.

### I.

FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE TO SAN SEBASTIAN.

HAVING resolved to take a short tour in Spain in the autumn of 1859, we crossed the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne, taking the usual route by railway from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Bayonne. As we travelled solely for pleasure, we performed the journey through France very leisurely, staying a few days at Paris, one day at Tours, and about two days at Bordeaux.

Great improvements have been recently made in that part of the Landes traversed by the railway between Bordeaux and Bayonne. We had occasion to pass along this line in the autumn of 1855 through a desolate and gloomy region of flat sand, and the heat and dust were intolerable; but now the ground bordering the railway is for the most part covered with short moss, red heather, and dwarf brooms; in some favoured spots grass has been sown, and shrubs and trees have been planted, while here and there attempts have been made to raise scanty crops, so that the eye is relieved by fresh vegetation, and the dust nuisance is very much abated, to the great comfort of travellers. These improvements are no doubt mainly to be attributed to the all-powerful influence of the Emperor Napoleon, who has frequent occasion to travel on this line in going to and returning from Biarritz, which is five miles beyond Bayonne.

Before reaching Bayonne we had an unmistakable foretaste of what we were likely to suffer in Spain from the uncommon sultriness of the weather. Other indications were not wanting. We read in a French newspaper a paragraph taken from the *España*, which stated that in

Spain several persons had suddenly dropped down dead in consequence of being exposed to the solar rays, and that the heat was so great in Andalusia, that the labourers were prevented from working in the fields from nine in the morning till after sunset. To us this was very discouraging, when the luxury of railway travelling by easy stages had ceased at Bayonne, and we had the prospect before us of long journeys by dreary diligences over bad roads, exposed to the risks of being robbed, or starved, or poisoned with garlic, tormented by mosquitoes, and devoured by vermin, with the absolute certainty of being roasted alive before reaching the table-laud. Bent as we were on a *pleasure excursion*, and, on a nearer view, seeing little reason to anticipate much enjoyment from this part of the programme, can it be wondered at that we were sorely tempted to abandon our Spanish tour and turn aside to Pau and the cooler regions of the Pyrenees? Fortunately our better genius prevailed, the land of Cervantes had the charms of novelty and adventure, and we determined at all hazards to pursue our journey to Madrid over the torrid plains of Castile, resting for a reasonable time by the way at San Sebastian, Vittoria, and Burgos.

In the north of Spain you must travel either by the diligence, a large, lumbering machine, similar to that which used to be so common in France, or by a lighter and more expeditious conveyance called the "correo," carrying the mails along with a few passengers. Unfortunately the correo is seldom available, either from being full or leaving at an unseasonable hour, so that you must mainly rely on the diligence, which is usually drawn by ten mules, with fresh relays every two hours. A postilion rides one of the leading mules, remaining a long time in the saddle, and undergoing an immense amount of fatigue. A driver on the box takes the general charge of the team, constantly encouraging the mules to greater speed by crying, "Anda! anda! Ya—ya—hasta!—hasta!" and enforcing these oral exhortations by a liberal use of the whip. The conductor has the responsible duty of attending to the drag. With all these appliances, the Spanish diligences travel over rough roads much faster than we expected, and in going down hill they gallop at such a furious rate as to excite alarm, and suggest very unpleasant reflections as to what the consequences might be, if, in some wild spot far removed from the possibility of aid from the skilful services of a Ferguson or a Syme, the drag should suddenly give way, and the cumbrous machine should topple over one of those yawning precipices which occur so often at the sharp turns of the roads over the mountains.

Leaving Bayonne in the imperial of the diligence, we crossed the frontier, and reached San Sebastian after a pleasant journey of from five to six hours. The dress of the Basque peasantry is peculiar. The men, who are active, able-bodied, and industrious, with something of the fiery spirit of the Normans about them, wear a blue bonnet, a red sash round the waist, and hemp sandals. The women are good-looking, with small, regular features, and slender but handsome figures. They carry on their heads, which are usually ornamented with a coloured handkerchief, water-jars, baskets of provisions, and other heavy articles—a practice which seems to improve their carriage. On the road we met groups of young fishwomen from St. Jean de Luz, carrying on their heads baskets of sardines for the market of Bayonne, and running in bands as rapidly as

the diligence. How they managed to keep up the speed and balance their baskets without the aid of their arms, puzzled us not a little.

Between Bayonne and San Sebastian the scenery is exceedingly picturesque. Within the French frontier you pass St. Jean de Luz and two small villages, Urgne and Behobia, after which you cross a bridge over the Bidassoa, which here forms the boundary between France and Spain. Near the bridge you are shown the famous "Isle of Pheasants," where the conferences were held in 1659 which led to the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta Maria Teresa, whereby the House of Bourbon afterwards succeeded to the crown of Spain. So much is this little island now diminished by the washing of the current, that a witty French traveller has described it "as not larger than a moderately sized fried sole."

At Irun, a small town on the left bank of the Bidassoa, the Spanish officials examined our passports and baggage. Then, after traversing a hilly district, and passing close by the bay which forms the beautiful land-locked harbour of Passages, in the neighbourhood of which there was much severe fighting in the late Carlist war, we entered San Sebastian, just in time to partake of a table d'hôte dinner in the hotel of Señor Beraza.

All our associations connected with this town, which is the capital of Guipuzcoa, are naturally of a warlike character. It has long been distinguished as a place of great strength, being built on a sort of peninsula formed by the sea at the mouth of the river Urumea. According to Mellado (*Guia del Viagero en España*, 1858), the population within and beyond the walls is 15,906; but looking at the size of the place, this appears to us to be an exaggerated estimate. Since the destructive bombardment by the British troops in 1813, the greater part of the town has been rebuilt, according to a uniform plan. Unfortunately, from want of space, the streets are narrow, and the lofty houses are too closely huddled together; but there is one handsome square, which is surrounded by arcades, and used as a market-place. Small vessels only can enter the port.

The citadel is upon a steep hill, which rises abruptly immediately behind the town and between it and the sea, the heights on every side being crowned with formidable batteries. A cursory examination of the works left us under the impression that they are not in that high state of efficiency in which such an important fortress so near the French frontier ought to be. Some of the batteries, we observed, were armed with old guns of unusually small calibre, 6, 9, and 12-pounders, with only a few 16 and 24-pounders. Whether these can be replaced by better ordnance from the dépôt for artillery within the fort, we know not, being ignorant of the extent of its resources.

San Sebastian has a theatre, a plaza de toros, and several cafés; and the valley of Loyola and other places in the environs are very beautiful. In summer the town is much frequented by visitors for sea-bathing, for which it is admirably adapted. There are pavilions on the beach, and separate bathing-places for ladies and for gentlemen, so that here matters are managed more discreetly than at Biarritz, where, at a part of the coast not far from the Villa Eugénie, French ladies and gentlemen amuse themselves by assuming gay fancy costumes, and bathing promiscuously

in the same creek. Outside the walls of San Sebastian there is a fine park, used as parade-ground for the troops and a fashionable promenade after sunset, where the ladies may be seen in satin shoes and gay evening dresses walking in the open air, with their heads uncovered, as if they were in a ball-room. In every part of Spain bull-fights have still irresistible charms for the people. Here we see it announced in large placards on the walls that there will be an exhibition of this sort in the plaza de toros on Sunday next, to endure for three successive days; the names of the principal performers who are to figure in the circus being given, and it is stated that a similar display will take place at Bilbao in the course of the following week.

## II.

### FROM SAN SEBASTIAN TO BURGOS.

AFTER undergoing many political changes, Spain, which was an absolute monarchy on the death of King Ferdinand, in September, 1833, is now governed under the constitution promulgated at Madrid on the 23rd of May, 1845, except that portion of territory occupied by Navarre and the Basque provinces, which are under a special legislation known by the name of *Fueros*, according to a convention entered into on the fields of Vergara between the armies of Don Carlos and Queen Isabella II. on the 31st of August, 1839, and ratified at Madrid in the year 1841.

The three Basque provinces, Guipuzcoa, Vizcaya, and Alava, form a triangle, of which the northern side is watered by the gulf of Gascony, while the two others are bounded by Navarre and Old Castile. This territory is mountainous, being traversed by the spurs of the Cantabrian Pyrenees. These Basque provinces differ from the rest of Spain not only in their language, but in their government and laws. They contribute a fixed sum annually to the national exchequer of Spain, which they call a voluntary donation, and beyond this they pay no taxes to the general government. Their chief privileges consist in being subject to no laws and no imposts except those sanctioned by their own provincial assemblies, which meet every year in a different town for purposes of legislation, and to levy the taxes necessary to defray the expenses of the local administration. The Basques are also exempt from the conscription, being only liable to military service when the country is invaded by a foreign enemy. They have the right to be represented by deputies in the national Cortes at Madrid; but we were told that, from motives of delicacy or policy, these deputies generally decline to vote. Navarre, another northern province, long an independent kingdom, and still isolated by its mountains, likewise possesses a local legislature, with peculiar political and fiscal privileges.

The journey by diligence from San Sebastian to Vittoria is performed in about twelve hours. At the end of the first stage we reached Tolosa, with a population of 7639, situated in a narrow valley between two mountains, and well watered by the rivers Oria and Arages. Beyond this the road passes a considerable number of small towns and villages, one of which boasts of having been the birthplace of the famous Carlist general Zumalacarrégui. Vergara (the Basque Runnymede) lies in a rich valley on the banks of the Deva.

The general aspect of the country is hilly, well wooded, and very pic-

turesque. Near Salinas there are lofty mountains. In the valleys the soil produces excellent crops of maize, wheat, barley, and flax, with abundance of pasture, besides a variety of fruits, including apples, from which good cider is made. The women assist the men in the cultivation of the ground. Oxen are employed in field labour and in the heavy cartage on the roads, and the bullocks, though not large, have a fine glossy, reddish hue, and appear, like their owners, to be in excellent condition. The farm-houses are not collected in villages, but thickly scattered over the country, and they have an air of cleanliness and cheerful comfort about them which it is pleasant to witness. Hospitable to strangers, frugal, provident, and temperate in their habits, the farmers are a well-conditioned class; and when a daughter is married, we were told, she is never sent away empty-handed, but always carries along with her to her new home the fruits of her former industry, with a plentiful supply of bed and table linen.

We reached Vittoria, which is the capital of the province of Alava, at midnight, and found a hot supper prepared for us at the *fonda* where the diligence stopped. This "cena" was very acceptable, as no time had been allowed for dinner on the road, and we might have suffered severely from this arrangement, had we not been warned of it by a friendly Spaniard at Vergara, where, profiting by the hint when the mules were being changed, we made a sudden incursion into the *posada*, and carried off, *brevis manu*, the half of a cold fowl with some bread.

Rising early next morning we explored the town, which is pleasantly situated on an eminence overlooking an extensive plain, watered by the river Zadorra. According to Mellado, there are 18,710 inhabitants. We noticed some good streets, a theatre, and a handsome square, or plaza, used as a market-place, and capable of being readily converted into an arena for bull-fights. A public garden within the walls, called La Florida, is tastefully laid out with trees and flowers, furnished with seats and ornamented with some stone statues. From 1808 to 1813 Vittoria was occupied by the French, and it derives its chief interest for us from the victory gained by the British army in its vicinity in 1813, when Picton's division fought so gallantly, Wellington gained his dukedom, and the French, thrown back on the passes of the Pyrenees, were soon after compelled to evacuate the Peninsula.

We travelled in the *correo* from Vittoria to Burgos, and performed the journey in about nine hours. On leaving Vittoria the aspect of the country changes. You bid farewell to verdant valleys and richly wooded hills, and enter a bleak, monotonous plain, with a white, thin, sandy soil; the river Zadorra, a considerable stream, flows for some leagues on your right, and on each side there are distant mountain ridges of no great elevation, and partially covered with trees. After travelling about six leagues, you cross the boundary which separates the province of Alava from that of Old Castile, and enter Miranda, a small town on the Ebro, where the baggage is examined by the officers of customs, probably in consequence of the Basque provinces having different revenue laws from those of the rest of Spain. Miranda, with 2848 inhabitants, is defended by an old castle with a garrison, and the position is important, as the main road from France to Madrid here crosses the Ebro by a stone bridge of six arches. Taking its rise in the mountains of Santander near Reinosa, the Ebro traverses Old Castile and Navarre, and parts of

Aragon and Catalonia, and, after a course of 123 Spanish leagues, discharges itself into the Mediterranean near Amposta.

Between Miranda and Burgos the country consists for the most part of extensive levels destitute of trees, and at this season nothing can be more desolate than these arid plains. Harvest being over, the crops have been removed; the fields are without grass, weeds, or vegetation of any kind, and the heat is so great that the yellow stubble has been consumed and turned into dust, so that you cannot distinguish the ground which was cultivated from that which has been left waste. There are no detached farm-houses, or houses of any kind, to enliven the scene, the agricultural population being collected in small towns or villages, varying generally from three hundred to five hundred inhabitants. In the neighbourhood of most of these places, good crops of wheat, barley, and other grains are raised; but there are large tracts uncultivated, and agriculture seems to be in a very backward state. The produce of the fields is generally carried on the backs of mules or asses. We read in Scripture of the ox that treadeth out the corn; and here this primitive custom is exemplified. In the open fields an ox or a mule is driven round a circle, dragging after it a kind of wooden sledge with a stone or heavy weight upon it, and this is the mode adopted to separate the grain from the straw.

At Pancorbo there are sierras or mountain ridges, which vary for a little the monotony of the plains. Here in a narrow pass, with high perpendicular rocks on each side, through which a small stream flows, there is a small town, with 1568 inhabitants. During the Peninsular war the French constructed a strong castle at this place, which had a garrison of eight hundred men; but the works have since been destroyed.

Though Burgos has lost much of its ancient glory, it is still a place of considerable importance, with 26,026 inhabitants. Situated on the declivity of a hill on the banks of the Arlanzon, the capital of Old Castile is the seat of an archbishop, and the residence of a captain-general, with a considerable garrison of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The river is crossed by three stone bridges, which lead to a suburb called Vega. A gate which opens on one of these bridges is an imposing architectural structure, ornamented with statues and stone carvings. It was built to commemorate the founders of the Spanish monarchy.

Burgos was the birthplace of the famous Castilian hero Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, better known as the Cid, whose romantic adventures in his combats with the Moors form the subject of the earliest poem in the Spanish language. Here also was born Fernan Gonzales, the first Count of Castile, in whose honour a triumphal arch has been erected in the town.

One of the peculiarities of Burgos is the great number of its convents—nine for friars and ten for nuns. By the law of the Cortes in 1836 which suppressed the monastic orders, the friars have been ex-cloistered, and the convents for nuns are only spared during the lives of the present occupants.

Burgos is well supplied with fountains, and has a beautiful promenade on the banks of the Arlanzon, ornamented with statues erected in honour of Don Fernan Gonzales, Don Alouzo, Don Enrique II., and Don Fernando I. This is a fashionable resort after sunset, especially on Sunday evenings, when a military band performs, and even the priests take their share in these recreations, their dark robes and curiously-shaped hats

contrasting well with the gay uniforms of the officers of the garrison. In the middle of the town there is a place of an irregular form, which is surrounded by buildings with arcades, having in the centre a statue of Charles III. As this is the market-place, it presents in the morning a spectacle of some interest to a stranger, being crowded with petty dealers and groups of peasants in picturesque costumes, standing or sitting in the midst of their asses and mules, and doing their best to dispose of their small stores of fruits, vegetables, and other country produce. The Castilians of the lower classes are good-natured, but slow and indolent; they dawdle over their work, singing snatches of old ballads very much out of tune; and it often occurred to us that they might profit by the advice "to move on" ("Anda! anda!"), which the diligence-drivers in this country are constantly giving to their mules.

But the glory of Burgos centres in its cathedral. This fine specimen of Gothic architecture was commenced in 1221, but was not finished till some centuries after. It has two steeples with pointed spires finely sculptured, and a tower surmounts the centre of the transept. All the resources of art have been lavished on this building. The principal façade has three magnificent portals, embellished with statues and a profusion of figures, flowers, and foliage. There are two aisles, and a more elevated central nave, and the transept, which was rebuilt in the middle of the sixteenth century, is of admirable workmanship. The interior of the cathedral, without reckoning the chapels, is 300 Spanish feet in length, and 250 feet in breadth. The high altar is richly adorned with sculptures and arabesques, and the choir, which is very large, with two rows of stalls, is remarkable for its elaborate bas-reliefs of subjects taken from the Old Testament. In the chapel of the Constable (*Capilla de Condestable*) there is a tomb of white marble, with a statue of Velasco, Constable of Castile, and another of his wife, with her little dog by her side, all admirably sculptured. The spacious cloisters have recesses, which are filled with tombs of high dignitaries, decorated with statues the size of life, of prelates in episcopal costume and knights in armour.

A winding road close to the cathedral leads to the hill on which the famous Castle of Burgos stands. The word "castle," however, does not convey a correct idea of the place, for you see no building corresponding to our notions of a castle, but a steep hill surrounded with fortifications, and having quarters for troops on the summit. The works are very extensive, and naturally very strong, but though they are occupied by a garrison, they appear to be in a very neglected state. A walk round the battlements on the summit of the hill affords a fine view of the town and its environs, the Carthusian monastery of Miraflores, the windings of the Arlanzon, and the whole surrounding country.

### III.

#### FROM BURGOS TO MADRID.

THE journey from Burgos to Madrid occupies about twenty-six hours, and it is difficult to conceive a country so uninviting, or one which possesses so few objects of interest. Had we gone round by Valladolid the case might have been different; but the heat was so great that we were glad to take the shortest route to the Spanish capital by Lerma and Aranda



and the pass of Somosierra; and as there was no convenient resting-place by the way, we had no alternative but to push on, exposed to a burning sun during the day, and the cold winds from the mountains during the night.

The farther we advanced into Castile the country became more arid and deserted:

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,  
Earth clad in russet scorn'd the lively green.

Few houses were visible except in the small towns or villages, and when we came upon a detached *venta*, or country-house, it had a very gloomy and forbidding aspect, surrounded with high walls, with no windows near the ground, and those in the upper story secured by iron bars, just as you could fancy the place might have been when the people were exposed to incursions from the Moors. On the main road there was little traffic. Occasionally we met a diligence with its long train of mules covered with dust; but there were no private carriages of any kind, though we passed from time to time a burly muleteer with his covered waggon, one or two peasants riding on mules, or a string of asses loaded with straw driven by a woman or a boy. One omen of evil augury attracted our notice. At various places near the side of the road we observed a small cross of black-painted wood, which we were told indicated the spot where some one had met a violent death, leaving full scope to the imagination to conjecture what might be the circumstances of each fatal catastrophe.

Between Burgos and Madrid there are hardly any towns or villages deserving of notice. Lerma, with 2327 inhabitants, stands on high ground near the river Arlanza, and has a large palace which was built by the duke of that name, who was the favourite minister of Philip III. Near Lerma we met a gang of convicts escorted by *geudarmes*. These unfortunate men were travelling on foot in the hottest part of the day, loaded with manacles and covered with dust. At the end of the next stage the diligence stopped nearly an hour for supper at Aranda, a place of some antiquity, with 5197 inhabitants, situated on a plain on the right bank of the Duero, which is here crossed by a stone bridge of three arches. Rising in the sierra of Urbion to the north of Soria, the Duero, called by the Portuguese Douro, traverses Old Castile, Leon, and Portugal, and, after a course of 130 Spanish leagues, during which it receives numerous affluents, discharges itself into the Atlantic at Oporto. At a short distance from Aranda are the ruins of the ancient Roman city of Clunia; but we had no opportunity of examining them.

Passing some insignificant villages in the province of Segovia, we crossed, about twelve leagues beyond Aranda, the mountain pass of Somosierra, which is 4950 feet above the sea; and this is about the mean elevation of the range which goes under that name. Near the summit there is a small village, and just before entering it you reach the territorial boundary which separates the two Castiles and the basins of the Duero and the Tagus. From the Somosierra pass the mountain range runs south-west, and is called the Sierra de Guadarrama, which is the source of the Manzanares, and the same range, after being prolonged through Spain under different names, enters Portugal, where it terminates to the west of Lisbon. The table-land of Spain, which is from 2000 to

3000 feet above the sea-level, is divided into two parts of nearly equal extent by this chain of mountains. That part to the north of it is called the table-land of Old Castile and Leon; while the part to the south is called the table-land of New Castile and Estremadura.

Times have changed since the "young American" travelled in Spain, when highway robberies were so common that he provided himself with a cheap pinchbeck watch, in order to be robbed of it, while his valuable gold repeater was concealed in the heel of his boot—a device, however, which he says proved unavailing, for, when the evil day came, both watches fell a prey to the remorseless banditti. Fortunately, we encountered no such perils. A well-appointed military police now watches over the security of the roads, having stations at suitable places, from which small detachments are sent out to the wildest and most unfrequented districts. Shortly after daybreak we were startled by some of these soldiers suddenly rising among the rocks in a mountainous region where no other human beings were to be seen.

We entered Madrid by the gate of Bilbao about two P.M., and alighted at the Fonda de la Viscaína, near the Puerta del Sol, which we found a very comfortable hotel. Being covered with dust and prostrated by the heat, we lost no time in proceeding to the baths of Diana, where we enjoyed the luxury of a cold bath, and this, followed by two hours of sleep, refreshed us wonderfully.

All round Madrid the country is a sandy desert, except on one side, where there are some woods, in the valley of the Manzanares. According to the last census, the town contains 281,170 inhabitants. It is the highest metropolis in Europe, the astronomical observatory being 2281 Spanish feet above the level of the sea. From its great elevation, the cold is severely felt in winter; but in summer the heat is excessive, the mean temperature being about 15 degs. higher than in London, while the thermometer frequently rises above 100 degs. of Fahrenheit. So great was the heat during our visit, that few people were to be seen on the streets during the day; but the principal thoroughfares were much crowded after sunset.

In its general aspect, Madrid is essentially a modern town; it possesses few antiquities, and hardly any public buildings which date further back than the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It abounds with fountains of excellent water. The two best streets are the Calle Alcalá, which is very broad, and remarkable for the large number of its public buildings; and the Calle Mayor, in which there are some excellent shops. Near this is an old tower, in which Francis I. was for some time detained a prisoner by the Emperor Charles V. The Plaza Mayor, which is 434 feet in length by 334 in breadth, is surrounded with lofty stone buildings, with rows of granite pillars forming arcades; and in the centre there is an equestrian statue of Philip III., which does not rank high as a work of art. Here bull-fights were exhibited to the inhabitants at the marriage of the present queen. The Puerta del Sol, which is now undergoing extensive alterations, is an open area, where a considerable number of the principal streets converge, and it is much resorted to by all classes of the community, being in the vicinity of the Exchange and the General Post-office. The palace of the Cortes is a modern building in the French style, which reflects little credit on the architect. Opposite this, in the centre of the square, there is a bronze statue of Cervantes.

At Madrid the daily papers are sold in the streets at a very moderate price. We purchased a copy of the *Correspondencia Autografa* for two quartos, being rather less than a halfpenny. In Spain the periodical press is subject to the censorship, and the newspapers bear some resemblance to those of France, having a considerable part of their space occupied with works of fiction.

Though the churches are numerous, they are not remarkable either for their architecture or their internal decorations. One recently built, called the church of Calatrava, has a fresco painting on the façade fronting the street representing the present king devoutly submitting the plan of the church to the Virgin Mary—a strange anachronism, which has been very freely criticised. The heroic rising of the inhabitants on the 2nd of May, 1808, which compelled the French to evacuate Madrid, and roused the whole Spanish nation, is commemorated by an obelisk on the Prado. On the sides of the pedestal the names of the Spaniards who fell on the memorable Dos de Mayo are engraved in golden letters.

On the western extremity of the town stands the royal palace, a magnificent building in the Grecian style, which is considered one of the finest royal residences in Europe. It is built on the site of the old Alcazar inhabited by Philip II., which was burnt to the ground in 1734. Near the palace is a public garden, and beyond this are the woods in the valley of the Manzanares, where there is a country-house (*casa del campo*) belonging to the royal family. In the hot season the favourite residence of the court is at San Ildefonso, where the queen is now living.

In the Royal Armoury, near the palace, there is an extensive collection of armour of different epochs, well arranged and in excellent preservation. Besides suits worn by illustrious Spaniards, there are here some Moorish weapons with Arabic inscriptions.

Close to the Prado, on the eastern side of the town, is the picture-gallery—one of the greatest attractions of Madrid. Villanueva designed the building, which is an imposing structure, with Doric colonnades and a well-arranged interior. Many of the best paintings which formerly decorated the Escorial have been brought to this collection, which has been described as containing a greater number of good pictures, with fewer bad ones, than any other gallery in Europe. A large saloon, bearing the inscription "Spanish School" (*Escuela Española*), is filled almost entirely with the works of Velasques, Murillo, and José Ribera, who is, perhaps, better known by his Italian nickname of Spagnoletto—the little Spaniard. Many of the paintings of Murillo were executed for churches and convents, and his works are more widely diffused than those of Velasques. A very large proportion of the pictures of Velasques were painted for Philip IV., a great patron of art, who placed them in the royal palaces, where they passed from one dynasty to another, so that they suffered little from the French invasion; and comparatively few of this great master's works have found their way into foreign countries. Here, therefore, Velasques is to be seen in all his glory.

Two saloons are devoted to the works of the Flemish and German artists, which are numerous and valuable. In the "Sala Grande" there are paintings by Italian, French, and Spanish masters. Another apartment, called the "Queen's Reposing Room," is filled with portraits of the royal family of Spain for several generations back; and as they are a very

ugly set of people, this is perhaps the least attractive portion of the gallery. A circular saloon, called "Sala Rotonda de Isabel Segunda," is decorated with select pictures by the most eminent painters, such as Titian, Raphael, Paul Veronese, Velasques, Ribera, and Murillo. Here we were struck with a curious picture by Teniers, who possessed an extraordinary talent of imitating the works of other artists. It represents the interior of a school of painting, with pictures hung up on the walls in imitation of Titian, Rubens, and other masters, while Teniers is seen in the foreground pointing out to the King of Spain these different works, in which the touch, the colouring, and the manner of the several painters, however different from each other, are reproduced with wonderful fidelity. In this saloon you see, among other masterpieces, the "Conception" of Murillo, where the Virgin, in blue drapery, appears so exquisitely beautiful, with the heads of angels filled into the corners; the "Capture of Breda," by Velasques, considered by many to be his greatest work; and, last of all, in the place of honour, a picture by Raphael, bearing the inscription, "El Pasmó de Sicilia."

Near the picture-gallery is the Prado, the fashionable promenade of Madrid. It is an extensive sandy level, laid out with a broad carriage-way and walks for foot passengers, lined with trees, and ornamented with a few fountains. Whatever may be the attractions of the fashionable world who come here after sunset, the place itself has no natural beauties—it is destitute of flowers and verdure, and though it is called the Prado, there is not a blade of grass to be seen.

At Madrid we saw some beautiful women, on whom Nature had lavished her choicest gifts—a graceful figure, a clear complexion, a sweet expression, and finely formed features, so as fully to justify the wide-spread fame of Spanish beauty. All the women of Spain are adepts in the handling of the fan, which they carry with them at all times and in all places. They open and shut it, and twirl it about in their fingers, with great dexterity and grace. Their dress, too, is very becoming, especially when they wear the mantilla. This is generally made of black lace; it is fastened on the top of the comb and worn at the back of the head, and, with a few flowers on each side of the forehead, produces a very charming effect. "When a woman wears a mantilla," says a lively Frenchman, "she must be as ugly as the three theological virtues not to appear pretty."

The cafés are much frequented in Madrid. In most of them there is a grand piano, on which one or more professional men are engaged to play; and the refreshments are in great variety and of excellent quality. Besides chocolate (a favourite beverage in Spain) and coffee, which is usually served up in glasses, you can have all sorts of liqueurs, sherbets, syrups, and pastry, iced creams, iced drinks, and iced confections, flavoured with oranges, citrons, peaches, almonds, and all kinds of fruit. One of the most luscious drinks is called "Agraz," made from grapes, which is highly relished, and from its medicinal properties would form a valuable addition to our pharmacopœia. There are also some singular compounds which we had never met with elsewhere, such as "limon y cerveza," a sort of half-and-half of beer and lemonade; but, although this mixture was recommended to us as very agreeable, we did not think it prudent to experiment upon it. Val de penas is the ordinary wine furnished at the hotels here, and is of very good quality.

## THE OUTREMANCHE CORRESPONDENCE.

### No. II.

TO M. ALFRED BROCARD, RUE ST. DOMINIQUE, NO. 42, À PARIS.

MON CHER ALFRED,—Towards the close of my former letter I touched upon the famous Commercial Treaty, which, together with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget, has since set everybody by the ears—on this side of the water, at least, if not on yours. I then congratulated you, in the person of your father, on the prospects of the French wine-grower; I now extend my congratulations to every one of your relations, friends, and acquaintance—to all, in fact, who are in any way connected with the produce or manufactures of France; for—assuredly—you will reap the benefit of Mr. Cobden's negotiations, whatever may happen to his confiding countrymen.

If the subject does not bore you, mon cher Alfred, I should like to examine some of the principal articles of the treaty, that you may see what reasons I have for the congratulations which it gives me so much pleasure to offer.

The first article, which I venture to call “La Chanterelle”—a term applicable, indeed, to the entire treaty, with its apparently liberal admission of British goods into France—is, in fact, intended to conciliate the French manufacturer, who is still protected for four years by a duty of thirty per cent., to be reduced to five-and-twenty after that period—if the amicable relations between the two countries should happen to endure so long. The second article, with still greater apparent liberality, admits of the importation into France of British coal and coke, at a comparatively moderate duty—precisely because English—that is to say, good—coal and coke are amongst the things which France is most in want of. The third article is expressly to the advantage of France, by maintaining the differential duties in favour of French shipping. The fifth article is a *bonne bouche*, for Lille and Valenciennes, for Lyons and Grenoble, for the north and south, and for the Paris manufacturers in particular, whose *objets* of all descriptions—which I shall advert to by-and-by—are at once to be admitted into England duty free. Next comes, in the sixth article, the reduced rates on French wine, respecting which I will only add, by way of criticism, that chemical science is not amongst Mr. Cobden's accomplishments, or he would have devised some better expedient for testing the quantity of spirit in wine than that of verification by Syke's hydrometer, which is utterly valueless for such a purpose. The seventh and eighth articles provide for the introduction into England of French brandies, paper-hangings, and some other things, at merely the usual English excise duties. The eleventh article is conceived in the true spirit of genuine comedy, and must have greatly entertained “*notre maître*” when it was agreed on. It says: “The two high contracting powers engage not to prohibit the exportation of coal, and to levy no duty upon such exporta-

tion." Oh, but this, mon cher Alfred, is too risible. Not to prohibit the exportation of French coal! It is possible, I believe, to find *charbon de terre*—of the very worst description—in the southern and central districts; but when you have got at your coal, how do you propose to export it? And supposing the feat performed of conveying it to the French coast, is there not a proverb familiar to us all—"Porter de l'eau à la mer"—which, being most opportunely translated, signifies, "To carry coals to Newcastle?" Depend upon it, the English parliament is not quite so *bête* as to be hoodwinked by this very transparent arrangement. What else the treaty contains is on the same one-sided principle—the benefits accruing to France are immediate and certain—those secured to England remote and problematical, and the whole affair may be summed up by the application of the following anecdote: A countryman of ours fell in love with his friend's wife and ran away with her. I met him shortly after the occurrence, which created some scandal at the time, and the subject being uppermost in his mind, he told me all the particulars, finishing his story with this remark: "Après tout, mon ami, ce n'est pas de moi qu'on rira!" In like manner the emperor has fallen in love with that questionable lady, Free Trade, and carried her off from England, perfectly sure—in introducing her to his *ménage*—of being able to say: "Ce n'est pas de moi qu'on rira!" Happy, indeed, is the man who, in the affairs of this world, escapes being laughed at; happier he who can exclaim with Figaro, "Je me presse de rire de tout de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer!"

The professed object of free trade—do not tremble, my dear friend, the dissertation will be short—is to place every necessary of life *à la portée de tout la monde*—of the poorer classes, who do all the work, especially. Let us, then, consider the surprising advantages which the English labourer will derive from this commercial treaty. Here are some out of the long list of objects which are to be imported from France, *au profit de cet individu*:

Let us take our friend, before he is married, and—on Sunday—"rig him out," as the English say, with the following articles: "Jewels, set," together with "agates and cornelians," so that he may figure with a ring on his little finger, a brooch in his scarf, and studs in his shirt—if he wear one. "Hats." To replace his customary "Wide-awake," a "Chapeau-Gibus," which, no doubt, will be much cheaper and more becoming. "Walking canes or sticks—painted or otherwise ornamented." He who delights in jewels will not stand out for the price of a gold-headed cane. "Gloves." Kid-gloves, of course: he can even work in them when not disposed to show off his rings. "Watches and opera-glasses," and "leather manufactures." In other words, French polished boots on his feet, a Breguet in his waistcoat-pocket, and a *lorquette* in his disengaged hand, and your well-dressed navvy is, according to our own phrase, *mis à quatre épingles*. With this costume he will have no difficulty in finding a wife,—and the lady must dress too. The treaty allows her to indulge her most extravagant fancy. To correspond with her crinoline, there are "brocades of gold and silver,"—"embroideries and needlework of every description,"—"lace,"—"millinery and artificial flowers,"—"handkerchiefs,"—"feathers,"—and "manufactures of silk, of whatever description they may be." But this is not all. Their domicile—the attic or the cellar—must be decorated. "Bronze manufactures,"—"musical instruments,"—"clocks,"—

“fancy ornaments of steel and iron,”—“perfumery, cabinet ware and carved work,” all for the *toilette*,—and “china and porcelain ware,” may all be had for the buying. This compendious and useful schedule has also its joke. The navvy, to cut his bread and meat, as he dines beside the unfinished sewer, may have the privilege of doing so with French “cutlery,” and you and I, my dear Alfred, who know what French knives are, can fully appreciate the value of this inestimable boon. Ah! but you will say, this is mere *badinage*. The labouring classes want none of these things—except the last. Perhaps not; nor the class above them; nor again those who, in circumstances, are greatly superior to the latter. For whose advantage, then, are all these reductions? For that of the rich, who already drink the claret and champagne which the Treaty proposes to make popular in England—when the love of beer has ceased to be a part of English nature.

Having disposed of the Treaty, an examination of the Budget becomes necessary, for, indeed, the two cannot be dissociated. I have not time to follow the debate in the House of Commons which arose upon the motion of Mr. Ducane (a descendant, I believe, of our famous Admiral Duquesne), and therefore I must content myself with glancing at a few more of the advantages offered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the English people, by the remission of duties that do not come under the treaty.

I make no doubt, my dear Alfred, that you have heard a great deal about the public schools of England. It is admitted on all hands that they are a positive institution, without which Englishmen would be a totally different race of beings from what—to our cost generally—we find them in after-life. Though thus recognised, there has hitherto been a somewhat singular omission on the part of British statesmen in failing to take the interests of schools into their consideration, but a minister has at last arisen fully alive to the importance of the question: Mr. Gladstone has determined that his budget, however opposed by mercantile men, shall at least have the support of the schoolboy community; and that, if known by no other name, it shall go down to posterity as “The Schoolboy’s Budget.” How is this? you ask. Let me enumerate a few of the articles which Mr. Gladstone—having children of his own—proposes to introduce free of duty, and then candidly tell me what class you think will profit most by his reductions. In his sixth “resolution” appear the following: “Almonds, *not bitter*; apples, dried; dates; liquorice juice; nuts; walnuts; oranges and lemons; pears, dried; caraway seeds; lollypops; brandy-balls;”—no, I mistake, the two last-named articles are cruelly omitted, but as a set-off against the absence of these delicious sweetmeats—which, with the other articles mentioned, constitute a schoolboy’s paradise—“cinnamon, cloves, eggs, currants, raisins,” and other condiments that go towards the composition of the British plum-pudding, are liberated with a tenderness that is truly paternal. If nothing else results from the budget, this, at all events, is certain: that Eton, Westminster, Rugby, Harrow, and Winchester—the chief seats of education for the moneyed classes—will get up a subscription—a penny one—to erect a statue to Mr. Gladstone, the material for which will be—“Everton Toffy” (*espèce de friandise à la mélasse qui se confectionne dans le Lancashire*).

All this is excellent, I hear you exclaim; but you add, if the school-boy gets his nuts, his oranges, his plum-cake, and so forth, duty free, of course the workman, whom the treaty takes so much care of, is enabled to drink his tea and coffee on the same terms! Alas, no, my dear Alfred. Tea, coffee, and sugar, more absolute necessities to the poor man even than beer—to say nothing of brandy and wine—must remain where they were before this otherwise all-embracing budget was concocted. And do you not see reason why this is, and ought to be so? Look at the “Resolution” to which I have referred. It specifies no fewer than ninety articles, including the schoolboy’s delights, and such things as “beads, capers, gongs, pickles, pomatum, and sauces—you know the English have but one sauce to their five-and-twenty religions; and with this display of liberality, which those who have plenty to spend know how to appreciate, how could the government venture on the dangerous course of pampering the luxurious tastes of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. No, no, my dear friend, things are not yet come to such a pass as that in England. By doing what they have done, remitting the duties on their capers and gongs, their pickles and pomatums, they are enabled to say: “See! We have relieved you of indirect taxation to the tune of four millions of money! What would you have more?” Indeed, nothing! It would be in the greatest degree unreasonable to expect it! A burden of four millions taken off at one sweep! And this is not all. There are the two millions of government annuities which expire this year—and in addition to that, the promised abolition of the income-tax—promised by Mr. Gladstone himself! “Oh!” exclaims the British tax-payer, “of how much are we relieved. May the Whigs live for ever!” “Doucement, doucement, mon ami,” replies the man of finance; “you are crowing a little too soon: you are not quite out of the wood. There is the war expenditure to be provided for—a trifle of thirty millions.” “How is this?” returns astonished John Bull. “War expenditure! I thought we were at peace.” “So we are!” says Mr. Gladstone, “but you know the proverb—‘Si vis pacem—’; besides, we are afraid of our ally—of him with whom we have just signed this commercial treaty, for whose sake we have so freely admitted everything he has to dispose of. You have heard of such a thing as a sop for Cerberus? Well, we give our Cerberus all he asks for; but, nevertheless, he shows his teeth, and therefore it is necessary that we should show ours. That is the reason why I repeat to you in the most lucid English, or, if you like it better, ‘in the most sinewy Saxon’—as my friend the *Morning Post* says—that we are obliged to insert that little item of thirty millions.” You make a wry mouth at this; you stare when I tell you that, taking one thing with another—the remissions which I call popular, and the war preparations which, perhaps, you look upon in a different light—our liabilities this year exceed our expected income by nine millions four hundred thousand pounds. Yes, that is the exact *deficit*. But it shall cost you nothing, not a sou, you working man, whose tea and sugar we cannot sweeten. I have an idea! Ideas are the order of the day. Some people go to war for an idea; I legislate financially on the same disinterested principle, and my idea is to make up for our increased expenditure by once more having recourse—positively for the last time—to our good old friend, that milch cow



which has never failed us—the income-tax, which, out of compliment to our august ally who has made it necessary, I intend to fix at tenpence in the pound, exactly a franc of French money. Could the fitness of things be more complete?”

The income tax, you see, is the British financier's cure for every evil. It is so delightful to be able to say that no matter what expenses you incur, there is something in reserve, which makes all straight when the “*mauvais quart d'heure*” arrives for balancing accounts. Flourish away with your indirect taxation, take off the duty upon a thousand and one unnecessary articles, make as great a display of liberality as you can, scatter no end of dust in the eyes of the multitude, tell the navy and the coalheaver how much you are doing for *them*, but *en revanche*—you must excuse an expressive word of English *argot*—walk directly into the breeches-pocket of the “lower middle classes:” they are the people who shall supply your deficit. It is true that sevenpence in the pound is something to a poor clerk with only a hundred a year—true, that tenpence in the pound is something more to him who has only a hundred and fifty; but what of that? The first pays nearly three, the second four per cent. on his miserable income; but see what he saves in silk dresses, artificial flowers, cashmeres, kid gloves, and pomatums for his wife—in watches, breast-pins, painted walking-sticks, and polished boots for himself—in nuts, and oranges, and toys for his children—in gongs alone, for the general use of his establishment, to call his family to the dinner, at which, if they can get nothing to eat, they will, at all events, have plenty of cheap claret. Four per cent! Why the struggling man, with his large family and precarious income, *must* save four per cent.—ten, Mr. Bright will tell him—by the unprecedented remissions of the Budget. I could dwell upon the enormous boon which Mr. Gladstone so kindly bestows at much greater length, if I had not something to say on another subject, with which this present letter must end. So, enough for the moment of English politics.

Although the extension of French territory can be of no immediate interest to one who—like Victor Hugo and some others—care not to be amnestied, yet I were no true Frenchman if I did not rejoice in that which adds to the importance of France in the eyes of Europe; and therefore the proposed—if I must not say the completed—annexation of Savoy meets with my warmest approval. The natural frontier of a country, particularly if it be a very powerful one, is that which opposes the greatest obstacles to an invading army. Here, in England, the sea that divides you and I, is not considered a sufficient barrier of defence against the designs of a certain personage: *à plus forte raison*, a chain of mountains, though amongst the highest Alps, is no security for France, so long as a single pass is in possession of a possible invader. As the *Morning Post* newspaper—which derives its inspiration from I need not say where—happily observed, the other day, “great inconvenience would arise from the French slopes of the Alps becoming a portion of a new Italian kingdom.” What could be simpler—experience teaching us that invasion always proceeds *from* Italy and not *towards* it—than for countless hordes of fierce Tuscans, pitiless Lombards, and desperate Piedmontese, to swarm across Mont Cenis, Mont Genève, Monte Viso, and the Col d'Argentière, carrying desolation and rapine to the very

ramparts of Briançon, Mont Dauphin, Barcelonette, and I know not what other defenceless fortresses? Is it not, therefore, absolutely necessary that poor pacific France should have the valley of the Maurienne? Besides, are not the Savoyards and the Nizzards most anxious to exchange their nationality? Have we not been assured by the eloquent M. Grandgousier—I beg his pardon, I mean Grandguillot—that annexation to France is the devout wish of the justly discontented subjects of the Sardinian king? To be sure, we have at the same time heard—but it was only from the people themselves—that Chambéry and Nice have remonstrated; but what of their remonstrance? A likely thing that a great emperor—to whom even the fiery octogenarian Lord Palmerston is subservient—should consult the wishes of *pauvres gens* like those, when such manifest “inconvenience”—danger even—must result from their remaining unannexed!

Let them take example from an apologue that was familiar to the Parisians in the year 1789, when M. de Calonne was minister of finance. His colleagues and himself held the very orthodox doctrine that the king alone had the right to settle the amount of the taxes, and that the functions of the Assembly of Notables were confined to the simple act of regulating the way in which they were to be levied. The deluded people of France, however, thought differently, and pending the hour when they came to speak their thoughts openly, a certain caricature was very generally circulated, which represented a farmer in his yard, surrounded by cocks and hens, ducks, turkeys, and all manner of poultry. Beneath this picture was the following dialogue, which I give you in the original, as being more *piquant* than a translation:

LE FERMIER. Mes bons amis, je vous ai rassemblés tous pour savoir à quelle sauce vous voulez que je vous mange?

UN COQ (*dressant sa crête*). Mais nous ne voulons pas qu'on nous mange!

LE FERMIER. Vous vous écartez de la question!

And so—as it seems to me—the foolish Savoyards wander from the matter in hand. They are to be eaten, *coûte que coûte*; then, why not take the thing quietly, and suggest the sauce that is most agreeable to the imperial palate? Adieu, mon cher Alfred,

Toujours à toi,

VICTOR GOUACHE.

# OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.\*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

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## Part the Fifth.

FOX AND WOLF.

### I.

HOW CLAVERING CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY; AND HOW MICKLEGIFT LENT HIM AID FOR THE SECOND TIME.

ILL news travels quickly. Colonel Maunsel was warned of the danger awaiting him, long before he reached the Grange. Some half-dozen loyal villagers mounting the down at the rear of the mansion, stationed themselves near the old barrow, and as soon as they descried the little party descending the gorse-coloured slopes of the furthest hill on the north-west, they ran to meet the colonel, and gave him the alarming intelligence that his habitation was in the hands of the Ironsides, every door guarded, and no one allowed to come forth. The faithful rustics, of course, were unable to state what had taken place inside the house, or what discoveries had been made, but enough was related to fill the colonel with deepest disquietude:—the only relief to his anxiety being afforded by the certitude which he likewise derived from his informants that Ninian had reached the Grange before the enemy.

On approaching Ovingdean, the loyal rustics took leave of the old Cavalier and Dulcia, who proceeded to the mansion. Dismounting at the porch, and giving their horses to Eustace Saxby, they both went in, no hindrance being offered by the sentinels posted at the door.

Old Martin Geere met them in the entrance-hall—his wobegone looks announcing disaster. The old serving-man, we may remark, dreading lest he should betray himself by some indiscreet observation, had quitted the colonel's chamber before Stelfax was entrapped by the agency of Micklegift, and consequently he could give no account of that occurrence, or what had followed it; but he knew enough to heighten his master's and Dulcia's alarm, and fearing the worst—the worst with them being the discovery of Clavering's hiding-place—they hurried up-stairs, entering the

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room, as previously narrated, at the moment when Increase Mickle-gift interposed to prevent Mr. Beard from undergoing the torture.

Their entrance operated as a check upon the threatened violence. At the sight of Dulcia, Stelfax, by a sudden effort, constrained his wrath; while the two troopers involuntarily drew back as the shrieking maiden rushed up to Mr. Beard, and flung her arms around his neck.

"What would these barbarous men do to you, my father?" she asked.

"They would torture him," Mickle-gift replied, answering for Mr. Beard, whose agitation almost deprived him of the power of utterance.

"Torture an unoffending clergyman—an old man—impossible!" cried Dulcia, in an agonised voice. "Cruel as they are, they cannot mean it. They must have some respect for religion—some reverence for grey hairs."

"Alas! they have none, my child," Mr. Beard observed. "Neither my age nor my sacred calling would have protected me from outrage, but for this good man's interposition." And, as he spoke, he cast a grateful look at Mickle-gift.

"Is this so?" cried Dulcia to Stelfax. "Do you still hold to your savage purpose?"

"Nay, I meant but to work upon thy father's fears, damsel, and so extort a confession from him," the Ironside captain replied. "I did not design to proceed to extremities with him."

"Heaven alone can read our secret thoughts," observed Mickle-gift, in a tone of incredulity. "But thy part was so well played, that at least it imposed upon me."

Stelfax bent his brows, but took no other notice of the observation.

Colonel Maunsel had not hitherto spoken, but had looked on in the utmost anxiety, being ignorant, of course, of his son's evasion. He now addressed himself to Stelfax, in the hope of eliciting some information from him.

"You spoke of confession, sir," he said to the Roundhead leader. "What hath Mr. Beard to reveal?"

"You shall learn presently, Colonel Maunsel," the other rejoined, sternly.

"Nay, he shall learn at once," Mickle-gift interposed. "The valiant captain hath been locked in yonder closet, and waxing wroth at his confinement, he visited his anger on Master Beard's head, charging the unoffending old man with aiding a fugitive to escape."

"How know'st thou Master Beard is unoffending?" Stelfax cried. "Thou wert shut up with me in the closet, and couldst not tell what took place."

"Ha!" the old Cavalier exclaimed, a sudden light breaking upon him.

"The valiant captain seems to suspect that a proscribed malignant hath been concealed within this room," Micklegift continued, with a significant look at Colonel Maunsel.

"I am certain of it," the Roundhead leader returned; "and I begin to suspect it was by thy instrumentality, Master preacher, that he hath escaped."

"How could that be, seeing I was with thee in the closet?" Micklegift rejoined.

"It might easily be—since it was by thy device that I was led into the snare. Bitterly shalt thou rue it, if I find thee leagued with the Amalekites."

"Let it be proven that I am leagued with them," Micklegift rejoined, "and I will abide any punishment thou mayst choose to inflict upon me."

"Proof that thou art in concert with the enemies of the Commonwealth may appear hereafter," Stelfax retorted. "Meantime, I have a question to put to you, Colonel Maunsel, whereunto I demand a distinct answer. Hath Amon, the son of Manasseh, whose provocations kindled the wrath of the Lord God against Judah—hath Amon, I say, taken refuge in thy house?"

"I will not feign to misunderstand you," the old Cavalier rejoined. "But were it as you suspect, think you I would betray him?"

"You prevaricate, and convert my doubts into certainties," cried Stelfax. "The Young Man hath been here—nay, is here still—; for he cannot have eluded the vigilance of the sentinels. Are you aware, Colonel Maunsel, that a Proclamation was posted this morning at your gate, to the effect that whosoever shall harbour Charles Stuart shall be held guilty of high treason? Did you read that Proclamation?"

"I did, and would have trampled it beneath my feet."

"The punishment of high treason is death, colonel—death on the scaffold! Forget not that," Stelfax said.

"I shall but die as my Master died, if I so perish," the old Cavalier rejoined.

Just then, Sergeant Delves entered the room, and the half-opened door afforded a glimpse of several other troopers standing without in the gallery.

"The men await your orders, captain," said the sergeant, advancing towards his leader.

"It is well," Stelfax answered. "Before I proceed to the search, Colonel Maunsel, it is right you should know that two of your retainers, John Habergeon and Ninian Saxby by name, have aided and abetted in this attempted escape of a concealed traitor and enemy to the Commonwealth. If they fall into my hands I shall show them little grace."

"Heaven grant them a deliverance!" murmured the colonel.

"And now," continued Stelfax, "I must see the hiding-place

within yon chimney. Will you show me the entrance to it voluntarily, or must my men break down the mantelpiece? See it I will."

Colonel Maunsel hesitated, uncertain how to act.

"Advance, men—to your task!" Stelfax said.

"Hold!" the colonel exclaimed. And stepping towards the hearth, he touched the secret spring, and the pillar flew back.

"An ingenious contrivance, truly," cried Stelfax, with a laugh; "but you must have a better device than this to delude me. Give me thy pistol, sergeant," he continued, taking the weapon from Delves. "I will go in myself. Guard thou the entrance. I will not be entrapped a second time." So saying, he stepped into the recess, while Delves planted himself outside it.

Nothing was said during the brief absence of the Ironside leader. Colonel Maunsel, though almost confident of his son's escape, was not wholly free from uneasiness, while Dulcia glanced anxiously and inquiringly at her father, who strove to reassure her with his looks.

In another moment, Stelfax came forth again.

"The bird has flown," he said, "but the nest is yet warm. He cannot be far off."

"The fugitives cannot have left the house, captain—of that I am certain," Delves remarked. "No one has come down stairs."

"We shall discover them, I doubt not," Stelfax rejoined. "Visit yon inner chamber once more, and then we will search elsewhere."

The sergeant did as directed, and made a rigorous but unsuccessful investigation of the apartment.

"I did not expect any one would be found there," Stelfax said; "but nothing must be neglected. You, Colonel Maunsel, and all of you," he continued, "will remain prisoners for the present within this chamber—with the exception of Master Increase Micklegift, who is at liberty to depart."

"Nay, I will tarry where I am," the Independent minister rejoined.

For a moment, Stelfax seemed disposed to insist upon his departure, but, changing his mind, he exclaimed, "Tarry here if thou wilt. Sentinels will be placed at the door, and will suffer no one to go forth."

Upon this, he quitted the room with Delves, and the door was closed upon the prisoners. As soon as this was done, Micklegift approached the old Cavalier, and said to him, "Not altogether unjustly did yon man of wrath tax me with leaguering with your party. Your son owes his safety to me. But for my timely aid he would be now in the hands of his enemies, and you are aware how he would have been dealt with."

"It is quite true, worthy sir," Mr. Beard subjoined. "Good

Master Micklegift must be regarded as your son's preserver, as he has since been my defender from violence."

"I thank you from my heart, sir," the colonel said, warmly. "I have been much mistaken in you."

"Thank the worthy man, my child," Mr. Beard said to Dulcia. "We are all greatly beholden to him."

"He has my thanks," Dulcia replied, unable to overcome her strong aversion to Micklegift; "and I trust he has been influenced by good motives in what he has done."

"Why should you mistrust him, my child?" her father remarked, somewhat severely.

"Ay, wherefore shouldst thou doubt me, maiden?" Micklegift said, in a half-reproachful tone. And bending his head towards her, he whispered, "This have I done for thy sake—and I will do yet more, if thou dost desire it."

Dulcia made no reply, but cast her eyes upon the ground.

"Take comfort, worthy sir, I entreat you," Mr. Beard said, noticing that the colonel seemed still a prey to keen anxiety. "All may yet be well."

"Not till I am assured of my son's safety shall I feel relief," the old Cavalier rejoined. "Little has yet been gained. 'Tis a mere escape from one room to another. Flight from the house, guarded as it is, is next to impossible, and I know not where concealment can be found within doors."

"Concealment will not be attempted, I apprehend, sir," Mr. Beard remarked. "Ninian seemed confident of getting out of the house secretly."

"Did he so?" cried the colonel. "Then I have better hopes. Some plan may have occurred to him which does not occur to me. Hist!—did you not hear a noise?"

"Only the trampling of heavy feet as the Roundhead soldiers move from chamber to chamber," Mr. Beard replied. "Pray Heaven your son escape them!"

"Heaven, in its mercy, shield him!" Dulcia cried.

"The noise grows louder!" exclaimed the colonel. "A struggle seems to be taking place in the room overhead."

Unable to repress an ejaculation of terror, Dulcia fell upon her knees, and prayed audibly.

"Methinks the sound comes from the chimney!" Micklegift cried.

"From the chimney!" the colonel exclaimed, advancing towards the fireplace, followed by the Independent minister. "You are right. Some one is coming down," he added, stooping to look up the chimney-funnel. "Who is there?"

"A friend," replied the voice of Ninian. "Is the coast clear? May we come down?"

"Powers of mercy!" the old Cavalier ejaculated. "Can it be? Is my son there?"

"It is the colonel who speaks," Ninian said, evidently addressing some one above him. "Yes, yes, the captain is here. Is all safe below?"

"It is—yet stay! those ruthless Ironsides may return!" the old Cavalier cried.

But before the latter part of his exclamation could be uttered, Ninian dropped lightly on the hearth.

A glance satisfied the young falconer that all was secure. He turned, therefore, and calling up the funnel, "You may come down, captain," assisted another individual to descend, and in a trice Clavering stood before his father.

"My son! my dear son!" exclaimed the colonel, transported with delight at beholding him.

Scarcely had Clavering and Ninian quitted the hearth than John Habergeon landed in safety, and stepped out into the room.

By this time Clavering and Dulcia were together—the latter weeping with delight on the young man's shoulder.

"The enemy are searching the house for you," Dulcia cried. "How did you manage to escape them?"

"Hush!—not so loud," Micklegift said, stepping softly towards the door, "you will be overheard by the sentinels."

"We put ourselves under the guidance of Ninian," Clavering said, in reply to Dulcia's inquiry, "and by his aid got upon the roof, and so reached this chimney, which he declared had holdings withinside for the feet by which we could descend. It turned out as he stated; but the descent would have been impracticable on my part, helpless as I am, but for John Habergeon's support. We meant to lurk within the chimney till the search should be over, when Ninian heard my father's voice—and so here we are."

"But here you must not remain," said the colonel. "The baffled Ironsides may return at any moment. What is to be done?"

"Can we not conceal ourselves behind the hangings in the inner room?" cried Clavering. "One of us might take refuge in the armoire."

"No, no! that would be too dangerous!" John Habergeon exclaimed. "Could we but reach the garden!—That window is a good height from the ground, it is true, but I could drop from it and break no bones—and so could Ninian—but the fall wouldn't suit Captain Clavering's injured arm."

"Think not of me, John," the young Cavalier cried, resolutely. "I am ready to make the attempt."

"It would be useless," Ninian said, cautiously approaching the window and looking forth; "there is a red-coat, with a musket on his shoulder, on guard below."

"Pest on him!" John ejaculated. "We must e'en climb the chimney again."

"So it seems," cried Clavering.



"Be ruled by me, and enter the hiding-place in which you originally took refuge," said Micklegift, advancing towards them. "The captain of the Ironsides has already searched it, and will not, in all likelihood, visit it again."

"The worthy man speaks the truth!" Colonel Maunsel exclaimed. "'Tis the safest place to be found. We are beholden to you for the suggestion, good Master Micklegift. Enter the recess, my son."

"Do not go there," Dulcia cried, detaining Clavering. "I distrust this man. He will betray you."

"Since you doubt me, damsel," said Micklegift, "let the youth stay here, and be the consequences on your head. He will not have to tarry long, for methinks I hear the footsteps of his foe without."

"Why do you keep him back, Dulcia?" the colonel cried, impatiently. "Worthy Master Micklegift is perfectly right, and I owe him a large debt of gratitude for twice saving my son."

"Spare your thanks, Colonel Maunsel, till the danger be past," the Independent minister rejoined. "Seek the refuge I have pointed out to you, young man—or stay and brave your fate. But hesitate not. In another moment you will have no choice left."

"I was wrong!—I go!—go!" cried Dulcia to Clavering, who still looked irresolute.

At her entreaty he moved towards the hiding-place, the entrance to which had already been thrown open by Ninian, who had gone in. John Habergeon stood outside on the hearth.

"Come! come! captain," the old trooper cried, impatiently. "One would think you were desirous of being captured. In with you!"

Upon this, Clavering entered the recess, and John quickly following him, the pillar swung back to its customary position.

## II.

### HOW MICKLEGIFT WAS IGNOMINIOUSLY EXPELLED FROM THE GRANGE.

SCARCELY had all been made secure, when the chamber-door suddenly opened, and a sentinel entering, cast a sharp inquisitive look around.

"Methought I heard a noise," he observed.

"Thou didst hear my voice in exhortation, friend," Micklegift said. "Remain here, and I will hold forth to thee."

"Nay, my post is without," the trooper rejoined. And thinking all was right, he went forth, closing the door after him.

For some time no other interruption occurred. Micklegift became somewhat assiduous in his attentions to Duleia, and she, knowing that Clavering's life was in his hands, did not venture to manifest the repugnance she felt towards him. Not for an instant, however, did she stir from her father's side. Mr. Beard took

little part in the conversation, and, indeed, scarcely noted what was said. Colonel Maunsel withdrew into the inner room, and sinking into a chair, gave way to painful reflection.

Thus more than an hour passed, and still Stelfax returned not. Thrice during the interval—long it seemed to the expectants—had a sentinel entered the room. Although the imprisoned Royalists knew that the search would prove ineffectual, intense anxiety was felt by them as to how the Roundhead leader would bear his disappointment. In his anger he might resort to measures of increased severity. The savage character of the man warranted such a conclusion.

At length, the sound of heavy footsteps were heard within the gallery, followed by the grounding of arms, and the stern voice of the captain of the Ironsides could be distinguished, as he questioned the sentinels. Presently afterwards he entered the room. Rage and disappointment were written in his features, and he glanced fiercely at the group before him.

"Where is Colonel Maunsel?" he demanded, in a harsh voice.

"I am here," the old Cavalier answered, rising from his seat, and advancing towards him.

"It may not, perchance, surprise you, Colonel Maunsel, to be told that my search—strict though it has been—has proved fruitless," pursued the Ironside captain; "but though foiled for the moment, I am not to be beaten, as you will find to your cost. Three persons have escaped me—two of your own retainers, and a third person, hidden within this room, whose flight has been traitorously abetted. Now, mark me, colonel. I know you to be proud and stiff-necked, like all your rebellious party; but regard for self may sway you. The three persons I have alluded to are still in your house. Produce them, and you will save me some trouble and yourself vexation. Refuse, and I shall take other three persons in their stead, to be dealt with as the authorities may see fit. You yourself, colonel, will be one of my prisoners." And he slightly paused to note the effect of his words upon the old Cavalier.

"Proceed, sir," said the other, firmly.

"The second person I shall take will be Master Beard," pursued Stelfax, speaking with great deliberation. "The third will be his daughter."

"His daughter!" exclaimed the colonel, starting. "You dare not do it. On what pretence would you make her a prisoner?"

"I render an account of my actions to those only who have the right to question me, colonel," rejoined Stelfax, "and such is not your case. It will be painful to act thus harshly, I admit; but you enforce severity upon me. Deliver up the three men to me, and I depart at once, without offering you further molestation."

"I cannot do so," groaned the colonel—"I would not, if I could."

"Ay, there the truth came out," Stelfax retorted, with a bitter laugh. "That you *can* produce them if you will, I wot full well.

It grieves me to the soul to deal harshly with this comely and delicate damsel. That I am forced to do so is owing to perverseness on your part—not to want of humanity on mine.”

“Affect not to feel for me, I pray you, sir,” cried Dulcia. “Your pity is unneeded and unsolicited. If Colonel Maunsel and my father are made prisoners, I desire to go with them.”

“Make yourself easy, my child,” Mr. Beard said. “This man will not venture to stretch his authority so far. He cannot mean to do as he avouches.”

“Not mean it!” Stelfax echoed, in a jeering tone; “you will see anon whether I mean what I say or not, Master Beard.”

“At least give ear unto me,” said Micklegift, advancing towards him.

“Peace! I will not listen to thee,” cried Stelfax, roughly.

“Yet have I something to say unto thee to which thou wilt willingly attend,” said Micklegift, in no wise abashed by the other’s rudeness. “It is not meet that this damsel should be made thy captive.”

“Intercede not for me, I entreat you, sir?” cried Dulcia, fearing that he meditated treachery. “If my life is to be sacrificed, I will give it cheerfully.”

“Nay, your life is not endangered, maiden,” said Stelfax; “merely your liberty—for the which, I repeat, you have to thank Colonel Maunsel.”

“I say unto thee again, captain, the damsel’s liberty must not, and shall not be constrained,” said Micklegift.

“Hold thy peace, I say! thou froward fellow,” cried Stelfax. “The damsel herself desires not thy mediation.”

“Indeed I do not,” implored Dulcia. “Beseech you, good sir, let the matter be,” she added to Micklegift.

“Thou hearest what she says,” cried Stelfax. “Trouble me no further.”

“I will not let the matter be,” exclaimed Micklegift. “I tell thee, for the third time, thou shalt not take the damsel. Even if she would go freely with thee, she shall not do it.”

“This passeth all endurance,” roared Stelfax, stamping his foot with rage. “What ho! guard!” he shouted. And half a dozen troopers instantly answering the summons, he continued, “Seize this pestilent fellow who hath dared to wag his evil tongue against me, and disputeth my authority. Thrust a kerchief into his mouth to stop his mischievous clamour. Cast him from the house—and suffer him not, on any pretence, to enter it again.”

The Ironside leader’s injunctions were instantly obeyed. Micklegift’s arms were seized and pinioned behind his back, while a cloth thrust into his mouth prevented his utterance. In this guise, and exposed to further ill-usage as he was forced out of the room and hurried down stairs, he was kicked out of the house, amidst the jeers of the troopers, and of such of the household as witnessed his ignominious expulsion.

## III.

## HOW THE CAPTAIN OF THE IRONSIDES TOOK POSSESSION OF THE COLONEL'S CHAMBER.

No one among the Royalists, except good Mr. Beard, regretted the summary dismissal of the Independent minister. Dulcia, indeed, regarded his ejection as a most fortunate deliverance, being convinced that he was about to betray Clavering, when his design was frustrated by the Roundhead leader's unwillingness to listen to him.

Captain Stelfax's secret object, however, was to get rid of one whom he looked upon as a troublesome rival. Having accomplished his purpose, he withdrew to the further end of the room, where he held a long consultation with Delves. The old Cavalier, who watched them narrowly, was at no loss to understand from the captain's gestures that he was discussing the possibility of the fugitives still being concealed within the chamber; and it was with no little alarm that at one moment he perceived the glances of both the Ironsides directed towards the mantelpiece. But his alarm was dispelled as quickly as it arose. Stelfax shook his head as if to intimate that no one could have found refuge there.

His conference ended, the captain of the Ironsides marched up to the old Cavalier, and said, "I have resolved upon remaining here till to-morrow, Colonel Maunsel, and if by that time the three persons I have demanded from you be not delivered up to me, I shall be compelled to execute my threat in respect to yourself, Master Beard, and his daughter. If you are put to inconvenience in finding accommodation and provisions for my men, you must not blame me."

"I am in your power, sir, and must perforce submit," the colonel replied. "What is your further pleasure?"

"Humph!" exclaimed Stelfax. "I have no particular orders to give. My men must be well fed, and well lodged—but they will see to those matters themselves—and it will be best to content them. As to myself, I shall merely require this room for my occupation."

"This room!" the colonel exclaimed, visibly embarrassed. "Will none other serve your turn? This is my own sleeping-chamber."

"You must resign it to me for to-night, colonel," Stelfax rejoined; noticing, with secret satisfaction, the other's dismay. "I have taken a fancy to it, and cannot study your convenience."

"So it seems, sir," said the old Cavalier, feeling that remonstrance would be useless, and perhaps dangerous. "You will not object, at least, to my making some little arrangements within the chamber, and removing a few trifling articles before you take possession of it."

"Assuredly not," Stelfax replied. "Remove what you please, colonel. But what you do must be done in my presence, or in the presence of Sergeant Delves."

"I find I am indeed a prisoner," sighed the colonel, "since my every movement must needs be watched."

"Recollect that you yourself render this rigour necessary," Stelfax rejoined; "and thank me that I deal not more harshly with you. For you, fair damsel," he added to Dulcia, "you are at liberty to retire to your own apartment, if you are so minded. But forget not that you are a prisoner to the house; and if summoned to my presence, fail not in prompt attendance. Master Beard, you can go with your daughter—on the same conditions."

Not venturing to remain after this dismissal, Dulcia and her father reluctantly, and full of misgiving, withdrew.

Colonel Maunsel hoped that he might have been left alone within the chamber for a few minutes, and so snatch an opportunity of communicating with those within the hiding-place; but this being denied him, he would fain have tarried within the room. But here again his wishes were defeated, for Stelfax soon afterwards signified to him, in a tone that left no alternative but compliance, that he might retire. The only favour he could obtain was permission to send Martin Geere for such articles as he might require for the night. This accorded, he withdrew.

It was not without considerable trepidation that old Martin executed his master's orders; and, on returning to the library, whither the colonel had repaired, the old serving-man reported that Stelfax had caused a great wood fire to be lighted, before which he was comfortably seated—a piece of intelligence which did not tend to mitigate the old Cavalier's anxiety, since it decreased the chances of his son's escape.

Deeply did Colonel Maunsel now regret that he was deprived of the assistance of John Habergeon, whose shrewdness might have helped him at this fearful emergency. But John was a prisoner as well as Clavering; and as to poor old Martin Geere, he was so bewildered as to be utterly incapable of lending efficient assistance. Resignation, therefore, was all that was left to the old Cavalier. He tried to calm himself, but in vain. Suspense and anxiety quite overmastered him, and reduced him at last to a state of almost stupor.

If the colonel was plunged into the depths of gloom and dependency, Dulcia and her father were scarcely less miserable. In vain the good clergyman sought to console his daughter. His arguments fell upon deaf ears. The poor damsel's faculties were benumbed by terror, and for some time she scarcely gave a token of consciousness—all the efforts of her father and Patty Whinchat failing to rouse her.

And now to glance at the Ironsides. As may be supposed, the

troopers were by no means displeased by the information that they were to pass the night at the Grange. Like true soldiers, they knew right well when they were in good quarters, and were in no hurry to depart. The supplies of the larder and the buttery, notwithstanding the large demands made upon them, were by no means exhausted; and if this stock of provisions should fail, there were sides of bacon, hams, and cheeses in reserve within the store-room—while poultry and pigeons in any quantity could be had from the farm-yard. Ale and wine were unstinted. Yet with all this indulgence there was no relaxation of discipline. The sentinels were changed every hour, and constant and strict watch was kept at all the points of the house.

It being the object of the household to keep their unwelcome guests in good-humour, everything was done to promote this object. Accordingly, Giles Moppett, Elias Crundy, with the cook and the scullion-wenches, were unremitting in their efforts to please the red-coats, whom Moppett privately declared to be as ravenous as wolves, and as thirsty as camels. On their part, the Ironsides did not give way to any great licence, and took care not to drink to excess, but they smoked incessantly, and made the whole house reek like a tavern with the fumes of tobacco. They went about where they listed, without displaying much respect for the persons they encountered. Thus, three or four of them, smoking of course, entered the library where the unhappy colonel was seated, and, regardless of his looks of anger and disgust, continued to puff away at their pipes as they leisurely examined the portraits on the walls, or other objects that attracted their attention, passing unseemly comments upon them. One of them—it was Helpless Henly—taking up the “*Eikon Bisliké*,” tore the book asunder in a rage, and flung the fragments into the fire. Besadaiah Eavestaff and Tola Fell intruded themselves in the same way upon Mr. Beard, and one of them being a Fifth Monarchy Man, and the other a Muggletonian, they sat down, and sought to enter into a controversy with him. Doubtless, Dulcia, who withdrew with Patty, on the appearance of the two troopers, into an inner apartment, would have been subjected to like annoyance, but that Captain Stelfax had given express orders that her privacy should be respected.

As to the Ironside leader himself, he remained for more than two hours in the colonel's chamber, where, as we have already stated, he caused a wood fire to be lighted, and where subsequently a copious repast was served him, of which he partook. His meal ended, it occurred to him to make an external examination of the house; but, on going forth, he did not allow the room to remain untenanted, leaving Sergeant Delves and three troopers within it, and giving them strict orders on no account to go forth, even for a moment, until his return.

## IV.

OF THE MESSAGE SENT BY MICKLEGIFT TO STELFX; AND OF THE PLAN FOR  
ENSNARING THE FUGITIVES DEVISED BY THE LATTER.

ALL the sentinels were at their posts as Stelfax went his rounds, and nothing to excite suspicion had occurred. He next visited the stables, and, as matter of precaution, directed that his own charger, and half a dozen troopers' horses, should be kept saddled and bridled. This done, he proceeded to the garden, in order to study the architecture of the back part of the mansion. The massive chimney in which the lurking-hole was contrived stood on this side of the building, and projected far from the wall, rising from its base in gradations like those of a buttress. Stelfax easily made out the position of the hiding-place, but could detect no other recess of the kind. He was in the act of measuring the projection of the chimney, when Helpless Henly brought word that two persons were at the outer gate, desiring speech with him. On inquiry, these individuals proved to be Nehemiah Lift-up-hand and Lawrence Creek. Stelfax consenting to see them, Henly departed, and presently returned with the two men. Very grave salutations passed between the Ironside leader and his visitors.

"We have come to thee, valiant captain," premised Nehemiah, who acted as spokesman, "on behalf of the godly Master Increase Micklegift, to remonstrate with thee on thy behaviour towards him, and to see if thou wilt make him some amends for the maltreatment he hath received."

"Ye will lose your labour, good sirs," Stelfax rejoined, sternly. "I will make Master Increase Micklegift no amends. I have driven him from the house, and forbidden him to return to it."

"This we know, captain," said Nehemiah, "and we grieve that thou shouldst have so far stretched thy authority against the good man. He meant thee well, and in his humility and Christian charity is willing to overlook the dishonourable treatment he hath experienced, and to be reconciled unto thee."

"I rejoice to hear it," Stelfax rejoined. "Is this the sum of his message to me?"

"No, captain," said Nehemiah. "The good man wishes to be allowed to confer with thee."

"A mere pretence to obtain admission to the house," thought Stelfax. "He desires to confer with me, thou sayest?" he added aloud. "On what matter?"

"Nay, I am not in his confidence, valiant captain," Nehemiah replied; "but I know that his business is of moment."

"Ere I make a reply, I would put a question to thee in my turn, good master messenger. Said he aught to thee concerning the daughter of the Episcopalian divine, Master Beard?"

"Yea, verily, he told me thou hadst threatened to take her away as thy captive," Nehemiah answered. "But he added, that he felt assured thou wouldst not carry thy menace into effect, inasmuch as he could show thee cogent reasons against it."

"And what, I prithee, were those weighty reasons of his, good master messenger? Did he mention them?"

"He hinted, as the phrase is, that he had an offer to make to thee, provided thou wouldst engage to leave the damsel unmolested."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Stelfax. "Take back my answer, good master messenger, and say unto Micklegift that I reject his proposal, whatsoever it may be. I will have nought to do with him. He is faithless and perverse, and in league with the Amalekites, and if he presents himself again within this dwelling while I am here, I will cause him to be driven forth with blows and fustigation. Say this to him, without circumlocution."

"Since thou thinkest thus unjustly of the worthy man, captain, nothing more can be said," Nehemiah rejoined; "I scarcely like to add what he desired us to declare unto thee in case a deaf ear should be turned to his remonstrances."

"Forbear not out of consideration to me, I prithee, good master messenger," Stelfax rejoined. "Speak out, and fear not."

"Thus, then, spake he, captain," Nehemiah rejoined, boldly. "He offers you friendship and aid; but if you reject them, you may count upon his enmity."

"I laugh at his threats, good master messenger," Stelfax rejoined. "Go tell him so, and rid me of your presence."

"We grieve that our mission to thee has failed," said Lawrence Creek. "Fear not our troubling thee again, for we are both about to depart, on the instant, from this village of Ovingdean. Fare thee well, captain. Peradventure, thou mayst regret thou didst not listen to the peacemakers."

With this the two men departed; while the Ironside leader, turning impatiently on his heel, strode off in a different direction across the grass-plot.

"A pertinacious and malicious knave this Micklegift!" ejaculated Stelfax, as he continued angrily to pace the sward, "and doubtless he will do me an ill turn if he can; but I despise him. The pitiful varlet hath the presumption to aspire to the hand of the lovely Dulcia; but even if she would listen to his suit—which is most unlikely—he shall never have her. No; she shall be mine. Of that I am resolved. No damsel hath ever pleased me so much. She seems to scorn me, but I will find means to bend her stubborn spirit. Ah! I have it!" he exclaimed, his eye kindling, as a plan suddenly flashed across him. "She shall help me to discover those I seek. They are in that room, I am certain."

No sooner was the plan formed than it was acted upon. Re-entering the house, he went up-stairs to the old Cavalier's chamber,



and ordered Delves to summon Colonel Maunsel, with Mr. Beard and Dulcia, to his presence.

In a few minutes, the three persons thus sent for made their appearance, preceded by the sergeant, and guarded by half a dozen troopers, armed with carabines, among whom were Besadaiah, Tola, and Helpless Henly. The lynx-eyed captain of the Ironsides watched the Royalists closely on their entrance, and detected certain glances from which he drew tolerably correct inferences.

"I shall have the fugitives now," he thought.

Clothing his countenance with its most awful frowns, Stelfax strode up to the little group, and said, in a threatening voice, "I have sent for you, Colonel Maunsel, to put an end to this business. I perceive that I have been trifled with, and am therefore resolved to pursue a different course. I ask you, for the last time, will you deliver up these fugitives to me?"

"I have but one answer to give to the question," the old Cavalier said, "and that is a refusal."

"And you likewise persist in refusing to disclose their hiding-place, eh, Master Beard?" pursued Stelfax

"I do," the clergyman answered, firmly.

"My final appeal must be made to you, damsel," the Ironside captain went on; "and I would fain hope that you may spare me from a painful task which stern duty imposes. By enabling me to secure these fugitives—who can be nothing to you—nothing in comparison, I mean—you will save Colonel Maunsel and your father from the torture."

"From torture!" ejaculated Dulcia, in affright.

"Heed not what this crafty and cruel man says to you, Dulcia," cried the colonel, "and let not a word escape your lips that may imperil those whose lives hang on your firmness. He dares not put his threat in execution."

"Dares not!" exclaimed Stelfax. "Look you, Colonel Maunsel, I have already been told in this very room that I dare not execute my threats, but the time is come when you will find out your error. My warrant is not from the Parliament, or even from the Council, but from the Lord General himself, and I am empowered by it to deal with refractory malignants as I see fit—as I see fit, colonel—there is some latitude in that phrase, methinks! If I think fit to shoot you in your own court-yard, or to hang you at your own gate, I can do it, and my warrant will bear me out."

"I doubt not that the murderer of his most sacred Majesty will absolve his followers from any crime, however foul," rejoined the colonel.

"That taunt may cost you your life, sir," Stelfax rejoined. "But it is to you, damsel, and not to this imprudent man, that I address myself," he added to Dulcia. "Must I send forth Colonel Maunsel and your father to endure the torture?"

"Oh! no—no—no! I implore you to spare them!" she cried, falling on her knees before him.

"I must shut my heart to your entreaties, damsel," Stelfax said. "Speak! and I show pity—not otherwise!"

"Be firm, Dulcia," Colonel Maunsel exclaimed. And a like injunction was laid upon her by her father.

"You cannot have the heart to carry out your threat?" Dulcia said, rising to her feet.

"There is only one way to move me," he said, in a low voice, and catching her arm. "Be mine!"

"Yours!" she exclaimed, regarding him with mixed disgust and terror, and almost doubting whether she had heard aright. "Yours! Never!"

"Reflect!" he said, under his breath. "I love you to desperation. Be mine, and they are safe. Nay, I will depart without further search."

"Oh! merciful Heaven! what have I done to deserve this trial?" Dulcia ejaculated. "Tempt me not," she added.

"Say the word, and it is done, according to my promise!" Stelfax whispered, thinking he had prevailed.

"I cannot say it," she rejoined, in a tone of anguish. "Whatever may happen, I can never be yours. I would die a hundred deaths first."

"Enough, proud damsel!" he exclaimed. "You shall find what it is to brave my displeasure. Sergeant Delves," he continued, in an inflexible tone, "take these two malignants to some lower chamber suitable for the purpose. Let both undergo the torture of the boot, unless the first to endure the pain shall reveal where the fugitives are hidden. Begin with Colonel Maunsel."

"Oh! no, for pity's sake, spare them!" cried Dulcia, again falling on her knees before him.

"Arise, Dulcia, I command you," Colonel Maunsel cried. "Come, sir," he added to Mr. Beard, "the base rebels and regicides shall find how little power hath torture over a loyal English gentleman, ever prepared to die for his king; and upon a clergyman of England's true Church, whose life has been spent in his Maker's service. They shall not wring a groan from me."

"Nor from me," Mr. Beard said, with equal firmness.

"Away with them, and put their boasted resolution to the proof!" cried Stelfax, forcibly disengaging himself from Dulcia.

Overcome by terror, the distracted damsel uttered a scream that made the whole chamber ring with its piercing sound. Full of the deepest commiseration, her father and Colonel Maunsel, who were moving on towards the door under charge of Delves and the troopers, turned to look at her; but their attention was instantly diverted to another object. That cry of agony had summoned other actors to the scene. Scarcely had it ceased, when the pillar masking the secret entrance to the hiding-place flew back, and

Clavering Maunsel stepped forth. He was quickly followed by John Habergeon and Ninian.

"Ho! ho!" Stelfax exclaimed, with an exulting laugh. "Here are the men I want."

On sight of Clavering, Dulcia started to her feet, and flew towards him, while he, yielding to irrepressible emotion, and seemingly insensible to the peril in which he stood, pressed her to his bosom.

Meanwhile, Stelfax regarded the young man narrowly.

"This is not Charles Stuart!" he exclaimed. "Who art thou?" he demanded.

"I have no longer any motive for concealment," the other answered. "I am Clavering Maunsel."

"Clavering Maunsel!" echoed the Roundhead leader, in surprise. "Then the report that thou wert slain at Worcester was false?"

"It was false, since you behold me here," was the answer.

"Imprudent boy!" the colonel exclaimed, in accents of mingled grief and reproach. "Thou hast doomed thyself to destruction."

"Alas! alas! I am to blame!" Dulcia exclaimed. "I have been the means of betraying him."

"Ay, that is quite certain," Stelfax remarked, with a bitter laugh.

"Not so! not so!" cried Clavering to Dulcia. "From yon hiding-place I overheard what was passing here; and think you I would have allowed my father and your father to undergo the torture on my account? I only waited till the last moment, in the hope that this dastardly villain would not execute his threat."

"Learn, then, that my order would *not* have been executed," Stelfax replied, with a derisive laugh. "'Twas but a device to lure thee from thy secure retreat, and it has succeeded. Ho! ho!"

"Alas! unhappy boy, why did you come forth?" groaned the old Cavalier. "Your retreat, you see, was not suspected."

"No, in good sooth it was not," Stelfax said. "Having myself searched the burrow and found it empty, I did not suppose it would be again occupied; nor can I conceive how the young man and his companions found access to it, unless they came down the chimney. Ah, I have hit upon the way taken, I find!" he exclaimed, perceiving a smile cross Ninian's countenance. "Possibly, if you had remained quiet, you might have got off;" he added to Clavering; "but it is too late to think of that now."

"It is not too late to sell our lives dearly," the young Cavalier cried, brandishing his sword with the only arm capable of wielding the weapon. "You, John, will stand by me—and you also, Ninian?"

"To the last!" they both responded.

"Oh! that I had my trusty sword in my grasp!" added John Habergeon. "I would quickly cut a way through them."

"Give fire if they stir!" Stelfax shouted to the troopers.

And the carabines of the Ironsides were levelled at the young Cavalier and his companions.

"I am the cause of your destruction. It is meet I should die with you," cried Dulcia, still clinging to Clavering.

"Hold!" thundered Stelfax to his followers. "That damsel must not be injured. Upon them, and disarm the young man!"

"It is needless," cried Clavering, throwing down his sword. "I yield myself a prisoner."

"Sdcath! captain, wherefore did you yield?" John Habergeon grumbled. "Why not let us fight it out? We can but die once."

"And never better than now," added Ninian.

"It is useless to struggle against destiny," Clavering cried.

"Ay, it is quite evident that Providence—or, as you profanely say, Destiny—is against you and your party," Stelfax observed. "The Lord has declared himself on the side of those who observe his commandments. Remove these men!" he added to Delves.

At the word, the troopers surrounded the prisoners, none of whom offered any resistance, though both John Habergeon and Ninian eyed their captors fiercely. Dulcia, however, still clung despairingly to Clavering, while Delves sought, though with much forbearance, to remove her.

"Farewell, Dulcia!" Clavering cried, straining her to his heart.

"This is my last embrace. We shall meet no more on earth."

"Must we part thus!" she exclaimed, distractedly. "May I not go with you?"

"Your presence would only distract his thoughts from preparation for the death he will speedily have to encounter, damsel," the captain of the Ironsides remarked. "His life is justly forfeited for treason and rebellion against the Commonwealth, and it were idle to hold out any hope of mercy. Assuredly, none will be shown him. Better for himself he had died, as I deemed he had, at Worcester."

"Better, indeed!" echoed Clavering, mournfully.

"There must be an end of this leave-taking, damsel," Stelfax cried, with fierce impatience. "Bid him farewell, and for ever!"

Dulcia made an effort to speak, but the words expired upon her lips, and she fell, insensible, into Clavering's arms.

"Give her to me, and move on," cried Stelfax, advancing to take the fainting maiden from him.

"Off!—touch her not!" cried Clavering. "Here, sir, take her," he added to Mr. Beard, who came up at the moment.

Sad was it to see the inanimate girl consigned to her father—sad to behold Mr. Beard's agonised countenance—sadder yet to mark Clavering's look of utter despair as he so relinquished her.

Colonel Maunsel appeared as if thunderstricken—almost unconscious of what was passing around him. He had sunk, in a heavy, despairing, listless state, into a chair; and it was only when the prisoners were being led forth by the guard that he roused himself.

"Farewell, my dear father," said Clavering, pausing, and regarding him piteously.

"What say'st thou, my son?" the old Cavalier rejoined, passing his hands over his eyes to clear his vision. "Where goest thou?"

"To my last fight," Clavering replied, "where I trust I shall comport myself as courageously and as well as our martyred king did upon the scaffold."

"What! are they taking thee to execution?" cried his father, the dreadful truth rushing suddenly upon him.

"Not to present execution, as I judge, sir," Clavering answered. "I would it were so, for I am a-wearied of life. But you know what mercy is to be expected from these regicides. Give me your blessing ere I go forth," he added, bending the knee to him.

"You have it, my son!" exclaimed the old Cavalier, extending his arms over his head. "May the Father of Heaven, who supported our blessed King in his last hour, support thee in thine!"

"Delay no longer, sergeant," cried Stelfax, wishful to interrupt the scene. "Remove the prisoners, and wait my further orders in the hall of entrance."

Upon this, Clavering arose, and tearing himself from his father's embrace, moved on.

"Farewell, your honour," said John Habergeon, halting a moment by his old master. "Give yourself no concern about me. I shall die a dog's death at the hands of these cursed rebels—but what matters it? I have ever been a loyal subject to my king, and a faithful servant to the best of masters, and that will be my consolation at my last hour. May I take your hand at parting?"

"Farewell, my faithful servant," the old Cavalier replied, warmly grasping John's rugged hand; "we shall not be long separated."

"It were but mockery to wish your honour long continuance in a world like this, where only roguery prospers—you were better out of it," John said. "So, I hope we may soon meet in a place where rebels and regicides will never enter."

"Amen!" the colonel responded; "farewell, John! And farewell to thee, too, my poor fellow!" he added to Ninian, as the latter came up. "'Tis a pity thou shouldst be cut off thus early. But they may spare thee on the score of thy youth."

"I will not ask grace at their hands on that plea—or any other," Ninian replied, resolutely. "Trust me, I will not discredit your honour's house. My last cry shall be, 'Confusion to old Noll, and long life and a speedy Restoration to the lawful ruler of this realm, his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second!'"

"Gag him, if he dares give utterance to further treason," roared Stelfax, furiously. "Away with them at once, sergeant! Wherefore dost thou suffer them to abuse my patience thus?"

Upon this, Delves put the men in motion, and conducted the prisoners down the principal staircase to the entrance-hall, where Stelfax soon afterwards joined him.

## V.

HOW THE CAPTAIN OF THE IRONSIDES INSPECTED THE VILLAGE CHURCH,  
AND MADE ANOTHER CAPTURE.

GREAT was the consternation throughout the Grange when it became known that Clavering Maunsel and the two others were captured. All the serving-men flocked towards the entrance-hall to satisfy themselves of the truth of the report, and the sad spectacle they there beheld left them no doubt of its correctness.

In the midst of a circle of troopers, carabines in hand, stood the three prisoners; unbound, but deprived of all means of resistance. Clavering looked much depressed, but the other two cast defiant glances at the guard.

Near approach to the prisoners being interdicted, the passage leading to the kitchen and buttery, which opened upon the entrance-hall, was thronged with anxious spectators. Here old Martin Geere, Giles Moppett, Elias Crundy, and others, were stationed, conferring amongst themselves in whispers, and timorously looking on. They had been told by Besadaiah Eavestaff, who was posted at the upper end of the passage, that the prisoners would be taken to Lewes and lodged within the castle, but this was all they could learn.

The information, however, was not strictly correct. The captain of the Ironsides had no intention of departing immediately, having made up his mind to pass the night at the Grange. The capture of the fugitives did not occasion any change in his plans. A brief consultation with Delves as to the best means of disposing of the prisoners until the morrow, led the sergeant to suggest the village church as a temporary stronghold—churches, in those days, being not unfrequently used for such purposes, and even as stables. Stelfax thought the suggestion good, but in order to satisfy himself of its feasibility, he went forth with Delves to inspect the sacred structure.

The little church, it will be remembered, was but a short distance from the Grange, standing on the slope of the opposite down, and the two Ironsides soon reached it. On entering the porch, the door proved to be locked, whereupon Stelfax despatched the sergeant to the adjacent rectory for the key. While Delves departed on the errand, his leader strolled about the churchyard, examining the venerable structure from different points of view—not with any feelings of reverence for its sacred character, or admiration of its architectural beauty, but merely with a view to its adaptation to the purpose of a temporary stronghold. All was still around. The evening was serene and beautiful. The sun had sunk below the western hill; and the low square tower of the church was darkly defined against the glowing sky. The only object not in harmony with the peaceful scene was the formidable figure of the Ironside in his martial accoutrements.

Stelfax's examination of the sacred fabric was quite satisfactory to him. The tower at the west end of the structure appeared to offer all he could desire in the way of security. It had no outlet to the churchyard; its windows were only three in number, placed at a considerable height from the ground, acutely pointed, and so narrow as to preclude all chance of escape by their means. If the interior of the tower corresponded with its outward appearance it would suit the captain's requirements admirably.

Proceeding to the parsonage-house, Delves opened the door without troubling himself to knock at it, sought out Micklegift, and, on finding him, authoritatively demanded the key of the church. The Independent minister energetically refused to deliver it up, and hastily rising, strove to snatch it from a nail in the wall, against which it hung. But the sergeant was too quick for him, and possessing himself of the prize, departed with it.

Delves then joined his leader, while Micklegift, sorely annoyed at the occurrence, flew to his garden, which was only divided from the churchyard by a wall, and soon managed to obtain a position, whence, without betraying himself, he could command their proceedings, and overhear their discourse—so long, at least, as they remained outside the church. From the few words which passed between them previous to their entering the sacred edifice, he ascertained their design, and resolved to thwart it.

"So, this irreverend and unscrupulous soldier of the Republic," thus ran his meditations, "whose doings put to shame and tarnish the actions of his mighty general, Cromwell—this base officer having had the good fortune to capture the young fugitive malignant and his followers, purposes to bestow his prisoners for the night in my church, as in a stronghold or place of duress. It is well! Not for any love that I bear Clavering Maunsel—for, regarding him as a rival, I cannot but hold him in aversion; not for any desire I have to serve the Royalist cause, for I am strongly and conscientiously opposed to it; but because of the hatred I bear to this detested Stelfax, and because of the dishonourable treatment he hath shown me, will I confound his devices, and deliver these captives from his hands. Yea, I will set my wits to work to accomplish their liberation, and I doubt not of success."

While the Independent minister was forming this vindictive resolve, Stelfax and his companion had gained an entrance to the church, and the Roundhead leader found, on inspecting the interior of the tower, that the opinion he had formed of its security and fitness was fully justified. "If the place had been built for us," he remarked to Sergeant Delves, as they stepped into the chamber, "it could not have been better contrived."

The interior of the church tower formed a small square chamber, very lofty in proportion to its height:—the room, as we have heretofore stated, being used, at the present day, as a vestiary. Above was a little belfry, which could only be entered by a trap-door in

the ceiling; but, as a tolerably long ladder was required to reach this trap-door, and no ladder was at hand, little danger was to be apprehended in that direction. The walls were of solid masonry, coated with plaster and whitewashed. Internally, the tower was some feet lower than the ground outside it, so that the windows were elevated in like proportion from the floor, and far out of the reach of the tallest man. We have already shown that they were too narrow to allow even a slightly-built person to pass through them. The chamber was entirely empty. The sole entrance to the tower was from the body of the church; the door being of stout oak, studded with flat-headed nails, and fitted into a pointed arch.

Having completed their survey, Stelfax and the sergeant quitted the sacred fabric, locking the door as they went forth, and taking the key with them. As they passed through the churchyard, the Ironsides leader made some observations upon the strength and security of the tower, and its suitability for their present purpose, wholly unconscious that his observations reached the ears of Micklegift.

Issuing from the little gate of the churchyard, the Ironsides were about to descend the green slope leading to the valley, when, to their surprise, they perceived a couple of horsemen dash suddenly down the steepest part of the escarpment on their left—the same hillside, in fact, only at a more abrupt declivity, on which the church itself was built. The horsemen were not more than a hundred yards off on first coming into sight, but while they themselves were fully visible to the Ironsides, the latter were screened from view by an intervening hedge, and a cluster of overhanging trees. Both horsemen were remarkably well mounted, and appeared to be making for the Grange. Stelfax and his companion stood still to watch their course. Something there was in the appearance of the horsemen that led both lookers-on to the conclusion that they were fugitive Cavaliers; and the curiosity of the Ironsides was greatly excited to learn who they were, and what could have brought them to the Grange, at a moment of such peril to themselves. Meanwhile, the supposed Royalists, totally unconscious of danger, galloped on, and were now almost at the gates of the mansion.

“If yon madmen be malignants, as I take them to be,” cried Stelfax, with a laugh, “they will fall headlong into the lion’s den. To the house, sergeant, and let us assist in their capture!”

So saying, he drew his sword, and closely attended by Delves, who likewise plucked forth his blade, he ran down the slope, and made for the house-gates with all possible despatch.

Another instant confirmed the suspicions which both Ironsides had entertained, that the horsemen were Royalists. Scarcely had the twain entered the gates, through which they rode with insensate haste and utter recklessness of consequences than they



were challenged by the sentinels posted within the court. At once comprehending the peril in which their inadvertence had placed them, the reckless horsemen endeavoured to back out. Seeing this, one of the troopers rushed towards the gates, in order to close them, and cut off their retreat, while the other, presenting his carbine, threatened to fire if they moved. Nothing daunted, however, the Cavalier against whom the musket was levelled, and who was but a short distance from the sentinel, having managed to draw his sword, struck the weapon from the man's grasp. The carbine went off as it fell, but did no mischief.

All this was the work of a minute, and so rapidly had the horsemen turned, that the one next the gates passed through them before the trooper could swing round the heavy iron frames to prevent his exit; while even the hinder Cavalier would have made good his retreat, if Stelfax and the sergeant had not come up at the juncture. Springing at the foremost horseman, Delves made an effort to arrest him, but the Cavalier, plunging spurs into his steed, dashed against him with such force as to hurl him to the ground; in which position the sergeant discharged his pistol at the fugitive, but without effect.

Less lucky than his companion, who thus got off uninjured, the second Cavalier had to encounter Stelfax, who rushed up to him without hesitation, and, seizing his bridle, bade him surrender. The Cavalier replied by a desperate cut at the Ironside leader's head, which might have cleared the way for him if it had taken effect; but Stelfax warded off the blow, and, catching hold of his antagonist, dragged him by sheer force of arm from his horse. The contest, though taking some time to narrate, had been, in reality, so brief that no one else could take part in it; though several troopers rushed towards the scene of strife.

The luckless Cavalier who had thus been captured by the stalwart Ironside leader, was tall and well proportioned. His attire was sad-coloured, and of Puritan plainness, and his locks cropped close to his head. Nevertheless, his looks and deportment did not agree with these symbols of Puritanism. He was a man of middle age, but of undiminished energies, as his hardy opponent had discovered.

While holding the discomfited Cavalier in his iron grasp, Stelfax scanned his features for a short space; and then shouted to Delves, who by this time had regained his legs, demanding, "Tell me—whom dost thou hold this malignant to be?"

"It is not Charles Stuart," the sergeant replied, surveying the captive.

"Charles Stuart!—tush! This man is of middle age. Look again, and carefully. Hast thou beheld that face before?"

"Yea, verily have I, and at Worcester," the sergeant answered. "It is the face of one who, at that conflict, commanded the left

wing of the army of Abijam, the son of Rehoboam. It is the Lord Wilmot."

"Thou art right," Stelfax exclaimed. "It is the Lord Wilmot. Of a truth, this is an important capture—next to that of the Young Man himself, the most important that could have been effected, and the one that will give the greatest satisfaction to the Lord General. But though we have taken a commander of a division, the leader of the whole army may have escaped us. Peradventure, it was Abijam himself who hath just fled. Didst thou note the features and person of the man whom thou didst vainly essay to capture?"

"I looked upon him as he charged me," Delves replied; "and methought he was younger and more active than this man, and of a swartly complexion——"

"'Tis he!—'tis Charles Stuart in person! I am well assured of it," Stelfax cried out in great excitement. "Sound boot and saddle! I will pursue instantly. I will scour the country round but I will have him."

"You are deceived, sir," said Lord Wilmot, who had not hitherto uttered a syllable. "It is not the king who hath just ridden off. His Majesty is safe across the Channel."

"I will not take your word on that point, my lord," the Ironside leader rejoined. "What ho!" he vociferated at the top of his stentorian voice. "My horse without a moment's delay—'tis well I kept him ready for instant service—three men to go with me. The rest shall remain here to guard the prisoners till my return. The fugitive is yet in sight; but I shall lose him if ye delay—quick, knaves, quick! Ha! he has gained the top of the hill—he disappears—he will escape me if ye loiter!"

"Heaven be praised!" Lord Wilmot exclaimed, with irrepressible emotion.

"Give praises to Heaven if I fail to take your young monarch, my lord, but not before. Here comes my horse," cried Stelfax, vaulting into the saddle. "Lead our noble captive into the house, sergeant. Let his person be searched carefully, and then put him with the other prisoners. If I return not speedily, remove them all to the church tower, and keep strict watch over them. And hark ye, sergeant, if rescue be attempted, spare not, but smite."

"Fear nothing, captain," Delves replied. "I will make a terrible example of all such as oppose our authority."

Three mounted troopers having by this time joined their leader, the little party struck spurs into their horses, and galloped along the valley, and then up the steep escarpment on the left, pursuing the course taken by the fugitive; while Lord Wilmot was led into the house by Delves and the other Ironsides.

## A STORY OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

ONE of the most successful German novelists of the day is W. Hackländer, whom his countrymen proudly regard as their Charles Dickens. Lady Wallace has familiarised the British reader with one or two of his works, but there is a rich store still lying untouched. M. Hackländer's strength, however, in our opinion, lies in his power of sketching military scenes, and he bears a greater affinity to the Charles Lever of our youth. So high a position does he hold, that he was selected by the Emperor of Austria as historiographer of the Italian campaign, and we are awaiting with some impatience the publication of his promised volumes, for we have a fancy for hearing both sides of a story.

At present, however, we have not to deal with Hackländer's military novels, but will confine our attention more especially to his last work, "Tag und Nacht," which is a complete *tour de force*, as far as literature is concerned. It is decidedly something new to find a novel of some seven hundred pages compressed within the scanty limits of twenty-four hours, and we will submit the plot to our readers as a curiosity—perhaps as an example which might be followed by one or other of our novelists.

The story commences at one A.M., and we are introduced to a merry bachelor party, assembled at the house of a rich merchant, Herr Duvallet. It is evident that the hero will be Victor von Barring, a rich young amateur of music, while the heroine is represented by the merchant's daughter, Alice. The course of true love, as usual, does not run smooth. Victor is a poet at heart, and is fond of society, while Alice, brought up to domesticity by her careful mother, thinks nothing so pleasant as staying at home. She is rendered uncomfortable by finding that Victor is going to another party after leaving their house, and her heart tells her that Victor does not love her as she loves him. It must be borne in mind, too, that they are at present only friends, and nothing more. The two characters most developed are a Herr Scheidel, connected with the municipality, who breaks out on this annual festivity with reminiscences of his youth, and Herr Kohler, a retired broker, who spends his life in watching everything that goes on in the streets. In the words of our author, "Herr Kohler solved the riddle how to be busy all day, and yet remain his own master, to the satisfaction of his doctor and the amazement of his friends. He determined to make it his business to watch the behaviour of his fellow-men, not through any malicious design, but to spend his time profitably." With this purpose in view, the old gentleman was never absent when a diligence came in or went out, and soon became an institution at the post establishment, and it happened now and then that the departure of the coach was delayed for a couple of minutes because Herr Kohler had not arrived to make his inspection. The introduction of railways was a heavy blow to M. Kohler, because he could not be at all the stations at once. It was a dreadful day for him when the post was shut up, and grass began growing in the yard. He wept a sympathetic tear with the last of the postilions. Still he survived the shock, and we find him on this evening as merry as the youngest in com-

pany. At two o'clock the party broke up, Herr Scheidel singing in a very sentimental key an old student *Lied*.

We will follow Victor, who proceeded straight to the house of the Baroness von Molitor. Just as he was entering, the Countess de Follange seized his arm, and proceeded with him to the drawing-room. Private theatricals had been performed during the evening, under the direction of Herr Stifter, a celebrated artist, and intimate friend of Victor's. The two men proceeded into the garden, where Stifter began opening his heart. He was madly in love with the Countess Follange, whose portrait he had drawn, and was weighed down with a sense of his guilt, for he had a wife and two children at home. Victor sympathised with him, for he, too, was in love with the Baroness Molitor, but urged his friend to break off the intimacy, which he consented to do; but at that moment the countess joined him, and his resolutions were scattered to the winds.

The third hour of the morning need not detain us, as it was spent in conversation, and Victor was retiring as the clock struck three, when the baroness begged him to stay after the other guests were gone, as she wished to speak with him. We need not dwell on the wild thoughts that crossed the young man's mind as he sat *tête-à-tête* with the lovely woman, but confine ourselves to the subject of the interview. She had been married when still very young to the Baron von Molitor, and a daughter was born. After five years, however, the baron was attacked with an insane jealousy, for he was subject to periodical fits of madness, and his wife was compelled to leave him. The baron grew worse in consequence of this, and shut himself up with his daughter, whom her mother was never permitted to see. Her heart yearned for her child, and she implored Victor's assistance in rescuing her. If he did so, he might claim any reward from her he pleased. As the clock struck four, Victor quitted the baroness, more madly in love with her than ever.

At five in the morning we pay a flying visit to the house of Stifter, the artist, where we find his wife Therese engaged in packing a couple of trunks. Some good-natured friends have told her of her husband's infidelity, and she has decided on leaving him for ever, taking with her her two children. She carries out her design, and at six o'clock we find her sitting in the waiting-room of the railway, though she has not yet made up her mind whither she shall go. While waiting for the train to start, she mechanically takes up a newspaper, and her eye falls on an advertisement for a widow to take care of a young lady. While considering what steps she shall take, our friend M. Kohler most politely addressed her, and recommended her to secure her tickets, as the train was generally very full. He looked so honest a gentleman, that Therese took heart to speak to him about the advertisement, and to her joy discovers that it was M. Kohler who had inserted it. She expressed her willingness to undertake the duty, and Kohler started her off at once to his friend Duvallet, who had the entire management of the affair.

At seven o'clock we find the worthy Scheidel's family assembled to their coffee, and a very pleasant group they form. The wife was a cantankerous woman were there ever one, and leads poor Scheidel a most wretched life. By her first nuptials she had one daughter, Friederike, to whom a M. Weller, a rich merchant, is attached, and would gladly make her his own, but the young lady demurs. Her husband must have

done some astounding deed, about which the whole city talked, and there seemed no chance of the worthy grocer finding an opportunity. Hence, the worthy manna was much vexed at the marriage hanging fire, for it was high time for Friederike to be married, but she persisted. Fortunately, there seemed a change for the better in M. Weller, for the young lady's half-brother, Edward, had taken his future brother-in-law to the circus, and introduced him to a Mademoiselle Mariette, with whom he seemed excessively pleased, and who returned his polite attentions by allowing him to chalk her shoes. Something might come of this, Friederike thought, who knows?—a jealous rival—a duel!

At eight o'clock we call in at Victor's, whom we find already up and dressed. He is sitting at his piano, and at times surveying a large garden beneath his window, which belongs to the town-house of the Baron Molitor. He was speculating in what way he should set about carrying out the baroness's wishes, when Stifter rushed in to tell him of his wife's evasion. Victor told him candidly that his only chance of recovering her was by breaking off with the countess. He would have no difficulty in doing so, for she was false as she was fair. This Stifter would not believe, but Victor told him how to make the trial. He must tell her that he was not free, and that she must fulfil her promise of flying with him. Her answer would prove her sincerity.

Nine o'clock still finds us at Victor's, where he has another visitor in the shape of M. Kohler, from whom he acquires some information as to the character of the old baron. But his principal object is to ask Victor to give M. Weller some good advice as to how he can carry out the darling wish of his heart, and achieve greatness. Victor consented, and at ten o'clock the love-sick swain put in an appearance. He complained bitterly of Friederike's treatment, and mentioned various schemes that had occurred to him. His first idea was to chain up his junior clerk, a wretched-looking object, in his coal-cellar, and convert him into a Caspar Hauser. Then he schemed how he would mix Glauber salts with the vinegar he sold, and produce a decided sensation. Still, these plans did not allow any display of personal prowess, and M. Weller was in despair.

While they were conversing, a stone flew into the room through the open window, round which a piece of paper was folded. On taking it up, Victor found it was a threat that he would have an ounce of lead put into him if he did not leave off spying in the baron's garden; and this supplied him with a hint. He rapidly told M. Weller of the circumstances, and offered him a grand opportunity for distinction by bearding the lion in his den.

At eleven, we return once more to Madame Duvallet's, where Therese was waiting with her children to hear the decision as to her obtaining the offered situation. This happened to be at the Baron von Molitor's, whose last *gouvernante* had played him false, and he had shut her up in the dungeons of his castle. While Therese was conversing with Alice and her mother, Victor arrived to pay his morning call, and was naturally much surprised at finding her in such a place. After some reflection he requested a private interview, and Alice retired with the two children into an adjoining room, where, however, she could not help hearing every word uttered by the couple. At first, Victor upbraided Therese very

severely for her conduct, and the infuriated woman, racked by so many contending passions, turned fiercely upon him, and said that he was well fitted to defend her recreant husband, for was he not the lover of the Baroness Molitor, a married woman? At this confirmation of her worst fears, Alice uttered a gentle cry and fainted.

At twelve o'clock, M. Kohler arrived to conduct his fair widow to the baron's, and was rather vexed to find her on such intimate terms with so dangerous a young man as Victor. To tell the truth, the morning ride had played the deuce with the old gentleman's susceptible heart, and he had begun to think that he should like such a pleasant companion for life. Victor, however, managed to appease him, and he led Therese off after M. Duvallet, who had heard a part of her conversation with Victor, begged her in vain to reconsider the steps she was taking, and see whether she could not be reconciled to her husband. Victor, too, quitted the house in a strange state of excitement at Alice fainting, and began to feel a degree of tenderness towards the poor girl.

But now to return to M. Weller, who, having purchased a stout rope, got back to Victor's apartments at one o'clock, and prepared for his desperate enterprise. He bolted himself in, and, after attaching the cord to the chandelier hook in the ceiling, descended in safety into the baron's garden. He walked about the garden very cautiously, and found on a bench a small reticule, with a handkerchief in it, which he determined to carry off as a proof of his prowess. Unfortunately, he missed his way, and after wandering about a long time, was almost turned to stone by finding himself between two enormous dogs, which got up and walked by his side. Coolness alone could save him; he went back humming a tune to the rope, and having distracted the dogs' attention, he made a desperate spring. In a second, though, he came down again, for one of the dogs had taken a savage hold of the most unprotected part of his person, and the pain forced him to loose his hold. He seized an old broomstick, and kept the dogs at bay as well as he could, but their barking had attracted attention, and a watcher soon came up and collared poor M. Weller. In spite of his protestations he was dragged off to a cell, where he lay speculating very sadly on the disadvantages of heroism.

While this was going on in the garden, a carriage had drawn up to the entrance, from which M. Kohler and Therese descended. They were ushered into the presence of the baron, who was a savage old gentleman, with a huge white beard, and armed with a steel-headed mace, which he continually swung in a portentous manner. The young baroness was called in and took an immediate fancy to Therese, but the baron seriously warned her of the consequences of any infidelity. To heighten the effect, he ordered the prisoner to be brought in, and M. Weller made his appearance, much to Kohler's horror, loaded with chains, and his clothes in a deplorable state. The baron listened to his stammering excuses, but ordered him to be immured in one of the oubliettes, to perish of hunger.

Fortunately for M. Weller, Providence was watching over him in the shape of Victor's servant. He had been surveying the stout little gentleman through the keyhole, and when he saw him fasten the rope, felt convinced that he was about to hang himself. He rushed for the police, and when he returned found that his master had arrived. Victor understood at a glance the real state of the case, and applied to the head of

the police to save the little man. Hence a party of gendarmes arrived just in time to tear his prey from the baron.

The latter, infuriated, determined to take Lynch law, and raised his massive club to kill the culprit. At this moment Therese stepped forth, clutched his arm, and looked him steadfastly in the face. The baron was startled, and tried to escape from her; but she exerted her sway, and he ordered Weller and Kohler to be handed over to the police. By two o'clock the couple had safely reached Victor's lodgings, where Weller handed him over the reticule. With this our hero proceeded straight to the baroness, whom he found in her garden. It was a dangerous hour for both of them, for the recollections of their last interview shot across their minds; but the baroness had strength of will enough to escape from the temptation, and Victor rushed from the house in a state of frenzy.

Exactly as the clock struck three, the Count Follange proceeded to his wife's boudoir, determined to have a serious conversation with her; but her waiting-maid would not permit him to enter for the present. There was reason for it, as the lady was having a stormy interview with Stifter. She was determined on breaking with him, and demanded from him the key of her dressing-room door, which she had given him. The lovely fiend, however, soon hit on a plan to torture him into obedience: she feigned a desire for his departure, as she wished to speak with her husband. But Stifter thought she was going to receive some new lover, and would not accept her assurances. Hence she bade him listen to her from the dressing-room, where he was to wait till the clock struck three, and then retire without a sound.

It was a fearful hour for the countess: she had to feign love for her husband, whom she detested, and at any moment feared lest Stifter might burst from his concealment, and ruin her. Still not a sign revealed her anxiety. She was most kind and affectionate to her husband, and soon made him believe that she intended to change her mode of conduct. As the clock struck three she heaved a sigh of relief, for she heard the door open in the dressing-room. But the count heard it too; and though she told him that her maid had probably left the door ajar, he went to be personally satisfied. During his absence the countess was in a frightful state of mind: she breathlessly listened for some discovery, but her fears were removed when the count returned with a key he had picked up on the ground. She was saved! it was the key she had lent Stifter, and he had kept his word.

At four o'clock Victor proceeded to call on his uncle Duvallet, who had sent for him, and was much surprised to hear that the evidence of her love which Alice had shown in the morning had induced him to carry out a long-meditated scheme. He was about to give up business at once, and proceed to an estate he had bought in the country. He thought it better that Victor should not see Alice before their departure, but when the wound in her heart was cured he would write to him. Victor had not known before what he would lose by Alice's departure, but the old gentleman was resolute because he knew he was in the right, and Victor returned home in a very sad mood, after saying good day to Madame Duvallet, where he found Stifter awaiting him.

When the latter had told Victor all his woes, he listened to the story his friend had to tell, and a gleam of hope flashed across his mind. He

knew, at any rate, where his wife was going, and he determined to follow her, and keep her in sight. Victor, glad to get away from the town, offered to accompany him, and the artist hastened to pack up a few traps, and promised to meet Victor at the station at six o'clock. At this moment the merry laugh of children was heard from the baron's garden: they looked down from the window, and Stifter recognised his Therese. He called to her, but the distance was too great, and his wife speedily returned to the house.

While this scene had been taking place, M. Kohler had been narrating to Friederike, in his choicest language, the bravery her Weller had displayed, and the young lady was so proud of him, that she consented to make him happy. Kohler then hastened away to the station, which he reached by half-past five, for he had missed many trains during the day, but at six three started.

Among others who proceeded by the express train was his fair widow, and he was taking a sad farewell of her, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a rough voice exclaimed, "Throw him into the carriage, and take him to Klippenberg." Poor Kohler looked up in dismay: it was the old baron. He turned and fled. Hardly had the train started, than, to Kohler's amazement, Victor and his friend rushed into the station, just too late for it; but they proceeded by another train.

At this point the exigencies of the story compel M. Hackländer to break the dramatic unity. Morning and evening poor Kohler goes at six to the station, and sees friends departing—first the Duvallets, then M. and Mme. Weller—till at last he makes up his mind to take a tour himself, for he had never been on a railway yet. One evening, then, he took his seat in the farthest corner, and set off for the village nearest to Klippenberg, for he longed to see his widow again.

Some months have passed, and one evening, at seven, we rejoin Victor and Stifter, who are slowly recovering from their great sorrow. Victor occupies his time by teaching the school-children singing. Stifter gives them lessons in drawing, and they are both tolerably happy. On this evening Victor, however, was to be startled from his dreamy existence by a sudden shock. A party of ladies and gentlemen came to hear the children sing, and among them was Alice, grown quite a woman. She, however, paid not the slightest attention to Victor, and he felt intuitively that he had lost her for ever.

M. Kohler had put up at the village inn, where a plump, buxom landlady attended to his wants most kindly. The next day he went for a walk in the environs. He soon came to a pair of massive iron gates, which were hospitably open, and walked along the avenue. Suddenly he heard the sound of childish laughter, and saw a lady seated beneath the trees. He gazed steadfastly on her: it was she—his widow of the railway station! He bounded towards her with all the grace he could assume, but, recognising the young Baroness von Molitor by her side, he started back in terror: he had entered the lion's den—the dungeon was yawning for him. Therese, however, soon removed his fears, by telling him that the baron was quite tamed, and that his wife had returned to him. This was confirmed by the old gentleman himself, who insisted on Kohler proceeding with a gig to the village of Klippenheim, and asking for M. Stifter, the lady's husband.



Here was a pretty affair! Kohler regarded his fancied widow reproachfully, but old associations compelled his obedience. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when he found his old friend Victor, and told Stifter that his wife expected him at the castle. The artist hurriedly set off with M. Kohler, scarcely crediting his happiness, while Victor remained seated in the churchyard, in most melancholy mood. Suddenly he heard the rustling of a silken dress near him, and, looking up, recognised Alice. She had been led to believe by her crafty papa that Victor had lost his fortune, and was compelled to take a situation as an humble schoolmaster. It was the old story: pity was akin to love. Need we dwell on the blessed scene, or show how Alice's doubts were dispelled? Arm in arm the happy couple walked in the direction of M. Duvallet's house, their hearts purified by the suffering they had endured.

As the clock struck ten a man-servant showed the artist into the suite of apartments occupied by his wife, and he was amazed at all the luxury that surrounded her. Formerly she had begrudged every shilling laid out in comforts; now her apartments were splendidly furnished. Stifter's attention was most attracted by a magnificent atelier, such as he had dreamed of for years, but he passed through it, and entered his wife's sitting-room. As he drew near her, she said, "Good evening, Ferdinand!" The past was forgotten, and her husband threw himself, weeping, at his wife's feet. They were interrupted by the entrance of the baroness, who told them they were expected to supper at M. Duvallet's, and there was no time to lose. When they reached the house, the baroness kissed Alice affectionately on the forehead, and wished her joy, for she knew the conspiracy beforehand, and she was enabled to meet Victor quite calmly. It was a happy evening to all concerned, especially to M. Kohler, whom his old friend quizzed unmercifully for the interest he took in the buxom landlady of the Blue Pig.

It was very true: M. Kohler found everybody so happy around him, either married or on the point of being so, that he saw no reason why he should remain single any longer. He walked home from Duvallet's house in a state of great exhilaration; but, on reaching the railway, which he had to cross, he heard the shrill whistle of an up-coming train. True to his instincts, he stopped to inspect it, but to his horror overheard a conversation between the hostess and a female friend which boded little for his future felicity if he married her. The train, however, came up, and from one of the carriages M. Kohler heard a lady asking for water. Her husband stepped out to get some, and stumbled against Kohler, who recognised the happy Weller, returning from his wedding tour. He implored him to enter the carriage for a moment to keep his wife quiet, and good-hearted M. Kohler obeyed. Just at the moment, though, that Weller returned, and our old friend was about to get out, the whistle sounded, and the train sped onwards to its destination.

The lady's complaints sent Kohler gradually to sleep, and he suffered from a terrific dream. He fancied himself already married to the plump hostess, and that she was leading him an awful life. He was aroused by a scream, and, on opening his eyes, found that the train had arrived at the Residency! The sight of the familiar old station revived him, and the hearty welcome he received from all the officials soothed his heart. He had sacrificed his portmanteau and carpet-bag, but had retained his blessed liberty.

## GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

It is needless for us to say who the persons were of whose names the street functionary in the Rue Lepelletier was ignorant.

Contrary to his usual habit when alone with Bianca, the Marquis was silent all the way home; nor did he depart from his taciturnity on their arrival at the Hôtel de Saverne, save to salute her in the most formal manner when they separated for the night. The change was a great relief to her, though she could hardly refrain from speculating on the cause; but she soon dismissed the subject from her mind, other thoughts of far deeper interest resuming their place there. Several days had passed since last she received a letter from her father, and Monsieur de Gournay was so punctual a correspondent that Bianca was becoming anxious about him, fearing that his health might have suffered from the traditional bad character of the English climate.

The Marquis had his speculations also. Seated in the corner of his box, like a spider in the centre of its web, his eyes had watched Bianca's movements throughout the evening. He saw that she was not occupied by the performance on the stage—he felt, to his mortification, that his own words fell unheeded on her ear—and he set himself to discover, if possible, the nature of her preoccupation. Of whom or of what was she thinking? He had too little belief in filial attachment to give Bianca credit for that which was really in her thoughts.

“At her age, with her beauty,” he said to himself, “this girl must have seen and listened to some one, and she cherishes the recollection, or why this excessive coldness whenever I address her? I have shown her father and herself the utmost kindness—well, she cannot quarrel with the word, it is kindness, are they not both paupers? I am not yet too old to inspire a passion—no man is who can feel one—I have wealth unbounded—all the luxuries in the world might be hers if she chose to command them—and still she turns from me, and from them, with indifference! Hortense is wrong: it must be as I say. She has a lover! If I could but discover him! His fate would be as agreeable as that which is likely to be the fate of her credulous father—more so, perhaps, if he were as fairly in my power. Ah! what is the meaning of that sudden change of countenance? She was looking—where? Towards the *stalles d'orchestre*. Who can be there? I see many faces turned this way, and no wonder! A *lorgnette* is directed full upon this box. A young man holds it. There is impatience on his lips—no

other expression. But he is very persevering—the glass is not removed. Ah! now he takes it away, and speaks to somebody that is sitting beside him. They rise together and prepare to leave the house. And Bianca—what of her? Passive as before. Is it hypocrisy or unconsciousness? I cannot tell—but—I suspect her. All women, those who are young especially, merit suspicion."

"Certainly"—these were Monsieur de Saverne's ruminations in the carriage, and afterwards in his own chamber—"certainly the two men I saw outside the *Académie* were the same I observed within it. The air of that *vaurien*, who is clearly not a man of rank, cannot be mistaken. I have seen his face before, somewhere. That of his companion is unknown to me. As I raised the window both of them were staring hard at us—at her I should say—for their glances did not meet mine. It was too dark on her side to allow me to see if she noticed them. If it be as I think, there will be more of this. I will keep close watch. Nothing shall escape me. Luckily every one here is devoted to my will. Not an hour should one of them remain were it otherwise. Nevertheless, Baptiste shall have stricter orders. There is no man living inaccessible to bribery, but woe to him in whom I discover it! How beautiful she is! Ah! Bianca, Bianca, I cannot resolve to lose you! You must, you shall be mine!"

Restless and dissatisfied, Monsieur de Saverne walked up and down the room while he formed his resolution. What course should he adopt to make his words and wishes correspond? He had already taken one step towards their fulfilment. Monsieur de Gournay was in London, and everything was arranged for keeping him there: all but the last instructions had been given. Their transmission depended on Bianca. If she were cruel—so ran the Marquis's meditations—they must be sent at once, for fear of his return; if consenting, would the danger, considering De Gournay's character, be less? At all events, at every risk, he must tempt the issue of his project.

There are moments in men's minds when they throw aside all the calculations which have hitherto guided them, and allow themselves to be governed by a sudden impulse; and so it befel with the Marquis de Saverne.

"What hinders me," he said, "from trying my fortune now? She has been proof against the schemes of Hortense. I will see what she yields to fear."

He stopped at a *secrétaire* that stood near him, and opened a concealed drawer, in which were lying a brace of pistols, with damascened barrels of exquisite workmanship, and each engraved on the stock, in gold and platina, with his cypher and armorial bearings.

"Ah, Monsieur Lepage," he said, as he took up one of them, "when you made this instrument and its fellow you little thought to what use it would first be turned. But who can predict the destiny of a weapon? As well predict one's own!"

He examined the pistol as he spoke.

"Loaded! Well, I fancy there is no necessity for that. The sight of an object of this sort is generally enough for a woman. The empty barrel would answer the purpose. But it is no matter. Let it be as it is."

He thrust the weapon into the pocket of his dressing-gown, reclosed

the secret drawer, and, lighting a small shaded lamp, went to the door and looked out.

Everything was still. Indeed, there was little chance of its being otherwise, for, except on the nights when the Marquis received company, the servants kept early hours, and most of them slept in a distant part of the hotel, in the two ranges of buildings in the court-yard which flanked the principal entrance.

With a sinister smile, Monsieur de Saverne shut the door behind him, and noiselessly took his way along the corridor that led to Bianca's apartments.

Did he expect to find her up at that hour? It would seem so. Perhaps he knew something of her habits, for this was not the first vigil he had kept on her account; and from one of the rooms which he occupied he could see where a ray of light fell that showed if she had retired to rest or not.

That this was not the case on the present occasion he appeared to be fully aware, for he went straight to Mademoiselle de Gournay's studio, and cautiously tried the lock, but the door, he found, was fastened. Shielding his own light, he knelt down and examined the apartment through the keyhole. Bianca was there, writing, with her face towards him.

That direct admission could not be obtained seemed to cause the Marquis no disappointment. He rose from his knees, and, taking up his lamp, turned away from the studio, directing his steps along a passage which bounded Mademoiselle de Gournay's suite on the inner side. There was a door here also which led into the farthest room. He tried it—more as a matter of course than as if he expected to enter that way—and finding that it would not open, proceeded to the end of the passage. Arrived at this point, he placed the lamp close to the wall, and, after moving it slowly backwards and forwards for a few moments, pressed his thumb on a particular stain, and what was apparently solid yielded to his pressure; an aperture slowly disclosed itself, and he passed through it into Bianca's bed-chamber.

If any noise had been made by entering this way it was not likely to disturb Bianca where she sat, for another room intervened which Monsieur de Saverne had to cross before he could reach the studio; besides, in that large old house many sounds were heard which passed unnoticed. Monsieur de Saverne, however, used every precaution against the premature discovery of his presence, and with so light a step that no footfall betrayed his approach, drew nearer to his intended victim. It was an enterprise as daring as it was base, and all the daring by which he had been fortified was necessary to sustain him now. At the last moment he trembled and paused, and was even on the point of turning back and desisting from his purpose, when a deep sigh arrested his attention. It awoke the jealous pang which for a time had slumbered, and nerved him to the prosecution of his fell design.

Bianca's attitude had not changed during the interval since he saw her last. She was still sitting in the same position, facing the outer entrance, and the Marquis stood behind her chair, so near that he could see what she had written—the easier on account of her having leaned back from her occupation. The page was turned, and he read: "To

have you near me again, to be able once more to pour forth every thought that swells my bosom, to say to you what no one else should hear, once more to press you to the heart of your fond Bianca——”

Monsieur de Saverne's eyes were lit with flame as these words danced before them. She had seized the earliest opportunity of writing to the lover whose signal, he now felt certain, she had replied to at the Opera. Without an instant for reflection, or the slightest hesitation, Monsieur de Saverne bent forward and snatched the paper, which he crumpled up and tore to pieces. Mademoiselle de Gournay screamed and turned round.

Could she believe her senses?—was it possible?—was he who stood there, glaring upon her with that hateful expression, was he the Marquis de Saverne, her host and relation, and not some midnight robber?

“You here!” at length she said, unable to utter more.

“Yes, I, Bianca,” was the answer, in a low but determined tone. “Why here I need not tell you.”

Bianca recoiled from his extended arm in terror.

“Is he sane?” she whispered, scarcely above her breath, as she cast a rapid glance around to see if help were near, for she firmly believed that he was mad.

“I hear you,” he replied. “Yes, sane enough, save in one respect—that I love you to distraction. Hear me,” he went on, perceiving that she was about to speak, “I could not, would not, rest this night till I had told you of the passion by which I am devoured—that passion the existence of which can be no secret to you.”

“And was it for this,” returned Bianca, quivering with resentment, “that you came thus stealthily—how I know not—upon my privacy, violating the respect which you should have been the first to feel for one confided to your charge by her father, your friend and nearest kinsman? But it shall avail you nothing. Once before, in broad daylight, on this very spot, I repelled advances too familiar. You have dared, in the dead of the night, to exceed even that familiarity, and—forgetful of all delicacy, of all sense of honour—to commit an outrage which almost lacks a name; but here, at this hour, I tell you, in phrase plainer than my former speech, yet not so plain as my thought, that your addresses are as hateful to me as your person and character are repulsive. There remains but this,” she went on, with increasing energy, “that you instantly depart as you came, taking with you the assurance that to-night is the last I pass beneath your roof, that to-morrow I seek another home—find, rather, a place of refuge from insolent brutality.”

Fast as she could speak, Bianca gave utterance to these words, her features glowing with the anger out of which they grew.

“Leave you!” cried the Marquis, irritated by her scorn—“leave you to pen those terms of endearment which you know so well—when it suits you—how to employ. No! It was not for that purpose I came hither. Listen to me, Mademoiselle de Gournay,” he continued, recovering his usual manner, “I have already told you—everything that I have said and done since you have been my guest must have assured you—that you are the mistress of my affections. Look at your own position, and then consider mine! Your father's folly has made him a ruined man, has left you dependent upon I know not what for a precarious existence; it is not in his power to give you the means of living in that

ease and splendour which are your birthright, and the tribute to your beauty. I, on the contrary, have everything to offer that the ambition of woman can desire. The world reports that I am the richest man in France; and, for once, it speaks truth. Well, there is nothing that money can procure, there is no luxurious mode of life, there is no extravagant fancy, there is no capricious longing that you shall not indulge in, if you consent to listen to my suit. Observe, Bianca: unlimited sway, unbounded wealth and sovereign authority over a heart devoted to your happiness, on one side, and cold, naked, unmitigated poverty on the other! Who in their senses can hesitate which to choose?"

"I have heard you, Monsieur le Marquis," replied Bianca, with forced calmness, "and if I lose sight for an instant of your temerity, it is only to wonder at the meanness of soul which sets worldly advantage above all other considerations. You have fixed on an appropriate time to urge your pretensions, and have sustained them by as appropriate an argument. Learn, sir, that a De Gournay has indeed no hesitation between the conditions you name. I would rather live a whole lifetime of poverty with my father than pass a single hour in affluence as your wife."

Again the Marquis was unable to master the feeling excited by Bianca's contemptuous answer.

"My wife! Pardieu, Mademoiselle, you rate yourself at a fair price!"

Bianca looked at the speaker steadfastly, incredulous almost of what she heard; but she made no answer, and the Marquis went on:

"A whole lifetime of poverty with your father! That might very well be, provided you ever met with him again."

A sudden terror seized upon Bianca. The words of Monsieur de Saverne, added to her previous anxiety, filled her with alarm.

"Ah!" she cried, "you know, then, of some sinister event. My father?—he lives? he is well?"

"What has happened to Monsieur de Gournay," returned the Marquis, coldly, "is not my affair at present. What *may* happen to him depends entirely on yourself."

Bianca waited breathlessly for more.

"If," pursued Monsieur de Saverne—"if you wish to see your father again, free from all embarrassment, with his lost estate restored, and once more smiled upon by fortune, it rests but with you to say the word. Agree to be mine, and Monsieur de Gournay becomes a richer man than ever he was before."

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed Bianca—"must I marry on these terms!"

"I seek no such sacrifice," said the Marquis, drawing closer, and speaking in a lower tone. "Put marriage out of your thoughts, dearest Bianca—I ask only for love! A known relationship will warrant all appearances."

Mademoiselle de Gournay started, as if stung by an adder. Her half-formed suspicion was now a hideous reality.

"Villain!" she gasped forth. "Base, cowardly, contemptible villain! Terms of dishonour to a De Gournay! But I will expose you on the spot! I waste not another moment in summoning the house to my rescue!"

She rushed to the door as she spoke, and was in the act of turning the

key, when the rude grasp of Monsieur de Saverne tore her away, and held her fast.

"If you utter a single cry," he whispered, hoarsely, in her ear, "you do so with your last breath. See, I am armed! Attempt to expose me, as you say, and with this I shoot you dead!"

Bianca saw the pistol pointed at her breast. She was pale—but from resolution, not fear. Instead of shrinking before the threatened danger, she made a movement as if to meet it, and, springing forwards, fastened with both hands on Monsieur de Saverne's throat. He staggered under the suddenness of the attack, and the pistol dropped on the floor. Bianca heard it fall, looked round and seized it, and then retreating a few paces, levelled it at the astonished Marquis.

"It is my turn now," she said. "I know the use of this weapon. In a happy hour my father taught me. I answer your threat by another. Advance one step in this direction, and I fire. Delay to leave the room, and your blood be on your own head!"

In Bianca's glittering eye and firm set mouth the Marquis read a determination not to be shaken. Livid with rage, but abject and trembling, he moved towards the door. When he had opened it, he lingered for a moment's space, while he spoke.

"Monsieur de Gournay pays for this," he said. "You have sealed your father's fate!"

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### OUT IN THE STREETS.

ALONE once more, Bianca threw herself on her knees, and burying her face in her hands, prayed briefly but fervently. The sound of a footstep near aroused her, and, raising her head, she beheld Justine.

"Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle," said the *bonne*, "what is the matter? You look as pale as when I saw you just now in a frightful dream that woke me suddenly. Oh, such a dream! Fearing that you were ill, I rose and dressed myself as fast as I could. On my way here—at the other end of the corridor—I heard your voice, and, as I came nearer, that of—of—another I seemed to know. I hurried on in the dark—some one passed me as I approached—and when I entered I found you kneeling there. Tell me, Mademoiselle, what has happened!"

Bianca had risen while Justine was speaking, and now fell into her open arms, sobbing bitterly.

The affectionate *bonne* tried to soothe her with the tenderest words, but for some time all her efforts were vain. At length Bianca became more composed, and half doubting, half confident, she said, "Am I—yes—with you I am safe?"

"Who should harm you when I am near?" was the reply. "I would lose my life first. But say, Mademoiselle, what has frightened you?"

"We must leave this house, Justine. It is no place for me; and you, I know, will never quit me!"

"Never, Mademoiselle; wherever you go be sure that I follow."

In a few rapid words Bianca then related what had taken place be-

tween Monsieur de Saverne and herself. Indignation and amazement were depicted on Justine's countenance while she listened.

"You are right, Mademoiselle," she said, when all was told, "you cannot stay here any longer. Ah! if I had but arrived a little sooner!"

It was easy to see what she meant by this exclamation, as the Marquis would have found to his cost.

"Thank God you are here now!" replied Bianca. "But we have no time to lose. We must be gone before any one is stirring."

Justine needed no second intimation, and at once began to prepare for her mistress's departure.

Bianca would only suffer her to gather together a few necessaries, scrupulously leaving behind every article of dress or ornament that had been the gift of the Marquis, but retaining, in testimony of his villany, the weapon of which she had obtained possession.

"You, too, must leave something behind," said Bianca, "or we shall have more than we can carry. That, however, can easily be replaced, since I am well provided with money."

"Oh, as for that, Mademoiselle, my *paquet* is soon made."

Justine was as good as her word. Before she had been absent five minutes she returned with a very small bundle.

"This will not incommode us," she said, laughing; "but where do you mean to go to, Mademoiselle?"

That, indeed, was Bianca's dilemma. To join Monsieur de Gournay had been her first impulse, but there was a difficulty in the way of her project immediately. To travel to England, a passport was necessary. She knew so much, but how to procure one she was ignorant; neither could Justine inform her. Brought by her father direct from Gournay, and taken at once to the house of his friend, Bianca knew nothing of the accommodations of Paris, nor where to find an hotel. Such a place they must discover as well as they were able, for to return to the Faubourg Saint Germain was out of the question: the family of Monsieur de Montrichard was still absent, and it was there, as a matter of course, that the Marquis would make inquiry when he found that Bianca had carried her threat of leaving him into execution.

In reply to her *bonne*, Mademoiselle de Gournay said:

"Heaven must direct us, Justine, when once we have effected an escape. The question you have raised—which I, too, have thought of—shall not detain us now. My own desire is to get away as quickly as possible, and to do so unobserved."

"In that case, Mademoiselle," replied Justine, "it cannot be by the Rue d'Anjou, for the porter must see us when he pulls the *cordon*. But there is, fortunately, another way—across the garden—where a door opens into the Rue d'Astorg. I have frequently seen Monsieur Baptiste go out in that direction. To be sure we shall have to pass the apartments of Monsieur le Marquis, and perhaps the door may be locked!"

"At least," said Bianca, "the attempt must be made. In half an hour it will be daylight. Better stay in the streets than here!"

Collecting their slender store of baggage, they softly stole down stairs. The terrace door was only latched, and Justine opened it without noise. A faint light was discernible through the curtains of Monsieur de Saverne's dressing-room, but no one was visible, and they hurried on. At



the garden entrance, however, they were stopped. Justine's anticipation proved true: the door was fastened. But the delay was only momentary. Feeling about, Justine's hand touched the key, which was hanging to a nail in the wall; it was quickly in the lock, and they stood in the Rue d'Astorg.

"Free at last!" exclaimed Bianca, uttering a deep-drawn breath.

"Where shall we go now?" asked Justine.

"No matter," returned Bianca. "All ways are alike that lead from this quarter."

Trusting to the Providence which Bianca had invoked, they advanced cautiously till they came to an intersecting street, at the opposite end of which a lamp was burning brightly, and they turned in that direction. It was the light which illumined a public fountain, and already the water-carriers were engaged in their vocation.

"If we could obtain a guide," said Bianca, "I would reward him well. Speak to one of them, Justine."

The *bonne* obeyed, and addressed herself to a tall, powerful man, who had just filled his enormous barrel, and was stooping to lift it on his truck.

The Auvergnat desisted from his task, stared hard at Justine, and then inquired what she wanted.

"Will you show us to an hotel?" she said. "You shall be paid for your trouble."

The giant scratched his head.

"Are you going my way?" he asked.

"How can I tell?" retorted Justine, sharply. "What a stupid fellow you must be! As if I knew where you were going!"

"Well, then, I am carrying this water to Monsieur Bonenfant, the baker."

"And where does he live?"

"In the Rue de Provence."

"Is there an hotel in that street?"

"Not that I remember," was the stolid answer.

"We are as badly off as ever," said Justine. "But," she added, impatiently, "Auvergnat as you are, you ought to know Paris."

"Oh yes," replied the man, "I know every street within the barriers."

"Then surely you can say where there is some hotel!"

"Certainly. I could name fifty."

"Take us, then, to one."

The Auvergnat appeared puzzled, and tried to enter into an explanation. It was no part of his morning's work to walk about Paris with ladies, though he would do it, gladly, if he were at liberty; he should like nothing better. But his duty was to fetch water for Monsieur Bonenfant; he paid him twenty francs a month, and gave him his nourishment into the bargain.

"You shall have twenty francs for only half an hour," interposed Bianca, producing a piece of gold.

The Auvergnat's eyes glistened at the sight of the coin, yet he was immovable. He shook his head, and said he was losing his time—he ought to have been half way down the Rue de Provence; it was of no use to offer him money; he was bound to Monsieur Bonenfant.

There was only one mode of conquering his stubborn honesty.

Justine essayed it.

"It is quite right," she said, "that you should work for the person who pays you regular wages; but when you have taken that water home what have you to do next?"

"Nothing," replied the Auvergnat, "except to eat my breakfast at my corner, and wait about for errands, or carry loads for anybody that wants me."

"Well, then, if we accompany you as far as the Rue de Provence, you can take us where we want to go afterwards."

"I must carry the water in first."

"Of course."

"With all my heart, then," said the water-carrier, inexpressibly relieved by this simple solution of his difficulty.

"A Norman," said Justine, turning to Mademoiselle de Gournay, "would have made this proposal himself. But these Auvergnats! Ils sont bêtes comme mes sabots!"

"They are honest, however," replied Bianca, "and we may safely rely on him."

Meantime the Auvergnat had loaded the truck, thinking no more of a weight which two ordinary men could scarcely have stirred, than if he were lifting a feather. But before he put himself in the shafts he took the effects of Mademoiselle de Gournay and her *bonne*, and, smiling good-humouredly, deposited them on his vehicle. This done, he bent his head down to his task, and started for the Rue de Provence, looking round, however, occasionally, to see that he was closely followed.

There was some necessity for this precaution, for the pace at which he dragged his truck made it difficult for Bianca and Justine to keep up with him, and from time to time he was obliged to stop to enable them to recover the ground they had lost.

In this manner, alternately halting and then pushing on, the Auvergnat performed his customary morning journey, and by the time he arrived at his destination the day had fairly dawned. More than one shrill voice assured Bianca and her attendant that their good-natured guide received a less cordial welcome than usual when he entered the baker's house, but he was of an imperturbable nature, and heeded hard words no more than he cared for heavy weights. He simply told his companions to wait a few minutes, and then, having discharged his office, he should be at their service. They waited, therefore, in the street till he had passed to and fro with his buckets: but, before the Auvergnat could redeem his promise, the state of affairs out of doors was somewhat changed.

Although the revolution of February had been effected with comparatively little bloodshed—although royalty was expelled, and a republic substituted, the people—that is to say, the *prolétaires*—were not satisfied. They had the men of their choice—Albert, Louis Blanc, and the rest—among the members of the Provisional Government; but the great good to themselves which they expected from a revolution did not come fast enough. It was all very well to organise committees for ensuring work on equitable terms, but no terms were agreeable to those who did not wish to work under any circumstances, or, at the utmost, only when they

pleased; and mistrust in the leaders whom the people had chosen was soon declared, inflammatory addresses placarded the walls, and *attroupe-ments* were not wanting to give them a practical meaning.

On the night over which we have lingered to speak of what befel the chief personages of our story, there had been a meeting in the Faubourg Montmartre of a body which called itself the "Central Republican Society," of which the well-known Blanqui was the president, Flotte the treasurer, and Crousse, Pujol, and Javelot distinguished members. They had assembled to denounce the counter-revolution, as they termed the measures which had for their object the preservation of order, and long and violent had been the speeches with which they wore out the night. When morning came it brought with it the fixed resolve of this band of patriots to undo all that the Provisional Government had accomplished, and re-establish the Republic on a broader and still more democratic basis. The adherents to such a scheme were men well calculated to have made themselves conspicuous in 1793, and success alone was wanting to bring back the days of the first Terror. That success might attend their proceedings, the Central Republican Society had decided on a surprise: and as soon as it was light enough for them to see their way they issued from their den, to seize upon certain posts of importance, expecting to raise all Paris as they went along.

The shop of Monsieur Bonenfant, the baker whom the Auvergnat served, was situated about three or four doors from the intersection of the Rue de Provence with the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, and Mademoiselle de Gournay and Justine were standing beside its closely grated windows when a dull sound struck their ears, like the heavy tramp of a body of men advancing.

They listened—the sound came nearer and nearer, and presently the *carrefour* at the end of the street was filled by a strange-looking crowd, most of them in *blouses*, and all armed with muskets and bayonets. They evidently formed part of an *attroupe-ment*, and Justine, who was the first to see them, drew Bianca between the projecting gratings, till the crowd should have passed. But instead of marching straight down the Faubourg Montmartre, they halted in the *carrefour*, waiting, apparently, for orders from behind. Then a loud voice was heard, directing their advance on the Rue de Provence, and, with the cry of "Aux Etrangères!" the head of the column turned in the direction indicated. This movement was the signal for a sentinel at a *corps-de-garde* in the Rue de Provence to challenge the approach of the mob. His challenge was answered by a shot from one of the *blouses*. The guard at the post instantly ran to arms, and in a moment the street was enveloped in a fire of musketry.

To find shelter in the baker's house was now the only chance of safety for the two refugees, and they rushed to the entrance through which the Auvergnat had disappeared.

But before they could reach it the heavy door was closed in their faces by somebody inside, and Bianca and Justine were left defenceless in the street.

## LEARNING ON THE TRAMP.

1509—1520.

SIR JOHN ROMILLY has recently done good service to the literature of our country by exhuming from the Record-office various autobiographies and characteristic documents which throw light on the past of our country. The same thing has, however, been going on for several years past in Germany, although the result of private enterprise—for few rulers in that country can spare money for purely useful purposes. A most valuable contribution is now being made to contemporary literature by Gustav Freytag, the author of "Debit and Credit," who has taken in hand the task of making excerpts from these volumes and arranging them in chronological order. In this way we shall very shortly possess a perfect history of past social life in Germany, without the trouble of seeking for information through many ponderous tomes.\*

The specimen we have selected for illustration of the value of this volume gives an account of a travelling scholar, Thomas Platter, a poor shepherd lad, from the Visper Valley, in Valais, and afterwards a respected printer and school-rector at Basle. At that period no curious traveller visited the Zermatt or the glaciers of the Monte Rosa. The lad grew up solitary among the rocks and his goats, and the only incidents of his boy-life were the forays made by eagles among his flock and the severity of his master. How he was hurled forth in the world he shall tell in his own words :

While I was living with the peasant there came one of my cousins, Frantz by name, who wished to take me to my relation, Master Antony Platter, so that I might go to school. The peasant was ill satisfied at this, and said that I should learn nothing, and laid the forefinger of his right hand on his left, with the words : "The boy will learn as little as I can thrust my finger through here." That I saw and heard. To him the cousin : "Who knows? God has not denied him His gifts; He may still make a pious priest of him." She then took me to the master, and I was, as far as I recollect, nine to nine and a half years of age. At first I fared badly, for the master was a very angry man, and I a stupid peasant lad. He thrashed me cruelly, often took me by the ears and raised me from the earth, so that I yelled like a kid when the knife is stuck in it, and the neighbours often asked if he were going to murder me.

With him I was not long. For about this time came my aunt's son, who had been to the schools at Ulm and Munich, in the Bavarian, and his name was Paulus Summersmatter. My relations told him about me, and he promised them to take me with him, and take me to the schools in Germany. When I heard this, I fell on my knees and prayed God the Almighty to help me from this priest who taught me nothing, but beat me so unmercifully. For I had only learned to sing the *Salve* a little, and go a begging for eggs with the other scholars, who were in the village with the priest.

\* Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit, herausgegeben von Gustav Freytag. Erster Theil. Leipzig: Hirzel.

When Paulus, therefore, was about to start again, I was to go and join him at Stalden. My uncle gave me a gold florin, which I carried in my hand as far as Stalden, looking often to see whether I still had it, and then gave it to Paulus. Thus we set forth. I was obliged to beg for myself and give the alms to my Bachant, Paulus, for through my simplicity and country talk much was bestowed on me. When we got across the Grimsel one night to an inn, I had never seen a stove before, and as the moon shone on the tiles, I fancied that it was a great calf, for I only saw two tiles glistening, which looked like eyes. The next morning I saw some geese for the first time, and when they hissed at me, I thought they were demons and wished to eat me up, so I shouted and ran away. In Lucerne I saw the first slate roofs.

After that we went to Meissen. It was a long journey, for I was not used to walking so far and gain my food on the road. We were about nine in company; three little Schützen, the rest grown-up Bachants, among whom I was the youngest and smallest Schütz. When I was unable to walk, my cousin Paulus walked behind me with a stick or rod, and beat my naked legs, for I had no breeches and very bad shoes. I forget most of the things that happened on the road, but I can remember a few. As we were going along and talking of all sorts of things, the Bachants remarked that it was the custom in Meissen and Silesia for the scholars to steal geese and ducks, and other eatable matters, and nothing was done to them if they managed to escape the owner. One day we were not far from a village, where there was a large flock of geese together, and no keeper; so I asked my comrades, "When shall we be in Meissen, so that I may kill geese?" Then they said, "We are there now." So I took up a stone, threw it at a goose, and hit it on the leg, so that it could not fly away. Then I finished it with a blow on the head, and carried it under my coat through the village. Then the keeper came running up, shouting, "The blackguard has stolen one of my geese!" I and my fellows bolted, and the goose's feet hung down under my coat. The peasants came out with pikes they could throw, and were after us. When I saw that I could not escape, goose and all, I let it fall, and cut away from the road in a clump of trees, but two of my comrades kept to the road, and were caught by the villagers. Then they fell on their knees and begged for mercy; they had done no harm; and as the villagers saw that neither was the one who let the goose fall, they went back into the village and picked up the goose. I saw, though, how they hurried after my comrades, and was in a great stew, and said to myself, "Ah! I believe that I have not blessed myself this day" (I had been taught, namely, to bless myself every morning). When the peasants got back to the village, they found our Bachants at an inn, and insisted on their paying for the goose—it was only the matter of a few pence—but I do not know whether they did so or not. When they found us again, they laughed, and asked what had happened. I made excuse that I fancied it was the custom of the country, but they said it was not yet time.

Another time a murderer came to us in a wood eleven miles this side Nuremberg, when we were all together: he wanted to gamble with our Bachants, and so keep them till the rest of the band came up; but we had an honest fellow with us, Antony Schalbether by name, who

ordered the murderer to leave us, and he did so. Now it was late, so that we could only manage to reach the village, in which were two inns, but few houses. When we entered one, the murderer was there before us, and other fellows, doubtless his companions: so we would not stop there, but went to the other inn. As supper was over in the house, everybody was so busy that no one would give us little fellows anything to eat; for we never sat down at table to a meal, nor was a bedroom given us, but we had to sleep in the stable, when the big fellows were conducted to their chamber. Antony said to the host: "I fancy thou hast some queer guests, and that thou art no better; but I say to thee, host, lay us where we shall be safe, or we will give thee such a thrashing that the house shall be too narrow for thee." For, at the beginning, the rogues wanted to play at chess with our fellows. When they were taken to bed—but I and the other little fellows lying in the stable supperless—some men, perhaps the host himself, came to the door and bade them open; but Antony had driven a screw inside over the latch, laid the bed across the door, and lit a candle—for he always had wax tapers and matches with him—and quickly aroused the other fellows. When the rogues heard this, they got out of the way. In the morning we found neither host nor ostler: they told this to us lads, and we were all glad that nothing had happened to us in the stable. After we had gone about a mile we came to some people, and when they heard where we had spent the night, they were astonished that we had not all been murdered, for nearly the whole village was suspected of those practices.

About a mile before reaching Naumburg our big fellows again remained behind in a village, for when they wanted to drink together they sent us on. We were five of us, and there came upon us eight men on horseback, with cross-bows, ready to fire, who surrounded us: they asked us for money, and one of us, who was rather tall, said, "We have no money; we are poor scholars." The horseman said the second time, "Give money!" So our fellow replied again, "We have no money, and give you no money, and owe you nothing." On this the horseman drew his sword and struck him over the head, cutting the strings of his bundle. Then they rode away into the forest, and we went on to Naumburg. We were often in danger from murderers and robbers, especially in the forests of Thuringia, Franconia, and Poland. At Naumburg we stayed some weeks, and we Schützen went into the town. Some who could sing did so, but I went begging. None of us went to any school. The other scholars would not put up with this, and threatened they would force us to school. The master also ordered our Bachants to come to school, or they would be collared; but Antony told him he might come and fetch them. Then we little Schützen carried stones upon the roof, while Antony and the others held the door. When we heard that complaints had been made about us to the authorities, we had a neighbour who wanted to give his daughter a husband, and he had a stable full of fattened geese. From him we took at night three geese, and went into another part of the city: there the Swiss came to us. They and ours drank together, and went off to Halle, in Saxony, where we went to the school of St. Ulrich. As, however, our Bachants behaved to us so improperly, some of us made up our minds to run away, and went off to Dresden; but there was not any good school, and the rooms of the foreign students

were so full of vermin that we heard them crack beneath us in the straw. We started and went to Breslau: on the road endured much hunger, so that we ate for several days nothing but raw onions and salt, other days roast acorns and wild apples. For many a night we lay in the open air, for no one would let us into his house, and, indeed, the dogs were often set upon us. When we reached Breslau, all was so cheap there that the poor scholars over-ate themselves, and often fell into heavy illness. There we first went to the school of the Holy Cross at the cathedral, but when we heard that there were several Switzers in the High Church at St. Elizabeth, we went there. The city of Breslau has seven livings, and each of them a separate school. No scholar was allowed to sing in another parish, but they shouted *ad idem, ad idem*, and then the *Schützen* ran together, and beat one another terribly. People said that there had been at one time several thousand *Bachants* and *Schützen*, who all lived upon alms. It was said, too, that there were many of the *Bachants* above twenty years of age, who kept their *Schützen* to beg for them; and I myself have often carried home to my *Bachant* some five or six dishes, for people gave to me gladly, because I was little, and a Switzer, and they were very fond of the Switzers.

During the winter I was ill thrice, so that I had to be taken to hospital: the scholars had a separate ward, and their own doctors. The town council also pay fourpence a week for a patient, so that he can be maintained very decently. There is good attention in the hospital, as well as good beds, but the vermin are incredibly large, so that I preferred lying on the ground in front of the fire rather than in the bed. (Here the writer gives an account of his vermin-hunting, which may as well be omitted.) In the winter the *Schützen* lay on the ground before the fire, as I said, and the *Bachants* in the chambers, of which there were some hundred at St. Elizabeth's; but in summer, when it was hot, we lay in the churchyard, on the grass which we collected in the streets from in front of the gentlemen's houses, where it is spread. This we carried into a corner of the churchyard, and lay there like pigs in the straw; but when it rained, we ran into the school, and sang the whole night through *responsoria* and other things with the sub-cantor. At times we went, in summer, after supper, to the beer-houses to buy beer, and the drunken Polack peasants gave us so much beer that, without knowing it, I became so full that I could not find my way back to the school when a bow-shot off. In short, of food there was enough, but a fellow did not study much.

In the school at St. Elizabeth nine bachelors read at once in one room, but the *Græca lingua* was unknown in the country, and there were no printed books, save that the preceptor possessed a *Terence*. What a man read had first to be dictated, then distinguished, then construed, and lastly translated, so that the *Bachants* had to carry home great bundles of paper.

From this town eight of us proceeded to Dresden, but got into trouble again, so that we once more suffered terribly from hunger. Then we decided to part; some went out after geese, others for turnips and onions, one for a pot, while we little ones went into the town of Neumarkt, not far from the road, to beg bread and salt. We agreed to meet again at night, before the town, and cook whatever we had. About a rifle-shot from the town was a pump, where we intended to pass the night; but when the fire was seen from the walls, they fired on us, though they hit nobody.

Then we got away into a wood; the bigger fellows cut down poles, and made a hut; one lot plucked the geese, of which they had two; others put the turnips in the pot, with the head and feet, item the giblets; others again prepared two wooden spits, and began roasting; and when the meat was a little red they took it from the spit and ate it, so also the turnips. In the night we heard something moving; there was a pond near us, from which the water had been let off during the day, and the fish leaped out of the mud; then we took as many fish as we could carry in a shirt on a pole, and went off to a village, where we gave a peasant fish to boil the others in beer.

When we arrived near Dresden, the schoolmaster and our Bachants sent some of us boys out to look for geese. We agreed that I should knock over the geese, but they should carry them off. After we had found a flock of geese, and they saw us, they began flying away; but, as I had a stick in my hand, I threw it up in the air and hit one, which fell; but when my companions saw the keeper, they did not dare to run after it. The other geese then settled, collected round the goose, cackled as if speaking to it, and so it got up and went away with the rest. I was dissatisfied with my comrades for not keeping their promise, but they behaved better afterwards, for we carried off two geese, which the Bachants ate with the schoolmaster, and then started for Nuremberg. Soon after we set out for Ulm; there Paulus took another lad, of the name of Hildebrand Kalbermatten, a priest's son, to whom cloth was given, such as is made in the country, for a coat. When we reached Ulm, Paulus bade me go round with the cloth and beg the price for making it; by this I got much money, for I was used to the trade by this time, for the Bachants kept me out constantly, never took me to school, or even taught me to read. While I went rarely to school, and had to go about with the cloth instead, I suffered fearfully from hunger, for I carried to the Bachants all I received, and did not dare to eat a mouthful, for I was afraid of a thrashing. Paulus had joined another Bachant from Mayence, and I and Hildebrand had to beg for them: my comrade ate everything up he got. Then the Bachants went after him about the streets to catch him in the act of eating, or made him wash his mouth with water, which they caught in a basin, to see if he had been eating. Then they threw him on a bed, and a cushion over his head, so that he could not halloo, and beat him till they were tired; so I felt frightened and carried everything home. They had often so much bread that it turned mouldy; then they cut off the bad part and gave it me to eat. I was often very hungry, and was frozen badly, because I was obliged to wander about in the darkness till midnight begging for bread.

Nor must I omit to mention that there was at Ulm a pious widow, who had two grown-up daughters. This widow often wrapped my feet in winter in a warm fur, which she laid behind the stove against my coming, and, when my feet were warm, she would give me a basin of porridge and bid me go home. I suffered so from hunger that I fought with the dogs in the streets for bones, and looked for bread-crumbs in sacks, and ate them. After this we went to Munich, and I had to beg the price for making the coat which was not mine. A year after we returned to Ulm, and I brought the cloth with me again for begging purposes. I can remember that several said to me, "Botz Martin, is



the coat not made yet? I believe that you are a scamp." So we went away again. I do not know whether the cloth was ever made into a coat or not. When we reached Munich, on Sunday, the Bachants had a lodging, but we little fellows none: and so we went out at night to lie on the corn-sacks in the market. Some women were sitting by the toll-house in the street, and asked where we were going; and when they heard we had no shelter, there was a butcher's wife among them who, on perceiving we were Swiss, said to her maid, "Run, hang up the pot with the soup and meat left from dinner; they shall pass the night with me, for I love all the Swiss. I served in an inn at Innspruck when the Emperor Maximilian held his court there, and the Swiss had a great deal to do with us; they were so friendly that I shall love them as long as I live." The wife gave us enough to eat and drink, and bedded us well. In the morning she said to us, "If one of you likes to stay with me, I will give him lodging, food, and drink." We were all agreeable, and asked whom she would have; and as I was more impudent than the rest, she chose me, and I had nothing to do but hand her beer, and carry the hides and meat out of the slaughter-house—item, go with her at times to the country; but I was still forced to beg for the Bachant. This the wife did not like, and said to me: "Botz Martin! let the Bachant go, and remain with me; you must not go a begging." So for eight days I did not go near the Bachant, or to school; so he came and knocked at the door of our house. Then the wife said to me, "Thy Bachant is there; say thou art ill." She let him in, and said to him, "You are really a fine gentleman! You might have come to see how Thomas is, for he has been ill, and is so still." Thereon he said, "I am sorry, boy; when you can go out again, come to me." The next Sunday I went to vespers, and he said to me afterwards, "Thou Schütz, thou dost not come to me, so I will trauple thee under foot." Then I made up my mind that he should not ill-treat me more, and to bolt. On the next Sunday I said to the butcher's wife: "I mean to go to school and wash my shirt;" for I did not dare tell her what I designed, lest she might repeat it. So I started from Munich with a sorrowing heart, partly because I was running away from my cousin, with whom I had been so long, but who had been so hard and uncharitable to me; and then I felt sorry, too, for the woman, who had treated me so kindly. So I put across the Isar, for I feared that, if I went to Switzerland, Paulus would be after me, for he had often threatened the others, that if one of them bolted, he would follow him, and when he caught him, would tear him piecemeal. Beyond the Isar is a hill: there I seated myself, gazed on the town, and cried heartily that I had no one to shelter me; and made up my mind to go to Salzburg or Vienna. As I sat, there came a peasant with a cart; he had carried salt to Munich, and was already drunk, though the sun had scarce risen; him I begged to let me get up, and rode with him till he took the horses out to feed them and himself. In the mean while I begged through the village, and awaited him outside, where I fell asleep. When I awoke I cried again heartily, for I fancied the peasant had deserted me, and felt as if I had lost a father. Soon he came, though, was quite full, bade me get up, and asked me whither I was going? Thereon I said, "To Salzburg." When it was evening, he turned off the road and said, "Get down; that is the road to Salzburg." We had

travelled eight (German) miles that day. So I came to a village. When I got up the next morning there was a hoar-frost, as if it had snowed, and I had no shoes, no baret, and only a jacket without sleeves. So I set off for Passau, intending to cross the Danube there for Vienna. But when I came to Passau, they would not let me in. So I thought of going to Switzerland; asked the gatekeeper the nearest road, and he said, "Through Munich." But I said, "I will not go by Munich—rather fifty miles round." So he directed me to Triesingen. There is also a high school, where I found Swiss, and they asked me whence I came? Before two or three days were passed, came Paulus with a halbert. The Schützen said to me, "The Bachant from Munich is here, looking for you." So I ran out of the gate, as if he had been behind me, and went to Ulm, where I walked into the house of the saddler's wife who had formerly warmed my feet. She took me in her service. I was to watch her turnips in the field; this I did, and went to no school. After some weeks came one to me, who had been Paulus's comrade, and said, "Thy cousin is here and seeketh thee." He had come eighteen miles after me, for he had lost a good customer in me, as I had supported him for some years. When I heard this, although it was almost night, I ran through the gate towards Constance, weeping bitterly, for I was grieved at losing the kind woman.

Thus, I crossed the lake to Constance, and when I got to the bridge and saw a Swiss peasant in a white jacket, ah, my God! how happy I was. I fancied myself in heaven. And when I came to Zurich I found three Vaudois grown-up Bachants, for whom I offered to beg if they would teach me in turn; but they did this no better than the others. After a few months Paulus sent from Munich his Schütz, Hildebrand, to tell me that I should come back, he would forgive me; but I would not, and stayed in Zurich, but studied very little.

There was a Vaudois from Visp, of the name of Antonius Venetz, and he induced me to go with him to Strasburg. When we reached that city there were many poor students there, and, as it was said, no good school, but at Schlettstadt a famous one. So we went there. On the road a gentleman met us, asked, "Whither away?" and advised us not to go to Schlettstadt, as there were many poor scholars there and no rich people. Thereon my comrade began weeping bitterly, and said, "Where shall we go now?" I consoled him, and said, "Be of good cheer, if there be a scholar at Schlettstadt able to support himself, I will do so for both of us." And as we passed the night in an inn about a mile from the town, I was taken ill, so that I fancied I must choke, for I had eaten too many fresh walnuts which fell off the trees at this season. Thereon my comrade wept again, for he thought that, if I died, he would not know how to get on. And he had ten crowns secretly about him, while I had not a farthing! In the town we sought shelter with an old married couple, the husband being stone-blind; and thence we proceeded to our beloved preceptor, the late Johannes Sapidus, and begged him to take us. He asked whence we came, and when we said, "From Valais," he replied, "Those are utter bad peasants; they drive all their bishops from the country. If you will study diligently, you will pay me little, but if not, you shall pay me, if I have to take the coat from your carcase." That was the first school, I fancy, where matters went on properly. It was the year in

which the Diet was held at Worms. Sapidus had once nine hundred scholars, some finely instructed fellows, who afterwards became doctors and celebrated men.

Now, when I went to school here, I knew little, could not even read Donatus, and yet was eighteen years old; so I seated myself among the little children, like an owl among chickens. One day Sapidus read a list of his scholars, and spoke: "I have many *barbara nomina*, and I must make them Latin." And when he read the new names afresh, he had converted me into Thomas Platerus, and my comrade, Anthony Venetz, into Antonius Venetus, and said, "Who are these two?" When we stood up, he said, "Fie! those are two scabby sheep, and yet have such fine names."

After staying here from autumn to Whitsuntide, and still more scholars came in from every side, we could no longer support ourselves comfortably, and so went to Solothurn. There was a tolerably good school and better food, but we had too much time to waste in the church, and therefore went home.

The next spring I left my country again with two brothers. When we took leave of the mother, she wept, and said, "God be merciful to me, that I should see three sons going into misery!" I never saw my mother cry before, for she was a brave, manly woman, but rough; otherwise honest, pious, and industrious, as every one said of her, and praised her.

So I came to Zurich, and went to the school at the Frauenmünster; the preceptor was Master Wolfgang Knöwel, from Bar, near Zug, master of the University at Paris, where he had been christened "Le Grand Diable." He was a tall, upright man, but cared little about the school, for he spent his time looking after the pretty girls. But I would willingly have studied, for I was beginning to see that it was high time.

About this time it was said that a schoolmaster would come from Einsiedel, a learned and faithful man, but cruelly whimsical. So I prepared myself a seat in a corner not far from the schoolmaster's chair, and thought: "In that corner thou wilt study or die." When my good father Myconius walked in, he said, "This is a handsome school" (it had recently been rebuilt), "but I fancy they are clumsy lads; well, we shall see, there is nothing like industry." I know that, if it had cost me my life, I could not have declined a word of the first declension, and yet I knew Donatus by heart, for when I was at Schlettstadt, Sapidus had a bachelor who bothered the Bachants so with Donatus, that I thought, "If that is so good a book, thou wilt learn it by heart;" and, by repeatedly reading it, I did so. This did me a service with Father Myconius: he read Terence to us, and we were obliged to decline and conjugate every word in a whole comedy, and he often bullied me so that my shirt was wet through; but he never beat me, except once with the back of his hand on the cheek.

Myconius was obliged to go with his scholars to church at Our Lady's Cathedral, sing vespers, and mass, and regulate the choir. Thus he said once to me, "Custos, I would sooner give four lectures than sing a bass. My dear boy, represent me sometimes when low masses, requiems, &c., are sung, and I will pay you." I was satisfied with this, for I was used to it already, and everything was still arranged in the papal fashion. As

Custos, I had often no wood for firing, so I paid attention which of the laymen who came to the school had wood lying before their houses, and went there at midnight, and carried wood secretly to the school. One morning I had no wood. Zwingli was going to preach before daybreak, and when the bell rang, I thought, "Thou hast no wood, and yet there are so many images in the church about which no one cares." So I went to the nearest altar, seized a St. John, and shoved him into the school stove, saying, "Jögli, look out! thou must go through purgatory." When he began to burn, the paint made a terrible crackling. I thought to myself, "Keep quiet; if you stir, which you won't do, I shall shut the stove door. You shan't come out unless the devil fetch you." In the mean while came Frau Myconius, who was going to the sermon, and said as she passed, "God grant thee a good day, my child. Hast thou filled the stove?" I closed the door of the stove, and said, "Yes, mother, I have warmed up;" but I would not tell her how, for fear she might gossip, and, had it come out, it would have cost me my life at that time. And Myconius said during the lecture, "Custos, thou hast had good wood to-day." But when we were going to sing the mass, two priests began quarrelling, and the one to whom the John had belonged said to the other, "Thou rogue, thou hast stolen my John." And so they went on for a good while.

So far Thomas Platter. For a long time his struggle with life went on. He was obliged to learn the trade of ropemaker, so as to gain a living. He studied during the night, and when the printer Kratander, of Basle, presented him with a copy of "Plautus," he fastened it to his frame and read while at work. Afterwards, he became reader, then citizen, printer, and rector of the Latin school at Basle. Still his irregular life had a permanent effect on his behaviour, although most industrious. All his undertakings wanted energy and perseverance.

Among the thousands who, like the lad Thomas, proceeded to the Latin schools, the new movement gained its most zealous novices. These children of the people were indefatigable in bearing new and fresh ideas from house to house. Many of them could not proceed to the universities, but sought their livelihood as private teachers and readers to the printers. The majority of the town and village schools were filled with such lads, who read Virgil, and understood the bitter humour of the letter *de miseriâ plebanorum*. So large did their number grow, that the Reformers soon gave them the earnest advice to learn a trade and support themselves honourably. And not a few guilds were thus enabled to supply glossaries to the papal bulls, and subtle theological questions were passionately discussed in their rooms. Enormous was the influence that such men exercised over the lower classes. Ere long these poor scholars spread through Germany as preachers, and paved the way for the Reformation by representing the Pope as Antichrist in the popular plays, holding speeches in the camps of the insurrectionist peasants, or by inditing pamphlets, songs, and coarse dialogues which assailed the old Church.

## THE STORY OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA.

AN EPISODE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

## V.

VENICE, with a subtlety very far from foreign to her nature, had supplied Carrara with money and arms to regain his rights, whilst outwardly she pretended to observe her neutrality. The fear of Giovanni Galeazzo had driven the republic to favour the son of a prince they had aided to destroy. It was for the protection of Venice against Milan that they rejoiced with Carrara in his success. His reinstalment in Padua was a step towards retrieving the grievous error they had originally committed, and they saw its accomplishment with joy. The outwork between them and Galeazzo was again raised, and it was for their interest to aid Carrara to retain what he now held in his possession.

Anxious to encourage friendly relations with Venice, and ignorant, perhaps, of the full extent of the selfishness of their policy, Carrara repaired in the spring of 1392 to Venice, that he might return thanks in person for the valuable aid he had received in a moment of such critical importance to himself.

On his arrival at Fusina, he was greeted by the *Bucentaur*, and conducted to the capital by the gondolas of numerous noblemen. The Doge Veniero was awaiting his landing upon the Piazzetta, and when Carrara perceived him, he advanced, leading his eldest son by the hand, and cast himself upon his knees before the Doge, giving vent to his feelings of deep gratitude for the assistance he had already received at the hand of Venice, and expressing his ardent hope that all bygone offences had been forgotten, and that ancient animosities should never be revived. He implored the seignior to receive him and his family as their children, and expressed in flowing language the duty and the love he felt for them, even as that which a son feels for a father!

Veniero raised him, and embraced him affectionately; then conducting him to the palace, he delivered a most gracious answer from the throne, which fully coincided with Carrara's desires.

Some days were spent in festivity, and Carrara was treated with every mark of distinction, which was calculated to assure him of the good will of the republic. He then returned to Padua, and, feeling secure in his position for the first time since his re-establishment, he sent for the Lady Taddea to join him, that she might share the luxury which was once more his.

A reconciliation had taken place between the Houses of Padua and Milan, but Carrara had not been able to obtain his father's release, and he remembered with alarm the prediction of the sibyl, whose strange power in foretelling events seemed attested by all that had happened to him since that time, when he had been induced to consult her.

Carrara might well fear, for her last, most direful prophecy, was even then about to be accomplished.

Francesco Vecchio fell ill, and in spite, or perhaps in consequence, of five physicians in attendance upon him, he died on the 6th of October, 1393. Suspicion was very naturally aroused by this somewhat sudden death. Poison had so often freed Giovanni Galeazzo of his prisoners, that it is not difficult to conclude that the magical liquors employed by these skilful physicians contained in their ingredients the surest means of ridding their patient of all earthly ills.

Galeazzo, when informed of the death of his victim, ordered that his body should be embalmed, and that it should lie in state at Milan. It was accordingly removed under an escort of sixty horsemen arrayed in black, and carrying banners and huge wax-lights. They arrived in due time at Milan, where the body, after having been splendidly habited in cloth of gold, and girt with a sword, was extended on a bier covered with crimson velvet and lined with vair. This done, some knights of noble descent approached and bore it from the castle to the church, where the corpse of the unfortunate lord was exposed to the gaze of all, arrayed in mock grandeur, with golden spurs fastened on his feet, and rings shining upon his fingers.

At the urgent demand of Francesco Novello, Giovanni Galeazzo gave permission that the body of his father should be conveyed to Padua, and for this purpose it was deposited in a chest of lead within one of cypress wood. At Piacenza, Carrara had ordered a vessel to be in readiness to receive it, and one was accordingly in waiting covered with black cloth, and having two bishops and a large number of priests on board. The Comte de Vertu, however, had expressly commanded that the body of the elder Carrara should be conveyed as far as Mantua in a vessel provided at his own expense, and it was, therefore, not delivered over to the Paduan bishops till after they had reached that town.

On the 18th of November, and at midnight, the mournful cortège arrived in Padua, and the body of the former lord of the town was deposited in what had once been his palace. Five years of suffering had passed since he last quitted Padua, and now he returned to it an embalmed corpse, surrounded with splendour of which he could know nothing.

The coffin was opened at Carrara's desire, and he took this occasion to address his children in the following manner: "This was your grandfather and my father, who was once victorious over others, but who now is himself vanquished."

The funeral of the old lord was of the most sumptuous description, and well calculated to impress the beholders.

Very early on the morning of the 20th, the palace square was filled with expectant citizens dressed in mourning—namely, in long black cloth gowns reaching to the ground. As the appointed hour drew near, and the priests began to issue from the palace, filing off to wait till the procession should move, many an eager neck was stretched out to gain a better view of what was going forward.

First in the procession walked the clergy, and many a dignitary of the Church was there; next came a hundred horsemen in sable housings, some of silk, some of cloth, and all wearing the "del carro" arms.

Each horseman was attended by his squires, and followed by two poor

persons habited in grey and bearing torches. Their banners were either black or white, and from their necks hung their shields, with the same armorial bearings. After these came a mixed crowd carrying wax-lights, and close behind them followed Francesco Novello, with downcast head, and evidently suffering deeply. He was habited in black garments.

Francesco Terzo walked with the Venetian ambassadors, Giacomo and Nicolo with those of Florence and Bologna, whilst Ubertino, being only four years of age, was carried.

The body of the ancient lord of Padua was deposited in the chapel of St. John the Baptist, in a sarcophagus of red marble resting on four pillars.

A funeral sermon was preached upon the solemn occasion by Lamber-tazzi, and an oration written by Zarabolla.

Gataro gives a full account of this magnificent funeral, and appears to dwell upon it with infinite pleasure.

Several years of comparative tranquillity now passed by, and we find little to chronicle relating to the Carrarese. It is the only interval of rest and prosperity which we can recal, and doubtless the unfortunate lord of Padua made the best use he could of it.

The Venetians were fully engaged in a disastrous conflict in the East against Bajazet, the fourth Ottoman sultan, and Giovanni Galeazzo was steadily increasing his power and his magnificence.

Nought but the title of duke would now satisfy his ambition, and the tempting bribe of 100,000 florins soon induced the avaricious Emperor Wenceslaus to raise Milan into a duchy and an imperial fief.

The coronation took place with unwonted splendour on September 5, 1395. Galeazzo invited the ambassadors of all the Italian states to be present on the occasion. Florence, and all who were in league with that republic, sent deputies, and the chroniclers tell us that, besides the representatives of all the Christian powers, there were those of Bajazet, of the King of Tartary, of the Soldan, of the great Tamerlane, and many others. The expense of their entertainment devolved entirely upon Milan, but in return presents of the most costly description were brought to the newly-created duke, which were estimated at more than a million of gold.

Carrara's two sons, Francesco Terzo and Giacomo, repaired to the court of Visconti to convey to him the congratulations of their father, and they were received by him with marks of the greatest distinction. He even went so far as to advance on foot to meet them, and embracing them cordially, he kissed their foreheads, and, taking each by the hand, walked between them to the palace, where they and their train of five hundred horse were most sumptuously lodged.

Such magnificence is quite unknown in later times, but Galeazzo seemed bent upon marking his installation as duke with a splendour and profusion which might long be remembered with awe by the nobility; and we doubt not that it was remembered with pain by his poor subjects, who had to provide out of their indigence for the extravagance of their lord.

The ducal bonnet was placed on the head of Galeazzo with great ceremony by the imperial ministers, and he was declared Duke of Milan. This done, he removed the ponderous ornament from his head, and,

taking it in both hands, presented it to the young princes of Padua, remitting at the same time a tribute of 7000 ducats, to which their father was bound by the late treaty of Genoa.

His speech on the occasion was calculated to inspire the youthful representatives of the House of Carrara with the utmost confidence in his good intentions.

"This is but a trifling gift for yourselves," he said. "Had your sire been here, we would have convinced him by more substantial proofs of our earnest desire to call him brother and friend."

The festivities lasted during twenty days, and were highly diverting to the young princes. There were tournaments whereat four hundred gentlemen tilted for eight valuable prizes, and games of various kinds, with rewards for the most skilful.

When at length these were at an end, the numerous guests withdrew, leaving the citizens once more to pursue their routine of business undisturbed.

A few months had scarcely elapsed when war again broke out between the Duke of Milan and Carrara, thus showing how vain had been the fine-sounding words he had made use of, and how little his friendship was to be trusted.

## VI.

GALEAZZO had long looked upon the estates of Francesco di Gonzaga with a greedy eye, and sought every occasion to pick a quarrel with his kinsman.\* The abject submission of the lord of Mantua to every caprice of his wily neighbour had hitherto saved him from an open rupture, but Giovanni Galeazzo was now bent upon war. When eagerly sought, it is not hard to find a subject for affront; but he cared not to seek any pretext whatever, and on the 31st of March, 1397, he invaded the territory of Mantua, without any previous declaration of war.

The rich country around Mantua was ravaged, a few fortresses were besieged, and some incursions made without any decisive result, when the coalition of Florence, Padua, and Ferrara, for the protection of Gonzaga, changed the aspect of affairs.

The Florentine army advanced by Ferrara towards Mantua, whilst a fleet, got together by Carrara, sailed up the river Po.

It was composed chiefly of some Venetian galleys in the pay of Padua, which had been secretly ceded, as the republic feared to attack Giovanni Galeazzo openly, and yet were willing to assist his enemies so long as they could do so in a private manner.

A famous battle took place at Governolo on the 28th of August, in which the Milanese, under Giacomo dal Verme, were signally defeated, and Mantua, which had been bravely defended by the Count of Carrara, relieved from the pressure of a siege.

This severe and wholly unexpected shock inclined the Duke of Milan

\* Francesco di Gonzaga married Galeazzo's cousin and sister-in-law, Agnes, daughter of Bernabo Visconti.



to form a treaty which should immediately conclude the war. Venice was chosen as mediator, but the interests of the combatants were so varied, and they had so little confidence in each other, that it was found impossible to reconcile all parties, and a truce was therefore entered into for ten years, during which time it was agreed that all should rest content with their divers positions, and not interfere with their neighbour's affairs. Any agreement would have done as well, for each party was perfectly aware that the other would only abide by it so long as it was quite convenient to do so.

The Duke of Milan sought the hand of Gionata, daughter of Francesco Novello da Carrara, for Gabriel Visconti, his natural son, offering, as an inducement, to settle Verona and Vicenza upon him.

This event never took place, however, and on the 1st of June, 1397, she espoused Nicolo, Marquis of Este.

October of the same year saw the marriage of her eldest brother, Francesco Terzo, with Alda, daughter of Francesco Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, which ceremony took place in Ferrara, and was accompanied with the usual rejoicings.

The lord of Padua was thus extending his political relations, and hoped by so doing to render his position still more secure from the inroads of Visconti on the one hand, and from Venice upon the other.

Liberty and honourable feeling seemed gradually to be becoming extinct in Italy. The country which had nourished so many heroes, had given birth to a degenerate race. Tyranny and crime ruled the land, civil war distracted the people, and paralysed their energies.

Florence stood aloof from this universal depravity, and Venice shut herself up in her lagunes, and cared not for the condition of Italy at large. The intricacy of her own policy, and the many dangers and crimes at home, were sufficient to occupy all the attention of that republic.

Famine, the sister and companion of war, set her gripe upon the land; and, lastly, plague—the black death—committed its fearful ravages, spreading from village to village, from town to town, and causing the panic-struck inhabitants to cry aloud to Heaven for mercy and forgiveness, that the vengeance of the Most High might be turned away from them, and the many scourges removed.

Fear roused the people; the signs of the times were so appalling in their nature that a revolution took place in the thoughts and actions of men; they were seized—this word best suits the occasion—by devotional feelings. The end of the world was at hand, they thought; what could they do to be saved?

The country had sinned, the Church was divided, heathens were victorious over Christians, and plague was depopulating the land. There was ample cause for repentance, and fear gave men the desire for it.

For the time, spiritual interests triumphed over temporal, and the thoughts of each were turned to the all-important subject of how best to secure salvation.

About this time a foreign priest made his appearance in Italy, and took this most favourable opportunity to preach repentance. His converts clothed themselves in white, carried a crucifix in front of them, and went

from place to place chanting hymns and calling upon men to establish peace and encourage penitence.\*

The inhabitants of Polsevera, to the number of five thousand persons, men, women, and children, entered Genoa on the 5th of July, 1399, clothed in white garments. They taught the Genoese to chant the hymn "Stabat Mater dolorosa,"† and entreated all those who had any quarrel to become reconciled to each other. After having completed their pilgrimage, they returned to their respective homes. The Genoese were caught by the infection, and, as soon as these good people had departed, they imitated their example, attended early mass, confessed, communicated, and habited themselves in white. Some made use of bed-linen for this purpose, others manufactured long cassocks, which covered them from head to foot, only allowing the face to be exposed.

Shops were shut and business was suspended. The venerable Archbishop of Genoa, being too old and feeble to walk, headed the procession on horseback, the animal being draped in white. Men, women, and children followed behind in twos and twos, chanting litanies, and every now and then falling upon their knees to implore the Almighty to send peace upon earth, and to have mercy on sinners.

These processions were continued for nine days, during which time almost every church and reliquary in and around Genoa had been visited.

At Lucca, the seigniors were afraid of such a popular demonstration, and forbade the processions of these white masks. They could not altogether prevent them, however, for the enthusiasm of the people was beyond their control.

At Florence, the sensation created was similar to that at Genoa, and the bishop encouraged the movement by heading the processions himself.

The Pope was suspicious of these penitents and their wanderings; he dreaded lest some heresy should lurk beneath their devotion, and pre-emptorily forbade the continuance of their journeyings and processions, declaring them to be quite contrary to the discipline of the Church.

By degrees this religious excitement subsided of itself, and the plots and intrigues of Giovanni Galeazzo once more engrossed popular attention. The imbecility of Wenceslaus had wearied the Germans, and he was formally deposed by an assembly of electors on the 20th of August, 1400, and Robert of Bavaria raised to the dignity of emperor in his stead.

The Duke of Milan refused to recognise this change, and still held allegiance to Wenceslaus, upon which war broke out. Florence and Padua sided with the new emperor, and a deputation was sent to Pope Boniface IX. to secure his favour, but the solicitations of the Florentines and Carrara were in vain, he refused to run the risk of opposing the powerful Duke of Milan.

Giovanni Galeazzo was accused of an attempt to poison the emperor Robert by means of his physician; but such a crime, if indeed it were ever attempted, proved wholly unsuccessful.

\* *Annales Gennenses*, Georgio Stella.

† Composed by a penitent of the order of Saint Francis in the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The Milanese army, under Giacopo dal Verme and Carlo Malatesta, encountered the Germans at Brescia, where a furious battle was fought, and, had it not been for a clever manœuvre of Giacomo da Carrara, who covered their retreat, the army of the Emperor Robert would have been completely routed. Leopold of Austria was made prisoner, but was set at liberty on the third day, and returned to his camp to spread the alarm, already great, of the power and resources of the Duke of Milan. A retreat was accordingly undertaken, which gave rise to some disputes between the Florentines and the emperor with regard to the observance of the treaty of alliance, and they finally determined to refer the matter to Venice.

The Emperor Robert set out with a numerous retinue to repair thither in person, and visited Padua on his way. It was on the 18th of November that he approached the city, and was met by the bishops and clergy bearing holy relics, and chanting "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini." The emperor dismounted, and presented a cross of solid gold to the bishop with marks of deep reverence. Carrara then advanced to greet his illustrious guest, and delivered up the keys of the city and the staff, which the emperor took, but immediately gave up again, confirming his host imperial vicar and captain of the city. Robert then remounted his horse, whilst the lord of Padua held the rein on the right, and his eldest son that on the left.

A canopy of cloth of gold, lined with ermine, was carried over his imperial highness, and before him were borne the golden cross, the sword of state, and the imperial umbrella.

The empress came next, seated in a gilded car drawn by four milk-white horses, with the Lady Taddea and Madonna Alda seated at her feet. Eight smaller cars followed with damsels of her court and the ladies of Padua. Thus they proceeded slowly onwards, and the whole procession was closed by a long train of nobles.

The emperor reposed some weeks in the town, and then continued his journey to Venice, setting out on the morning of the 10th of December. Francesco da Carrara also repaired to Venice, and attended the principal conferences.

The Cornaro Palace was assigned for the residence of the emperor, and everything was done to satisfy his pride and show their good will, but, in spite of these outward demonstrations, the signiory refused to give any assistance to the combatants, preferring to remain in good fellowship with all parties.

Their conduct was so open in this respect, and their refusal so decided, that the emperor took offence, and unable to conceal his wrath at having his propositions so unreservedly rejected, he thought fit to embark privately for Germany without taking leave.

This proceeding alarmed the Venetians: they earnestly desired to remain in good relations with the emperor, and therefore despatched a vessel to overtake him, and, if possible, to persuade him to return. They were successful in this, and he returned once more to Venice, where he tarried some weeks without the dangerous subject of politics being again broached between them.

The arms of the Duke of Milan were chiefly directed against the

Bolognese in the following year, and Carrara sent his two sons to assist Bentivoglio. A battle was fought on the 26th of June at Casalechio, to the discomfort of the Bolognese, who were signally defeated, and the two young Carraras were taken prisoners by the Duke of Mantua, who was once again fighting on the side of his treacherous and unworthy kinsman.

This must have been a sad blow to the affectionate heart of Francesco da Carrara; but his sorrow for his sons must in some measure have been mitigated by the generous conduct of his subjects, who, on learning the sad intelligence, immediately came forward to offer any sum that might be required for the ransom of the young princes.

This liberal behaviour would naturally gratify Carrara, showing, as it did, the esteem felt for him by the chief burghers of the city. At the time, however, he refused their proffered aid with many expressions of gratitude, as the escape of Francesco Terzo rendered it partly unnecessary. Giacomo remained some time longer in the hands of his enemies, for, after his brother's escape, he was put under a much stricter guard. Gonzaga thought it best to set out at once for Pavia with his young prisoner after what had occurred, and Giacomo was there presented to the Duke of Milan, who addressed him in the following manner:

"You are welcome, Giacomo. We are sorry for the accident which has befallen you, but comfort yourself with the thought that it is the fortune of war." He then went on to express his regret that all his efforts to reconcile his father had proved unavailing, and much more to the same effect.

Gonzaga withdrew to Mantua, taking the young prince with him, where he was kept under an honourable guard, and often in the company of his son, or with some gentlemen of his court who could divert him, thus shortening the dreary hours of his captivity.

In August there was a great flood in the Brenta, which caused infinite damage, and, amongst other things, the bridge of Bassam was carried away. According to the chroniclers, such accidents were not very uncommon, and lead us to the conclusion that their bridges, for the most part, were but lightly constructed.

Francesco Novello grew weary of the prolonged captivity of his son, and offered 50,000 ducats for his ransom, which was rejected. This so enraged the lord of Padua that he resolved to effect his son's escape. He summoned for this purpose two men, Bonovicino and Saletto, two brothers, who made fishing their trade. He directed them to accompany a servant of his to Mantua, and there to pursue their occupation on the lake by the castle. He bade them make it their practice to draw up their nets near to a gate in the wall of a court, to which, he had been informed, his son frequently repaired to play at ball with other young noblemen. Carrara supplied them with money and a boat, so that want of means should in no wise mar the plot. Nothing loth to being thus employed, the fishermen soon established themselves and their families in Mantua.

It was not long before a communication was effected between Giacomo and his father's servant. He frequently went into the town in company with his guard, and was not slow to recognise the familiar face of one

whom he had often seen at his father's court. Notes of explanation passed between the young Carrara and his deliverers, concealed in the fishes' stomachs, and many a plot was planned which was destined to fall to the ground.

It chanced one day, that whilst playing at ball in the court, as usual, it flew over the wall, and to regain it the door leading to the lake was thrown open.

Giacomo seized this opportunity, and dashed out of the court. He was by the water's side in an instant. The boat was near the shore, he sprang in, and the men plied their oars so vigorously that they soon gained the opposite side, where fleet horses were in readiness for them. Giacomo and his father's servant mounted, and away they galloped to Castelbaldo. On Thursday, the 23rd of November, they reached Padua, and men, women, and children rushed out of their houses to bid the young lord welcome home again.

Not long after this happy return, preparations were made to celebrate his nuptials with Madonna Belfiore Costanza, daughter of Gentile da Camerino, Marquis of Marca.

This alliance had been arranged by Carrara, and was on the eve of taking place in June, when it was suddenly put a stop to by the defeat at Casalecchio and the capture of Giacomo.

A light, well-armed Venetian galley was sent to Camerino to convey the lady to Padua. She rested at Chiozza the first night, and embarking next evening, ascended the Fiume Vecchio, escorted by several vessels as far as Castel-Carro, where a fresh escort conducted her from Bovolenta to the bridge of Santo Nicolò, where she landed, and was greeted by the ladies Giliola and Alda. At the gate called Ponte Corbo, they found the corporations of the various trades, carrying musical instruments, drawn up to receive them. They were all dressed in rich costumes of diverse-coloured flowered cendal. The bride wore a costly dress covered with pearls, said to have been worth 30,000 ducats. A circlet of gold studded with jewels bound her hair, and the palfrey which she mounted at the gate was trapped entirely in brilliant scarlet embroidered with gold. The animal was led by six of the chief captains and councillors of state, whilst over her was a canopy\* of cloth of gold, lined with ermine, supported by eight of the famous doctors of Padua, all habited in bright scarlet robes, lined with vair. The rectors and their scholars walked on either side, clothed in white; whilst before and behind were the ambassadors of Venice, Milan, and Florence.†

The Lady Belfiore dismounted beneath the balcony of the palace, and was tenderly embraced by the Signor Francesco and Lady Taddea.

The festivities occasioned by this marriage were kept up for fifteen successive days, and when they were over, the ambassadors of Milan remained to have several interviews with Carrara respecting a treaty of peace which they came to negotiate. We must now go back two months in our history, to narrate an important event which relieved

\* Probably the same that was used at the entry of the Emperor Robert into Padua.

† They were Nicolo da Este, Malatesta, lord of Pesaro, and Piero, lord of Ravenna.

Italy of a dangerous tyrant, and wholly changed the aspect of affairs in Milan.

Bologna had fallen into the hands of Visconti, and there seemed nothing to prevent his victorious army from pushing forward to the destruction of Florence, but he tarried ere he struck so decisive a blow, preferring to ruin the commerce of the brave republic by cutting off all communication by sea with the other parts of Italy. For ten long years Florence had struggled for her independence, and the resources of the republic were well-nigh exhausted. One ally alone remained to her, and that was the lord of Padua, whose desire to render aid far surpassed his slender means. Amidst all the vacillation and change of the courts around him Carrara had stood firm, never deviating from the line of policy he had marked out, ever fighting against Visconti, but yet desirous of preserving peace.

Sincere as was his friendship for the Florentine republic, still he could do little or nothing to stem the torrent that was now threatening to overwhelm her.

Florence was not to be overpowered, however; the last spark of Italian liberty was to be kept alight, and now that she was deserted by all, a mighty hand was stretched forth to save her from ruin. The plague once more showed itself in Lombardy, and the Duke of Milan, to avoid infection, left Pavia to shut himself up in the castle of Marignano.

To increase the universal panic, a comet made its appearance, which, Gataro tells us, was supposed to shake pestilence from its tail and to perplex nations. The dread of it was everywhere felt, but no one could escape its direful companion, the black death.

Marignano was a place whither Galeazzo's uncle had fled upon a similar occasion, and with success. This time, however, the contagion reached the castle, and Galeazzo feeling ill, believed that his end was approaching. For some days he was kept alive by "magical liquors," but at length his strength gave way, and, feeling that death was near, he sent for his attendants, who drew timidly round his couch.

"I thank God," said the dying man, "for having placed this blazing star in the heavens to acquaint all men of His mindfulness of me."

Galeazzo then gave instructions as to the manner of his interment, and having portioned out his territory amongst his children, breathed his last. Thus perished the bitter enemy of the House of Carrara, and with him the glory of the Visconti became extinct.

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## TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ON MOUNT ETNA.

ONE fine morning in September last, I started from Catania on mule-back, as usual; it is not necessary to say that the day was warm, for fine September weather in Sicily is unquestionably warm. Pursuing a road of sandy ashes, bounded by walls of lava-blocks, I was carried up a steady ascent through a district of lava to the village of Nicolosi—the nearest to the summit, and built of and on lava in the midst of a thoroughly volcanic locality. Mount Etna is one vast volcanic formation, measuring one hundred and eighty miles in circumference at the base, and nearly eleven thousand feet in perpendicular height.

At Nicolosi resides Dr. Gemellaro, the king of the mountain, to whom every traveller applies for advice and assistance, and to whose kind offices all bear willing testimony. Dr. Gemellaro is a scientific man, who, living upon the spot, has devoted his life to the study of Etna and its phenomena, and has written a work upon it, as yet unpublished. Etna is his pet; there are, in his opinion, no grapes, no wine, no figs, no olives, no productions equal to those of Etna. Through his exertions the funds for building the highest resting-place (called the Casa degli Inglesi) were obtained, and by his care and cost it is maintained as a temporary rest in spite of fire and water, earth and air. He showed me his valuable collection of volcanic specimens, and promised to give the necessary orders, arranging for me to start at eight o'clock in the evening.

Meantime it was necessary to dine. My guide was a capital cook, and always carried plenty of provisions and cooking apparatus in his saddle-bags, so that, no matter how miserable the locanda where we stopped for the night, I was enabled to dine with great satisfaction and a clean napkin.

While thus pleasantly engaged, a sound of music arose in the outer room—a rural band, composed of two violins, a violoncello, and a shepherd's bagpipes. Thinking it a good opportunity of witnessing the native style of dancing, I despatched a messenger to collect the neighbours, and presently was informed that they waited without. Then having leisurely finished my dinner, the table was removed, I lighted a cigar, and, seating myself in a chair of state, directed the visitors to be admitted. The doors were thrown open, and in came the band making obeisance, and the public bobbing and bowing.

The scene was just such as one sees at the Opera when the Marquis returns to his ancestral estate after a long absence abroad, and the rustics, in holiday costume, come to welcome his return. Having so often witnessed such scenes at Her Majesty's Theatre and elsewhere, I felt quite prepared for the emergency, and believe that I acknowledged the salutes with a becoming mixture of condescension and affability, although it was my first public appearance in the character of the Marquis. The band struck up a lively air, and one of the gentlemen present commenced his steps, then another joined in, and soon afterwards each made his bow to a lady, when the dance came into full operation. First lady

takes top, first gentleman bottom; second couple form sides. There was, however, nothing very remarkable or lively in the figure, which soon became tedious; the gentlemen did not spin round on one toe twenty-seven times and upwards without stopping, according to the established custom; nor did the ladies exhibit their grace and ankles as might reasonably have been expected. Their costume, it must be admitted, was not very well adapted for the purpose. I may mention, in passing, the important fact that crinoline has not yet penetrated to this remote district; and their style of dancing was such as one would anticipate from a lively sack of corn. However, it was something to be able to say, without drawing upon my imagination, that I had seen the native dances; and, moreover, there was my character to keep up. So, when the figure came to a natural conclusion, I was graciously pleased to applaud with a "Brava! bravi!" and directed the attendants to supply the villagers with bumpers of wine, in which they heartily drank to my excellency's health.

A cry for "Paolo" was then raised, but Paolo was shy of exhibiting his skill in our august presence, and when dragged out of one corner, took refuge in another; but being pulled out and set upon his feet, he began a new figure, and soon becoming inspirited by the music, slipped out of his shoes, and then commenced a *pas seul*, which would have considerably astonished the *habitués* of the Opera, and which for agility, vigour, and perseverance, if not exactly elegance, would have made him a "pet of the ballet."

Paolo's performance concluded with great *éclat*, and was followed by that of two little boys without shoes, who performed their part with thoroughly youthful enjoyment, and ended by throwing a summersault over each other's head. Then followed other dances, while the servitors poured forth and handed round the flowing bowl, until at length the enthusiasm of the musicians raised them to their feet, and with violins, violoncello, bagpipes and all, they danced to their own music.

At the conclusion of this lively measure, the Marquis (myself), with condescending affability, acknowledged the attention of the villagers in thus celebrating his return, in the usual formula, "Grazie, amici!" The custom, occasionally followed, of kissing one of the prettiest of the dancers, was, in the present instance, omitted, in consequence of none of them being sufficiently pretty. His excellency now gracefully waved his hand in token of dismissal, the doors were thrown open, and the peasantry retired with respectful obeisance, vociferating tumultuous vivas.

Meanwhile time sped on, and the rest of the night was to be spent in a less lively and less dignified manner. At eight o'clock two mules and a guide (all three accustomed to the mountain) waited at the door. Mine host and family, and a dozen more, came out with lanterns, and matters being soon arranged, the guide and I mounted and rode forth into the black depths of night. My mule happened to be of an indolent turn of mind, so after a short time his halter was tied to the guide's mule, and nothing was left for me to do but to smoke an indefinite number of pipes and pocket my hands. At the halter's length, the guide's white nightcap was just visible to the naked eye.

We rode on through very fine ashes like sand, as I found on my return, and up rocky tracks, perpetually rising for two hours, till we



reached a charcoal-burner's hut, where we halted half an hour to bait the mules: we dismounted, sat on a bench, and nodded to the glowing embers, while our host retired to his miserable bed and snored tranquilly. Then we set off again, and over the rocks and under the trees till we left them all behind, and reached the extremity of some lava-streams of past centuries, up which—the lava, not the centuries—our quadrupeds wound and climbed, until, on surmounting them, we emerged upon a plain of fine deep ashes, on as steep a slope as they would rest, and “made tracks” until we arrived at the Casa Inglese, four hours distant from the charcoal-burner's hut. On reaching this plain the moon was pleased to appear, and, with her silvery light, made me fancy myself much colder than I really was; a very unnecessary proceeding, for the temperature at that elevation in the small hours, and with a north wind, has a tendency to occasion a deficiency of caloric.

Here, then, we dismounted and effected an entrance; but the guide had omitted to bring any charcoal, and the only available fuel consisted of some leaves and husks of Indian corn, and a couple of old baskets, which burned bravely; and if they evolved no great heat, the deficiency was compensated for by smoke, and compelling us to leave the door open, and also to weep. Thus we amused ourselves, till certain signs in the heavens announced the approach of day; whereupon we started again, and finished the remainder of the ascent—half an hour or so—on foot. The fine ashes are here and there consolidated with moisture from the interior, and lie at an angle, so steep that a foothold can only be obtained with difficulty. In due time the summit was reached. Instead of being a tolerably level surface, with a steaming gulf in the centre, like Vesuvius, the steep sides end abruptly at the precipice, so that one might (but for the chance of its crumbling away) sit astride of the ridge, with one foot outside and one inside the crater. The huge cavity of the crater varies in dimensions from time to time, and, according to the estimate of different travellers, may be set down as something between a mile and a half and six miles in circumference; on looking down the perpendicular cliffs, yellow-stained with deposit from sulphurous smoke, no bottom was visible.

Ere long, the sun arose from the sea a little to the south of the Calabrian mainland; arose slowly, and looking very pale and seedy, as though he had been making a night of it, and hadn't been to bed till very late, if at all. He was followed by his double; there they were, a brace of suns, looking equally pale and sleepy, and so precisely alike that I could not undertake to tell which was the original and which the imitation—which the new one, copied from the well-known antique with Chinese fidelity. Well, after all, they proved to be both shams, for the genuine sun rose a few minutes later; and though himself rather pale, yet his dazzling rays left no doubt of his authenticity: the other two maintained a respectful distance during between five and ten minutes, and then utterly disappeared.

The rays, now rapidly descending the exterior of the cone enclosing the crater and down the mountain-side, enveloped it in light, whilst the dazzling reflexion from the surface of the sea prevented so much as a glance in that direction; then the lower mountain-tops were illuminated;

and finally, the dark shades brooding over the plain, and filling the valleys, were unwillingly driven away before the full brilliance of daylight. The whole island of Sicily lay stretched at our feet. In the foreground, on the right, is Monte Rosso, itself a large volcano, which arose from the side of Etna in a great eruption two centuries since; a little farther is Catania and its plain, bounded by dwarfed hills, which elsewhere would be mountains; on the left, bounded by the range of Calabrian heights, are the sparkling Straits of Messina, apparently within a stone's throw, but really fourteen or fifteen miles distant, and two miles in perpendicular depth beneath; so completely all idea of distance is lost in gazing round from this solitary, majestic summit.

Meanwhile, a few streaks of morning cloud above the sun, and some lighter ones here and there, acquired the most brilliant hues, perpetually changing: deepest purple, carmine, crimson, orange, and yellow, successively obtained the mastery.

Being by this time rather tired of standing on the steep slope of the crater, and not venturing to take a seat on account of the sulphuric vapour which rises from the soil to the destruction of habiliments, we now made a descent to the Casa, visiting the "Fumara," or smoke-holes, on the way.

The next step was to collect a little snow from the hollows, the last snow of winter, to mingle with our wine; but we need not have taken the trouble, for the wine had previously cooled down to a little below drinking-point. Then mounting, and bearing to the left, we visited the Torre del Filosofo, which is nothing but a few stones placed in a circle upon a prominence, and farther on looked down a valley paved with the lava-stream of 1835, not yet cool. The tremendous heat of fluid lava, and the enormous mass that escapes from the mountain during an eruption, may be imagined from the fact that vapour still ascends from this part, and a stick may yet be ignited in the cracks, after the lapse of twenty-four years.

Turning to the left, we reached our old track, and by a rapid descent arrived at Nicolosi in four hours from the Casa, to the astonishment of the public. I had then but to breakfast and to pay a visit to Dr. Gemellaro—a "return thanks" and "P. P. C." amalgamated—and, changing mules, started for Jaci, or Aci Reale, where ended my twenty-four hours on Mount Etna.

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## FRENCH AND ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

TRIPPING gently, tripping lightly,  
 Little foot that wakes no sound;  
 Glancing keenly, glancing brightly,  
 On each dear-loved object round.

Figure slender, jetty tresses,  
 Fillets might be proud to bind;  
 Eye that sparkles, and expresses  
 All the active, joyous mind.

Pleased with life, and ever smiling,  
 Cheerful star 'mid sorrow's night,  
 From her bosom care exiling,  
 Mere existencè a delight.

With no deep thoughts spirit-laden,  
 Yet most rich in fancy's fire;  
 Such is Gallia's light-souled Maiden;  
 Stint not praises—love, admire.

Saxon Beauty! on my dreaming,  
 Pensive, radiant vision, rise!  
 Moving proudly, yet still seeming  
 Mild of mien, with love-soft eyes.

There she leans—faint-blushing roses,  
 Softest hues from morning caught,  
 Tint her cheek, where calm reposes;  
 Smoothe that brow—the throne of thought.

Plainly classic, richly shining,  
 Back is drawn the dark-brown hair;  
 As the moon, with silver lining,  
 Makes at eve fair clouds more fair;

So the soul doth fling more brightness  
 On the form already bright;  
 Beauty graceful in its lightness,  
 Winning, growing on the sight.

With the statue's fine ideal,  
 Carved by matchless Grecian skill,  
 She doth mingle all the real,  
 Warmer, but as perfect still.

Blue as azure heaven above her,  
 Looking virtue, shine her eyes,  
 Spirit's home; who would not love her,  
 And that English Beauty prize?

Truth, affection, and deep feeling,  
 Nestle, dove-like, in her breast;  
 Guardian angels, round her stealing,  
 Watch her, guide her, make her blest!

## A VACATION TOUR IN SPAIN.

## IV.

## MADRID—POLITICAL CONDITION AND STATISTICS OF SPAIN.

IN a country like Spain, it is not easy to obtain reliable information concerning political affairs, the working of the government, the state of the finances, the progress of trade, and the social condition of the people. After some research, however, we were fortunate enough to lay our hands on the "Descriptive and Statistical Manual of Spain," recently published at Madrid by Don Antonio Ramirez Arcas, brigadier of cavalry, and ex-deputy of the Cortes, besides a sort of almanack by the same author, called the "Economical and Statistical Annual of Spain for 1859," which is intended to be continued annually; and these Spanish works, imperfect as they are in several respects, contain much useful information not easily to be procured elsewhere.

Politically, the Spanish monarchy is treated under two great divisions—continental Spain with its dependencies, and the colonies. Continental Spain with its dependencies, since November, 1833, has been divided into 49 provinces, which include not merely the peninsula and the adjacent Balearic Isles, but also the Canary Islands and the penal settlements in the north of Africa. All the other colonies of Spain, comprehending Cuba and Puerto Rico, the Philippine Isles, and the small islands of Fernando Po and Annobon, in the Gulf of Guinea, are called "Ultramar," and placed under a separate system of administration.

*Population.*—According to the census taken in 1797, and made public, with some alterations, in 1803, the population of Spain was 10,268,150; in 1833, at the accession of the present queen, it was 12,101,952; by the last official census, in May, 1857, it was 15,464,340.

The population, however, is now estimated by Ramirez Arcas at 16,190,720. Great uncertainty prevails as to the inhabitants of the colonies, Mellado stating their number at about 4,000,000, and Arcas at upwards of 6,000,000. According to Arcas, the population of the whole Spanish dominions now amounts to 22,365,866; but, in the absence of official returns, this estimate must be received with considerable reserve.

The superficial extent of continental Spain, including its dependencies, is 15,777 Spanish square leagues, each of which is equal to 3.379 English miles. Taking the total population of the continent at 15,684,022, the mean number of inhabitants per square league is 994.10. As might be expected, the central table-land is the least populous part of Spain. The population is most dense in Galicia, where there are 2019 inhabitants for each square league; it is least dense in the basin of the Tagus, in which Madrid is situated, where there are only 657 inhabitants to the square league.

*Government.*—Under the constitution, as modified in 1845, the Spanish Cortes is composed of two legislative bodies, each having equal powers—the Senate and the Congress of Deputies. To the sovereign belongs the power of naming senators for life, without any limit as to their number; but they must be chosen from persons who hold, or have held, high offices in the state, or from the class of hereditary grandees possessing an annual

income of not less than 30,000 reals, which, taking the real at 2½d., is equivalent to 312l. 10s. There are now 245 senators, besides 8 not sworn, and 35 nominated, but not yet admitted.

The Congress of Deputies is elected by the people, formed into electoral districts, in the proportion of one deputy for every 35,000 inhabitants. Deputies are chosen for 5 years, and may be re-elected; their office is gratuitous. Every citizen who pays 400 reals, or 4l. 3s. 4d. of direct taxes, is entitled to vote. While the initiative of laws belongs to the crown as well as to each of the legislative bodies, all measures of finance are submitted in the first instance to the popular chamber. Till lately, the number of deputies was 349; but as the official census, which fixed the population at 15,464,340, came into operation in January, 1859, the effect of this will be to vary the electoral districts and increase the number of deputies.

Every year the Cortes is assembled at Madrid on the summons of the crown. Both the legislative bodies must meet at the same time; their sittings are public; but they cannot deliberate together, or in the presence of the sovereign. The crown has power to dissolve the Congress of Deputies; but in that case a new Cortes must be called together within three months. While the person of the sovereign is sacred and inviolable, ministers are responsible, and no royal decree can be enforced unless it is countersigned by one of them.

Besides the national Cortes, there is a provincial assembly in each province, chosen by the people for local government. There are also in the towns municipal corporations, which have existed since the time of the Romans, and have been preserved with more or less liberty down to the present day. Town councils to the number of 9355 act as administrators within their respective municipalities, and the patriotism of these local authorities is highly prized, as tending to correct the abuses which spring from too great centralisation.

The cabinet council, or central administration, which has its public offices in Madrid, consists of seven ministers appointed by the crown, one for each of the following departments: Foreign affairs, grace and justice, home department, finance, war, marine, and public works. The president of the council of ministers is premier. To him belongs the general direction of colonial affairs; and he sometimes takes the charge of one of the seven public departments, as in the case of Marshal Leopold O'Donnell, the present premier, who is also minister of war.

Prime ministers seem to enjoy a very fleeting tenure of office in Spain. Ramirez Arcas asserts that, from January, 1834, when Martinez de la Rosa became premier, down to 1858, no less than 47 presidents of the council were appointed, including Marshal O'Donnell, who now holds that office, that is, upon an average extending over 24 years at the rate of one premier every six months. Strange as this may appear, the changes in the other cabinet offices are still more extraordinary. The department of public works was only created in 1847; but since that date 34 ministers have successively held the office. During the reign of the present queen, embracing a period of 26 years, there have been appointed, in succession to each other, 62 ministers of grace and justice, 63 ministers of foreign affairs, 76 ministers of finance, 80 ministers of the home department, 86 ministers of marine, and 104 ministers of war! We take these facts as they are recorded by the Spanish statician, who

gives them without any comment; but they tell their own tale, revealing a system of intrigue, corruption, and misrule, which is not creditable to the Spanish nation. In no other country in Europe has the government been in such a state of continual fluctuation.

One of the baneful effects of this system is a vast multiplication of useless offices in every department of the state. Among a population constitutionally averse to labour, and disposed to seek for subsistence by any means rather than by honest industry, there is always a great scramble for places under government, and when political power is constantly shifting from one set of men to another, there are strong temptations to jobbery. Taking the whole persons employed under the central government and in the local administration, the number amounts to 173,248, without including the army and navy, or the clergy, who consist of about 43,000. This army of public functionaries has gone on increasing chiefly since 1840, and, considering the financial difficulties of the country, and the urgent necessity of restoring the national credit, prompt measures are required to correct these abuses and establish economy and efficiency in all departments of the public service.

Unfortunately, the periodical press in Spain is not free. Whatever is intended for publication must be submitted to the agents of government, and no news or comments on public affairs can appear without their permission. Under such a system personal liberty is not well guaranteed, and the country is deprived of the beneficial power of public opinion embodied in a free press, in controlling the conduct of public men and checking the abuses of government.

*Revenue and Expenditure.*—Within the last ten years Spain has made astonishing progress in trade, and the revenue has largely increased, though not in the same ratio. The revenue of the kingdom, including returns from the colonies, amounted, in the year 1858, to upwards of 18,000,000*l.* sterling.

In the Anuario of Spain for 1859, Ramirez Arcas gives the following statement of the budget for the year 1858 :

ORDINARY REVENUE.		Reals.
Direct taxes . . . . .		511,360,000
Indirect taxes and eventual resources . . . . .		419,145,000
Government monopolies and stamp duties . . . . .		631,273,393
State properties . . . . .		98,377,000
Colonial returns . . . . .		115,000,000
Total . . . . .		1,775,155,393
Or . . . . .	£18,491,202	Os. 2½d.
ORDINARY EXPENDITURE.		Reals.
General state obligations . . . . .		525,981,647
Presidency of the council of ministers . . . . .		6,828,480
Ministry of foreign affairs . . . . .		14,370,926
„ of grace and justice . . . . .		208,262,552
„ of war . . . . .		342,399,815
„ of marine . . . . .		102,672,341
„ of home department . . . . .		83,333,647
„ of public works . . . . .		75,613,135
„ of finance . . . . .		415,692,850
Total . . . . .		1,775,155,393
Or . . . . .	£18,491,202	Os. 2½d.

These accounts are made to square exactly, because the revenue is given according to the estimates; but although it is stated that in some branches there was an excess and in others a deficit, the precise pecuniary result is nowhere brought out. Without clearing up this point, Ramirez Arcas observes that the proper equilibrium between revenue and expenditure deserves the attention of Spanish statesmen; and he informs us that, from calculations he has made, founded on the increased charges for interest, he has ascertained that a large addition has been made to the public debt within the last ten years.

In Spain, the chief sources of the public revenue are direct taxes on property and industry; the customs; duties on wine, meal, and oil; stamp duties on transfers of property and succession; rents and produce of state properties; and the surplus revenues remitted from the colonies after defraying their own expenses. Of all the imposts, the heaviest is the territorial tax, which yielded, in 1858, 4,166,666*l*. This is equivalent to 14 per cent. on the annual value; but to this must be added the local taxes, estimated at 5½ per cent., making the whole burdens on property equal to 19½ per cent., or nearly one-fifth of the free rental. The tax on industry and commerce seems to be partial in its operation, as it yielded, in 1858, only 708,333*l*. Salt, tobacco, and gunpowder are government monopolies. State lotteries are generally condemned as immoral by all enlightened statesmen, from the numerous frauds incident to all such schemes, and their inevitable tendency to foster a spirit of gambling among the body of the people. But this pernicious system still prevails in Spain, and yielded, in 1858, about two millions sterling—a sum very nearly equal to the whole revenue derived from the customs.

As to the expenditure, a large sum is entered in the budget under the comprehensive head of general state obligations, amounting, for the year 1858, to 525,981,647 reals, or 5,973,975*l*. A particular state of these obligations is given by Ramirez Arcas, showing that they include, among other items, 514,062*l*. as the charges of the royal family, and 3,236,094*l*. as the interest of the public debt. All the rest of the expenditure, not comprehended under general state obligations, is exhibited in the budget as the gross amount of the charges of each of the different departments into which the administration is divided; but we have no account of the particulars embraced under each of these heads.

So imperfect are the public accounts, that it is quite impossible to define the amount of the national debt of Spain. During the present reign it has undergone a great variety of transformations, under the unscrupulous auspices of the numerous ministers who have presided over the department of finance; but the apparent reductions made at different times in the amount, have chiefly arisen not from liquidation but from deliberate confiscation. In an official account, published in 1834, the public debt, foreign and domestic, was stated to be 89,600,000*l*. More recently, in the budget of January, 1851, the capital of the debt was represented to be 114,366,469*l*. With a great advance in the trade and revenue of the country since that date, it is very disheartening to be told, as we are by Ramirez Arcas, that the public debt has gone on increasing, and that it now amounts to about 14,000,000,000 reals, or 145,833,333*l*.

Of course, the sum entered in the budget of 1858 as the interest of the public debt, falls greatly short of the just amount due to the creditors of the state, and it constitutes a much smaller proportion of the general revenue than is applied to similar purposes by Britain, France, and other European nations which keep faith with their public creditors. In Spain, the principal stocks are divided by the financial authorities into three classes, the active, deferred, and passive. On the active debt, interest is paid at 3 per cent.; the deferred debt, which represents a much larger capital, bears a small nominal rate of interest, with a promise to pay 3 per cent. in 1870; passive stock is a floating obligation without interest, which is left to be dealt with at a future date, as it may suit the convenience of the state.

*Army and Navy.*—In January, 1859, the standing army of Spain consisted of 75,000 men, with 4695 officers and 9147 horses. A provincial reserve of 42,173 men, with 1463 officers, is liable to be put under arms in the event of war or any great public commotion. Besides the regular troops, there are 12,000 carabiniers, who are employed in putting down the contraband trade, and a military police of 10,000 men called guardia civil, besides a small local corps of 500 men in Catalonia.

The army is recruited by volunteers, and, failing these, by the conscription, to which all young men from 20 to 22 are liable. None but Spaniards can be received as soldiers, and the length of service is 8 years. The Spanish troops are well disciplined, and very superior to what they were during the Peninsular war. There are military colleges in different cities of the kingdom for infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. The infantry are a fine-looking body of men, armed with grooved muskets and long-range rifles.

Notwithstanding some recent attempts to improve it, the Spanish navy has fallen into a state of decay and insignificance: 2 sailing ships of the line, 8 frigates—whereof 4 are steamers—4 corvettes, 9 brigs, and a considerable number of small craft and gun-boats, making an aggregate of 78 vessels of all sizes, carrying 904 cannons, and representing a steam power of 9870 horses, are all that now remain of the once magnificent fleet of Spain. These figures include 2 steam frigates and 3 smaller steamers, which were in course of building at the date of the return.

Nor is the mercantile marine of Spain nearly equal to the position she ought to occupy, looking at her natural commercial advantages from the great extent of her coasts and her numerous and commodious harbours. The shipping of the Peninsula consists of 5175 vessels, carrying 349,753 tons; and the colonies have 6777 vessels, carrying 149,802 tons. Arcas estimates the able-bodied seamen employed in these vessels to be 104,491; but of this number nearly 40,000 are assigned by him to the shipping of the Philippine Islands.

*Church and Education.*—The established religion is the Roman Catholic, and no other is permitted in Spain. Formerly the wealth of the Church was immense; but, by a law passed in the present reign, the whole estates belonging to the cathedrals were confiscated, and appointed to be applied in discharge of the national debt, and the clergy are henceforth to be supported by the nation. The monastic orders having been suppressed, there were, in 1858, 6632 excommunicated ecclesiastics.

Prior to 1851 there were in Spain 8 archbishops, 50 suffragan bishops,



and 4 independent bishops, including two of the military orders. By the concordat with the Pope in 1851, this establishment was modified, so that there are now 9 archbishops, including Valladolid, recently raised to that rank, 46 suffragan bishops, and one prelate of the military orders. The Archbishop of Toledo is the primate of Spain. According to Mellado, the Patriarch of the Indies exercises independent jurisdiction, being accounted the special prelate of the royal family and of the army and navy.

Spain possesses 58 cathedral churches. The number of the cathedral clergy is 2201, and of the collegiate 460, making together 2661. To these must be added the parochial clergy and other ecclesiastics, forming an aggregate, according to Arcas, of about 43,000 ecclesiastics—that is, in the proportion of one clergyman for every 370 inhabitants.

Though the priests are sufficiently numerous, there is, unfortunately, a great scarcity of schoolmasters. Education is not generally diffused. Of late years the number of primary schools has been increased, but no uniform system has been adopted, and in many places no provision has been made for the instruction of the lower classes. According to the estimate of Ramirez Arcas, there are in Spain 2,512,922 children of both sexes, between the ages of six and thirteen years, who are fit to go to school, while the number who do attend is only 1,004,974, so that there are 1,507,948 persons between the above ages who receive no instruction at all.

As to the higher branches of education, there are ten universities in different parts of Spain, including a central one in the capital; but these are in a very deplorable condition so far as regards the cultivation of literature and science. There are few students except those destined for the professions of law and medicine, as shown by the following table of the attendance at the different faculties in 1858:

Law . . . . .	3742
Medicine and pharmacy . . . . .	2118
Theology . . . . .	326
Philosophy, literature, and science . . . . .	318
	<hr/>
Total students . . . . .	6504

Only 318 votaries of literature, philosophy, and the sciences, out of a population of 16,000,000, in all the ten universities of Spain! Even theology is at a discount, most of the priests being educated abroad, either at the Propaganda or St. Sulpice. Only law and medicine furnish a respectable roll of professional students, and, if it were not for them, the universities might almost shut their doors for all the good they seem to do.

*Agriculture and Commerce.*—Spain is eminently an agricultural country. About two-thirds of the active population are engaged in cultivating the soil, attending to flocks and herds, and other agricultural pursuits. The most abundant cereal crops are wheat, maize, barley, and rice. The western portion of Old Castile and Leon, and Catalonia, produce the largest quantity of wheat. Rice is only cultivated on the coasts of the Mediterranean. Spanish wines and fruits are important articles of commerce, and large quantities are exported to Britain and other parts of the world. The pasture-lands are extensive, and support large flocks. In round numbers the horned cattle are estimated at 1,500,000, the

sheep at upwards of 16,000,000, the goats at 3,000,000, and the swine at more than 1,000,000. Mules and asses are much used as beasts of burden, being far more numerous than horses.

In a country so extensive as Spain there is a great diversity of climate and soil. Landed property is very much subdivided, and a large proportion of it is cultivated by the proprietors themselves, without the intervention of tenants. This subdivision of land is sometimes carried to an injurious extent, particularly in the four Galician provinces, where there are 152,900 proprietors, who pay only from 1 to 10 reals of territorial tax. Among the chief barriers to agricultural improvement are the want of good roads of communication, the imperfect means of transport for produce, and the rude and primitive implements of husbandry, to say nothing of the natural indolence of the people, which is aggravated by an immense waste of time and labour, in consequence of their custom of living clustered together in towns and villages, in place of being scattered over the face of the country in the immediate vicinity of the cultivated lands. Yet in the midst of much ignorance and prejudice, and stagnant and weary debasement, it is gratifying to perceive some indications of progress which encourage the hope of future regeneration. During the last ten years public tranquillity has not been disturbed by any revolutionary movement; an improved steam-packet service in the Mediterranean and on the west coast has opened up rapid communication with France and Britain; the electric telegraph has been established over a great part of the country, extending into the interior even as far as Burgos; and the railroads, though still few in number and of limited extent, have worked wonders in rebuking the indolence and rousing the torpid genius of the people.

The principal railway now open in Spain is that from Madrid to Alicante, a distance of 282 miles: and this line, which traverses Don Quixote's far-famed territory of La Mancha, is of great importance, by opening up a direct communication between the capital of the kingdom and the Mediterranean. A branch from this line leads to Toledo, and another branch will soon be completed to Valencia, being already open for about 50 miles as far as Mogente. Between Seville and Cordova a railway has been formed, about 80 miles long; and there are a few short lines in operation near Barcelona, Santander, and Cadiz. More main lines have been projected in the interior of the country; but a considerable time must elapse before these enterprises can be carried into execution.

Since the revision of the tariff in 1849, the commerce of Spain has made great progress, as will be seen from the following return, showing the estimated value of the exports and imports for 1849 and 1858:

	Exports.	Imports.	Total.
	£	£	£
1849 . . .	4,979,167 .	6,114,583 .	11,093,750
1858 . . .	13,905,471 .	11,304,031 .	25,209,502

These figures prove that the foreign trade of Spain has more than doubled within the last ten years. While the revenue derived from the customs in 1848 was only 114,000,000 reals, it rose in 1858 to 219,000,000 reals.

The chief exports from Spain consist of agricultural produce, wines,

and fruits, besides iron, copper, quicksilver, lead, and other mineral products. Some of her manufactures are sent to the colonies; but they are chiefly confined to the home market.

The exports from Great Britain to Spain have increased in value from 616,878*l.*, in 1848, to 1,627,976*l.*, in 1858, without taking into account a considerable trade carried on with Gibraltar. On the other hand, Great Britain is the best customer of Spain, taking a larger amount of her exports than any other nation, the value of the exports in 1858 being 4,590,317*l.* This is considerably more than the exports to France, and, if France be left out of view, more than the exports to all the rest of Europe put together.

## FOOTSTEPS.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

THE sunshine tapestries the way  
 With shadow green and thread of gold,  
 And, musing in the bright still ray,  
 My thoughts are as of old.

There is no shadow in the air,  
 And not a breeze—and, as I wait,  
 My hope half cheats my heart, that there  
 Are footsteps at the gate;

Dear footsteps that shall come and pace  
 The old worn garden-walk again,  
 To hear them and to see her face  
 I wait—and is it vain?

A long strange road must reach those feet,  
 So near and yet so far between;  
 I tremble, though I yearn, to greet  
 The known in the unseen.

The twilight falls along the land,  
 And bright a mimic world is roll'd  
 In yonder sky, of main, and strand,  
 And crag, and castle old;

While as the purple shines along  
 The pathway of the star, those feet  
 Tread all the ways of life, and throng  
 My heart with musings sweet:

Sweet in that solitude that hears  
 A footstep from the aching past,  
 That tells of pilgrimage and tears,  
 And perfect life at last.

Who has not heard those steps again,—  
 Nor known the solace they impart,—  
 Which, when the ear may wait in vain,  
 Still echo on the heart?

## BLUE AND YELLOW;

OR,

HOW MY BROTHER FITZ STOOD FOR CANTITBOROUGH.

BY OUIDA.

I.

FITZ GOES DOWN BY THE EXPRESS, AND MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE EN ROUTE.

THERE was to be an Election. The Lords and Commons hadn't hit it; one hon. gentleman had black-guarded another hon. gentleman; the big schoolboys of St. Stephen's had thrown stones at each other, and as they all lived in glass houses, the practice was dangerous; the session had not benefited the country—so far as the country could see—one bit; the *Times* opined that the nation was going to the dogs, and suggested that parliament should dissolve. The *Times* is Cæsar now-a-days, so parliament obeyed, broke itself up, and appealed to the country—i. e. set the Carlton and Reform counting up their money, the lawyers quarrelling for all the dirty work, and the 10l. voters looking out for XXX and fivers; and the country responded promptly, loving a tussle as dearly as a beagle, by sharpening its bowie-knives for the contest, wondering who would buy its votes the highest, and hunting up its stock of Blue and Yellow banners.

“So the governor wants me to stand for Cantitborough. I'm not sure I won't. I'm confoundedly tired of this life year after year. Perhaps the election will give me a little fun. What do you say, Lady Fanny?” began my brother Fitz one morning, lying reading the *Field* and drinking strong coffee with brandy in it by way of breakfast, when I called on him in his chambers in the Albany.

This atrocious sobriquet of “Lady Fanny” arose simply, be it known, from the fact of my name being Francis, and from no womanish tendencies or taste for ass's milk, like my namesake of the Hervey family. If any of us had shown an effeminate turn, I believe the governor would have shot him straight away as unfit to cumber the earth.

“Well,” I answered, “I think I would if I were you, if you don't mind spending a couple of thousand or so to buy two little letters to stick after your name, and have no objection to being cooped up on field-nights while the old women badger each other. We may have some jolly fun cajoling the independent electors, and making love to their wives and daughters.”

“I think I will,” said Fitz, twisting a refractory leaf round his weed. “I want something to do; and, besides, if I'm a member, they won't be able to put me in quod, that's a grand consideration. The town's so confoundedly Tory though, there'll be no end of opposition. We shall set them all together by the ears, the Blues and Yellows won't speak for years, and I shall be written up in the *Cantitborough Post* as a leveller, a socialist, a sceptic, a democrat, and all the delicious names that the

slow coaches call anybody who's a little wide awake and original. Yes, I think I'll put up for it."

"Who contests it with you?" said I. I was just home from a reading tour (where, by-the-by, we read not at all, but smoked and fished determinedly) with some Trinity men, and knew nothing about my native county.

"There are two of 'em," answered Fitz; "one an old Indian, Tory out-and-out, worth a million, and consequently worshipped by his neighbours, at whom, I believe, when heated with overmuch curry and cognac, he swears more than is customary in these polite times. The next is a boy, just one-and-twenty—you know him, Cockadoodle's son. He was in petticoats the other day, but, as his father's an Earl, he's to be transplanted from the nursery to the Commons without any intermediate education. The other is that sneaking thing, that compromise between right and wrong, that hybrid animal, a Liberal Conservative. You know him, too, Augustus Le Hoop Smith; that creature who made his tin by wool, or something horrid, and bought Foxley, and set up as the patriarchal father of his people, in the new-fangled country squire style, with improved drainage, model cottages, prize labourers, and all the rest of it. Two of us must go to the wall. I shall like the fight, and you'll do the chief of the canvassing; mind, I'm no hand at soft-soaping. All I engage to do is to kiss any pretty women there may be in the place."

"You're very kind, taking the fun and giving me the work. I suppose you know you'll have to shake hands with every one of the Great Unwashed."

"Brutes!" rejoined Fitz, who was popularly supposed to be a Socialist and Democrat; "I'll see them all hanged first!"

"And you must joke with the butchers, and have a glass with the coalheavers, and make friends with the sweeps."

"I'd sooner lose my election," rejoined the Republican.

"And you must kiss a baby or two."

The horror, loathing, and disgust expressed on Fitz's face were as good to see as "Box and Cox."

"Not to get the premiership would I touch one of the brats. Faugh! I'd lose my seat fifty times over. Of all the loathsome ideas! If you've nothing pleasanter to suggest, Fan, you'd better get out of the room, if you please."

"Thank you. Don't you remember the sensation Mr. Samuel Slunkey produced by like caresses in Pickwick?"

"Pickwick go to the devil, and you too! I shall do nothing more than give them my tin, as everything is bought and sold now-a-days, and tell them I shall vote for free trade, cheap divorces, marriage with whoever one likes, religious toleration—in fact, for liberty, 'liberté chérie,' for everything and everybody. Then, if they don't like my opinions, they can have the Liberal Conservative instead. I shan't care two straws."

"Admirably philosophic! It's lucky you're not going to try the county. The farmers and clericals wouldn't have you at any price. You cut at the root of their monopoly—corn-laws and tithes, church-rates and protection. However, the more fight the more fun. We shall be like a couple of terriers in a barn full of rats. When shall we go down?"

"Tuesday. I shall go to Hollywood, it's a snng little box, and so much

closer the town than the governor's; and as he's so ill, poor old chap, he won't want the bother of us. I mean to have little Beauclerc as my agent; he was with me at Eton, and is the sharpest dog in Lincoln's Inn. That's enough business for to-day, Fan. I'm now going to Tattersall's to look at a roan filly to run tandem with Rumpunch; then I'm to meet my Lady Frisette in the Pantheon at two; and at five I'm going to dine at the Castle with Grouse and some other men. So ring the bell for Soames, and order the cab round, there's a good boy."

My brother (Randolph Fitzhardinge, according to the register and his visiting cards, but to us and to everybody briefly Fitz) is a fine, tall, handsome fellow, a trifle bronzed, and more than a trifle blasé, with aquiline features, a devil-may-care expression, and a figure not beat in the Guards. He has been amusing himself about in the world ever since he left Christ Church, ten years ago, and as he will come into 12,000*l.* a year whenever the governor leaves him to reign in his stead, has not thought himself necessitated to do more than live in the Albany, hunt with the Pytchley, lounge in the "bay-window," habituate the coulisées, and employ all the other ingenious methods for killing time invented by men about town. He is a good old fellow, is Fitz, and the governor's favourite, which I don't wonder at, though I believe Fitz has been more trouble to him than any of us, as far as I O Us and screws at Newmarket and Doncaster go. But he's the best oar in the Blue-Jersey B. C., the firmest seat and the lightest hand in the county, as good a batsman as any in Lord's Eleven, and these cover a multitude of sins in the governor's eyes; to say nothing that Fitz is as clear-headed, generous-hearted, plucky a fellow as any man I know—and I've a right to think so, for Fitz used to tip me royally when I was a little chap under my sisters' governess (by George! how I did hate that woman, a horrid Wurtemburger, with red hair), and he a six-foot Etonian just going up to Oxford. Besides, when I was in that devil of a mess for tying up old Burton, the proctor, to his own knocker, was it not Fitz who set it square with the governor? and when I dropped a couple of hundred over the Cambridge Stakes, backing Mosella, who was scarcely fit for a cab-horse, did not Fitz lend me the damage, with payment postponed *ad infinitum*, though he was nearly cleaned out at the time himself?

Tuesday came, and Fitz (leaving Lady Frisette dissolved in tears in her boudoir, which tears, no doubt, were dried as soon as his back was turned, as being no longer necessary, and destructive to rouge and beauty), with Beauclerc and myself—and Rumpunch and the new filly in a horse-box—put himself in the express for Pottleshire.

We had a carriage to ourselves, and of course, as soon as we were out of Paddington, took out our pipes and began to enjoy a quiet smoke.

"I do wish," began Fitz, opening the window and taking off his cap, for it was a hot June afternoon, "they'd keep a carriage, as they do in Venice, for the muffs that can't stand the sweet odours of regalia, and not sacrifice us by boxing us up without a weed for four, six, perhaps twelve hours, or else making us pay 5*l.* for other people's olfactory fancies. I wonder somebody don't take it up. They write a lot of nonsense about this nuisance and that evil, that they're great idiots to notice at all; but if they would write up the crying injustice to smokers on British railways, there'd be something like a case—the Woolwich flogging's nothing to it."

"Wait till we've got the election, and then send a letter to the *Times* about it, signed 'M.P.' or a 'Lover of Justice,'" said Beauclerc, a 'cute little fellow, fast as a telegraph, and sharp as a ferret's bite.

"I'll get up a petition rather, signed by all smokers, and addressed to all the directors. I think we're pretty safe for to-day. I don't fancy the express stops at more than a couple of stations between this and Cantitborough, so we are not likely to have any women to bore us. I detest travelling with women," said Fitz, looking out of the window as if he dreaded an advent of feminines along the telegraph wires. "You have to put out your pipe, offer them your *Punch*, and squeeze into nothing to make room for their crinoline. Let's look at the Bradshaw. No! we only stop twice: thought so. It will certainly be odd if we can't keep the carriage to ourselves."

With which unchivalrous sentiment Fitz poked up his pipe, cut the paper with his ticket, and settled himself comfortably. Twenty minutes after, the engine gave a shriek, which woke him out of his serenity.

"Here's Bottleston, confound it!" cried Fitz. "I know the place—there's never anybody but a farmer or two for the second class. No fear of crinoline out of these wilds."

Fitz made rather too sure. As we hissed, and whistled, and panted, and puffed into the station, what should we see on the platform but six women—absolutely six—talking and laughing together, with a maid and a lot of luggage eased up, after the custom of females, in brown holland, as if the boxes had put on smock-frocks by mistake. Fitz swore mildly as he took his pipe out of his mouth, and leaned forward to show as if the carriage was full. Not a bit of use was it—with the instinctive obstinacy of her sex, up to our very door came one of the fatal half dozen.

"There's room in here, Timbs," she said, with the supremest tranquillity, motioning to her maid to put in the hundred things—bouquet, dressing-case, book, travelling-bag, and Heaven knows what, with which young ladies will cumber themselves on a journey of half an hour.

"The perfume is extremely like that of a tobacco-shop, where there is license to smoke on the premises," whispered the intruder to one of her companions—all pretty women, by-the-by—with a significant glance at us.

The whistle screamed—the young ladies bid each other good-by with frantic haste and great enthusiasm—the train started, throwing the maid into Beau's arms, who (as she was thirty and red-haired) was not grateful for the accident, and her mistress seated herself opposite Fitz and began to pay great attention to a poodle imprisoned in a basket, and very prone to rebel against his incarceration.

"That little brute will yap all the way, I suppose?" muttered Fitz, looking supremely haughty and stilted.

The dog's owner glanced up quickly. "Dauphin never annoys any one."

Fitz, cool as he was, looked caught, bent his head, and putting his pipe in his pocket with a sigh, stuck his glass in his eye and calmly criticised the young lady. She was decidedly good style, with large bright hazel eyes and hair to match, and was extremely well got up in a hat with drooping feathers, and one of those pretty tight jackets that, I presume, the girls wear to show their figures. She was pretty enough to console

Beau for the loss of his smoke, and even Fitz thawed a little, and actually went the length of offering her (with his grandest air, though) the *Athenæum* he was reading. After a time he dropped a monosyllable or two about the weather; she was ready enough to talk, like a sensible little thing—I hate that “silent system” of John Bull and his daughters—and in half an hour Fitz had examined and admired the poodle, and was forgetting his lost pipe in chatting with the poodle’s mistress, when he somehow or other got upon the general election.

“We are all excitement,” laughed the young lady, whose cameriste, by the way, looked rather glum on our conversation. “It is quite delightful to have anything to stir up this unhappy county. I have only lived in it six months, but I am sure it is the dullest place in the world—the North Pole couldn’t be worse.”

“Is it indeed?” said Fitz. “Pray can you tell me who are the candidates?”

“General Salter, Mr. Fitzhardinge, Lord Verdant, and a Mr. Smith—Le Hoop Smith, I mean; I beg his pardon!”

“May I ask whom you favour with your good wishes?”

“They are none of them worth much, I fancy,” she answered. “Mr. Fitzhardinge, I understand, is the only clever one; but everybody says he is good for nothing.”

“Not exactly the man to be a member, then,” observed Fitz, gravely, stroking the poodle. “What is said against him?”

“I don’t know. They call him extravagant, sceptic, socialist, republican—in fact, there is no name they don’t give him. I think he would do Pottleshire good for that very reason; it wants something original.”

“Then you are a Radical,” smiled Fitz.

She smiled too.

“It is treason for me to say so; we are all Blue à outrance. Ah! here is Cantitborough.”

It was Cantitborough; that neat, clean, quiet, antiquated town, that always puts me in mind of an old maid dressed for a party; that slowest and dreariest of boroughs, where the streets are as full of grass as an acre of pasture-land, and the inhabitants are driven to ring their own door-bells lest they should rust from disuse.

The train stopped, and Fitz looked as disgusted at losing his travelling companion as he had done at her first appearance, and stared with “Who the devil are you?” plainly written on his face, at a young fellow who met her on the platform. Fitz was before him, though, in handing her and the poodle out, and went to look after her luggage, for motives of his own, as you may guess. He was very graciously thanked for his trouble, had a pretty bow to repay him, and saw the poodle and its mistress off with her unknown cavalier (a brother, probably, from the don’t carish way that he met her) before he got on a dog-cart and toiled us down the road to Hollywood, a snug little box two miles from Cantitborough, left him by Providence, impersonated by a godfather, with eight or nine hundred a year.

“Of course you improved the occasion, Fitz, and saw the name on the boxes?” said Beau, as we drove along.

“Of course. It’s Barnardiston. I never heard of it in the county, did you, Fan? She ought to be a lady, by her style and her voice



(though it's wonderful how the under-bred ones do contrive to get themselves up, so that you can hardly tell the difference till they begin to speak, or move: *then*, I never mistake a lady). I wonder who that young fool was who met her?"

"Why of necessity a fool because he chanced to be in your way?" laughed Beau. "He was a Cantab, I guess, by his cut; Cambridge is always stamped on those little straw hats and fast coats, as Balmoral boots indicate a strong-minded young woman, earrings out of their bonnets girls that want one to look at 'em, Quaker colours and sunshades girls who can't go in for the attractive line, so have sought refuge in the district visiting. Bless your heart, I always know a woman by her dress."

"What do you say to Dauphin's owner, then?"

"Black hat and feathers—possibly coquettish; tight jacket—fast enough to be pleasant; general style—not fast enough to be bold; lavender gloves—good taste, but not a notion of economy; unexceptionable boots—knows she's pretty feet, and is too wise to disfigure them," promptly responded little Beau.

"Bravo!" said Fitz, whipping up the mare (three parts thorough-bred, and one of the best goers I ever saw), "that's just my style. We'll fish the girl up, and show her that if I'm 'good for nothing' in all the other capacities of life, I'm first-rate at a flirtation; can't live without one, indeed, and I don't see why one should try, since, as the women are never easy but when we're making love to them, it would be a want of charity not to oblige them. Here we are. By Jove! I hope they'll have iced the wine properly; don't you long for a bottle, Fanny?"

"Soames," said Fitz to his man, when we had discussed the champagne, which *was* iced as cold as a "wallflower's" answer when you ask if she has enjoyed her ball—"Soames, go over this evening to Cantitborough, and find out for me if there are any people called Barnardiston living anywhere there, and bring me word all about them."

"Certainly, sir," said Soames.

And that night, when we were smoking out on the lawn, Soames, who had often sped on like errands, made his report. There was a Barnardiston *père*, a gentleman of independent fortune, living at the Larches; a Barnardiston *mère*, over whom he tyrannised greatly; a son, Mr. Herbert Barnardiston, who was at John's; two small boys, and two daughters, one, Valencia, who was engaged to the perpetual curate of St. Hildebrande's, and one, Caroline, who, as far as Soames could hear, was not engaged to anybody at all.

"Now, by George!" said Fitz, puffing his regalia in the moon's face, "Dauphin's mistress is a fat lot too good for that pury little Low Church brute at St. Hildebrande's. I remember being by ill luck in that church once when he was preaching, and he thumped his cushion so violently in his passion with us sinners, that he sent the dust out of it in a regular simoom, which set the old clerk off sneezing so, that we couldn't hear a word of the sermon—a providential interposition, considering the malice of the discourse. I wonder if it *is* she? Valencia sounds more like her than Caroline."

"Calm your mind, old fellow," said Beau; "our beauty isn't engaged to a parson, take my word for it. I always know the betrothed of the

Church at a glance. They're getting in training to take interest in the distribution of flannel petticoats and brown-papered tracts; they cast their eyes away from good-looking fellows, for fear they should be tempted to compare black ties with white chokers; they wear already the Lady Bountiful head of the parish air; they try to inflate themselves with big talk on the duties of a clergyman's wife, but in their secret souls are already weighed down by the dreadful decree that 'deacons' wives must be grave, not slanderous; sober, faithful in all things;' as if women would not just as soon be put in Newgate for life as denied their natural food—scandal and flirtation. No! take comfort, Fitz, your love of the railway carriage is no parson's fiancée, I'll swear."

## II.

### BEAU BEGINS ONE CANVASS AND FITZ ANOTHER.

UPON my honour I never saw a funnier contrast in my life, sir, than the candidates for the borough; and when I saw them all four on the Market Hill, I never laughed more at old Buckstone. There was first, of course, little Verdant, long, lanky, and meek-looking, like all the Cockadoodles, sitting forward on his horse's neck, as if he were afraid of tumbling off. There was his brother Conservative, Le Hoop Smith, bland, sweet smiling, and for all the world like a tabby cat on its best behaviour, in a gorgous turn-out, with his arms, fished up by the Heralds'-office, blazoned on the panels as big as a sign-post. Then, on a fat, white shooting pony was Salter, the old fellow of the H.E.I.C.S., as round as a pumpkin and as yellow as a buttercup, who'd have thought nothing of lashing the independent electors as he'd flogged his Sepoys, and who, not being able to do that, swore at them vigorously; and then, last of all, was Fitz, haughty, dashing, "distingué" (as the shop people say of a 2s. 6d. cotton), setting all the women mad about him, and sticking on to his thorough-bred as if they were both cast together in bronze. There was no doubt of Verdant's coming in; the fact of his being the son of the only live Earl near Cantitborough secured *that*. The tradesmen were for Salter, because he eat much and paid well. The clergy and professions were for Le Hoop Smith, because he was such a pious, poetical, spotless creature (though a pompous snob, like all those money-made men); and for Fitz—Well, poor old Fitz had the women, and one or two enlightened individuals, on his side; a very small hap'orth of bread to a whole ocean of sack were all the 'constituents he seemed likely to gain, though Beau and other agents set to work as hard as steam-engines, and Fitz and I canvassed perseveringly, though the Socialist had a profound contempt in practice for the Canaille, whom in theory he dignified into the People; and despite his opinion that all men were equal, was not at all prepared to suffer familiarity from his unwashed brethren. If you have ever had the ill luck, as I have had, to be in a small spiteful country town in election time, when everybody is spitting and swearing like cats on the tiles, you can fancy, sir, what Cantitborough was at this period of its history. We stirred its utmost depths. The best hotel was a Blue committee-room; its second best was a Yellow committee-room. Big-wigs talked loud of their principles; gamins flaunted rag flags in the gutters; mysterious strangers haunted its tap-rooms. Mr.

Brown cut Mr. Green because he was Yellow. Mrs. A. dropped her bosom friend, Mrs. B., because she was Blue. The Town Council was divided against itself, and, consequently, couldn't stand straight on its legs (a charge, by the way, often brought against its members individually). Mary, the kitchen-maid, would no longer "walk along" with James the milkman, because he was all for that "hugly Smith." Cobblin, the shoemaker, was surprised by seeing two fivers lying snug in the heel of a Wellington; and Chalice, the rector, was startled by a gentle hint that the Deanery of Turtlefat might be vacant.

"Who do you think I'm going to solicit the vote from this morning?" said Fitz at breakfast two or three mornings after.

"Pottler, of the Three Kings, I hope," said Beau, helping himself to a devil, "if you do what you ought."

"The Three Kings be shot!" said Fitz. "The barmaid there is as ugly as sin and forty, I'm certain. He's not an eye to trade to keep her; a pretty face at a bar disposes of numberless shilling glasses."

"Old Hops, then; and *do* remember to tell him his beer is better than Bass's," said Beau, whose refractory client gave him no end of trouble.

"What! that beastly stuff, full of jack? Oh! confound it, I can't humbug like that; 't isn't my line, especially with those canaille."

"The devil take your pride!" retorted Beau. "How do you expect to get along with your election, when it's such a piece of work to make you shake hands with even a respectable butcher or——"

"Pah! hold your tongue!" cried the Radical, glancing at his own white fingers. "I like the hydra-headed to have all the bread he wants, but I can't bear touching his dirty paw. I'm sure I kiss the girls, Beau, though, with most exemplary perseverance——"

"Rather too perseveringly," growled the exigent Beau. "I don't think it tells well with the fathers, and I'm quite sure it influences husbands the wrong way. You're unexceptionable with your equals, but Rumpunch herself isn't more unmanageable than you are with your inferiors. I always notice if a gentleman—I mean a thorough-bred one—takes up democracy, and all that, in opinions, the more exclusive, as sure as a gun, does he grow in his actions. He may put on the bonnet rouge with the people, but he'll always expect the people to doff theirs to him. Well, it's human nature, I suppose; we're all anomalies——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't begin to moralise, Beau," said Fitz. "Of all the abominations that pester the earth, the didactic style is the worst. Well! will you come with me to the Larches?"

"The where?" shouted Beau, in amazement.

"The Larches; where the Barnardistons haug out."

Beau dropped some cutlet, en route to his lips, off his fork, in staring at Fitz. "Are you mad? Why, he's on Verdant's committee."

"What of that? I've walked about ten entire days to meet his daughter, and haven't met her: sequitur, I shall call there."

Beau gave a grunt of wonder and disgust. "Of all the cool chaps, I *do* think you're the very coolest."

"Of course I am. Have you only now found it out? Ring the bell, Fan, and order the horses."

"Well," said Beau, with a touching air of resignation, "if you'd keep quiet, and do as you're told, I'd bring you in as sure as this beer's Brighton Tipper; but since you *will* act for yourself, why, if you lose your election I wash my hands of it."

Up to the Larches rode Fitz and I, a pretty house of very white stone, and with very green Venetians—that tried hard to look like an Italian villa on a small scale, and failed signally—standing in its grounds at the west end of Cantitborough.

"There she is," whispered Fitz, as we paced up the carriage drive. True enough, stooping over a bed of verbena, gardening sedulously, with Dauphin barking furiously round her, in ecstatic delight, was our late *compagnon de voyage*. At the sound of our horses' hoofs the poodle rushed at us after the manner of small dogs, and his mistress turned round to see the cause of his irritation. Off went Fitz's hat, and he bowed to his saddle-bow. At the same moment a young lady came out of a French window, and called "Valencia!" Dauphin's mistress threw down her trowel, obeyed the summons, and went into the house; not without a bow to Fitz, though. "The devil! she *is* Valencia, and engaged to that owl, then," swore Fitz. "I say, she hasn't one bit the cut of a parson's *future*, has she? Upon my word it's a devilish pity—horrid waste of good material—to throw *her* into the Church's arms! Never mind, though; it will be the more fun for me. I shan't only have a flirtation, but the fun of making fat little Whitechurch jealous into the bargain, which will be a little more currant-jelly to my hare."

"Glad you take it so philosophically, but it won't do you much good in the borough to flirt with their pet preacher's fiancée."

"Hold your tongue, Fanny. If I prefer a flirtation to a seat in the Commons, mayn't I indulge my preference?" said the candidate for Cantitborough, throwing his bridle to Soames, as a Buttons, that one wanted a microscope to see clearly, opened the door, and ushered us into the library of the hottest out-and-out Tory in the county.

There sat old Barnardiston in state, a tall, plethoric-looking fellow, the very embodiment of conservatism, orthodoxy, and British prejudice. It was as good as a play to see his face when the Radical candidate was shown in, and to see Fitz, with his most nonchalant yet most courtly air, address him, and solicit his vote, as if in perfect ignorance that Lord Verdant's proposer, the Bluest of Blues, Barnardiston, who looked on free trade as treason to the commonwealth, and on the ballot as a device of Satan, was not perfectly *d'accord* with himself upon politics. The old gentleman was as chilling as a chaperone's "Good evening!" to an ineligible, and, of course, proceeded to bow us out with a good deal of grandiloquent bosh about his principles, which he was evidently very injured to think had not been too widely known to have prevented Fitz's intrusion. Fitz was nonplused; his call did not promise to be very productive. The old Tory was unpropitious, and there was no sign of the girls whatever. He was just going to take his leave in despair, when, by Jove! as luck would have it, down came all at once such a shower of hailstones, such claps of thunder, such a conflict of the elements, as the novel-writers say, that, out of common courtesy, the old boy, though it was plain to see that he looked on us as a brace of the most impudent scoundrels he had ever come across, was obliged to ask us if we would wait till it was over.

Fitz thanked him, and said he would, in his pleasant, easy manner, as if he and the great Tory were the best possible friends; and (very stiffly, though) Barnardiston, fairly let in for the entertainment of the dangerous sceptic and socialist, asked us to go into the drawing-room.

"Bravo! brass and pluck always win," whispered Fitz aside to me, as the door was opened, and we saw the identical Valencia feeding a brace of love-birds in the window, her sister, quite unlike her—a stout, square, business-looking girl—writing district papers, with a lot of tracts round her, and their mamma reading in a dormeuse.

Breathing an inward prayer for the continuance of the thunderstorm, Fitz sat himself down (just under the love-birds), and proceeded to make himself agreeable—especially to the betrothed of the incumbent of St. Hildebrande's. You would have thought him the "enfant de la maison" for the last ten years at least, to hear him talk news and literature with madame, fun and ornithology with mademoiselle, utterly regardless that Barnardiston was keeping a gloomy silence, and the district collector looking glum on her sister's vivacious chat, probably with the eye of a belle-sœur to the absent Whitechurch's interests. He amused them so well, and was so well amused himself, that the sun had stared him in the face for full twenty minutes, and the birds were telling everybody the storm was gone, before Fitz thought proper to find out that it was "beginning to clear up"—a fact so undeniable that he had nothing for it but to make his adieux, after offering to lend Mrs. Barnardiston some book or other she wanted; and when the lodge gates closed behind us, Fitz had a good shout of laughter.

"Now, then, Lady Fan, didn't I manage that gloriously?"

"Yes! I never doubted your powers of impudence yet; but whether your election——"

"Confound my election! It was worth losing fifty votes only to see that old boy's face when I asked for his support; and, by George! isn't she pretty? To see all that going to Whitechurch is rather a trial of one's patience. What in the world was she thinking of to throw herself away on him? A little flirtation will be only common humanity to her, poor girl! Did you see how mischievous she looked when she saw me? The 'good-for-nothing' was lurking in her mind, I bet you."

"In pleasant contrast with the good in everything of her future sposo. The cardinal virtues ain't relished by women."

Fitz laughed as he pricked Rumpunch into a gallop. "She's a dashing little thing; I must have some fun with her. I won't quite spoil her matrimonial speculations, though, for I shan't be inclined to put it au sérieux, like the Rev. Augustine. Fish out the young fellow, Fan; he's a Cambridge man; you can soon scrape acquaintance. Brothers are very useful sometimes, though occasionally uncommonly meddling and disagreeable. By Jove! look there. Confound it, there's Jimmy! What in the world is he doing here?"

"Hallo, old boy! how are you?" said the man thus apostrophised, Jimmy Villars, a chum of Fitz's. "I've heard lots about you, Randolph. You're turning Cantitborough upside down, and I'm come to help you."

"That's right. Nobody more welcome. Where are you staying?"

"At the Levisons'—you know them. No? Then you shall immediately. Levison was a great yachting man. He's rangé and married

now; a very pleasant girl hooked and finished him. They're county people and thorough-going Liberals, so you won't frighten 'em, though they *are* connected with that Arch-Blue old Barnardiston."

"By Jove!" thought Fitz, "if a man takes luck by the horns, don't it always favour him!" Introduce me, then, Jimmy," he said, aloud; "I want a little fun. I'm bored to death with committees, canvassing, meetings, dinners, speechifying, and letter-writing. Then the Cantitburghers are such awful owls, and one's aims and ends do seem so small when one's mixed up with the bigotry of prejudice and the tomfoolery of party, that I'm growing heartily sick of the whole thing already."

### III.

#### CUPID GIVES BEAU MORE TROUBLE THAN ALL THE BLUES.

POOR Beau was distracted. Fitz had been a refractory client enough before, so far as obstinately speaking his mind, telling the truth, tilting against his voters' opinions, and entirely refusing to butter anybody, went; but after he met Jimmy Villars, Beau had ten times more trouble, for while little Verdant was calling at every house and conquering them all with his title, and Le Hoop Smith was giving to all the charities, and quoting the "Christian Year" largely to the clergy, and giving a new lectern to St. Hildebrande, and Salter was delighting the ten-pound men with coarse jokes, and flinging guineas and stout away recklessly, Fitz, ten to one, was either bothering poor Beau not to bribe, instead of letting things go on quietly; or talking rationalism and liberalism high over the head of some startled constituent (who came off from the interview with the decision that Mr. Fitzhardinge was as eminently "dangerous" as O'Brien, and that he would give a plumper to Lord Verdant); or playing billiards, and going eel-netting with Villars and the Levisons; or sitting in Edith Levison's drawing-room with her and her cousin, Valencia Barnardiston. Nevertheless, Beau, the sharpest-witted, neatest-handed agent that ever lived, worked away with the settled despair of a man baling water out of a leaking ship with a teacup, and really grew quite worried and anxious in his personal appearance, toiling for the devil-may-care Radical, for whom, ever since Fitz pounded him on their first introduction at Eton, he had always entertained a sort of dogged attachment, something, he used to say, like that of an aged grandmother for the "poor dear boy" who plagues her life out with crackers, and goes more wrong than all his brothers put together.

The Levisons were, as Jimmy had promised, very pleasant, and liked larks and fun, as all pleasant people do; and as soon as we were introduced to them, inade Fitz and me, and Beau too, if he had had time for such puerilities, welcome to Elm Court, Levison's place, just four miles from Cantitborough, whenever we liked to go there. We went pretty often, for Levison's wife was a merry little thing, and generally had one or two choice spirits like herself driven over to spend the day; among them, her cousin and favourite, the fiancée of the Rev. Augustine Whitechurch, a fat, sleek man of large Easter offerings, and touching testimonials; of good family, and wide (Cantitborough) fame, whom everybody praised, though nobody liked, as a sort of voucher for their own religion. I have seen a good many serpents and rabbits, rats and beagles, doves and tiger-cats chained together, but I never saw any pair who seemed to be

more uncongenial than Valencia and her prétendu. She was lively, high-spirited, loved fun, parties, and mischief as much as she hated Dorcas meetings, missionary reports, and interesting converted beggars, while he was Low Church—*i. e.* looked upon life as a miserable pilgrimage that it was our duty to make with the hardest possible peas in our shoes; wanted a wife the embodiment of that dreadful individual, Hannah More's "Lucilla," and worried poor little Val's very life out with animadversions on her pursuits, amusements, and friends. He came sometimes with her to Elm Court, where he had as chilling an effect as the inevitable rain on the swell Chiswick toilettes, and where he and Fitz took an instantaneous dislike to each other, and kept each other at bay like a cat and a spaniel. Val, though she was engaged, was the centre of attraction. Doesn't the green ticket "Sold" often make the dilettanti rave over a picture in the Royal Academy they might not have noticed without it? Jimmy Villars adored her, *en passant*; little Lord Verdant, whose paternal acres joined Levison's, bid fair to lose his silly little boyish head about her—no great loss, by the way; and Fitz—Fitz always made himself agreeable to any charming woman he came across, no more able to help it than Rover to help pointing when he scents a covey; and while the Great Blue was throwing his influence into the scale to worst the Radical candidate, the Radical candidate was tranquilly engaged in riding, singing, waltzing, and talking, three days out of the week, with Miss Valencia, at Elm Court, where Levison, having been a very high match for his little niece Edith, Barnardiston thought it impossible for Val to come to any grief, and encouraged her visits despite Whitechurch's chagrin at them.

"Do you think you will win your election, Fitz?" asked Villars one evening after dining there, and we were strolling over the grounds afterwards in the twilight.

"Haven't an idea, my dear fellow," responded Fitz, cheerfully, "and am not sure that I wish, for the Cantitburghers are such awful idiots, that to represent them faithfully I should be compelled to buy a pair of ass's ears, like Bottom, which might produce a peculiar sensation in the House."

"Especially," smiled Valencia, "as the cap would fit so many of its members."

"Those that are 'good for nothing' included," whispered Fitz, mischievously.

She laughed and coloured.

"Oh, I had hoped you had not recognised me. What a shame to keep it perdu all this time. I might have been begging your pardon in a long oration every time we met. I shall take care how I talk to strangers again in a train."

"Pray don't. I'm exceptional in my taste, I know, but I do like truths sometimes, even if they hit hard. Don't you?"

"Yes; but I fancy my truths didn't hit you severely at all. I think I told you you were condemned as a sceptic, a socialist, and a republican; and, since all great men have been classed into one of the three, you should be super-excellent to combine the trio."

Fitz laughed.

"I am quite content to be condemned by Cantitborough to any amount, so long as *you* don't find me utterly good for nothing."

She looked up at him merrily.

"Certainly; you are good for waltzing, billiards, and German songs; those are all the duties I require of you, so I don't ask any further."

"I only wish you required more," said Fitz, softly. "I am sorry you think of me as a passing acquaintance, chatted with in a ball-room, and parted from without regret, to meet no more in the eddies of society."

"I never said that I considered you so," interrupted Valencia, hurriedly, snapping the roses off their stems as they walked along.

"But you implied it; and if you knew the pain your light words cause, you would not speak them."

She was silent, so was he. It was part of Fitz's code of warfare to leave his sentences to bear their fruit.

"Valencia, you are extremely imprudent to be out in this damp atmosphere in such a light evening dress," said the Rev. Augustine at her elbow.

"This exquisite evening! Thank you for your care, but I don't belong to the sanitary-mad individuals," replied Valencia, impatiently. "I never cloak up, so never take cold; if I do, I will apply to you for some of those extraordinary little hundreds and thousands you carry in the morocco case, and physic the parish with, in alternate doses of texts and globules."

There was a sarcastic curl on Miss Val's lips which the popular preacher did not quite relish, for he was an apostle of that arch-humbog homœopathy, firmly believed in a "millionth part;" in its strength being increased by dilution; in the virtue of infinitesimal doses, and all the rest of it; and was keenly alive to any ridicule on the point, as people are when a point is untenable.

"Ah! *do* you believe in those little comfits, Mr. Whitechurch?" said Fitz, taking up the warfare. "You save the souls and the bodies en même temps—a very nice arrangement, I dare say. It must be delightful to practise the two healing arts at once; and then, if you *should* ever chance to mistreat a case, it wouldn't so much matter, because you'd have made sure your patient was 'fit' to die, whether he was willing or not. Homœopathy's a capital thing for trade. I'm very glad to see it spreading; they say the undertakers bid fair to be some of the wealthiest men in the kingdom through it, and the sugar-bakers thrive amazingly. You saw in the paper the other day—didn't you?—that one of 'em gave the quantity of little hundreds and thousands—some ton weight, I think—he had made for one of your great homœopaths—your men who buy a diploma for twenty pounds in Germany, and set up here with a tiger and a practice as minute as their pet medicine, and knowledge as infinitesimal as the power of their doses."

"It requires no wit to jest upon deep subjects," said Whitechurch, loftily. "The holiest topic, the gravest matter, can of course be turned into ridicule."

"If it is weak, certainly," returned Fitz, with a calm, courteous air.

"No, sir!" said the pet parson, pompously. "Not if it is weak, but if its opponents are bigoted and coarse-mouthed. Ridicule was thrown upon Moses's divining-rod——"

"And he turned it into a serpent, and made it eat up all the other rods, which was ingenious, if not Christian," said Fitz, wickedly.

"I refuse to discuss such subjects in such a tone," returned Whitechurch, with extreme severity. "Homœopathy is a great, enlightened,



rational, and noble discovery in science, and does not require any defence."

"It can't make any," murmured Fitz.

Whitechurch turned from him with immeasurable disdain.

"My dear Valencia, allow me to say you are exceedingly unwise not to wear some hat, or cloak, or something warmer than that flimsy dress. Careful wrapping——"

"Is always followed by weak health," laughed Valencia. "We know what the Sybarites were, and the English will be as bad if they wrap up their children, and diet and frighten themselves, as that estimable lady in *Twopence a Week* is so fond of advising."

"But old maids' children are proverbial," laughed Fitz. "Of all mortals do I pity most an unlucky small in the clutches of a well-meaning, anxious maiden aunt, who is primed with prescriptions, won't let him stir out if there's no 'ozone' in the air, or a breath of north wind; measures his warm young blood by her own chill veins, and loads him with flannel like a gouty old man. Pretty mess she'll make of him! If it's a boy, he'll go down under the first breath of east wind; and if it's a girl, she'll grow up an invalid, good for nothing, a misery to herself and everybody else, with neither colour in her cheeks nor use in her limbs."

Valencia laughed, and her glance compared, disparagingly enough to the clergyman, Fitz's sinewy, vigorous frame, which would have lifted ten stone like a feather, with the fat, sleek, feminine, puffy form of the popular preacher, as she answered,

"We should soon see an end to the hardy, strong-muscled, sport-loving Britons. People now-a-days study sanitary rules till they study all their health away. I confess I've no patience with those lady dietators, such as that strong-minded political economist who writes such awful advice from her 'Farm of Three Inches.' Wants us to leave off high heels—I wonder what for?—and wear wretched, poking straw bonnets, so that nobody can see our faces (convenient to those who have faces that won't bear looking at, I dare say), and would squeeze all romance out of everything, and sweep all beauty off the earth if she could. Why mayn't we have a pretty thing, if it isn't useful? Our eyebrows are no particular use, but we should look very funny without them."

"I quite agree with you; I hate utilitarians. It is your oracle from the 'Farm' who laments the sensual tendencies of schoolboys because they like rabbit suppers and tuck. I wouldn't give much for a boy who didn't. Those very spiritual individuals are nasty ones to deal with; they're so exalted themselves, they have no sympathy with one's natural weaknesses, and as they pretend to go in for no errors themselves, of course won't pity them in other people."

"We are to condemn errors, not to sympathise with them," snapped Whitechurch.

"Indeed!" said Fitz, carelessly. "When I find a man free from all errors himself, I'll let him find fault with another—and I shan't chance on *him* for many a year."

The clergyman smiled—not pleasantly.

"All the borough are acquainted with your latitudinarian opinions, Mr. Fitzhardinge."

"Are they?" laughed Fitz. "They must be rather a treat to Can-

titborough, after all the Conservative oratory it has expended on it. By the way, Mr. Whitechurch, that election sermon of yours last Sunday was an admirable hit. I heard Lord Cockadoodle say that he wished old Ewen would kick off, and leave Dunslope in his gift."

Whitechurch coloured. The sermon was a gross piece of toadyism. and though he did keep his affections on things above, he couldn't help sometimes taking a glance downwards, where the fat living of Dunslope was among the prominent points that caught his eye.

Valencia sighed quickly, turned round, and said something about going into the house.

"Do," said Fitz, bending towards her. "Let us go and try those German airs."

Go they did, and Fitz's cornet, which he played as well as Kœnig, sent out its mellow notes in a concert of sweet sounds, which was anything but harmonious to the ears of the incumbent of St. Hildebrande as he walked up and down before the drawing-room windows, listening to Caroline, who, regarding him already as a brother, took the liveliest interest in his parochial business affairs, doubtless with the kindly view of covering her sister's short-comings in that line.

"Poor dear Valencia!" I heard her sigh, as she passed me when I was smoking on the terrace with Jimmy. "Don't be annoyed with her, Augustine. She *does* flirt a little, perhaps, but they say all pretty women do. I'm not tempted, you know; I am plain and unpretending; but, thank Heaven! my thoughts are not fixed on this world, or on men's idle admiration. Don't be vexed with her; she is thoughtless, I am afraid."

"But I am extremely annoyed," said the parson's dictatorial tones. "I spoke to her the other day about fixing the time for our marriage. I require a wife; I cannot attend to the schools, and the cook wastes a great deal; but she put me off—would give me no answer. I am not to be treated so lightly; and as for her dancing, and singing, and riding with those idle men, especially with that wild, dissolute Fitzhardinge, it is intolerable, unbearable, most indecorous——"

"I know it is very sad," chimed in the gentle Cary. "But dear Val never had any due sense of the responsible position your wife will occupy. She is careless, worldly——"

Here they went out of hearing, and I was no further enlightened, but went into the drawing-room, where they were all playing *vingt-et-un*, and called to me to join them; and I thought, as I saw Valencia, got up very becomingly, with her large hazel eyes full of animation and fun, Verdant gazing at her sentimentally on her left, and Fitz discoursing with eloquent glances and facile compliment on her right, her light laugh ringing through the room, and her merry talk keeping all going, that it was a thousand pities for her to be imprisoned in the sombre atmosphere of St. Hildebrande's rectory, under the cheerless régime of St. Hildebrande's incumbent, whose gloomy doctrine would infallibly silence the laughter, hush-hush the jest, burn the cards, interdict the waltzing—in short, crush all the native song out of the poor bird he had netted.

"I say, old boy," said I, when we were having a pipe that night in the dining-room at Hollywood, "make hay while the sun shines; you won't have much longer to flirt."

"Why not?" said Fitz, sharply.

"Because Whitechurch wants to get married; not from any particular penchant for the state, or any fresh accès of love, but because his girls' schools want looking after, and his cook's ruining him."

"The fool!" ejaculated Fitz, with a giant cloud of Cavendish; "why doesn't he go to the register-office and hire a seamstress and a house-keeper?"

"Possibly because a wife will combine both, and be cheaper. Barnardiston will give his daughters ten thousand pounds each if he like his sons-in-law. Fancy Valencia arming herself with needles and thread, and teaching half a dozen charity-girls to make pocket-handkerchiefs for Ojibbeways, and going into her kitchen to see that dear Augustine's curry is peppered to a T, or that the cook doesn't encourage the policeman——"

"Faugh! Be quiet, can't you?" growled Fitz, in intense disgust. "You might talk with just as much coolness of Rumpunch being set to run in a costermonger's cart. The idea of the girl throwing herself away on that white-chokered humbug! What on earth could make her accept him?"

"First offer," interrupted Beau; "couldn't tell she'd get another."

"Pooh! nonsense; at her age girls ain't hard up in that way. If she were thirty she might have been desperate; very rusty hooks are snapped up when there's no longer a chance of silver ones, but at nineteen——"

"Hooks of all kinds are snapped at by all ages," interrupted Beau again, "and you've said so scores of times, Fitz, when it suited you, and your perceptions weren't clouded. Women are always mad to be married. Heaven knows why they trouble themselves to tell the girls at the end of the marriage-service not to be afraid, with any amazement; there never was more needless waste of words, for I never knew any of the crinolines who didn't catch at a wedding-ring as Rover catches at a mutton-bone."

Fitz was quiet, puffing away with as much energy as if he were smoking Whitechurch, as Bugeaud smoked the Algerines.

"It does puzzle me, though," said I, "how Val, with the pick of the county, could choose that parson. She don't like him, I fancy."

"Like him!" cried Fitz, with immeasurable scorn, "how should she? An ugly brute, with the pluck of a chicken, and as sour as beer after a thunderstorm!"

"Don't call your spiritual pastors and masters bad names, Fitz," said Beau. "You keep me in hourly terror, for if you have a row with the Cantitburghers' pet preacher it'll be all up with your election."

"I shan't have a row with him," sneered Fitz, with much contempt. "I flirt with her because she amuses me, but if she likes the parson, she's welcome to him for me."

Though she was so very welcome to him, I heard Fitz in his room (the room is next to mine, and the walls are lath and plaster) mutter to himself as he undressed, "What the devil does she tie herself to that fool for?" a question to which I do not suppose either his pipe, or his bed-candle, or Rover, who always sleeps by his bedside, or the harvest moon: that was looking through the window, vouchsafed him any reply.

## IV.

## THE RADICAL CANDIDATE BEATS THE POPULAR PREACHER OUT OF THE FIELD.

THE Larches was, of course, forbidden ground to Fitz. He did call there with the book for Mrs. Barnardiston, and was received very cordially by that lady, but in the evening received a note from the old Tory thanking him for his courtesy, but saying that at least until the "coming important contest" was decided, he thought acquaintance, since their opinions were so opposite, had better not continue. That was a settler; Fitz, with all the brass in the kingdom, could not push himself in after that, especially as Fitz would not make himself cheap for a kingdom. Nevertheless, sometimes when Valencia was not at Elm Court, he would find occasion to ride past the Larches, Valencia being given to amateur gardening, which generally consisted in gathering the flowers, or throwing guelder roses at Dauphin, and a very pretty sight she was when she was so occupied, though Caroline considered it childish, and Whitechurch waste of time. By Jove! if one may not dawdle a little time on the road gathering the flowers one finds in life—and precious few there are!—what earthly use, I wonder, do the flowers grow there for? Past the Larches we were riding one evening after dinner, having spent all the day in election business that had bored us both to death, and very slowly was Rumpunch pacing under the shadow of the shrubberies that divided that stronghold of "Blue" opinion from the high road. Just opposite a break in the laburnums and hawthorns that gave a view through a white gate into the garden, Rumpunch had, or was supposed to have, a nasty stone in his foot—a stone that a man who adored horseflesh as Fitz did was bound to look after. The stone took some moments to find—indeed, I am uncertain that it *was* found after all—but while Fitz was examining the off hoof, through the trees we perceived Whitechurch and his fiancée. Whitechurch looked more pompous than usual, and the serene brow that the ladies of his parish raved about was certainly contracted. Val looked excited, and rather ready to cry. They drew near the gate, not being able to see us for the trees, and we caught the clergyman's last words—very stiff and icy they were, too.

"You will think over what I have said, Valencia, and I expect you to pay some attention to it. Good night."

And Augustine bent his head over his stiff choker, and touched Val's forehead with his lips in as cool a sort of manner as a man kisses a plain sister. Valencia gave not the slightest response. Whitechurch swung the gate open, and passed down the road with his back to us. Val stood still, with her eyes on the ground, in a reverie; then she caught Dauphin up, kissed him, burst into tears as she bent over the dog, and walked away through the trees. I glanced at Fitz. His teeth were set like a mastiff's, and he looked after Whitechurch as if he longed to deliver from his left shoulder and floor the retreating figure.

"Very paternal, wasn't he?" said I. "You'd have improved the occasion better than that, Fitz."

"Curse the fellow!" muttered the Radical candidate. "I just wish I had him out for a couple of rounds on a quiet morning—a hypocritical idiot, that'll worry all her young life out of her."

With which disconnected remark, and sundry smothered curses, the sight of the farewell having seemingly stirred him into mighty wrath, Fitz sprang on Rumpunch, and tore over the roads at a pace fit to win the Grand Military. When he got home he vented it in pipes and whisky, and Beau looked at him as a man might look on a pet hound, that he feared was going in for hydrophobia.

"Something's come to Fitz," said Beau, anxiously, "for he's just signed me a 1000*l.* cheque without a word; and I know he wouldn't have given it to me to corrupt the people with without some bother, if he'd known what he was doing."

"I'm going over to Levison's, Beau," said he at breakfast next day. "We're to drive over to the Chase, for a sketching party; will you come?"

"I?" growled Beau. "I should think I've something better to do; if I hadn't, the figure at your poll would be an O. The idea of a man's coming down to stand for a borough, and then going spending all his time with a set of women! I've no patience with you, Randolph."

"Haven't you, old fellow?" laughed Fitz. "Patience is a virtue, and as no lawyer has any virtues at all, I suppose we can't wonder at you. I did begin enunciating my opinions, but you stopped my mouth."

"Opinions! Pray what have they to do with an election?" retorted Beau. "One would take you for a boy of twenty, talking as if you didn't know everything going on on the face of the earth was an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence. Who the devil cares two straws what opinions you have? Can't you keep 'em quiet, if you will have such things? They hinder a man shockingly. If he's a taste for 'em, he should lock 'em up in his study. You want to get returned——"

"Don't care a hang about it," cried Fitz.

"For Cantitborough?" continued Beau, too irate to mind the interruption; "and if you do, you should make up your mind to give your money to me and Waring with your eyes shut, as a verger takes a Christmas-box, and to put the stopper for a time on all that liberalist and rationalist stuff. It's all very sensible, when shared with the esprits forts; but it don't sell just now—it must wait another century or two. If you want to get on with the world, you mustn't frighten it by drawing Truth out of her well; for the world, at present, is a very great baby, and truth is its bogy, and makes it run away. But you're as wilful as an unbroke colt, and one might as well talk to this reindeer tongue as to you. So get along to your sketching party; you're out of mischief there, if you don't make love to Whitechurch's bride, and raise the hue and cry after you, with old Blue Bar springing the rattle."

With which oration, delivered with the spurt of a champagne cork, Beau pushed his plate away, drank a glass of Bass, and ordered the dog-cart to drive into the town, while his obstinate client put his block and his moist colour-box in his pocket, and took his cap to walk over to Elm Court. A nicer place to flirt in than that Chase, with its soft turfy seats, and its thick shadowy woodlands, and its picturesque distance, as an excuse for sketching, it was impossible to find. Fitz was very great at sketching; he made a sketching tour once with one of the "Associates," but to-day I fancy the outline of Dauphin's nose was all he achieved, for he was chiefly busy mixing Miss Val's colours, fetching her water, telling her how to tone down this, and deepen that, till——Well, I didn't envy

the Reverend Augustine, as his fiancée sat at the roots of an old beech, a little apart from the rest of us, with Fitz lying full length on the turf beside her, as handsome a dog as ever turned a girl's head with his pretty speeches.

Valencia was very shy and quiet with him that day; she, who generally talked nineteen to the dozen, and was always ready for any lark. I was listening to the "Princess," which Jimmy Villars was reading aloud to Mrs. Levison and another fair one, but it really did bore me to such a degree that I was obliged to sneak out of sound to where I could light a pipe without offending female nerves. I was near Fitz, who was smoking—permitted the indulgence by Valencia, who has no nonsense about her—and I caught the end of his sentence as he lay looking up at her, and gathering the ferns with his left hand. Fitz has a quiet way of flirting, but it's a very effective one.

"No; I don't wish to get the election," he was saying. "My views have changed since I came down here."

"What! has Cantitborough air turned you Blue?" laughed Valencia, with her customary gaiety.

"Not exactly; but since, when I leave Cantitborough, I shall be forgotten as a passagère acquaintance by those who have made the place dear to me, I shall never set foot in it again, which I must do were I to become its representative. Isn't it old North, in the 'Noctes,' who says 'there are places in this earth that we shudder to revisit, haunted by images too beautiful to be endured?' I feel the truth of that now."

"By George!" thought I, "Fitz is growing very serious. Won't poor little Val credit it all, and never dream it will be talked in the same strain to some new flirtation next month!"

"Will you give me that sketch?" Fitz went on, after a pause, in which the ferns had come to considerable grief. "It is not much to ask, but I should like some memorial of days that I shall never forget, though you will."

"Do you think I shall ever forget them?" began Valencia, passionately; then stopped short, bending her head over her drawing.

The temptation to revenge yesterday's scene was too sweet to be resisted. Fitz put his arm round her waist, and drew her down towards him. "Will you promise me that you will not——"

But Valencia sprang up, scattering her materials to the four winds; her face was flushed, and her voice agitated. "Hush, hush, you must not speak so to me; you do not know——"

What he didn't know never appeared, for Edith Levison turned her head over her shoulder, saying,

"Val, darling, have you any ultramarine? I can't find mine."

Val went towards her, and Fitz rose with a worried, anxious look on his face, very different to the fun his love affairs generally brought him.

"Why did your cousin engage herself to Mr. Whitechurch?" asked Fitz, point-blank, of Mrs. Levison, finding himself alone with her for two minutes before dinner that night.

"Ah! isn't it a pity?" cried Edith, plaintively; "a dreadful man like that, who'll think it sinful for her to waltz or go to the Opera. If Gerald wouldn't let me waltz, or have a box, I would sue for a divorce to-morrow. It's shameful, isn't it?"

"But why accept him?" said Fitz, impatiently.

"That was all my uncle's doing," answered Edith. "He's terribly mean, you know, without the slightest reason to be so. Valencia came home from school at seventeen. Augustine thought her very pretty (clergymen are *not* above those weaknesses), and proposed for her. My uncle thought it a good match, and ordered her to accept him; her mamma begged her not to go against her papa. Poor little Val, as thoughtless as my canary-bird, never knew the misery she was making for herself, and consented. She has been miserable ever since, poor child! They've been engaged two years; and," continued Edith, with immense energy, "oh! Mr. Fitzhardinge, I'd as soon see her joining the poor Clares as wearing orange-blossoms for that pompous, bigoted Whitechurch."

So would Fitz, probably, on the well-known principle of the dog in the manger; a very natural principle, especially when one has a fancy to eat the straw oneself. He did not say so, however, but leaned against a console in profound silence, while Edith whispered as Valencia came into the room, "I shouldn't be surprised if my uncle broke off the engagement now, for he thinks Verdant is in love with her, as, indeed, he is, poor boy, and the peer's robes are better than the priest's."

Whitechurch came to dine that night at Elm Court. The dinner was not so lively as usual, for Fitz and Valencia, generally the fastest hitters in the tennis-ball of conversation, might have been Gog and Magog set down at the table for any amusement they afforded the society. Whitechurch, too, looked more glum and self-sufficient than ever, and Jimmy Villars whispered to me, "that one might as well ask the terrace statues in out of the garden to dinner as a trio of lovers and rivals, for any company that they were."

After dinner at Elm Court we were wont to take our cigars about in the grounds instead of over the wine in the glorious sultry August evenings. Levison went after his wife—he was still dreadfully spoony about her—Fitz lighted a Havannah and strolled off by himself, and Jimmy and I sat down in a Robinson Crusoe hut to have a chat about the Cambridge Eight, the October meetings, and other subjects we had in common. Villars was just telling me how it was that Long Fortescue happened to make such a pot of money on the Cesarewitch, when, through the thick shrubs and young trees that surrounded our smoking-room, I caught a glimpse of Valencia's pink dress as she stood in earnest talk with somebody or other invisible to us.

"Oh! hang it, Jimmy," said I, "there's another love-scene going on; let's get out of the way."

"Keep still, young one, rather," retorted Villars, "or you may just walk into the middle of it, and smash all the fun. Is it that dear little pet, and Fitz making a fool of himself about her? It's horridly dirty to listen, but, boxed up here, one can't help it. Fitz would shoot us if we walked out in his face and spoiled sport. Besides, we shan't hear anything new; love-scenes are all alike."

This, however, seemed far from being a love-scene. Valencia was speaking impetuously and hurriedly. "I have acted very wrongly, I know I have. A girl always does, if she engages herself where she cannot give her affection. I beg your pardon for having misled you. I

blame myself very much for not having spoken frankly to you long ago, and asked you to release me from an engagement I can never fulfil."

"It is a pity you did not think so long ago," replied Whitechurch, sentimentously.

"It is a pity. I wish to Heaven I had," cried poor little Val.

"I dare say you do, since you have seen your favourite reprobate Mr. Fitzhardinge," smiled the pastor. "You say very justly that we are ill suited to each other; our tastes, and aims, and pursuits are utterly alien. I was lured, I confess, by your personal attractions. I trusted that the good seed, once sown, might flourish in so fair a soil; but I was deceived. You have only forestalled me in the rupture of our engagement. I confess that I dared not take a helpmate out of Philistia, and I have learnt that there are treasures elsewhere superior to the ephemeral charms of mere exterior beauty."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," retorted Val, rather haughtily. "Our want of congeniality cannot have struck you more forcibly than it has done me. You will, at least, do me the justice to admit that I never simulated an affection I could not feel."

"Certainly; we part in peace, and shall, I trust, meet again on perfectly friendly terms," returned Whitechurch, with doubly pompous self-consciousness to cover his inward mortification.

"He'll take Cary, mark my word," said Villars, as the incumbent of St. Hildebrande's took the tips of his late fiancée's fingers, raised his hat, and left her. "All her district visiting and ragged school teaching hasn't been without an eye to business, I'll bet."

Valencia, fancying herself alone, threw herself down on a turf seat under a mountain ash, looking pretty enough, with the sunset lighting up her bright dress and uncovered hair, while she sat in thought, out of which Dauphin, by the application of a cold nose, the wagging of a short tail, and many impatient barks, vainly tried to rouse her.

"Deucedly nice she looks, don't she?" whispered Villars. "Do for the Sleeping Beauty, if her eyes were shut. Why don't Fitz come and play the Knight's part?"

He'd scarcely spoken when the scent of a Havannah came to us on the evening wind, and along the shrubbery path came Fitz, with his arms folded, and his eyes on the ground. Dauphin ran up to him in an ecstatic state of welcome. Valencia started up, her cheeks flushing as bright-hued as the sky, and said something highly unintelligible about its going to rain, which, seeing there wasn't a cloud in the heavens, seemed looking very far into futurity indeed. Fitz didn't answer her with regard to her atmospheric prophecies, but, throwing away his cigar into the middle of an oleander, he began where he had left off in the morning, caught both her hands, drew her to him, and kissed her, sans cérémonie.

"By Jove! that's rather too much for a man's charity," growled Villars. "Master Randolph knows how to do the thing, don't he?"

"Valencia, my love, my darling," murmured Fitz, too earnestly for it to be flirtation any longer, "I beseech you listen to me. It will kill me to see you thrown away on that idiot. I would do him some mischief before I let him win you, or saw him touch your very hand again. I seem never to have hated or to have loved till now. For Heaven's sake, free yourself from those accursed ties, and give yourself to me——"

"The deuce!" muttered Jimmy, when Valencia had whispered that



she was free, and the Radical candidate had pledged himself with every vow under the sun to the great Blue's daughter, and they had strolled away among the shrubberies, "since Fitz has got up the steam and come it au sérieux like this, a spavined 'bus horse may enter itself for the Derby. A pretty fellow he is to come canvassing; but one might have been sure what sort of an election *he'd* try for when hazel eyes like those were in the way."

I suppose Fitz found this style of canvassing more to his taste, for the harvest moon was high in the heavens, and the nightingale was juggling in the cool woodlands, and Edith had sung two or three songs after the coffee, before he and Valencia walked in through the bay-window, he looking calmly triumphant, and she excitedly happy, as if they really thought a fusion of Blue and Yellow the easiest thing in the world.

## V.

## FITZ WINS ONE ELECTION AND LOSES ANOTHER.

To see Beau's face when Fitz told him he had turned out Whitechurch, and was going to marry Valencia himself, was as good a bit of fun as to see Mathews's "Patter versus Clatter."

"Well, I *do* think you're gone clean mad, Randolph," he began, when he recovered his first breathless horror. "To fly in the face of the borough like that—to steal their pet parson's fiancée—to outwit their most influential householder—to get yourself called every name they can lay their tongues to,—how the deuce do you think that's likely to forward your election?"

Fitz lay back and laughed without stopping for five minutes.

"You may laugh," growled Beau. "You won't laugh when you see two thousand five hundred pounds six shillings and eightpence gone, and nothing to show for it."

"That's your fault," put in Fitz, "for spending such a lot on unholy purposes. What sort of face would you show in the Court of Inquiry?"

"I should like to know," continued Beau, more furious every word he uttered, "what a bit of a girl is worth to lose an election for? Girls are as cheap as green peas, but you won't find free boroughs as easy to come by. A pretty row we shall have in the town! Won't the Blues print placards about you! Won't there just be choice epithets chalked after your name on the walls! Won't the *Cantiborough Post* catch hold of it, and rake up every one of your love affairs; and pretty nice ones some of 'em are, as I know, since I was called in to settle 'em! Won't old Blue Bar move heaven and earth to keep you out! Well, all I can say is, that you're more fit for a private asylum than a rational hustings."

With which final philippic Beau flung out of the room, too irate to hear Fitz call after him:

"Take my compliments to the editor of the *Cantiborough Post*, and ask him to be so kind as to print, next week, in the biggest capitals he has, that I consider a touch of Valencia's little soft lips worth the premiership! Don't forget, Beau! And, I say, you may add, too, that Blue and Yellow are two of the primary colours, and intended to unite from earliest memory."

Beau was quite right: the town, *i. e.* the ladies—for Cantitborough was petticoat-governed—were mad with Valencia, because they had long privately adored Fitz, and Whitechurch was still in the market, and therefore to be sided with. The Blues were frantic with delight at being able to damage the Yellow member, who, somehow, had been making ground in spite of them; and Barnardiston, of course, was furious, not because Whitechurch was thrown over, for Whitechurch had turned his affections towards the good working qualities of Caroline, but because the man he hated worst in the whole county—handsome, reckless, bold republican Fitz—had cheated him out of the chance of a coronet. The very day Valencia accepted Randolph she refused little Lord Verdant, and so enraged was the great Tory, that he told Valencia to leave his roof, and sent Fitz's letters back unopened. Poor Val, who, having her mamma on her side, however, did not mind it so much, took refuge with Edith Levison, Levison himself being indignant with Barnardiston for his folly and ill-bred opposition to a match so much better than the one first looked for; and in the sultry summer days and the long summer evenings Fitz and Val passed many a pleasant hour under the shady trees of Elm Court, while in the little bigoted, quarrelling, peppery town four miles off, the Cantitborough men were blackening his name in committee-rooms, and the Cantitborough women were pulling her to smithereens at their tea-fights.

The day that beats the Derby for stirring English phlegm into mad excitement—the day when Blue and Yellow rise rampant against each other—the day when the demon of Party breaks loose, when the Unwashed smash each other's heads to their full satisfaction, when voters are locked up in durance vile and plied with hocussed grog, and torn hither and thither by distracted cabs—when men work, and wear, and quarrel, and growl, and swear by a bit of blue ribbon as if it were the sole stay of the country, and grasp at a yellow banner as though it were the mainstay of liberty—the election-day dawned on Cantitborough, the sun shining extra bright, as if laughing with its jolly round face at the baby play these little pigmies below fancied of such universal importance.

The nomination-day arrived, and each separate Cantitburgher arose from his bed with the solemn conviction that the destinies of England hung on his own individual hands. Beau splashed through his bath with the rapidity of a water-dog, brushed his whiskers as hastily as a Cantab too late for chapel, and dressed himself in much the same eager excitement as a Cornet harnessing for his first parade.

"Seven o'clock, and that fellow not up!" growled Beau, performing a fanfaronade on his candidate's door.

"What the devil are you making that row for?" responded Fitz.

"Why *can't* you take things quietly?"

"If I had, I wonder how you'd stand," swore Beau, "on the poll to-day! Not up! when Smith, and Salter, and Verdant will be in the town by nine full fig, and all your committee will be looking out for you at half-past at the Ten Bells!"

Fitz laughed.

"You and Fan go and get your breakfast, and go into Cantitborough, whether I'm up or not. And, I say, Beau, send Soames to me, and order some one to saddle Rumpunch, will you?"

"Go into Cantitborough without *him!* He's certainly mad," mut-

tered Beau, in soliloquy. Being, however, of a philosophic turn of mind, he and I ate a good breakfast, though ungraced by the presence of our host. "Why is that fellow so late?" said Beau fifty times to each cup of coffee. "Eight o'clock, by Jove! and we shall be a mortal hour getting into procession and going to the town. Do ring the bell, Fan—ring it loud. Thank you. James, go and see if your master is up."

"Can't make anybody hear, sir," said James, returning.

"Not hear? Bless my soul, it's very extraordinary!" said Beau, looking the picture of unutterable worry and woe. "Fitz must have taken an overdose of opium. Confound him! what did he get in love for? I'll call him myself." Up went Beau and battered at the door, with not the slightest success. "I say, Fitz! Fitz! are you deaf, or dead, or what?" shouted Beau, forgetting that in the event of either hypothesis Fitz would be the last person calculated to give him an answer. "God bless me!" cried Beau, bursting the door open, "where are you? If ever there was a wayward, obstinate, provoking—" Beau stopped in astonishment too great for speech. The room was empty, the bed empty, Fitz, Rover, and Soames departed, all the drawers open, a portmanteau on the floor, and shirts, and coats, and brushes, and boots tossed about as when a man has packed in a hurry and left behind all the things he did not want. "Bolted, by Heaven!" cried Beau. "Where's he gone? What's he done? He is mad—he must be mad! Send the servants off everywhere! Where, in the devil's name, can he be flown? Oh, curse it, Fan, what *is* to be done?"

That was more than I could tell him. We did send the men everywhere, but they could not find their master, nor Soames either. Beau had a faint idea of dragging the pond, in case Val had jilted him and Fitz had thrown himself into a watery grave; but then it was not probable that Soames was immolated as well. Nine o'clock struck: there were the Yellow men with the Yellow banners, and the Yellow ribbons, and the Yellow band, and yet no candidate. My father, who would have been there, had been all along too ill to take any part in the election, and this very nomination-day was chained to his room with his old foe—gout. In that half-hour I am sure poor Beau lost as much flesh as a jockey before the Derby. "Well, we must go," said he, in sheer desperation. "Perhaps he'll turn up in the town; if not, we must tell 'em he's seriously ill. By George! I wish he'd been at York before he brought me on such a fool's errand."

Into Cantitborough we rode, with many shouts and enthusiastic rushes out from the cottages we passed; and into the market-place we went with great row and glory, save that we were a procession without a head. There was little Verdant, meeker than ever after Valencia's rejection, looking like a noodle, with his father and a galaxy of titles at the head of his procession; and there was Le Hoop Smith, bland and smiling, at the head of his; and fat, yellow old Salter at the head of his. And where was Fitz—the handsome, dashing Fitz, whom the women were crowded to admire and the mob to cheer?—at the head of *his*, that gorgeous Yellow display which, thanks to untiring Beau, was grown popular even in Blue Cantitborough? And when the Blues saw not Rumpunch and his rider, were they not frantic with triumph? and were not Fitz's committee in an agony of wouder and dread, and the women in a state of bemoaning agony and woe, and the mob in a frantic fit of excitement and indignation, after

the custom of mobs from all ages downwards? And was not Beau—poor Beau—distracted in his own mind, and worried like a fox with fifty packs after him—more inimitably cool, and confident, and matchless, than any man could possibly be pictured, when he set the mayor's hair straight upon end with an account of the frightful attack of cholera that had seized poor Fitz in the morning; distracted the committee with assurances that he had left their candidate as blue as the lapis lazuli ring on his finger, and in mortal danger of his life; appealed so touchingly to the enlightened men of Cantiborough not to allow the unfortunate invalid's cause to be injured; and conducted himself altogether so brilliantly, that the Blues whispered in knots in dismay?

Yes, Beau was magnificent that day, I confess, though he did push me aside as a thundering muff when I made a mistake, and told one of the committee my brother had broken his ankle the night before—yes, Beau was glorious, I admit. The proceedings began with the crier's bell and the mayor's oration, which was entirely unheard from calls from the crowd of "Go it, old Baldhead!" "Speak up, old Malt-and-Hops!" "How many nine gallons did Salter order?" and like personal allusions to his occupation. Then uprose old Barnardiston, who was not very cordially received, for the simple reason that he was the hardest magistrate on the bench; however, the Blues cheered him to the skies when he proposed as a fitting representative for the free, loyal, honourable, enlightened, and all the rest of it borough, the son of the noble and generous House of Cockadoodle, the benefactors and patrons of Cantiborough. After his seconder came two out-and-out Blues, who proposed the gentle and intellectual Le Hoop Smith, of Hooping Hall, Pottleshire; and two more, who put forward that public spirited, benevolent, and large-hearted gentleman, Curry Salter, late of the Bengal Infantry; and then two Liberals arose, in a wild storm of mad cheers and savage yells, to offer to the borough, as a member, Randolph Fitzhardinge, Esq., of Hollywood and Evansdale, who had been most unhappily stricken down by illness at the very moment he was mounting his horse, to come and have the honour of addressing them in person. And now up got little Beau, as plucky as a game cock, and began to tell them how it was that he was compelled to take their candidate's place. So ingeniously did he apologise for Fitz; so delightfully did he set the crowd screaming at his witticisms; so mercilessly did he show up his opponents' weak points; so admirably did he describe Fitz's opinions much better than Fitz would have done himself, who would have talked Plato and frightened them with his daring; so pathetically did he implore them not to let the great Liberal cause be prejudiced by an unavoidable accident, that the mob cheered him, as if he had been the Queen and they Etonians, hurraed for Fitzhardinge till their throats were hoarse, and even some determined Blues were caused to waver in their minds. The hands clad in French kid, doeskin, silk, cashmere, or dirt, as it might chance, that lifted themselves out from the tumultuous sea of shouting, struggling, fighting Blues and Yellows, were declared in favour of Lord Verdant and Randolph Fitzhardinge! Beau's triumph was magnificent, it smashed hollow all the mural crowns that ever were manufactured; and it was worth a guinea to see him in it, mercurial as quicksilver, rapid as a champagne cork, sharp as a ferret on his foes and winning as a widow bent on conquest to his friends, haranguing these, arguing with those,

thanking a fat councilman, and pledging a thin churchwarden, talking up for the Queen and down for the Pope, agreeing with everybody and offending none, telling them poor Fitz was Prussian Blue when he left him, and rapidly progressing towards Indigo, but had now taken a favourable turn, as he had just heard by a messenger, thanks be to, &c. &c.

Yes, Beau was grand on that day, and never more effective than when, at twelve o'clock at night, having shaken the last hand, and drunk the last glass, and talked the last solemn talk with the solemn committee, he sprang on his horse in the Ten Bells yard to tear over to Hollywood to see how his poor friend was. He had just his foot in the stirrup, and I was on my hack, receiving no end of condolences for my brother's most ill-timed attack from three or four of the principal of the committee, when a hand was laid on my knee, and an awful voice, which I knew only too well, said, in tones the fac-simile of the first tragedian's at the Royal Grecian,

"Mr. Francis Fitzhardinge, you are a scoundrel and a liar!"

"Hallo!" said I, "mild language! I am used to gentlemen, sir, not to Billingsgate. What the devil do you mean——"

"What do *you* mean, sir," stormed Mr. Barnardiston, "by daring to come before an assembly of upright, loyal, God-fearing citizens with a lie on your lips? What do *you* mean by joining in a vile plot to trick a whole community, and rob a parent of a child——"

"Take care, old gentleman; you're talking libel," interrupted Beau, pleasantly. "The cognac's been too much for you. Go home and sleep it off, for it don't do for the Romans to see their pet Cincinnatus a little the worse for——"

"Hold your tongue, sir," screamed Barnardiston, purple with rage, "or, by Heaven, I'll find a way to make you. How dared you come here—both of you—and tell the whole borough that the cursed villain you call friend and brother——"

"Gently, gently, my dear sir; remember how you compromise yourself," put in Beau, with most solicitous courtesy.

"The consummate rascal," pursued Barnardiston, fiercer than ever, waxing into sarcasm—"I mean the honourable gentleman, the noble-hearted, high-spirited Liberal candidate, who has sneaked out of a contest in which he knew he could not win, and ordered his obliging agent and his boy-brother to chicane a whole town with some garbled folly of the cholera to screen his private marriage with the daughter of one whom her father would sooner see——"

"Eh?—what?—what did you say? Married!" cried Beau, nonplused for once in his life.

"Ay, sir; married. And you know it as well as I, despite your admirable acting, which would do credit to Macready," sneered the Arch-Blue.

"By Heavens, if I had known!" swore Beau, furiously; then stopped and changed his tone. "Married, you say, and to your daughter? Well, I congratulate you. You must feel uncommonly pleased; it is a much higher match than you could have looked for."

Barnardiston was perfectly black in the face. He turned himself, with his back to us, and began to harangue the committee-men, who looked scared out of their lives:

"Fellow-citizens!——"

"Ah! that's the correct style," said Beau; "it's so beautifully patriotic."

"Men of Cantitborough, I appeal to you. Judge between me and the honourable gentleman you have chosen to represent you. We have been separated by politics, but we are old fellow-townsmen, and you will give me a patient hearing. Mr. Fitzhardinge comes down to canvass a borough which has only heard of him before through wildness and follies which disgrace his name. He meets a girl—a young girl, an innocent girl—who is betrothed of her own will to one of the purest-miuded, sweetest-natured men that ever breathed—a man whom you have crowned with the honour of your reverence and esteem——"

"And Easter offerings, with which he buys the whisky that makes his inspiration," interpolated Beau.

"A man whom you all revere and love, and whose heart is locked up in this young girl's affections——"

"Or her ten thousand pounds."

"What does this villain—I can use no milder term, gentlemen—do, but seduce these pure and fond affections from the holy man who once held them—woo her, win her, persuade her to break off the ties of her engagement, and fetter herself anew to him. I refuse my consent, because I know Mr. Fitzhardinge's character too well to peril my child's happiness in his keeping——"

"Because you thought Verdant was hanging after her," interrupted Beau.

"I reject his suit. What does he do? He induces her to brave me with all the open disobedience which cuts so keenly to a father's heart——"

"Turn on Lear—a quotation will save you no end of trouble," said Beau, kindly.

"He persuades her to go and reside——"

"When you'd turned her out of your house."

"To reside with people to whom I have the most marked objection——"

"Why did you court Levison so hard, then, to take your pretty niece?"

"The most marked objection. I distinctly forbid her marriage. She wants two years of her majority; and so this scoundrel——Passion gets the better of me, sirs!"

"Or Cockadoodle's comet wine does."

"When I tell you that Mr. Randolph Fitzhardinge takes the day of his nomination—the day he knew I should be tied to town endeavouring to serve my country's interests—to marry my poor child privately, with no witnesses but the Levisons, in the church at Elm Court, at ten o'clock this morning. I need comment no further on the miserable trick by which you, gentlemen, and all the rest of Cantitborough, have been duped to-day. I only ask you, as fellow-townsmen, once private friends, and always, I hope, friends in the common cause of truth and honour, to side with me, and never allow this destroyer of home peace, this wild, unprincipled scoundrel, to represent in the senate of our nation this free, loyal, and Protestant borough."

"Gentlemen, hear my version," began Beau.

"Will you listen to a villain's employé?" pursued Barnardiston.

"I give you my honour——" cried Beau.

"What is his honour worth?" shouted Barnardiston.

"Will you hear me?"

"Will you believe him?"

Tumultuous was the scene, frightful the commotion, terrific the tempest of Blue and Yellow which raged over devoted Cantitborough. Blues and Yellows swarmed into the Ten Bells yard; Blues and Yellows surged round mine and Beau's horses; Blues and Yellows asked frantically what was the row, and carrying off but an unintelligible version, proceeded, as the next best plan, to kick up a row on their own account. They screamed, and shouted, and pummelled each others' shoulders, and punched each others' heads, and hissed, and yelled, and swore, and cudgelled, and

Fought as only men can fight who know no reason why.

In vain the Yellow agent tried to speak. Every elegant missile that the dark night could allow to come to hand was pelted at him and me; in vain the Blue leaders tried to turn the tumult to account; the mob, who being in a mood to pelt, would have pelted the moon could they have got at her, forced them to retreat, covered with much obloquy and still more rotten egg. Smash, crash went half the windows in the place; ladies rushed from their couches in nightcaps and hysteria; policemen turned and fled, or used their truncheons in some private grudge; not a Town and Gown row, even with Fighting Bob or the first of the fancy in surplice and mortar-board to help us, ever beat it; and at last, in sheer desperation, having satiated ourselves with enough hard hitting to last a twelvemonth, Beau and I set spurs to our horses, and knocking down, at a low computation, some three hundred men and boys, fought our way out of the town, and galloped on to Hollywood in silence.

"By Heaven!" said Beau, through his set teeth, as he threw himself down at last in the arm-chair of the dining-room, thoroughly done up for the first time in his life—"by Heaven! if I'd known Fitz was such a cursed fool, I'd have seen him at the devil before he'd made one of me too. The election's lost, smashed, ruined. I may as well withdraw his name from the poll. To go and disgrace himself before all the county; to lose a free borough for a bit of a girl, when girls are as plenty as blackberries and quite as worthless; to go and offend his father, and his constituents, and his county, and everything worth considering, from a ridiculous fancy for a little flirt whom he'll be wishing at the devil in twelve months' time—two thousand pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence gone for nothing! I'm a cool man—a very cool man, generally—but I confess this does get the better of me. How shall I ever forget, or how will all the Cantitborough men forget, my being brought down here only to tell them a parcel of lies, and not succeeding through them, even? By Jupiter!" and Beau sprang up from his chair and dashed his hand down on the table with an impetus that made the bottles and glasses on it leap up terrified into the air—"by Jupiter! I swear I'll never speak to your madman of a brother, Frank, or to his confounded wife, as long as I live—never! I, the sharpest dog in all Lincoln's Inn, to be done green like this!"

With which pathetic summary poor Beau fell back again into his

chair, and opened his lips no more that night. The morrow dawned; the poll was opened; Beau, like a plucky soldier, sticking to his colours as long as there was a rag of them left, rode into Cantitborough early, and I with him, and made his way to the polling-booth in the midst of the yells, and shouts, and fiendish exclamations, and laughter, and derision of the mob, who swarmed through the streets still strewn with the débris of the midnight conflict. In vain did Beau seek a hearing from his chief constituents; in vain did he try to gather round him the committee; in vain did he try to rally round him even a few straggling troopers to make a stand with him in this Thermopylæan fix. In vain! The Cantitburghers had been duped, and when did ever Christian live with magnanimity enough to pardon that? The news of Fitz's marriage had spread throughout the town; the ladies were furious against Valencia for having hooked the only handsome man who had been seen in Cantitborough for the last ten years. They made their husbands, and sons, and fathers solemnly promise to withdraw their vote from such a wicked fellow, and the husbands, and sons, and fathers, some of them being in love with Val, others liking to buy religious reputation cheap by siding with the pet parson, and others having Fitz's money already in their pockets, determining to hold virtuously aloof from the contest, vowed the required vow, and the tide of public adoration set steadily in for Verdant and Le Hoop Smith.

The committees sat in their respective rooms, the mob round the booth danced, and shouted, and yelled, in utter absence of police, the Peelers being *hors de combat* from the past night's fray; Beau, and two or three staunch Liberals, stood firm, with anxious visage and hearts sunk to zero. The tower clock struck four—the poll was closed—the votes stood thus:

Verdant . . . . .	550
Le Hoop Smith . . . . .	310
Salter . . . . .	200
Fitzhardinge . . . . .	6

Great was the exultation, great the clamour, that arose. You do not need to be told how the Blue banners waved, and the Blue band, inflamed with triumph and purl, began to play, and the Blue members bowed down to the ground, and thanked the noble, intelligent, and generous community which had returned them as their representatives; how the Blues insulted the Yellows with frightful contumely, and how the Yellows, few in flesh but strong in spirit, returned the compliment; and how the Yellow banners struck up the Blue banners when the triumphal procession formed, and Blue heads went down under Yellow fists, and Yellow heroes collapsed beneath Blue boots, and the remaining half of the windows were smashed; and how the uproar was at its height, when into the market-place, spurring on Rumpunch, flecked with foam, came the head and root of it, my brother Fitz, as handsome, as devil-may-care, and as cool as ever.

Louder grew the yells, wilder the shouts, fiercer the row; up in the air flew the eggs and the mud and the sticks and the stones, and all the popular missiles of the Great Unwashed; but steady as a rock stood Rumpunch under Fitz's curb, and firm as a rock sat Fitz himself, in the midst of it. There's nothing like pluck for pleasing or awing the



canaille; it is the one thing they will appreciate and revere. Their shouts hushed for a second, and they stopped in their onslaught upon him. He took advantage of it, and held up his hand: "Men, listen to me for a minute!"

They did listen to him (Barnardiston had been vigorously assaulted by a potboy, and had gone home to the Larches), and Fitz went on: "I hear I have lost my election. I am sorry for it, but I could scarcely expect otherwise; and if I have preferred securing an election of another kind, I hope the constituents of Cantitborough are all too gallant and chivalric gentlemen to disagree with me." Here arose immense cheering from a few, and laughter even from the enraged community. "I can't alter your decision now, but I'll try to merit a different one next time I contend for the honour of representing you. I have no right to ask any favour at your hands; but, nevertheless, I am going to ask two: the first, that you will clear my brother, Mr. Francis Fitzhardinge, and my agent and friend, Mr. Beauclerc, of any imputation of knowing the true cause of my absence, and any deliberate intention of concealing it by a lie. The other is, that there may be no disunion or bloodshed on my behalf, and no broken heads caused through my fault. Let us all agree to differ; let the victorious go to their homes without insulting the vanquished, and the vanquished without quarrelling with the conquerors for justly earned success. Let us all part in good will, and let my friends go to the Ten Bells and drink my health and that of my bride, if they will be so kind, with three times three!"

It was a queer election speech, and without precedent, certainly, but in the little antiquated borough it told admirably. Never before was seen such an election, without doubt; but, somehow or other, Fitz, going into a new track, and doing such a thing as had never been done before, got, all of a sudden, more heartily cheered, applauded, and hurraed than the successful candidates themselves. The gentlemen of the town sneered, and ridiculed, and fumed about his speech being most illegal, most unprecedented, most absurd, but the Unwashed, only looking at the pluck, and the manliness of tone, and the flowing taps of the Ten Bells, cheered him vociferously, and would have had the polling done over again if they could.

Beau stood looking on, with his brow knit like a Jupiter Tonans, and turned into the Ten Bells with a grunt.

"That fellow should have lived in the middle ages, with all his confounded folly. And yet, devil take him, why can't one hate him?"

"Will you forgive me, old boy?" laughed Fitz, following him into a private room twenty minutes after.

"Get out!" growled Beau, yet looking lovingly on him nevertheless. "A pretty fellow you are! making yourself look like a fool, and everybody else. I should have thought you more a man of sense than to run mad after a mere pretty face. Two thousand five hundred pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence gone for nothing!"

"Never mind, old fellow," laughed Fitz. "Barnardiston would have scented the ceremony, and forbidden it, on any other day; and as to waiting till she was of age, quite out of the question. I should have killed myself before half the time was out, so I shouldn't have been much use to the community or the Commons; and if her little face is not better to look at than the Speaker's, why——"

"Spare me that, spare me that!" cried Beau. "I'll forgive *you*, but I really can't stand *her* praises."

"Come and look at her, and you'll soon forgive her," said Fitz, taking out his watch. "I've made an immense sacrifice to you, Beau, in leaving her at one o'clock to ride over to this little owl of a town, whose animadversions are much more honour than its praise. She's at Sandslope—you know, that little place by the sea, ten miles from here. I took her there yesterday, and now I must gallop back to her, poor little dear, or she'll be thinking the Blues and Yellows have eaten me up. Ring the bell, Fanny, and ask White to saddle me the best horse in his stables—Rumpunch is dead beat; and I say, Beau," went on Fitz, "don't be vexed, dear old boy. I will canvass for the next election in earnest; and when you come over to Sandslope (we don't want you *just* yet), if you don't say my poor pet is excuse enough for anything, why you'll be made of granite."

"Hum!" grunted Beau, "I shall always hate her. But that don't matter; give my compliments to her (not my congratulations, for she'll find out that to have you for a husband is no matter for felicitation), and tell her that my sister the other day walked down Regent-street with 'Chaste and Elegant, 2l. 10s.' on her cloak, and that I hope she'll ticket herself the same, 'Mrs. Randolph Fitzhardinge, value 2500l. 15s. 8d.,' for she has cost you that to a certainty."

Apparently Fitz still thinks Valencia worth it, for he has never regretted his hasty step. She did look excuse enough for anything when we saw her a week or two after, when they quitted Pottleshire for the Lakes, leaving the county to pull them to pieces at leisure; and she asked Beau's pardon so prettily and penitentially for the mischief she had done, that Beau, being the very reverse of a stoic, forgave her her sins, only made her solemnly promise to leave Fitz unmolested when next he stood for a free borough. Beau was made amiable, too, that morning, by hearing that Le Hoop Smith had been unseated for bribery, and that Barnardiston was already rumoured to repent having treated so cavalierly such a high match for his daughter.

Caroline married Whitechurch; they quarrel night and day at home, but abroad, administer, in amicable concert enough, very big texts and very small globules to their unlucky parishioners. Beau is supremely happy just at present, Fitz having procured for him a recordership, long the object of his desires. And Fitz? Well, Fitz writes to me to-day that he is going yachting in the Levant, with Valencia and "three or four *other* pleasant fellows," that Val is as bright as a sunbeam, and agrees with him in thinking the sherbet, laughter, and delicious bays of the Ionian Isles much better than the odours of the Thames in the senatorial halls of St. Stephen's.

But though they make a jest of it, and think the one election well won and the other well lost, I doubt if Cantitborough has ever forgotten, or will ever forget, the strangest contest that an enlightened borough of the enlightened nineteenth century ever beheld, and if the Cantitburghers will ever cease discussing in news, and drawing, and tap room, the memorable strife of BLUE AND YELLOW WHEN MY BROTHER FITZ STOOD FOR CANTITBOROUGH!

## THE OUTREMANCHE CORRESPONDENCE.

### No. III.

#### ANNEXATION, FREE TRADE, AND REFORM.

Certes il doit avoir un riche fonds de bonne humeur, celui qui se dévoue à suivre attentivement les incidents de la politique contemporaine et à en deviser périodiquement.—E. FORCADE. *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

MON CHER ALFRED,—The subjects which I discussed in my last letter are not things to be disposed of out of hand, but are each of sufficient importance to justify me in touching on them again. Revenons donc à nos moutons! I return to them by making you *au fait* of certain opinions which have been uttered within my own hearing, some in the Houses of Parliament, others, in what is here called “out of doors.”

However well pleased you and I—as Frenchmen—may be, at the acquisition by France of a territory so valuable as Savoy, yet I must frankly admit that our satisfaction is not shared by England. This, without doubt, is very stupid, very absurd, but it is the fact. The English people, with one notable exception, look upon the annexation of Savoy as an infraction of that liberty which they hold so dear: they think that this transfer is not only bad in itself, as being opposed to the real wishes of those who are transferred, but that it is most dangerous as a precedent. They argue—ridiculously enough—that if the Alps are taken because the possession of certain passes by a newly-made Italian kingdom exposes France to the chances of invasion, à plus forte raison the Rhine ought to be claimed by us as the limit of our eastern frontier, Germany being at the least as warlike as Piedmont; and they add that Switzerland being a *pays limitrophe* to France, we ought also to take precautions on that side, as, indeed, it is not unlikely that we shall.

Amongst the orators in the House of Commons who have adopted this view is the *spirituel* Sir Robert Peel, the eldest son of the late distinguished statesman. In a recent debate on the annexation question he made a speech—eloquent, it is true, but based, as all the world knows, upon false premises—in which he thus expressed the desire of the Conservative party with which, for the time, he was acting. “We do not,” he said, “want to recommend the government to pursue a course opposed to the interests of this country, but we want to check and curb a policy on the part of France which is daily tending to outrage public opinion and to violate the received and acknowledged interests of Europe.” Now, is not this, mon cher Alfred, unjust to the last degree? To ascribe an aggressive policy, I will not say to France, but to her present ruler! To him, whose moderation was so signally displayed at Villafranca, when nothing remained but the *bagatelle* of forcing the famous Quadrilatéral! To him, whom no lust of conquest

allured, who only went to war for an idea! Really so much injustice to noble motives was never done before—except once, perhaps, by the family of Orgon: “Offenser de la sorte une sainte personne!” It is a great deal too bad! But our pacific master has found a vindicator in the British parliament. The man whose doctrine above all things is peace, has resolutely come forward to defend the imperial policy, and brave—say his detractors—the contempt and scorn of his countrymen. This bold and generous supporter of the emperor is the single-minded Mr. Bright, whose words, when he spoke of the annexation of Savoy, deserve to be engraved on the metal which best represents their fearless character. “Perish Savoy!” he said, and, as Sir Robert Peel reminded him, his denunciation was prophetic: “Savoy has perished”—that is to say, she has been annexed. You perceive I am representing the English conclusion—of course not my own or that of any patriotic Frenchman. For how can Savoy be said to have perished when she is so far elevated in the scale of nations as to be thought worthy of becoming French? What greater distinction could a people aspire to than to exchange their miserable nationality—the nationality of a race whose sole destiny heretofore was to supply us with street-music and white mice—for the privilege of sharing in the conscriptions of France? Englishmen, willfully blind to “the inexorable logic of facts,” tell us that the people of Savoy were not desirous of severing their connexion with the King of Sardinia. But have not the municipalities recorded their votes in favour of annexation? Have they not, of their own free will, proclaimed the longing of their souls, given utterance to the feeling which had lain dormant for centuries? If, in their fickleness—a failing in which we, thank Heaven! are no sharers—they repent their bargain, have we not a right to say to them, in the words of La Fontaine:

Vous avez dû premièrement  
Garder votre gouvernement;  
Mais, ne l'ayant pas fait, il vous devait suffire  
Que votre premier roi fût débonnaire et doux:  
De celui-ci contentez-vous,  
De peur d'en rencontrer un pire.

As to the reprehended policy, it may suffice to quote the sentiments of the calumniated Tartufe:

Selon divers besoins, il est une science  
D'étendre les liens de notre conscience,  
Et de rectifier le mal de l'action  
Avec la pureté de notre intention.

To the advantages of this arrangement, which M. Thouvenel very properly calls “a simple rectification of frontiers,” the municipal junta of the city of Nice appear to be strangely blind, having voted against annexation, while the more enlightened inhabitants of the province “anxiously and impatiently”—as we are assured—await the decree that is to convert them into Frenchmen.

If decrees, however, are not sufficiently potential, another mode of persuasion will probably be resorted to. With people who obstinately persist in standing in their own light, there is no style of reasoning so convincing as the *argumentum baculinum*. The inexorable logic which issues

from the cannon's mouth is worth all the despatches that ever were penned, and the timely appearance of a French frigate in the port of Nice may save the municipality a great deal of trouble. As to protests, from whatever quarter they may come, they will only be treated as so much more waste paper. *Notre maître se fiche des paperasses!*

The "humbug"—*passer-moi le mot, mon cher Alfred*—the humbug of the Commercial Treaty is beginning to be understood in England. The fact is undoubted, that if you take off the duty upon a multitude of articles in general use, certain of the consumers must, in some way or other, benefit by the remission. For instance, there is one feature of the treaty of which a numerous class must approve. Although the wines of France may never prove a substitute with the masses for the *boisson* called "porter," yet, when the excellent qualities of many hitherto unknown kinds are made familiar to persons of even moderate means, a very great *consummation* must necessarily follow. Champagne and its imitations, more or less direct, have for many years past contributed largely to the festivity of English social gatherings, at lord mayors' feasts, at whitebait dinners, at wedding-breakfasts, at ball-suppers, on every joyous occasion, in short, when people set aside the consideration of expense; and champagne, by the treaty, will be more available now than before, the cost being somewhat diminished. But we have in the south of France, as you are well aware, a wine which is in every respect the equal of champagne, though perhaps not one in a thousand in this country has ever heard of it. This is the celebrated St. Peray, whose golden vintage fills the valley of that name on the right bank of the Rhône, immediately opposite the ancient city of Valence. In your father's time, *mon cher Alfred*, these vineyards were the property of M. Faure: they now belong to his son-in-law and successor, M. Louis Giraud; and when last I descended the Rhône I had ample means afforded me, by that gentleman's hospitality, of testing the admirable qualities of his famous wine. St. Peray, I may observe, *en passant*, possesses one great advantage over champagne: its sweetness arises from the natural juice of the grape, and not from the addition of sugar to sour grapes—consequently, it is far more wholesome; moreover, it is considerably cheaper than its northern rival. I might also point out, as perfectly unknown here, except to those travellers who for a time have made Pau their resting-place, the potent Jurançon, which grows on the banks of the Gave, in front of the *château* that still holds the cradle of Henri Quatre, and may especially be called the wine of the Béarnais, his lips having been moistened with it as soon as he was born. I might, indeed, indicate many a meritorious *crû*, besides those of which I have spoken, the introduction of which into England will prove a very decided boon; but I turn from this part of the subject to that which, in English eyes, is less exhilarating. For example, the *classe moyenne*, the house-keepers, who count their pence, having good reason for doing so, are up in arms against the treaty. I need not repeat the observations which I made last month on the inapplicability of its provisions where the very poorest are concerned, and confine myself, therefore, to those whose legitimate wants include the articles on which the duties are lowered or remitted, and who also pay the income-tax.

"At least," said Paterfamilias, when he first saw the treaty—his income ranges, we will say, from 300*l.* to 500*l.* a year—"at least Jemima and

the girls will get a silk dress and a dozen pairs of gloves apiece out of this new tariff;" and he gave them permission to "go in" for a limited amount of finery. The wife and daughters of Paterfamilias had read the rose-coloured advertisements of Plant and Mask, of Paul Jones, of Samuel Gulliver, of Robinson Crusoe and Company, and of I know not how many more deluding mercers, proclaiming "The Duty off Silks," and "Patterns sent post free;" "Silks for the Million" stared them in the face whichever way they turned; the brain of each fair one was a chaos, in which "checked glacé," "Bayadère bars," "Zouaves galonnés," "Rifle stripes," "nine-flounce robes," and "the new dorrity" (whatever that may be), vainly strove to fix their wavering choice; they rushed to Regent-street upon the wings of speed, slowly to return, dejected—nay, utterly chap-fallen. Not a shilling difference in the price of a dress—kid gloves, if anything, rather dearer—the whole thing a base imposition, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. "These goods," blandly remark Messrs. Plant and Mask, displaying what ladies instantly recognise as "shopkeepers"—"these goods, now that the duty is taken off, we can let you have a decided bargain!" "But those—the things we want—the things we came for!" "Ah, those! Well, the fact is, the Paris manufacturers have put on prices equivalent to the duty, though we happen to be able," et cetera, et cetera. "C'est pourquoi," as Victor Hugo would say—"c'est pourquoi, il y a deuil chez Paterfamilias"—or, at all events, amongst the females of his household—not that ladies object to wear mourning, only it must be *new*.

But, setting dress aside, how does the treaty or the budget—for convenience the "budget-treaty," the measures being Siamese twins—affect more material comforts? "Now that the duty is taken off butter," says Mrs. Mumbles to her cheesemonger, "I shall expect—" "Bless you, ma'am," interrupts the respectable Mr. Bluemould, before his customer has time to enunciate her hopes, "you are quite mistaken! It makes no difference at all in butters; not a farthing a firkin, I can assure you—nothing, absolutely nothing in the retail way." And butter is the type of all the rest.

Let us admit, however, that the individual consumer gains something in the end, after the wholesale dealer has absorbed nineteen-twentieths of the advantage; is this a compensation for his increased income-tax? Will his butter and cheese, his soap and candles, the "quatre mendiants" that form his dessert, will all his household savings and scrapings cover or come near the inevitable four per cent.? Ah, but replies the free-trader, the reductions in the tariff are perpetual; those duties are gone for ever; whereas the income-tax is only a necessity of the day. *Tout beau, mon ami!* For the day only? It is a day, I fear for your sake, that will never end. Already the cry is five per cent., and what security have you for its stopping there? At any rate, it is the tax *par excellence*. Let me tell you what Lord Grey remarked the other night with so much truth. After observing that this remission of indirect taxation was a scheme, fanciful in the extreme, that treated the people like children, he said: "It was, however, necessary to look forward, and consider what looked forward to the prospect before them with great alarm, for they had been deliberately informed that the question of future taxation should be left to the new House of Commons, which would in all probability be

elected by those who did not pay the income-tax, or, indeed, direct taxes at all." And Lord Overstone, whose authority as a financier none will dispute, spoke very much to the same purpose. "The treaty," he said, "had seriously shaken our fiscal system. . . . They were about to surrender large sources of revenue which they could ill spare, and which there was no necessity for sacrificing; while, on the other hand, they were contracting the sphere of their indirect taxation, which was unwise and dangerous. They were well aware what would be the effect of that remission. There were fortifications to be built (*vous savez pourquoi*); there was a war in China most inadequately provided for by the present estimates, which would exercise a decided influence on the budget of 1861. Parliament, then, would have to deal with a deficiency of probably ten millions (pounds sterling, *mon cher*). How was that to be met? Not by indirect taxes, because the budget had abolished them; not by increased customs duties, because the present treaty with France would preclude such a course. They would have no alternative but to reimpose the income-tax at the rate of a shilling in the pound. Was it desirable that an income-tax of such an amount should be perpetuated? For his own part, he was not for abolishing duties that could never be replaced, and substituting for them revenue which was only imposed for a single year." Notwithstanding the force of these arguments, the Budget-Treaty is a *fait accompli*. *Le bon Dieu est toujours du côté des gros bataillons!* Lord Palmerston's majority—or that of Messrs. Bright and Cobden, which you please—settled the question, in spite of its demerits, and the royal assent to the measure has made it law.

Having embarked in English politics, I am bound to tell you something about "Parliamentary Reform," though in truth I scarcely know what to say, so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable is the subject; and my predicament is shared by those whose business it is to make political capital out of it. Even Lord John Russell, the wet-nurse of Reform, is unable to commend the question to public attention. For the last ten years he has been annually getting up the steam and then blowing it off again, without once setting his vessel in motion. Others, also, *malgré eux*, have taken up the question, without advancing it a jot; no proposition, come from where it might, being acceptable to a Parliament that thought itself sufficiently reformed already. At last, the thing having been talked about so much, it was deemed advisable to make a move, *à propos* of which, the following anecdote comes to my recollection: When I was in Brussels, some years ago, the gayest person there was a lively old Irish countess, the *chaperon* of an exceedingly handsome, dashing girl, her daughter. Season after season had she led her charge about, exhibiting her in London, Paris, Rome, Baden—in every place, in fact, where marriageable men are to be found; but still the *demoiselle* remained on hand. At last the old lady was fairly tired out, and one morning, after a promising but unsuccessful ball, she addressed her granddaughter in the following brief allocution: "Margaret," she said, "if you are not sick of this, I am. If you won't *marry*, I wish to Heaven you would do *something*." So, with the everlasting subject of Reform. As no party would espouse it honestly, it must be got rid of "*quodcumque modo*," and accordingly Lord John Russell not only prepared his Bill—he had done that half a dozen times already—but actually brought it

forward, selecting for the occasion the anniversary of the day on which he introduced the original measure, and in this respect resembling a wife who first produces a pretty child, and then presents her husband with an ugly one. His exordium was an amusing apology for doing next to nothing. "Before I enter into the subject it is necessary for me," he said, "to make a disclaimer. I wish to disclaim entirely any intention, by the measure I ask leave to introduce, to frame a new constitution; I disclaim any wish to alter the constitution of this House. I should feel totally unable to propose anything that would stand in the place of the glorious constitution of this country." In other words: "You have heard a great deal about the ballot, universal suffrage, and I know not what broad basis of representation, but expect nothing of the kind from me. Subdue your fears at once. I will give you—as little as possible."

And what he proposed just resolved itself into three points: a redistribution of parliamentary seats, and the extension of the franchise in counties and in boroughs. It would not interest you the least in the world were I to discuss these three questions. It was as much as Lord John could get the House to do on the night when he moved the second reading of the bill. A more languid debate, perhaps, was never heard, the principle being acquiesced in by gaping members who reserved such opposition as they meant to offer for the details of the measure when it went into committee. But, you will say, if nobody wanted reform, why not Burke—that is, stifle—it at once by a loud dissentient voice? Alas, my friend, you remember that tragedy at the Français which the audience refrained from hissing, "A proof," exclaimed the author, "of its success." "On ne peut pas siffler," returned Piron, whom he had addressed—"on ne peut pas siffler quand on bâille!" And of yawning there was, indeed, plenty. Nevertheless, the debate was adjourned in order that Parliament might yawn a little more, for—*soit dit en passant*—there is no place in the world, except church, where the English so much enjoy the refreshment of sleep as in their House of Commons. On the second night, however, before the hour for repose arrived, and while almost everybody was dining outside instead of seeming to listen within, somebody interrupted the jog-trot discussion by moving that the House be counted, it being a Parliamentary rule that forty members must always be present during a debate. So attractive had the subject proved, that at the moment this motion was made only five-and-twenty zealots were in their places, and, but for a hasty Treasury summons, it would have been all over with Reform for at least another twelvemonth. The appeal, however, being peremptory, some twenty absentees, with Lord John himself at their head, came rushing in, wiping their greasy mouths; and so the bill was saved—that is to say, the debate was allowed to proceed to another adjournment. But I need not pursue the question further, or you will think I am following the example of that German court where to decline the verb *s'ennuyer* was everybody's occupation. In my next, in the place of politics I hope to say something about current Art and Literature. Adieu.

VICTOR GOUACHE.



# OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.\*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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## Part the Sixth.

### THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

#### I.

SHOWING HOW NINIAN ESCAPED; AND HOW THE OTHER PRISONERS WERE TAKEN TO THE CHURCH TOWER.

A CONFLICT, such as we described in the last chapter, between Cavalier and Roundhead, where the odds were so greatly against the former, could not fail to excite vividly the feelings of staunch partisans of the royal cause like Clavering and John Habergeon. But the person among the prisoners who profited by the confusion incident to the capture of Lord Wilmot and the flight of his companion was Ninian Saxby. While the attention of the guard was attracted to what was going on outside, the young falconer slipped suddenly between two of the soldiers, and, almost at a bound, reached the entrance to the passage leading to the buttery.

This passage was thronged with various members of the household, and amongst them was Ninian's own father, who beheld with the utmost anxiety the daring attempt of his son. At the head of the passage Besadaiah Eavestaff was posted, carabine in hand. But he failed to impede the young falconer's flight. Before he could level his gun, his arms were seized by those behind him, and Ninian was enabled to pass by. No sooner was he gone than the passage was blocked up, and it could not be cleared till pursuit was useless. Fortunately for Ninian, the patrol at the rear of the mansion had just been removed, so there was no further hindrance to his retreat.

On being informed of the young falconer's escape, which he learnt as he entered the hall with Lord Wilmot and the guard, Sergeant Delves was greatly enraged, and sharply reprimanding the troopers, especially Besadaiah Eavestaff, for neglect of duty, threatened to make a severe example of such of the household as had aided Ninian's flight. The principal offender, and the person who had seized Besadaiah from behind, turned out, upon inquiry,

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to be the fugitive's own father; but he, too, had disappeared. Delves was therefore obliged to content himself with clearing the passage from all intruders, which he did in a very summary manner. No great pains were taken to recapture Ninian. Though vexed at the occurrence, as knowing it would irritate Stelfax when it came to his knowledge, the sergeant did not like to diminish the guard by sending men to scour the country in quest of an escaped prisoner of little consequence, thereby endangering the security of his more important captives, Lord Wilmot and Clavering Maunsel.

Stelfax's orders in regard to Lord Wilmot were strictly obeyed. The Royalist nobleman was searched; but no letters or papers referring to the fugitive monarch, or calculated to give the slightest clue to his retreat, were discovered. Lord Wilmot smiled contemptuously as Delves scrutinised the tablets and pocket-book handed to him by the searchers. The memoranda contained in these little books were written in a cypher perfectly unintelligible to the sergeant; but though he could make nothing of the mysterious characters, Delves thought his leader might be able to unravel them, and he therefore put the books carefully into his pouch. Only a few pieces of gold were found in Lord Wilmot's purse; so that he must have disposed of the large sum of money which he had obtained that morning from Zachary Trangmar. But of this the sergeant knew nothing, and consequently made no inquiries on the subject.

Just as the search was completed, Colonel Maunsel was seen tottering down the principal staircase, which communicated with the entrance-hall. He was supported by old Martin Geere, and appeared greatly debilitated. But he was not allowed to descend to the hall. At a sign from Delves, two troopers planted themselves at the foot of the staircase, crossing their carabines, as an intimation to the old Cavalier that he could not pass. Thereupon, he stopped midway in the staircase, and gazed at the group below.

"Who have you there?" he exclaimed. "It is not—it cannot be the King! Some one cried out just now that his Majesty was taken, but I will not believe the evil tidings."

"Fear nothing, colonel," cried Lord Wilmot. "Our gracious monarch will never be captured by these men. He is safe from their pursuit."

"Heaven be praised!" the old Cavalier fervently ejaculated. "I cannot discern the features of him who speaks to me, but the voice is the voice of a friend."

"Inveterate malignant as thou art, there is no reason why thou shouldst remain in ignorance of the rank and title of the prisoner we have made," Delves rejoined, "and I will therefore declare them unto thee. Not many minutes since, two men rode up to thy gates with such blind precipitation, that they perceived not, till too

late, that the house was in the possession of the soldiers of the Commonwealth. One of these insensate persons was speedily captured, and proved to be the Lord Wilmot, the chosen friend of thy sovereign. The other effected a retreat, but our captain hath started in pursuit of him, and will not relinquish the chase till the prey be secured. Notwithstanding his lordship's denial, I leave thee to conjecture who was likely to have been his companion."

"For Colonel Maunsel's satisfaction, and not for thine, fellow," cried Lord Wilmot, "I repeat that it is not as thou wouldst insinuate. His Majesty is far away from this place. In regard to my own inopportune visit to Ovingdean Grange, I can, at the proper season, render such explanation as will absolve Colonel Maunsel from any suspicion of complicity with me or my companion."

"I pray your lordship not to bestow a thought upon me," the old Cavalier cried. "Let these miscreants glut themselves with my blood if they will. They have robbed me of my darling boy, and I care not what else they take."

"Be comforted, my father," said Clavering; "my troubles will soon be over. Bethink thee of the sacred cause for which I lay down my life. That reflection will support me in my latest hour. Let it support thee now!"

"Well said, young sir!" exclaimed Lord Wilmot, extending his hand to him, which Clavering warmly grasped. "These are sentiments to deprive the scaffold of all terror. But trust me," he added, in a cheerful tone, "you will disappoint your bloodthirsty captors. You are reserved for better days."

"Mayhap your lordship also calculates upon escaping the punishment due to your treasonable offences against the Commonwealth?" jeered Delves.

"I calculate upon enjoying the fruits of my fidelity to a gracious lord and master," Lord Wilmot replied, "as well as of my unceasing efforts to free his kingdom from the bloodthirsty and rebellious fanatics by whom it is overrun. Look well to thy charge, sirrah, for, by my faith, thou shalt have some trouble to hold me."

As these bold words were uttered, his lordship's eye rested upon John Habergeon, and he read in the old trooper's looks that any attempt he might make for his own liberation would be effectively seconded by him.

Upon one person, for whose benefit the captive nobleman's observations were chiefly uttered, they produced a cheering effect. Hope was suddenly reawakened in Colonel Maunsel's breast, and he roused himself from the state of almost atony into which he had sunk. Things did not look now quite so desperate as they had done. He began to conceive projects for his son's deliverance, and even debated with himself the possibility of stirring up his household to an attack upon the Ironsides.

But Delves did not allow him much time for reflection. Though regarding Lord Wilmot's speech as mere bravado—Cavalier's rodomontade, he styled it—the sergeant thought that the prisoners had given their tongues license enough. A stop must be put to the further expression of their sentiments. Sternly ordering them to keep silence, he signified in a peremptory tone to Colonel Maunsel that he must retire to his own chamber. The command roused the old Cavalier's ire, and he seemed by no means inclined to obey it; but his son besought him by his looks to yield compliance, and, after a little hesitation, he remounted the staircase much more firmly than he had come down it, and disappeared.

Three wearisome hours passed by, and Stelfax had not returned. During the whole of this time the prisoners were detained in the entrance-hall. Not a word was exchanged between Lord Wilmot and Clavering that did not reach the ears of Delves, who stood close beside them. The sergeant, however, began to find this lengthened attendance irksome, and his men, moreover, looked as if a little change would be agreeable.

Preparations were, therefore, made for the removal of the prisoners to the church. Delves had sixteen men under his command, three of the troopers, as already intimated, having gone with Stelfax in pursuit of the fugitive Cavalier. Half of the force at his disposal the sergeant decided upon taking with him to the church, deeming that number ample guard for the prisoners: the other half should stay at the Grange to keep watch over the malignant colonel and his household. But before carrying his plan into execution, he repaired to the buttery, and causing a couple of baskets to be filled with provisions and wine, despatched Moppett and Crundy—under a guard—with these stores to the church; and, on their return, he took out his prisoners, and placing himself at the head of the escort, moved towards the sacred edifice.

Torches to light the troop were carried by old Ticehurst, the gardener, and Nut Springett, who had been pressed into the service; and the flare of the flambeaux was reflected upon the steel caps, corslets, and carabines of the Ironsides. In the midst of the guard, by whom they were closely surrounded, marched the prisoners. The torchlight flashed upon gate and wall, upon overhanging tree and thick hedge-row as the little party advanced—Delves keeping a wary look-out lest any attack should be attempted.

Though all the Roundhead soldiers were religious fanatics, not one of them had the slightest scruple in turning the sacred pile they were approaching into a strong-room for their prisoners, and a barrack for themselves. No feeling of irreverence crossed them as the church-door was unlocked, and the sergeant marched into the little nave with as much unconcern as if he had been entering a stable. Old Ticehurst and Springett were dismissed at the

church-door, their services being no longer required; but the torches were brought into the building, and set up in such a position that their flame illuminated the whole of the interior. Very strange the place looked by this lurid light—as much like a sepulchre as a church.

The sergeant's first business was to secure his prisoners. Finding all as he had left it, he put them inside the tower, informing them with a grin that they saw their place of lodging for the night. Lord Wilmot glanced at the bare walls and the cold flagged floor, and shuddered involuntarily, but made no remonstrance, and Clavering was equally silent. But John Habergeon did not display any such self-restraint, but loudly remonstrated with the sergeant, and in the end succeeded in obtaining from him an oaken bench, a flask of wine, a loaf of bread with some cold viands, and a small lighted lamp. The strong oak door of the tower was left ajar, in order that the movements of the prisoners might be observed; and close to this door a trooper—it was Helpless Henly—was posted.

The prisoners disposed of, the gaolers prepared to enjoy themselves. The church-door was locked inside to prevent all chance of sudden intrusion; benches were drawn together, on one of which the contents of the baskets were placed; and Delves, who declared he was sore hungered, set his comrades the example by making a vigorous attack upon a goose-pie, which, in addition to being very savoury, was strongly provocative of thirst, compelling the sergeant to make frequent application to the wine-flask.

Indeed, it would almost seem as if those who stocked the baskets had sought out the most powerful incentives to drinking. Besides the goose-pie before mentioned, there was the best part of a salted chine of beef, together with three or four powdered neats' tongues. These relishing viands soon produced the intended effect upon those who partook of them, and flask after flask was quickly emptied.

But the thirst of the Ironsides seemed to increase instead of diminishing, and Tola Fell asked leave of the sergeant to procure a fresh supply of wine from the Grange. Delves, however, who could not fail to perceive that a certain impression had been already produced by the copious draughts which his comrades had swallowed, peremptorily refused—a decision which naturally occasioned some grumbling—but good humour was at once restored by the accidental discovery by Besadaiah Eavestaff of a couple of large stone bottles of strong waters, snugly packed at the bottom of a basket, which had been hitherto unaccountably overlooked. Loud shouts were raised by the troopers as these bottles were brought forth. In vain Delves, who began to be seriously apprehensive of the consequences, enjoined the men to abstain from further intemperance. His authority was set at nought. The bottles were passed from hand to hand, and as one of them neared the sergeant, he found the

odour so irresistible that he could not pass the vessel without taking toll of its contents. The strong waters quickly unloosed the tongues of the troopers; they began to laugh and talk loudly, to sing and shout, comporting themselves as boisterously as wassailers at a tavern. They gave themselves up to enjoyment, and in order to set themselves completely at ease, unbuckled their belts, and took off their bandoleers, corslets, and steel caps, and in the end disembarassed themselves of their scarlet jerkins. Stretching themselves luxuriously upon the benches, they lighted their pipes, and soon filled the church with the fumes of tobacco. After a while, their potations began to tell. Half of them dropped asleep, and Helpless Henly, who had drunk rather more than his comrades, was obliged to lean against the wall for support, looking the picture of inebriety. Delves was greatly enraged at the insubordination of his men. Finding it vain to rouse Helpless Henly to a sense of duty, he pushed him aside, and took his place. The drunken fellow reeled forward, and, stumbling over a bench, lay stretched upon the flags, whence he was unable to rise. At the noise caused by the fall of the huge Ironside, both Lord Wilmot and Clavering, who had been seated on the bench, started to their feet, and the former advanced to the door to see what was the matter, but, being instantly noticed by Delves, he was ordered back. But the glance had been enough to disclose to his lordship the inebriate condition of the troopers, and he whispered to his companions that he thought an attempt to escape would soon be practicable. The only person, as it seemed to him, capable of offering effectual resistance was Delves. If he were overcome, the rest might be easily mastered. Having heard what Lord Wilmot said, John Habergeon crept stealthily to the door, and, after reconnoitring the scene before him for a short time, told his companions to hold themselves in readiness for a sudden outburst.

"The grand point," he said, "is to prevent, if possible, these rascals from using their fire-arms, or the alarm will be given to their comrades at the Grange. When the attack is made, let me go out first, and I will engage to disarm the sergeant. With the rest we must take our chance."

## II.

### THE CHASE OF THE CAVALIER.

WE must now leave the desecrated church for a while, and follow Stelfax and his men in their chase after the fugitive Cavalier.

On gaining the brow of the hill which the flying horseman had crossed, the Roundhead leader looked around in vain for the object of his quest, and came to a momentary halt. The position he and his men had attained was a most commanding one, being, in fact,

the south-eastern boundary of the existing race-course. To those unfamiliar with the locality, it may be proper to mention that the Brighton race-course—one of the most beautifully situated in England—forms a wide semicircular sweep over the gently undulating ridges of a very extensive down. The large arc described by this noble hill embraces part of Kemp Town, and constitutes a worthy background to Brighton itself. At present the race-hill retains much of its original character; but encroachments are being constantly made upon the springy turf so dear to the pedestrian and the horseman. At the time, however, of our story the eminence was wholly uncultivated and unenclosed. Magnificent was the view which it offered to Stelfax and his followers. The sea was dyed with the gorgous hues of the sun, which had just sank beneath the waves. Towards the west the whole line of coast was visible, from the little fishing town of Brightelmstone, with its small ruinous castle or bloek-house standing close to the shore; Shoreham, with its harbour, in which a few vessels were moored; and, farther on, Worthing, and the narrow neck of land beyond it jutting out far into the sea. In this direction, also, the Isle of Wight could now be distinctly seen, rising proudly out of the glowing waters. Exactly opposite the Roundhead leader—though to reach it he would have had to cross a lower intermediate hill—stood one of those ancient encampments found on many commanding points of the downs, and denominated the White Hawk. Hard by this antique camp stood a fire-beacon. Other camp-crowned hills were also visible from the spot where Stelfax stood—namely, Ditchling, which, moreover, possessed a beacon; Hollingbury, Wolstonbury, and Chanctonbury, the latter constituting a landmark from its clump of fir-trees.

The view Stelfax beheld, though sufficiently striking, differed materially from that which would now be offered to a spectator stationed on the same spot. No modern race-stand towered before the stern soldier of the Commonwealth as he cast his eye on the opposite hill—no lines of white railings marked out the course reserved for struggling steeds—no mighty structures reared on the southern slopes of the declivity met his ken—no stately terraces built on the high cliffs overlooking the sea awakened his admiration, or proclaimed the vicinity of a large and well-built town. Nothing of this kind did the Roundhead behold. In the valley immediately beneath him were a barn and sheepfold. At the point called the Black Roek, near the coast, a small farm-house, with two or three cottages adjoining it, could be distinguished. These were the only habitations in sight. An air of solitude pervaded the hill. A single figure, darkly defined against the still radiant western sky, and dilated to gigantic proportions, could be perceived on the verge of the Roman encampment near the fire-beacon. None else was in sight, save an old grey-coated shep-

herd, who, crook in hand, and attended by his dog, was driving a flock of loudly-bleating sheep down the steep escarpment towards the fold in the valley.

A few seconds sufficed to place all we have taken so long to describe before the quick-sighted Ironside leader. He looked right and left, but could discern no trace of the fugitive, and yet he ought to be in view. The dark figure near the White Hawk camp could not possibly be him. The spot was too far off to have been reached. But Stelfax did not pause long in reflection. Dashing down the hill-side towards the shepherd, he fiercely demanded whether he had seen a horseman pass by, and in which direction he had ridden.

"Oh yes, I seed him," the old shepherd replied; "he were going at a desperate pace for sure, and well-nigh trampled down some of my sheep as he rode through the flock."

"But which way did he take?" Stelfax furiously demanded. "And mark me, thou hoary knave! I read deceit in thine eye. Attempt to mislead me, and I will return and shoot thee down with as little scruple as I would the cur at thy heels."

"I have no thought to deceive you, honoured captain," the old man replied, in a voice quivering with terror. "The person you be searching after rode off by yon patch of gorse." Pointing, as he spoke, with his crook towards an acclivity on the north-west.

Stelfax tarried not a moment longer, but galloped off with his men in the direction indicated by the shepherd. The brow of the hill was covered so thickly with furze that it was impossible to pursue a straightforward course over it, and the Ironsides had to deviate a little to the left in order to avoid the impediment. They soon, however, crossed the summit, and then fresh valleys opened on either side. New downs, too, rose before them, varying little in aspect or character from those which they had just traversed. Though the summits still glowed with the reflected radiance of the sky, the coombs looked dull and sombre; but there was no positive obscurity, and as Stelfax plunged his gaze into the hollows, he failed in discovering the object of his quest. On either hand the valleys were wide and extensive, and the sides of the hills bare, and destitute of covert sufficient to screen the fugitive from observation. The valley on the left, which ran in a northerly direction—the course apparently taken by the fugitive—was so broad and open, that, had the flying horseman gone that way, he must have been at once distinguished. But neither on the right or on the left could he be seen. If he had ascended the opposite downs, he must necessarily be in view. But he was not there. These considerations led Stelfax to the conclusion that he must have found some place of concealment, and his suspicions were instantly directed to a small holt or thicket growing near the foot of the opposite hill, which would offer convenient shelter. Satisfied with



the correctness of his supposition, the Roundhead leader at once gave directions to his men to separate, and approach the wood in such manner as would enable them most completely to invest it. The injunctions were promptly obeyed, Stelfax himself moving off a little to the left, and then mounting the hill-side, so as to bring himself close to the top of the holt, which grew in a slanting line up the acclivity. These precautionary measures taken, entrance was simultaneously made into the thicket at four different points. The timber of which the holt was composed consisted almost entirely of ash, hazel, and oaks. None of the trees had attained any great size, and being planted closely together—much too closely to allow free growth—while brambles and thorns likewise abounded in the thicket, it was in places almost impervious. The crashing of branches proclaimed the advance of the Ironsides, and more than one pheasant was disturbed by them. But as yet the fugitive had not been detected. All at once Stelfax, who had pushed on more expeditiously than his men, descried the horseman hidden in the depths of the grove. Unable to repress a shout of exultation at the sight, he called to the Cavalier to surrender, but the latter replied by firing a pistol at him: the thickly intervening trees rendering it impossible that aim could be taken, the ball lodged in the trunk of an adjoining oak. The Cavalier then turned and endeavoured to make good his retreat, while Stelfax pressed vigorously after him, shouting to his men to intercept him. But it soon appeared that the fugitive was quite as active as his pursuers, and understood rather better than they did how to make his way through a tangled thicket. He dexterously slipped through the trees, while the fiery haste and impetuosity of Stelfax only tended to his own disadvantage. The Roundhead leader made one or two ineffectual dashes at the Cavalier, but the other easily avoided him, and, guided by the noise made by the advancing troopers, he likewise managed to keep out of their way. This adroit mode of proceeding soon increased the distance between Stelfax and himself, and enabled him to obtain a considerable start ere the Roundhead leader and his men could extricate themselves from the holt and give chase.

Both pursued and pursuers now went along at a headlong pace. For some little time the Cavalier kept in the valley, and crossed the rough and ill-kept road leading to Lewes. At that time there was no direct road from the metropolis to Brightelmstone, and only the deep-rutted cart-road just mentioned between the latter place and Lewes. The whole district being perfectly open and unenclosed—not a hedge or fence existing, save in the neighbourhood of some sequestered homestead—there was nothing to check the progress either of the fugitive or those on his track.

On—on they went—now traversing a winding valley, now mounting a hill—anon descending to another dell—crossing it, and

making a new ascent. All this without in the slightest degree relaxing speed. The Cavalier seemed in no wise troubled about his pursuers, feeling confident, apparently, that he should leave them behind in the end. Hitherto not a single individual had been encountered. The downs seemed wholly deserted.

The Cavalier had now gained the summit of the hill on which the ancient encampment called Hollingsbury Castle may be traced, and as his pursuers were not more than half way up the hill, he drew in the rein near the old earthwork, to breathe his panting steed for a moment. Seeing him pause thus, Stelfax and his men hurried on; but ere they could get within pistol-shot, he speeded off down the smooth turf of the declivity, as if making for the pretty little village of Preston, the church of which could be discerned in the valley, about half a mile off, embosomed in trees. But the fugitive, it soon became manifest, had no intention of entering the village, for he soon struck off on the right, and keeping on the slopes of the hill until he had passed Patcham and its hanging wood, crossed the valley now traversed by the railway, and ascended the opposite hill. Probably, he had conjectured that the Ironsides, finding their efforts to come up with him fruitless, would desist from further pursuit—but in this supposition he was deceived. Stelfax was not the man to be baffled. As long as their horses would carry them, he and his troopers would follow—and though their steeds were not so swift as that of the Cavalier, they were stronger, and capable of greater endurance. So not many minutes elapsed ere they were on the top of the down and galloping after him.

With the evident intention of disembarassing himself of them, the fugitive now led them into all sorts of difficult places, and practised every possible manœuvre to shake them off. In vain. They still held on; while the stratagems essayed by the Cavalier had more than once well-nigh led to his capture.

It was after a mischance of this kind, in which an attempt to double had been dexterously checked by Stelfax, that he suddenly changed his plan, and once more set off straight-a-head with great swiftness.

They were now upon the chain of downs that terminates on the north in the lofty and steep escarpment closely adjoining the extraordinary trench popularly known as the Devil's Dyke. It was towards the steepest part of this dangerous declivity that the Cavalier now rode. Perfectly acquainted with the country, as the result proved, he knew whither he was going, and was prepared for the hazardous feat he had to perform. Not so his pursuers. This precipitous escarpment, which stands like a great natural bulwark at the south of the broad Weald of Sussex—the whole of that immense and beautiful tract being discernible at one glance from it—slopes suddenly and abruptly down, with-

out the slightest interruption to the valley, the perilous nature of the descent being materially increased by the slippery condition of the turf, which offers, at dry seasons especially, a very insecure footing. A single false step would send the luckless wight who made it sliding to the foot of the escarpment in double-quick time. On the brow of this lofty hill are the remains of an encampment, with a wide ditch and a rampart surrounding it of nearly a mile in circumference. Adjacent to this camp, and dividing it from the lower range of downs, is the Dyke.

Skirting the brink of this remarkable chasm, the Cavalier rode on, and passing through a breach in the outworks of the camp, made for that portion of the rampart which overlooks the steepest part of the declivity. He paused not for a moment, but ere reaching the verge of the rampart, cast a glance of defiance at his pursuers. Stelfax, at that instant, was passing through the breach on the south side of the camp. Unaware of the perilous nature of the feat about to be attempted, he saw the Cavalier spring from the edge of the rampart, and plunge down the descent beyond it. Intending to follow him, the Roundhead officer rode on, but as he neared the brink of the declivity, and its precipitous and dangerous character became fully revealed to him, he recoiled, and drew in the rein with such force that he almost pulled back his steed upon its haunches. Just in time! In another instant he would have leaped the rampart, and must have rolled from top to bottom of the sharp descent. Cautiously approaching the edge of the declivity, to his infinite astonishment and vexation he beheld the bold horseman rapidly descending the steep escarpment, apparently with perfect ease and security. The rider seemed to trust himself entirely to his horse, not attempting to direct him, but leaving him to take his own way. All he did was to lean back as much as he could in the saddle to avoid sliding out of it on to the horse's shoulder. In this way he had accomplished nearly half the descent.

The sight stung Stelfax to the quick. His prey he now felt would escape him. If the fugitive should reach the bottom in safety, his escape was inevitable. Long before the valley could be gained by any secure descent, he would be far out of harm's way, and Stelfax, fearless and venturesome as he was, did not like to essay this perilous descent, not deeming his horse sufficiently sure-footed to accomplish it. There was but one way of arresting the fugitive. Stelfax took a pistol from his holster, and fired. His mark had not been the Cavalier, but his steed. The ball lodged in the gallant animal's brain. Instantly quitting the almost sliding posture he had assumed, he sprang with a slight bound in the air, and then dropped. The Cavalier had managed to disengage himself from the saddle, but fell in the attempt, and could not recover his footing. He and his slaughtered steed rolled together to the bottom of the declivity, where both lay motionless.

"We have Rehoboam now—dead or alive," cried Stelfax to his men, who by this time had come up. "Mattathias and Enoch go ye down to the valley by yon safe though circuitous route on the left, while Nathan Guestling and I will find our way down on the right. Lose no time—though there is little fear that our prey will escape us now. He hath not stirred since he fell, and I fear me is killed outright."

### III.

#### OF THE GUESTS AT THE POYNINGS' ARMS.

ON reaching the valley, Stelfax, closely followed by Nathan Guestling, rode towards the spot where the luckless Cavalier was lying. Hitherto, he had not moved; but when the Roundheads drew near, he began to exhibit some symptoms of animation, and made an effort to regain his feet. The exertion, however, was too much for him, and he sank back with a groan.

Flinging himself from his horse, and giving the bridle to Guestling, Stelfax bent over the prostrate Cavalier, and carefully studied his features. The result of this examination was by no means satisfactory. The person under his scrutiny was some ten years older than Charles Stuart, though his slight figure and swarthy complexion, fine black eyes, and long dark locks, had given him a general resemblance to the youthful monarch. On closer inspection, however, the likeness vanished, and the stranger's lineaments were found to be different in many points from those of the King. Stelfax gave vent to his disappointment in a loud and angry exclamation, and called out to the two other troopers, who rode up at the moment, that it was not Rehoboam after all. Hearing what passed, the prostrate Cavalier raised himself upon his elbow, and cried, "So you took me for the King—ha! No wonder you gave me so hot a chase. Learn to your confusion that his Majesty is safe from pursuit, and never likely to fall into rebellious hands."

"So your friend, Lord Wilmot, affirmed, sir," rejoined Stelfax; "but I attached little credit to his assertion, and I attach no more to yours. You are my prisoner. Under what name and title do you surrender?"

"It is my pleasure to guard my incognito as long as I can," the Cavalier replied. "I must therefore decline to furnish you with my name. As to title, I have none."

"You are too modest, methinks, sir," Stelfax cried. "Remain unknown, if you will, for the present. If you are not treated with the consideration due to your rank, you have only yourself to blame."

"I have no rank whatever, I repeat," the Cavalier replied. "I am but a simple gentleman—and a very poor gentleman into the

bargain—thanks to the sequestrations of your State Council. Will one of your men lend a hand to lift me up?"

"I will do as much for you myself, sir," Stelfax replied, helping him to his feet. "I hope you are not much hurt?"

"No bones are broken, I think," said the other; "but I am a good deal shaken. You gave me rather an awkward tumble down the hill—but I should not heed that if my horse had been spared," glancing, as the words were uttered, with great commiseration at the body of the poor animal lying stark beside him. "He was a gallant steed! I shall never get such another."

"A brave horse, in sooth!" exclaimed Stelfax. "I felt sorry to despatch him—but I must have shot him or you. You may, however, console yourself for the loss by reflecting that you will never more, in all likelihood, require his services."

"That is but cold comfort," the other rejoined. "However, we Cavaliers are not accustomed to despair, even at the foot of the scaffold. I hope to give you another run as good as the one you have just enjoyed—with this difference only, that on the next occasion you may be left in the lurch."

"Many a fox-chase has been less exciting, no doubt," said Stelfax, entering into the jest. "But you must now submit to be searched by my men, sir. I regret that the measure cannot be dispensed with—but my orders are strict. All letters and papers must be sent to head-quarters—and perhaps I may learn at the same time whom I have the honour of addressing."

Due precautions against a contingency like the present must have been taken by the Cavalier, since only a few unimportant articles were found upon him, and nothing whatever to afford a clue to his identity. Seeing the prisoner look very faint, and scarcely able to stand, though he uttered no complaint, Stelfax caused him to be lifted on to the croup of Nathan Guestling's horse, and secured by a broad belt passed round his own waist and that of the stalwart trooper in front. He then directed Mattathias and Enoch to ride one on either side of the captive, to prevent the possibility of escape, and set off for a hamlet, close at hand, where he made sure of obtaining restoratives for the luckless Royalist. The place for which the Roundhead captain was bound was Poynings, one of the prettiest and most picturesque villages amidst the South Downs, and then remarkable for its fine old manor-house appertaining to the baronial family that took its name from the place, as well as for its antique church, which latter still exists.

Night was now coming on apace, but the sky was clear, and the light of the heavenly bodies dispelled the darkness. The hour of eight was tolled out as the little troop entered Poynings. The trampling of the horses quickly roused the villagers, and brought them to the doors of their cottages to see the soldiers pass, and great anxiety was evinced to obtain a glimpse of the malignant

prisoner. But no near approach to him was permitted by the guard, and the curiosity of the spectators remained unsatisfied.

A decent hostelry was soon found near the church, and here Stelfax alighted, and caused his prisoner, who was unable to dismount without assistance, to be lifted from the trooper's horse and carried inside. This service was rendered by the landlord, who announced himself to the Roundhead leader as Simon Piddinghoe, of the Poynings' Arms, at the honourable captain's service. The Cavalier was supported by the assiduous host into a large, comfortable-looking house-place, with a wood fire blazing upon the hearth—deep ingle-nooks on either side of the chimney—and a couple of cozy benches with high backs calculated to keep off all draught advancing far into the room, with a long and strong oak table between them. On these high-backed benches some nine or ten guests were seated, smoking and quaffing the stout amber ale, the mulled sack, and other liquors for which the Poynings' Arms was famed.

The company consisted, as it turned out, of the village school-master, Master Cisbury Oldfirc, who was accounted a man of parts and erudition, and who, at all events, considered himself such—two or three other inhabitants of the village of the better class—and a brace of sturdy farmers from the neighbourhood, who were discussing their evening pint, or quart, as it might be, before going home to their dames. Besides these, there were some other guests—non-descript individuals, whose precise position in society Simon Piddinghoe himself would have found it difficult to assign, and who might be disbanded Royalist soldiers, gentlemen out-at-elbows from drink or play, bankrupt tradesmen from London, or what you please. Shabby roysterers like these often took up their quarters in country hostels at the time—carefully selecting houses where good liquor and a good bowling-green were to be found; and notwithstanding their threadbare cloaks, frayed jerkins, and battered Spanish hats, they were heartily welcomed by mine host—so long as they had wherewithal to pay the shot. To these personages the arrival of the Ironsides seemed to afford anything but satisfaction, though they endeavoured to put a good face upon their vexation, and rose with the rest of the company to salute the Roundhead captain on his entrance. All arose but one. This was a fierce, swash-buckling fellow, with a long rapier at his side, who was afterwards addressed by the host as Captain Goldspur. With a muttered oath, this personage pulled his sombrero over his beetle-brows, shifted himself in his seat, and turned his back upon Stelfax. As the captive Cavalier was brought into the room, and the light of the fire illumined his features, Simon Piddinghoe gave a slight start of recognition; but a pressure of his arm by the prisoner cautioned him to hold his tongue.

By Stelfax's directions the luckless gentleman was accommodated with an easy-chair near the fire, and a glass of strong water being administered to him by the host, he speedily began to revive.

Meantime, the company had resumed their seats, though the questionable individuals we have described were evidently ill at ease, and Captain Goldspur, who puffed away furiously at his pipe, looked askance at Stelfax from beneath his heavy brows. But if he or his companions meditated any attack upon the Roundhead leader, the formidable appearance of the latter served to restrain them. Neither was Stelfax unsupported. His three men had entered the room and seated themselves at the further end of the benches, ready to obey their captain's slightest behest.

However conversation might have gone on before the arrival of the Ironsides it flagged now—the only person who maintained his character for loquacity being Cisbury Oldfirse. He talked on with his wonted volubility. Undismayed by Stelfax's stern looks, he entered into conversation with him, and gave him many particulars concerning the ancient family of Poynings, to which the other listened with some degree of attention, and then inquired whether the worshipful captain had heard the legend of the Devil's Dyke, and finding—as might be expected—that he had not, volunteered to relate it to him—premising that he could not entirely vouch for its authenticity. Having been supplied by the assiduous host with a pottle of admirably brewed sack, Stelfax felt disposed to accord the talkative pedagogue his attention, and listened with more patience than might have been expected to the weird, and somewhat extravagant, legend which will be found narrated—almost in Master Oldfirse's own language—in the next chapter.

#### IV.

### The Legend of the Devil's Dyke.

AS RELATED BY MASTER CISBURY OLDFIRSE, SCHOOLMASTER, OF POYNINGS.

THE wondrous event I am about to detail happened in the time of the good Saint Cuthman of Steyning, in this county—a holy man, who from his extraordinary piety and austerity was believed to be endowed with supernatural power. Many miracles are attributed to him, some of which occurred long before his canonisation. While yet a boy, and employed in tending his father's sheep on the downs, in order to pursue his devotional exercises undisturbed, he was wont to trace a large circle round the flock with his crook, beyond which none of them could stray, neither could any enemy approach them. Moreover, the good saint could punish the scoffer, as well as bless and sustain the lowly and the well-doer. Derided by certain blasphemous haymakers for carrying his palsied mother in a barrow—no better means of conveyance being at hand at the time—he brought down a heavy shower upon their heads,

rendering their labour of no account; and thenceforward, whenever grass was cut and dried within that meadow, rain would fall upon it, and turn it to litter. Such was holy Cuthman—a man, you will perceive, whom it was necessary to treat with the respect due to his exalted virtues.

At a later period of the saint's life, when his aged mother had gone from him, when he had built a wooden church with his own hands at Steyning—wherein, in the fulness of time he was interred—and when his reputation for sanctity and austerity had greatly increased, causing him to be equally revered and dreaded—dreaded, I mean, by evil-doers, to whom he was especially obnoxious—the holy man walked forth one afternoon, in early autumn, wholly unattended, across the downs; his purpose being to visit a recluse, named Sister Ursula, who dwelt in a solitary cell on the summit of a hill adjoining Poynings, and whom he had been told was sick, and desirous of being shriven by him. Now Saint Cuthman had his staff in his hand, without which he never journeyed abroad, and he walked on until he reached the eminence for which he was bound. On the brow of this hill in former times the heathen invaders of the land had made a camp, vestiges of which may still be discerned. But it was not with these memorials of a bygone and benighted people that Saint Cuthman concerned himself. If he thought about the framers of those mighty earthworks at all, it was with thanksgiving that they had been swept away, and had given place to a generation to whom the purer and brighter light of the Gospel was vouchsafed.

Thus communing with himself it may be, holy Cuthman reached the northern boundary of the rampart surrounding the old Roman camp, and cast his eyes over the vast Weald of Sussex, displayed before him like a map. The contemplation of this fair and fertile district filled his soul with gladness; but what chiefly rejoiced him was to note how the edifices reared for worship had multiplied since he first looked upon the extensive plain. He strove to count the numerous churches scattered about, but soon gave up the attempt—he might as well have tried to number the trees. But the difficulty he experienced increased his satisfaction, inasmuch as it proved to him that true religion had taken deep root in the land. And he gave glory and praise to Heaven accordingly.

Scarcely were his audibly-uttered thanksgivings ended, when he became aware that some one stood nigh him, and turning his head, he beheld a tall man of singularly swarthy complexion, haughty mien, and eyes that seemed to burn like coals of fire. The habiliments of this mysterious and sinister-looking personage were of blood-red hue, and though their richness and the egret in his velvet cap betokened princely rank, he bore the implements of a common labourer—namely, a pickaxe and a shovel. No sound



had proclaimed the stranger's approach, and his appearance was as sudden and startling as if he had risen from the earth. As Saint Cuthman regarded him with the aversion inspired by the sight of a venomous and deadly snake, yet wholly without fear, he knew that he was in the presence of the Author of Ill.

"Comest thou to tempt me, accursed one?" the holy man sternly demanded. "If so, learn that I am proof against thy wiles. Depart from me, or I will summon good spirits that shall cast thee hence."

"Thou canst not do so," the inauspicious-looking stranger replied, laughing derisively. "I am master here. Altars have been reared to strange gods upon this hill, and sacrifices made to them;—nay, I myself have been worshipped as Dis, and the blood of black bulls has been poured out upon the ground in mine honour. Therefore, the hill is mine, and thou thyself art an intruder upon it, and deservest to be cast down headlong into the plain. Yet will I spare thee——"

"Thou darest not so much as injure a hair of my head, Sathanas," interrupted the Saint, in a menacing voice, and raising his staff as he spoke. "Approach! and lightnings shall blast thee."

"I tell thee I have no design to harm thee," returned the Fiend, with a look that showed he would willingly have rent the holy man in pieces. "But give heed to what I am about to say. Vainly hast thou essayed to count the churches in the Sussex Weald, and thou hast glorified Heaven because of the number of the worshippers gathered within those fanes. Now mark me, thou servant of God! Thou hast taken a farewell look of that plain, so thickly studded with structures pleasing in thy sight, but an abomination to me. Before to-morrow morn, that vast district—far as thine eye can stretch—even to the foot of yon distant Surrey hills—the whole Weald of Sussex, with its many churches, its churchmen, and its congregations, shall be whelmed beneath the sea."

"Thou mockest me," returned Saint Cuthman, contemptuously; "but I know thee to be the Father of Lies."

"Disbelieve me, if I fail in my task—not till then," said the Fiend. "With the implements which I hold in my hand I will cut such a dyke through this hill, and through the hills lying between it and Hove, as shall let in the waters of the deep, so that all dwelling within yonder plain shall be drowned by them."

"And thinkest thou thy evil work will be permitted?" cried the Saint, shaking his head.

"Thou, at least, canst not prevent it," rejoined the Fiend, with a bitter laugh. "I will take my chance of other hindrance."

The holy man appeared for a moment troubled, but his confidence was presently restored.

"Thou deceivest thyself," he said. "The task thou proposest to execute is beyond thy power."

"Beyond *my* power!" exclaimed the Demon. "It is a trifle in comparison with what I can achieve. I have had a hand in many wonderful works, some of which are recognised as mine, though I have not got credit for a tithe of those I have performed. Devil's bridges are common enough, methinks, in mountainous gorges—devil's towers are by no means rare in old castles. Most of the camps upon these downs were planned and executed by me—the very rampart upon which we stand being partly my work. The first Cæsar has got the credit of many of my performances, and he is welcome to it. He is not the only man who has worn laurels belonging by right to others. Saint as thou art, it is meet thou give the devil his due. Do so, and thou must needs praise his industry."

"Thy industry in evil-doing is unquestionable," rejoined the Saint. "But good work is out of thy power. Thou dardest not affirm that thou hast had any hand in the erection of temples and holy piles."

"Ask thy compeers, Saint Dunstan and Saint Thomas of Canterbury—they will tell thee differently. But I disdain to boast. I have certainly had no hand in thy ugly little wooden church at Steyning."

"And thy present feat is to be performed before to-morrow, thou sayest?" demanded the Saint, highly offended at this un-called-for allusion to his own favourite work.

"Between sunset and sunrise, most saintly sir."

"That is but a short time for so mighty a task," said the holy man, in an incredulous tone. "Bethink thee a September night is not a long night?"

"The shortest night is long enough for me," the Fiend replied.

"If the dawn comes and finds my work incomplete, thou shalt be at liberty to deride me."

"I shall never treat thee otherwise than with scorn," the Saint rejoined. "But thou hast said it, and I hold thee to thy word. Between sunset and sunrise thy task must be done. If thou failest—from whatever cause—thy evil scheme shall be for ever abandoned."

"Be it so! I am content," the Fiend rejoined. "But I shall *not* fail," he added, with a fearful laugh. "Come hither at sunset, and thou wilt see me commence my work. Thou mayst tarry nigh me, if thou wilt, till it be done."

"Heaven forfend that it should be done!" ejaculated the Saint, casting his eyes upwards.

When he looked up again towards the spot where the Evil One had stood, he could no more perceive him.

"No!" exclaimed the good Saint, allowing his gaze to wander over the smiling and far-stretching Weald, "I cannot believe that I am taking farewell of this lovely plain. I cannot for an instant believe that its destruction will be permitted. Its people have not sinned, but have incurred the hatred of the Arch-fiend solely be-

cause of their piety and zeal. It shall be my business to defeat his hateful design."

The holy man turned away, and quitting the camp, proceeded in an easterly direction over the hill, until he came to a small stone structure, standing near a grey old thorn-tree, on an acclivity covered with gorse and heather. The occupant of this solitary cell belonged to a priory of Benedictine nuns, situated at Leominster, near Arundel, and attached to the Abbey of Almenesches, in Normandy. Sister Ursula Braose had retired to this lonesome spot in order to pass the whole of her time in devotion, and had acquired a reputation for sanctity and asceticism scarcely inferior to that of holy Cuthman himself. She was a daughter of the noble house of Braose of Bramber Castle. Once a week the purveyor of the priory at Leominster brought her a scanty supply of provisions (for the poor soul needed but little), and it was from him that Saint Cuthman had heard of her illness, and of her desire to be shriven by him.

He found the recluse occupied in her devotions. She was kneeling before an ivory crucifix fastened against the wall of her cell, and was so absorbed as to be entirely unconscious of the Saint's approach. He did not make his presence known to her till she had done. Sister Ursula Braose had once been remarkable for beauty, but years, the austere life she had led, and the frequent and severe penances she had undergone, had obliterated all traces of loveliness from her features. She was old and wrinkled now; her hair white as snow, and her fingers thin as those of a skeleton. She was clothed in a loose black robe, with a cincture of cord round her waist. Reverentially saluting the holy man, she prayed him to be seated upon a stool, which, with another small seat hewn out of stone, a stone table, and a straw pallet, formed the entire furniture of her cell. An iron lamp hung by a chain from the roof. On the table were placed a missal written on vellum, an hour-glass, and a small taper.

After inquiring as to her ailments, and expressing his satisfaction that she felt somewhat better, Saint Cuthman said, "Are you still fasting, sister? I know you are wont only to break bread and drink water after the hour of vespers."

"Since yestere'en, nothing has passed my lips, holy father," the recluse replied.

"It is well," said the Saint. "The prohibition I am about to lay upon you—painful to any other, unaccustomed to severe mortification of the flesh—will by you be scarcely accounted a penance. I enjoin you to refrain from all refreshment of the body, whether by food or rest, until to-morrow morning. Think you, you can promise compliance with the order?"

"Do I think it, holy father?" Sister Ursula cried. "If Heaven will spare me so long, I am sure of it. I was in hopes," she

added, almost with a look of disappointment, "that you were about to enjoin me some severe discipline, such as my sinfulness merits, and I pray you to add sharp flagellations, or other wholesome correction of the flesh, to your mandate."

"Nay," rejoined the Saint, smiling at the recluse's zeal; "the scourge is unneeded. You have no heavy offence, I am well assured, on your conscience. But keep strict vigil throughout the night, and suffer not sleep to weigh down your eyelids for a moment, or you may be exposed to temptation and danger. The Arch-Fiend himself will be abroad."

"I will spend the livelong night in prayer," said Sister Ursula, trembling.

"Fear nothing," returned the Saint; "the Prince of Darkness has other business on hand, and will not trouble you. He will be engaged in a terrible work, but, with Heaven's aid, good sister, yours shall be the hand to confound him."

"Mine!" exclaimed the recluse, seeking by her looks for an explanation from the holy man.

"When the sun hath gone down," rejoined Saint Cuthman, "which will be about the seventh hour, turn this hour-glass, and let the sand run out six times—six times, do you mark, good sister? That will bring you to the first hour after midnight. Kneel then before yon crucifix and pray fervently, that the dark designs of him who took our Saviour to the top of the high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment, may be defeated. Next, light this taper, which I will presently consecrate; set it within the bars of that little grated window looking towards the east; and pray that its glimmer may be as the first grey light of dawn. Again, I say, do you mark me, sister?"

"Not a word uttered by you, holy father, but hath sunk deep in my breast," she replied. "Your instructions shall be scrupulously obeyed."

"Nothing evil shall cross this threshold during the night," pursued the saint. "I will guard it as, in the days of my youth, I guarded my father's flocks on the hills. Light not your lamp, but only the taper, as I have bidden you; and stir not forth on any threat or summons, for such will only be a snare to injure you; and let not your heart quail because of the frightful sounds you may hear. Though the earth should quake beneath your feet, and this solid hill tremble to its foundations, yet shall not a stone of your cell be removed, neither shall any harm befall you."

The Saint then took up the taper, and blessed it in these terms: "*Domine Jesu Christi, fili Dei vivi, benedic candelam istam supplicationibus nostris: infunde ei, Domine, per virtutem sanctæ crucis benedictionem cælestem; ut quibuscumque locis accensa, sive posita fuerit, discedant principes tenebrarum, et contremiscant, et fugiunt pavidi cum omnibus ministris suis ab habitationibus illis: nec præ-*

*sumant amplius inquietare, aut molestare servientes tibi omnipotenti Deo."*

After going through certain other ceremonies, which it is needless to describe, the saint sat down, and addressing Sister Ursula, declared his readiness to shrive her.

The recluse then knelt down before him, and inclining her head so as to conceal her features, said she had one secret within her breast which she had never revealed to her confessor—one sin upon her soul, of which she had never been able to repent.

After duly reproving her, the saint told her to make clean her breast by confession, declaring she would then be able to repent.

Thus exhorted, Sister Ursula replied, in accents half suffocated by irrepressible emotion: "My secret is, that I loved you—you, holy father—when I was young: my unrepented sin is, that I have never been able to banish that love from my heart."

"Alas! sister," rejoined the holy man, trembling in spite of himself, "we have been equally unhappy. In days, long gone by, I could not behold unmoved the charms of the fair and noble Lady Ursula Braose. But I conquered the passion, and repented that I had ever indulged it. Thou must do likewise. The struggle may be hard, but strength will be given thee for it. Hast thou aught more to confess?"

And the poor recluse, who shed abundance of tears, replying in the negative, the saint gave her absolution, saying that the penance he had already enjoined was sufficient, and that ere the morrow, her breast would be free from its load. Struck by her looks, which were those of one not long for this world, he told her that if her sickness should prove mortal, diriges and trentals should be said for the repose of her soul.

The recluse thanked him, and after a while became composed and even cheerful.

Saint Cuthman tarried in the cell, discoursing with her upon the glorious prospects of futurity, and carefully avoiding any reference to the past, until, from the door of the little structure, which opened toward the west, he beheld the sun sink into the sea. Telling the good sister that a thousand lives depended upon her vigilance, he gave her his benediction and departed, never more to behold her alive.

As he took his way towards the north-eastern boundary of the ancient encampment, a noise resembling thunder smote his ear, and the ground shook so violently beneath his feet that he could scarcely stand, but reeled to and fro, as if his brain—his! whose lips no drink stronger than water had ever passed—had been assailed by the fumes of wine. Nevertheless, he went on, and, after a while, reached the lofty headland overlooking Poynings.

Here, as he expected, he beheld the Arch-Fiend at work. The infernal excavator had already made a great breach into the down,

and enormous fragments of chalk and flint-stones rolled down with a terrific crash, like that caused by an avalanche amidst the Alps. Every stroke of his terrible pickaxe shook the hill to its centre. No one, who was not sustained by supernatural power, could have stood firmly upon the quaking headland. But Saint Cuthman, planting his staff upon the ground, remained unmoved—the only human witness of the astounding scene. The Fiend's proportions had now become colossal, and he looked like one of that giant race whom poets of heathendom tell us warred against Jove. His garb was suited to his task, and resembled that of a miner. His brawny and hirsute arms were bared to the shoulder, and the curled goat's-horns were visible on his uncovered head. His implements had become enormous as himself, and the broadest and heaviest anchor-fluke ever forged was as nought to the curved iron head of his pickaxe. Each stroke plunged fathom-deep into the ground, and tore up huge boulder-like masses of chalk, the smallest of which might have loaded a wain. The Fiend worked away with might and main, and the concussion produced by his tremendous strokes was incessant and terrible, echoing far over the Weald like the rattling of a dreadful thunderstorm.

But the sand ran out, and Sister Ursula turned her glass for the first time.

Suddenly, the Fiend stopped, and clapped his hand to his side, as if in pain—"A sharp stitch!" quoth he. "My side tingles as if pricked by a thousand pins. The sensation is by no means pleasant—but 'twill soon pass!" Then perceiving the saint watching him, he called out derisively—"Aha! art thou there, thou saintly man? What thinkest thou now of the chance of escape for thy friends in the Weald? Thou art a judge of such matters I doubt not. Is my Dyke broad enough and profound enough, thinkest thou—or shall I widen it and deepen it yet more?" And the chasm resounded with his mocking laughter.

"Thou art but a slovenly workman, after all," remarked Saint Cuthman. "The sides of thy Dyke are rough and uneven, and want levelling. A mortal labourer would be shrewdly reprimanded if he left them in such an untidy condition."

"No mortal labourer could make such a trench," cried the Fiend. "However, it shall never be said that I am a slovenly workman."

Whereupon he seized his spade, and proceeded to level the banks of the Dyke, carefully removing all roughness and irregularity.

"Will that satisfy thy precise notions?" he called out, when he had done.

"I cannot deny that it looks better," returned the holy man, glad to think that another hour had passed—for a soft touch falling upon his brow made him aware that, at this moment, Sister Ursula had turned the hour-glass for the second time.

A sharp sudden pain smote the Fiend, and made him roar out lustily, "Another stitch, and worse than the first! But it shall not hinder my task."

Again he fell to work. Again, the hill was shaken to its base. Again, mighty masses of chalk were hurled into the valley, crushing everything upon which they descended. Again, the strokes of the pickaxe echoed throughout the Weald.

It was now dark. But the fiery breath of the Demon sufficed to light him in his task. He toiled away with right good will, for the devil can work hard enough, I promise you, if the task be to his mind. All at once he suspended his labour. The hour-glass had been turned for the third time.

"What is the matter with thee?" demanded the Saint.

"I know not," replied the writhing Fiend. "A sudden attack of cramp in the arms and legs, I fancy. I must have caught cold on these windy downs. I will do a little lighter work till the fit passes off." Upon this, he took up the shovel and began to trim the sides of the Dyke as before.

While he was thus engaged, the further end of the chasm closed up, so that when he took up the pickaxe once more he had all his work to do again. This caused him to snort and roar like a mad bull, and so much flame and smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils, that the bottom of the Dyke resembled the bed of a volcano.

Sister Ursula then turned the glass for the fourth time. Hereupon, an enormous mass of breccia, or gold-stone, as the common folk call it, which the Fiend had dislodged, rolled down upon his foot, and crushed it. This so enraged him, that he sent the fragment of gold-stone whizzing over the hills to Hove. What with rubbing his bruised foot, and roaring, a quarter of an hour elapsed before he could resume his work.

The fifth turning of the glass gave him such pains in the back, that for some minutes he was completely disabled.

"An attack of lumbago," he cried. "I seem liable to all mortal ailments to-night."

"Thou hadst better desist," said the Saint. "The next attack may cripple thee for all time."

"I am all right again," shouted the Demon. "It was but a passing seizure like those that have gone before it. Thou shalt now see what I can do."

And he began to ply his pickaxe with greater energy than ever; toiling on without intermission, filling the chasm with flame from his fiery nostrils, and producing the effect of a continuous thunderstorm over the Weald. Thus he wrought on, I say, uninterruptedly, for the space of another hour.

Sister Ursula then turned the glass for the last time.

The Fiend was suddenly checked—but not this time by pains in the limbs, or prostration of strength. He had struck the pickaxe

so deeply into the chalk that he could not remove it. He strained every nerve to pluck it forth, but it continued firmly embedded, and the helve, which was thick as the mainmast of a ship, and of toughest oak, broke in his grasp.

While he was roaring like an infuriated lion with rage and mortification, Saint Cuthman called out to him to come forth.

"Wherefore, should I come forth?" the Fiend cried. "Thou thinkest I am baffled; but thou art mistaken. I will dig out my axe-head presently, and my shovel will furnish me with a new handle."

"Cease, if thou canst, for a short space, to breathe forth flame and smoke; and look towards the east," cried the Saint.

"There is a glimmer of light in the sky in that quarter!" exclaimed the Demon, holding his breath; "but dawn cannot be come already."

"The streak of light grows rapidly wider and brighter," said the Saint. "The shades of night are fleeing fast away. The larks are beginning to rise and carol forth their matin hymns on the downs. The rooks are cawing amid the trees of the park beneath us. The cattle are lowing in the meads—and hark! dost thou not hear the cocks crowing in the adjacent village of Poynings?"

"Cocks crowing at Poynings!" yelled the Fiend. "It must be the dawn. But the sun shall not behold my discomfiture."

"Hide thy head in darkness, accursed being!" exclaimed the Saint, raising his staff. "Hence with thee! and return not to this hill. The dwellers within the Sussex Weald are saved from thy malice, and may henceforth worship without fear. Get thee hence, I say."

Abashed by the awful looks of the Saint, the Demon fled. Howling with rage, like a wild beast robbed of its prey, he ran to the northern boundary of the rampart surrounding the camp, where the marks of his gigantic feet may still be seen indelibly impressed on the sod. Then springing off, and unfolding his sable pinions, he soared over the Weald, alighting on Leith Hill.

Just as he took flight, Sister Ursula's taper went out. Instant darkness fell upon the hill, and Night resumed her former sway. The village cocks ceased crowing, the larks paused in their songs and dropped to the ground like stones, the rooks returned to roost, and the lowing herds became silent.

Saint Cuthman had to make a considerable circuit to reach Sister Ursula's cell, a deep gulf having been placed between it and the headland on which he had taken his stand. On arriving at the little structure he found that the recluse's troubles were over. Her loving heart had for ever ceased to beat. Her failing strength had sufficed to turn the hour-glass for the last time, and just as the consecrated taper expired, she passed away. In death, she still retained the attitude of prayer—her clasped hands being raised heavenwards.



"*Suspice Domine, preces nostras pro animâ famulæ tuæ; ut si quæ ei maculæ de terrenis contagiis adhæserunt, remissionis tuæ misericordiâ deleantur!*" ejaculated the holy man. "She could not have had a better ending! May my own be like it! She shall have sepulture in my mother's grave at Steyning. And inasses and trentals, according to my promise, shall be said for the repose of her soul. Peace be with her!" And he went on his way.

Thus the Demon was banished for aye by Saint Cuthman from that hill overlooking the fair Sussex Weald, and the people of the plain ever after prayed in peace. But the Devil's handiwork—the unfinished Dyke—exists to this day. But I never heard that his pickaxe has been found.

## V.

## HOW STELFX TOOK THE CAVALIER TO THE GRANGE; AND WHAT HAPPENED BY THE WAY.

SOME few interruptions were offered to the schoolmaster's narration both by Stelfax and his men; and when it came to an end, the Roundhead leader observed that it was a monkish and superstitious legend, fit only for old wives and children, and that for his own part he did not believe in the pretended miracles of Saint Cuthman, or those of any other Romish saint in the calendar. On this observation being made, Captain Goldspur got up, and looking as if he would no longer remain in the company of a person who expressed such heterodox opinions, he was marching out of the room, when, at a sign from Stelfax, two of the troopers caught hold of him, and forced him back to his seat. In doing this, they deprived him of his long rapier, which Stelfax consigned to the host, bidding him put it aside for the present. In an authoritative tone the Roundhead leader then informed the company that none of them must leave the house until after his departure with the prisoner—a piece of good news to Simon Piddinghoe, who ventured to express a hope that the worshipful captain would prolong his stay to as late an hour as possible. Stelfax, indeed, seemed in no hurry to depart. His seat by the fireside was very comfortable, and the mulled sack super-excellent—so remarkably good, indeed, that, having finished his pottle during the progress of the schoolmaster's legend, he ordered the host to brew a second.

By this time, the prisoner had shaken off in a great measure the effects of his fall. Of a reckless turn, like most Cavaliers, he either felt—or feigned to feel—indifferent to his present position. His chair was next that of Stelfax, and hearing the praises bestowed by the latter upon the sack, he begged to be allowed a measure for himself—and the favour was unhesitatingly granted. After the failure of his attempt to march off, Captain Goldspur's

audacity seemed to forsake him, and withdrawing as far as he could from the presence of the hateful Stelfax, he lapsed into gloomy silence. His companions were equally taciturn and moody. But the rest of the company took no umbrage at their detention, appearing rather pleased by the excuse it offered them for making a night of it. Whether Stelfax sat long to vex Goldspur and his sullen comrades—or whether, as is more probable, he felt disposed to rest and enjoy himself after a hard day's work—certain it is that eleven o'clock had struck ere he rose to depart. The reckoning was then paid—rather to Simon Piddinghoe's surprise, for the soldiers of the Republic were not notorious for scrupulously discharging their scores; the horses were brought out; the prisoner was placed on the crupper behind Nathan Guestling, and strapped to that stout trooper as he had previously been. All these arrangements made, Stelfax mounted, and after partaking of a stirrup-cup proffered by the host, put himself at the head of the little troop, and rode out of Poynings.

Notwithstanding the Roundhead leader's injunctions to the contrary, one person had contrived to slip out of the house unobserved. When the host returned to his guests to tell them they were now free to depart if they were so minded, he remarked that Captain Goldspur was gone, and had taken his rapier with him. Upon which he muttered, "There will be mischief, I fear.—And who, think you, yon red-coated knaves have got as a prisoner, my worthy masters?" he added.

"Nay, I know not," the schoolmaster rejoined. "Who should it be?"

"No other than Colonel Gunter of Racton," the host replied; "as worthy a gentleman as any in the county, and as staunch a partisan as ever breathed of the—of——You know whom I mean."

"Was that Colonel Gunter of Racton?" cried one of the personages in threadbare apparel. "Would I had known it."

"Why, what wouldst thou have done, Master Jervoise Rumboldsyke?" demanded the inquisitive schoolmaster.

"No matter," the other rejoined. "It may not yet be too late. Tell me the way taken by those cursed troopers," he added to the host.

"They rode towards Patcham," Simon Piddinghoe replied. "No doubt they are bound for Lewes, where the detachment is quartered."

"To Lewes!" exclaimed Rumboldsyke. "To Lewes, then, let us lie. Here is thy reckoning, mine host." And flinging a double-crown upon the table he rushed out of the house, followed by his comrades.

It was a clear starlight night, and by no means dark. Stelfax kept a little in advance of his men, but did not urge his horse

beyond a walk. Their road lay partly along a valley, partly over a lower range of downs. After a while, they reached Patcham, and were passing the thick hanging wood on the hill-side, when a pistol—for such the fire-arm seemed to be from its report—was discharged at Stelfax. The bullet struck the Roundhead leader's gorget, but did him no injury. He instantly turned, and dashing to the edge of the wood, called, in a voice of thunder, upon his dastardly assailant to show himself, and come forth if he dared. But no answer was returned to the summons, neither could any lurking assassin be detected. Deeming search useless at such an hour, Stelfax set off again; but he now mended his pace, and being under no apprehension of losing his way, he rode over the silent and solitary downs in the direction of Ovingdean, where he arrived without further molestation of any kind, and deposited his prisoner at the Grange.

## VI.

BY WHAT MEANS THE PRISONERS ESCAPED FROM THE CHURCH.

WE must now return to the church, and see what the disorderly rout left within it were about. It was past midnight. The torches were still blazing, but the thick vapour that rose from their flames, combined with the tobacco-smoke, filled the whole body of the fabric, and so obscured its more distant portions, that the arched screen separating the chancel from the nave could scarcely be discerned. The light, struggling through this vapour, only imperfectly revealed the figures of the Ironsides stretched upon the benches, some of them, as we have said, asleep, and the rest in a drowsy state, half-stupified with drink. All their boisterous merriment had long since ceased, and nothing was heard but the heavy breathing of the slumbering toppers. All at once, a slight noise reached the ears of the sergeant, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, he thought he discerned a dark figure in the pulpit. After steadily regarding the object for a few moments, during which it continued perfectly motionless, a superstitious terror took possession of Delves, and he began to think it was the Enemy of Mankind standing before him in person. Rousing up Besadaiah Eavestaff, who was near to him, he directed his attention to the mysterious figure, and asked him, in accents that betrayed his alarm, what he thought of it?

"It is the Evil One," Besadaiah rejoined, rubbing his eyes. "But how comes he here, in yonder pulpit, and in the garb of a minister of the Church? I am not afraid—I will address him."

With this he got up, and supporting himself with his carbine, staggered towards the pulpit.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, as he drew near, "I have it now, sergeant. Whom dost thou think his Satanic Majesty turns out to be? No other than Master Increase Micklegift, the Independent minister, whom we ejected from the neighbouring mansion by our captain's commands. How comes he here? Doth he take up his abode altogether within this church?"

"If it be indeed Master Micklegift, and not an evil spirit in his form," Delves rejoined, "question him thyself."

"He shall not need to do so," cried Micklegift, for it was he. "I have placed myself here to see how you who profess to be soldiers fighting for the cause of religion and truth would comport yourselves, and I find that ye are as riotous and intemperate as the scoffers, brawlers, and tipplers whom ye profess to reprobate. Are ye not ashamed to be wallowing in drunkenness when ye should watch and pray? Call ye yourselves good soldiers of the Republic? You are said to be the favoured host of our great Joshua, Cromwell; but is it by conduct like this that you have earned his regard? Hardly so, methinks! If you must needs turn this tabernacle into a strong-room for your prisoners, why should you thus defile it? For your profaneness and irreverence ye ought to be driven forth with stripes, and if a judgment should fall upon your heads ye will richly have merited it."

"Peace!" exclaimed Besadaiah; "I will hear no more from thee."

"Nay, there is reason in what the good man saith," cried Delves. "We deserve his rebukes. It must be owned that our conduct this night hath not been in accordance either with our principles or our duty."

"Our captain dislikes this man, and suspects him of being in league with the malignants," cried Besadaiah. "By his own showing he hath been playing the spy upon us. Let him come down from that pulpit, and free us at once from his presence, or I will send a bullet through his brain."

"Thou darest not lift thy hand against me, thou sacrilegious ruffian," thundered Micklegift. "My purpose is to hold forth unto thee and to thy comrades, and to strive to awaken ye all to a sense of your sinfulness."

"It will be labour thrown away, worthy sir," said Delves, "so I pray you forbear. With what intent you have come hither, and hidden yourself away until this moment, is best known to your secret heart. But such conduct is questionable, and seems to justify our captain's doubts as to your sincerity to the cause. I have prisoners in charge here, as you are aware—prisoners for whose security I am responsible. I cannot tell but you may have some design to give them aid, and must therefore enjoin you to quit the church without delay."

"What if I refuse to go?" rejoined Micklegift. "What if,

in my turn, I command thee and thy sacrilegious crew to depart from the tabernacle which ye have profaned?"

"You will do well not to provoke me further," Besadaiah cried, in a menacing voice, and levelling his musket at the Independent minister as he spoke. "Come down, I say, at once, and quit the church—or that pulpit shall be thy coffin."

"Put down thy weapon, Besadaiah, and harm not the man," interposed Delves. "Though his conduct be suspicious, he may have no ill intent. Hearken unto me, Master Micklegift, and compel me not to have recourse to harsh measures with thee. Thou canst not stay here."

"The church is mine, and nothing but force shall make me quit it," cried Micklegift, vehemently.

"I grieve to hear you say so," the sergeant rejoined. "I desire not to use violence, but your obstinacy will leave me no other alternative."

"Better let me put an end to the discussion, sergeant," growled Besadaiah, again raising his carabine.

"Not in that way, I tell thee," Delves rejoined. "For the last time, I say unto thee, Master Micklegift, wilt thou depart peaceably, or must I put thee forth?"

"I will not leave mine own church at thine, or at any man's bidding," the Independent minister rejoined; "and I counsel thee not to attempt to use force against me, or thou wilt rue it. Lay but a finger upon me, and I will render thine arm powerless."

"Tut! tut! this is idle vaunting!" the sergeant exclaimed. "Since thou wilt not be advised, thou must take the consequences."

"No; it is thou who must take the consequences, sergeant. I have warned thee," Micklegift rejoined, raising his hands.

"Aid me to put him forth, Besadaiah," said Delves, "for I perceive he is disposed to offer resistance. But take heed thou doest him no injury."

Rearing his carabine against the door of a pew, he marched towards the pulpit. Besadaiah also laid down his musket, and followed him. But scarcely had the foremost of the two Ironsides set foot on the pulpit-steps, when Micklegift clapped his hands together, and called out with a loud voice, "Arise!—it is time!"

At the signal, for such it proved, two persons suddenly sprang up behind the troopers, and in an instant possessed themselves of the carabines which had been so imprudently abandoned. These personages, it soon appeared, were no other than the Saxbys, father and son, who had contrived to secrete themselves until this moment within the chancel. Levelling the guns at the Roundhead soldiers, Ninian and his father threatened to shoot them if they stirred a step. It was now Micklegift's turn to triumph.

Not only had his signal summoned the Saxbys from their hiding-place, but at the same moment the prisoners burst forth from the interior of the tower, and so unexpectedly, that ere the drunken and drowsy troopers could recover from their surprise and seize their arms, they were deprived of them by their assailants. Aided by circumstances, the stratagem completely succeeded. All the fire-arms were secured by the Royalists. Helpless Henly was so overcome by the liquor he had swallowed, that he could not raise himself from the ground; and two others were in nearly the like state. The Royalists now numbered five, but as they had obtained possession of all the muskets and pistols belonging to the troop, it followed that they were completely masters of the position. Without much difficulty, the newly liberated prisoners succeeded in driving such of the Ironsides as were capable of offering resistance into the tower which they themselves had so recently occupied, and locked the door upon them. This done, they turned their attention to Delves and Besadaiah, over whom the two Saxbys still kept guard, with levelled muskets. On coming up, John Habergeon at once rushed in and grappled with the sergeant, while Ninian and his father laid hold of Besadaiah. A coil of rope which had been brought in by the troopers was soon found by Micklegift, who by this time had descended from the pulpit, and with it Delves and his comrade were bound hand and foot, and handkerchiefs tied over their mouths. Though the trouble seemed needless, similar precautions were taken with Helpless Henly and the two other equally inert troopers; and only one of them stirred and opened his eyes while the cords were being fastened round his wrists.

The Royalists next transformed themselves into the semblance of Republican soldiers, by putting on the habiliments and accoutrements of their enemies, equipping themselves in the scarlet doublets, tassets, breastplates, headpieces, and bandoleers of the Ironsides, buckling on their swords, and appropriating their carabines and pistols. These operations were conducted as expeditiously as possible, for the troopers shut up within the tower had begun to vociferate loudly, and make as much noise as they could, in the hope of giving the alarm; and though the thick walls of the chamber in which they were enclosed greatly deadened the clamour, still the Royalists did not know whether it might not be heard at the Grange. So the utmost despatch was used. And no sooner was their task accomplished, than the newly released prisoners, with their deliverers, Micklegift and the two Saxbys, quitted the church, locking the door upon their foes.

On issuing from the church, Micklegift quitted the party, and hastened to the parsonage, to make preparations for instant flight. For some time Ovingdean would be no safe place for him. The Royalists agreed to keep together for the present, unless circum-

stances should require them to separate. Command of the little party naturally devolved upon Lord Wilmot, and his first instructions were to proceed to the stables, and help themselves to the troopers' horses.

By this time the moon had risen, but her lustre was frequently obscured by passing clouds. Not being familiar with the locality, Lord Wilmot placed himself under the guidance of Ninian Saxby, who now led the way to the stables. As the young falconer marched along in this unaccustomed guise of steel cap and breastplate, he almost lost the sense of his own identity, and while eyeing his accoutrements with secret satisfaction, flattered himself that he made a very smart soldier, and only regretted that Patty Whinchat could not behold him.

The party were crossing the valley a little to the south of the Grange, when the sound of their footsteps attracted the attention of the patrol at the door of the mansion. The sentinel immediately advanced to the gate, and challenged them.

"Who are ye that go there?" he demanded.

"Friends!" responded John Habergeon, in the true puritanical snuffle.

"If ye be friends, give the word," rejoined the sentinel.

"Maceabæus and his company," John replied, having luckily overheard the countersign whispered by the sergeant to his men.

"Pass on, then," cried the trooper. "Yet stay!—whither go ye?"

"To the stables, by order of Sergeant Delves."

"Good!—but what means the clamour within the church?"

"It is caused by the malignant prisoners, who like not their lodging," John replied, with a laugh, which was echoed by the trooper.

"Is that all?" he said. "I feared something might have gone wrong."

"Hath aught been heard of our captain?" demanded Lord Wilmot, disguising his voice as well as he was able.

"He returned half an hour ago with the prisoner," replied the sentinel.

Lord Wilmot had great difficulty in repressing an exclamation of rage. But he observed in a low voice to Clavering, "Colonel Gunter is taken. He must be rescued at any cost."

"Do you go back to the church after seeing to the horses, or are some of us to take your place?" inquired the sentinel.

"We will return presently and ascertain the captain's pleasure," returned Lord Wilmot.

Upon this the Royalists moved on, and the sentinel went back to his post.

In another minute the party reached the stables. Opening the door, Ninian quickly roused up a couple of grooms who were lying

asleep on a pile of straw. A lighted horn lantern was hanging by a pulley overhead. At first the grooms took the whole party for Republican soldiers, and seemed reluctant to get up, but when Ninian made himself known, they quickly bestirred themselves. Each stall had a couple of horses within it; but though the stables were large, there was not accommodation for so many, and several of the troopers' steeds had been placed in the cow-house. It was in the latter place that Lord Wilmot found his own charger. Having selected such horses as they thought would best suit them—keeping one for Colonel Gunter, in case they should succeed in liberating him—they turned all the others loose in the farm-yard, hiding away the saddles and bridles.

But just as the party issued forth from the stables with their newly-acquired steeds, an alarming sound reached their ears.

The bell of the church began to toll. How it could be rung by the imprisoned Ironsides, the Royalists could not conjecture, for they had seen no bell-rope; but so it was. The bell went on tolling, and with momentarily increasing rapidity and loudness.

At this sound, the sentinel posted outside the Grange gave the alarm. In another minute the door of the mansion was thrown open, and, a light streaming forth, showed the soldiers rushing out.

Though somewhat taken by surprise, Lord Wilmot and his party promptly prepared to act.

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#### FRENCH COMEDY AND COMEDIANS.\*

Up to the year 1552, the French, so greedy of "spectacles," knew no others than what were termed "mysteries," "soties," and "moralities." Priests, who subsequently anathematised play-actors, were themselves the first comedians. In the middle ages every festival of the Church was a drama, with scenes and costumes. The *trouvères* and *troubadours* went at the same epoch from town to town, and from castle to castle, reciting and playing dialogues of love or satire. Such, according to the brothers Parfait, was the origin of the dramatic poem in France. Thus it was, also, that the lay element being superadded to the religious—the priests on one side and the *troubadours* on the other—dramatic art was engendered. The union of the two first took place on the return of the pilgrims from the Holy Land, when scenes from the Evangelists were added to dramatic representations of the Crusades. In 1402 the brotherhood of the Passion ob-

\* Emile Deschanel: *La Vie des Comédiens, Romans, Comédies, Satires, Biographies, Mémoires, Anecdotes.* Paris: L. Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.



tained letters patent from Charles VI. as masters and conductors of "mysteries," more especially of "le mystère de la Passion;" and this separation of laity from Church roused the jealousy and indignation of the clergy to the utmost. They, indeed, according to M. Emile Deschanel, never forgot or forgave the separation.

In 1548 parliament forbade the brotherhood of the Passion from performing sacred dramas, so they hired the Hôtel de Bourgogne in order to play profane pieces, and this was the origin of the modern playhouse. The success of this innovation was so marked that it soon begat competition; the so-called "cleres de la basoche" instituted performances designated "moralités," and the "enfants sans souci," young persons of good connexions, got up farces, or so-called "soties," their chief having the title of "prince des sots." These farces, or "soties," gave origin to French comedy, as the "mysteries" did to tragedy and opera. Two writers of the day, whose names have been handed down, were Pierre Blanchet, to whom is attributed the first farce, and Pierre Gringore, or Gringoire, immortalised and caricatured in Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris."

But, in 1552, a young man of some twenty years of age—Etienne Jodelle—versed in the dramas of antiquity, opened a new career by the play of "Cléopâtre Captive." It was performed first at the college of Boncour, and then at the Hôtel de Reims, before King Henri II. This was the inauguration of what is called "le théâtre français de la renaissance." Jodelle's success was great, but he was eclipsed by Robert Garnier, between whom and the great Corneille there were only Larrivey and Hardy. The latter died in 1630, at which time Molière was eight years of age. The future great French comic actor-author used to attend the performances at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where he saw Gros-Guillaume, so designated from his obesity; Gautier-Garguille and Turlupin, with their hideous masks; Guillot-Gorju, a renegade apothecary, from whom Molière took his types of that order—"énormes bouffonneries, où le clystérisme est poussé jusqu'au cynisme;" Scaramouche, a sort of boasting, cowardly captain, in a black Spanish costume, with enormous moustaches; and to these teachings were added those of Mondor, a renowned quack, whose performances and those of his buffoon, Tabarin, enlivened the Pont Neuf at that epoch.

There are some reminiscences of these ludicrous predecessors of Molière that are at once characteristic of the times, and not without interest, as illustrative of the history of the progress of comedy. Gautier-Garguille and Turlupin, with Gros-Guillaume, used to indulge in songs described as "fort lestes," and the latter not having a mask, more particularly dedicated himself to grimaces. Having presumed, however, unfortunately, to imitate on one of these occasions a magistrate whose physiognomy was well known and very peculiar, he and his comrades were hurried off to dungeons, from whence they were never extricated. Scaramouche was more lucky, for, appearing before Louis XIII. with his dog, his parrot, and his guitar, he made the king laugh so, and so amused the dauphin, afterwards Louis XIV.—after terrifying him at first—that the grand monarque had a predilection for Scaramouches ever afterwards. A history of Scaramouche was written in 1695 by one Angelo Constantine—it was a romance on the line of those of Scarron and Le Sage. Tiberio

Fiurelli, the most renowned Scaramouche, was buried at St. Eustache in 1694. On his epitaph was recorded:

Il fut le maître de Molière,  
Et la nature fut le sien.

The renowned author-actor here alluded to, and whose real name was Pocquelin, took to the stage, partly from natural impulse, partly for the love of Madeleine, sister to the brothers Bérart, with whom he united to organise the *Illustre Théâtre*. There is a bit of scandal here. Tallemant des Réaux, speaking of la Bérart, says: "A youth named Molière abandoned the benches of the Sorbonne to follow her. He was long in love with her, gave good advice to the troop, and finished by marrying her." M. Emile Deschanel qualifies the matter as a "liaison publique et le régime de communauté du comédien avec la comédienne." More certain it is, that Molière wedded, on the 20th of February, 1662, Armande-Gresinde Bérart, a younger sister of Madeleine's, and who led him a life of trouble and vexation. Molière, indeed, turned this sad drama of his private life into comedy in "*L'Ecole des Femmes*" and "*Le Misanthrope*."

After the death of Molière, who was the soul of the *Illustre Théâtre*, his troop, composed of the most eccentric characters—witness not only his own wife, Baron, Mademoiselle Beauval, Mademoiselle de Brie, and others—united itself to that of the Marais, and seven years later (1680) to that of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, whence sprang the "*Comédie-Française*."

The first tragic actress whose fame has survived her was la Champmeslé, wife of the comedian of the same name. Boileau acknowledges that she made him weep. "Elle eut pour maître Racine, pendant que Racine l'avait pour maîtresse," says M. Deschanel. The poet wrote his best dramas expressly for her. Madame de Sévigné went into ecstasies for her—the more so, we are told, as la Champmeslé took an interest in her son, the Marquis de Sévigné, and madame called her "ma belle-fille." "She is ugly seen closely," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "and I am not surprised that my son was suffocated by her presence; but when she utters verse she is adorable." On another occasion she wrote, "Racine writes comedies for la Champmeslé, they are not for future ages; if ever he gets old and ceases to love, it will no longer be the same thing." La Fontaine was also one of Champmeslé's admirers, and, like Boileau, he had to fret at her inconstancy:

Si de mes vœux j'eusse plus présumé ;  
Mais en aimant qui ne veut être aimé ?

La Fontaine was, however, more discreet in his poetry than Boileau, who wrote about the "six amants, contents et non jaloux."

Montfleury, another actor who won fame in his time, was so fat, that Cyrano said of him: "That rascal, because he is so big that he cannot be beat all over in one day, plays the proud." Montfleury ultimately perished on the stage, suffocated by the rupture of a blood-vessel when depicting the fury of Orestes towards the conclusion of "*Andromaque*." This has not been a very uncommon fate with actors. Barrymore died from a similar accident. The celebrated Mondory was struck down by

apoplexy while playing the part of *Herod* in the "Marianne" of Tristan. Brécourt also broke a blood-vessel from throwing too much energy into his tragi-comédie of "Timon."

La Champmeslé formed Mademoiselle Duclos, her niece, and the latter monopolised the admiration of the public until the apparition of Adrienne Lecouvreur. This distinguished actress made her début at the Théâtre-Français, in the part of *Monime*, in 1717. Up to her time the verse of Corneille and Racine had been chanted; Adrienne Lecouvreur spoke out as Molière had advocated and Baron tried to do; but Adrienne really effected the revolution. This clever actress is said to have centred her affections on a hero—Maurice de Saxe—and to have died with grief at being abandoned for the Princesse de Bouillon. Others say that the latter had her rival put out of the way by poison. This is the version adopted in Scribe and Legouvé's well-known play of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and in which Rachel represented her illustrious predecessor. The curé of Saint-Sulpice refused a Christian burial to Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, although she left one thousand francs for the poor of his church. The indignation of Voltaire was aroused by this harshness, and he exclaimed:

Elle a charmé le monde et vous l'en punissez!

Twenty years afterwards his anger had not died away, and he referred to the burial of the great actress in an out-of-the-way locality, called La Grenouillère, in the spirit of the deepest irony.

Mademoiselle Gaussin made her début a year after the death of Adrienne Lecouvreur. She was the daughter of a box-opener and of a valet of the comedian Baron. The days of Gil Blas were not yet gone by. Gaussin's chief character was *Zaire*, in which Voltaire had replaced the kerchief of Desdemona by a veil. The wondrous old incon-stant has commemorated Mademoiselle Gaussin in all kinds of incongruous terms, as young, clever, beautiful, nay, as a prodigy!—

Ce n'est pas moi qu'on applaudit,  
C'est vous qu'on aime et qu'on admire;

and then, again, as incapable of keeping a secret as a lover; as killing the Duc de Foix; and as a "vieille enfant." It is true that Voltaire wrote much, and for many years. Gaussin was not equal in talent to Lecouvreur, and she was quickly superseded by Mademoiselle Dumesnil and Mademoiselle Clairon. She had also for contemporary Mademoiselle Dangeville, who is said to have been comedy herself. Armand used to call Gaussin "la réunion des amours," and Dangeville "la force du naturel." Rare thing for an actress: the latter retired with a competence, and lived thirty years in a country-house at Vaugirard, renowned for her bounty and hospitality.

Mademoiselle Dumesnil is said to have combined power and effect to such a degree that the whole pit—which used to stand at that time, as it still does in some provincial towns—recoiled before her, and left a space between them and the formidable actress. Evil tongues attributed this excess of vigour to some hot chicken-broth, flavoured with wine, which she used to take between the acts, and they said, "It is not Iphigénie en Aulide, it is Iphigénie en Champagne!" Fleury and Talma, however,

both protest against this calumny. Mademoiselle Dumesnil was dramatic; Mademoiselle Clairon, her contemporary, was only theatrical. When Garrick was in Paris, he was asked whom he preferred among the actors of the day: of the men he named Lekain, Prévile, and Carlin; of the women, Dangeville, Dumesnil, and Sophie Arnould. When asked why he did not mention Clairon, he replied, "She is too much of an actress."

Mademoiselle Lérés de la Tude Claire, dite Clairon—which was the name of the father, and which of the mother, is unknown—has left behind her "Memoirs," of which it has been said that they contain fewer truths than falsehoods. She records in these that, coming into the world before the time, she was expected to live barely a few hours. Grand-mamma, who was a respectable old lady, insisted upon the baby receiving its passport to Heaven; but when the curé was sought for, he was at a masquerade instead of at the presbytery, so the future actress was christened by the priest in a costume of Arlequin, and his vicar as Gille. Geoffroy expresses his surprise how they found time to confer so many names upon her at such an impromptu christening, for the critic designates her as Josèphe Hippolyte Claire, or Clairon, Lérés (or Leyris) de la Tude, or de la Stude.

When Clairon came out, her mother, she tells us, got a "poste" at the theatre. No doubt, says M. Deschanel, as box-opener. Her mother also wanted to marry her to an actor no longer young: Clairon, who was seventeen years of age, threw herself into the arms of another. She assures us that when at Gand, where the English king had his headquarters at that time, she refused a great fortune offered to her by a lord. "Lord is a chimera, I strongly suspect," adds Deschanel. Mademoiselle Clairon, haughty on the stage, vain in private life, and pompous, insolent, and untruthful in her writings, was pretty constant in her affections. She was for nineteen years attached to the Comte de Valbelle, who was succeeded by Marmontel and the comedian Grandval, and on her withdrawal from the stage, she lived seventeen years with the Margrave of Anspach, when, supplanted by Lady Craven, she returned to Paris to die, at the advanced age of eighty, in the same house that Racine lived, that Adrienne Lecouvreur met her death, and that, in our own times, Balzac had his printing-offices.

Mademoiselle Dumesnil, her rival, and whom Mademoiselle Clairon had grossly calumniated, died the same year, 1803, at Boulogne, aged eighty-eight. The *Gil Blas* life of actresses at that epoch does not appear to have shortened their days. Mademoiselle Raucourt succeeded to the dramatic inheritance bequeathed by the two to the future.

What Adrienne Lecouvreur accomplished for elocution, Lekain effected for dress. He first discarded modern fashions as applicable to antiquity. But educated by Voltaire, who lodged him in his own house, Lekain, although his success was at first contested, and he was called Cyclops, blacksmith, and convulsionary, became a first-rate tragic actor. Voltaire, indeed, calls him the only really tragic actor—the Roscius and the Garrick of France.

Prévile, whose real name was Dubus, ran away from his father, became bricklayer's help, was rescued by a good monk, but, never quiet, took to the theatre, where he attained high eminence as a comedian. His acting

was so perfect that many anecdotes are told of its effects on those present. A captain of the regiment of Conti shouted out once, on the occasion of his changing his costume, "Do not applaud the dog! he has left the cavalry!" Going on the stage another time, as a drunken soldier, the sentinel stopped him: "Comrade, you will have me sent to the guard-house if I pass this over. You are my prisoner." Prévile was, like many others of his class, very improvident; but luckily he had a trustworthy servant, with whom he kept no accounts, and who considered himself as his second self. He used to say, "We have played the 'Barber of Seville' and 'Le Mercure Galant' to-night. What can we do to-morrow? It is enough to kill us." The actor Saint-Amand sought an asylum in his house one night, long after Prévile was in bed, and remained there seventeen years! Prévile lived till the year 1800, and had the satisfaction of saving his first protector, the good monk Don Népomucène, from the revolutionary scaffold.

Prévile had two successors, Dugazon and Dazincourt. The first was of a quarrelsome disposition, and fought several duels. His sister was Madame Vestris, she having wedded the Vestris who called himself "l'é diou dé la danse," and who used to say "there are only three great men in Europe—myself, Voltaire, and the King of Prussia." Madame Vestris was so jealous, in the early portion of her career, of Mademoiselle Raucourt, that a cat having mewed one night that the latter was performing, some one said, "I would lay a bet it is Madame Vestris's cat." Dugazon's wife was also a successful artist. They were called "les Dugazons." Dazincourt had been secretary to Maréchal Duc de Richelieu. His career as a successful comedian was diversified by a slight episode in which a Russian princess, who travelled under the incognito of "Miss Williams," was concerned; by his being appointed manager of Marie Antoinette's theatre at Trianon; by imprisonment under the Revolution; and by being called to Erfurt as stage-manager by the Emperor Napoleon. This last exertion was a final one: he caught a fever which carried him to the grave.

Des Essarts, another good comedian of the time, was remarkable for his love of good cheer and his corpulence. The house used to roar with laughter when he talked, in "La Réduction de Paris," of the people extenuated by long famine, and when, in "Les Plaideurs," he had to say:

Pour moi, je ne dors plus, aussi je deviens maigre,  
C'est pitié!

A real Pantagruelist, clever, good tempered, and tasteful, Des Essarts was a kind of predecessor of Brillat-Savarin, and many of his gastronomic sayings have been handed down to posterity. "The wild independence of the boar, untamed prince of the forest," he used to say, "is humiliated in a cold pasty." "The solitary hare, philosopher of the plains." "The audacious pike, the Attila of the pond." "The humble ox-tail, consigned to the pot, leaves the honours of the triumph to the carrot." "Voluptuous quails, queens of the air." "The venerated woodcock, deserving the same honours as are paid to the grand lama." "Eggs," he would also say, "are the amiable conciliators which interpose between others to effect the most difficult culinary combinations."

Molé, another comedian of the same epoch, was a man of fashion as well

as an actor. Fleury said of him that he reigned at the theatre and tyrannised over the town. What is still more strange is, that the same actor-author describes him as "le vainqueur de toutes les femmes, et le bien-venu de tous les maris." When Molé was ill, Louis XV. sent twice a day to make inquiries, Madame Du Barry, we are told, was so anxious! Two gratuities of fifty louis accompanied these inquiries. His physician ordered him wine. In two days he received two thousand bottles. Molé, gallant as he was, fell twice seriously in love; first with Mademoiselle Contat, and secondly with Mademoiselle Epinay, both distinguished actresses. He married the last, and does not seem to have been a bad husband, for when Madame Molé was sent to Fort l'Évêque—no uncommon thing for actors and actresses before the Revolution—for having been late at Marly, he obtained permission to go to prison with her.

Molé was of a generous disposition, incapable of petty jealousies, and he brought out Fleury on the stage, who was destined to succeed him. But Fleury was almost as much distinguished as an author as an actor. His Memoirs have been described as the anecdotic life of France for half a century or more. When we say that these Memoirs extend from when he first played before the king at seven years of age, and was kissed and caressed by Madame de Boufflers for having sneezed when obliged to take a pinch of snuff, to the time when with Prévilli he assisted in the management of the theatre of Trianon, where Louis XVI. used to say there was no need for kissing at the rehearsals, we have not said enough to give an idea of the extent and range of these remarkable Memoirs of an author-actor.

The "Opéra" advanced side by side with the "Comédie-Française." Amongst the first rank stand Mesdemoiselles Maupin, De Camargo, Sallé, Guimard, and Sophie Arnould. The career of the first was so peculiarly eventful as to have served for a basis to several romances and comedies. A runaway from her husband, she became an exhibitor of feats of arms, till a sudden passion for a young female took her to a convent, to which she set fire, escaping in the disguise of a man. As an actress, Mademoiselle Maupin was always ready to silence with stick or sword those who had the imprudence to repeat aloud what every one whispered. Not satisfied with giving a severe caning to Dumesnil, she is said to have killed three gentlemen one after another, and for which sanguinary feats she had to take refuge in Belgium, where she went under the protection of the Elector of Bavaria. This extraordinary character died at the age of thirty-four. Théophile Gautier, among others, wrote her history in 1834, under the title of "Mademoiselle de Maupin." "Véritable débauche d'imagination et de style," says M. Deschanel. "Auprès de ce livre, 'La Religieuse' de Diderot est une béguinade pudibonde." Scribe and Henri Boisseaux also wrote "Les Trois Maupin," in which it is supposed that Mademoiselle Maupin was more than one person.

La Camargo introduced short petticoats on the stage, and the innovation was the subject of good scandal for a time; but the descendant of the Cuppi carried the day. Among La Camargo's many lovers there was one to whom she is said to have been really attached—a M. de Martelle, who was killed in Flanders. La Camargo was dressing when the news of his death was brought to her, and she fainted away; but hearing that her rival, Mademoiselle Aurora, was going to take her place, she

was on the stage in a moment, with her usual smiles and her usual fascinating pirouettes! M. Arsène Houssaye has penned the legend in his most felicitous manner. Another rival of la Camargo's was Mademoiselle Sallé. Voltaire said of the two:

Ah! Camargo, que vous êtes brillante!  
Mais que Sallé, grands dieux, est ravissante!

Mademoiselle Guimard, however, eclipsed all predecessors. Pensioned by the financier Laborde, the Prince of Soubise, and the Bishop of Jarente, Mademoiselle Guimard introduced that luxury of expense which became subsequently a matter of course at the Opera. She constructed palaces with winter and summer gardens, and had her private theatre. Marie Antoinette used to consult "la Guimard" upon the subject of head-dresses, and this saved her once from Fort l'Évêque, for having been consigned for some escapade or other, she wrote to the queen that she had discovered a new and most becoming head-dress, and she was at once liberated. Her expenses are said to have amounted to between 300,000 and 400,000 livres a year. After having reigned for many years, "le plus beau pastel du royaume," for there was nothing natural about her, la Guimard married the dancer Despréaux, and withdrew to grow old in domestic quiet. She lived to the age of sixty-five. Fragonard, Boucher, and David painted her portrait, Houdon moulded her foot. Yet she was not pretty, she was simply charming. Sophie Arnould used to say of her, "I cannot understand why that little silkworm is so thin, she feeds upon such excellent leaves."

Sophie Arnould, whose very name is an encyclopædia of wit and gallantry, numbered among her friends D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Mably, Duclos, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Her first favourite, however, was the Comte de Lauraguais, who was succeeded by the Prince d'Henin, whose stupidity only made her, like Rulhière and Beaumarchais, all the better. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt published a little work, entitled "Sophie Arnould, d'après sa Correspondance et ses Mémoires inédits," in 1857. The correspondence does not add to the credit of Sophie: like her wit, it is too often prone to vulgarity. Sophie Arnould rivalled Guimard in her luxuries and extravagance, but she finished badly, almost in misery.

The minor theatres began gradually to rise up around the Théâtre-Français and the Opéra, and the Opéra-Comique was indebted for its early progress to the talent of Madame Favart. This lady and her husband were exposed to many tribulations from causes rarely connected with the butterfly existence of the stage. First, they were persecuted for their very success, and their theatre was forcibly closed; secondly, they were persecuted by the Maréchal de Saxe, who was offended with the lady's resistance at a time when they accompanied the army in Flanders; but peace came with the marshal's death, and M. and Madame Favart lived twenty-two years without any interruption to their happiness and prosperity. Monsieur left behind him some sixty dramas, and a "Correspondance Littéraire et Anecdotique." Madame Favart did better: she left behind her an unsullied reputation as a woman and an actress, alike clever, charitable, good, and virtuous. What a contrast with the "piccinelli" of her husband's racy anecdotes!

Mademoiselle Mars, daughter of Monvel and of a provincial actress,

was tardy in her development. It is said that she was not even pretty till she was thirty years of age. It is well known, also, how long she held by the stage—the great scene of her triumphs. At length an unfeeling person threw a crown of black and yellow immortelles on the stage, such as are used to decorate sepulchres. The next day she finally abandoned the theatre. A less significant mark of disrespect killed Adolphe Nourrit when at Naples.

Talma was essentially the tragedian of the Revolution. Actors had been excommunicated, persecuted, and then tolerated. Beaumarchais had paved the way for the tiers-état. Actors had become admitted into society, a few even had passed the threshold of the Institut. With the Revolution they became even statesmen. Talma was naturally of a melancholy disposition. He said he played best when grieved. According to his own account, he was never more at home in "Othello" than the day that the Girondins were executed. When he saw the house full of gay, well-dressed persons, he used to look at them, and say: "In a few years they will be all dead—gone to eternity!"

Madame Dorval, like many of her predecessors, passed through all the vicissitudes, and tasted of all the miseries, of a nomadic life before she took rank as a successful comedian. She was married at the age of fourteen years and a half. Her first child having its leg broken by the fall of some of the decorations, she had to run to its help, then back again on the stage, and so on several times. What must have rendered the incident more than usually painful was, that Madame Dorval was really devoted to her children. Her greatest success was as *Marie Jeanne* in "La Femme du Peuple." It was not Marie Jeanne, it was Madame Dorval, and, as such, she made her audience weep and cry aloud. Malibran and Frederick Lemaître joined their tears with her own, in her box, after the play. This great success was, however, fatal to her. She had uttered that shriek at the sight of the "tour des Enfants Trouvés" some three hundred times to a sympathising public, when she herself broke down. The surgeons declared that there was rupture of the lungs—more likely of some minor blood-vessel. "Great genius and great heart, she was," says George Sand, "one of the greatest artists and best women of the age." She used to say of herself: "I am not pretty—I am worse." She wedded a second husband, Merle, the vaudevilliste, whose debts she had frequently to pay. Writing to Alexandre Dumas from Antwerp, she sketched the theatre of the place at the head of her letter, with numerous rats dancing in front. She meant that there were no cats!

So much has been said of Rachel, and that so lately, that she need not detain us here. A mere stroller when young, this wondrous actress, who revived classic tragedy in France, wore herself out prematurely by her prodigious exertions. Reckoning up in her last days her journeys, her performances, and her receipts, she said; "Quelle route! quelle fatigue! mais quelle dot!" Rachel has been charged with avariciousness, but M. Deschanel vindicates her from this aspersion, and says that, on the contrary, she took as much pleasure in giving as in taking. Peace be with her manes, and with those of the many others to whom, whatever may have been their frailties when placed in positions of unusual temptation, the public should always remember the debt of gratitude due for talents exercised for, and lives dedicated to, their amusement.



## GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## A RESCUE.

WHEN Monsieur de Saverne's carriage drove off, Anatole and Hubert remained silent for a few moments, as they followed it with their eyes till it was lost in the distance.

"C'est embêtant, ça!" at last exclaimed the artist. "What is to be done now?"

"I am afraid," said Hubert, "that I must wish you good night, as I return to England to-morrow, and leave Paris by the first train."

"Ah, you are going away, then!" returned Anatole. "I regret to hear that, for I had reckoned on much pleasure in the enjoyment of your society. Permit me, however, to have the honour of accompanying you to your hotel."

"With the greatest pleasure," was the reply; and, lighting their cigars, they slowly took their way together towards the Place du Palais Royal, close to which Hubert was stopping.

"I cannot," said Anatole, after they had proceeded a few paces—"I cannot understand the position of that young lady!"

Hubert had been speculating on the same subject, but he made no answer.

"It was most evident to me," continued the artist, "when I saw her copying pictures in the Louvre, that she was pursuing a positive occupation. I have had too much experience in art not at once to perceive the difference between the work of an amateur and that of one who is, or intends to be, professional. Anything contents the former, while with the latter all is conscience. Yet, within a few days only, I behold her in the midst of a high-placed society, and there, to all appearance, upon equal terms. But I will find the key to this enigma if I live till to-morrow. I will be at the Academy doors in the morning the instant the office opens, and then I shall learn to whom the box belongs in which that charming creature was sitting."

"And when you have ascertained the fact," asked Hubert, with some little curiosity, "what do you mean to do?"

"That will depend," replied Anatole. "It is impossible for me exactly to predict. I am one of those who always act upon the inspiration of the moment. Ah, how sorry I am that you go away so soon! It would have been so happy a thing for me to have continued to make you my confidant in this affair."

There was something in this speech which grated rather upon some half-defined feeling in Hubert's breast, but he answered lightly, that

though he could not remain to witness the course of events, he hoped his new acquaintance would meet with happiness proportioned to his deserts.

"Yes!" cried Anatole, catching at the word, "our happiness will be supreme! No sooner do I obtain her consent, than I tear from my avaricious uncle those miserable twenty thousand francs which he so shamefully withholds, and with that we establish our ménage. Then we each cultivate the art we love, and make a vast reputation and a rapid fortune. En attendant, we will pay you a visit in England, a country which I have never seen."

Hubert was amused in spite of himself at this Alnaschar-like mode of settling a question which, in his opinion, did not admit of so very speedy a solution.

"Oh, come and see me, by all means," he replied; "you shall be heartily welcome. But you must first know where I live, and it will be as well for me that I should be acquainted with your address."

Thereupon the young men exchanged cards, and having by this time reached the door of his hotel, Hubert held out his hand.

"I cannot," he said, "offer you hospitality here, but I keep you to your promise of coming to see me in England."

"Be assured," returned Anatole, "that I will not fail to do so. Adieu, my friend! Alas!"

The sigh which accompanied this last word was so profound that Hubert was fain to ask the artist what was the matter?

"But it is very simple," replied Anatole. "I am truly unhappy!"

"Is there anything," said Hubert, slightly hesitating, "in which I could be of service?"

"There are six hours yet until daylight," returned the other, "and still four more before that office can be open. I know not what to do with myself until then."

"Why not do like me? Go to bed."

"To bed! that is impossible, with my unsatisfied desire. No; I must walk about all night. At this hour every café, every billiard is closed; no amusement is left to distract my wretched thoughts. Had it happened last month, during the bals masqués of the Carnival, as a Pierrot or a débardeur I might have filled up the time very well. That, indeed, would have been gay!"

"If there is nothing worse than this," thought Hubert, "I need not much concern myself." Then, speaking aloud, he said: "I am sorry, Monsieur Duval, that I cannot assist you in this matter; but if you will take my advice, I certainly recommend you to go home and sleep."

"At all events," returned Anatole, "I must not prevent you from sleeping. Once more, then, adieu."

He turned and disappeared, and Hubert, entering the hotel, went up to his room.

But while making the necessary arrangements for departure next morning, a feeling of reluctance for the journey possessed him.

"What can it signify to me," he said, pausing in the midst of his preparations, "how this mad-headed artist speeds with his inquiry? Still, I confess, I should like to stay and learn the result. I have seen many sweet faces in my time, but never one that interested me so much as hers!"

Of what was she thinking so sadly in the midst of all that gaiety and glitter? Yet there was a momentary change in her countenance, as if—but no, that is too absurd an idea to entertain—in all likelihood she never saw me. One thing is certain, she did not recognise my companion. He would have been the first to exclaim, had she done so. How vain the fellow is! No novelty this, however, in a Frenchman, where a lady is concerned. He makes tolerably sure of success. But why should I care? What's Hecuba to me—and what am I to Hecuba? To remain here for the mere chance of seeing her again would be rather too romantic. I must forget this fancy, as I have forgotten many like it. Like it? No, not exactly. But it comes to the same thing, and so——”

Hubert made an end of his packing, and followed the advice he had given to Anatole Duval; his last waking thought, however, being given to the beautiful unknown.

He rose early, and, like all who are bound on a journey, fearful of being late—though it would not have mattered a pin—was ready a great deal too soon. The train was to leave at eight. He need not have started till seven, but at six he stepped into the *citadine*, telling the driver to make all the haste he could, which order was responded to after the usual formula—“N'ayez pas peur, monsieur—nous aurons le temps;” an answer that would as surely have been given if the speaker had positively known the train was gone. Therefore he drove leisurely, being no sharer in the impatience of his fare.

At that hour of the morning there was nothing to prevent him from proceeding at any pace he pleased, at least in the first instance. But after crossing the Boulevard Italien, and entering the Rue Drouot, which led directly towards the station, sounds not altogether unusual, though by no means welcome, fell on his ear, and he pulled up.

“Why don't you get on?” cried Hubert, thrusting out his head.

“Dam!” replied the man, pointing with his whip, “something is going on there! I'll bet five francs they are in the streets!”

“They! Who?” asked Hubert.

“The Reds,” was the answer. “It is a famous quarter. Yes, they are coming this way. There goes a shot—another! Sapristi! what a volley! We are nicely caught! I must get out of this as fast as I can!”

He was in the act of turning, when a loud shriek was heard, and at the same moment two female figures came flying down the street. Hubert saw them, and, shouting to the driver to stop, leaped out of the *citadine* and rushed towards them.

“Ah, save us, sir!” cried one of the women, a person of middle age, whose peculiar head-dress denoted her a Norman—“save my dear young lady!”

The speaker's alarm was not groundless, for, as if by magic, all was at once in hot commotion; the shots flew thick and fast, not alone from the combatants in the street, but from the houses above them, whose occupants, suddenly awakened to strife, poured an irregular cross-fire in the direction of the *corps de garde*, where the soldiers made a vigorous defence.

As the Norman woman spoke, a blaze of musketry opened in the direction of the Boulevards, proceeding from a body of troops which had rapidly

advanced from a remoter post. It was quickly returned from the opposite side, and thus the Rue Drouot was completely enfiladed, the stragglers in the midst being hemmed between two fires.

No appeal was necessary to stimulate Hubert's exertions, but the words addressed to him were scarcely uttered before she who had not spoken—the tallest of the two—staggered as she advanced and fell forward, saved, however, from reaching the ground by the swift movement which enabled Hubert to catch her in his arms while falling.

"She is killed! she is killed!" screamed the Norman woman; and Hubert feared so too, as, lifting his burden, he bore her back to the *citadine*, while, with loud shouts of "Vive la République! A bas les Rouges!" the troops came rushing by *au pas de charge*.

But there was no trace of blood on the dress of her who had fallen. The thick veil she wore had caused her to miss her footing, which made it seem that a shot had struck her. She had fainted, however, and sunk back in the carriage as senseless as if she were really dead.

"Some water—quick!" cried Hubert to the *citadine* driver; "air and water are what she requires;" and with eager hands he put aside the lady's veil.

Could he believe his senses? Was that pale face the same he had seen only a few hours before? He gazed in mute astonishment, as with vehement gesticulations and fervent entreaties the Norman attendant prayed her mistress to revive.

Water was brought, and the fainting girl gradually recovered.

"Where am I, Justine?" she exclaimed. "What has happened? What place is this? Are we safe?"

"Yes, yes, Mademoiselle!" returned the one called Justine, clasping her mistress to her bosom. "This gentleman has saved us."

The lady turned her eyes gratefully upon Hubert. If he had doubted before, all doubt seemed now removed.

"How can I thank you, sir?" she began; but Hubert stopped her.

"It is too soon," he said, "to speak of thanks. I have done nothing yet. They are fighting fiercely at the end of the street. This place is still dangerous. In what part of Paris do your friends live? Wherever it may be, I will see you home in safety."

The lady hesitated to reply, and looked at her companion.

"We are strangers in Paris, sir!" said Justine. "That is to say," she added, hastily, correcting herself, "we do not live here. We were seeking for an hotel when this disturbance broke out."

Again astonishment appeared in Hubert's countenance. Was he deceived, after all, by an accidental resemblance? The lady's features were identical with those so strongly fixed in his memory, and yet the identity was impossible. The events of the previous night were utterly irreconcilable with that which was passing before his eyes. He had seen her at the Opera—had seen her driven away in a splendid carriage—had heard the words that said "Home!"—and yet, at daylight, if all were not confusion in his mind—she, the same person, was a wanderer in the streets of Paris, flying for life in the midst of a popular tumult!

The lightning is not quicker than was the rapid passage of these thoughts. But it mattered not. Whoever she was, he had already protected, and was bound yet further to protect her.

"May I then," he said, "have the honour of conducting you to an hotel of my own finding, your intentions being uncertain?"

"I shall be most grateful, sir," replied the lady—"anywhere near—you will render me still more your debtor. A person was our companion just now who would have been employed on this service, but we lost sight of him when the firing began."

"Cowardly fellow!" cried Hubert, "to leave you at such a moment. But time must not be wasted."

Then, addressing the lady's attendant, he told her to take her place beside her mistress, while he mounted the box of the *citadine*; but just as they were moving off a loud voice was heard calling on the driver to stop, and a man was running towards them.

As he drew nearer, Hubert perceived that he was without hat or jacket, and carried a *sac-de-nuit* in each hand.

"Bon Diou!" said he, setting down his load—"a little longer, and I should have lost you altogether. I had some trouble, I can tell you, in getting through that crowd yonder."

It was the Auvergnat, and what he said was true, for his shirt-sleeves were torn in shreds, and blood, from a cut on his forehead, was streaming down his face.

"But you are wounded," cried the lady.

"Am I?" replied the honest fellow. "I did not know. But it is likely, for I had to fight my way. Those gamins did their best to stop me."

"You have more than earned your reward," said the lady. "Here, take this—and this—for your pains. I hope you are not much hurt."

"Hurt," returned the sturdy water-carrier, glancing exultingly at the two golden pieces that lay in his broad palm—"it takes a good deal to hurt me. The first fountain I come to will wash away all the harm they've done me."

"Put those things here," said Hubert, "and follow us, as fast as you can. Now then, cocher, quick, to the Rue Louis-le-Grand."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### MONSIEUR BAPTISTE.

MONSIEUR DE SAVERNE was one who always kept his word—we will not say for good or evil, since little of good was ever in his thoughts—and as soon as he reached his own room after leaving Bianca, he sat down to his *secrétaire* and prepared to write.

"I will not pause upon it," he muttered; "I foresaw this necessity, though not the actual event which makes me carry out my first intention. Yes, my dear cousin Bernard, Louvel has thrown dust enough in your eyes; you must be undeceived rather sooner than I proposed. By this time you have spent, at least, half the money I gave you. More or less, it is equally out of your power to repay me. Fool that she was to reject my offer! Had she been as wise as Hortense—and the rest—all might yet have gone smoothly. They never said 'No' when gold was to be got. But what consolation is past success in the midst of present failure? She hates me, it is clear. And why? There can be but one answer.

Because she loves another! I saw enough of her unfinished letter to satisfy me of that. Will she carry out her threat of leaving the house? I cannot doubt it, after what has taken place—and with resolution like hers. She will probably try to reach England. But has she the means of getting there? At all events, I must prepare Louvel. My letter will be the first to arrive."

Monsieur de Saverne then wrote as follows :

"Immediately on the receipt of this you will arrest Monsieur de Gournay—Bernard is his Christian name—for the amount stated in the enclosed note of hand, which I hereby make over to you in payment of a debt due by me to yourself. Accept no kind of compromise, but carry out my instructions to the letter, and throw him at once into prison. Should you receive a visit from Mademoiselle de Gournay—which is not unlikely—inform her, with as much sorrow as you can assume, that her father left London a week ago to return to France, that the vessel in which he embarked was wrecked, and that all the passengers perished. Afterwards do your best to detain her at your house till you hear from me in reply to your next communication.

"A. S."

Having made this kind provision for his cousin's welfare, the upright Marquis retired to seek the rest which he so well deserved.

In the morning, as soon as he woke, he rang the bell for his confidential servant.

"Baptiste," he said, "Mademoiselle de Gournay received news yesterday which has caused her to go to England. She said farewell to me last night, and left this morning as she proposed, I dare say at an early hour. Do you know who waited on her when she went?"

Baptiste was astonished. He had heard nothing about it. He imagined Monsieur le Marquis must be misinformed. Neither the porter nor any of the servants had spoken of Mademoiselle de Gournay's departure.

"Nevertheless," replied the Marquis, with a careless air, "I think I am right. However, you can go and see, and if it be as I believe, return at once to me without speaking on the subject to a single person."

Baptiste bowed and withdrew. He began to guess that something had occurred which made his assistance necessary. He was not long absent, and when he re-entered his master's apartment, he said that the supposition of Monsieur le Marquis was correct; he had ascertained that Mademoiselle de Gournay was no longer in the Hôtel de Saverne.

The Marquis took a purse from the *guéridon* by his bedside and gave it to Baptiste.

"I shall want you to lay out some money for me to-day: keep that for the purpose. And, à propos of what you were saying, as you ordered the fiacre, or whatever it was that Mademoiselle de Gournay went away in, you can explain to my people how and when her departure took place. There is a letter for the post. Put it into the box yourself. And when you are out of doors, go to the railway station and ask if there were many passengers by the first train to Calais this morning. I hear that numbers are flocking every day to England. Nor is it very surprising, in the present state of affairs. I shall not want you till the afternoon."

Baptiste now perfectly comprehended his master's meaning. It was never the Marquis's custom to speak to him in plainer terms than those he had just employed, when any very particular service was required, and upon hints of this kind he was accustomed to act with as much precision as if his instructions had been formally written down. It was this faculty of understanding à *demi-mot* which made him so valuable a servant.

As Baptiste left the room, he happened to look towards the garden-gate, and at a glance he saw that it stood ajar. This quite explained to him the route which Bianca had taken, and made the lie which he had been ordered to get up an easy one. "Not to disturb the household, he had conducted Mademoiselle de Gournay and her *bonne* that way." Whether what he said was believed or not was no affair of his, but he announced the fact with so much assurance that it was never questioned. To discover if Bianca had actually quitted Paris was his next mission, and he proceeded to the *embarcadère* in the Place de Roubaix. The *émeute* of that morning had not proved so formidable as had at first been apprehended, the reinforcement of troops having succeeded in putting it down with comparatively little bloodshed. The streets through which Baptiste passed were, therefore, clear, though tokens of agitation were not wanting; but that was the every-day aspect of Paris just then, and he gave it no attention. For form's sake he put the question at the station which the Marquis had ordered, and then he made a more minute inquiry, ascertaining with certainty that nobody answering to the description of Mademoiselle de Gournay had gone by the train.

This, however, he knew would only half satisfy Monsieur de Saverne.

To earn his money fairly—for Baptiste had a conscience, or if not that exactly, a keen sense of his own interests—he must find out, if possible, where Mademoiselle de Gournay now was.

In the hope of leading to this discovery he reasoned as follows: "Her flight was precipitate—that is certain—for, in the first place, Monsieur le Marquis took pains to show that it was not so; and, in the next, the time at which she left—before anybody was up—and the secret manner of her going, equally prove it. She seldom went out on foot—had not, in fact, been long enough in Paris to know her way through the back streets—Justine, who accompanied her, was no wiser—consequently, they must have asked some one to show them. Who were they likely to meet the first thing in the morning? There is no *stationnement de cabriolets* nearer than the Rue St. Honoré, and that is out of the way. What shops would be open? None but the *marchands de vin*. Let me see! Which is the nearest to the Rue d'Astorg? But, no—it would not be the first they came to. They would be afraid of asking till they had got on a little. There is one at the corner of the Rue St. Nicolas, opposite the public fountain. I will look in there."

The shop in question seemed one of good augury, the *enseigne* over the door bearing the words "Au Réveil-matin," above a *barrique de vin*, which appeared to flow spontaneously for the good of the public.

Baptiste entered and called for a glass of *absinthe*. No one was in the place but a large-limbed water-carrier, who was drinking a tumbler of *vin bleu*, leisurely, and smacking his lips at every pause, as if it were the most exquisite beverage that the art of man had yet invented. Re-

ardless of the presence of the Auvergnat, Baptiste asked the bourgeois who sold—and made—the delicious purple fluid, whether such and such persons as he described had happened to make any inquiry there very early in the morning? The bourgeois could not remember; the shop, naturally, was open before daylight, and so many people came in;—could Madame Vierzon—that was his wife—could she inform the gentleman? No—the recollection of Madame Vierzon—though she had never quitted the counter, was no better than that of her husband; or, rather, she was sure she should have remembered if any ladies—a slight sneer at the word—had entered.

“Ladies!” echoed the Auvergnat, setting down his tumbler with a chuckle. “Ladies! Ha! ha! ha!”

Baptiste looked sharply at the man.

“And why not, my good fellow?” he said.

“Oh, I don’t see why not,” replied the other; “they might just as well come in here as be in the street.”

“Did you see them, then?” demanded the maître d’hôtel.

The Auvergnat did not immediately reply—some faint notion stirring in his muddy brain that he ought to hold his tongue.

“That is poor stuff you were drinking,” said Baptiste, avoiding the renewal of his question.

“Poor!” exclaimed the Auvergnat. “I wish I had a barrique full.”

“Poor!” cried Madame Vierzon, with a suddenly flushed cheek; “it is the best wine of its kind in Paris.”

“When I said ‘poor,’” observed Baptiste, apologetically, “I only meant that, to my thinking at least, the bourgeois has something better. Here, for example! This absinthe warms you through and through in a moment, and gives you an appetite into the bargain!”

“Monsieur is right there,” said he of the “Réveil-matin;” “that, as you say, is the finest thing that ever was tasted. It does one good even to see a man swallow it.”

In his quality of vendor of liquors, Monsieur Vierzon took a perfectly just view of the subject: every drop he sold did *him* good at all events, however it fared with his customers.

“Such being the case,” said Baptiste, again addressing the Auvergnat, “you will not refuse to take a glass with me?”

“I am quite at Monsieur’s service,” returned the unsuspecting water-carrier, chuckling again.

The *absinthe* was poured out and drunk.

“Try another,” said Baptiste.

The giant made no objection; the second glass followed the first, and his eyes began to sparkle.

“And so,” remarked Baptiste, “you met some ladies in this street when first you came out to-day?”

“I never said ‘in this street,’” replied the Auvergnat; “it was over the way, on the other side of the fountain, just in front of the chapel; they were coming from the Rue d’Astorg.”

“Oh, that was it!” said Baptiste, making a sign to Monsieur Vierzon, who poured out another glass, which shared the fate of its predecessors.

“Yes,” answered the Auvergnat. “There were two of them. I



carried their things on my cart. It was the best day's work I ever did."

"And where did you take them to?"

"To Monsieur Bonenfant's, the baker in the Rue de Provence."

"And you left them there?"

"No; they left me."

In a muddled sort of way the Auvergnat then explained what had happened until he joined the *citadine*, appealing to the cut over his eye, and to the money Bianca had given him, in evidence of the truth of his story. A little more questioning brought out all that Baptiste wanted to know, except the number of the house in which Mademoiselle de Gournay and her *bonne* were now lodged. The lure of a "commission," however, led the Auvergnat to agree to show the place, and after a final glass of *absinthe*, paid for with the rest, Baptiste and the water-carrier left the "Réveil-matin" together.

"Est-il rusé, l'vieux!" said the *bourgeois*.

"Est-il bête, c't Auvergnat!" responded the *bourgeoise*.

"Fauché dans l'pont, comm' j'n'sais quoi."

And with this comment on the water-carrier's intellectual faculties, the host and hostess of the "Réveil-matin" resumed their several occupations.

Meantime Baptiste, guided by the Auvergnat, reconnoitred the house in which Mademoiselle de Gournay and Justine had taken refuge, and well satisfied with the way in which he had accomplished his mission, returned to the Rue d'Anjou. Within a few paces of home a young man, well dressed but with no particular freshness about his *toilette*, and somewhat haggard in his looks, came up and accosted him, asking, with much earnestness of manner, which was the hotel of the Marquis de Saverne?

Baptiste pointed to the door, and observed that he was himself a member of the establishment: did Monsieur desire to wait on his master?

The stranger hesitated for an instant before he answered, and then abruptly said:

"Tell me—is he married?"

A smile crept over the features of the *maitre d'hôtel*.

"Ma foi!" he replied, "that is an odd question. Why do you ask, Monsieur?"

"Because," returned the young man, "it is very important for me that I should know."

"But," said Baptiste, with a cunning air, "of what importance is it to me that I should tell you?"

"Of so much as this, now"—and with these words he slipped a Napoleon into the *maitre d'hôtel's* hand—"and of more, perhaps, hereafter."

"The Marquis," said Baptiste, pocketing the money, "is a widower."

"And—and—the young lady who was with him at the Opera last night? Is she his daughter?"

It was Baptiste's turn to consider before he replied. Another Napoleon turned the scale.

"No, Monsieur, she is simply a relation."

"What is her name?"

"Mademoiselle de Gournay, the daughter of the Baron de Gournay."

"Is her father rich?"

Baptiste shrugged his shoulders.

"Listen, my good fellow," said the young man. "I have a good fortune—in perspective—when an enormously wealthy uncle dies; he is already past sixty, and cannot live much longer. It will be worth your while to become my friend. I adore Mademoiselle de Gournay—I am dying to present myself to her. Will you deliver a letter for me?"

"You ask a great deal, Monsieur," said Baptiste, with well-feigned reluctance.

"I beseech you!" implored the young man.

"The most I could promise," said Baptiste, after consulting his conscience, or his memory, "is this: the letter shall be placed, in her absence, on her dressing-table."

"That is sufficient!" exclaimed the young man. "You are an admirable person. But you will also bring me the answer? Then I will double your reward."

"How can I promise that, Monsieur, before I know that Mademoiselle will reply? Besides, it is not to me that she would speak."

"In that respect you are right. No! It is not you whom she would employ. Her delicacy is, of course, too great. But these are things which I understand. You address yourself to Mademoiselle de Gournay's *femme de chambre*: it is she who becomes the intermediate in this affair; by her assistance I obtain my answer."

"And is Monsieur's own letter ready?"

"No! I have not yet prepared it. But that is only the affair of a moment. There is a *bureau d'écrivain* in the Place de la Madeleine—I observed it just now—where I can get all I want for the purpose. Say, when can I see you again?"

"Whenever Monsieur pleases."

"In half an hour then, or less. I am all impatience to write."

"Let it be half an hour, Monsieur; and as this street is rather public, Monsieur will not, perhaps, object to come to the Rue d'Astorg? There is a private entrance to the hotel on that side."

"Ah! I am enchanted to hear you say so. A private entrance! That may be of vast utility to my projects. Yes, I will be there with my letter."

The two then separated. Baptiste entered the Hôtel de Saverne, and the other speaker, who, it is needless to say, was the self-relying Anatole Duval, made for the Place de la Madeleine.

"At length I succeed!" he said, as he hurried along. "A few hours more and we become everything to each other! It was the most fortunate thing I met with this man! I must give him more money. How much have I got? Only two Napoleons—which are promised to him already—and a few francs beside. *N'importe*. What signifies that! To-morrow I again storm my uncle. When he finds that I am to be married to the daughter of the Baron de Gournay, he will refuse me nothing! Ah! there is my *bureau*!"

The hand that has swept from the streets of Paris so much that was

original may have suppressed the calling of the *écrivain public* since last we traversed the Place de la Madeleine, but at the period to which this story refers one of this fraternity pursued his occupation in a *baraque* that stood in the corner near the Rue Royale. He was a short, hump-backed fellow, but this accident had probably determined his vocation, for it is observable that those who are shapen thus have always the highest opinion of their own genius: the more incapable they seem of helping themselves, the readier they are to undertake the affairs of others.

Anatole only required the assistance of pen, ink, and paper, but it was with extreme difficulty he could induce the amanuensis to believe that it was in his power to accomplish his own purpose.

"I see what you want," said the little man. "A letter to a lady, of course. Is she young, or of riper age? Of high or low condition? Only name what you require, and before the words are out of your mouth the thing is done."

"I do not doubt your capacity the least in the world," said Anatole, "but in the present instance I cannot profit by it. All I want is to change places with you till I have written a letter. I pay you all the same."

"Oh, that's it!" said the *bossu*, with a mortified air. "Be it so, then. But take my word for it you will one day regret that you did not employ my pen. Think of it, Monsieur,—consider my experience in these matters!"

But Anatole was already writing at a furious rate, and as he wrote, the dispossessed *écrivain* eyed him with an expression in which pity and contempt were blended.

"What is our profession worth," he grumbled, "if persons, in broad daylight, come and usurp our functions! Do they think that we are without amour-propre? 'I will pay you all the same.' Yes, but your money cannot heal the wound you inflict on my feelings. I despise your money—I toss it to the winds—I cast it into the Seine; that is to say, I would do so if I were not in want of my breakfast. As it is, I must accept it. I should like to compare his style with mine! But what do I say? His style! It is impossible he should have one. Dieu merci, that can only be acquired by constant practice. So—his *griffonnage* has come to an end."

Here were two personifications of vanity, but that of the little hump-back was the most allowable. On his part, Anatole seemed quite satisfied that in writing to Mademoiselle de Gournay he had done all that was necessary. It was an eloquent production, and could it but have reached the person for whom it was intended, there is no saying what might have been the result. In sealing his letter Anatole was obliged to lie at the mercy of the *écrivain*, but the latter did not too greatly abuse his opportunity, merely impressing the wax with the simple yet forcible, if not novel, device of a heart transfixed by a dart, and the touching motto "Je saigne." To conclude this episode. When it is said that the *écrivain* received a piece of forty sous for the accommodation afforded—the market price being, at the outside, only ten—everybody will admit that meanness was not amongst the vices of Monsieur Anatole Duval. Indeed, the young man's generosity quite reconciled the proprietor of the *baraque* to the neglect of his pen, and if nature had per-

mitted, he would have made a bow in returning thanks. As it was, he expressed the hope that he should have the honour of seeing Monsieur on a future occasion.

To fly with his letter to the Rue d'Astorg was Anatole's next proceeding. Baptiste had not yet appeared when he got there, and the quarter of an hour which he was compelled to wait seemed interminable. At last the garden door opened, and the *maitre d'hôtel* presented himself. Delightedly Anatole placed the missive in his hand—with another fee to secure its safe delivery—and an appointment was made for the next day at the same time and place. What each thought of the transaction may be inferred from the words which fell from them when alone.

"I shall pass the day," said Anatole, "with Camille and Beaupré—they will burst with spite when I tell them of my success!"

"This letter," said Baptiste, "will amuse me when I have leisure to read it."

## A WALK OVER MONT CENIS.

WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE FRENCH IN APRIL—MAY, 1859.

BY A TOURIST.

"LET us take our telescopes and be off to Mont Cenis," said I to my brother, the evening of the first day the troops of Louis Napoleon entered Savoy from France. And we start, accordingly, for Chambéry the following morning.

Every one who has travelled the modern route from Geneva to Lyons, or Paris, must remember how the railroad, after running a dozen or more miles along the plain, enters a deep gorge—a gap in the mighty wall of mountains which encloses the valley of the Lemán—where the Vuache and lofty Jura confront one another, hemming in the Rhône between their bases, till the noble stream temporarily disappears from the light of day, at a spot well known to the Genevese as La Perte du Rhône. Few will have passed, unobserved, one of the longest and darkest tunnels in this part of the world, and few only have been ignorant of the remarkable fortress which holds the pass. I allude to Fort l'Ecluse, with its terrible batteries hewn in the solid rock, its barrack rooms and staircases diving into the very bowels of the mountain, and its garrison of French soldiers. A few miles beyond this gorge and its fortress is the junction of the Victor Emmanuel line, at Calos, a small station, but now the scene of great interest and excitement. Here we descend, fumbling nervously with our passports—for one never knows when or where the imagination of a gendarme may find cause of suspicion.

With a detention, here, of two hours in prospect, we stroll to the village, which swarms with "culottes rouges;" the little French lines-

man, brisk as "the blithe summer bee," is fraternising with every one, and alive to everything, except to any gloomy anticipation of the bloody era before him. A bugle sounds! A company of soldiers fall in without arms; some of the men are unbuttoned and without their stocks, some are even smoking, but all standing very much at ease; while their captain, a smart officer, repeats a caution to the different sections to hold themselves in readiness to reassemble at a certain hour in heavy marching order. A similar scene is being enacted at different parts of the village.

Upon returning to the station, we find waggons for military transport have been rapidly multiplying, and a fresh batch of troops arrived from Paris. The train in which we are to start presents a most formidable appearance: a long array of brass field-pieces, with tumbrils and ammunition, are mounted upon trucks in front of the carriages, stores of provisions and forage behind; the *vis inertia* of this ponderous mass is overcome by means of two panting engines, and we are moving on our way southward, though not with the velocity of an English express. The boundary line between France and Savoy is passed, upon crossing a fine bridge over the Rhône. The rich alluvial soil of this part of the valley produces corn-fields, intersected at regular intervals by strips or low avenues of vines—a curious mode of culture, which I have not as yet met with in any part of Switzerland. Then comes the Lake Bourget, gently rippling at the foot of mountains of pleasing, though not of sublime, altitude; and tunnels, with Gothic entrances, built as if to divert the senses of the traveller from the horrors of his subterranean flight. "That is our Westminster Abbey," says a good-natured fellow passenger, pointing to a conspicuous but dignified old monastery reposing under the mountain on the other side of the water. "Hautecombe," the last resting-place of the ancient Dukes of Savoy—for it was to that he alluded—is beautifully situated, breathing an air of peace and quiet; near it is an intermitting fountain, which plays and ceases alternately—a phenomenon perhaps to be accounted for in the flux and reflux of the waters of the lake. Aix-les-Bains is not yet in her glory: her season only commences a month later, when Parisians, Lyonnais, and Marseillais flock with their families into the valley to drink the waters, and while away a month or six weeks of country existence. The mountains around Chambéry begin to assume a bold and somewhat aspiring aspect, for we are now penetrating into the Alps west of the great chain. At the station a considerable crowd is assembled to welcome the troupes Françaises; the sun shines warm and bright; the girls have donned their Sunday caps; quaint-looking old gentlemen, each carrying a little packet of cigars—for what purpose I cannot divine, if it be not for the pleasure of exchanging a "friendly weed" with every acquaintance—are eagerly chatting politics, and speculating, with less than Swiss reserve, on the immediate upshot of events. There are also gentlemanly-looking gendarmes. The Sardinian soldier, somehow or other, is generally well got up. I have noticed the fact in the Crimea. His neat uniform never appears to have had "the shine taken out of it," nor his face to have been shaved with cold water.

The railway terminates at St. Jean de Maurienne. Here we leave

soldiers and rifled cannon for the present: with knapsack, Alpenstocks, and legs equal to four miles an hour, we are independent of the diligence. Our road, an excellent military one, in capital repair, winds through a continuation of wild and deep gorges, crowned, here and there, by summits nearly reaching the line of perpetual snow, and which fill the valley with their crumblyings; small patches of vineyards, grown on the débris so formed, may occasionally be met with, but general cultivation is entirely suspended, and few traces of any vegetation are observable, save in the dark pines, and such hardy shrubs as generally thrive in the midst of wildness and desolation. A miserable little hamlet, with its frightful Cretin foaming at the mouth, or nodding like a mandarin, and a few up-turned railway mud-waggon—erratic on a spot where neither work nor workmen are visible as the granite boulders on the Jura—only add to the gloominess of the picture; but a little farther on, at St. Michael, the valley opens out, and life becomes less extinct: small parties of French soldiers, "half seas over," are staggering forward to join detachments far in advance; but they are not without friends, for one admiring countryman carries a knapsack, a second a musket and shako, while a third cheers his man along. The shades of evening are all the while falling fast, and we are left in the dark ere we have walked good sixteen miles. The diligence, however, comes up at the right moment, and an hour's ride brings us to Modane, where we again fall in with the French; officers fill the hotel, and the privates are billeted all over the village. Next morning, at four, the drum calls me to the window, in time to see the last of a regiment filing away in the grey twilight. When, three hours later, I rise to breakfast, I find the little town as free from excitement as if its tranquillity had never been disturbed by a company of soldiers within the memory of its oldest inhabitant.

But again to the road, for we have thirty miles before us, and intend to be in Italy before night—a mere walk before breakfast for Captain Barclay's everlasting pace of five miles an hour—but quite enough for ordinary men out of the season! We soon lose sight of Modane, and as we near the Fort Lesseillon, further advance seems arrested by a barrier of rugged rocks, crested by batteries, stretching across the valley. The road winds round the fortress, cut off from it by a yawning ravine, down which dashes the river Arc; on the opposite side, linking two pine forests high up the mountain, is a rude wooden bridge, bridging a torrent of almost perpendicular course. This is well named "The Devil's Bridge," for by whom, or for whom else, could it have been constructed? At Laudlebourg we overtake the soldiers, halting after a morning's march of thirteen miles; numbers of them are washing in the river, and splashing about on its banks in a manner which reminds me strongly of the Sepoys of British India.

The ascent of Mont Cenis commences immediately upon leaving this town. The snow, still hanging about the flanks of the mountain, renders short cuts through the forests impracticable, so there is nothing for it but toiling up the tedious zig-zags, passing, one by one, the different houses of refuge, until we attain the highest elevation of the pass, some seven thousand feet above the sea, in about two hours and three-quarters from Laudlebourg. A little farther on our descent towards Italy, we skirt a shallow-looking lake, around which rise some isolated peaks

covered with snow. The swampy tread of the brown turf, the grey walls of the post-houses peering through a fast-falling Scottish mist, make it difficult to realise the idea of our proximity to the "land of the olive and vine." Some difficult and interesting pedestrian excursions may be made in this neighbourhood, where there are extensive glaciers and lofty aiguilles but little known to the Alpine Club and to tourists in general. With the exception of a few workmen repairing the road at different intervals, we discover no traces of the four thousand labourers said to have been employed in shovelling away snow, which only lies in patches around us; whatever may have been the obstacles of a few days or weeks ago, the pass, as we now cross it, does not certainly appear to present any difficulty to the passage of troops, with ordnance, beyond that of a long and fatiguing day's march.

After descending by steep zig-zags into a long piece of level road, we obtain our first peep into an Italian valley. Beneath the chilly clouds which hang around us, the fading sunshine throws a yellowish light upon a deserted-looking village in the distance; there is an air of languor and melancholy in the scene, strikingly at variance with the cozy-looking habitations on the other side of the Alps, from which little wreaths of smoke may be seen curling up in the face of the glacier, and where everything around bears the stamp of industry and hardy independence. We cross the boundary of Piedmont, and sleep at the auberge of Molaret, free from soldiers and bustle; the landlady, a pretty, fair-skinned Italian, sets before us a homely supper, while her husband, a bit of a lout, tells a cock-and-bull story of the advance of the Austrians into Italy the previous day, and of the wholesale slaughter of thousands of devoted patriots ranged against the invaders. The horrors of such a carnage haunt us in sleep, and our dreams are seasoned with gunpowder.

We awake early next morning to the beauties of nature, to find ourselves treading the grassy lawn, or brushing the dew-laden foliage on the mountain slopes, for we have forsaken the high road, with its windings, and descend by lanes, and under canopies of chesnut-trees, to the plain; the newly-risen sun glistens through the branches of the forest, and the first notes of a lively cuckoo rise at short intervals from some thicket in the valley: there are also wood-pigeons, and the sound of soft musical voices, but no "Ranz des Vaches," or ringing of cow-bells; the open pasturages and bare rocks are gone; every stone may be said to be hidden by the most beautiful and exuberant vegetation.

Passing one or two wine villages almost buried amongst the high-trained vines, we gain the level ground, and enter Susa in the midst of a shower of rain.

At the hotel where the general holds his quarters, we are informed by mine host of the falsity of any reports of the Austrians and Piedmontese having met in force, or, indeed, of the former having advanced any distance over the Sardinian frontier. Opposite the hotel is an arcade, under which the Italians have established a market or bazaar for the French soldiers, who are of the advance-guard, or the first who have crossed the Cenis. Here are to be seen Chasseurs de Vincennes and others bargaining, cooking, and chopping wood by turns; we endeavoured to pump these good-natured fellows respecting the war, but they seem equally ignorant as indifferent on the matter. Finding,

therefore, that there is no chance of an immediate battle, and that railway communication with Turin is at present stopped for passengers, we retrace our steps—somewhat disappointed, nevertheless—over the mountain. Before proceeding many miles, we meet three regiments “of the Empire,” *en route* to Susa. “How many hours yet?” “How far from the town?” “What a villanous road!” exclaim the men, in passing; and afterwards, in English, “Ye-es—oh, ye-es!” They march at a good pace, appearing wonderfully fresh, and by no means convey the idea of starved men.

Ere we pass again into Savoy, the rain comes down in torrents; as we mount higher, it becomes hail, drenching us to the skin; but on the top the clouds break and drift away to the horizon, leaving a stormy sunset. The frozen peaks rising above the valley of Novalèse, in our rear, are separated from earth by a stratum of mist, producing the effect of increased altitude and complete inaccessibility, except to some vampire of the Polar regions. We meet three French corporals with dripping coats and chattering teeth, and shortly afterwards, le Général Niel, in his travelling-carriage. We manage to descend, before perfect darkness comes on, from the twentieth house of refuge, by La Remasse, to Laudlebourg, where we find a fine park of artillery, brass rifled field-pieces. The luxury of a good fire and supper in one’s bedroom, after exposure to fatigue, cold, and wet, is more easily conceived than described.

Next morning we take the diligence to St. Jean de Maurienne. Our first rencontre is with a light cavalry regiment—a pretty sight; every horse carries a small net full of hay, swinging like a sabretasche at each flank. We then pass large bodies of infantry, accompanied by a very curtailed proportion of baggage-waggons and camp equipage; the martial effect of such a force in these wild valleys is not easily described. A corps of Chasseurs have piled arms, for a quarter of an hour’s halt in a village on the route; the men have each a large half-loaf of bread strapped outside the knapsack, and look every inch campaigners. On the railway we meet carriages full of armed warriors, shouting lustily at every train they pass; but *iron* roads will only convey a limited number of men at once, and so we see also regiments marching on the *macadamised*, cheering their comrades who are whirled past them on the rail.

We find Culos a perfect centre of attraction: visitors from Geneva, families from Italy, waiting for trains to Paris or into Switzerland; others, from Paris to Geneva; all promenading on the platforms, to the music of one of the bands of the army of Italy. With exhausted patience we leave this scene, and walk ten miles to Seyssel, where we are picked up, somewhere about midnight, by a train to Geneva.

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monks'hood.

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
Bp. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

## STREAM SOUNDS.

## PART I.

THE rushing river has a voice, and the gurgling streamlet, to which the poet never has been, never can be deaf. Poetry cannot indeed die out while the river and lake continue their "sound of many waters," and the streamlet its soothing under-song. Homer's

—ποταμον κελαδοντα, περι ροδανον δονακη,\*

we still hear as he did, roaring as it speeds through the rushes on its "sounding shores;" nor less than Moschus do we moderns love the near murmur of a fountain,

Και πηγης φιλειομι τον ἐγγυθεν ἦχον ἀκουειν,  
'Α τερπει ψοφειοσα τον ἀγρικον, ουχι ταρασσει.†

Still the "loquacity" of its springing wavelets delights as of yore, when Horace sang *ad fontem Bandusium*, "unde loquaces lymphæ desiliunt." Fresh and forcible as ever seem the trite old stock epithets for flood and brook—*jucundo murmure labens*—*murmure rauco strepitans*—*dulces invitans murmure somnos*—*murmure tranquillos somnos inducens*—*queruli per gramina rivi*—*præceps per saxa sonans*—and a hundred other such, of pleasant audible significance. Chaucer tells how he got up one morning early, it was the third morning of May month, and went into "a wood that was fast by," and held the "way down by a brook side," and sat down on a flowery bank, "ypoudred with daisie," while around him the birds tripped out of their bowers to greet returning sunshine,

And the rivere that I sate upon,  
It madè such a noisè as it ron,  
Accordaunt with the birdès armony,  
Me thought it was the best melody  
That might ben yheard of any mon.‡

Spenser abounds with river music, from loud to low, from roar to lullaby. At one time he gives us a glimpse of a pleasant glade, environed with mountains and mighty woods,

And in the midst a little river plaide  
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemed to plaine  
With gentle murmur that his course they did restrain.§

At another time, a combination of drowsy sounds is produced to seal a sleeper's eyelids,—

And, more, to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down.||

At another time, Prince Arthur records how he was brought up by "the

\* Iliad, XVIII. 576.

† Idyll. V.

‡ Chaucer, The Cuckoo and the Nightingale.

§ The Faërie Queene, book iii. canto v. 39.

|| Ibid. book i. canto i. 41.

wisest now on earth, I ween," old Timon, whose "dwelling is, low in a valley greene, under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,"

From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,  
His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore;  
There all my daies he trained me up in vertuous lore.\*

Elsewhere again we find Cymocles sojourning in arbour green, framed of wanton ivy and fragrant eglantine,

And fast beside there trickled softly downe  
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play  
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,  
To lull him fast asleep that by it lay.†

Again, when Sir Guyon and his companion arrive at the Bower of Bliss, "eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound, of all that mote delight a daintie ear;"—birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, making up the concourse of sweet sounds,—

The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the waters fall;  
The waters fall with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.‡

Turning from Spenser to Shakspeare, one thinks at once of Julia's simile, when, in reply to her waiting-maid's endeavour to qualify her rage of love, lest its fire should burn above the bounds of reason, the lovelorn lady objects, that, the more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns—a sort of wresting of the metaphor from fire to water, which leads to the simile in question :

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.§

The banished Duke finds "books in the running brooks" of Arden—and a favourite lair of his cynic-associate, the melancholy Jaques, is

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.||

Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd would watch his fellows feed their flocks

By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals,

emulating with their symphony and antiphony the fountain music. Who remembers not Milton's "but chief Thee, Sion,

and the flowing brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit" ¶¶

Or that summons to the voice of many waters, in his hymn of praise—

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tunc his praise ¶¶¶

\* The Faërie Queene, book i. canto ix. 4.

† Ibid. book ii. canto v. 30.

‡ Ibid. canto xi. 71.

§ The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 7.

¶ As You Like It, Act II. Sc. 1.

¶¶ Paradise Lost, book iii.

¶¶¶ Ibid. book v.

Or our first father's remembrance, not last nor least among the rapturous sensations of his new life, of "liquid lapse of murmuring streams,"\* without which Eden had been so much less a Paradise.

Thomson, again, gives variations of river music.

The silver brooks shall in soft murmurs tell  
The joy that shall their oozy channels swell,†

is David made to say, in a feeble sacred eclogue—all the speakers in which, we are sorry to observe, angels included, sing small. In another of Thomson's earlier pieces, eulogistic of an Irish parson's "seraphic lyre," occur the lines—

Hearken, ye woods, and long-resounding groves ;  
Listen, ye streams, soft purling through the meads.‡

*Purling* is a pet epithet with many bards, to express the soft murmur of a quiet stream. The original meaning of the word, however, appears to have borne no reference to sound. A purl was a circle formed by the running of water—a something that properly addressed the eye, not the ear, though eventually the latter organ came to appropriate and monopolise the term. Malone quotes from one of our old poets a clear example of the original sense of *purl* :

Whose stream an easy breath doth seem to blow ;  
Which on the sparkling gravel runs in purlles,  
As though the waves had been of silver curls.§

Probably the Boniface fraternity, if appealed to, would deny *in toto* the accuracy of any such interpretation, and would maintain that neither of the above explanations was correct, whether relating to the sense of sight or to that of sound, but that purl had to do with one of the other senses altogether—and, to prove themselves right, offer to brew a jug offhand.—But this is a digression, frivolous and vexatious.

Thomson was fond of purl—we do not mean in the licensed victuallers' sense. In "The Seasons" he again uses it, whatever its signification be. He there speaks of the "gushing waters" that "down the rough cascade white-dashing fall," and enumerates among a variety of associated sweet sounds,

The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
On the soothed ear.||

In another book he describes "the chide of streams," "inviting sleep sincere."¶ In another poem of his, with "nought around but images of rest," occurs the semi-stanza,

Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,  
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;  
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.\*\*

And the next stanza begins :

Joined to the prattle of the purling rill  
Were heard the loving herds along the vale, &c.

\* Paradise Lost, book viii.

† Pastorals.

‡ To Dr. de la Cour, in Ireland, on his "Prospect of Poetry."

§ Drayton, Mortimeriados.

|| The Seasons: Spring.

¶ Ibid.: Autumn.

\*\* Castle of Indolence, canto i.

The next stanza to that again, contains a fine picture of "a wood of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro," which

Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley winded out, below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A subsequent stanza depicts the angler's idling pleasure, "softly stealing, with his watery gear, along the brooks," "the whilst, amused," he hears

Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh.

And, once more, we are afterwards introduced to one of the Castle denizens—"a man of special grave remark" (the prototype of Wordsworth's imitative sketch of Coleridge, as a noticeable man with large grey eyes), against whom this special charge of mid-day indolence is preferred, that

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound.

Could he have kept awake, he was the sort of man, apparently, to appreciate Madame Deshoulières,\* had his marginal-readings (river-margin) lain in her direction, where she envies a streamlet for bearing fish without pain to itself, and asks it why it murmurs when it is so happy?

Warton is sentimental on the pleasure it gives a meditative soul "in embowering woods by darksome brook to muse," and there "attend the water's murmuring lapse."† One of the best passages in John Home's once popular tragedy, is that which opens the fifth act: "This is the place, the centre of the grove; here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood. How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene! The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way through skies, where I could count each little star;

The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;  
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound."‡

Cowper, in a graphic detail of rural sounds that exhilarate the spirit, and restore the tone of languid nature, follows up his rush of mighty winds, that sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood of ancient growth, and make "music not unlike the dash of Ocean on his winding shore," which, however, "lull the spirit, while they fill the mind," with this description of stream sounds:

Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip  
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall  
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length  
In matted grass, that with a livelier green  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.§

In Burns we have, "Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore, o'erhung

\* See La Harpe's *Strictures* (Cours de Lit.) on that lady's hyper-fanciful Idylls.

† Pleasures of Melancholy.

‡ Douglas, Act V. Sc. 1.

§ The Task, book i.

with wild woods, thickenin', green"\*—"Flow gently, sweet Avon, among thy green braes . . . My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream"†—and that picturesque verse—

The stream adown its hazelly path  
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,  
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.‡

His countryman, James Grahame, describing a poor blind wanderer who could wend his way guideless through wild and mazy woods, and to whom every aged tree was a familiar friend, from the smooth birch, with rind of silken touch, to the rough elm,—proceeds to say,

The tinkle of the rill, the murmuring  
So gentle of the brook, the torrent's rush,  
The cataract's din . . .  
All spoke a language which he understood,  
All warn'd him of his way.§

Grahame, by the way, is as much addicted to *tinkle*, as Thomson to *purl*. "How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bower'd brook!" he exclaims, in one of his Eastern sketches; and on another occasion,

Now let me trace the stream up to its source  
Among the hills, its runnel by degrees  
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle||—

a phrase too cognate to "turn a mangle," or some such homely idiom, to be altogether gratifying.—As we are on Scottish ground, note must be taken of Sir Walter's contributions to the theme now under consideration: his allusions to the varied voices of river and rivulet are frequent, and sometimes fine. In his picture of fair Melrose viewed aright, the

—distant Tweed is heard to rave.¶

In his description of the dying-out of the night revel in Branksome Hall we come upon this climax:

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,  
At length the various clamours died;  
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,  
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide.\*\*

The same poem concludes with this expressive couplet of natural affinities and inanimate sympathy:

And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,  
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

In the deep sequestered dell which Douglas made his retreat, "no murmur waked the solemn still, save tinkling of a fountain rill."†† The Scottish Grame, in the Peninsular war, dreamed, we are told, "'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill, And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill."††† Among the deep thickets of Greta we have glimpses of a channel through a mountain rent, along which the torrent speeds, overhanging by high

\* To Mary in Heaven.

† Afton Water.

‡ A Vision.

§ Grahame, The Sabbath.

|| A Summer Sabbath Walk.

¶ Lay of the Last Minstrel, canto ii.

\*\* Ibid. canto v. 9.

†† Lady of the Lake, canto iii. 26.

††† Vision of Don Roderick.

beetling cliffs of limestone grey, that yield, "along their rugged base, a flinty footpath's niggard space,"

Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,  
May hear the headlong torrent rave.\*

In the same poem Bertram stands in Scargill wood alone, "nor hears he now a harsher tone than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry, on Greta's sound that murmurs by."† And anon we hear "the blithe brook that strolls along Its pebbled bed with summer song."‡ Again, in a different key,—

Hoarse into middle air arose  
The vespers of the roosting crows,  
And with congenial murmurs seem  
To wake the genii of the stream;  
Far louder clamour'd Greta's tide,  
And Tees in deeper voice replied.§

In "Marmion," the description of Crichtoun Castle is to our purpose:

That Castle rises on the steep  
Of the green vales of Tyne;  
And far beneath, where slow they creep  
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
Where alders moist and willows weep,  
You hear her streams repine.||

And this poem has the special interest of affording us reiterated avowals of the poet's personal delight in stream sounds. His affectionate commemoration of Blackford hill, where he used to spend summer days, when a schoolboy, and a truant one, among its broom, and thorn, and whin,—contrasts with its then uncultured but (to him) more welcome surface, the yellow grain that, when he wrote Marmion, waved from summit to plain,

And o'er the landscape as I look,  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
To me they make a heavy moan  
Of early friendships past and gone.¶

But of all river voices, that of Tweed became to him of sweetest import. Once and again in his Introduction to this poem, he introduces the voice that thrilled on his ear—as where he speaks of

The gambols of each frolic child,  
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone  
Of Tweed's dark water rushing on.\*\*

Or, of one of its tributaries from Ettrick forest, when chill and drear November has set in:

Late, gazing down the steepy linn,  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,

\* Rokeby, canto ii. 7.

† Ibid. canto iii. 7.

‡ Ibid. canto iv. 2.

§ Ibid. canto v. 2.

|| Marmion, canto iv. 10.

¶ Ibid. canto iv. 24

\*\* Ibid. Introduction.

So thick the tangled green-wood grew,  
 So feeble trilled the streamlet through:  
 Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen  
 Through bush and brier, no longer green,  
 An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
 Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
 And, foaming brown with doubled speed,  
 Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

The voice of the Tweed was heard in the room at Abbotsford where Sir Walter lay dying—dead. "It was a beautiful day\*—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."†

Coleridge celebrates the "quaint music hymn" of "lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream"—or where "his wave with loud unquiet song, dashed o'er the rocky channel froths along."‡ He describes an "unceasing rill" that to bird-choir "murmurs sweet under-song mid jasmine bowers." In his *Kubla Khan*, where the sacred river runs with mazy motion, and sinks "in tumult to a lifeless ocean," we hear a "mingled measure from the fountain and the caves." He takes us to "Quantock's heathy hills, where quiet sounds from hidden rills float here and there, like things astray."§ We stand with him on Brocken's sovran height, and hear the breeze, murmuring indivisibly, preserve its solemn murmur most distinct

From many a note of many a waterfall,  
 And the brook's chatter.||

Or back again in homely England we feel with him that

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet  
 ¶ To hear the Sabbath-bell,  
 'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,  
 Deep in a woody dell.¶¶

But perhaps the sweetest of the stream sounds echoed by poem of his, is that

—of a hidden brook,  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleepy woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune.\*\*

The ghost of such a brook,—let it but wander *not* unseen,—the Ettrick Shepherd has in his mind, when he pictures to his Ambrosian friends "a glen where a' is lown as faery-land, and the willow-leaves, wi' untwinkling shadows, are imaged in the burnie that has subsided into sleep, and is scarcely seen, no heard ava, to wimple in its dream."†† But this voiceless condition hardly enhances our interest in the burnie. We prefer the quiet tune of Coleridge's brook.

Shelley records "the sound of the sweet brook that from the secret springs of a dark fountain rose,"‡‡—and then again, "the howl, the

\* The 21st of September, 1832.

† Songs of the Pixies.

‡ Lines at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest.

¶ The Ancient Mariner, part v.

¶¶ Alastor.

† Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. lxxxiii.

§ Recollections of Love.

¶ The Three Graves.

†† Noetes Ambrosiana, vol. iv. No. 37.

thunder, and the hiss of homeless streams." "On every side the multitudinous streams . . . rushed in dark tumult thundering." "And, hark! the ghastly torrent mingles its far roar with the breeze murmuring in the musical woods."\* Landor recalls to mind his boyish saunterings among the hollies of Needwood's breezy glade, "where pebbly rills their varied *chirrup* made."† Chirrup is a new epithet, rather bold, but expressive; happier than what John Clare hit upon, when he looked out for a new one,—*giggling*, to wit: "'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze, or list the giggling of the brook."‡ Southey lays Thalaba to sleep, "lulled by the soothing and incessant sound, the flow of many waters, blended oft with shriller tones and deep low murmurings, which from the fountain caves in mingled melody like faery music, heard at midnight, came."§ At another period in the young Destroyer's wanderings, "No sound intruded on his solitude, only the rivulet was heard, whose everlasting flow, from the birthday of the world, had made the same unvaried murmuring."|| The same poet's Roderick lingers at daybreak beside a fountain, "where the constant fall Of water its perpetual gurgling made, To the wayfaring or the musing man Sweetest of all sweet sounds."¶ And in the first verse of his ballad of Brough Bells, Southey relates how to Helbeck he had strolled, among the Crossfell hills, "and, resting in its rocky grove, sat listening to the rills; the while. to their sweet under-song the birds sang blithe around." The mere mention of Southey's name suffices to tell How the water comes down at Lodore.

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EGYPT IN 1859.

BY T. HERBERT NOYES, JUN.

WHEN Britons are sick, they are sent for a while,  
 For change and repose, to the land of the Nile.  
 A change, it is true, if not for the better,  
 But scarcely repose—at least not to the letter.  
 Now if you desire to know what to expect,  
 And are not predetermined advice to reject,  
 In case health or pleasure, physician or friend,  
 To that pleasant region your worship should send,  
 Just lend me a moment your ears and your mind,  
 And I'll tell you in brief what it is you will find.

A land of antiquities, Arabs, and asses,  
 And attar, which all other odour surpasses;  
 Acacias, bazaars, barley, barbers, and bats,  
 Barbs, beetles, bournouses, and turbans for hats,

\* Alastor. † Miscellaneous Poems, 210.

‡ Thalaba, book vi. 9.

¶ Roderick, the Last of the Goths, V.

‡ Summer Morning.

|| Ibid. book xi. 11.



Caves, caravans, caverns, the cur and the Copt,\*  
 Who resides in a convent close-shaven and cropp'd;  
 Crocodiles, charcoal, cangias,† cadis, and cooks,  
 Whose queer craft was ne'er learnt from cookery-books;  
 Dahabéhs, dragomans, dirty dervishes,‡  
 Who delude their poor dupes as sham flies delude fishes;  
 Deserts, dirt, and divans, dromedaries, and drums,§  
 Whereon dolefully chanting the Nubian strums;  
 Dates, devotees, dôm-palms,|| doves, donkeys, and dogs;  
 Eunuchs, eagles, fleas, flies, flax, flamingoes, and frogs;  
 Fans, filters, and fabulous legends of fasts,¶  
 For some forty days fed by nocturnal repasts;  
 Geese, granite, gazelles, gnats, goats, gum-trees, and goolehs,\*\*  
 Which last, pray believe me, are rare water-coolers;  
 Hadjis, whose hallowed journey to Mecca's great shrine  
 Has entitled the rogue and the saint to combine;  
 Hawks, hareems, herons, hoopoes, hyenas, and henna,††  
 Which Britons don't see quite so much of as senna;  
 Inundations, inscriptions hieroglyphical,  
 Dry records of dynasties long voted mythical;

\* The Copts are Christians. They are readily distinguished by their dark-coloured dresses and turbans, which are generally blue or black. Their own language, the Coptic, is quite fallen into disuse, but they keep themselves quite distinct from the other Egyptians. Many of them are literary characters, and are much employed as scribes and secretaries, and may be seen with pen-box and inkstand swinging at their girdles. Their convents resemble Moravian settlements rather than the Roman Catholic institutions which we designate by the term. Those that I visited at Old Cairo are of great antiquity, and full of curious old paintings and carved work. In one chapel I expressed great admiration of a magnificent screen, richly carved and inlaid with ivory, whereupon one of my Copt guides put his hand under a broken panel with the intention of breaking off a piece to present me with—an act of vandalism which I signified my entire disapprobation of, and successfully resisted. No wonder these fine old specimens of art are being rapidly defaced.

† Cangia—a traveller's Nile boat under two hundred ardâbs burden is so called; all boats above that tonnage are called dahabéhs.

‡ Dervishes. The dancing and howling dervishes have been too frequently described to need any notice here. There are others less known, who are more properly styled santons, or hermits. One huge giant I saw in the upper country—Sheikh Selim by name—who had sat for many years on the banks of the river, near How, in a spot just out of the reach of the inundations, with no other covering than his own matted hair. He is revered as a demigod by the ignorant sailors, on whose offerings he has fattened; and I was told that the crocodiles have a still greater respect for him. The Arabs profess to believe that a crocodile frequently comes up out of the river and passes the night with him, and has even been seen sitting up and conversing with him! Probably to keep up this delusion he allows no Arab to sleep in his vicinity. He is said occasionally to return the visit of the king of the crocodiles in the Nile; and they believe him to be on equally familiar terms with the hyenas and jackals.

§ Drums. The native drum is called an "edhoula." It consists of an earthenware tube with a trumpet-shaped mouth, over which a bladder is strained. Every Nubian crew is provided with one.

|| Dôm-palms are only found in Upper Egypt. Their fruit tastes like gingerbread, and contains a kernel which resembles the vegetable ivory-nut.

¶ Fasts. The Ramadan is the fast alluded to, during which the strict Mussulman neither eats, drinks, nor smokes from sunrise to sunset. In Cairo, a gun fired at sunset announces the precise moment at which it is lawful for true believers to feed. When the fast falls in summer, it is very onerous. The effect of total abstinence from water during the intense heat that prevails must be experienced to be appreciated.

\*\* Goolehs are porous earthenware water-jars.

†† Henna, used by the natives for dyeing their nails.

Ibis, jackals, and jars, kine, kites, kickshaws, and kohl,\*  
 Which you will not conclude kith or kin to sea-coal,  
 Since your wisdom will hear, without any surprise,  
 That it is but the paint Arabs use for their eyes;  
 Melons, mishmish,† and mummies, men black, red, and yellow  
 (The three colours mixed make a Mussulman fellah);‡  
 Moollahs,§ minarets, monuments, Memnons, and mud,  
 Deposited deep by each annual flood;  
 Oars, onions, and obelisks, owls, and ophthalmia  
 (Wonder of wonders, in land of such balmy air);  
 Pigeon-palaces, pyramids, pashas, and palms;  
 Plovers, pelicans, pumpkins, and quizzical qualms;||  
 Quails, and queer reptiles,¶ and ruins, and roses,  
 If ever that shrub the true attar composes;  
 Sand, sycamores, sugar-cane, sandals, and senna  
 ("Twas named once before as a good rhyme for henna);  
 Sackéeahs,\*\* and shadoofs,†† smoke, sherbet, and song,  
 Though nor music nor tune to their ditties belong;

\* Kohl is powdered antimony.

† Mishmish is apricot, fresh or dried, the favourite preserve of the country. A variety dried in sheets is mostly imported from the neighbourhood of Damascus, which abounds in apricot-trees. The fruit is there stoned, pressed together, and laid out in the fields to dry in sheets, which are afterwards rolled up. An American traveller, once passing through that district in the drying season, mistook the dried fruit for hides, and, without further inquiry, noted the fact, and on the strength of it published, for the information of his countrymen, that the neighbourhood of Damascus abounded in tan-yards!

‡ Fellah, fellaheen. *Peasant, peasantry.*

§ Moollah, the Mussulman priest.

|| Quizzical qualms. There are few people who know better than the Arabs how to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

¶ Lizards of many varieties abound. At the foot the First Cataract I observed a creature, genus unknown, swimming across the river. I gave chase in vain, for it disappeared among the rocks before I could come up. My dragoman, Mahomed, proceeded to explain to me, in his quaint phraseology (he was far from a good linguist), that the said creature was not a crocodile, but the produce of addled crocodiles' eggs. "Crocodiles," he said, "lay their eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the sun. When the eggs are good, they turn out crocodiles; when they are bad, they turn out these creatures." I thought at the time he was attempting to impose on my credulity by a story improvised for my especial benefit, but afterwards found that it was really a legend current among the Arabs, and that the creature in question was in reality a very large water lizard.

\*\* The sackéeah is a machine worked by oxen for raising the Nile water for irrigation. A series of buckets, attached to an endless rope, are wound upon a drum (after the fashion of the dredging machines which may be seen raising Thames mud), and, after filling themselves in the Nile, discharge their contents into a leaky trough, from which a little rill is kept perpetually flowing through the parched fields. These machines abound all over the country. They are often very rudely constructed.

†† The shadoof is a water machine of much simpler construction, of one-fellah power. It is simply a bucket, to the handle of which is attached a pole, which is fastened at right angles to the end of a second pole, balanced, like a see-saw, on a cross-beam supported between two upright posts. The other end of this see-saw is weighted by a huge lump of clay, heavy enough to counterbalance the bucketful of water. This machine is planted on the river bank, in which the fellah has dug a trench to admit the stream to a little pool under his feet, in which he can conveniently dip his bucket, which is then lowered by its long handle, and easily raised by the aid of the countervailing clay weight. The advantage of this arrangement is, that the fellah's hardest work consists in pulling down a weight from over his head—an operation in which his own *weight* tells materially in his favour—while the clay weight, in fact, lifts the water for him, or at any rate

Scarabæi\* and sculptures, and singular sphinxes, †  
 With fanciful features of long-buried minxes;  
 Sheikhs and soldiers, with fez-cap in lieu of a shako;  
 Tombs, temples, Turks, turbans, tarboosh, ‡ and tobacco;  
 Vultures brown, white, and yellow, veils black, white, and blue;  
 Water-jars, water-melons, and water-skins too;  
 'Tis a land where 'cute Yankees are prone much to travel in,  
 And where yarns in the streets you will hear folks unravelling;  
 'Tis the land of the Zingari, whence comes their name,  
 Though some far-distant climes would the origin claim.  
 Yet all these, and a thousand more wonderful things,  
 Which no Murray e'er notes and no poet e'er sings,  
 Are found in that strictest and longest of vales,  
 Where old Father Nilus's flood never fails  
 To reward the poor fellah's perpetual toil,  
 Give new life to his crops, and melt down his baked soil.  
 No winters there ever change green to dull brown,  
 Or send frost to sweep the dry foliage down;  
 But in their long train lasting summers aye bring  
 Both seed-time and harvest, and flowery spring,  
 While the howadjees' § eyes are mazed to behold  
 Both the fresh blades of green and the ripe ears of gold;  
 Yet, wherever old Nilus's floods are denied,  
 Sandy desert is there, and nought fertile beside.  
 No turf, moss, or fern decks the mountains with green,  
 Nor tree, leaf, or flow'r on their dry slopes is seen,  
 But yellow sand only, and dull rocky grey,  
 Alternately hold a perpetual sway,  
 Till from the far west the sun's glowing beams tinge  
 Those wild desert hills, the rich valley's low fringe,  
 With bright roseate hues which melt slowly away,  
 Till the rude rocks resume the most sober of grey.  
 Meantime the sun's set, yet a rich glowing rose  
 Succeeds the dull grey, the bright day's brilliant close,  
 The golden stars' sheen, the moon's silvery reign  
 Call the yellow tints back to the sand-hills again.  
 In groups here and there on the far-stretching plain,  
 Enriched with the produce of wonderful grain,  
 The tapering palm, that most graceful of trees,  
 Waves its feathery tresses aloft on the breeze,

materially equalises the labour of lowering and raising; no small advantage, considering the many hours of unintermitted labour he must spend daily at the shadoof, and considering that any ordinary back would infallibly be broken by the stooping and lifting all day.

\* Scarabæi. Beetles, carved out of every variety of stone and gem, are found in great numbers, engraved with cartouches containing the hieroglyphic symbol of the reigning monarch, and other hieroglyphics, which were no doubt used as signets and seals by their original possessors.

† Sphinxes. The features of the sphinx at the Pyramids of Ghizeh are too well known to need description. Of the avenue of sphinxes which once lined the road from Carnac to Luxor one only has escaped decapitation, and that is ram-headed.

‡ The tarboosh is a red cap with a blue silk tassel, like the Turkish fez. The greater the dandy the larger the tassel. My dragoman rejoiced in a tassel nearly as big as his head, and when my boat was one day wrecked in a squall, he seemed to feel the injury sustained by this costly silk appendage more than all my losses put together.

§ Howadjee, *i. e.* merchant, a term somewhat contemptuously applied to all travellers by the Arabs.

And groves of dark sont-trees afford a cool shade—  
 Sweet trysting-place, maybe, of dark swain and maid;  
 Amidst the green plain here and there a mud mound,  
 With many a mud-hut of crude brick is crowned,  
 All huddled together at each fellah's pleasure,  
 And built by no mason by rule or by measure;  
 Each wall may be reared up some seven feet high,  
 The chances are great that 'tis built all awry;  
 Each room may be, haply, as many feet square—  
 At least it is certain a larger one's rare—  
 Flat-roofed, with palm-branches laid roughly across,  
 As Paddy at home would lay bundles of gorse.  
 Windows are scarce; as for chimneys there are none;  
 Though haply it chance that the rays of the sun  
 May find their way in thro' some cranny or slit  
 His fierce scorching heat in the moist mud has split,  
 For poor Arab fellah was never yet known  
 So much as a pane for his window to own.  
 No garden adorns his most cheerless abode,  
 Which would be a poor gift to a good British toad;  
 A court-yard, it maybe, closed in by mud-wall,  
 Is the haunt of his hareem, his donkeys, and all;  
 Yet, though his own hut's thus onc-storied and mean,  
 In palaces dwell all his pigeons, I ween;  
 Pyramidal palaces,\* painted and fair,  
 With whitewash and ochre laid on with much care;  
 Three-storied, each story fringed round with sont boughs,  
 Built into the wall in such neat triple rows,  
 And projecting straight out some three feet or more,  
 To serve as a threshold for each little door.  
 There clouds of blue pigeons sit cooing all day,  
 In guard o'er their homes while their friends are away,  
 Taking each his salubrious dip in the Nile,  
 Or lining the sandbanks in long single file,  
 Or roaming the corn-fields in foraging quest,  
 Till the setting sun warns each bird home to his nest—  
 An earthenware nest of a conical form,  
 So cozy, so cleanly, so snug, and so warm—  
 A family nest, in which each happy brood  
 Owns room of its own without fear of a feud,  
 Till one of the clan has been captured and bled  
 By the hawk who resides in the palm overhead,  
 Or by some dire mischance a howadjee sails by  
 Who has dreamt a sweet dream of a cold pigeon-pie.  
 In the midst of each mound these gay palaces tower  
 Far over the huts where the fellabeen cower,  
 And brighten the scene with their patches of white,  
 Which else would be sombre enough to the sight;  
 For, though scattered palms lend the ghost of a shade,  
 The desert itself is not more bare of blade  
 Than the sand-heaps and mud-mounds of deep bistre brown,  
 That compose the drear site of a dull Arab town.

\* The pigeon-houses are usually as described—decapitated pyramids painted white, with occasional patterns in red. Approaching Thebes from Carnac one sees nothing but pigeon-houses, which, built on the accumulations of sand, effectually conceal the ruins of the old Temple of Luxor. In one village north of Cairo they are built on a different pattern, and look like gigantic ant-hills, or Indian wigwams.

## DÉSORMAIS.

## A STORY OF SKIPTON CASTLE.

ONE of the most celebrated and remarkable women of any period was Anne Clifford, daughter of George Earl of Cumberland, and Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. Her paternal name is surrounded by many poetical and romantic associations, for the Cliffords were one of the great historic families not only of Yorkshire but of England, and a Clifford is the hero of many a deed of chivalry and knightly adventure. Religious, magnificent, and literary, the extraordinary character of the Lady Anne has added its own celebrity to the illustrious name she inherited, and has surrounded with most interesting memories that famous old Castle of Skipton which was long the chief stronghold of her race.

She had certainly some very remarkable persons among her progenitors, and she inherited some of their qualities. From the days of the Plantagenets down to the wars of York and Lancaster, her knightly ancestors were warriors; but "the good Clifford" who fought at Flodden Field was almost an old man before he wore his armour, and had led the life of a shepherd until his thirty-second year. The career of his son, before the latter was advanced to the earldom of Cumberland, seems to have been as violent and lawless as that of any of Falstaff's allies; and his successor fought against the Armada, and was all his life a restless sailor. Such of the Cliffords of the Tudor days as had any tranquil hours to give to the literature of the age seem to have dabbled in alchemy, astrology, and magic.

It is interesting to glance at the characteristics or the fate for which the Cliffords of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were chiefly remarkable. In the Lancastrian cause the family was destined to do and suffer much. Thomas, eighth Lord Clifford, fell at St. Alban's in 1454, in what Shakspeare calls

The silver livery of advised age,

leaving a son, John—known as "the Black-faced Clifford"—who succeeded him, but who had short enjoyment of his patrimony and honours, for he was slain on the eve of the battle of Towton Moor. On his death the Cliffords were driven from their possessions by the victorious House of York. It was one of the children of this unfortunate nobleman who became known as "the good Clifford—the Shepherd Lord." In his childhood he was placed by his noble mother for safety, first at Londesborough, and then amongst the simple dalesmen of Cumberland, and much of his boyhood is said to have been passed at the little mountain village of Threlkeld, near Keswick, whilst the crown usurped his lands and castles:

Meantime, far off, 'midst Cumbrian hills,  
The *Clifford* lives unknown,  
On strangers' bounty he depends,  
And may not claim his own.

Like the Chaldæan shepherds, he seems to have early made acquaintance

with the stars; and he was fond of all such knowledge and legendary lore as might be acquired among the wildest scenes of nature. As Wordsworth sings of him:

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills—  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Thus peacefully he passed his life until, on the accession of Henry VII., he was restored to his honours and estates, and with the rest to his ancient tower of Skipton, "too long to vacancy and silence left":

Glad were the vales and every cottage hearth;  
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more.

He indulged in after-life the taste he had acquired for studious pursuits. When he resided on his Yorkshire estates his favourite retreat was Barden Tower—a small stronghold of the Cliffords situated in the deep solitude of ancient woods in Wharfedale; his chosen companions were his neighbours the canons of Bolton Priory, and though he could only write his name, his favourite pursuit was astronomy, to which he seems to have added judicial astrology *ad libitum*. But in 1513 the invasion of the Scots roused him to maintain the martial reputation of his race—

Armour resting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls,

and in his sixtieth year he fought in the battle of Flodden Field. In 1523 his course was run, and he was succeeded by Henry his son, who was within two years afterwards advanced to the dignity of Earl of Cumberland. In his youth he had been prodigal, raised money by anticipation, assembled a band of dissolute followers, and turned outlaw. But he was not doomed to remain always a stranger to "all that life has soft and dear," for he had the good fortune to marry the lady Margaret Percy—an event by which the whole of the vast lordships and manors constituting "the Percy fee" in Yorkshire became vested in the Cliffords. From thenceforth all the country from Skipton in Craven, to Brougham in Westmoreland, a distance of seventy miles, belonged to them, with the exception of a district about ten miles in length; and for their chase or hunting-ground, they had around their old demesne of Skipton the vast deer-forest which then overspread the rocky, central part of Craven, extending from the Wharfe to the river Aire.

It has been conjectured that this adventurous young nobleman was the hero of the ballad of "The Nut-brown Mayde"—that touching though antiquated celebration of woman's love and constancy. The ballad, however, has been regarded by some critics as older than the youthful days of Henry VIII., and the hero discovers himself as "an erly son," which Henry Clifford certainly was not. Be this as it may, the earl had been in youth the comrade of Henry VIII.,\* and, unlike most other

\* When this young nobleman went to London upon his creation as Earl of Cumberland, he had a retinue of thirty-four horsemen, but the cost of each man and horse was only tenpence a day in the money of those times. He was lodged at Derby House, where now the Herald's College stands. He does not seem to have purchased and brought with him from London to the north any articles of luxury and amusement, except a hound and a falcon, a bugle horn and a sheaf

friends of that inconstant and blood-stained tyrant, retained the king's favour so long as to receive, in 1542, a grant of the Priory of Bolton, with all the lands and manors of that famous house. But as if the gift by the royal plunderer of the Church had been fatal to the grantee, and the abbey lands had "wrought his swift decay," he lived only nineteen days after he became possessor of these rich spoils, and died at the age of forty-nine. Of his successor, Henry Clifford, little is to be said, except that he became allied with royalty by his marriage with the Lady Eleanor Brandon, and that he was not only a studious man in a generally unlettered age, but was much given to alchemy. Having had a narrow escape of being buried alive during an illness, he lived to marry, for his second wife, Anne, daughter of Lord Dacre, and to enjoy his honours without suffering disturbance, though without acquiring renown.\* George Clifford, his son, was the father of Lady Anne, and succeeded, as third Earl of Cumberland, in 1569. He was a man of noble mind, great natural gifts, and adventurous disposition. He early showed his predilection for "a life on the ocean wave," and even when at Cambridge did not care for any other learning than what might aid

To steer the bold barque o'er the new-found main  
To the new land of glory, blood, and gain.

In his nineteenth year he married the Lady Margaret Russell, daughter of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, to whom he had been betrothed in infancy, but he did not love her, and often deserted his home to engage in naval expeditions. The sea, which (as Hartley Coleridge says) he wooed for his bride, was to him a cruel mistress, and his naval trophies were bought at the expense of his fortune. He made nine voyages, chiefly to the West Indies, and on the memorable advance of the Spanish Armada, distinguished himself in the action off Calais. This high-born wanderer of the sea is portrayed by the pen of his dutiful daughter and the pencil of an unknown limner, as a model of masculine comeliness, with an expressive as well as handsome countenance, set off by costly attire. He was possessed of great bodily strength and agility, and was skilled in knightly accomplishments. His valour and love of daring were quite romantic, and he could charm the female ear by eloquent discourse

Of all the wonders of the mighty deep—  
Of perils manifold and strange.

James I. had been only two years upon the English throne when the earl's adventurous career closed, at the age of forty-seven, and on this event the right to his lands, baronies, and honours (save the earldom, which went to his only brother, Sir Francis Clifford) descended to the Lady Anne, his only daughter and heir, then in her sixteenth year, she having been born on the 30th of January, 1590.

Our noble heroine shall now introduce herself. Writing in the sixty-of arrows. He was very economical in the presents he brought to his wife, for they appear to have been confined to "a white embroidered frontlet" which cost fifty shillings, and some velvet.

\* The inventory of his apparel (printed in Whitaker's "History of Craven") affords an example of the showy and costly character of a nobleman's wardrobe at that time, and quite a picture of the interior of a great baronial castle in the middle of the sixteenth century.

third year of her age, when Time had long robbed her of her charms and thinned her flowing hair, she says :

"I was very happy in my first constitution, both in mind and body, both for internal and external endowments ; for never was there a child more resembling both father and mother than myself. The colour of mine eyes was black like my father's, and the form and aspect of them was quick and lively like my mother's. The hair of my head was brown and very thick, and so long that it reached to the calf of my legs when I stood upright, with a peak of hair upon my forehead, and a dimple on my chin, and an exquisite shape of body like my father. \* \* And though I say it, the perfections of my mind were much above those of my body : I had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment, a discerning spirit, and a strong imagination, insomuch that at many times even my dreams and apprehensions proved to be true."

Her portrait at Knowle Park represents a youthful person of symmetrical form, with features betokening great energy of character,

Less formed to sue than to command,

but adorned with the grace of a high-born woman. Another portrait of her, taken in later life, represents features more expressive of firmness than benignity ; but, although she did possess a masculine decision of character, she was undoubtedly a person of beneficent and amiable disposition. She inherited the literary taste of some of her ancestors. Amongst the books introduced beside her in a picture, in which she is represented as a damsel of thirteen, are Eusebius, St. Augustine, Josephus, and the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney.\* She must have been a learned little lady indeed, if these were the books she was capable of reading ! It is a pleasant relief to find that she nevertheless learned dancing and the use of the cross-bow, and took part in private theatricals.

Our sympathies are particularly engaged by finding that she had an early love for poetry and regard for literary men—a taste for which she was, doubtless, much indebted to her worthy tutor, Samuel Daniel, himself historian and poet. Her noble father, sea-rover as he was, had been a patron of Spenser, and by her was Spenser's monument erected in Westminster Abbey.

The Lady Anne enjoyed the care and affection of her mother until her twenty-sixth year, and owed to her parent the defence of her inheritance and patrimonial rights.† She set up a characteristic and enduring monument of her filial love in erecting a pillar upon the spot where she took the last leave of her mother, on the road between Penrith and

\* Written, as the reader will remember, in the classic halls of Wilton, in which the Lady Anne passed some period of her life after her marriage to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

† Honourable testimony to the care of this excellent parent in forming the character of the Lady Anne is borne by her poet-tutor in the poem addressed to her, in which he says :

"With so great care doth she that hath brought forth  
That comely body, labour to adorn  
That better part, the mansion of your mind,  
With all the richest furniture of worth,  
To make thee highly good as highly born,  
And set your virtues equal to your kind."



Appleby, in remembrance of which event she ordained that, at the pillar, there should be a distribution of money to the poor upon the anniversary for ever. The poet Rogers, it will be remembered, has commemorated

The modest stone which pious Pembroke reared ;  
Which still records beyond the pencil's power  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour.

At an early age Anne Clifford was united to Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset, who, although in other respects a man of sense, seems to have been a profligate spendthrift, eager to sign away her patrimonial rights for present gain. He died in 1624, leaving only two daughters, for the noble pair had been successively bereaved of their three sons; and it was by the marriage of one of those daughters to John Tufton, Earl of Thanet, that the ancient manor and castle of Skipton has descended on Sir Richard Tufton, the present owner of that historical domain.

At the mature age of forty-one, after six years of widowhood, the countess was again overtaken by matrimony. Her second husband was that memorable simpleton (as Walpole calls him), Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, himself a widower of forty-five, whose qualifications seem to have consisted of hawking and hunting, and whose only recommendations were that he was a favourite courtier and a handsome person, for his character has been justly regarded by posterity as odious and contemptible. Yet his mother was that "Sidney's sister" celebrated as "the subject of all verse," and his brother was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, one of the most distinguished of the worthies and benefactors of Oxford, a scholar, philosopher, and hero.\*

In her own account of her wedded life, the lady says of her departed lords:

"It was my misfortune to have crosses and contradictions with them both . . . so that in both their lifetimes the marble pillars of Knowle and Wilton were to me oftentimes but the gay arbours of anguish. . . . I made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions, which can never discern affliction, nor be daunted when it unjustly happens."

But soon the Lady Anne was to merge her conjugal miseries in the troubles of the civil wars. A firm royalist and faithful daughter of the Church of England, this high-spirited lady would probably have performed heroic actions had her strong castles and broad lands been in her own command during the early years of the rebellion. When she came to be actual mistress of what had been legally hers since 1643, her property was in a dilapidated state. Her Westmoreland castles—viz. Appleby, Brougham, Brough (which guarded the pass of Stainmoor), Pen-dragon (which commanded the pass of Mallerstang), and her Yorkshire strongholds of Barden and Skipton—were in ruins. It might be said of these as of the exiled Percy's in the well-known ballad:

Her towers and castles, once so fair,  
Were mouldering in decay;  
Proud strangers had usurped her lands  
And borne their wealth away.

\* Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, died 23rd January, 1650. For some time before, the countess had been obliged to live apart from him.

At Skipton, amidst lofty heights and dark forest, a castle had stood from the Norman days—the chief stronghold in mountainous Craven. On a plateau, bounded towards the north by a precipitous rock, and on the south by a natural dell, the Norman lords of Skipton raised their fortress. In the reign of Edward II., when Robert de Clifford acquired the castle from the crown, he superseded the Norman stronghold by an Edwardian castle, with the characteristic circular towers which still form the oldest portion of the main fabric. To the edifice of this martial Clifford, his successor the first Earl of Cumberland, more than two centuries afterwards, added the gallery, a stately range of building sixty yards in length. In this picturesque old stronghold Anne Clifford was born, but before she obtained possession of it, Skipton Castle had been reduced to little more than roofless walls, for it had undergone two sieges, and had been at length savagely dismantled by the Parliament, and its tapestry, antique furniture, and embossed plate had been ruthlessly scattered. Such was its state when the noble widow, almost immediately after the death of her second husband, returned to her native castle, and set herself, with characteristic energy, to repair the damage inflicted by years of litigation, waste, and civil discord. The work of restoration was carried on by this energetic lady in a manner which shows that it was very congenial to her, and she accomplished it in defiance of Cromwell, and completed the repairs in 1658.

In her time there were fifty-seven chambers of all kinds in Skipton Castle. Towers with winding stairs, ghostly galleries, and the tapestried octagon chamber that was her bedroom, and might still be her presence-chamber, remain, but the interior of the castle has been much modernised. Its external features, as repaired and left by the countess, have not, however, undergone much change in the two centuries that have since passed over them; and it presents a picturesque, though inharmonious, combination of a Tudor manor-house and more modern architecture with an Edwardian fortress. The fortified gateway of the the outer bailey remains much as she left it, and in its parapet, as if still proudly looking to the future, the word *DÉSORMAIS*—the motto of the Clifford family—is seen in letters of stone against the sky. Perhaps it was not until the Restoration of Charles II. (as Mr. Hartley Coleridge has suggested) that she planted in the bailey of Skipton that acorn from the oak of Boscobel—“as a symbol of the ancient loyalty of her house”—which grew to be a noble tree, long surviving the fortunes of the House of Stuart. So strictly did she restore, that in one of the courts of Skipton she planted, in the place of an old yew that the besiegers had destroyed, a yew-tree whose spreading branches still cast their solemn shade over the enclosure. Its situation reminds the spectator that, in the palace of *Latinus*,

Just in the centre of the most-retired  
And secret court, a holy laurel stood,  
For many years religiously preserved.

Anne Clifford aspired to be remembered as “the repairer of the breach, the restorer of places to dwell in;” and this was the text which she set up in her inscriptions on Skipton Castle and over the entrance to Barden.

The last-named stronghold, whose grey, wood-environed tower is sought

by many a summer tourist in romantic Wharfedale, seems to have been a mere forester's lodge in the days when it was surrounded by the deer-park of the adjacent canons of Bolton, now the property of the Duke of Devonshire; it had been, however, enlarged for residence by "the Shepherd Lord," but had fallen into ruin before the noble widow obtained possession of her inheritance.

She also rebuilt or repaired her four other castles, besides the church of Skipton, and six other churches; for she (we are told) "would not dwell in ceiled palaces while the Lord's house lay waste." At Skipton, too, she erected a storied monument to her father, and at Appleby a marble tomb for her mother. Her affection for that good and faithful parent seems to have been the warmest feeling of her soul; and—strong-minded and free from superstition as she was—the daughter was accustomed to attribute her escape from peril to the prayers of her mother in heaven. She seems to have believed herself the object of a providential destiny, and that she was the charge of "a happy genius," acting as a presiding and directing power.

The countess resided almost wholly on her northern domains, diffusing their produce in affording employment, hospitality, and charity. It was her great delight to succour distressed royalists, and to do such deeds of beneficence as made her a blessing in the vales of Westmoreland and among the Craven Hills. She generally resided at Brougham or Appleby (the stately lady was hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland), but occasionally visited all her castles, and seems to have exercised within her dominions little less than regal sway. Appleby Castle was chiefly her residence; there some of her manuscripts are preserved, and from thence many of her letters are dated. She was a great writer, and in her journals she has noted minute particulars relating to her own life and to her estates, and the events that happened upon them. She resided at Appleby while Skipton Castle was undergoing repair; and writing from the former place on the 10th of January, 1649, she says she should be "in pitiful case" if she had not "excellent Chaucer's book" to comfort her. In 1651 she founded an hospital for widows at Appleby, and endowed it with the manor of Brougham. She did not attempt to revive with vain parade the martial and festal splendours of the past, but took care to maintain the ample hospitality and the time-honoured customs of feudal days, and "the ties which bound the vassal to his lord's domain." For her, the court of Charles II. had no attractions, nor did her sympathies embrace the political affairs of any kingdom beyond her own vast patrimony. When much advanced in life (probably about her sixty-third year) she employed an artist, whose name has not been preserved, to paint the famous family picture in three compartments, which is now at Skipton. Her object seems to have been to have a plain delineation at one view of the features of those most dear to her; accordingly, in the centre compartment her parents and her brother are represented; in one of the wings is her own likeness when a little maiden of thirteen, and in the other wing her portrait as a widow, in the sombre habiliments of her declining years. Books are introduced in both portraits, as if to indicate that her early love of reading lasted in her age; but while her youthful portraiture is attended by Eusebius and Agrippa, "De Vanitate Scientiarum," her maturer image has the Bible, Charron

"On Wisdom," and (strange decadence!) a book "Of Distillations and Rare Medicines."

Such was Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. She attained the unusual age of eighty-six, with few infirmities, and seems to have remembered through her long career what her poet-tutor told her in her youth—that

This fleeting life hath but this post of rest—  
A heart prepared, that fears no ills to come.

Her end was as peaceful as her life had been energetic; and at Brougham Castle, on the 22nd of March, 1675, she passed to immortality. Her body was interred, not in the tomb of her father and her martial ancestors at Skipton, but at Appleby, by the side of that parent whom she survived nearly sixty years, and never ceased to regard with reverential love.

W. S. G.

## A VACATION TOUR IN SPAIN.

### V.

#### TOLEDO.

LET us now hasten to Toledo, the ancient capital of the Goths, which is about forty miles distant from Madrid, and may be reached by railway in two or three hours. On the way there is no place of much interest, except, perhaps, Aranjuez, which we did not stop to visit, though it boasts of a royal palace with some fine gardens, and is the favourite residence of the Spanish court during the spring months. The heat continued as intense as ever, without any improvement in the character of the scenery. Against such an African temperature, even the most ardent enthusiasm of a tourist could not have borne up without the prospect of a refreshing cold bath at the end of the journey, and the more immediate relief afforded to the parched throat by a plentiful supply of delicious grapes, and equally delicious water, which is here handed round in large earthenware jars at every station where the train stops. Water is esteemed so great a luxury, that it is sold in the streets of Madrid and at all the railway stations, where the common cry is, "*Quien quiere agua?*" (Who wants water?)

Few towns make a stronger impression on a stranger than Toledo, abounding as it does with Roman, Gothic, and Moorish remains. It is situated on a rocky hill, and surrounded on three sides by the Tagus. The river, which is crossed by two stone bridges, runs in a deep channel, with rugged, precipitous banks of great elevation, and though the walls of the city are now in ruins, it is still very difficult of access.

The streets of Toledo are narrow and crooked. Built in the Moorish style, the houses have few windows looking out on the street, and at this season large spartum blinds are hung outside the windows and doors to afford shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. One of the most striking peculiarities of the town is the immense extent of deserted ruins

which everywhere meet the eye, giving the most vivid impression of the former grandeur of the place. The population, which was very great in the time of the Moors, and in the sixteenth century exceeded 100,000 inhabitants, now amounts only to 17,275.

At Toledo we took up our quarters in the *Fonda de Lino*, near the centre of the town, one of the roughest-looking hostelries we had met with in Spain, but tolerably comfortable on the whole. From what we have seen and heard, we have no doubt that in remote and unfrequented districts, and in places of small population, the inns are very miserable; but, as far as our experience goes, the Spanish *fonda* in the principal towns, if not so good as it might be, is not nearly so bad as it has been generally represented. The bedrooms are rather bare of furniture, and the toilet utensils are not first-rate; but we found the beds scrupulously clean, and were never molested with vermin. The attendance is not good; the servants are noisy and careless, and very slow in executing orders. Sometimes they are strapping young damsels, with high sounding names, and these *Florencias*, *Antonias*, and *Sabinas* amuse themselves with singing and dancing, screaming and laughing, to their hearts' content, leaving the amazed traveller to do many things for himself which elsewhere are done for him. As to the important items of eating and drinking, the common mode of living in a Spanish hotel is this: A good *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with a variety of meats, wine, and fruits in the morning; a substantial *table d'hôte* dinner about five in the afternoon; and a hot supper at night for those who choose to partake of it. After all that we had heard of *ollas* and *pucheros*, and garlic-seasoned dishes, we were agreeably surprised to find the viands so very good, the dinner consisting generally of soup, fish, light stewed meats, fowls, vegetables, sweet confections, and fruits, with good common wine, superior in body and flavour to the *vin ordinaire* of France. Hotel bills are very moderate. It is usual to charge so much a day for each person, varying from five to ten francs, and this is in full of all demands for board, lodging, and service.

Leaving our hotel early in the morning, we passed through a labyrinth of small lanes, and found our way to the cathedral of Toledo, which is said to be the largest in Spain, being 404 Spanish feet in length, and 204 feet in breadth. It is built on the site of an old Moorish mosque, and was founded about the year 1227, in the reign of Ferdinand III., when Rodrigo Ximenes was archbishop. Externally, it is a plain Gothic structure, surmounted by a square tower, without the rich florid ornament which distinguishes the cathedral of Burgos, and it is hemmed in by the surrounding buildings; but to make up for this simplicity on the outside, the interior is grand and imposing. The nave, which is of great height, is flanked on each side by double aisles. A transept intersects the nave between the high altar and the choir. The roof is supported by eighty-four colossal pillars; stained windows admit a mild and mysterious light, and the floor is paved with white and blue marble. Polished jasper columns, statues, arabesques, and a profusion of splendid sculpture, decorate the interior. Rich paintings adorn the panels of the high altar. The stalls of the choir, formed of wood, are carved with beautiful bas-reliefs. Missals of enormous size are placed on the reading-desks; two large organs stand opposite each other; and the service is chanted with the aid of musical instruments.

Some of the chapels in the cathedral are very interesting. One of the most remarkable is the Muzarabic chapel, which is ornamented by a fresco painting representing the conquest of Oran. Here service is performed according to the Muzarabic ritual. When Toledo was taken by the Arabs, the Christians were allowed to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and were known by the name of Muzarabes. Their descendants adhered to their ancient ritual after the city had again fallen under the power of the Christians. This was at first vigorously opposed by the papal see; but the Toledans persisted, and Cardinal Ximenes, animated with more friendly feelings, founded this chapel in 1510, in order to perpetuate this memorable ritual. In the chapel of Santiago are buried the Constable Don Alvaro de Luna and his wife. He was the minister of John II. of Castile, and was long in high favour, the foremost in council and the field; but having incurred the displeasure of his royal master, the public voice charged him with the assassination of the grand-treasurer Alphonso de Vivars, whereupon Alvaro was arrested, and, after an irregular trial, was condemned, on questionable evidence, and beheaded at Valladolid, in 1453. His body was brought to this chapel, which had been erected for him in the days of his prosperity, and here he lies "in dull, cold marble," with a dark cloud hanging over his memory, illustrating by his life, like Wolsey, the proverbial inconstancy of the favour of princes. There are several other chapels containing marble tombs of ancient kings, cardinals, and high dignitaries, richly ornamented

With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown.

From the cathedral we passed to the cloisters, which are lofty and spacious. The walls are covered with immense frescoes by Bayen, and some beautiful carvings in stone. A small flower-garden, with patches of verdure in the shade of the cathedral, is most refreshing to the eye, and adds much to the beauty of these cloisters.

On elevated ground, not far from the market-place, stands the Alcazar, a colossal edifice, surrounded by battlements, and built on the ruins of the old Moorish palace. Most of the exterior walls remain entire, but a great part of the building is in ruins. The principal façade, which is richly ornamented with arabesques, is very magnificent; and the terrace in front of it is tastefully laid out as a flower-garden. A lofty portal, flanked by two guns, conducts you to the interior. Here the roof and all the upper stories have disappeared, and nothing remains but the outer walls, with some marble pillars on the ground floor, the outlines of spacious halls, and here and there a solitary staircase, with balustrades and steps half crumbled away. Considerable sums have been expended in preserving and restoring the Alcazar, and reconstructing part of the buildings for the use of the military college of Toledo, to which Queen Isabella lately presented this ancient palace. After passing within the main portal, you observe two tablets placed on each side of it, containing a short record of the history of the Alcazar, and, as the subject is not devoid of interest, we shall give a translation of the inscriptions. On the first tablet are these words:

"Remains of the ancient and venerable fortress whose secular walls were destroyed by Alonzo VI. Converted into a royal residence by Ferdinand III. Don Alonso the Wise gave it larger extension; to his

epoch belongs the eastern façade, and the western to that of the Catholic kings. The Emperor Charles V. made a sumptuous palace of it, under the direction of Covarrubias, the superintendent of Villalpando. To them we are indebted for its principal façade, and for the southern one to the celebrated Herrera, by order of Philip II."

On the second tablet, which stands on the other side of the gateway, there is this inscription:

"A monument so rich was committed to the flames in the War of Succession by the allies of Austria in 1710. During the reign of Charles III., Cardinal Lorenzana restored it by the architect Rodriguez, as a house of charity, in 1772. But the fury of the foreigner reduced it to ashes in 1810. Its smouldering ashes are the perpetual record of glory.

"Her Majesty Queen Isabella II. was pleased, in 1852, to present this royal Alcazar to the College of Infantry, which, in token of gratitude and respect, dedicates this short homage to its Queen, to history, and to the arts.

"13 May, 1858."

From the battlements of the Alcazar there is a beautiful view of the city and surrounding country. Here, under a bright sky, without cloud or vapour, and with a clear, transparent atmosphere, you see the lofty tower of the cathedral, fantastic Moorish turrets blended with the glittering house-tops, the spires of convents, and churches sparkling in the sun, the Tagus rolling its waters in its deep, winding channel, spanned by the bridge of Alcantara, and, beyond all, the bleak hills which bound the horizon of Toledo.

The church of San Juan is situated on the banks of the Tagus, near the bridge of San Martin. A collection of royal statues decorates the exterior walls. Not far from this you find your way—not without difficulty—to an old Jewish synagogue of the tenth century, afterwards converted into a church called Santa Maria la Blanca. A door in an old-fashioned wall leads to an open court, on crossing which you come to a gloomy building, without exterior ornament or anything to indicate that it had been used as a place of worship. But as soon as you cross the threshold you feel as if you were suddenly transported into the interior of a beautiful Eastern temple. The roof, divided into compartments of cedar-wood, is supported by four rows of pillars of slender proportions, decorated with capitals beautifully carved in white stucco, and rendered as hard as stone by some artistic process, the secret of which is said to be lost. All the embellishments are in the arabesque style, and are strikingly characteristic. The light streaming in from above produces a very charming effect. This ancient edifice, after having been long used as a Jewish synagogue, was, in 1405, converted into a church for Roman Catholic worship; it was subsequently abandoned, and would soon have fallen into ruins had it not been happily restored under the directions of a royal commission appointed by the queen in 1853. It is now one of the great curiosities of Toledo.

This ancient city has long been, and still is, celebrated for its manufactory of sword-blades, which are tempered by the sand and water of the Tagus. A French writer, who lately examined the works, states

that the Toledo blades are still worthy of their ancient reputation, and that they are partly manufactured out of the old shoes of horses and mules carefully collected for the purpose.

Mariana, the celebrated historian, died at Toledo in 1623, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He wielded too bold a pen to conciliate the favour of the great, and, while many minions of splendour were honoured with gorgeous tombs in the cathedral, he was consigned to an obscure grave in the church of the Jesuits, without any mark of distinction; and it was only after a difficult search that the spot where he was buried was discovered, in 1837. Fortunately, amidst all this neglect of his countrymen, Mariana's fame stands secure, and we, as passing wayfarers, need not stop to throw a stone upon his cairn, for his works will live to perpetuate his memory long after the splendid monuments of princes, cardinals, and nobles, which now decorate the cathedral, shall have crumbled into dust.

## VI.

### VALENCIA.

WE had intended to go to Andalusia in order to visit Granada, Cordova, and Seville; but from the information we received at Madrid as to the hardships and discomforts of travelling by diligence to and from those parts of Spain during the hot season, we relinquished this design, and resolved to go to Valencia, and then proceed along the coast of the Mediterranean to Barcelona and Marseilles.

Nearly the whole journey from Toledo to Valencia can now be performed by railway. A branch from Toledo, about sixteen miles long, joins the main line from Madrid to Alicante at Castillejo. You then travel along the Mediterranean line about one hundred and eighty-five miles, till you reach Almansa, which is intended to be the point of junction for the branch railway to Valencia, now in the course of being completed. Between Almansa and Mogente there is at present a break, which is travelled by diligence in three hours, and then you have the railway for about fifty miles to Valencia.

To avoid the heat, we left Toledo in the evening, intending to travel during the night; and we believe we lost nothing in scenery by this arrangement, as the railway from Castillejo to the Mediterranean passes over the dusty, sunburnt, and monotonous plains of La Mancha, and a long tract of country wholly destitute of natural beauty. A short distance beyond Albacete, which is the capital of the province of that name, with 16,607 inhabitants, the surface of the ground becomes more unequal, and the scenery more varied. We reached Almansa, a town with a population of 9317, about seven in the morning. Here we took the diligence, which passes over a mountainous district, to Mogente. We then proceeded by railway to Valencia, through a fertile, picturesque, and well-wooded country, abounding with orchards and gardens, and studded with flourishing towns, most of them bearing names of Arabic origin. One of these is Jativa, or San Felipe, with 15,749 inhabitants, where the famous Spagnoletto was born. Beyond this is Alcira, built on an island in the Jucar, with 14,022 inhabitants, remarkable for an old Roman bridge and some Moorish antiquities. On reaching Silla, there is a passing view from



the railway of the Lake Albufera, which abounds with fish, and fertilises by its waters the rice-grounds in its neighbourhood.

From the time when we crossed the Ebro, we had not seen anything like picturesque, rural scenery—no trees, no green grass, no verdant fields—till we found ourselves in the far-famed Huerta, or plain of Valencia, which is blessed with a fertile soil and a happy climate, and rejoices in an excess of luxuriant vegetation, with all those charms of nature so much praised by the Arabian poets, and described in glowing terms by the graver pen of Mariana. This rich plain, which well deserves to be called La Huerta, or the garden, is from thirty to forty miles long, and about twenty miles in its greatest breadth, and is surrounded on three sides by mountains, and on the fourth side by the sea. Besides producing rice, wheat, maize, and barley, this region abounds with mulberry, olive, orange, lemon, and fig-trees, and the fruits, flowers, and vegetables of the torrid zone are blended with those which are more common in temperate climates. Much of the fertility of the Huerta arises from the system of irrigation introduced by the Moors, and still practised with great success by the Valencians. By means of canals or aqueducts, the waters of the Guadalaviar, the Jucar, and other smaller rivers, are made available for this purpose. Little open runlets cross the fields, and the sluices are so arranged that each of these fields in turn can be laid under water. A simple contrivance raises the water from a lower to a higher level. A wheel, turned round by an ass or a mule, draws up the water from the stream below by means of earthen jars fixed to the circumference, which empty themselves into a higher reservoir, and from this the water is conducted through small trenches, sometimes lined with tiles, to any place where it is required. Two, and sometimes three, harvests are not uncommon in this favoured region, which seems to rival in richness the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

We reached Valencia about two P.M. Taking one of the street carriages, called *tartanas* (which are light covered waggons without springs, drawn by one horse), we proceeded through a labyrinth of narrow streets to the hotel called Fonda del Cid, which is close by the cathedral. Not far from this are the Arabian baths (*Banos de los Arabes*), and being bent on the luxury of a cold bath after our long journey, we lost no time in visiting that establishment. Descending a flight of steps, we entered a cool saloon, sheltered from the sun, and dimly lighted from the roof. Around this apartment are the different bath-rooms, which are fitted up with marble baths, and paved with white tiles. Over each bath-room there is a vaulted roof, or dome, through which small star-shaped apertures are cut in a sloping direction, for the purpose of admitting a subdued degree of light, according to the Moorish fashion. All the arrangements were admirable, and these baths were the best we saw in Spain.

Let us now take a glance at Valencia, which is the capital of the province of that name, and a place of great antiquity. It stands on the right bank of the Guadalaviar, about two or three miles above its junction with the sea, and is surrounded with massive walls, flanked at intervals by round towers. The river is crossed by five stone bridges, but its waters are so much used for irrigation, that, at the time of our visit, the channel was nearly dry. Besides being the see of an archbishop, the

residence of a captain-general, and the seat of a superior court, Valencia is important from its size, the number of its public buildings, its university and literary institutions, and the wealth and industry of the inhabitants. Silk is a considerable article of commerce, and it carries on a large trade in fruits, for which the surrounding district is so celebrated. According to Mellado there are 65,933 inhabitants within the walls, and if the five suburbs, which are densely peopled, be included, the population amounts to 106,135.

As the streets of Valencia are narrow and irregular, it is difficult to find one's way through such a labyrinth; but there are some good public places, and the public fountains are numerous, though the drinking water at our hotel was not pleasant to the taste. The Alameda is a fashionable promenade on the side of the river, lined with trees, and ornamented with gardens. Some of the gates are imposing architectural structures. Among the public buildings may be mentioned the Lonja, or Exchange, and the custom-house, an elegant edifice erected in the place of St. Domingo. The university, which is said to be well attended, is a colossal building, with open courts and large and commodious class-rooms. Yet literature seems to be at a low ebb, for the booksellers' shops are few, and their wares are not very inviting. Popish prayer-books and catechisms, lives of saints, translations of French novels, some heavy professional treatises on law and medicine, and a sprinkling of modern Spanish plays, formed the staple stocks, though there might be a few old standard works among all this rubbish. A newspaper is published here, called the *Diario Mercantil*.

Early on Sunday morning we visited the cathedral, which is built on the site of an old Moorish mosque. Nothing can be more gloomy and repulsive than the outside of this edifice; and there is little to redeem this deformity in the interior, though it is ornamented with some marbles and jaspers, and a few paintings. The high altar is richly gilt, while the windows behind and above it are tinted green; and this contrast of green and gold produces a rather pleasing effect. With the aid of musical instruments the service was chanted in a very effective style, and the religious ceremonies were accompanied with the splendid pageantry which is common in all the cathedral churches of Spain. All this day the bells of the city churches were ringing, with little intermission, from morning to night.

One of the most interesting sights of Valencia is the large market-place, where fruits and vegetables are sold. Here we were struck with the immense variety of the fruits and vegetables, many of which were unknown to us even by name, and some of the more common sorts of vegetables were of enormous size. Among crowds of townspeople making their purchases, we observed on Sunday great numbers of labourers and countrymen from the Huerta walking about in their picturesque holiday suits. A round black velvet hat, with a deep brim turned up, is the usual cover for the head; and the rest of the attire generally consists of a bright-coloured jacket or vest, open in front, loose linen trousers fastened round the waist with a red sash, and sandals made of hemp, secured to the ankle by cords; and the costume is completed by a long narrow plaid of striped wool, called a *capa*, hung over the shoulder. Some of the men from the country wore a handkerchief round the head, and a kind

of tunic of white coarse cloth, secured round the middle, and descending to the knees like the kilt of the Scotch Highlanders, with bare legs and sandals. There is nothing very peculiar in the female costume of the lower orders. But the ladies of Valencia generally wear the mantilla, with elegant scarfs or shawls; and they show a marked predilection for black silk gowns.

During the heat of the day labouring men and the peasantry from the country are frequently seen sleeping in shady corners of the public streets. Whether the old-fashioned habit of the siesta still prevails among the better classes, we cannot tell; but, for our own part, we generally found it advisable to retire to our private room to read, if not to sleep, for a few hours during the hottest part of the day.

In former times shaving and surgery went hand in hand in most countries in Europe, and this is still the case to some extent in Spain. The barbers in Valencia practise phlebotomy, and, besides exhibiting the usual brass plate, most of them have the word "Sangrador" painted over their doors. The policemen, who patrol the streets during the night, follow the ancient practice of calling the hours and the state of the weather; and as their reports are generally favourable in this fine climate, this may, perhaps, be the reason why these watchmen are called "serenos."

A railway and a spacious road lined with trees lead to the port of Grao, on the Mediterranean, about two or three miles from Valencia; but, unfortunately, the roadstead, notwithstanding some recent attempts to improve it, does not afford good shelter for shipping. We observed no large ships, and only about half a dozen brigs, with a few smaller vessels, in the harbour. Grao is much resorted to by the Valencians for sea-bathing.

A considerable number of coasting steamers touch at Grao in going to and from Barcelona. But the service is more irregular here than at Alicante. Telegrams are sent to announce these steamers a few hours in advance, and the hours of their departure are posted up at the principal hotels. Every day two or three diligences leave Valencia for Barcelona; but the journey occupies about forty hours, and there is no convenient resting-place by the way. We determined, therefore, to go by sea, and were fortunate enough to secure a passage by the *Tharsis*, a Spanish steamer of 800 tons, with 200 horse power.

Leaving Grao about three in the afternoon, we reached Barcelona, after a pleasant voyage, about ten next morning. During the day a large awning over the poop deck sheltered us from the sun's rays, a refreshing breeze tempered the heat of the atmosphere, and the sea was perfectly smooth. Passengers and baggage were landed in small boats, and we had to submit to the usual tedious examination at the custom-house amidst much noise and confusion.

## VII.

### BARCELONA.

NOTHING can be more beautiful than the view of Barcelona as you approach it from the sea. The town is situated on a gentle eminence. On the left, the castle of Monjuich rises on a lofty hill, with

strong batteries fronting the sea. Lower down, on the same side, the fort of Atarazanas commands the entrance of the harbour. Then, in the graceful curve formed by the quay, there is a beautiful crescent of houses from four to five stories high, the glare of the white walls being relieved by green Venetian blinds in all the windows, so as to produce a very pleasing effect, and throw around the place an air of cleanliness and elegance seldom to be seen in the neighbourhood of a seaport. On the right, the shipping and the mole conceal the citadel. But in front you see the house-tops in the upper parts of the city, with the towers of the churches glittering in the sun. A range of hills, partially covered with trees, rises at some distance behind the town, giving shelter to gardens and vineyards, and forming a rich background to this noble picture.

Barcelona is the capital of Catalonia, where manufactures are carried on to a greater extent than in any other part of Spain. For some time after the loss of the Spanish American colonies its maritime trade declined; but of late years it has greatly improved. The harbour is crowded with vessels of large tonnage, and it is much frequented by steamers plying on the Mediterranean, including the packets belonging to the Peninsular Navigation Company.

At Barcelona we found comfortable quarters at the Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones, a large hotel fronting the Rambla. This fashionable promenade extends from the ramparts on the land side to the sea-shore, and consists of a broad avenue lined with trees, intended for foot passengers, with a good paved road for carriages on each side. Nearly opposite our hotel is the theatre, one of the largest and finest in Spain. Below this, at the foot of the Rambla, are barracks for cavalry and infantry, and close by is the fort of Atarazanas, which contains an arsenal, and has strong batteries well armed facing the sea.

In its general aspect Barcelona is more like a French than a Spanish town. There is an air of elegance and comfort about its principal streets and promenades; in many of the shops there is a fine display of goods; and there are numerous cafés fitted up in a handsome style similar to those of Paris, besides houses of an humbler grade, which supply cheap refreshments to the common people, such as chocolate and lemonade, and generally bear on their signboard "Helados y Cerveza" (Ices and Beer). Booksellers' shops are numerous, and they are well supplied with modern works, many of them from France. There are excellent hackney-coaches, drawn by two horses, and forming a pleasant contrast to the one-horse tartanas which nearly jolted us to death at Valencia.

Not far from the harbour there is a handsome square, with an ornamental fountain in the centre, surrounded with some fine public buildings, among which may be mentioned the custom-house, the Lonja, or Exchange, and a royal palace, said to be occupied by the captain-general. The Plaza Real, near the Rambla, is tastefully laid out with garden ground, and the surrounding arcades are filled with attractive shops and cafés, after the manner of the Palais Royal at Paris, though on a much smaller scale.

Among narrow streets near the centre of the old city stands the cathedral, which was begun in the thirteenth century. This venerable

Gothic structure is surmounted by two square towers; the exterior is severe and sombre, and there are no internal decorations. In the neighbourhood of the cathedral we observed some interesting ruins of stately mansions, and a fine old fountain ornamented with stone sculptures. An old house, now occupied as a school for poor children, was surrounded with a profusion of curious stone carvings, evidently of great antiquity. Emerging from these narrow streets, we met the chain-gang of convicts going back to prison after their daily toil. Each of these men has an iron band riveted to his ankle, and another band round his waist; and these bands are connected by a chain which makes a clanking noise at every movement. The men are able to walk and work notwithstanding these manacles, and they are marched out with a guard to sweep the streets or labour on some of the public works.

On the north-east side of the town, near the sea, is the citadel, which is well worthy of a visit, being a regular fortification, according to the system of Vauban, with strong walls, wide dry ditches, and numerous outworks. It was built in 1716 by Philip V., who had met with a vigorous resistance from the Catalonians, and his object probably was as much to overawe the citizens of Barcelona as to defend the town. Within the citadel is a large square, surrounded by buildings occupied by troops, and capable of containing a large garrison, besides some ornamental garden ground and a curious old-fashioned watch-tower, evidently of a more ancient date than the rest of the works. Fort Carlos, on the sea-side, is connected with the citadel. In the vicinity there is a public garden and a fine avenue of trees.

No one who visits Barcelona should omit to ascend the hill of Monjuich. The walk from the Rambla to the summit is about two miles, and the castle stands at an elevation of seven hundred and thirty-five Spanish feet above the level of the sea. Here, as at the citadel, a verbal order from the captain of the guard admits you to the interior of the works, which are irregular in form. The main body of the fortress is of considerable extent, surrounded by batteries, and with excellent quarters for the garrison; and there are strong flanking works facing the sea. On that side the rocks are very precipitous, bearing some resemblance to Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine, opposite Coblenz. From the summit of Monjuich there is an extensive view of the Mediterranean and the harbour and town of Barcelona, with its environs, which are very beautiful. All round the city are gardens and vineyards, many of which are kept fresh by irrigation; picturesque villages and country-houses are scattered over the plain, which is well wooded; and, at a few miles' distance, the horizon is bounded by a chain of precipitous mountains. A village called La Grazia, with the Elysian Fields in its neighbourhood, is much admired.

About the close of the twelfth century Catalonia was annexed to the crown of Aragon as a separate principality, with its own laws and usages. In the palace of the Audiencia, at Barcelona, are preserved the archives of the ancient kingdom of Aragon, with the original crown worn by the king, which we had no opportunity of examining, though Mellado assures us it is the most ancient, complete, and well-appointed crown known in Europe. Bold and proud were the nobles of Aragon, as the form of their oath of allegiance to the king shows: "We, every

one of whom is as good as you, and, when we are united, are more powerful than you, swear allegiance to you as our king, if you respect our privileges; *but not, if you do not.*"\*

A Spanish steamer conveyed us from Barcelona to Marseilles, after a pleasant voyage of about twenty-one hours. During the day we skirted the coast of Catalonia, crossed the Gulf of Lyons, with a favourable breeze, in the night, and, about six o'clock next morning, found ourselves safely moored in La Joliette, the outer harbour of Marseilles, where a French transport had just arrived with troops from Italy. We paused a few minutes on the quay till we saw three wounded officers landed. One had lost a leg, another was lame and walked with crutches, and the third had his arm bandaged in a sling. All three were fine-looking men, in the prime of life, and they were received with much sympathy by their countrymen.

We quitted the Peninsula with a feeling of regard for the people, and a strong impression of the immense resources of the country; and we are satisfied that nothing is wanted but a peaceful policy and a good stable government to enable Spain ere long to resume, if not the place she long occupied, at least an honourable position among the first-rate powers of Europe. Unfortunately, Spain is now engaged in war against Morocco, and her political writers do not affect to disguise that the object of the government is to achieve military conquests on the north coast of Africa. This is much to be deplored. Already the tidings from the seat of war acquaint us with the courage of the Moors and the obstacles of every kind which the Spanish army has to encounter. And, even supposing Spain should by superior discipline and force of arms gain an accession of territory on the coast of Morocco, this would avail her little, as she could not expect to maintain possession of her conquests without keeping up a strong military force, involving a large expenditure of money, which her already overburdened exchequer can very ill afford. Peace, not war, is the true policy of Spain. Instead of seeking territorial aggrandisement abroad, let her develop her resources at home by forming roads and railways, introducing useful machinery and new implements of husbandry, extending her shipping and maritime trade, and improving her industry, manufactures, and commerce, so as to raise her to the level of other European states; and, if she pursues that rational course, she will probably find, to her happy experience, that she is still destined to play an important part in the world's history, and that "Peace has its victories no less renowned than War."

\* Sempire: *Historia del Derecho Español*, p. 377.

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## HOW ONE FIRE LIT ANOTHER;

OR,

## THE MISCHIEF DONE BY MY PHOTOGRAPH.

BY OUIDA.

I.

ROYSTON TREVELYAN.

WE had been up the Mer de Glace that afternoon, stretching our legs over the ice plains, leaping the crevasses, and broiled like a salmon over a Highland fire in the scorching ride homeward; but now we had got cool, and calm, and comfortable again, as we sat smoking and drinking, and doing the *dolce* in the window of an hotel in Chamounix, on the evening of the 19th July, 1855.

I belong to Lincoln's Inn, if you wish to know, where *I* hang out, keep a boy as sharp as a needle, and a constant supply of French novels and Brighton Tipper, but never can manage to find any brief that will keep *me*; so, having a fancy to do Switzerland once more, I had nothing to retard me, and armed with a passport, a wide-awake, photographic implements, and innumerable bottles, with which I had ruined my hands, iron-moulded one dozen Corazzas irrecoverably, and yet could not prevail on myself to leave behind me, set out forthwith. At Duomo d'Ossoli I fell in with the man I like the best of anybody going, Royston Trevelyan, and we came on together with the fellow he was travelling with, Popham, Lord Freshlacquer's son; and in the window at Chamounix sat these "spirits twain" with me. They are about as unlike as a sturdy rough shooting pony is unlike a Derby winner in high condition, Pop being a short, square, little chap about eighteen, with red whiskers and merry eyes, who, well mounted, will, however, look all over like going, and finds his mission lie in the open rather than the drawing-room. Trevelyan, *au contraire*—though I can witness that his strong muscles tell in a slashing stroke through a heavy swell, a firm hand on the ribbons, and a hit from the straightening of his left arm calculated to send down a man like an ox—is graceful and well knit rather than herculean or robust, and his face—Well, if you had seen its proud regular features, *veloutés* eyes, and beautiful mouth, it would probably have haunted you, mademoiselle, as, one way or another, it has haunted a good many.

"Horrid slow place, ain't it?" growled little Pop, obscuring himself in smoke.

"No, I like that old fellow," answered Trevelyan, indicating Mont Blanc with his pipe-stem. "Look at him now, with the sunset glow on him! Glorious, by George! better than a drop scene, or a race-course, or the Cremorne lamps to look at."

Pop made me a wry face.

"Hum! Well, give me a two-year-old, with his body clothing off,

and Frank Butler on his back, against all the old piles of snow that ever provoked one to break one's neck climbing up 'em; and as for the sunset—what d'ye call it—I vow the glow on 'Eudoxie's cheek, though it is rouge, is ten times prettier."

Trevelyan smiled quizzically and contemptuously.

"You're new to your game, Pop. By-and-by you'll find it so tame and stale, like pheasant-shooting with birds that come down of their own accord to be shot, that you'll be glad to come out into the woods and hills for a little bit of nature. One may look so long at the gas flowers of Mabelle that one is glad to take a turn at the Alpine clochettes for a change."

"Eh?" said Pop, slightly bewildered. "Do you mean you'd rather gather a handful of those weeds than have a turn at that divine *Closerie des Lilas*?"

"When I am bored by the *Closerie des Lilas*—yes."

"Hum!" meditated Pop. "Well, I was never bored in Paris, and *am* bored here; horribly bored, I confess!"

Trevelyan shrugged his shoulders.

"Sorry for you, *mon cher*. Stars are holes in the sky to Hodge, and living worlds to Herschel. If you weren't born with any perception of nature, I suppose you can't help yourself?"

"No, and don't want."

"What a merciful provision, isn't it, Temple," laughed Trevelyan, "that young cubs like this, created blind and deaf, don't pine their lives out for other people's eye-glasses and oral nerves?"

"Don't poke fun at a fellow," growled Pop. "You've a big brain-box, and shouldn't sneer at a man who hasn't."

"I brains! My dear boy, you're quite wrong, I assure you. I might have had, perhaps, if I'd gone on working them when I left Cambridge, but they're all run to seed now—smoked away in Cavendish and fuddled away in your favourite *Chaumière*, and driven away by wandering up and down the earth, and walking to and fro on it."

"How is it, then," said I, "if a fellow wants to know anything—if it's about a place in the Antipodes, the best recipe to brown a gun or waterproof his boots, the last news by the telegraph or the latest start in science, the newest fly for trolling or the best view of politics—you have it all at your fingers' ends, and can tell him no end about any of them?"

"Nonsense!" said Trevelyan. "I go about with my eyes open, of course, and pick up a smattering here and there; but it's much like what the old French *chiffonniers* pick up in their rag-baskets—worthless bits of glass and straw and dirty rubbish out of all the puddles, and very seldom a Nap or so with the true ring about it. Look out on your own account, both of you, and you won't think much of my collection. The magicians were very great guns to poor Pharaoh, but now we have Houdin and Frikell, they don't greatly impose upon us."

"Confound you! Royston. Why will you always run yourself down?" I said.

"I don't run myself down. I only speak the truth, and I want Pop there not to bow in that idiotic way before a gingerbread god. If he go and deify me, he'll come to a large amount of grief."

"What are those lines," began Pop, diving into the recesses of his memory as a landlord dives into his lower cellars for the '15 port when



he finds you too wide awake to swallow South African. "I turned 'em into Greek hexameters, I know, at Eton—at least, that young devil Brigham did for me. I don't know whose they are—Tennyson's, I fancy:

Knowledge is humble——

no, that ain't it:

Knowledge is proud——

ah! that's the ticket——

Knowledge is proud that she has learnt no more,  
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more.

That suits Trevelyan, don't it, Temple?"

"Me?" cried Trevelyan, laughing. "Thank you, old fellow, but I'm afraid I can't lay more claim to wisdom than a *passée* beauty to naïve simplicity. But, for mercy's sake, you young Goth, don't go giving the credit of those lines to Tennyson. He couldn't pen anything so sensible to save his life, though, while he smokes his darling tobacco, he can turn on love and bosh like Imperial gas, at so much per foot; and a very good trade he makes of it, too, half the world being spoonneys, whom he saves the trouble of writing their love-letters, and the other half, fools, who always join in crowning Aristides or in ostracising him, whichever chance to be the fashion."

"Who did write 'em, then?" asked Pop.

"A man who compressed more meaning and more wit into one of his polished periods than our poets run mad can get into quarto volumes of their maundering sentimentalities or meaningless satires. They talk of the Temple of the Ideal; I take it the Muses got better served in the grotto at Twickenham."

"The Star and Garter, you mean," interrupted Pop, who was half listening and half absorbed in settling his pipe. "Of course, they wait on you well there, and prettily they make you pay for it, too; but that's at Richmond, not Twickenham. Come, old boy, I've caught *you* tripping now. What are you two fellows laughing at?"

"Nothing," said I; "only you *are* the greatest goose, my boy, that ever wore a coronet."

"*Mais quelle latitude énorme!*" quoted Trevelyan.

"I'm wide awake enough in some things," protested Pop; "I should like to see the man who'd do me with a bit of horseflesh; and as for dogs, there's not a better judge of a young pup than I am."

"Your own species, *mon enfant*," said Trevelyan.

"Get out," growled Pop; "you always make game of a fellow—never was such a hard hitter. However, I don't care; if I haven't brains, I shall have forty thousand a year, and people will make believe I'm a Solon."

"A Solon goose, then," laughed Trevelyan. "Ah, there come those fellows. Lascelles looks seedy; he's soon done up."

The two fellows alluded to were two acquaintances of Trevelyan's we had lighted on the day before; one of them, Oakes, a man with a thousand or so a year, which all went in supposititious early masters—*very* early ones indeed, done out of all drawing, and admirably smoked

by young Giottos, of Poland-street—he having the misfortune to be bitten by pre-Raphaelitism; and the other, Lascelles, a tolerably rich fellow also, who always lived abroad, having a nice villa at Florence, and was much set upon by young ladies in consequence, but affected nil admirari-ism, and took none of them. He was good-looking—with the exception of an intolerably hooked nose—and well informed, but, somehow or other, I never could like him; at football, I remember, he invariably had his shins so kicked that he was laid up for a fortnight.

“Well,” said he, as they came through the window and sat down with us, “I’ve been thinking we were great donkeys to go up that snow hill only just to come down again. We’ve done it all before, and it was so confoundedly hot.”

“I don’t think so,” said Trevelyan; “it’s always good to stretch one’s muscles, and those guides are such plucky fellows! the best men I’ve seen for a long time.”

“It’s their trade,” answered Lascelles; “we pay them for it.”

“But every man doesn’t do what he’s paid for, or your uncle, Lascelles, would not pocket fourteen hundred a year in tithes, and keep abroad for his health nine months out of the twelve. However, his parish may benefit by that, so I won’t sit in judgment. By George!” cried Trevelyan, “look there! there’s the girl you fell in love with at the Cascade des Pêlerins, Pop. Look! the other side of the street.”

“Ain’t she a little dear!” cried Pop, enthusiastically; “so neat about the pasterns—stands up so clean!”

“She’d look nice properly dressed,” observed Oakes, critically; “take away that crinoline, and give some long blue flowing robe.”

“That would make her look like a broomstick with clothes on by accident,” said Trevelyan; “perhaps you’d like to redden her hair whilst you’re about it, Oakes?”

“Too petite—nothing much in her,” sneered Lascelles, who loved to find spots on the sun.

“Deuced good walk, though, and nice complexion,” went on the more material Pop. “Just the right size. I never like ’em more than fifteen hands high—I mean—confound it, what *do* I mean?—Trevelyan, what’s the right height for a woman?”

“Opinions differ, my dear boy; one man likes one thing, one another. It depends, too, on the rôle you want her to play, whether it’s the stately, dignified Venus Victrix, to keep her lovers in subjection and henpeck her husband, or whether to go in for the Dickens’s Dora stakes, to play with us as a kitten plays with a ball of cotton, always mischievous, and always unpunished.”

“Which is your style?”

“Oh, the last. I should hate a wife whom I should have to keep like a Parian statuette under a glass-case, and only touch respectfully with a feather-duster. I should like somebody not above talking nonsense and being petted, but with head and pluck of her own nevertheless. Give me a butterfly in the sunshine against the handsomest iceberg going.” And Trevelyan lifted his glass at the one under disquisition, who had nothing of the iceberg about her as she walked along, as if she enjoyed herself, and wished all the world to do the same.

Trevelyan beckoned a Swiss to him.

"Philippe, dites-moi qui est cette jeune demoiselle, qui se promène là-bas avec le vieux monsieur."

"Ils zont M'sieu et Ma'amselle Luard," responded Philippe, in his vile patois, "v'nus par vetturino de St. Géant il y a deux jours, milor."

"Est-elle dong ce maison?" asked Pop.

"Si, M'sieu."

"Philippe," laughed Trevelyan, "je n'ai point de titre. C'est ce monsieur-ci qui est milor."

"Est-ce possible?" cried Philippe, naively. "Mais c'est vous, M'sieu, qui a l'air de milor."

Pop screamed with laughter.

"Bravo, Philippe, you're a discerning individual, though you have lived up in these blessed mountains all your days. Tip me the Caven-dish. Donnez-moi le baccy. Grazia. I say, how confoundedly tired I am. Ain't you? I shall just finish this pipe and turn in."

We were all done up, and turned in early, there being no lansquenets, Cremorne, ballet, or oyster supper, not even the ghost of milk punch, or the shadow of a pack of cards to keep us awake, only the stars coming out over the high white peaks and low Alpine valley, which none of us cared to see except Trevelyan, who walked up and down the little wooden bridge over the Arve for half an hour to enjoy them or his pipe in peace.

Philippe was quite right that "milor" suited Trevelyan much better than Pop, insomuch as the one was a gentleman in birth, manners, and mind, while the other never was a gentleman, and never could be, and graced it not at all.

Trevelyan was a physician—none of your Edinburgh, Aberdeen, or 101. German diploma men, but a graduate of Trinity, and a regular Cambridge and London *bonâ fide* M.D. Very clever he was; yet not clever enough to go quietly with the tide, humour people's prejudices, and humbug them with homœopathy; not patient enough, moreover, for the steady climb through long years of hospital practice and self-mortification that lead a London physician to the top of the hill. He was rather addicted to roaming, too; and as patients are not overpleased at finding their practitioner gone off to Rome, or Baden, or Norway, at all sorts of irregular seasons, Royston, having some small means of his own, had not tied himself down anywhere to turn his splendid intellectual powers into tin, but lived here and there at his will. Just now, the Earl of Freshlacquers, who had been an old friend of his father's, was giving him a good lot of tin to act as bear-leader to his only son. A stronger young Antæus than sturdy, red-haired, open-hearted, wooden-headed little Pop never breathed, but Freshlacquers, trembling over the heir to his Brummagem coronet as an old hen over a duck she has reared when she sees it go into the water, always rode as his pet hobby that Pop's lungs were affected, and on Pop's leaving Eton begged and prayed Trevelyan to watch assiduously over his scion's body and soul. Trevelyan was happy to make the tin—he was rather fond of Pop, too, in a way, enjoying his freshness and zest for pleasure—Freshlacquers was delighted to get a thorough-bred man of talent to lick his rough cub into shape; so Royston acquiesced, only stipulating that he might give the boy his swing, to which the Earl, who had unbounded respect for his opinion, consenting, the boy had his swing, and uncom-monly enjoyed it too, though whether petits-verres, the bouquet of

Lafitte, suppers in cabinets particuliers, &c. &c., are approved recipes for health, I cannot say. I fell in with these two, as I told you, at Duomo d'Ossoli, and delighted I was, for if I *do* love any man it is Royston, and we naturally went on together. He's a capital companion at home or abroad; at a tête-à-tête dinner with him in his own rooms, or at a table d'hôte at the Bads, I must say he's delightful; and though he is occasionally restless and dissatisfied, and given to the mood of that keensighted man Solomon the Preacher, he was enjoying himself just now, throwing himself into the physical exertion with no end of verve, and enjoying the free, untrammelled, wandering life under the blue skies of the god of his idolatry—Nature.

## II.

FLORESTINE LUARD.

"THE hotel's on fire! the hotel's on fire!" Not pleasant words, ami lecteur, to startle you out of your slumbers, particularly when you are dead beat, and feel nothing in the world would make you get up short of the advent of a Venus Aphrodite out of the Arve.

I sprang out of bed, confounding everything and everybody, to find Chamounix on fire, and our hotel too. I rushed into Trevelyan's room and found him up, with little Pop; the one looking cool and calm, the other curiously attired, and helplessly sleepy.

"What the devil *are* you doing, Royston?" said I. "Don't you know the hotel's on fire? Packing butterflies, as I live! Well, that is a rum idea, when everybody else is running for his life."

"If everybody else is a fool, that's no reason why I should be one too," laughed Trevelyan, putting up his moths and butterflies carefully. "Look! we are all right; my windows open on the garden. Let's carry the trunks out there, and then we'll go and help the poor wretches."

Badly enough the poor wretches wanted help, being utterly incapable themselves of any sane or rational action. 'Pon my life, when we got outside, and found ourselves in the midst of the row, our first impulse was to laugh. To an Englishman, it was so *very* queer to see those unlucky Swiss flinging themselves on their knees, and crying, and sobbing, instead of trying to put the fire out. Who that was at Chamounix that day forgets how the little nest under the shelter of Mont Blanc was licked up by piles of wood and shops, the flames that hissed down to the edge of the Arve, and leaped over the low roofs, how the peasants wrung their hands, and the curés moaned and sighed, and the English tourists worked the one little hand-engine, passed the water, cleared out the furniture, and did all the good that was to be done in that luckless little Alpine village? I wish you had all seen Trevelyan that day; 'pon my word he was grand! He was everywhere, stirring up the Swiss, setting the muleteers and guides to work, giving the priests a good shake, and passing the tubs and buckets, flinging the water with all his might, loading himself with everything he could happen upon, carrying chairs, tables, and crockery, swearing at the peasants, and laughing all the while, as he fused his own energy into all the others round him.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" moaned Philippe, on his knees, "nous va mourir!"

Trevelyan gave him a kick. "Get up, you fool! God helps those who help themselves."

A curé was lifting his eyes to heaven, spilling the water on the ground in an ecstasy of prayer. Royston shook him by the arm. "Work—pass the water—don't sing psalms; that water's worth more than your words."

On went the fire, and on he worked, the life and soul of us all, doing more in five minutes with his quick wit and unerring strength than all those poor devils did in an hour, crying and sobbing while their houses were burning down. Suddenly he swung round: "By Jove! where's that little girl Luard? I haven't seen her anywhere; have you?"

Nobody had seen either her or her father among the crowd, and Philippe threw himself on the ground, tearing his hair out in handfuls:

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! je les ai oubliés. Scélérat! meurtrier! Pourquoi vivez-vous?"

"Why, indeed, since you're no more use than a block of stone?" said Trevelyan, wrathfully. "Where do they sleep?"

"Numéros 2 et 4," sobbed Philippe. Before we could stop him, Trevelyan had rushed up the smoking, creaking staircase, charred and rotten, and perilous to the last degree. Pop dashed after him, so did I; but he pushed us down.

"Back, back, I say. Take care of that boy, Temple; his life's of value."

Away he went again, to his own imminent peril; then we lost him in the smoke, and I give you my word, sir, my heart beat fast, like a woman's, and I'd have seen all Chamounix go to the inferno cheerfully rather than a hair of his head should have been injured, dear old fellow! The Swiss looked after him with open eyes and mouths. I believe the prevalent idea was that he was some heaven-sent St. Michael or other, and Pop grasped my arm in tremulous excitement.

"By Jupiter! if anything happen to him I'll kill them, every man Jack of 'em, dirty goitred brutes! Bravo, here he comes! If he isn't a brick, nobody ever was!"

Come he did back again down the smoking, splitting staircase, with a girl in his arms wrapped up in a blanket, and an old gentleman hastily enveloped in a voluptuous dressing-gown following them, looking decidedly astonished, and considerably peevish. A blanket is not an embellishing toilette, but nevertheless Trevelyan, I believe, liked the look of his charge, with her pale face, and her hair streaming over her shoulders, a good deal better than of many women he'd seen got up in tulle illusion and jewellery. She was clean gone in a faint; so Trevelyan carried her to the hotel across the Arve, bestowed some of his skill on her, waited till he saw the colour coming into her cheeks, and her eyelids trembling, and then, very self-denyingly, I thought, left her in the care of one of the lady tourists, with a brief "She'll do now," and set to work again with the fire brigade, and to such purpose that, as everybody knows, even if Albert Smith has not told him, the great fire of Chamounix was out and over by mid-day.

All Chamounix blessed Trevelyan, not only for the help in getting the fire under, and the infusion of some degree of sanity among them, but for the preservation of their luckless chairs, and tables, and crockery, which the mountaineers couldn't have replaced in a hurry; and were ready to prostrate themselves at his feet and worship him as their tutelary

saint. A questionable honour, since, as he remarked, those beatified gentlemen had not had the best reputation on earth, and had bought their canonisation cheaply, as saints have a knack of doing even to this day.

I dare say the thanks that pleased him most were Florestine Luard's, who, catching sight of him when the fire was over, and she, having cast her blanket, had come out in something light blue, and very becoming, sprang towards him, seized hold of his hand, and thanked him for saving her life, with the most tremendous eloquence in her words, looks, and eyes. Trevelyan looked down on her with his smile, that is like sunshine when it comes. "Indeed, you have nothing to thank me for; any one of my friends would have been delighted to have done the same."

"But I should have died without you!"

He smiled again. "Well, you were rather near being scorched, perhaps; but I assure you there was nothing in my simply mounting a staircase to require your gratitude, though you more than repay me by it."

"And it will not be less because you lay so little claim to it," said Florestine, very earnestly. "I see you do not like to be thanked, but you must let me say what I feel for papa and myself."

At that juncture "papa" came up—a very gentlemanlike individual, who had evidently been a beau, and was now a philosopher—and who thanked Trevelyan as if he was thanking a man for a present of game, or an invitation to shoot over a manor, as they exchanged cards. "Very much obliged to you, indeed, Mr.—Mr. Trevelyan. It was very good of you to remember us, and I am deeply indebted to you for rescuing my daughter so promptly. Trevelyan! Are you any relation to the Trevelyans of Cornwall?"

"John Trevelyan of Chetwoode was my father's brother," said Royston.

"Indeed! I know him intimately. I shot over Chetwoode last October. I am very glad to find a relative of his in our brave deliverer. I hope we shall see more of each other. Dine with me to-night, Mr. Trevelyan, and you too, Mr. Temple—at least, if one can get any dinner to-day in this miserable place. I always bring a few civilised edibles into these outer barbarian holes, or one would be quite famished. Florestine says she likes strawberries and goat's milk, but I must say I prefer ortolans and hock. By the way, how rarely one finds an ortolan that is not a lark! Au revoir, monsieur; you will find us migrated to the other side of the water. Your friend will come with you. What should we have done if all the hotels had been burnt?"

Away went Mr. Luard, as young at seventy as if he had been forty; and Lascelles (who, being domiciled in the aforesaid hotel on the safe side of the water, had contented himself with leaning out of his window with his pipe in his mouth, and looking on at the fire) lounged up to us.

"I congratulate you, Trevelyan. You've played an interesting rôle, and made a pleasant acquaintance. Uncommon lucky, 'pon my life!"

"I say, Trevelyan," interrupted little Pop, who had singed off a quarter of his red whiskers, and looked, being unwashed, more like a bit of charred wood than an Englishman—"I say, ain't it jolly? I *do* like that girl immensely!"

"I wish Millais had seen her before he'd painted 'The Rescue,'" said Oakes.

"I don't," said Royston. "He'd have given her carrot hair and a

large mouth to a certainty. He can't help himself—he's no idea of a pretty woman."

"I don't admire her much," sneered Lascelles; "she's so shockingly demonstrative—so much *effusion*. No well-bred lady——"

"Well-bred fiddlestick!" interrupted Pop, contemptuously. "When you've saved a girl's life, the least she can do is to thank you warmly. Hang it! I hate a woman who'd give you a bow, and wait to speak to you till etiquette allowed her."

"Lascelles would excuse himself from saving a drowning man on the Frenchman's plea, 'Never been introduced,'" laughed Trevelyan.

"Why was she gone so white?" asked Pop, still intent on one subject.

"The smoke was on her chest. In another minute or two she'd have been suffocated."

"Didn't she look charming asleep?"

"My dear boy, I can't go in for all your ecstasies. I never get the steam up so strong—it wastes coals for nothing. With you, I like the look of her, but she owes much more to expression than feature. Lascelles here would adore her father. When I woke him up, he only said, 'A fire? How annoying! If you would wake Miss Luard, I will rise and dress. I am sorry to give you so much trouble.' He's a very courteous old fellow, but decidedly of Lascelles's quiescent school, wrapping his dressing-gown round him, and letting others go to the devil as they please. Well, I think I'll go and wash my hands. May I use your room, Oakes? Won't you come, Pop? You look uncommonly like an energetic chimney-sweep done in sepia. Temple should take us all just as we are now, Lascelles representing the only clean and philosophic man among us, who refused to scorch his fingers at other people's fires."

Trevelyan and I washed and redressed ourselves, and went to dine with Mr. Luard, the only man probably who thought of a dinner-party at Chamounix that day.

We found them in one of the long, low rooms, with such delicacies as Luard's gourmet foresight had induced him to bring to Chamounix, and Miss Florestine standing in the window, very daintily got up for a young lady out touring. She was not beautiful, or anything of that, but she had a thorough-bred look about her, and something brilliant and *séduisant* in her manners and appearance; there was a radiance in her eyes, a smile on her mignonne mouth, and an intellectuality in her face that made her very attractive, after the three classes of bread-and-butter misses, artificial coquettes, and domestic drudges, into which women seem divided. She was the youngest of the family; her sisters were married, and her father, who had not much money, and spent what he had on himself, lived here and there—six months in Rome, nine in Paris, three in Baden, and so on—as the fancy took him. He was kind to his daughter, but cared no more for her than the chamois on the hills, being an agreeable *laissez-aller*, profoundly selfish old gentleman, with his affections centred on Steinberg, écarté, and himself.

"Will you have a game, Mr. Temple?" said he, after our impromptu dinner. "I always bring a couple of packs with me into these out-of-the-world places, so that if I meet with any rational man, we can have a little quiet play."

A little quiet play we did have, at a couple of Naps. a side, while Trevelyan and Florestine chatted and laughed, agreed and disputed, as they had done greatly, it seemed, to their own delectation throughout dinner.

"Look at these dear little Alp roses," said Florestine, showing him some flowers, "and these pretty clochettes: I'm so fond of that name, I always fancy they are the fairies' marriage bells. Don't you? How much of life's best poetry people lose who never stop in their hurry-scurry through the world to look at such wayside beauties as these."

Trevelyan smiled. "Look at the other side of the picture; think what a great deal of land is wasted by your idolised mountains. If the Arve were turning water-wheels, and the Eau Noire feeding machinery, and factory chimneys rearing their heads among the pines, and the Savoyards prosaic and clean, instead of picturesque and poverty-stricken——"

"Oh, taisez-vous!" cried Florestine, horrified. "You are talking like those dreadful utilitarians, who would take a rainbow if they could get at it to cut into ribbons; look at the grandest old forest only with a view to timber; gather a darling crocus only with a view to veratrine; and see in the fairest spray of seaweed only so many atoms of iodine."

"But if you had a goitred throat, which Heaven forbid, you would be very glad of iodine," laughed Royston, highly amused with her impetuosity. "If your papa has the gout, you'll find it fortunate that the crocus grows for something besides looking pretty; and, as to timber—though you may find it very romantic—I fancy you would be the first to be uncomfortable in a wigwam or a warry, and would soon ask us for a good sound house of unromantic Norwegian timber."

"But I am so fond of pretty things," said Florestine, plaintively; and your utilitarians would take them all away. Of what use, in a business point of view, is a Raphael 'Madonna,' a 'Greek Slave,' a Beethoven sonata? yet a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, and the world would be a hopelessly dreary desert without them."

"But where would be your Madonna, and statue, and sonata without those very practical things to start them—pigments and canvas for the painting; clay and chisel for the statuary; wood and iron, and coarse workmen's hands, to produce the music? You cannot get your things of beauty without some very prosaic aid."

"Well, perhaps not; only, if all the roads are macadamised, we shall have no delicious bridle-paths, with hawthorns and violet banks, and the world will be like one giant military map. Make the straight Roman road of life for commercial travellers, but leave a few forest lanes for artists, and anglers, and poets——"

"And enthusiasts."

She looked up, laughing. "Oh, yes; I am an enthusiast. So are you, I dare say, though you wouldn't acknowledge it!"

"I?" cried Trevelyan; "the last man in the world. I have seen everything too closely to have any glamour left about any subject. One pays too dear for that sort of indulgence not to soon try and lose the habit."

"But I would rather pay for a thing than not enjoy it," said epicurean Florestine. "I remember, when I was a child, having some strawberries given me, and, like a prudent child, was going to save the



large ones for the last, but papa recommended me to take the best the first, for fear an earthquake might come and I should never finish my plateful. The argument struck me, and I acted on it; so I do now enjoy the present, *adviennne que pourra!*"

"I don't agree with you," laughed Trevelyan. "I would make my strawberries into jam, and enjoy them all the year round."

"Possibly, but then if they turned bad and fermented?"

"They wouldn't ferment if they were properly made."

"But, perhaps, just as you were going to eat your jam your teeth might decay, and sweet things be *défendues*, and then how you would wish you had eaten your strawberries while you could enjoy them."

"I shall never have any strawberries to enjoy," smiled Trevelyan, "so I shall not have the option."

"Not? Why?" asked Florestine, quickly.

"Because the goods the gods give only go where there's money enough to buy them. Happiness, you know, Miss Luard, may stay with you as long as you have a cheque-book, but if you overdraw your balance, happiness goes out of the window."

"Yet," persisted Florestine, "it was a shrewd man of the world—a man who, like you, had seen all there was to be seen, and done all there was to be done—who wrote, 'Better one handful with quietness than two handfuls with travail and vexation of spirit.'"

He laughed. "Solomon was no judge. He had everything he wanted. Lying on rose-leaves, it is very easy to recommend others straw and philosophy."

"But do you think Solomon's life was all rose-leaves?"

"I'm sure I can't say. When I know so little the real opinions and feelings of men whom I see daily, and walk arm-in-arm with, I should be very sorry to judge of an individual who dates back thousands of years."

"But judging him by yourself? Human nature is alike all over the world; the same identical thing, whether it has a Roman toga over it or an English dress-coat; whether it's dyed with woad or wrapped in seal-skin."

"Well, judging him by myself," laughed Trevelyan, "I should say he saw plenty of life, and got rather sick of what he did see; that he was very much like Rochefoucauld, and, judging in courts and camps, love and war, found a good deal to satirise, and very little to respect; few actions to bear scrutiny, and no motives unmixed; and, like a sensible fellow, did not let his knowledge of the trick of the kaleidoscope spoil his pleasure in its pictures, but knowing how to manage the little bits of glass and burnt cork that others took for jewels, shook them up for his own amusement, and smiled at the way he bamboozled them."

"You are keen-sighted," said Florestine, looking earnestly at him. "I am glad of that, for I would rather be judged by Machiavelli than Moses Primrose; the profound reader of character knows the true from the affected, as an analytical chemist can tell you real ore at a glance. But I am not sure but what you are too sceptical."

"Too sceptical? I don't think that is possible; as Emerson says: 'Who shall forbid a wise scepticism, seeing that on no subject can anything like even an approximate solution be formed.'"

"On no subject; very true. All subjects are open to discussion, and the belief of one man is as worthy a hearing as another's. There is nothing so likely to bring Truth out of her well as to hear above ground the struggle of the gladiators in the arena of argument. But there is such a thing as being too sceptical in your judgment of people, both for your own peace and their desert."

"L'on triche et l'on est triché," smiled Trevelyan. "In a world where, from the popular preacher who makes a clap-trap of his morality, to the beggar who smears himself with mercurial ointment to excite compassion—from the cabinet minister who prates of 'The People' and only manœuvres for his party, to the London tradesmen who pay those employés the highest who cheat with the best sleight of hand—trickery goes on wheel within wheel from morning to night. I think the best way to get peace for oneself is to grow so used to the chicory that one doesn't relish pure coffee; and the greatest right one can accord to one's neighbour is to let him cheat on unmolested."

"But you do not join him in doing it?"

"Perhaps my talent does not lie that way, else I might be tempted. If I had had the tact to chime in with falsehoods, to flatter folly, to agree where I disagreed, to say 'Quite right, my dear sir,' to old Hahneman's theory of physis, and sigh, 'Quite true, my dear madam,' at my patient's Dorcas meetings, go with the tide, and oil my tongue, and suppress my opinions, I might now be in Saville-row making my 2000*l.* a year, driving my brougham, and drinking my claret——"

"I would rather—I would ten times rather," burst in Florestine, vehemently, "make 500*l.*, take a Hansom occasionally, drink A.K., and speak the truth."

"I have thought so," smiled Trevelyan; "or, at least, as I say, my talent didn't lie the other way."

She looked up in his face and laughed. "You are true steel, then why will you not allow anybody else to be so?"

"Perhaps I may; if I fight some time with them and they don't break."

Florestine shook her head impatiently.

"Who would feel complimented by that? You should know a good sword when you look at one."

"No," persisted Trevelyan, "because I might be misled by a little gilt chasing on it, and find it as brittle as glass; but if I bend it across my knee, there can't be a mistake."

"If you put it to such a test, you deserve to have it fly out of your hands."

"But, if it were a good one, it would come back again, as Excalibur rose from the water."

"But Excalibur sank at last, monsieur."

"Florestine!" said Mr. Luard, "you are talking Mr. Trevelyan deaf. Make me some more sherbet, please. Nice inventions, those gazogenes, are they not, Mr. Temple?"

They might be nice inventions; but I dare say Royston wished the gazogene and the old gentleman alike at the devil.

## III.

## OUR LITTLE QUEEN FORMS HER HOUSEHOLD.

"I SAY, Royston," said Pop the next morning, "you say they're going to Martigny to-day—why shouldn't we go too? I'm sick to death of this place—eh?"

The arrangement seemed not such a bad one as were most offsprings of Pop's brain, and go to Martigny we did. As the Luards' calèche set off we followed on our mules, and introduced Lascelles and Oakes to Miss Florestine and her father, who, loving society, rejoiced in the rencontre, and possibly, having an eye to business, thought it not a bad thing to join in with five men, one of whom had a prospective coronet. A queer little figure the prospective coronet looked, perched on the extreme end of his mule, after the habit of costermongers, and habited in a little monkey-jacket and straw hat, with his calcined whiskers under it; and I could not wonder Florestine found Royston, who went round the ledges to get her flowers as if he were a guide born, and would have looked high-bred if you had dressed him like a peasant, the more attractive of the two. We had a pleasant journey into Martigny that day—so pleasant, that when we were all sitting under the trees among the roses at the Hôtel de la Tour (with, by the way, the only nice-looking young woman I had seen about here waiting on us), we agreed, over our strawberries and cream, Luard proposing, and Pop violently seconding, that we should all go on together to Interlachen, doing the thing leisurely, anybody free to desert the company and go off by himself whenever he chose.

"Then I am the queen of the party," cried Florestine. "I shall expect you all to do exactly what I tell you. Let me see. Papa shall be commissary-general and caterer for the forces, and Mr. Temple shall be photographer to her majesty, but bound over not to take her, as all his likenesses look very much like wooden dolls staring fiercely through a cloud of brown smoke."

"And what am I?" cried Pop.

"Master of the horse—I mean the mules; and woe be to you if mine does not go well."

"And I?" asked Oakes.

"Artist and cornet-player; bound to give all your sketches to the queen, and to play on Lake Lemman whenever we come to it."

"Don't make me anything, Miss Luard, but your equerry in waiting," said Lascelles. "I'd die to serve you, but I won't stir a step for anybody else."

"You shall have nothing at all to do, Mr. Lascelles," rejoined Florestine; "for you take so much care of yourself that I am sure you have no time to spare."

"And what's Royston to be?" said I, when the laugh at Lascelles's expense, in which he, like a wise man, joined, was over.

"Perhaps he doesn't care to join the household?" she said, with a quick glance at him.

He smiled at the pique of her tone.

"I think I had better be guide in general, if Miss Luard is not to kill herself down a crevasse, as she was nearly doing the other morning."

"Well! I wanted to see what was below—woman's curiosity, you know. You shall be guide, and you shall be prime minister, too, and naturalist, and conversationalist, and——"

"Stop, stop!" cried Trevelyan. "You'll give me too much to do. I've heard that queens are apt to grow exigeantes."

"Shall we all take a vow," began Lascelles, "like the Hungarian 'Moriatur pro rege nostro'?"

"'Rege' is king, and 'regina' is queen. Come, I know Latin better than that," said poor little Pop.

"If you know Latin so well, it's a pity you don't know history better," sneered Lascelles.

"If Pop's neglected his head, he's cultivated his heart, any way; you've done just the reverse, Lascelles," said Royston, sharply. "I dare say the Chamounists gave him the preference when he was singeing his whiskers to help them, and you were (very philosophically, I admit) looking on, with your cigar in your mouth."

"Heart! my dear fellow," fawned Lascelles; "didn't know you went in for that line—thought you called it all bosh."

"I call the pretence of it bosh, as I call the assumption of superiority conceit."

Lascelles gave him a glance with his eyes as if he would have liked to pay him for it; but it was not very easy to shut Royston up, either by words or blows—he was too good a holder of the belt in both matches.

Those were jolly days we spent touring about there. Royston and I had enjoyed ourselves when we had done the "grand" some dozen years before, during the "Long;" but, on my life, I think we enjoyed this a good deal more, especially as we sent Murray to the deuce, and loitered *en route* as we chose. Luard was a capital companion, a *bon viveur*, full of laughable stories, and our Queen ruled her subjects so merrily, was so lenient to tobacco, and so full of fun, that she might have been a young Cantab or cornet for any young-ladyish trouble that she caused us. She was clever, witty, and always a lady (I cannot endure your brusque women who talk slang, and fancy a bad imitation of us the likeliest way to attract us), graceful and kittenish to those she liked, haughty and satirical on occasion to those she did not. Pop went mad about her—a regular case of raving madness, after two days—to Royston's infinite amusement. Lascelles flattered her softly (when he was not cut short), and ceased speaking sneeringly of her behind her back. Oakes only resisted her because her hair was not the correct pre-Raphaelite red hue; and Trevelyan laughed at and with her, went after her constantly, took care of her, argued with her, took her to task, just as he pleased, and as nobody else did, or, perhaps, would have been allowed to do. Yes, we spent jolly days, going through the snow up to Mont St. Bernard, where Florestine played on the Augustine's piano, and left the unlucky young fellow all the drearier for his glimpse of her; rowing along Lake Lemán in romantic style enough, while Trevelyan pulled as became a man who had been stroke of the Cambridge Eight, and Oakes played his cornet, and Pop imperiled all our lives by balancing over to gather lilies off the castle walls of Chillón as we pulled under them; turning out to see the sunrise on the Righi, in company with other deluded victims to that con-

founded Alpine horn, where, I confess, I forgot to look at the sun, I was so occupied in noticing the variety of toilettes exhibited by those sleepy, shivering, grumbling, nightcapped English ladies, and wishing that the sun was up and I could photograph them there and then. Yes, they were jolly days, though they seemed uncommonly pastoral and innocent after our usual garçon life; but perhaps we enjoyed them all the more for the contrast, and I know none of us seemed in a hurry to break up the party first begun at the Chamounix fire.

By gentle degrees we got up into the Oberland, and stopped at Interlachen—dear Interlachen, with its grey ruins and its walnut-trees. Whether it was that I read "Hyperion" there when I was in much the same state as Paul Fleming (by the way, *my* Mary Ashburton married a horrid creature on 'Change, worth no end; I called on her the other day, and congratulated myself, for she must certainly weigh ten stone, and is grown decidedly vulgar), whether that really beautiful story has got inseparably mixed up in my mind with Interlachen, or why, I do not know, but I am fond of Interlachen, very fond of it, and sedulously did I photograph it, with a zeal worthy a better cause, till I had every nook and corner of it down in negatives and positives, and the amount of collodion I spent on it was enough to fill the Lake of Thun.

"Don't show them to me; they are nothing but nature smoke-dried," said Florestine one morning when we were sitting on the turf near the Staubbach, and I had managed to catch the Unspunnen beautifully—most beautifully, I protest.

"Nature done brown, in fact," added Trevelyan, who was lying on the grass reading the "Méditations" to her. "Look at your wristbands, Temple. Well, for a dirty occupation, commend me to amateur photographing; it beats chimney-sweeping hollow, and brickmaking is cleanliness itself to it."

"Well, see if I don't photograph something you'd give all you possess to have," said I.

"I'll bet you a guinea you never take any sketch that I wouldn't throw into the Aar," replied Royston, with a contemptuous kick at my entire apparatus.

"Done! Look out for your money."

That day, after we had driven back to our hotel, I spied Florestine standing under the walnut-trees feeding a magpie she had found to patronise, holding her hat in her hand, and with her head half turned to speak to Trevelyan and her father, who were smoking in the garden. In a second my stand was up, my camera fixed. She stood still in the same position. Down went the slide, and Florestine was photographed. I crept away as quietly as a thief, carried my proof to my own room, put it through all the varied phases of a photograph's existence, stippled them with great care, and after three or four days' secret work, was rewarded by the possession of a couple of coloured photographs that Pop would have sold his title for, Oakes given his best engraving of the Huguenot, and supercilious Lascelles warned into gratitude to obtain, and which I do not think Trevelyan, though he *did* despise the art, would have thrown without a look into the Aar.

"What are you reading there, Pop?" said Trevelyan one morning, finding the boy lying on the grass poring over a book whose perusal

seemed to heat him more than a match with the Lord's men or the Harrow Eleven.

"Hyperion," groaned poor Pop. "I'll be shot if I can make rhyme or reason of it; but she liked it, and so I thought——"

"She! Who? Give people their proper names," said Royston, rather sharply.

"Florestine—Miss Luard. By George! Trevelyan," cried Pop, springing to his feet, with his honest, ugly little face glowing crimson, "I tell you what: I could die for that girl!"

"Die? Pooh!" said Trevelyan, in his sarcastic, dry tone—a tone he seldom used to Pop—"sensible men don't do those things, though sometimes, I dare say, dying for a woman would be a lesser evil than living with her."

"But, by George! I would," went on Pop, vehemently. "I don't know how it is, but I'd do anything for her. I feel as if she were some star right above me that I could never help looking at. I vow, if her dress sweeps against me, I feel happier than——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't talk such folly," broke in Trevelyan, impatiently. "You were just as bad about that flaunting, flirting Mitchell girl at Baden, and little Babette in the Palais Royal, and that hideous confectioner woman at Windsor. I can't say I think Miss Luard would much like being classed with them, nor do I consider that you have any right to——"

"But, Trevelyan," persisted Pop, "wait a bit. I can't help it. I would if I could, Heaven knows, for I'm the most miserable dog going, and I'd throw myself into that river with the greatest pleasure in life. I don't class her with them, I tell you. I worship her, I admire her, just as those old chaps (the Greeks, wasn't it?) worshipped the sun. I tell you, if she only looks at me I feel in heaven; and yet when I'm with her I feel such a confounded fool. She's so clever, you know, and all that, and I can't keep up with her as you can; but, by Jove——"

"My dear Pop," said Trevelyan, his haughty, delicate lips curling contemptuously, "if you want to keep up with her, as you term it, you must accustom yourself to more elegant language. A high-bred lady doesn't admire being raved about by a raw boy in the terms he uses to a grisette or a fleuriste."

"An honest love's no insult to any woman," rejoined Pop, hotly. "I know she's miles above me, and I wouldn't annoy her or offend her for a kingdom, but I'd slave all my life if I thought I could make her like me; and I'm sure she'd grace the confounded title that the governor's always kicking up such a dust about better than any girl in the peerage."

Trevelyan's eyes flashed more scornful fire than was needful.

"Tell her so."

Pop winced under the tone.

"Oh, by George! I daren't, though; and, besides, there's that stuck-up fellow Lascelles hanging after her, and he makes such game of one that I'm as chicken-hearted as a girl. But, I say, Trevelyan, don't you think she'd make a delicious little Countess if she only would——"

But Trevelyan had walked away, and was smoking some ten paces off; so Pop repressed his confidences, and returned to perplex himself with the story of the Fountain of Oblivion, which was, somehow, entangled in his mind with those luckless butts for wit, *les eaux* in Trafalgar-square.

That same story Trevelyan read one very rainy afternoon to Florestine while she finished up some sketches, and her father slept over a volume of *Le Brun*, and little Pop sat in the shadow making flies, but gazing furtively at the mischievous queen of our household.

"I love 'Hyperion,'" said she, as he closed the book; "it is so true to life."

"In making Mary Ashburton do all the damage she could, and never be sorry for it?" said Royston. "Yes, I agree with you, that is very true to life—woman life, at least."

"No, you sceptic, I did not mean that; I meant in touching the chords of human nature which are unheard in the bustle of life, as the sweet tenor note is apt to be lost in the din and crash of an oratorio."

"A very pretty simile, but I am afraid you will find that the notes most people like best to play are a fanfaronade on their own merits, and all the sonates pathétiques and tender love-songs are done on a selfish principle, as the poor French hussar plays his horn at the Lurley echo to bring him so many sous. The horn and the echo sound very poetic, I dare say, to young ladies, but they have a prosaic side to them, and if you give no money you get no music. In the same way men trot out their feelings, and loves, and sorrows, to draw admiration or excite a lucrative pity, as a clergyman, if he lose his wife, gets up in his pulpit with a new cambric handkerchief, and weeps over his text to make the ladies vote him an angel, and agree his departed wasn't half worthy of him."

"You make me laugh, but you make me angry," said Florestine, playing an impatient tattoo on her palate. "When you talk in that way, who would think you the same man who related with so much enthusiasm at Vevay, the other day, poor Bonnevard's heroic 'El Geneve?'"

"Well, I've a liking for Bonnevard," smiled Trevelyan; "but that comes from reading Byron when I was a boy, and as for his *El Geneve*, I can't tell whether that wasn't a bit of clap-trap or a make-up of the Swiss."

"You are incorrigible. Pray, why did you save my life at Chamounix—from selfishness?"

"Yes. First, because I wanted some exertion; secondly, because I should have been badly handled in England if I had let a woman die unaided; thirdly, because I knew I should buy a reputation for chivalry very cheap."

She laughed; but she was half excited. "What have you had to annoy you? Your sauce piquante has more amari aliquid than general, to-day."

"Nothing. What should make you fancy so? I am not a disappointed, soured man, swearing at society that has not appreciated him; au contraire, people are ordinarily very well bred to my face, whatever they may say behind my back; I have done what I liked all my life long, and if my position is not secured now, it is my own fault for preferring liberty and nothing a year to hard practice and a thousand or two; but if you expect me to see miracles of deep feeling and self-abnegation in the people I meet about in the world, I have been too much in its high-ways and byways, and seen too long behind its scenes, to be able to oblige you. I have seen too many of the strings of the marionettes to believe in their little farces and melodramas. A medical man is let per-

force behind the scenes where another profession never penetrates. When death stalks in, truth sneaks out; though I have seen women paint, and act, and attitudinise to their graves."

"No doubt," answered Florestine. "I do not wonder at your scepticism; it is an armour which the world buckles on in time, alike to Lancelot and Britomart, if they go where the battle rages. You have been taught it; '*solæ fides sufficit*' does for boys who know nothing of life, and there is hardly enough worthy of faith to make it possible to keep the commodity long. Only, since you see so much false coin, I think you should be able to know the real."

"How? The false coin is equally milled at the edges, and by the self-same die? I have been both at the mint and the coining-shops, and there is no exterior difference between the two. I have seen girls of fifteen playing the rôles of the most thorough-paced intriguantes; I have seen gentle, merry little kittens, with the avarice and cunning of a Harpagon; and meek, yea-nay, dévotes women, as thoroughly bad under the rose as the worst Laïs or Leda. I have seen invalids in their death-hour revive to put on their rouge; I have seen tigers' claws under *pattes de velours*; and wives (ladies, mind you) pawning their husbands' diamond studs to buy some new finery of their own. There is as much acting and as much corruption in respectable private houses (in another way) as in the poor scapegoats of *coulisses*, *ginguettes*, and *Quartiers Bréda*. While we're alive they get what they can out of us, and when we're dead, wives and sisters begin to wonder whether crape is becoming, how many flounces are necessary, perplex themselves over the design of the mourning brooch, so as to turn the casualty to account, and read over that delightful advertisement we laughed at the other day: 'During seasons of bereavement, when the mind is least fitted to attend to the cares of dress, which are nevertheless of paramount importance in a social point of view, it is desirable to know that at Messrs. Sables's establishment mourning of every kind is kept, and may be had ready-made with the greatest possible expedition for widows and families.' That is beautiful, I think; and yet you ask me to see in these people living models of sincerity, fidelity, candour, and devotion!"

"Not in those people," said Florestine, pettishly; "but I expect of you, as a keen-sighted man of the world, to be able to distinguish enthusiasm from effervescence, real feeling from sentiment, candour from forwardness, and truth from falsehood; and I do think that you would be equally blind and heartless if you set your heel on and crush the true diamonds with the same merciless carelessness as you have always trampled down the tinsel and the paste."

Trevelyan smiled; then got up, and said he must smoke a pipe out of doors and consider her arguments.

He remembered it wasn't the wisest thing in the world for a man of thirty-four to risk imbibing the folly of a boy of eighteen. Florestine was certainly a dear little thing, but it had long been his maxim that no man should make love for less than two thousand a year. So Royston lit his pipe, and went out for a walk by himself.



## THE OUTREMANCHE CORRESPONDENCE.

### No. IV.

#### PICTURES, BOOKS, AND MUSIC.

MON CHER ALFRED,—I promised, last month, to leave politics in the background for a time, and to tell you instead a little of what is doing here in the fields of Art and Literature.

It is not yet the full season for the annual Exhibitions; therefore I say nothing to you at present concerning that branch of Art in which the English excel all other nations, not even excepting ourselves—I mean in water-colour painting; neither do I attempt to describe the more important, if more unequal, collection which covers the walls of the Royal Academy; but, if your curiosity lasts till then, the next time I write you shall have the result—if not the benefit—of my experience. It would not be difficult, meanwhile, to guess at the leading characteristics of the Exhibition in Trafalgar-square—to prepare you for excellence in Stanfield, Roberts, Maclise, Philip, and Landseer—for excitement, of one kind or other, in Millais, O'Neil, Ward, and Elmore—for mediocrity—But in this category it is invidious to mention names, so I will suppress the "legion" that throng to the point of my pen, and simply refer you to last year's catalogue. I could, it is true, give you the report of the studios, with something of my own personal knowledge, and tell you that Stanfield's great picture is a magnificent view across the Bay of Naples; that the Piazza and Façade of St. Mark's have worthily occupied David Roberts; that Landseer has been studying, and not in vain, amongst the Highlands of Morayshire; that Philip has, for a season, forsworn Spain to revel amongst the court beauties of England, at the Marriage of the Princess Royal; that Elmore is trenching, with vigour, on the domain of Ward, with Marie Antoinette for his heroine; that O'Neil has not suffered the noble example of a seaman's heroism which illustrated the wreck of the *Royal Charter* to escape him; that Egg is at home again in the humour of Shakspeare; that Millais has found beauty for his model in a girl who parts with her lover, one of the Black Brunswickers, on the night before Waterloo; that Frith, with our countryman, Claude Duval, for his hero, has drawn inspiration from the "Newgate Calendar;" that Ward has touched upon the ghastly comedy which closed the life of the "merry" monarch, Charles the Second; that a domestic tragedy, full of deep interest, is the theme of Solomon—and so on of the rest of the leading exhibitors.

Coming, then, to actualities—to what is really exhibited and may be seen, without let or hindrance, for the universal shilling, you will not quarrel with me, I am sure, if I take you to the French Exhibition in Pall-mall. It is not national vanity which leads me there, but the sincere conviction that—with a single exception to which I shall hereafter allude—no other gallery in London, at present open to visitors, can show

anything half so fine, I will not say as the collection generally, but as may be seen in the work of one French artist only. This work is "The Gladiators" of Jean Louis Gerome, whose fame was established in England by his picture of the "Duel after the Masked Ball," which has become widely popular as a lithograph in all the print-shops, besides being dramatised at Drury Lane. The catastrophe of the masquerade was most powerfully and tragically told, and clearly prefigured the capacity of the painter to deal with the Terrible in Art on a scale of the greatest magnitude. He has done so in the picture of which I am now speaking. We stand in the arena of the Roman amphitheatre, "where Murder breathed her bloody steam," before a countless multitude of eager and applauding spectators; alone, supinely indifferent to human suffering, in the sullen glory of Pontifex Maximus, sits the sensual Vitellius, newly-gorged from his last imperial meal; beyond are senators, knights, patricians, ladies, the *élite* of Rome, and her people. This is the framework of the picture: its action is concentrated on a group of victors, who, heralded by their Lanista, or Trainer, raise their weapons and voices—the Retarius brandishing his trident, the Mirmillo extending his sword, and all shouting "Ave, Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant!" That they are "ready to die" for the bloated glutton who rewards his Romans with the spectacle, the fearful looks that cry for blood, no less than the abandoned weapons and mutilated corpses that strew the arena, bear ample witness. The scene of death is enacted beneath the glowing mid-day sun of Italy, but the murkiest midnight could not pervade the place with a gloomier horror. It is well not to examine this picture till all the rest have been surveyed—the distance between them being so great and the contrast so startling. Suppose M. Gerome's work absent, then we turn, with feelings in which all is pleasure, to the charming compositions of Plassan, Frère, Meissonnier, Brion, Bangniet, Dubasty, and more than I can mention. For a work of the highest class, of its particular kind, Constant Troyon's large landscape—"Cattle returning to the Farm"—is conspicuous. Rosa Bonheur has two small subjects, a "Mare and Foal," the silvery tone of which is admirable, and "Fawns in a Cover," in which golden hues predominate. "The Hovel of the Marsh," by Amédée Baudit, recalls one of those dreary expanses that are so often met with in La Sologne, or on the coast of Bourbon Vendée. In the Breton "Church Porch" of Gustave Brion, before which a crowd of peasants are gathering, you have the *couleur locale* in perfection. Edouard Dubufe displays great tenderness as well as skill in "The Departure of the Conscript" and "The Return of the Soldier:" in the first, a young conscript is vowing fidelity while parting from his sorrowing *fiancée*; in the second, he returns, a wounded and decorated *sous-officier*, to fulfil the vows he made. The *tableaux de genre*, as usual, make up the bulk of the subjects in this exhibition. Meissonnier's exquisite finish is bestowed on "Rembrandt in his Studio" and "Vandermeulen at his Easel:" each is a gem. Of Plassan's five pictures, all of them beautiful, "The Prayer" combines every quality for which he is noted, in the highest degree: the delicacy of the flesh tints is not to be surpassed. This painter has a dangerous rival in Dubasty, from amongst whose seven subjects I particularly select "The Young Volunteer," as offering the best type of his art. Édouard Frère has four

scenes in humble life, original in conception, and admirable in execution. A "Young Drummer taking his Lunch" is full of truth and quiet humour. The boy, some five years old, has for a moment relinquished his drumsticks, which lie on the floor, to grasp with both hands a bowl of milk, which he is tilting towards his mouth: there is all a child's love of milk in his eager attitude, but in the haste with which he swallows it you see that beating the drum is even a greater delight. "The House-keeper" of Trayer, putting away her glass, is a very careful and delicate piece of painting; so, with more display of colour, is "The Toilet" of Bangniet; and to the same class of works, most conscientiously finished, belong De Jonghe's "Lady with a Bouquet," Fichel's "Preparing for the Ball," Linder's "Amateur playing the Guitar," and "Vanderneer showing his first picture to a connoisseur," which proves that Louis Ruiperez, its author, has not studied in vain in the school of Meissonnier. Henriette Browne's "Sister of Mercy writing" exhibits, on a reduced scale, the same firmness of drawing and truth of expression which have always characterised her larger productions. Of those who give animals the first place in their pictures I must specify Veyrassat, for his wonderfully vigorous horses; and prominent amongst the *paysagistes* are Théodore Frère, Félix Ziem, Théodore Rousseau, Lamorinière, Daubigny, and Isidore Dagnan. The exhibition, in fine, is one of which we, as Frenchmen, have no reason to be ashamed, and it is, moreover, a very pleasant feature in the relations between France and England. The Fine Arts have, at all events, this in their favour, that no difference of political opinion can disturb the *entente cordiale* which their influence has once created.

For the reason which I have already given—namely, that Exhibited-Art does not come into full bloom in London until the month of May—I pass lightly over the "Society of British Artists," the "British Institution," and the "Portland Gallery." One general remark might apply to them all,—that landscapes form their chief attraction. A few clever *tableaux de genre* diversify the prevailing feature, and here and there—though seldom—we light upon something taken from history, for Shakespeare and the novelists supply the majority of English artists with their "historical" conceptions. A grand scriptural subject is the greatest rarity, but this rarity has, at last, been met with, in a work which forms an exhibition of itself. The pre-Raphaelite school in England has been too frequently discussed for me to say more of it here than that it has produced, in Mr. Holman Hunt, a painter who has dared to devote six years of his life to the study and completion of a work that is purely scriptural. That he has done so must be ascribed to the highest and noblest motive, for it was not necessary to be endowed with his genius to have chosen a much easier road to fortune, where, as in England, the first desire of the public patron is to possess his own portrait. Mr. Hunt will, however, reap the reward of his single-minded perseverance, not only in the price at which his picture will be sold, but in the inevitable fame accruing from it. The subject of this meritorious work, which is to be seen in the "German Gallery," in Bond-street, is "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." Were I to enter into details, I could easily fill more than one page with curious descriptions, but space being wanting for that purpose, I confine my remarks to this observation,—that amidst all the attractions of the

picture, the interest still centres on the divine personage whom the painter has made his theme.

That which constitutes Art is susceptible of many definitions. Under the hands of a Frenchman the commonest objects are raised beyond the mechanical condition in which, for the most part, they repose in other countries; but even our ingenuity would be at fault to dignify by the name of Art one pursuit which has attained that rank in England. *La cuisine, la danse, le manège, l'escrime*, have with us their high-placed professors, but one must be an Englishman to appreciate the art that lies in the successful cultivation of the use of the fists. *Se battre à coups de poing*, signifies, in France, a mere outbreak of personal animosity, accompanied by an unusual personal demonstration; but "la boxe"—that is to say, "prize-fighting," is, in England, the *ne plus ultra* of an art in which personal feelings have no share. This, indeed, far more appropriately than the *salle de peinture* of that name, may be called a "British Institution." The House of Commons has its "Speaker," the City of London its "Lord Mayor" (that august functionary at whose nod the universe may be supposed to tremble), and, in like manner, the Ring has its "Champion." To each of these great representatives is a peculiar emblem. For the first, "The Mace;" for the second, "The Sword;" and for the third, "The Belt." At the present moment, M. Thomas Sayers, the wearer of the latter, is not only "le premier Boxeur d'Angleterre," but the greatest man in the three kingdoms. His name is in everybody's mouth, his exploits are recorded in every newspaper, and if that invasion from *nous autres* with which England is threatened were to take place just now, I have not the slightest doubt that M. Thomas Sayers would be appointed Commander-in-Chief of all her Majesty's Forces by Sea and Land. It is to his magnificent combination of courage with art, in his recent contest with M. Heenan, the Herculean boxer of America, that he owes the pre-eminence he enjoys, and his fame will not be so fleeting here as if he had won his laurels somewhere else. To connect him yet more closely with Art, already, it is said, an eminent Royal Academician contemplates making "The Fight at Farnborough" a pendant to the most celebrated of his highly-popular productions.

"The Ring" has also its literature in England,—and that word reminds me that I have something to say about books. To connect one subject with another, I cannot advert to them more appropriately than by speaking of the great controversy which has so long agitated, and still agitates, the literary world here and in Germany. This is the question relating to the "Alleged" Shakspeare Forgeries, in which the advocates for and against the authenticity of a certain corrected folio edition of the great dramatist's works, which was accidentally acquired by Mr. Collier about ten years ago, display far more animosity than was shown by M. M. Sayers and Heenan when they knocked each other off their legs at Farnborough the other day; indeed, I really think the only way to settle the dispute would be to put it to the issue of a pugilistic contest, for there is a fairness in that mode of fighting which certainly appears to be wanting in the literary duel. Lord Byron describes as the bitterest hate that which is felt by rivals on the stage, but take my word for it, my dear Alfred, no hatred is so deeply envenomed as that of

the palæographic disputant who knows he is in the wrong. You have conferred a benefit on literature against his will: *en voilà assez*.

Of literary intemperance there has recently been a remarkable example in the "Poems before Congress" of Mrs. Browning, a lady who has established many claims to celebrity, though her last work—in any sense that is agreeable—will not add to their number. Avowing herself in all her writings one of the most ardent lovers of liberty, it is amusing to see whom she has hit upon as its latest incarnation. What do you say when I mention the name of "notre maître?" Yes: the Emperor Louis Napoleon is Mrs. Browning's *beau idéal* of a hero. A proof, you will reply, that she possesses one of the attributes of a poet: the *vates*, which may be inspiration—when it does not happen to be frenzy. But I am sorry to observe that this is the only sign of poetry in the volume: the verse—if verse it can be called—is harsh and tuneless; its substance—to be charitable—is unintelligible rant. Independence of mind, which sometimes means a tendency to run counter to every received opinion, has always characterised Mrs. Browning, and of this quality she gave the world a striking example in "Aurora Leigh." That bold and original versified novel had much in it to repel, had more, however, to attract, and one attraction—not its least—that which lay in the style, has tempted another writer of genius to follow in the same track—so far as his efforts have resulted in producing a novel in rhyme. In other respects there is a wide difference between the author of "Aurora Leigh" and the author of "Lucile," and the impartial reader will give the full benefit of that difference to the younger poet, who, with equal command of language and equal powers of versification, has a far deeper knowledge of the human heart, and a truer instinct of what is best and holiest in human nature. Yet the praise which I accord to "Lucile" is not unmingled with censure, applicable, however, to the form only in which the story is written. The colloquialism of "Aurora Leigh" has been only too successfully imitated: intended to relieve the serious parts of the poem, it only produces the effect of a coarse and common-place interpolation. Were this blemish removed, "Lucile" would be read with unalloyed pleasure from the first line to the last. To give you an idea of the author's manner, I subjoin two sketches. The first is the portrait of the heroine, *par excellence*—the other, that of her unconscious rival. Here is the first—a French beauty:

As pale as an evening in autumn—with hair  
Neither black, nor yet brown, but that tinge which the air  
Takes at eve in September, when night lingers lone  
Through a vineyard, from beams of a slow-setting sun.  
Eyes, the wistful gazelle's; the fine foot of a fairy;  
And a hand fit a fay's wand to wave—white and airy;  
A voice soft and sweet as a tune that one knows.  
Something in her there was, set you thinking of those  
Strange backgrounds of Raphael . . . that hectic and deep  
Brief twilight in which southern suns fall asleep.

And here the second—an English one:

Matilda rode by, with her cheek beaming bright  
In what Virgil has call'd "Youth's purpureal light."

In her habit and hat, with her glad, golden hair,  
 As airy and blithe as a blithe bird in air,  
 And her arch rosy lips, and her cager blue eyes,  
 With their little impertinent look of surprise,  
 And her round youthful figure, and fair neck, below  
 The dark drooping feather, as radiant as snow.

Which do you prefer, Alfred? Madame or Miss? But why do I ask such a question? I know your Anglomania.

It seems rather a cruel thing to make Italian vocalists expose their throats to the bitter blasts of a London April, just as it seems cruel to boil lobsters alive, flay eels, or enlarge the livers of Strasburg geese; but one is reconciled to any cruelty by its result, and if we enjoy our *mayonnaise*, our *matelotte*, or our *pâté de foie gras*, I do not see why we should not enjoy our Italian *prima donna*, provided she has such a voice left after the experiment as that of Miolan or of Borghi-Mamo. In spite of the weather, then, the Opera flourishes this year in London. The *entrepreneurs* of both houses are spirited and discerning. Of old the custom used to be to open without a public, and, till the season for a public arrived, to present nothing worth hearing. That system, gradually changing, is now entirely exploded. Managers plunge in *medias res*, and satisfy their subscribers by making the opening of their theatres as effective as their close. Covent Garden began with "Dinorah," to introduce M. Faure and reproduce Madame Miolan-Carvalho, following up their success with "Fidelio" for the *début* of that gifted *artiste*, Madame Rose Csillag, whose talent at once commanded three consecutive representations. At Her Majesty's Theatre, "Martha," "La Favorita," and "Il Trovatore," were all brought out in the first week, Mademoiselle Titiens reasserting her old supremacy; Madame Borghi-Mamo establishing in England the reputation which she had so deservedly won on the Continent; Signor Giuglini proving himself still the first tenor in Europe; and the two *débutants*, Signori Mongini and Everardi, adding qualities of voice which make vast acquisitions of them both. Nor was the impresario of the Haymarket content with this demonstration. In the second week he advanced upon the first, not only reviving "Otello," superbly cast, but restoring Piccolomini in "La Traviata," with the agrément, too, on every night, of the unrivalled dancing of Mademoiselle Pocchini. Nor must the house itself, where these last-named triumphs have taken place, be forgotten. All that taste could devise, all that a sense of comfort could inspire, all that familiarity with luxury could command, has been lavished on the *foyer*, the approaches, the lobbies, on every part of this magnificent establishment, converting it into a perfect realm of fairyland.

Adieu, mon cher Alfred. Ascribe what is imperfect in this letter to the effects of an easterly wind.

Votre ami,  
 VICTOR GOUACHE.

# OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.\*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

## Part the Seventh.

CAPTAIN TATTERSALL OF THE SWIFTSURE.

### I.

HOW SERGEANT DELVES WAS REPRIMANDED BY HIS LEADER.

WEARIED by his long ride, and by his exertions throughout the day, Stelfax, on his return to Ovingdean Grange with the prisoner, retired to the chamber he had appropriated, and merely taking off the more cumbrous parts of his accoutrements, flung himself on the couch. He was buried in profound slumber, when the knocking of the butt-end of a carabine at the door roused him, causing him to spring up instantly and seize his arms. Clapping his steel cap on his head, but without tarrying to buckle on his corslet and leg-pieces, he marched to the door, and, unfastening it, found Mattathias outside, who acquainted him with the strange ringing of the church bell. Indeed, the sound could be plainly distinguished where they were, though the room was at the back of the house.

Stelfax was not so much alarmed as his subordinate, for it did not occur to him as possible that Delves could be the dupe of a stratagem. Something, however, was wrong, and must be promptly rectified. He therefore hurried down stairs, with the intention of repairing to the church, but, on gaining the entrance-hall, found it invaded by a tumultuous assemblage of the household, who had flocked thither on hearing the bell toll, and two or three minutes were spent in their dispersion. But this being accomplished, he left a small guard in the hall, as well to watch over the prisoner, who was confined in a little room adjacent to the library, as to keep the household in order, and then went forth with the rest of his troop.

Meanwhile, a trumpet had more than once been sounded outside to recal the men supposed to be gone to the stables; but no notice was taken of the summons. When informed of this circumstance, Stelfax was exceedingly wroth, and despatched Nathan Guestling to the stables, commanding the instant return of the offenders. A further interruption to his progress occurred at the gate. A posse

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of villagers, only partially attired, and armed with such weapons as came readiest to hand, was here congregated, anxious to learn the cause of the disturbance. Distrusting these hinds, Stelfax peremptorily ordered them to return to their dwellings, threatening to fire upon them if they hesitated to comply. Intimidated by the menace, the poor fellows retired, while the Ironside captain and his men pursued their way to the church. The torches having been left burning by the fugitive Royalists when they quitted their temporary prison, the light of the flambeaux was dimly distinguishable through the windows as Stelfax passed through the churchyard; but nothing, as yet, had occurred to rouse his suspicions. His surprise and rage, however, may be conceived when his thundering knock at the church door, which he found locked, remained unanswered. Violently shaking the door, he endeavoured by main strength to burst it open, and, aided by his men, he speedily accomplished his object. A scene then lay before him so startling and extraordinary, that he could scarcely believe in its reality.

His astonishment and stupefaction, however, soon gave way to fury. Snatching a torch, he threw its light upon the prostrate forms of Delves and Besadaiah, and then commanded that the handkerchiefs should be taken from their mouths, but that the cords with which they were bound should not be unloosed.

"How is this, sergeant?" he demanded in a severe voice, as the order was obeyed. "How comes it that I find thee thus?"

Delves gave utterance to a groan, but made no other reply.

"How hast thou fulfilled thine office?" continued Stelfax, with increased severity. "Where are the captives committed to thy charge?"

"Gone, captain—all gone!" groaned Delves, in a tone of deep contrition. "They have escaped from me. I will not attempt to extenuate my conduct. I have been guilty of gross neglect."

"Soh! thou dost confess it!—ha!" exclaimed Stelfax, with concentrated fury. "Negligent and disobedient dog, thou deservest that I should pistol thee without grace allowed for prayer."

"Despatch me, captain, without pity," the sergeant rejoined. "I deserve to die. You cannot be more angered with me than I am with myself. Were I to live a hundred years, instead of only so many seconds, I should never regain my own good opinion. To think that I, who have been signalled out for public commendation by the Lord General himself—who have been deemed worthy of your confidence, captain—who prided myself upon strictness of discipline, and blind obedience to the orders of my superior—that I should have failed on all points!—it is too much—it is more than I can bear. Place your pistol at my head, and finish me."

"No," rejoined Stelfax; "I will not forestal the provost-marshal's office. Grievously am I disappointed in thee, O Deodatus Delves!



—shamefully hast thou betrayed thy trust! But how came the matter to pass? It passeth my comprehension to understand how thou and thy comrades could be overcome and bound by so few. Ye would almost seem to have proffered your limbs to the fetters of the enemy.”

“Our prisoners had a subtle demon to aid them, captain,” replied Delves. “Strong waters were treacherously introduced with the provisions from the house, and robbed the men of their senses, so that they were no longer under my control. I say not this in my own defence, but in explanation. The truth will appear upon inquiry, if I be brought before a court-martial.”

“Why didst thou not snatch the mischievous drink from the besotted fools?” demanded Stelfax.

“Alack, captain, all my efforts were unavailing. They resisted, and would not be bidden. But this was only part of a scheme, which I believe to have been devised by the Independent minister, Increase Micklegift. Men were hidden within the church, who came forth suddenly to aid in liberating the captives.”

“All this shows how culpably negligent hath been thy conduct,” said Stelfax. “A notable example will be made of thee.”

“Reproach me no more, captain,” cried Delves. “Your words are not needed to sharpen the stings of my own conscience. Oh! if I be not discarded from the service, no departure from duty shall ever again be laid to my charge.”

“Misconduct like thine cannot be lightly passed over, I tell thee,” returned Stelfax, somewhat appeased, though not choosing to let it appear that he was so. “Thou hast suffered a prisoner of great importance to escape from thee. Thou wert made responsible—body for body—for the security of the Lord Wilmot, who was committed to thy charge. How wilt thou answer for his evasion?”

“Even as you yourself have said, captain, with mine own body,” the sergeant returned.

“Go to! dolt. Think’st thou thy worthless carcase, or those of all thy mutinous comrades, will weigh with the Lord General against the head of this malignant nobleman? A great prize has been lost through thy negligence. I have hunted down Lord Wilmot’s companion, and brought him back captive, and thou mayst guess how it would have gladdened our general to receive the twain from my hands. Thou thyself wouldst have been advanced in his favour. I make little account of young Maunsel and the others, but the Lord Wilmot is a great loss.”

“But may he not be recaptured?” said Delves. “Release me from these bonds, and I will not rest till I bring him back to you, dead or alive. Fear nothing! I have no desire to escape punishment, but am wishful to repair the mischief I have done.”

“Be it so, then,” said Stelfax, after a moment’s reflection. “I

will give thee a chance of redeeming thy errors. Untie those cords, and set him free," he added, to the men near him.

The order was instantly obeyed, and the like grace was accorded to Besadaiah, who humbled himself, as the sergeant had done, promising better conduct in future.

Long before this, the troopers shut up in the tower had been let out, but they kept aloof, as long as they could, from their incensed leader. How the church bell had been rung was then explained. One of their number, aided by his comrades, who lifted him on their shoulders, after the manner practised by professional tumblers, had contrived to catch hold of the bell-rope, which had been tied up at a point supposed to be out of reach. The bell was then tolled without difficulty. The Ironside leader's anger being by this time considerably abated, he contented himself with sharply reprimanding all the minor culprits. But the state in which Helpless Henly and the two other drunken troopers were found did not admit of their conduct being passed over so lightly. Causing the bandages to be removed from their mouths, but not suffering the cords with which they were bound to be taken off, their leader left them in this state to sleep off the effects of their drunken revel. While mustering the men, it suddenly occurred to him to inquire from Delves whom he had sent to the stables.

"I have sent no one," the sergeant replied. "If any have gone thither, it must be the cunning malignants who carried off our weapons and accoutrements."

"Thou art right!" exclaimed Stelfax. "Fool that I was, not to perceive this sooner! These men were seen and challenged by the sentinel, who took them for comrades because they were accoutred like us, and gave the watchword. Let us to the stables at once—though I fear the birds are flown. In that case we must scour the country for them."

Upon which he rushed out of the church, followed by his men.

## II.

### IN WHAT MANNER COLONEL GUNTER WAS LIBERATED.

No notice, as we have shown, was taken by Lord Wilmot and the little party under his command of the trumpeter's summons; but as it was almost certain that a messenger would speedily be sent to order their return, preparations were made for his reception. For this purpose, John Habergeon and the elder Saxby dismounted and entered the stable; and as soon as Nathan Guestling arrived there, the door was closed upon him, and, being seized by these two powerful men, he was thrown down, bound hand and foot with a halter, and almost stifled with a horse-cloth wrapped round his face.

This task accomplished, the pair issued from the stables, and found that, in the interim, Lord Wilmot had sent the horses, in charge of the grooms, to a particular spot at the back of the garden indicated by Ninian. Stelfax had been seen to go to the church with a party of men, and the house being left comparatively undefended, his lordship apprehended little resistance, and ordered his party to set forward at once.

As they approached the mansion, the sentinel called out to them, "How now, comrades! Are ye come at last? Wherefore did ye not answer the recal? Did ye not hear the alarm-bell rung from the church?"

"Question us not—we are in haste," Lord Wilmot hastily replied, pressing on with the others. "Come with us inside, and thou shalt hear that which will surprise thee."

"What hath happened?" demanded the man, preceding them into the house. But scarcely had he crossed the threshold than the Royalists closed round him and disarmed him.

"Utter but a cry," said Lord Wilmot, clapping a pistol close to his head, "and it will be thy last. Thou art wholly in our power. But do as I bid thee, and thy life shall be spared. Dost heed me, knave?"

The man made no reply, but did not attempt to give the alarm.

At the moment when the Royalists thus gained admittance to the hall it was empty. On a table at one side a lamp was burning, but Ninian quickly extinguished it, and plunged the place in darkness. Just as this was accomplished, the door of a room adjoining the library was opened, and a harsh voice demanded who was there.

"Do thou answer?" said Lord Wilmot to the sentinel, still holding the pistol-barrel to his head.

"'Tis I—Gabriel Hurlbone," responded the sentinel.

"Ha! what dost thou there, Gabriel?" inquired the other.

"Speak as I enjoin thee," muttered Lord Wilmot, breathing a few words in his ear.

"The captain hath sent a file of men for the prisoner," said Hurlbone.

"Ay, bring him forth without delay," added John Habergeon, in a snuffling, puritanical voice. "We are to take him to his friends at the church."

"Ye shall have him, and welcome," replied the other. "But tell me, comrade, what was the meaning of that ringing of the church bell?"

"'Twas a mere trick of the prisoners," responded John; "they had barricaded the door of the tower wherein they were confined, and I suppose contrived to clamber up the walls and reach the bell-rope. The noise is checked now."

"Ay, our captain would soon put a stop to such vagaries, I'll warrant him," responded the trooper. "Come forth, prisoner," he added.

"Whither would ye take me?" demanded Colonel Gunter, as he approached the door of the room.

"To your friends," replied the trooper, in a jeering tone. "They are anxious for your company."

"They are," Lord Wilmot answered. "Be quick!"

Colonel Gunter fancied he recognised the voice, and accelerated his movements.

"Here is the prisoner," said the trooper, pushing the colonel forth—"take him! But the lamp has gone out, I perceive. I will bring a light instantly."

"It is needless," John Habergeon replied. "We care not to behold the Amalekite's features. We will take thy word that it is the right man."

While this brief colloquy occurred, Lord Wilmot grasped the colonel's arm, and made his presence known to him in a whisper.

"You here, my good lord, and in that garb?" exclaimed Colonel Gunter, in a low tone.

"Hush!" cried Lord Wilmot. "We are all friends—except this rascal, whose brains I will blow out if he ventures to utter a word. Move on with the prisoner!—to the church!" he added, aloud.

"Not so fast, comrades!—not so fast! A word with you ere you depart!" cried the trooper, appearing at the door with a light.

All chance of concealment was then at an end.

"Ha! what is this?" cried the trooper. "Malignants in the garb of soldiers of the Republic. Where are ye, comrades? Treason!—help!—succour!"

As he spoke, he discharged his pistol at the retreating Royalists. The ball passed within an inch of Lord Wilmot's head, but fortunately missed him.

John Habergeon and Ninian Saxby fired at the trooper in return, but as the latter had instantly retreated into the room, no damage was done him. Prohibiting any continuance of the conflict, Lord Wilmot ordered his party to move on. He still kept hold of the sentinel, intending to release him at the door. But, ere the Royalists could pass forth, they were again delayed in an unexpected manner. The discharge of fire-arms operated as a signal to another set of persons who had been secretly meditating an attack upon the Roundheads, and who now found that their design had been anticipated. From the passage leading to the buttery and kitchen flocked some half-dozen or more of the household, headed by Giles Moppett and Crundy, and armed with partisans and bills. At the same time, Colonel Maunsel, sword in hand, appeared at the head of the staircase, closely attended by Martin Geere, with a musket over his shoulder, while a few paces behind them were Mr. Beard and Dulcia, with Patty Whinchat.

It will now be proper to explain how all these persons chanced

to appear with so much suddenness. As may be supposed, on that eventful night none of the inmates of the Grange retired to rest; and consequently they were all aware that Stelfax had returned with a new prisoner. Though entertaining no hope whatever of accomplishing his son's and Lord Wilmot's deliverance from their enemies, Colonel Maunsel did not entirely despair of setting free the captive last brought in. Who this personage might be the old Cavalier was entirely ignorant. All the household were firmly persuaded it was the king; and though Colonel Maunsel, who had received an assurance to the contrary from Lord Wilmot, did not share in their belief, still he felt certain the individual must be a Royalist of distinction—and, in all probability, a friend. An effort must, therefore, be made for his liberation. Through the agency of Martin Geere and Giles Moppett, who were employed by the Colonel in preparation for this project, the whole of the household were secretly armed, and commanded to hold themselves in readiness, in case the attempt could be made with any prospect of success. So long as the Ironsides maintained an imposing force, and, indeed, outnumbered the colonel's retainers, any such attempt would have been fraught with the greatest risk; but when Stelfax set off for the church, taking half a dozen men with him, and leaving but a slender guard of three or four behind—of which Colonel Maunsel was made aware by Moppett—then it seemed to the old Cavalier that the right moment had arrived. But Moppett had a plan of his own for rendering the matter quite certain. With the aid of his fellow-servants, he undertook to secure three of the Ironsides in the cellar, whither he knew they were about to go, and besought his master to wait till he could carry the plan into effect. Though anxious for the onset, Colonel Maunsel agreed to the delay—or rather, allowed himself to be persuaded by Mr. Beard to adopt this prudent course. The good clergyman and his daughter had remained with the colonel to a late hour, and finding it was his intention to watch throughout the night, Mr. Beard desired permission to keep him company, and of course the request could not be refused. Dulcia was unwilling to leave her father—and Patty did not like to quit her young mistress—so they all remained in an upper room, which Colonel Maunsel had chosen for himself when driven from his own chamber by Stelfax. Within this room the colonel was pacing to and fro, supported by Martin Geere, scarcely able to control his impatience, and eagerly expecting Moppett's appearance, when the report of a pistol, almost instantly followed by two other shots, suddenly smote his ears. Drawing his sword, he hastened, without support, along the corridor to the head of the stairs, followed somewhat more cautiously by the others.

Patty Whinchat had snatched up a taper before quitting the room, and others of the household, when issuing from the buttery

and kitchen, had brought lamps with them, so there was now light enough to reveal the disguised Royalists near the door. Deceived by their accoutrements, the old Cavalier took them for Parliamentary soldiers, and naturally concluded they were marching off with the prisoner. But his blood was now up, and although Mr. Beard besought him not to interfere and so jeopardise his own safety, he shouted out to the supposed Roundheads to set free their prisoner instantly. Then turning to his household, he vociferated, "Upon them, my men!—upon them!—strike hard, and fear not!—I will be down with you on the instant, and will show you how such crop-eared curs ought to be dealt with. Upon them, I say! Wherefore do you hesitate?"

"They do well to hesitate in attacking friends and supporters of the good cause, Colonel Maunsel," cried Lord Wilmot.

"Royalists in the garb of rebels!" exclaimed the old Cavalier.

"Ay, Royalists!" cried Clavering. "If you do not recognise Lord Wilmot, surely my voice cannot be strange to you?"

"Methinks your honour will recognise mine?" John Habergeon called out.

"And mine also, I am assured?" Ninian added.

"I know you all now," cried the colonel, who had been for a moment speechless with astonishment. "Come to my arms, my dear boy, that I may embrace thee once more!" he added, hurrying down the staircase in a delirium of joy, while Clavering sprang forward to meet him. "Art thou indeed free?" he cried, catching the young man in his arms, and folding him to his breast.

"Free as yourself, father," Clavering rejoined. "We have left those caitiff Roundheads in our places in the church."

"Amazement!" exclaimed the colonel. "This passes all my comprehension."

"Your honour would be still more amazed if you could hear how it has been accomplished," John Habergeon remarked; "but there is not time to tell it now."

While this was going on, the trooper who had kept guard over Colonel Gunter had been attacked by a strong body of the household, and was now dragged forth by them in triumph, with his arms pinioned with his own belt. Seeing this, Lord Wilmot consigned the sentinel to Moppett and Crundy, bidding them take both rascals away, and shoot them if they thought proper.

"Nay, we will not put them to death," said Moppett, "but we will clap them with their comrades in the cellar." And both prisoners were haled away.

"I must perforce tear your son from your embraces, Colonel Maunsel," said Lord Wilmot. "We shall have the Ironsides back from the church, and then all our trouble will be lost. We came here to liberate a brother Royalist—Colonel Gunter of Racton," he added, in a low voice, to the old Cavalier.

"Ha!" exclaimed Colonel Maunsel, warmly grasping the hand of the newly-liberated prisoner. "I knew him not, but was about to make an effort for his liberation. However, you have got the start of me."

"Nevertheless, I thank you as heartily, Colonel Maunsel, as if you had been first to help me," said Colonel Gunter. And he then added, in a low tone, "We came to consult with you about procuring a vessel, either at Newhaven or Shoreham, to convey his Majesty to France."

"A word, ere I answer you!" exclaimed the old Cavalier, eagerly. "You can assure me, I trust, that his Majesty is in safety?"

"We have every reason to believe so," replied Gunter. "Lord Wilmot left him at Boscobel in the care of loyal liegemen, who will guard him with their life—as you would guard him, colonel. But how think you? Can a vessel be procured?"

"I doubt it not," said the old Cavalier. "There is a skipper of Shoreham, named Nicholas Tattersall, who is master of a fast-sailing brig, called the *Swiftsure*. I know him to be an honest fellow, who may be trusted in such an enterprise; but, unluckily, he is away at present—at Plymouth, I believe—and his return is uncertain."

"Nicholas Tattersall! I shall not forget the name, colonel," replied Gunter. "If his Majesty should not otherwise be provided, Tattersall shall be our man."

"If we ourselves do not depart at once we shall have small chance of lending his Majesty further aid," said Lord Wilmot. "Will you not go with us, Colonel Maunsel? If you stay, you will have to brook the rage—perhaps the vengeance—of that disappointed and savage Ironside captain."

"I fear him not," replied the old Cavalier. "I will not quit my house, unless forced from it."

Despite the hurry and confusion of the moment, it will not be supposed that Clavering—aware of her presence—would fail to seek out Dulcia. When his father became engaged with Colonel Gunter he instantly took advantage of the opportunity offered him to fly to her. The poor damsel needed his support. The sudden revulsion of feeling she experienced was too much for her. Her lover's fate had appeared to her to be sealed. Escape for him from the clutches of Stelfax seemed impossible. Yet at the very moment when such an occurrence was least expected, he stood before her—free! Yes, free! The garb in which he was arrayed told how he had escaped. But explanation was unneeded. Enough for her he was out of the power of his relentless captor, who had pronounced that his doom would be death. After gazing at him for a short space intently, through eyes streaming with tears, she gave utterance to a wild, irreplaceable cry of delight, which had yet something thrilling

and painful about it, and sank upon his shoulder. Mr. Beard, who was standing beside his daughter, watching her with great anxiety, would have removed her, but Clavering besought him to forbear.

"Leave her with me for a moment, good sir," he said. "My time is short. Heaven only knows when we shall meet again!"

"Place yourself wholly in the hands of Providence, my dear young friend," the clergyman rejoined. "After this display of His mercy manifested towards you, you can never doubt His ability to aid you, if He be so minded. Resign yourself, henceforth, to His will and guidance."

"My heart is full to overflowing with gratitude to the Great Disposer of Events," said Clavering; "but He would not have us remain inactive. As He prompts, we must obey. If I might counsel you, I would urge you to fly for a season with Dulcia from this dwelling, and seek a more secure asylum elsewhere."

"Whither should I go?" Mr. Beard replied. "There is no place of security for me and for my child. No, I will not voluntarily quit the house that has sheltered me so long. I will not desert the patron who has so long befriended me, and who has need of my ministry and assistance. And my child will tarry with me."

"To the last, father," Dulcia cried, raising her head. "My place is near your side, and I will never abandon it."

"I would not have you do so!" exclaimed Clavering. "But it drives me almost to distraction to think what may happen when that fierce Republican officer returns. I cannot—will not leave you."

"You must—you must, dear Clavering," said Dulcia. "Fly with your friends, and think not of us, or think that we are under the protection of a watchful Providence. Your staying here would not add to our security, and would lead to your own certain recapture. Go!—go with my father's blessing, and my own heartfelt wishes for your preservation. Stay not a moment longer. Pray Heaven you have not stayed too long already!"

This latter exclamation was caused by a movement of alarm among the Royalists. A noise was heard outside, announcing the return of Stelfax and his men.

"They are upon us!" exclaimed Lord Wilmot. "Secure the door, and extinguish the lights."

The latter order was instantly obeyed, and the first part of the directions was attended to with equal promptitude by John Habergeon and Ninian, who, flying to the door, bolted and barred it.

Before proceeding further, we may mention that Ninian had found Patty's presence as irresistible as that of Dulcia proved to his young master. Marching up to her in military fashion, but with rather more swagger in his gait than was consistent with his



Roundhead accoutrements, he tried to catch her in his arms. Patty either did not recognise him at first in his disguise, or pretended not to do so, for she screamed slightly, and checked his attempted familiarity by a sound box on the ear. However, an explanation quickly ensued, and she was congratulating him on his escape, when the alarm of Stelfax's return was given as above narrated, and the young falconer suddenly recalled to sterner duties.

The door, which was of oak and of considerable strength, possessing, moreover, ponderous bolts and bars, was only just barricaded in time. The next moment it was forcibly tried, and the voice of Stelfax was heard furiously demanding admittance. The windows in front of the old mansion were deeply embayed, and projected far beyond the walls. They were built of stone, with massive upright posts and transverse bars; and the divisions between the bars were secured by iron stanchions, so that, although only curtains were drawn inside, no danger of unlicensed entrance into the house was to be apprehended. Finding the door solid enough to resist all his efforts to burst it open, Stelfax turned his attention to the windows lighting the hall, and which were at no great height from the ground. But here, again, he was disappointed, as was shown by his exclamations, which, being uttered in a loud key, were quite audible to those inside.

"They are here," cried the Ironside captain. "I am well assured of it. What ho! within," he vociferated. "I summon you to surrender in the name of the Republic. Ye will be put to death if you resist."

"Away with you up-stairs!" cried Colonel Maunsel to Mr. Beard and the women. "Get out of harm's way as quickly as you can. We shall have hot work presently. Take care of yourselves, and find some shelter," he added to the others. "They are about to fire upon us."

Thus cautioned, such members of the household as were left in the hall beat a hasty retreat into the passage leading to the buttery; Dulcia and Patty skipped up the great staircase, followed more leisurely by Mr. Beard, who deemed it inconsistent with his calling to display haste even at a moment of danger; while the others stepped quickly into the banqueting-room, the door of which was open. The next moment a loud explosion was heard. A volley of shot was poured against one of the windows, shivering the beautiful stained glass within it, while several of the bullets struck against the foot of the grand staircase. Luckily, no further damage was done.

"Now make for your horses with all possible despatch," cried Colonel Maunsel to Lord Wilmot and the others. "These knaves will go to the back of the house next, and try to cut off your retreat."

"On my soul, I am half inclined to stay and give them battle,"

Lord Wilmot said. "We are equal to them in numbers, I think, without counting your servants."

"My servants must not be counted, my lord," the old Cavalier replied. "They would go for nothing in a conflict of this kind. But, however disposed you may be for an engagement with the rascals, I would beg of you to depart. You owe it to his Majesty to care for your own safety."

"That is true," Lord Wilmot replied. "And it decides me to shun an encounter with them, if it can be helped. But will you not go with us?"

"No, my lord," Colonel Maunsel replied, firmly. "My place is here. To your horses as fast as you can! Heaven grant these Roundheads reach not the back of the house ere you get out. Ninian will show you the way. If you have no other place of refuge, go to the Star at Alfriston, where you are certain to find shelter. John Habergeon knows the house well. Adieu, my dear lord!—and adieu to all!"

On this the Royalists hurried across the hall, and, guided by Ninian, tracked the passage leading to the buttery, and made for the outlet at the rear of the house. Clavering lingered behind for a moment to receive his father's blessing, and then speeded after the others.

A walled enclosure, possessing two or three outlets leading to different parts of the premises, protected the back part of the mansion. The nearest way to the spot where the horses were stationed lay through the farm-yard, but if this course had been taken, the fugitive Royalists must at once have encountered the enemy, and Ninian therefore led them by a roundabout course through the garden, with which one of the doors in the yard communicated.

We have stated that Clavering was the last to come forth, and ere he stepped into the yard, all the others had crossed it and passed into the garden, with the single exception of John Habergeon. The old trooper waited for his young master, and it was well he did so. While Clavering was hurrying towards the outlet which John held open for him, urging him to look quick, for the red-coats were at hand (as was, indeed, evident by the noise), a door on the opposite side of the yard was burst open, and in rushed Stelfax and his men. Though the place was obscure, the light of the moon betrayed Clavering to his foes, and the infuriated Roundhead leader made a bound towards him like that of a tiger.

But he was balked of his prey, just when he fancied he had it in his grasp. Clavering succeeded in passing through the door, which was clapped to in the face of his pursuer by John Habergeon. The door could be bolted on the inner side, but on the outer, or garden side, there was only an iron handle connected with the latch. Seizing this handle, John urged his young master to fly, telling him he could hold the door for a minute or two, and

then should be able to take care of himself. The old trooper's tone of determination was not to be mistaken, so Clavering flew across the garden in the direction taken by the other fugitives.

Meantime, Stelfax tugged with all his might against the door, but John maintained it firmly against him, until, hearing the other prepare to fire at him through the boards, he deemed it prudent to let go, and decamped just in time to avoid the lodgement of a bullet in his body. Speeding with the swiftness of lightning across the grass-plot, he tried to gain the screen of the yew-tree avenue. But ere he got half way to it, the Ironsides were out and after him. Several shots were fired at him, and one or two of them must have checked his career, if he had not been provided with steel cap and back-piece, both of which were bullet-proof. As it was, he got off unscathed, and, passing through a gate, reached the little thicket at the back of the garden.

The report of the fire-arms had alarmed his friends; all of whom, Clavering included, had reached their horses, and were already in the saddle. Guessing what had happened, and fearing John might be shot or captured, yet anxious to lend him aid, they rode towards the garden gate, and had the satisfaction to see him issue from it unhurt. The old trooper shouted for joy at the sight of his friends, and in another instant was on the back of the steed, the bridle of which was held for him by Ninian. Hardly was this accomplished, when Stelfax and his men appeared.

On beholding the foe, Lord Wilmot drew his sword, and calling upon his companions to follow him, charged the Roundheads, resolved to hew them down. But the Ironside leader did not care to abide the attack. His own pistols and the carbines of his men had been discharged, and time had not been allowed them to reload. He therefore gave the word to retreat into the garden, and the command was promptly obeyed. Satisfied with this success, and not caring to continue the struggle, the Royalists contented themselves with a loud triumphant shout that made the holt ring again, and rode off.

### III.

#### THE RIDE TO NEWHAVEN—THE BRIG AND THE FRIGATE.

LORD WILMOT determined to act upon Colonel Maunsel's suggestion, and seek an asylum at the Star at Alfriston; and both Colonel Gunter and Clavering approved of the plan. John Habergeon undertook to get them secretly into the house. To reach Alfriston, they must proceed by Newhaven; for, although the former village lay a few miles to the south-east of the little seaport at the mouth of the Ouse, the river had to be crossed, and this could only be accomplished either by the ferry at Newhaven

or the bridge at Lewes. Towards Newhaven, therefore, they directed their course.

The night was clear and calm, and a crescent moon hung like a lamp in the deep starlit vault. It was about the second hour after midnight, and had any one seen the troop careering over the downs at that lonesome time, they might have been judged to be bent on some dark design. But to newly-escaped captives, as they all were, the sense of freedom was inexpressibly delightful. It being a principle with the Cavaliers to banish care, and make the most of the passing moment, they all appeared in good spirits. The fineness of the night, the fresh air, and the pleasant and wholesome exercise so exhilarated them, that Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter soon became quite cheerful, and even Clavering shook off his misgivings.

Pursuing their way, in the first instance, along the undulating ridge of the hill trending towards the coast, they passed an ancient barrow, and a fire-beacon contiguous to it, which latter occupied the site of the present windmill, until they came to the Newhaven road, skirting which, and keeping on the turf, they descended the gentle declivity dipping into Rottingdean.

And here we may, parenthetically, remark, that no more delightful ride or walk can be found in any part of the kingdom than is to be had by following the line of coast between Brighton and Newhaven. Fine turf, which need never be quitted, is to be found the whole way. A little to the west of Rottingdean the cliffs form a natural terrace carpeted with sod as smooth as velvet, redolent of wild thyme and other fragrant herbs, and commanding splendid sea-views; but, indeed, nearly the same thing may be said of eight miles out of the nine. The elasticity of the turf, and the freshness of the breeze, make exercise taken under such circumstances a delightful recreation.

Rottingdean, a village of some antiquity, was then nearly as large as it is at the present time. A few little tenements, occupied by fishermen, were built near the shore, but the better sort of habitations lay further up the valley, near the church. Three or four broad-bottomed boats were hauled up, high and dry, on the shingly beach, but there were no other evidences of any maritime calling on the part of the inhabitants. The whole village seemed fast asleep. Not a dog barked as the Royalists rode past the cottages, and mounted the opposite hill.

At that time the Sussex roads were accounted among the worst in England, and as the best were bad enough, their condition may be surmised. The ascents were excessively steep, and the descents proportionately dangerous. The ruts were tremendous; and in bad weather, or after the breaking up of a frost, the chalky mud was so thick, slab, and tenacious, that carts and other vehicles often stuck fast in it, and could with difficulty be extricated. The coast road

nigh which our Royalists rode was as indifferent as any in the county, but the turf on either side of it was exquisite—fine as a well-kept bowling-green.

On gaining the brow of the hill on the further side of Rottingdean, Lord Wilmot allowed his gaze to range over the sea, a wide expanse of which here lay before him. A pleasant breeze was blowing from the south-east. In the deep stillness of the night the waves could be distinctly heard dashing upon the shore, and rattling amongst the shingles. The beams of the moon fell in a line of quivering light athwart the waves, tipping their edges with silver, and within this line a small brig could be discerned, shaping her course towards the south, as if about to cross the Channel. As he watched this little vessel cleaving her way through the glittering waters, Lord Wilmot could not help exclaiming aloud, "Yon brig seems bound for the opposite shore. Would that the object of our greatest solicitude were on board her!"

"In that case, we might say that all our anxiety was ended," cried Colonel Gunter.

"Not so," said Clavering, "for if I mistake not, there is a frigate cruising out yonder, opposite Newhaven, which will speedily compel the little sloop to haul to, so that if his Majesty were on board of the latter vessel he would inevitably be captured."

"By Heaven, you are right!" exclaimed Lord Wilmot. "Rebels swarm upon the waters as they do on the land. These shores are so jealously watched, that escape seems barely possible. See! a gun is fired by the frigate as a signal to the brig to stay her course."

As he spoke, a flash was visible from the side of the more distant vessel, followed soon afterwards by a loud report. The sloop instantly lowered her sails in obedience to the summons to stay, and floated listlessly upon the waves.

"I hope no Royalist is on board that little bark," exclaimed Colonel Gunter. "If so, he will soon be in the hands of the enemy, for see! a boat is lowered from the frigate."

The Royalists paused to look on. In another minute the boat was manned, and propelled with lusty strokes by a dozen well-armed seamen, accompanied by an officer seated in the stern.

"There they go, in evident expectation of making a prize," cried Lord Wilmot. "Let us hope the rascals may be disappointed. But as we can render no assistance to the good cause, but may jeopardise our own safety by needless delay, we had best move on."

"We have here a proof of the great hazard his Majesty will incur by attempting this means of escape," Clavering observed to Lord Wilmot. "Does not the incident excite your lordship's apprehensions?"

"The risk will be great, undoubtedly," Lord Wilmot replied; "but it must be run. The king is exposed to greater perils on

shore. A fast-sailing sloop and a good captain are what we need; and these requisites are to be found, according to your father, in the *Swiftsure*, commanded by Captain Nicholas Tattersall, of Shoreham."

"I know Captain Tattersall. He is a good seaman, and a trusty fellow," exclaimed Clavering.

"Unluckily, he is absent just now," Lord Wilmot replied; "but if circumstances compel us to wait, we will have recourse to him."

Having mounted two or three eminences, and descended into as many hollows, the party now reached a flat upland covered with gorse and brambles, and soon afterwards the road, instead of continuing along the summits of the cliffs, turned off on the left in a rapid descent towards Newhaven, which was only about a mile distant. From this point, had there been light enough, the greater part of the Lewes levels, with the noble downs beyond them, would have been visible, but the distant landscape was buried in obscurity, increased by vapours arising from the broad swampy tract below. About half a mile off, on a headland overlooking the quay of Newhaven, and known as the Castle Hill, stood another fire-beacon. Riding rapidly down the hill, and passing the old church, amidst its trees, on the right, the fugitives dashed through the town to the ferry.

Though of no great width, the Ouse has a channel of considerable depth, and the tide, which runs up higher than Lewes, being confined within narrow banks, rises with great rapidity, and ebbs with equal speed. At the present day the river is crossed by a draw-bridge, but at the time of our story the only means of transit was by the ferry in question. When the cavalcade reached the bank, they easily discovered the large flat-bottomed, punt-shaped boat, used for the conveyance of men and cattle across the stream, with its huge oars and poles inside it. But it was chained fast to a post on the hard, and no ferryman was there to set it free or undertake its conduct across the river. Our Royalists, however, were not men to be easily checked. With the aid of a stone, John Habergeon soon broke off the staple that held the chain, and he and Eustace Saxby undertook to perform the part of ferrymen. Three of the horses—all that the boat would hold at a time securely—were embarked; and these, with the three Cavaliers, having been transported to the other side, the self-constituted boatmen returned for the rest of the horses, which had been left in charge of Ninian. These also, together with the young falconer, were safely ferried across the Ouse. This done, and horses and men being landed, the boat was turned adrift, and borne rapidly by the ebbing current towards the sea, John Habergeon observing, with a laugh, "If those rascally Roundheads should pursue us, they will be brought to a stop here, for there is not another ferry-boat or a bridge betwixt Newhaven and Lewes."

On leaving Newhaven, the fugitives took a northerly course, and for some time followed the road leading from Seaford to Denton and Tarring Neville. They were now skirting a disused channel of the Ouse, and could hear the hollow cry of the bittern booming across the marshy levels. Enveloped in the mists arising from this fenny region, they could scarcely see a yard before them, and had to proceed with some caution, until, after passing through Denton, they struck across the uplands on the right, and soon got clear of the fogs. They then made their way, regardless of all impediments, to Alfriston, where they arrived long before any of the inhabitants of the village were stirring, and proceeded forthwith towards the place of refuge recommended by Colonel Maunsel.

#### IV.

##### THE STAR AT ALFRISTON.

THE Star at Alfriston, happily still existing, is one of the best specimens to be met with of an ancient English hostelry. Dating back as far as the early part of the sixteenth century, this curious old building was originally designed as a resting-place for pilgrims and mendicant friars, and was meant, moreover, to afford sanctuary to such as claimed ecclesiastical protection. The woodwork of the ancient hostelry is enriched with quaint and grotesque carvings, all of which are imbued with mediæval character and spirit. On either side of the wide-arched portal are saintly figures, and under the windows of the door may be seen two snakes with tails entwined. At the corner of the structure is a large carved lion, and over it two apes sustaining a mace crowned. Near the sign-post there used to be a dog, and beside it a bacchanalian figure with bottle and glass—but these, and doubtless many other equally curious memorials of the past, are gone. Within, there are other traces of antiquity. On the main beam of the principal room is a shield, inscribed with the sacred characters I. H. S.

How it came to pass at a period like that in which our Tale is laid, when all ecclesiastical ornaments were mutilated or destroyed by bigots and fanatics, that such decorations as were possessed by the old hostelry of Alfriston should have been spared, we pretend not to determine. Such must have been the case, since they are still preserved. Perhaps the inhabitants of the village were less bigoted than their neighbours, or they may have respected the idolatrous carvings of the inn out of regard for the worthy host. Honest Stephen Buxted brewed such good ale, sold such good wine, and trimmed his sails so dexterously, that he found favour with both factions. Secretly, however, his inclinations were for the Royalists, by whom, as we have intimated, he was trusted; many fugitive Cavaliers having at various times found refuge beneath his roof.

Dawn was just breaking as the little cavalcade entered Alfriston. Slackening their pace, they rode through the village as quietly as they could, being anxious not to disturb the slumbers of the inhabitants. The fine old cruciform church, with its lofty spire, round which the jackdaws were already wheeling, making the welkin ring with their cawing, reared itself before them. But neither on this ancient structure, nor on the mutilated stone-cross standing in the centre of the street, did the Royalists bestow much attention. Their object being to gain secret admittance to the hostelry, they did not halt before the front door, but turned down a lane at the side of the house, and at once proceeded to the stables. Here John Habergeon, in fulfilment of his promise, quickly managed to knock up the ostler, who, as soon as he recognised him, came forth and helped to convey their steeds to the stalls.

While this was going on, Stephen Buxted made his appearance at the back door of the hostelry, anxious to know what guests had thus unexpectedly arrived, but being completely in dishabille, having only just sprung out of bed, he did not care to venture forth in the chilly air. Seeing a Republican soldier, as he supposed, issue from the stable, honest Stephen was about to beat a hasty retreat, and shut the door after him, when Clavering—for he it was who had come forth—arrested him by calling out, in the Cavaliers' shibboleth, that he was a friend of Cæsar.

"A friend of Cæsar in the accoutrements of a rebel!" muttered Buxted. "Seek not to impose upon me, good master," he added, aloud. "Be you whom you may, you cannot enter the house at this untimely hour. You must tarry for an hour or two within the stable, and make shift with clean straw for a bed."

So saying, he was again about to retire, when Clavering once more arrested him, by calling out, "Do you not know me, Buxted?"

"The voice sounds familiar!" cried the host, pausing. "Surely it cannot be Master Clavering Maunsel, of Ovingdean Grange?"

"You have guessed aright, Buxted," the young man replied, advancing towards him, so as to afford the host a better view of his features; and he then added, in a lower voice, "I and some friends have come to take shelter with you, and if you can accommodate us, it is possible we may remain with you for a few days—perhaps a week."

"You and your friends shall be welcome, good Master Clavering," the host replied. "I trust all is well with your honoured father. I need scarcely say that the son of Colonel Maunsel shall have the best entertainment my poor house affords."

"Any entertainment will suffice for me, Buxted," Clavering rejoined; "but there is one with me whose high rank demands more than ordinary care."

"High rank, said you, Master Clavering?" cried the host.



"Surely, it is not our gracious master in person? Oh! if it should be, he shall be welcome to all Stephen Buxted's possessions!"

"I know your loyalty and devotion, my worthy host," Clavering replied. "But this is not the king. I would it were! he could not be in better hands than yours. But if your sovereign will not lodge with you, you will have one of his Majesty's truest advisers as your guest. And who knows but ere long you may have the king himself beneath your roof!"

"It would, indeed, delight me to have an opportunity of testifying my loyalty!" cried Buxted. "But bid your friends come in at once, and do not remain out there in the yard. I hope your entrance into the village may not have been observed, for we have many curious gossips in Alfriston, though they are, for the most part, well affected towards the king. I will say that for them."

"So far as I can judge, our arrival has been wholly unnoticed," said Clavering. "We did not encounter a soul in the street, and no one that I observed looked forth at us. But I will now go and fetch my friends."

"And I will be with them in a moment," the host replied. "I will but go up-stairs and put on a few clothes, that I may attend upon them more decorously."

With this he disappeared, while Clavering crossed over to the stables, and presently returned with the rest of the party, all of whom entered the house. As our young friend knew his way to the parlour, he did not wait for the host to conduct him thither, but ushered Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter into the room, where in another minute they were joined by the host, who by this time had managed to put on his doublet and hose. To honest Buxted's inquiries as to what he could bring them, his guests replied that what they needed most was rest. Accordingly, he led them at once to sleeping apartments, of which there were, luckily, several unoccupied in the house, and he undertook to hide their martial accoutrements, so soon as they should have taken them off. Ere long the whole party, having placed their heads upon the pillow, lost the recollection of their perils and fatigue.

For nearly a week did Clavering and Colonel Gunter, with two out of the three followers belonging to the former—namely, John Habergeon and the elder Saxby—remain at the Star. During this time they ran many risks of discovery, strict search being made for them throughout the whole district by the Ironsides; but such were the precautions taken by Buxted, and so great the vigilance and fidelity of his household, that, though on one occasion a party of troopers actually came to the house and remained there more than an hour, subjecting the host and hostess and all their servants to sharp interrogatories, they failed to detect their prey.

On the second night, Lord Wilmot took leave of his friends, and set out for Trent House, in Somersetshire—the residence of Colonel

Wyndham, a distinguished Royalist—where he expected to obtain tidings of the fugitive monarch. His lordship was attended by Ninian Saxby, who was to be the bearer of intelligence as soon as there should be any to communicate. All such letters were to be addressed with the greatest privacy to Colonel Gunter's residence, Racton, near Chichester, whither he and Clavering intended shortly to proceed.

Endeavours were made by the two Cavaliers left behind at Alfriston to engage a vessel for the king's service, and with this object many secret visits were paid to Newhaven by John Habergeon and Eustace Saxby—it not being deemed prudent that the principals should be seen—but without much prospect of success.

At the expiration of a week the two Cavaliers began to tire of the inactive life they were leading. Clavering's wound had nearly healed, and he had quite recovered the use of his arm, so that he was now fit for any service. They therefore resolved to quit their present asylum, and proceed to Racton. But the Ironsides being still as much on the alert as ever, it behoved them to be exceedingly cautious in their movements. Disguises were therefore procured for them by Stephen Buxted, of such kind as would be most likely to elude suspicion; but, for greater security, they started on their journey soon after midnight, and on foot.

We shall find them at a halting-place on their way ere long; but, meanwhile, we may mention that Eustace Saxby had left them to pay a stealthy visit to Ovingdean Grange, and ascertain how matters were going on there; and that John Habergeon was to make a last attempt on that very night to hire a vessel at Newhaven, the result of which he had undertaken to communicate to Clavering and Colonel Gunter in a manner hereafter to be described.

## V.

### HOW MR. BEARD AND DULCIA WERE TAKEN AS HOSTAGES FOR COLONEL MAUNSEL.

It will now be necessary to go back to the night on which the Royalists made their escape from Stelfax, in order to see how that officer comported himself after the loss of his prey. He returned to the house breathing vengeance against all those who had aided the prisoners in their flight—foremost amongst whom was Colonel Maunsel. The execution, however, of his vindictive schemes was deferred till the morrow, his chief desire at present being, if possible, to recapture the fugitives. But, as the Royalists had foreseen, great delay was experienced in catching the horses, and even when this point was achieved, for some time the bridles and saddles could not be found. But although nearly an hour was thus wasted,

the infuriated Republican officer would not relinquish the design of pursuit. Submission to defeat was intolerable to him, and so long as a chance remained of retrieving his discomfiture, he was resolved not to throw it away. In less than an hour, then, after the departure of the fugitives, he started in pursuit, at the head of some seven or eight men. Delves was left behind, with orders to watch over the house, and though he pleaded hard to be allowed to accompany his leader, permission was not granted him. Stelfax had noted the course taken in the first instance by the fugitives, and galloping to Rottingdean, ascertained from a fisherman, who had heard the cavalcade pass his cottage, that they had gone on towards Newhaven. To the latter place, therefore, Stelfax rode with all possible despatch, but his mortification and rage were boundless, when, on arriving at the ferry, he found that the Royalists had got across, and that the boat was turned adrift. Further pursuit was, therefore, out of the question, as he was well aware there was no means of crossing the Ouse nearer than the bridge at Lewes.

After a brief debate with himself, Stelfax, unable to brook the idea of returning empty-handed, sent back his men to Ovingdean, and rode on alone by the western side of the levels, through Rodmill and Kingston to Lewes; proceeding at once to the castle, where the detachment under his command was quartered. His first business was to call out one-and-twenty men, whom he divided into three parties, assigning to each a separate district—thus one party was instructed to make a perquisition of the coast, from Seaford to Eastbourne; another the mid country, comprehending Beddingham, the Firl range of downs, Aleiston, Selmeston, and Hailsham; and a third Mount Caburn, Glynde, Laughton, and Ringmer. The men were, in short, to scour the whole country to the south-east of Lewes, making a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles, or more if needed, and not to return without bringing the fugitives with them. It had been Stelfax's intention to take the command of one of these parties, but he began to find that fatigue had made some inroads even upon his iron frame, and that if he did not allow himself repose he might break down. Contenting himself, therefore, with giving such precise instructions to the men as he fancied must ensure the accomplishment of his purpose, he flung himself upon his hard soldier's couch, and became presently oblivious of his cares.

His instructions were carefully obeyed. The whole district he had indicated was traversed by his men; but without effect. No traces of the fugitives could be detected. Whether they had gone after leaving Newhaven was a mystery that could not be solved—no one appearing to have seen them. Even when the pursuers were really on the right scent, they remained at fault. A visit, as we have already mentioned, was paid to the Star at Alfriston; but though the whole of the fugitives were at that time in the hostelry, they were so well concealed that not the slightest suspicion of their propinquity

was entertained by the Ironsides. In anticipation of a visit of the kind, the horses brought off by the Royalists had been removed to an out-of-the-way shed at some distance from the inn. Luckily, no one in the village had witnessed the arrival of the fugitives, so betrayal was impossible, except by the ostler, and there was no fear of him. From Alfriston the troopers went on to Wilmington, where of course they did not learn much. But besides missing the objects of their quest, all three parties were more than once duped by false intelligence. Notwithstanding their disappointment, the search was continued throughout the day, and it was only at nightfall that the three divisions returned to Lewes, and faced their wrathful leader. Their failure was a heavy blow to Stelfax. He had delayed his return to Ovingdean till night, hoping to go back in triumph. But shame, and the sense of discomfiture, detained him till the next day, when, determined to make an imposing appearance, he rode thither at the head of fifty men.

By this time, owing to the exertions of the sergeant, discipline had been completely restored among the men left under his charge. Helpless Henly and the two others, who had been guilty of insubordination and drunkenness, were still under arrest. Delves was therefore able to give a satisfactory account of himself to his leader. But it was not equally satisfactory to Stelfax to learn that Colonel Maunsel was dangerously ill, and entirely confined to his bed. The vexations and anxieties undergone by the old Cavalier had proved too much for him. On the day after his son's escape with the other Royalists, he was unable to leave his couch, and his enfeebled condition greatly alarmed those in attendance upon him. No improvement had taken place in his health, but rather the reverse, when Stelfax arrived at the Grange.

Without making any remark on the information he had received, but determined to judge for himself, the Ironside leader marched at once to the room in which the colonel was lying, and found him supported by pillows, and looking the picture of death. Mr. Beard and Dulcia were seated by the couch, and the former had a Bible on his knee. Both arose as Stelfax entered, and the old Cavalier made an effort to raise himself.

For a moment not a word was said. The stern Republican officer folded his arms upon his breast, and gazed steadfastly, but not without a slight touch of compassion in his glance, at the invalided but still noble-looking gentleman before him. At length he said,

"I have come to carry you a prisoner to Lewes, Colonel Maunsel. Are you ready to go?"

"You must prepare a litter for my transport," the old Cavalier replied, feebly. "I cannot move a limb."

"Surely, sir," cried Mr. Beard to Stelfax, "if you have any touch of humanity in your composition you will not attempt to move the colonel in this state. He will never reach Lewes alive."

Dulcia cast a supplicating look at the Roundhead leader, but did not speak.

"Waste not your time in idle entreaties, my good friend," observed Colonel Maunsel, feebly. "I know the ruthless and inflexible character of this man too well to suppose him accessible to the common dictates of humanity. Take me, sir," he continued, sternly. "Bid your soldiers bear me, living, to the grave."

"Remove him at your proper peril, sir," exclaimed Mr. Beard. "I warn you again that he is dangerously ill. If he dies by the way, his death will lie at your door."

"Such an occurrence, were it to take place, would not trouble me much," Stelfax rejoined. "But I have no personal animosity to Colonel Maunsel, who, though an inveterate malignant, is a brave man, and I should be loth to abridge the little life left him. I will, therefore, consent to leave him undisturbed if a hostage be given me for his surrender in the event of recovery."

"What hostage do you require, sir?" demanded Mr. Beard, quickly. "I am of little account, as compared with my honoured patron. Yet, peradventure, I may suffice."

"Not alone, sir," Stelfax replied. "I must have your daughter as well."

"Accede not to the proposition, my good friend," Colonel Maunsel observed, faintly. "Above all, place not Dulcia in this man's power. Let him take me. What are a few hours more of wretched existence to a sufferer like myself? Better—far better! they were ended!"

"It must not be so, father," Dulcia interposed. "Since hostages are required, who so fitting as we, who owe all to our generous protector?"

"You are right, my child," said Mr. Beard. "The course we ought to pursue is manifest. We will go."

"I will not consent to this," cried Colonel Maunsel. "Dulcia may be taken to the Castle, and placed in its dungeons, or in the martyr-cells beneath the White Hart, which have of late, as I understand, been put to their former use. Such barbarity shall never be practised if I can hinder it."

"I have no design to place either Mr. Beard or his daughter in actual durance, unless compelled, Colonel Maunsel," replied Stelfax. "All I require is to have them in safe custody. They may choose a lodging where they will in Lewes."

"Promise me that, on your honour as a soldier, and I am content," rejoined the old Cavalier. "If I am ever able to leave this couch, I will deliver myself up to you, and then their immediate release must follow. Meantime, I consider myself your prisoner on parole."

"Enough, sir," rejoined Stelfax. "You have the promise you require from me."

The old Cavalier then addressed himself to Mr. Beard, and looking anxiously at him, said,

"Use my name with Master Zachary Trangmar of the Priory House, and I doubt not he will provide you and Dulcia with a lodging."

"What! the old usurer of Mock-Beggar Hall!" exclaimed Stelfax. "I know him. He has rooms enow, and to spare; but I doubt if much furniture will be found within them."

"There will be sufficient for us if we obtain shelter," replied the good clergyman, fearing lest some fresh difficulty should be thrown in the way of an arrangement which he thought beneficial to his patron. "My daughter and myself will but make a few needful preparations, and we shall then be ready to attend you."

Patty Whinchat here emerged from the corner into which she had retreated on the entrance of the Ironside captain, and besought his permission to accompany her young mistress, which was readily accorded her. Telling Mr. Beard that he should set forth in half an hour, Stelfax bowed a stiff adieu to the old Cavalier, and, quitting the room, strode down the grand staircase to the entrance-hall, where he found Delves awaiting orders.

Meantime, the good clergyman and his daughter bade farewell—it might be, from the sad state in which they left him, an eternal valediction—to their kindly patron; Mr. Beard invoking blessings on the worthy gentleman's head, and praying Heaven to spare him; and Dulcia, who was drowned in tears, bending to receive the colonel's benediction. This parting over, their place was supplied by Martin Geerc, whose devotion to his master left no doubt that the old Cavalier would be carefully tended by him.

In allowing Colonel Maunsel to remain at his own house a prisoner on parole, and taking Mr. Beard and his daughter as hostages for the old Cavalier's surrender in case of recovery, Stelfax was influenced by other motives than those which he allowed to appear. Under such an arrangement, Clavering Maunsel and his friends were not unlikely, he judged, to pay a secret visit to the Grange, and might—were due vigilance observed—be recaptured; while, by withdrawing Dulcia from her present asylum, he would have her altogether in his power. Not wishing to alarm her and Mr. Beard too much in the first instance, he had proposed a lodging in the town, and was well pleased when the colonel mentioned old Zachary Trangmar, in whom he felt sure a ready instrument would be found. Such were some of the motives that influenced him; but he might have others, for his designs were dark and inscrutable. But while abandoning Ovingdean Grange, Stelfax deemed it necessary that careful watch should be kept over the house, and no one appeared to him—for reasons which he scarcely liked to acknowledge to himself—to be so well qualified for the office of a spy as the person who had recently out-

manœuvred him—namely, Increase Micklegift. But where was he to be found? Little expecting friendly overtures from the man he had injured, but dreading his vengeance, the Independent minister had fled. Stelfax questioned Delves about Micklegift, and the sergeant replied that there was in the village an elder named Morefruit Stone, who he thought might be able to communicate with the fugitive minister. Stelfax immediately caught at the suggestion, and said:

“Hie thee to Stone at once, and say unto him, that if he hath any means of communicating with Micklegift, he may inform him that I bear him no malice for what he hath done to me and to my men, but desire to do him a friendly service, and to that end request him to come over to me without delay to the castle at Lewes. Lest he suspect that, perchance, there may be a design to ensnare him, give him a solemn assurance of safety. About thine errand at once!”

Delves departed, and soon afterwards returned with the information that he had seen Stone, and had reason to believe he had succeeded in his object.

During the whole time that Stelfax remained at the Grange, the troop by whom he was attended were not permitted to dismount, but remained drawn up before the gates of the mansion, where, with their fine horses and polished accoutrements, they made a gallant show. The whole village turned out to look at them; and though the household at the Grange were in great terror of a second visitation, which might prove worse than the first—bad as that had been—their curiosity at last got the better of their fears, and they went forth to enjoy the spectacle. Greatly were Moppett, Crundy, and the rest rejoiced to learn that the unwelcome guests whom they had been obliged to entertain and serve for two mortal days and nights, and whose insults and ill-usage they had endured for that seemingly interminable period, were to be withdrawn. But their joy was somewhat damped by learning that good Mr. Beard and his daughter were to be taken away from them. However, since there was no help for it, they must needs submit. All they could do was to pray for the speedy return of the worthy pastor and Mistress Duleia. It was a great matter that the colonel himself—as they feared he might have been—was not to be taken from them.

At the appointed time the poor clergyman and his daughter, followed by Patty carrying a cloak-bag and some other trifling matters required by her young mistress, descended into the hall. By Stelfax's directions horses had been brought round for them from the stables, and though Dulcia would have willingly declined his help, the Ironside captain gallantly assisted her to mount her palfrey. Mr. Beard was accommodated with a strong, steady-going pad-nag, and Patty was placed on a pillion behind him.

While this was going on, Delves and the troopers who had been quartered at the Grange joined their comrades. Helpless Henly and the two others who were still under arrest were deprived of their arms and guarded, looking much abashed at their ignominious position.

All being in readiness, Stelfax sprang into the saddle, and gave the word to start. The walls and gables of the old mansion then rang with the inspiring clangour as the trumpeters sounded a march, and the troop rode slowly out of the village, and mounted the hill on the right, greatly to the relief of the inmates of the Grange, who felt as if a heavy nightmare were taken off their breasts. Most of the cottagers, however, followed the soldiers to the summit of the eminence, and stationed themselves near the ancient barrow to watch the progress of the cavalcade over the downs. The day was fine, and the polished casques and corslets of the warriors gleamed brightly in the sunshine, the long array of martial-looking figures constituting a striking spectacle.

No incident deserving mention marked the ride to Lewes. It was a melancholy journey to Dulcia, and not all Stelfax's efforts, who rode beside her, and who was officious in his attentions, could draw her into conversation. Mr. Beard was equally sad. Patty, however, whose spirits were ever of the lightest, was amused by the novelty of the situation, and thought it a fine thing to have so many stalwart-looking troopers riding beside her; some of whom could not help casting furtive glances at the pretty handmaiden.

On arriving at Lewes, Stelfax conducted his prisoners at once to Mockbeggar Hall. At first old Zachary Trangmar peremptorily refused to receive them, alleging the want of suitable accommodation, but the Ironside captain overruled his objections, and used such arguments with him, that, in the end, though with great reluctance, the old usurer assented. Eventually, therefore, Mr. Beard and his daughter, with her attendant, were admitted, and took possession of a suite of dismantled rooms, none of which contained an article of furniture. However, their wants in this respect were partially supplied, in the course of the evening, by Skrow Antram, and the old couple whom we have described as living with Zachary in the capacity of servants.

## VI.

### THE SHEPHERDS ON MOUNT CABURN.

THE SOVRAN in beauty is Mount Caburn. Fairest of Sussex hills. Firlie Ridge, with its beacon-crowned headland, frowning from the opposite side of the wide gorge, like a rival potentate, may be a more striking object—the long and precipitous escarpment of Kingston Hill, rising on the westerly side of the Lewes levels, is imposing—Mount Harry, with its historical recollections, at the



back of the old town, has charms of its own—Ditchling is loftier—Wolstonbury and Chanetonbury have each special and peculiar points of attraction; but if we were called upon to indicate the hill which unites the greatest beauty of form with the rarest advantages of situation, we should unhesitatingly mention Mount Caburn.

Magnificent is the prospect it commands. Look where you will the eye is delighted. Towards the west lies the broad alluvial plain, known as the Lewes Levels, through which the meandering and deep-channelled Ouse works its way towards its embouchure at Newhaven. Here, where the narrow and tortuous river is itself unseen, its course may be detected by the craft it bears along; for here, not unfrequently, as has been sung of the same spot,

the sail  
Majestic moves along the sedgy vale.

Here, at the present day, may be seen the swift locomotive shooting along its iron path towards the coast. At the opposite side of this wide plain—once the bed of an inland sea or marine lake—stand the lofty and precipitous escarpments, just mentioned, of Kingston Hill. Turn but a little to the north, and lo! the ancient town of Lewes rises before you with its lordly castle and old priory ruins, backed by Mount Harry. Yon bold and picturesque headland in front is Firl Beacon. It would almost seem as if some diluvian convulsion had torn these hills asunder. Through the wide ravine or valley, by which they are separated, now runs a branch of the railway, which may be followed, if you list, for miles in a south-easterly direction. Tracking the line of coast, you discern Pevensey Castle and Battle Abbey. Close at hand is pleasant and picturesque Beddingham, with its antique and square-towered church; and nearer yet, at the base of the hill, delightfully-situated Glynde, with the old Elizabethan mansion and well-timbered park adjoining it. But turn again towards the east and north-east, and let your gaze wander over the vast district. The view is almost unbounded—a splendid panorama, scarcely to be surpassed for variety and extent. Numberless hamlets with their churches, mansions surrounded by parks, detached farm-houses and homesteads may be discerned in this wide-spread plain, while in certain parts of it the countless hedge-rows, interspersed with taller timber, give it the appearance of an immense garden.

But it is not merely from the splendid prospect it enjoys, from the smoothness and beauty of its outline, from its gentle undulations, graceful slopes, deep dells and hollowed combs, that Mount Caburn merits distinction. In addition to other attractions, it possesses the most perfect specimen of an ancient entrenchment to be met with on the Sussex Downs. The strength of this encampment shows the estimation in which the position it occupies

was held. Circular in form, with double trenches, the outer of which is broad and deep, while the inner platform rises to a considerable height, the old defensive earthwork looks almost as fresh as when first constructed. Two centuries have, no doubt, wrought many and great changes in this part of Sussex; have multiplied its inhabitants, reclaimed and cultivated its wastes, digged sluices in its marshy levels, and, above all, carried railways through its plains, its devious valleys, and along its coast. But the general aspect of the country is the same. Above all, Mount Caburn is unchanged. In the middle of the seventeenth century this majestic hill looked as smooth and beautiful as it does in our own day.

The shades of night had scarcely fled from the summit of Mount Caburn, when two shepherds—such, at least, their garb proclaimed them—emerged from the inner trench of the encampment, and mounting upon the elevated platform within, gazed towards the beacon-crowned headland of Firl. The habiliments of these personages, as we have said, exactly resembled those of the swains accustomed to tend the flocks on the downs. Each of them wore a long-skirted, loose coat of grey serge, stout hobnailed boots, brown leathern gaiters, and a broad-brimmed felt hat, being furthermore provided with a crook. But no dog followed them, and if you could have looked beneath those grey serge coats, you would have found that the pacific-looking swains had pistols and short hunting-swords stuck in their belts. Moreover, if you had peered beneath the hats pulled down over their brows, you would have seen at once they were not the simple rustics they professed to be. Both of them might be termed young men, though one of them had the advantage of his companion in this respect by some years, and both might be accounted handsome. The younger of the two, indeed, was singularly good-looking. But as there is no need to make a mystery of the matter, we may state at once that they were Cavalier acquaintances, though the reader might have failed to recognise them as such, inasmuch as the outward distinctions of the party to which they belonged were gone. Long, scented locks and peaked beards had vanished, and given place to close-cropped heads and smooth-shaven chins. Metamorphosed, however, as they were, the two persons were no other than Colonel Gunter and Clavering Maunsel.

Night had but recently fled, and the sun had not yet risen to gladden the hills and gild them with his beams. Mists lay in the marshy levels on the right, and a thin curtain of vapour shrouded Beddingham, concealing all of the village except the square tower of its church. Mists also hung over Glynde Place, and the woods adjoining it. But the summits of the downs, though grey-looking and somewhat sombre, were wholly free from fog; and a ruddy glow in the east announced the speedy advent of the sun. The gaze of the Cavaliers was turned towards the elevated ridge on the further side of the valley, but though both strained

their eyes in this direction for some minutes, they could not descry the object they sought. Neither spoke, but each continued to look eagerly towards the Firlie heights. Each moment the sky had been growing brighter and redder, as if the east were all a-flame, when suddenly the god of day himself appeared, and, ere long, the hills glowed with his splendour. It was at this juncture that the object which our two Cavaliers had sought for so eagerly became visible. It was a shepherd like themselves, a tall man clothed in a long-skirted, loose great-coat, with a crook in his hand.

"He is there! I see him! It is John Habergeon!" exclaimed Clavering. "We shall now learn whether he has succeeded in engaging the vessel."

"He has failed," cried Colonel Gunter. "See you not he holds the crook horizontally above his head, as was agreed should be the signal in that event."

"I fear it is so," Clavering replied. "But give me your crook, and I will make the matter sure."

As he spoke he placed the two staves crosswise, and held them aloft.

In answer to the signal, the individual on the opposite hill instantly dropped his crook, and extended his long arms horizontally from his body.

"There is now no doubt whatever of failure," Clavering observed, in a tone of disappointment. "A vessel is not to be procured for the king at Newhaven. We must seek for means of transport across the Channel elsewhere."

"Stay! he has more to communicate," Colonel Gunter exclaimed. "He has fixed a white kerchief like a small banner to the hook of his staff, and hoists it aloft."

"That is the signal of danger," rejoined Clavering. "And look! he waves the kerchief thrice. The danger is urgent. He himself is making off. We must fly."

"Ay, let us to Racton at once," Colonel Gunter returned. "Nothing more is to be done here. If we are lucky enough to reach my house, we can rest in security, and hatch fresh schemes for his Majesty's deliverance."

On this, they crossed the encampment, and plunged into the devious and secluded dell on the right.

They reached Racton, after many hairbreadth 'scapes, on the evening of the following day. Nearly a fortnight elapsed before John Habergeon was able to join his young master, and he then brought word that Colonel Maunsel had been dangerously ill—in fact, at the point of death—but was now better. Immediately on his recovery, the colonel had gone over to Lewes to surrender himself to Stelfax, and procure the liberation of Mr. Beard and Dulcia, who had been taken as hostages for him by the Republican officer.

This the colonel had accomplished, and he had furthermore obtained permission, on account of his infirmities, to continue a prisoner on parole at his own dwelling. Such was the sum of the intelligence brought by the old trooper from Ovingdean Grange; and it was far better than could have been anticipated. Information of Lord Wilmot's movements, and of those of his royal master, was furnished by the faithful and active emissary, Ninian Saxby, who passed constantly to and fro between the Cavaliers in various disguises. Many changes of plan took place, but at last it was definitively settled that the king should embark at Shoreham, and Colonel Gunter received orders to hire Captain Tattersall's brig, the *Swiftsure*.

## VII.

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DOLPHIN AT SHOREHAM.

OUR story must now be advanced about a week beyond the foregoing date, which will bring us to the 12th of October, 1651. On the afternoon of this day, two well-mounted horsemen, followed at a respectful distance by a servant likewise on horseback, rode from Bramber towards Shoreham. To judge from their attire, both horsemen must be Roundheads. They wore neither laced cloaks nor laced bands. Their garments were sad-coloured, and destitute of all embroidery, and their hats tall and steeple-crowned, and lacking feathers. Moreover, their locks were cropped close to the head. Their servant, a tall, powerful-looking man, well-stricken in years, was habited as became a follower of such puritanical-looking masters. But though the horsemen were dressed like Roundheads, their deportment, when not in the presence of witnesses, would have led to a very different conclusion, and any one who could have listened to their discourse would soon have learnt that they belonged to the opposite faction. Once more we have to announce our friends Colonel Gunter and Clavering Maunsel in a new disguise, though it will be scarcely necessary, we think, to state that their tall old serving-man was John Habergeon.

From its advantageous situation near the mouth of the Adur, Shoreham soon became one of the principal harbours on the Sussex coast. At the time of our Tale it was much frequented, and several sloops, with other vessels of larger tonnage, were now to be seen in the haven. At low water, the embouchure of the Adur, which is of some width, is characterised by large, glistening banks of mud, but as the channel at this time happened to be full, it presented the appearance of a broad and goodly river. The ancient church, with the habitations near it, which could be seen on the near banks of the river, was that of Old Shoreham; but it was towards New Shoreham and its haven that our friends bent their course. Here, as at the older seaport, there is a church of great antiquity and

beauty; and after passing this noble structure—not without bestowing upon it a glance of admiration—the disguised Cavaliers proceeded to the Dolphin, an inn built on the edge of the quay, much frequented by seafaring people, and then tenanted by one Absolom Bridger. Dismounting, and giving their horses to John Habergeon, by whom they were taken to the stables, the two friends entered the house, and after ordering some oysters and a bottle of sack, and desiring to be shown into a private room, Colonel Gunter inquired of the host whether he knew Captain Tattersall, of the *Swiftsure*.

“Know him! I have known Nick Tattersall since he was a boy!” exclaimed Bridger; “and a better seaman or an honest fellow doesn’t exist.”

“Thou speakest warmly of him, friend Absolom,” replied Colonel Gunter, thinking it necessary to support his puritanical character; “but is he in your harbour of Shoreham at present?”

“He was here this very morning,” Bridger replied, “by the same token that he discussed a cup of sack with an egg in it. He has but newly returned from Plymouth, and will soon make a trip to Poole, in Dorsetshire.”

“So I have heard,” replied Colonel Gunter. “I have a commission to give him, and would gladly speak with him, if he can be found.”

“Found he can easily be, I will answer for it,” Bridger replied. “I will fetch him to you anon, and you shall have the oysters and sack without delay.”

Not many minutes after the host’s disappearance, the door was suddenly opened, and a tall man, clad in a plainly-cut black cloak and Geneva band, and wearing a lofty, steeple-crowned hat, peered inquisitively into the room. His eye rested upon Clavering, who at once recognised him, and was about to address him, when the other raised his finger to his lips in token of silence, hastily retreated, and closed the door.

“Who is that mysterious personage?” Colonel Gunter inquired, not altogether liking the intrusion. “I hope he is not an enemy—he evidently knows you.”

“I ought to regard him as a friend, seeing that he once rendered me a most important service,” Clavering replied. “But I confess I distrust him, and am sorry to see him here. It is Increase Mieklegift, who, when our worthy Mr. Beard was deprived of his living at Ovingdean, succeeded to the church. He is an Independent minister. Ever since he assisted Lord Wilmot and myself, with the others, to escape from the church, he has never dared, so I learn from John Habergeon, to show himself at the rectory or in the village. I am surprised to find him here.”

“I am sorry he recognised you,” Colonel Gunter replied, somewhat thoughtfully; “for though he may not suspect our errand, he may be troublesome to us.”

"I do not think any danger is to be apprehended from him," Clavering replied. "He is in as much jeopardy as we ourselves are, and if he were to fall into Stelfax's hands little clemency would be shown him."

"Granting that his conduct has compromised him with the Roundheads," observed Colonel Gunter, "do you not see, my good young friend, that he is the more likely to be anxious to purchase his safety, which he might easily do if he knew our design. He could make his own terms with Stelfax."

"True," rejoined Clavering, uneasily "I see the danger. But I trust it may be averted. Ah! here comes our host. We will question him on the subject."

As he spoke, Master Bridger entered with the oysters and a flask of wine, and as he was placing them on the table, Clavering said:

"Tell me, worthy host, who was the tall man who looked into the room just now? He had the air of a preacher of the gospel."

"And such he is," Bridger replied. "I dare not mention his name, for he is in some trouble with the authorities. It may be that he mistook the door, for he occupies the adjoining chamber."

"What! he is in the next room!" exclaimed Colonel Gunter, glancing significantly at Clavering. "Bring clean pipes, Absalom, and a paper of thy best Spanish tobacco."

"Anon, anon! worshipful sirs. I have done your bidding as regards Captain Tattersall. A messenger has been despatched for him."

"Show him in on his arrival," said Colonel Gunter.

"You shall not have long to wait, then," answered Bridger, with a laugh. "I hear his lusty voice outside. Walk in, Captain Tattersall—walk in," he added, opening the door. "These are the gentlemen who desire to speak with you."

The shipmaster who was thus introduced seemed a very good specimen of his class, and his looks by no means belied the favourable description of him given by the host. Apparently, he was turned forty, but his features were so brown and weather-beaten that it was difficult to determine his age precisely. Squarely built, and somewhat under the middle-size, he had a broad, good-humoured, honest-looking physiognomy, by no means destitute of shrewdness, and seemed every inch a seaman. He was rather roughly attired, his apparel consisting of a Guernsey shirt, a loose jacket of stout blue cloth, ample galligaskins, or slops of brown flannel, nether hose of the same colour, and square-toed shoes. On his head he had a cap, originally bright scarlet, though now somewhat weather-stained; but this he doffed on entering the room.

"This is Captain Nicholas Tattersall, worthy sirs," said Bridger,

slapping the skipper familiarly on the back as he spoke; "as honest a shipmaster—I will say it to his face—as ever sailed."

"A truce to compliments, friend Absolom," said Tattersall, bluntly—his voice was deep and hoarse, as might be expected from such a broad-chested personage. "You know I like them not. Your servant, gentlemen," he added to the others. "You desire to speak to me, as I understand?"

"We do," Colonel Gunter replied. "Pray be seated, Captain Tattersall. Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Bring another glass, Absolom. Will it please you to taste this sack, captain?"

"The captain prefers brandy, worthy sir," hastily interposed Bridger. "I have a runlet of rare old Nantz, given me by a French skipper, which I keep for his special drinking."

"Bring the brandy at once, then," said Colonel Gunter, "and take care we be not interrupted."

Upon this the host departed, but almost immediately reappeared with a very promising-looking square-shaped bottle, the contents of which having been tasted by Tattersall, were pronounced by him to be of the right sort. Having thus attended to all the requirements of his guests, Bridger left them and closed the door. As he went forth, Clavering satisfied himself that no eavesdropper was without. Pipes were next lighted, and glasses filled. After a few preliminary whiffs, Tattersall said,

"Now, gentlemen, what may be your business with me?" adding, with rather a droll expression of countenance, "Nothing against the Republic, I hope?"

"Oh no—nothing treasonable," Colonel Gunter replied, with a laugh. "Take another glass of brandy, captain, and then we'll enter upon the business."

"Much obliged, but I've had enough for the present," Tattersall rejoined, dryly. "Come, masters, speak out! You needn't be palavering with me. Something's in the wind, I can see plainly enough. What is it? You make believe to be Roundheads, but I know on which side your swords would be drawn if it came to a fight."

"And on which side, in your apprehension, would it be, Captain Tattersall?" demanded Clavering.

"On the king's, Master Clavering Maunsel," the skipper replied, with a wink. "Lord bless me! though you have cropped your locks, and put on the raiments of the sanctified, do you think I don't know you? Here's your father's health, young sir," he proceeded, filling his glass from the square-shaped bottle, "and somebody else's," he added, in a whisper. "We understand each other now, gentlemen, I fancy."

"We very soon shall do so," replied Colonel Gunter, with a laugh. "You are right in all your surmises, Captain Tattersall."

I am a loyalist as well as my young friend Clavering Maunsel. Our business with you may be told in a word. We want you to convey two friends of ours—two particular friends—privily across the Channel."

"Two particular friends, eh?" cried Tattersall. "Oh yes! I do understand," he added, with a wink. "Very intimate friends, no doubt. Why not call them relations—near relations—such as fathers, or brothers, or uncles?"

"You mistake me, captain," rejoined Colonel Gunter. "The gentlemen in question are relatives neither of Mr. Clavering Maunsel nor of myself. They are merely friends. They are not even fugitive Cavaliers; but having been engaged in a fatal duel, desire to get out of the way till the affair has blown over."

"That's the plain English of it, eh?" exclaimed the skipper, somewhat incredulously. "I see you're not inclined to trust me. Quite right to be cautious. But I thought young Mr. Maunsel knew me too well to doubt me."

"I have the most perfect confidence in you, Captain Tattersall," said Clavering, "but——"

"But you daren't commit your friends," supplied the skipper. "I understand. Well, I've no objection to take these unlucky duellists across the Channel, if you make it worth my while. What do you offer for the job?"

"Fifty golden caroluses," replied Colonel Gunter.

"Humph! I might have been content with that sum if they had been political offenders—good men, with a price set upon their heads—but simple fugitives from justice must pay double."

"Well, we won't haggle about the payment," rejoined Gunter. "Let it be a bargain. Say a hundred caroluses."

"Fifty as earnest, or I won't engage," cried Tattersall.

"Here they are!" replied Colonel Gunter, tossing him a bag of gold, which had originally come out of Zachary Trangmar's chest. "Count them at your leisure."

"That's the way to do business," said Tattersall, laughing, as he took the bag. "But mark me!" he added, with a slight change of tone. "I make one condition. I must see the gentlemen before I agree to take them."

"But you *have* agreed! you are partly paid!" Colonel Gunter exclaimed, somewhat sharply.

"The money shall be refunded, of course, if I can't fulfil my engagement," replied Tattersall, coolly. "But as I have just said, I must see the gentlemen. Seamen have strange fancies, and I mayn't like their looks."

"I am sure you will, Tattersall," remarked Clavering, laughing. "Colonel Gunter need not be uneasy as to your stipulation."

"Is this Colonel Gunter?" cried the skipper, eyeing the person named. "I was not aware of it. Your humble servant, colonel."



"Sir, I am yours," replied Gunter, returning his bow. "Well, then, if the countenances of my friends please you, they are to have a passage? Is it so?"

Tattersall nodded assent, but did not remove the pipe from his mouth.

"When can you start?" pursued Gunter.

"The wind is sou'-west, and not favourable for crossing the Channel," the skipper replied; "and I must get in my cargo, for it won't do to let my men into the scheme. My next trip is fixed for Poole, and I must ostensibly hold to the arrangement. But I may be ready in a couple of days, or three at the outside, if that will do."

"It must do, captain," replied Gunter. "But don't lose any time. My friends are very anxious to be off. You will never forgive yourself if anything should happen—to one of them in particular—in consequence of the delay."

"Shan't I?" exclaimed Tattersall, with a knowing look; "then the 'one in particular' must be of vast interest to me. However, I won't make any further inquiries, since you are not disposed to satisfy me. Where and when shall we meet again?"

Colonel Gunter consulted Clavering by a look.

"Let the meeting take place at my father's house, at Ovingdean Grange, on the evening of the day after to-morrow," said young Maunsel.

"Good," replied the skipper. "I know the Grange well. I often go to Rottingdean. I shall be glad to see your worthy father, Colonel Maunsel, for whom I have a high respect. I was sorry to hear he had got into some trouble of late. I was told he had been taken to Lewes Castle."

"Your information is not exactly correct, captain," Clavering replied. "Our chaplain, Mr. Beard, the deprived pastor of Ovingdean, and his daughter, were taken in his stead, my father being nearly at death's door when the Ironside leader, Stelfax, came to make him a prisoner. On his recovery, about a week ago, the colonel went to Lewes to surrender himself, and obtain the release of his hostages and met with better treatment than he anticipated: not only did he procure the liberation of Mr. Beard and his daughter, but he was allowed to remain a prisoner on parole at Ovingdean, where all three now are."

"I am glad to hear it," said Tattersall. "If all goes well, on the afternoon of the day after to-morrow—that is to say on Wednesday, it being now Monday—about five o'clock, I will be at Ovingdean Grange. If anything should prevent my coming, I will send. But your friends may hold themselves prepared to start. I will get all ready—if I can."

"You elog your promises with so many doubts, captain," observed Colonel Gunter, "that you also must make me fear their ful-

filment. However, I will hope for the best. At five o'clock on Wednesday next I shall expect to see you at Ovingdean Grange, and my friends must then abide your scrutiny."

"And if Captain Tattersall, when he does see them, be not delighted to lend them aid, he is not the man I take him for," said Clavering.

"Well, we shall see," replied the skipper, rising. "Since time presses, I will go and see about getting in my cargo at once."

"Stay, Tattersall," cried Clavering, filling the skipper's glass. "One toast ere you go; I'm sure you won't refuse it: May the king enjoy his own again!"

"May the king enjoy his own again!" cried the skipper, emptying the glass; and, he added, significantly, "if I can help him to it, I will. What was that noise? I thought I heard some one suddenly start up in the next room."

"Very likely," replied Clavering. "The room is occupied by an Independent minister, lately of Ovingdean. But he couldn't overhear us."

"I hope not," replied Tattersall. "I hate the Independents. Adieu, gentlemen. On Wednesday, at five."

"Till then adieu, captain," said Gunter. "And harkye, don't mention a word that has passed to your wife—if you happen to possess one."

"No fear of my blabbing, colonel," replied Tattersall. And he quitted the room.

Clavering went out immediately after him, and found that the door of the adjoining room was open, and the apartment vacant. Micklegift, if he had been there, was gone.

The two gentlemen did not remain much longer at the Dolphin, but paid their reckoning and called for their horses, which were soon brought out by John Habergeon. They then rode through Old Shoreham, and kept along the Bramber road, on the banks of the Arun, until they reached the bridge.

Here they dismissed John Habergeon, who was directed by Clavering to pay a secret visit that night to Ovingdean Grange, and acquaint his father that all had been satisfactorily arranged, and that he and his friends might be expected on Wednesday afternoon. Charged with this message, of the importance of which, insignificant as it sounded, he was well aware, the old trooper rode up the acclivities on the right of the valley, and soon disappeared.

Having crossed the bridge, the two gentlemen pursued the high road to Chichester, and reached Racton late in the day, without misadventure.

## THE FRENCH EMBASSY IN CHINA.\*

THE French embassy, which under Baron Gros co-operated with that of Lord Elgin during the eventful years of 1857 and 1858, was composed of the baron himself, M. du Chesne de Bellecourt, and Viscount de Contades, secretaries, and Marquis de Mogès and Count de la Tour Maubourg, attachés of embassy. The Marquis de Mogès has been to the French embassy what Mr. Oliphant was to the English—viz. its historiographer; and it cannot—the more especially as the French and English nations are in armed alliance to bring the Chinese to a sense of the fitness of things, and the same chief personages are about to proceed once more to the arena of their pristine unsuccessful negotiations—but be interesting to study this astute, perverse, and obstinate people, as seen with French eyes, and contemplated from a French point of view.

Doing ample justice, then, on their arrival at Hong-Kong, to the wondrous progress of the place and to the "génie colonisateur" of the English, which has made of it the most frequented port of the neighbourhood, and concentrated a population of seventy thousand souls where a few years ago only a few fishermen sought refuge from the rapacity of pirates, still our diplomatist attests that greater regard has been paid to quantity than to quality in regard to the sources whence the population has been derived, and he distinctly tells us that the British colony has become the head-quarters of all the bandits of the river of Canton. The governor, Sir John Bowring, he says, admitted to us that he had sold in the past year no less than four thousand guns of various calibre to the pirates and other possessors of junks in the river. This is a strange statement to make, for it would appear as if in our commercial cupidity we supplied the pirates with means of offence and defence, only afterwards to knock them about their ears. The white and black police of Sir John, we are also told, has the musket on the shoulder day and night, and yet it has the greatest difficulty to prevent robberies. "What can be expected, or what can be done," is added as a corollary, "when one has the whole population morally against one?" We had hoped better things from the contact of semi-barbarism and civilisation.

"Baron Gros," we are told, "having seriously reflected, and having had long interviews with the French and English authorities in China, resolved upon war. The north-west monsoon and the ice did not permit of war being carried on at this season of the year in Pecheli, so winter could be turned to account by attacking Canton and taking revenge for the particular misdeeds of the proud viceroy of the two Kwangs against France. On the advent of spring, the belligerents would make their way to the north to require from the Chinese government an account of the more general misdeeds of the Celestial Empire against France." What a waste of words and precious time must have been expended on the political rupture of the English with Commissioner Yeh—the case of the *Arrow*—the vexations of Sir John Bowring and of Mr. Parkes, and

\* Souvenirs d'une Ambassade en Chine et au Japon en 1857 et 1858. Par le Marquis de Mogès. Paris: Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.

the hostile proceedings of Admiral Seymour, backed by Elliott and Keppel in the winter of 1856-57; since, according to this statement, they had nothing to do with the ultimate reduction of Canton in 1858, which was brought about by Baron Gros having resolved upon war in the spring of that year.

It is admitted, however, that two batches of British marines had arrived before the French plenipotentiary had come to his decision to carry on war, and that they had occupied the forts taken from the Chinese—it does not say by whom. “On les y place dans les forts enlevés aux Chinois.” It is also admitted that forty-five English vessels of war blocked the river, and that the Cantonese were beginning to be alarmed at the aspect of affairs, when at length, after a brief visit to Macao, the home of Camoëns and the city of the past—Hong-Kong being that of the present—the French ascended to Bocca Tigris, where the river, up to that point an estuary, narrows between hills dotted with Chinese forts. We are told that these used to present themselves with pride to foreign ships, but the English guns had done justice to their pretensions, and red jackets mounted guard on their crumbling walls. The English sailors also are described as amusing themselves with firing into the flocks of wild geese and ducks that passed to and fro, bringing down numbers of them, till Admiral Seymour forbade the fun. The French, on their side, found a resource in watching the poverty-stricken Chinese, fishing, with landing-nets made fast to the end of bamboos, for bits of bread, biscuit, or orange-peel, that fell over the ship's side. Thanks to Admiral Seymour's Chinese pilot, the *Audacieuse* was steered safely up to Whampoa, and now we first hear of the “griefs de la France et de l'Angleterre” as united against “le hautain gouverneur-général des deux Kwangs.” The reply of the said haughty Chinese to the ultimatum of the ambassadors, “ne se fait point longtemps attendre; elle est adressée, le 14 Décembre, au Baron Gros.” Nothing can be more plain: the high dignitary only condescended to reply to the French plenipotentiary; yet we are told, a moment afterwards, that the said reply was ambiguous, frivolous, and in bad faith, and that made to Lord Elgin was no less so. Our noble diplomatist and historiographer appears here to have transferred a little of the ambiguity of style so characteristic of the Chinese into the language of Corneille and Voltaire.

A grand council of war having been held on board the *Audacieuse*, Admiral Rigault de Genouilly announced the opening of the campaign to the sailors in an energetic order of the day, and the smaller vessels broke up from their anchorage. “Our men, with their linen gaiters, their knapsacks on their backs, carrying five days' provisions, besides their arms and ammunition, were remarkable for their martial air.” On the 28th of December, the four gun-boats *Dragonne*, *Avalanche*, *Mitraille*, and *Fusée*, and the corvette *Phlégéton* and the aviso *Marceau*, not to mention a crowd of English gun-boats and corvettes, opened fire upon the town. The English battery on Dutch Folly also did wonders, and six hundred English took possession of French Folly, near which the landing was effected the next night.

The French, as they advanced, were not a little astonished at the reception they met with. Gingalls, matchlocks, rockets, and arrows rained upon them with no small effect. They wished, we are told, to burn the

village where Captain Hackett was afterwards treacherously murdered, but General Straubensee would not permit it. The murderer was, according to Oliphant, brought up to head-quarters and hanged the same evening. According to M. de Mogès, he was dragged by the hair of the head to the front of the Chinese army, and hanged upon a tree. "The face of this man," he adds, "thus dragged by the hair by the furious English soldiery, was horrible to contemplate." Considering that the French embassy had taken up their quarters on board the *Primauguet* and the *Durance*, in front of Barrier Fort, two miles from Canton, did the marquis see the man's countenance, or is it not a tale of the French marines? The capture of Liu's Fort by the sergeant of marines, Martin des Pallières, is told with great modesty, but the narrative lacks the fun of Oliphant's account of the tricolor in the breeches-pocket. Upon the occasion of the next day's escalade of the walls of the town, Oliphant tells us that Major Luard was the first man on the walls, closely followed by a French officer and Colonel Graham of the 59th; Lieutenant Stewart, R.E., however, would have disputed this honour with the foremost, had not his ladder given way. M. de Mogès's version presents a pleasing variety: "One ladder gave way, and an English officer broke his back. A quartermaster of the *Capricieuse* was first on the wall."

The day after the assault the marquis made a personal visit to the strange admixture of the comical with the sad that presented itself within the captured city. So elevated, however, did he feel by the triumph, that he did not hesitate to declare that two regiments of chasseurs à pied and two regiments of Zouaves, with a few squadrons of cavalry, could conquer all China! A sad incident happened in the mean time to some of the crew of the *Audacieuse*. A party had been detached on shore to unload some shells that had been picked up in the city, and which had not exploded. By some accident one of them went off between a seaman's legs, and tore him into fragments. Another in front of him had his arms and legs carried off, and died soon after. Five others were horribly mutilated.

Canton had fallen; the members of the embassy had to exchange the comforts of the Club Hotel for their narrow cabins, and the shelter of Victoria Harbour for wind and rain and a heavy sea. Lord Elgin had started for Amoy, Ningpo, and Fou-tchou-Fou; Baron Gros followed a week after for Shanghai direct. The excursion made by Oliphant and De Contades to Soo-chow, in company with Messrs. Robertson and Montigny, the English and French consuls at Shanghai, and the American vice-consul (M. de Mogès simply says that "M. de Montigny, French consul of France at Shanghai, with his great experience of China, and that of his functionaries, answered for the success of the enterprise"), had taken place in the interim, and had filled the embassy with hopes of a proximate pacific solution of the "Chinese question."

The embassy had, we said, sailed direct for Shanghai, but its members were but too happy to obtain a little respite from sea-sickness at Amoy. They viewed that place also, as might be expected, with very different eyes to those of Oliphant. Everything was *couleur de rose*. The Fokieners were handsomer than the Cantonese. Their language was peculiar, as was also their dress, which approximated to the Turkish. It is true

that the streets were narrow and dirty, but the shops were prettily lighted up with paper lanterns, and there were no end of *sing-songs*, or open-air concerts, at which they sang songs, to the infinite delight of the exiled of the Champs Elysées. At Shanghai and Canton the people speak a little English, but at Amoy only Spanish, derived from their intercourse with the Philippines. There were about sixty English in the town, a few Americans, and no French. Amoy, we are further told (but the impression is corrected afterwards), is the only town where Europeans are viewed by the natives with a favourable eye, and the English and Chinese ladies exchange visits.

Quitting the *Audacieuse* for the *Fusée*, the embassy entered the Yang-tse-Kiang, the great commercial artery of the Chinese Empire, and thence threading their way, not without difficulty, through the forest of junks on the Whampoa, it reached Shanghai. Here the members seem to have felt quite at home, for they were received at the Hôtel du Commerce, kept by M. Barraud, ancien maître d'hôtel de la *Constantine*. There was also a French quarter, the best situated we are told, but the least built over of the three; but streets with French names were marked out, and agens de police with tricolored badges protected the wilderness. M. de Mogès attests, on the authority of M. de Montigny, that the inhabitants of Kiang-nan are well disposed towards Europeans (this, as at Amoy, in Fo-kien, and in face of many hasty insinuations to the contrary, dropped at hap-hazard through the book), and the Europeans wander without hurt or hindrance in the interior. There is plenty of shooting and fishing, and during the summer heats the residents seek shelter in wooded hills some ten leagues' distance. Every family has also its junk for river and lake excursions. The men from Canton were the greatest pests of the town. They were turbulent and arrogant, and too often thieves and murderers.

The intercourse of the members of the embassy with the Chinese mandarins was replete with incidents. Their consul assured them, on one occasion, that they had been invited to a splendid dinner. They could only remember a frightful display of birds'-nests, sharks' fins, holothuria, or sea-worms, plovers' eggs, almond milk (the Chinese never drink cow's milk, except medicinally), warm Chinese wine, and alcohol from rice (raki). They were, however, most embarrassed by fruit being presented first, and soup at the end of the repast. There was neither bread nor water. Then there was a display of "tigers"—the imperial guard—on whose yellow tunics are depicted the eyes, ears, and head of the ferocious monster whose name they bear. For half an hour these braves went through the most fantastic exercises, defying one another by voice and gesture, and displaying an amount of noise and activity that was quite overwhelming. The Chinese, adds M. de Mogès, speaking here of the people of Shanghai, give up little of their time to pleasure; they are solely devoted to business. It is not likely that a nation so disposed will long favour, or even permanently abide by, the exclusive system forced upon them by their Mantchu-Tartar conquerors.

M. de Mogès speaks of the commercial movement in Shanghai in the same hopeful spirit as our own writers. There are few places in the world, he says, to compare with it. One hundred and seven European merchantmen were moored in the Whampoa, and there was not space for

a canoe to thread its way in the Chinese portion of the stream. The rent of a small house and garden was 10,000 fr., or about 400*l.* a year. But our author justly remarks that the prodigious and ever-increasing exportation of silver to China is a grievance deserving attention. It is making itself, he says, felt in the most remote villages of France. It is precisely at the extremities, as in other cases, that the withdrawal of the circulating medium of Europe will be first felt.

Near Shanghai is the Jesuit college of Zi-ka-Wei. It has about one hundred pupils, who work thirteen hours in the day. They are described as being exceedingly apt, diligent, and persevering. The Romanist mission of Kiang-nan numbers 40 missionaries, and, it is said, about 80,000 converts. The seminary of Tong-ka-Ton contains 28 Chinese students in theology; and there are also 364 schools, where 5000 children are educated by Christian masters. There is also the "Sainte-Enfance," at which 4767 children, abandoned by their parents, were sheltered in the year 1857 alone. These are afterwards put out to school, or in families, or they are taught a trade. Service is performed at the cathedral at Tong-ka-Ton by a choir, with tails and turned-up shoes; the organ is of bamboo, and the preaching in Chinese. These Chinese choristers also wore hats borrowed from the fashion of the ancient dynasties, for nothing is so disrespectful as to remain uncovered in China. The Lazarists have removed from Macao to Shanghai. This order has also a college and convent at Ningpo. France, which has no trade on the Canton river, on account of the neighbourhood of Hong-Kong, at Shanghai, we are told, "marche franchement de pair avec l'Angleterre et les Etats-Unis." "It is true," it is added, "that the number of its merchantmen will not bear comparison with the immense fleets of these two great commercial powers, but its flag protects the same extent of territory (not yet built upon), and it enjoys the same consideration with the Chinese authorities." The amount of consideration to be divided among the three would, we fear, be very small indeed.

The change from the Yang-tse-Kiang to the Gulf of Pecheli was about as agreeable as a removal from Paris to Hammerfest in the month of April. "Avril, l'honneur et des bois et des mois." "No green leaves, no flowers, no buds, no birds' songs for us, nothing but a sea troubled by the winds, fog, dust, and, in the remote distance, five small black points, only to be seen once in eight days when the fog clears off a little, and which, we are told, are the forts at the mouth of the Peiho." "It is impossible," our author adds, on nearing the land, "to imagine a more desolate coast, a more arid and repulsive-looking shore, all mud and water, with a few salines and hills of sand. Four French gun-boats led the way across the bar. Fifteen English followed the next day." When the Tartar commissioners, we are told, were finally remonstrated with for an obstinacy which would infallibly lead to the effusion of blood, their answer was, "Oh, they are only Chinese, it does not matter!" Nothing is said in the account given of the engagement that followed, of the unwieldy construction and insufficient steam power of the French gun-boats, or of the exposure of the men and officers on the poops. The *Mitraille*, we are told, got her screw fast in a fisherman's net, and was thus exposed without means of defence; hence eleven men were wounded, and one young officer had his head carried off by a cannon-shot. On board

the *Dragonne*, another officer was actually cut into two and carried into the sea. His sword alone remained on the poop. So also with the second in command of the *Fusée*. The rest of the story is thus narrated: "After about an hour's fight, the fire of the Chinese began to slacken, almost all their guns were silenced. At that time the admiral bade the companies for debarkation advance through the mud; they found the forts empty, and their thousands of defenders in full flight." Nothing here of the scene witnessed by Mr. Oliphant from the maintop of the *Nimrod*, of the assault of the batteries by the blue jackets, the panic of the Chinese, and the dodging and chasing of Jack. It is charming to deal in generalities, and it is still more so to be silent where reticence is politic. But in this instance there was nothing but what reflected the highest credit upon our gallant allies in the capture of the Taku forts, and all English writers have done justice to their valuable co-operation. Could not one single word—not of encomium, but of just acknowledgment—have likewise been conceded in return?

To ascend the Peiho, the members of the French and British embassies had alike to transfer their quarters from larger ships to more humble gun-boats. M. de Mogès was received on board of "la cannoùière Anglaise numéro 84." The incapability of the French boats has been remarked upon by Mr. Oliphant. M. de Mogès says that the *Fusée* stuck forty-two times, and the *Cormoran* thirty-two, in going from Taku to Tient-sin. Our author does not speak so favourably of the attitude of the peasantry on the banks of the river as our countryman does. He describes them as looking on with an admixture of curiosity and fear. They were, however, ready to trade or barter, and small coins being exhausted, a fowl was obtained for a bottle, and a bunch of radishes for, not an old kerchief, but for "un vieux mouchoir usé," which we presume means more than old. A dozen eggs could be obtained for a fragment of biscuit, and a good salad for an empty flagon.

Arrived at Tient-sin, and quartered in the old yamun of the Emperor Kien-Loung, what struck M. de Mogès most, after the fœtid odours of a neighbouring cemetery, was that there were only five hundred and ninety-four French in a town of eight hundred thousand souls. "It is true," he adds, "that there were two thousand English, but that did not constitute a considerable force." It was not without gratification, then, that reinforcements were seen to arrive up the river. The Russian and American ambassadors took up their quarters on the opposite side of the river, and we are told that their landlord offered them thirty-six thousand francs if they would only pitch their tents elsewhere!

Tient-sin is said to present nothing remarkable, but our lively allies ferreted out some caricatures. One represented an English officer on horseback, with a white umbrella, and a cigar in his mouth. His hat and dress were irresistibly ludicrous. Another depicted a grotesquely accoutred merchant exchanging a bag of money for a hedgehog. In a commercial point of view, M. de Mogès remarks that Tient-sin would, if opened to the commerce of the West, present a marvellous market for British manufactures, wherewith to clothe all the hordes of Tartary, but it could afford little in exchange save furs, which are abundant, good, and cheap. The French admiral had adopted a little boy found in the forts of Taku. By the time he got to Tient-sin, this precocious youth had had his tail cut



off, was dressed as a sailor, spoke French, and indignantly repelled his countrymen if they attempted to come on board of the admiral's boat! In what concerned diplomatic proceedings, the French naturally took the lead, as in all military, naval, and other proceedings. M. Contades was more than a match for Chinese duplicity and bad faith; and, although only a secretary of the third class, he got through his delicate mission to the satisfaction of Baron Gros and the applause of the representative of Great Britain. Still "la droiture et la furie françaises" had, we are told, much to do to overcome Chinese cunning and subtlety. Luckily the daily increasing price of provisions came to the aid of diplomacy, the people grew irritable and impatient, and that treaty was at length signed, the terms of which Lord Elgin and Baron Gros have to go at the head of a whole army to see ratified!

M. de Mogès in other matters corroborates what we have already dwelt upon, and that is, the destruction of the Imperial Canal by the floods of the Yellow River, which, driving the great annual supplies of rice and other necessities to navigate from the Yang-tse-Kiang by the Gulf of Pecheli, place the capital at the mercy of any European power. "On a trouvé," says our diplomatist, "le côté faible du colosse, et l'Angleterre ne l'oublie pas."

Sir John Bowring has credited Yeh with cutting off the heads of seventy thousand of his unfortunate countrymen. A newspaper at Hong-Kong spoke of another dependency of that tyrant's rule, where he had likewise put to death some thirty thousand persons. M. de Mogès says he was assured by the governor of the two Kwangs that the real number of lives sacrificed was, as Sir John Bowring stated, seventy thousand, and that the surplus was the mere invention of his enemies.

The Chinese, we are further informed, even when in contact with Europeans, always retain their olden prejudices, and what M. de Mogès terms "the ridiculous sense of the superiority of their race over that of all the other nations of the earth." But the Yellow people do not precisely stand alone in that respect. Father Deluc was conversing one day with a Chinese man of letters concerning the bombardment of Canton. "I cannot understand," observed the latter, "why the mandarins do not send a few Chinamen under the European ships to make holes in them and sink them." "That," remarked the father, "is not a very easy matter." "Bah!" exclaimed the man of letters, "we have men in China who can remain a whole day under the water!"

It was generally understood among the Chinese that Admiral Seymour had been beaten by a stratagem in 1856. The Chinese admiral had thrown an immense quantity of turnips into the river one night. The sound of these beating against the ships' sides led the red barbarians to believe that they were attacked, and they began firing at the imaginary enemy. When they had thus exhausted their ammunition, the Chinese admiral attacked them in reality, and took or destroyed the whole fleet!

It is not an uncommon thing to see a pirate become a mandarin in China. The famous Apak, who once commanded seven hundred piratical junks, is a notorious example, and enjoys in his old days all the honours of the blue globule at Ningpo. The government, despairing to subject him, raised him to the rank of admiral of the fleet.

M. de Mogès's ideas regarding the policy to be pursued towards China

have the advantage of being not only new, but, as far as we know, peculiar to himself :

Instead of labouring to obtain the opening of China (says this liberal and enlightened diplomatist), the powers of Europe ought to unite to close it up. This nation surfeits with population, it flows over in every direction, and has a tendency to spread itself everywhere. To the north, it is gradually invading the land of pastures, driving before it the Mongol Tartars. It is in vain that the emperor has the frontiers of his paternal kingdom guarded, so as to have a place of refuge in case he is expelled from the throne of China. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire pay no regard to the system of exclusion, and Mantchu civilization is gradually disappearing before the incessant encroachments of the neighbouring people. To the south, they embark every day by thousands in emigrant ships. They are to be met with everywhere—in California, in Australia, in Java, at Manilla, at Pulo-Penang, at Singapore, at Hong-Kong—everywhere the most industrious of men, accumulating wealth, yet at the same time the most turbulent and the most dangerous for established governments, and all adepts of secret societies. They nearly took the Philippines from Spain, they made the Dutch authorities at Batavia strengthen their forces, and they entail the expense of an active police at Singapore and Hong-Kong.

The new colonies are beginning to tremble for their safety, and seek everywhere to drive back the tide of emigration. Parliament has voted a bill at Victoria, in New South Wales, called "The Chinese Emigration Act," in order to control the influx. The power to introduce Chinese is limited to one man for every ten tons' admeasurement of burden, and captains of ships have to pay a fine of ten pounds sterling for every passenger above that number. At San Francisco a capitation tax of fifty dollars is imposed upon every Chinaman who lands, and, more than that, they are subjected to a further monthly and exceptional tax of six dollars a head. New Zealand rejects them *in toto*: a public meeting declared the person who should introduce Chinese coolies to be an enemy to the state. Lastly, nothing having effect in diminishing the influx of the Chinese population towards the auriferous lands, and the yellow race exhibiting every tendency to surpass in a few years in numbers and in wealth the white races, the legislature of California has been necessitated at length to issue a decree prohibiting formally for the future the introduction of Chinese emigrants to San Francisco.

Thanks to their wondrous sobriety, to their incessant industry, and to their marvellous commercial sagacity, these emigrants accumulate in the course of a very few years a considerable capital. Turning this into ready money, they make their way back to the Flowery Land, impoverishing the colony by their very gains. They will not even leave their bones there if they can help it. Every year great American clippers are chartered to convey from San Francisco to Hong-Kong the red coffins of the Chinese, who, before dying, attested their last wishes to be consigned to the tombs of their ancestors. This race is one of prodigious fecundity: no other equals it in that respect, none possess in an equal degree the power of reproduction. On the junks, on the boats, in the streets, a whole multitude of juveniles are seen popping about. The numerous infanticides, the gigantic massacres by the rebels, the persistent emigration, nothing affects it: the tide sets in, flows incessantly, threatening to invade the whole of this portion of the globe, and the very last census made raises, we are assured, the actual population of the Celestial Empire to the enormous figure of four hundred and fifteen millions of souls.

M. de Mogès will have it that such of the Chinese as dwell in boats and floating habitations are a particular race, and, however wealthy they may be, they cannot, by the custom of the country, be permitted to dwell on land. This fact has never been yet correctly determined; it is not likely to be true to the letter, although it may have some foundation in tradition. Just as gipsies will not dwell in houses, or till land, so a por-

tion of the Chinese population may affect river life; still more may be driven to it from sheer poverty; but it is most probable that there are no more legal bars to their acquiring house or landed property than there are in this country to gipsies doing the same.

The great insurrection is, according to the same authority, at a low ebb. It is deprived of its chiefs—the kings of the four cardinal points. The famous king of the East, the most intelligent of all, was basely assassinated by the others, jealous of his influence. Then, again, civil war broke out among themselves at Nankin. Tsien-Kiang, the celebrated demagogue of Canton, is still their presiding judge; but their chief general deserted over to the imperialists, and by his aid the mandarins regained possession of Yang-chu-Fu, the key to the imperial canal. Nankin, the capital of the Ming dynasty, remains in their hands; but Peking is still the residence of the Mantchu-Tartar dynasty, which is on the eve of a dynastic bankruptcy. It cannot call the Tartar hordes to its help—that would be the lamb claiming the help of the wolf; as to the Manchus, they are a miserable race, armed solely with pikes and bows and arrows. The mandarins, in the mean time, connive at the insurrection: they derive so much money from their imaginary efforts at quelling it. The Christian chief originally connected with the insurrection was, it is said, put to death, with all his family, in Kouei-lin.

The quantity of cattle that pours down into China from the great prairies of Mongolian Tartary is described as being very great. The number of sheep passing the gate in the great wall that is nearest to Peking, alone is estimated at twenty-five millions annually. The total number annually entering China may thus be estimated at from sixty to sixty-five millions. Hence, sheep are almost fabulously cheap in the northern provinces, but they are rarely met with south of the Yang-tse-Kiang; the provinces beyond, being covered with rice, have no pasturages wherewith to feed them.

The coasting trade, as carried on by Europeans, has, we are told, assumed considerable development in recent times. Wherever a European ship starts on such a trade, at least fifteen junks disappear. M. de Montigny, French consul at Shanghai, has organised a service of Chinese barks carrying the French colours, and having a French sailor for captain, between that port and Ningpo. M. de Mogès, justly enough, points out that this is a line of business which promises as much as any other for the future. What would it be if fast steamers of light draught were introduced upon the rivers of a country teeming with so industrious and so roving a population? It is evident, to conclude, that the final sentiments arrived at by the members of the late French embassy were those of an almost insuperable repugnance existing between the white and the yellow races, and a consciousness of the third or fourth rate position of the French and Portuguese in those distant seas, and the superiority in commercial and industrial enterprise of the British and Americans; but, *en revanche*, the gradual spread and the overwhelming influence of the more favoured nation is predicted, and, as has been prophesied by some of the Red men in America, the ultimate ascendancy of the Yellow race in the far East. The old proverb, that man wills and Heaven disposes, would in this, as in so many other instances, be only the more forcibly illustrated.

## MARSHAL PELISSIER, DUKE OF MALAKHOFF.

ANY sketch of the French army would be incomplete without a description of the true type of a French soldier. Him we find essentially in Marshal Pelissier, probably the only general of that army who is a soldier and nothing else. His life is a romance if you will, but we can trace one great ruling principle throughout it: in everything he has done he has only obeyed the voice of duty. Pelissier may have had his personal sympathies—there may be some pardonable preference concealed behind all the stars upon his breast; the hardened warrior has more than once proved that he possesses a heart, and is able to show it without thinking of the order of the day, or even recognising a master above him. But Pelissier has never employed in his soldier's life aught but soldierly qualities; his promotion owes nothing to the ready smile and supple back; he never entered the Tuileries save by order, the Elysée not once. He did not invoke the Presidency and the Empire; on the contrary, the Empire needed him. He was the same upright man when captain in Africa as he was when ambassador in England.

The imperialistic press, as it had no occasion to glorify Pelissier, for he became great without their aid, has exaggerated his qualities. We, while allowing his value, propose to take his correct measure, and, in the name of justice, defend him against his panegyrists. Though he is not a Kléber, a Moreau, a Ney, a Masséna, or a Soult, not even a Bugeaud, he and Bosquet were the only men fitted by their capacity to take the supreme command of a French army. Had the choice been greater, Pelissier would probably have remained in Algeria as a general of division, not risen above the command of a Crimean corps.

JEAN JACQUES AIMABLE PELISSIER came into the world on the 6th of November, 1794, at Maromme, in the department of the Lower Seine. With the exception of the Dahara episode in 1846, Europe did not know him till 1855, when the marshal had passed his sixtieth year. Still, that is the fate of the soldier in unmartial times. It has been told as a remarkable circumstance that the child was born opposite a powder magazine. We will go further, and say he was born upon one, for what else was France in 1794? Unfortunately for the warlike mission of the little one, during the next twenty years everything blew up, even the great Napoleon himself. When Jean Jacques quitted the Lyceum of Brussels at the age of twenty, on the 14th of June, 1814, Napoleon had been a month at Elba; and when, on March 18, 1815, he issued from the war academy at La Flèche to enter the army as second lieutenant, Napoleon was once more in Paris, to be removed three months later for ever. We may remark here, that no premature precocity was noticed in young Pelissier.

He was attached to the peaceful artillery of the "Royal House;" he had no traditions, no hatred, and no love. When the diplomatic war of 1823 was decided on, he went to Spain as lieutenant and adjutant to General Grandier, to suppress the liberals. It was probably in this capacity that he gained the Ferdinand Order, as well as the Cross of the

Legion of Honour. Three years later, as adjutant of General Durieux, he helped the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke; for his distinguished bravery at the storming of the Castle of Morea, he obtained the Greek order of the Saviour and the French order of St. Louis; he was also promoted to a captaincy.

He joined the Algerian army immediately on its formation, served under Bourmont, became chef de bataillon, and, in 1830, officer of the Legion of Honour. He was six-and-thirty years of age, and, for a man not of noble birth, had advanced satisfactorily enough. We may feel sure, though, that he had aroused no political scruples.

From 1831 to 1839 Pelissier served in the interior of France as adjutant of several military inspectors, and studied the organisation of the entire army in the ministry of war. On the 2nd of November, 1839, he returned as a lieutenant-colonel to Algeria, and remained there till 1855. His military career began at that date. Naturally cold-blooded, decided, smart, and quick judging; acquainted through experience with the administration and wants of a large army; easily arranging all the tactical combinations, he took as his model one of the first soldiers France ever possessed, Marshal Bugeaud. Bugeaud, through his gaulership at Blaye, had gained the hatred of the Legitimists and the romantic school; the Republicans accused him of the "massacre of the Rue Transnonain" (1832), though he was innocent. He has passed away with the reputation of a time-server, though he was anything rather than servile. In 1848, when government wished to attack an entire nation under arms, Bugeaud refused, and, in 1849, he was the only man on the right of the Legislative Assembly who tried to form an arrangement with Ledru Rollin by which the republic should be preserved. Bugeaud was a thorough general, both as administrator and strategist; his soldiers loved to call him their "father." He was only enabled to display his qualities on the ungrateful Algerian soil; a European war would have raised him above all living heroes, perhaps over many who have passed away. Bugeaud's positive element, the careful administration of the conquered land—the ploughshare he ever held in the left hand, while the right wielded the sword—passed Pelissier by and left no sign; but the quick decision, the bold attack, the "never retire"—these he learned from him.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pelissier was engaged in 1841 in the expedition against the Tagdempt, and the action in the Oued-Melah; in 1842 he was at the Sheliff; in 1843 in the action with the Flitahs. Then he was promoted to a colonelcy. On June 15, 1840, he received a bullet in his shoulder at the Bois des Oliviers; in 1842, another in the right arm on the march to Maskara. So early as 1843 he led a column against the tribes of the Dahara, and received the Commander's cross of the Legion of Honour on his return with his brigade. In 1844 he was engaged as sous-chef of the staff of the African army in the battle of Isly, where Marshal Bugeaud punished the treacherous arrogance of the Moroccans.

The celebrated "smoking of the caves" of Dahara happened in 1846. The French had been pursuing for a lengthened period the Ouled-Fellaha and Ouled-Baaskouna clans. The rocky ravines of the Dahara served as a regular hiding-place for the wildest and most dangerous tribes. The French army must have assumed it impossible to pursue the enemy into

these caves: numerous victims had already fallen in these ravines. An inevitable tribute of corpses was annually paid here by the conquerors, and a stop must be put to this: the right man for the task was sought and very soon found. When reckless daring was required, Pelissier's name rose to every lip. Pelissier himself describes the occurrence in the following fashion, in his almost elegant sabre-style:

"As I informed you in my last letter, I left Mostaganem on April 27 to press forward into the Dahara. The first night I encamped at Mechera, and the next morning I led my column to Selfoura, where the Khalifa Sidi-Laribi proposed to join me. The population of this territory certainly did not expect me. When I arrived at Selfoura, the horsemen of the goum saw the people flying to the well-known caves. They were pursued, in the hope of catching them and their flocks before they reached the entrance of the caves. We had a chasseur killed there, another wounded. The fusillade continued till all the fugitives had entered the caves and the herds were out of fire. Fifteen hundred head of cattle were brought into camp, and several of the enemy were killed by our fire. In the Native Battalion we had one *tirailleur* killed and five wounded, one of whom afterwards died. From this moment the Beni-Zerouel offered their submission, but under conditions which I could not accept. I had them, therefore, completely invested. The next day, May 1, they surrendered, accepted all the conditions imposed upon them, as well as the evacuation and delivery of their grottos. On the same day we forced our way into their hiding-places, and I ordered up powder and the requisite implements from Mostaganem in order to destroy them entirely. I had no hesitation about remaining here a few days longer in order to complete the operation."

All depends on the meaning of the hieroglyphics "completely invested." The colonel did not besiege the Beni-Zerouel, for a siege does not compel a surrender between night and morning. The enemy could have presupposed the investment on April 30, when they offered to surrender. All the inhabitants of the caves were not dead on May 1, for Pelissier's conditions were accepted probably by somebody. Lastly, the survivors could have had no choice left them, for with the grottos the tribe surrendered its liberty. There must, therefore, have been a prospect of something terrible occurring. Last of all, we must know that Pelissier, when before the caves of the Dahara, had not his rear open: the armistice had been broken by the Arabs at three different points. Two hundred prisoners had been murdered in Abd-el-Kader's deira, another band of captives was murdered near Batna, while between Bugia and Dellys the Kabyles were murdering and plundering the crew of a stranded French vessel. Hence Pelissier resolved on instituting a fearful example. He had damp wood kindled at the entrance of the caves, and treated the enemy like wild beasts. In the presence of such decision obstinacy availed nothing: Pelissier regarded it as coming within the rules of warfare. "But the women and children!" some one will exclaim. Pelissier might have replied, "And what do shells effect when thrown into a blockaded town? What does hunger produce in an invested fort?" He forced the suffocating smoke into the natural fortress of the Beni-Zerouel, and the Dahara ceased to exist!

The doctrinaire republicans, who converted everything into darts to hurl at Louis Philippe and Guizot, fell on this fact, and twisted it into an accusation against the monarchy of July. What had not Guizot endured

because he liberated Morocco from the war contribution with the words, "France is rich enough to pay for her own glory?" Pelissier was a follower of Bugeaud, consequently an instrument of the palace—a monster, and deserving to run the gauntlet of public opinion. Pelissier did not trouble himself about the outcry of the papers; he wrapped himself up in his duty. The government appointed him *maréchal de camp*, and he was justified. Just as Bugeaud never wasted a word to prove that he had not been at the "Rue Transnonain," so Pelissier allowed himself most calmly to be called a "smoker-out."

1848 made no change in the attitude of this bronze soldier. While other African officers stepped into the political arena, he patiently abided in the military colony, became general of division in 1850, commanded the Oran division, and advanced to be inspector-general of infantry. In France the coup d'état came off; the second empire was hatched. Pelissier lived for his duty. The *sherif Muhammad-ben-Abdallah* caused an insurrection among the southern tribes; he was defeated, and fled to Lagouhat, where a general revolt broke out. General Yussuf could not master the rebels, so Pelissier started. On November 26, 1853, he left El Biod, and marched fifty leagues in six days, through a revolted country. On December 2 (the celebrated Napoleon day), he joined Yussuf; on the 3rd, Lagouhat was reconnoitred; in the night the breaching battery was formed; at seven o'clock on the morning of the 4th the firing commenced; by ten o'clock there was a practicable breach, and the eagle of the 2nd Zouave regiment fluttered from the ruins of Lagouhat.

The newly-hatched empire naturally saw with delight a baptism of fire which sprinkled others besides Frenchmen; its attention was necessarily directed to the unpolitical soldier of Lagouhat, who possessed more strategic talent and a sweeter-sounding name than the band of Coup d'Etat generals, who, besides, might become troublesome at the given moment. Here, then, was a military celebrity—a *trouaille* for France. Fatalism, too, naturally demanded that the affair of Lagouhat, as a December victory, should be vaunted far beyond its merits. Pelissier was, therefore, held in reserve.

The Eastern war began. We are not going to write its history, but if ever it be truthfully written, we shall have to read the most fabulous and incredible things that have ever happened since the first wholesale murder of humanity. Two fleets set out against the Russian fleet; the latter, in the mean while, very coolly destroys the Turkish fleet off Sinope, the relics of Navarino. Two armies set sail; no one knows whither. Omar Pacha thrashes the Russians on the Danube, and is forbidden to *exploiter* his victory. The Russians, at a sign, give up the siege of Silistria; the Turks are obliged to evacuate the Principalities; the neutral Austrians march in. A campaign is concocted to employ the English and French armies, and remove the war from Turkey. This remote campaign proves to be no campaign, but a siege; yet again, it is not a siege, such as they have been known since Vauban, Cœhoorn, Cormontaigne, and Montalembert, but a perfectly impossible siege: the siege of half a town, while the other half remains quite open, and is covered by a free army. Then it is a half town whose defenders entrench themselves more quickly and better than the besiegers are able to advance; for a long while the allies are themselves blockaded, and forced to assume a very doubtful

defensive. On the other side, there is not only a fortified camp, which can at will send fresh troops in the leaguered half, not only can select its battle-ground, but remain in uninterrupted connexion with the greatest empire of Europe. In front of the leaguered half, lastly, stand three, four different armies, with so many different commanders; the English will not do what the French wish, and *vice versa*. And even if English and French wished to be united, another "higher will" interferes, who dictates mighty combinations from his cabinet, and who knows everything better, though he has never smelt powder.

A few rays of light have been thrown on this labyrinth by General Niel's "Siege of Sebastopol: Journal of the Operations of the Engineer Department." We confess that these rays only serve to illumine the labyrinthine passage, and to convince us of the utter confusion. In St. Arnaud's instructions, he was told to keep his eye on Kaffa as the landing-place, move north from there, and besiege Sebastopol last of all. The idea of operating from south to north seems to have hung in the air like an infectious fever: the commanders of the allies are somehow magnetically attracted from the Alma to Balaklava, and appear to have noticed nothing, not even when Menschikoff crept out of the trap and passed them. Or was the armed might of Western Europe purposely placed on a barren plateau in order to localise the war? General Niel, of the Engineers, arriving before Sebastopol in January, 1855, sees the absurdities that are being committed, invents another plan for the campaign, which contradicts all the given conditions, and which no one will execute, and even after the unsuccessful attack of the 18th June, reminds us, with all seriousness, that this was "no ordinary siege." The leaders of the army decide on a chimerical investment, the engineer dreams of an impossible campaign, everything seems turned topsy-turvy.

Up to the arrival of the imperial adjutant, all the strength of the allies had been directed on the town, on the Central and Mast bastions; the English alone were acting against the Great Redan. It was now seen that the capture of the town would do no good, for it was commanded by the works of the Karabelnaya suburb; that all efforts must be concentrated against the Sapoun mountain and the Karabelnaya ravine, and that the town must be entered from both sides of the Careening Bay and the Mamelon Vert. But the unhappy besiegers already had sunk so deep in the routine of error, that they must be allowed to continue their works on the right and left attacks, so that, eventually, the storm might be made at the right place.

Niel, who landed in the Crimea on January 27, had a new organisation of the army in his pocket: Canrobert remained commander-in-chief, and the distinguished General de Martimprez was appointed chief of his staff, the same who, as protecting genius, had, with General Trochu, watched over the transport of the armada. The first corps d'armée, intended to operate on the left, was placed under the command of General Pelissier, who was summoned from Africa; the second corps, intended to operate on the right of the English, was entrusted to General Bosquet, who had so brilliantly decided the battle of Alma by turning the left Russian wing, and who hurried to aid the English at Inkerman, for which Lord Raglan, generally no great friend of the French, publicly thanked him in general orders.



This altered disposition and tactics of the Crimean army were decided and accepted on February 2nd, and on the 9th General Pelissier landed at Kamiesh. The energetic charge has, therefore, been unjustly ascribed to him, although he had undoubtedly been taken into the calculation of the charge. On February 9th, too, the fearful winter had been almost survived; the reinforcements that had arrived raised the French army once again to 75,000 men, with 6500 horses, and 3500 transport animals. Pelissier did not, either, receive the second corps d'armée, whose activity was to give the impulse, but was for the present kept in the second line. He, however, was put in the right place to overcome a difficulty: to do so, no matter at what cost, is Pelissier's speciality; but it is not his forte to form great plans, make wide-spread combinations, and justify them by rapid strokes of genius. The French soldier who, during the frightful winter, had displayed confidence both in himself and in his superiors, however, regarded the change of command with great satisfaction. The new general might smoke the Russians out of Sebastopol! Pelissier had the reputation of being inexorable in matters of duty. "All the better, we shall go ahead now," the troops said. A fabulous story was current about him: in Africa, he had "wiggled" a captain, who, in his fury, drew a pistol and pulled the trigger on Pelissier. The pistol missed fire. "Capitaine," Pelissier was said to have remarked, "you are under arrest for a week, because your arms are not in proper order." Such things were believed of the commander of the first Crimean corps d'armée, and they inspired respect and confidence.

On the right attack the siege works were now earnestly pressed forward; the field of Inkerman was barricaded; the engineer officers fell like flies beneath the Russian bullets. General Bizot was mortally wounded on April 11, the eleventh general officer who died, the twenty-third who was placed hors de combat.

In front of the central bastion the French had constant fighting, because they were not masters of the ground through which they were forcing their way. Pelissier urged the commander-in-chief to a vigorous action; the T before the cemetery must be attacked. This was done on the night of the 13th of April, and the besiegers forced their way into the cemetery, where they entrenched themselves. This and Pelissier's presence were sufficiently shown in the monthly casualty lists: In April, on the left, 264 killed, among them 18 officers; 2005 wounded, among them 88 officers; 50 missing; 2319 hors de combat. In the right attack, in the same month, we find 92 dead, among them 3 officers; 477 wounded, 24 officers; 569 hors de combat.

Not long, and Pelissier had another job on hand, to take the counter-approaches in front of the central bastion, to the right of the cemetery. Canrobert, whom the Malakhoff bothered quite enough, would not go in at it; but Pelissier insisted on the necessity of taking the point, and on the night of May 1 the commander of the first corps d'armée detached General de Salles with the brigadiers-general Motte-rouge and Bazaine. The affair cost blood; but the siege works were advanced 150 metres. The Russians had pushed their counter-approaches too far forward. Pelissier paid for his success by 118 killed, of them 7 officers; and 484 wounded, of them 25 officers.

General Niel assumed the command of the engineers, and he was

troubled with the fancy of investing the town: in all his plans the "complete investment" plays the principal part. In his report to the emperor of February 14, he expressly advised that "Sebastopol should be turned on the right side, a position taken up between the Tchernaya and the Belbek, an action sought, and the fortress, after that, entirely invested." It is notorious that this idea got into Louis Napoleon's head when he dreamed for a while about taking the personal command of the Crimean army.

On the 8th of May the Sardinians arrived. New uncertainty and new impatience prevailed in the supreme council. Admirals Lyons and Bruat desired something to do, as there was nothing to be seen or heard about storming. They proposed the expedition to Kertch, and to cut off the Russian supplies from the Sea of Azoff. Canrobert, a Cunctator whose baptismal name was not Fabius, hesitated. At length he yielded, and the expedition sailed on May 3. The same day a despatch arrived from the generalissimo at the Tuileries; all disposable forces must be held ready for a blow, and troops fetched up from Constantinople. The admirals were ordered back by express steamers. The entrenched camp of Kamiesch was commenced, in order to be able to move the army without giving up the south side—and all this stands quite harmlessly in Niel's "journal;"—these diplomatic alchemistic tactics must be handed down to posterity. In fact, the more documents that come to light about the Crimean war, the truer will be found the remark of a great military authority: "In the Crimea everybody did absurd things: Todtleben alone proved that he had not forgotten his Vauban."

The emperor, who up to this time proposed to come himself, now declined "through political reasons," and contented himself with sending in his plan of campaign. Pelissier was to carry on the siege and hold the harbour with 60,000 men; Raglan, with 55,000 men, would post himself at Baidar, with his advanced posts between Simpheropol and Sebastopol; while Canrobert, with 62,000 men, advanced from Alushta on Simpheropol. The matter was so carefully arranged on paper that Canrobert and Raglan could always help each other. On the 14th of May, after a long and violent debate, this plan was accepted by the council of war; but when the details were entered into, the disputes began again. Canrobert sent in his resignation on May 16, proposed Pelissier as his successor, and on the 18th the confirmation came tumbling head over heels into head-quarters. On the 19th, Pelissier held the supreme command; but Canrobert, a model of antique virtue, did not take the command of the first corps d'armée, but that of the first division of the second corps under Bosquet.

Pelissier had a secret conference with Lord Raglan, from which even the adjutants were excluded. The result of this consultation has become patent: Lord Raglan entered on perfectly friendly relations with the African general. The emperor's strategics were laid *ad acta*, and Pelissier troubled himself about nothing save the given position. It is said that when the telegraphic despatches arrived all too heavy from Paris, Pelissier would order an accident to the wire. His own remarks, confidentially expressed to his adjutant-colonel, Cassaigne, were delivered in a nasal tone it is impossible to write down.

The old operations went on under fearful difficulties, but with merci-

less energy: the expedition to Kertch and Yeni-Kalah was, however, allowed. The counter-approaches to the cemetery, a favourite spot with the general-in-chief, were stormed on the night of May 23rd. The French had 502 killed (19 officers), 1264 wounded (59 officers), 26 men missing: total, 1802 hors de combat. The Russians allowed their loss to be 2515 (18 officers dead, 58 wounded). On May 25th the divisions Canrobert and Bosquet held the Tchernaya; up to that date Russians had still remained on the left bank. Pelissier had been ordered to take the Malakhoff, and would do so, but the month of May sent 5378 men into the grave or the hospital.

On June 7th, the French stormed the Mamelon Vert, and a parallel was soon drawn through it by the besiegers. "A la bonne heure!" non-Russian Europe said; "since Pelissier has been in the Crimea things move onwards; we can see some end to this Trojan history." All the external works of the Karabelnaya were in the hands of the enemy, and the Russians were confined to their wall and bastions. The Malakhoff, though, grew daily bolder, and a second fort was rising behind the outer wall. The green hill cost 697 killed (69 officers), 4363 wounded (203 officers), 383 missing (4 officers).

On the 18th June, Pelissier was not quite alone in his given position, for historical tactics were playing along the wire. Bosquet was opposed to the storm, which he considered premature; the critic was ordered off to the Tchernaya, and Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, of the Guard, received the command of the storming columns, with Generals Mayran and Brunet under his orders. The signal to start was to be a rocket, fired by Pelissier's order from the Lancaster battery. Mayran mistook a shell for the rocket, and gave orders too soon; Brunet's troops were not ready, and arrived too late. But Pelissier could not hold them back, for Mayran was in the thick of the fire. The Guard was sent to his aid, but in vain; it was impossible to advance under such a murderous fire, and for the first time in his life Pelissier allowed his heart to be softened, and gave the signal for retreat: 1370 men were lying dead (33 officers), 1765 wounded (248 officers), 416 missing (21 officers): total, 3851 men. The English lost their brave general Campbell, and General Harry Jones was severely wounded in the head. The Russians had 783 dead and 4979 wounded. Waterloo was not yet erased from the page of history.

On June 20th, Pelissier ordered the self-willed Bosquet back to his corps; St. Jean d'Angely retired to the Guards' camp. Pelissier formed the decision to continue the siege with slow regularity, and Niel tells us in confidence that it was a most interesting siege.

At length came the eventful day which was to give Pelissier a new name, September 8; 1855. No rocket was to be exploded on this occasion; the watches of all the officers had been set at the same time on the previous evening; when it struck mid-day from the tower of Sebastopol the fearful storm must begin. As the hour struck, the best soldiers of the impetuous nation rushed upon the Malakhoff, the English attacked the Great Redan, while to the left the French assailed the town. Bosquet commanded the second corps in person: he received a splinter of shell in his side, and was compelled to quit the battle-field. What an uproar, what steam and smoke, what forgetting of self! We have spoken to

Zouaves who were in the Malakhoff, and asked them how they got there, and they did not know. They had clambered up the stones one over the other. What a massacre! Macmahon's division, which at the beginning of the day counted 4520 men, with 199 officers, had in the evening 292 killed (29 officers), 1818 wounded (89 officers), or altogether, 2190 hors de combat. The Zouaves of the Guard, out of 627 men, had 311 killed and wounded; Wimpffen's brigade, out of 2100 men, 637 killed and wounded. The French had, at all their points of attack, 7567 men placed hors de combat; the English, 2447: total, 10,014.

France the nation, in so far as it survives dynasties, lost her greatest general in the storm of the Malakhoff, for General Bosquet will be unable to take the field again. The man of the given position, however, cut through the knot, and broke the door open for peace, for the Russians made it, after they had destroyed their town, their arsenals, and their fleet. Before, they had obstinately refused; but Pelissier was sent at them, and he taught them. He also showed the French how to run their heads against a stone wall. It was only when his adjutant Cassaigne did not return on the night of September 8th, and they were compelled to tell him he was dead, that a brooding melancholy covered the old warrior's face of bronze, and the one Cassaigne weighed heavier on his heart than the other 7566, who lay there dead or wounded. To the honour of humanity, a gentler feeling forces its way through the thickest breastplate of bronze.

Pelissier fetched from the Malakhoff tower his marshal's staff and ducal title. Military critics must allow that he did great things, both as tactician and soldier—that, in a word, he is what Frenchmen call a *grand caractère*; still it cannot be positively asserted that he would be able to beat a European army in the field. All we know is, that he would sacrifice half his army sooner than give ground. Sebastopol was a case of such an extraordinary nature that it will hardly be repeated. And we must not forget that Pelissier took matters there as he found them: they were not of his making.

When the Orsini bombs in 1858 made the relations between England and France very delicate, when Persigny, the personal friend of Louis Napoleon, found England too hot for him, Marshal Pelissier was appointed envoy to the British court. Not that the stormer of the Dahara passes and the Malakhoff ever revealed any diplomatic vein, but because Pelissier, in the first place, represented the alliance of the Western powers in the highest military glory; and secondly, because he was as much representative of the French nation as deputy of the dynasty. The gentle threat—What we did with England, we could carry out against England—was traceable in this diplomatic-epigram. Pelissier required for his mission no talent, no saloon arts; he had only to present himself as he really was, the man of the 8th of September. He must succeed if the rupture were not incurable, and he did succeed. Rough, hearty, with no *arrière pensée*, sarcastic as ever, the marshal was an imposing object to John Bull, who dearly loves a sight. In a word, the marshal was the lion of the season. While the marshal represented France with soldierly *aplomb*, on the other hand he yielded to his personal feelings and recollections with the most perfect openness.

While driving in Hyde Park, he saw the Duc d'Aumale in a carriage just before him. He ordered his coachman to make haste, and as he passed the prince he saluted, and inquired, with a bow, "Comment se porte, monseigneur?" The prince repeated the salutation, with a "Très bien, mon cher maréchal. Et vous?" At a later date, the marshal even dined with the prince at the house of a distinguished lady. Old military recollections of Algeria were aroused, and the marshal never once forgot that the prince had formerly been his governor-general. We know not whether M. Walewski read him a lecture for his indiscretion—it was said that one of his servants was a spy of the French foreign affairs, and everything was known in Paris long before the papers printed it—but, if he did so, we feel sure Pelissier did not long keep him waiting for an answer, such as is rarely heard in courtly atmosphere.

To perfect the man it was thought necessary to give him a wife. The Empress Eugénie arranged the scene for Hercules and Omphale. The present Duchess of Malakhoff must, however, have also played her part, for Pelissier would have nothing forced upon him, not even a lovely Spanish lady. The marshal was said to be really in love, and daily sent a two-and-thirty-pounder sigh in the shape of a bouquet to the chosen of his heart at Paris. We doubt whether the child of the Lower Seine understands Spanish, but he seems tolerably familiar with the "gay saber." A marshal's staff, the ducal title, high pay, an annuity of 100,000 francs—who of the parvenus has gone so far ahead as this obstinate, unpolitical soldier? And does not his career exemplify the healthy old proverb that honesty is the best policy after all?

Pelissier's military career we take to be ended; in spite of his name and services, the part he will play in the next European conflict will be very cautiously chosen. In the Italian war he was sent to observe the German frontier. If the inclined plane of the present French policy leads, say to the fat Belgian pastures, Marshal Pelissier will certainly not command the invading army. That would not be a "given position." The public press pretend to know for a certainty that Pelissier is reserved for the army of Paris. We decline to believe this, for so soon as matters came to a crisis, the Magnans, who have themselves to save in Paris, would be ordered there. The Pelissiers can only be employed on highly neutral ground—on those occasions where Napoleon is one with France, and where a healthy obstinacy of purpose is needed.

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## GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## TWO IN ONE.

It was to the hotel owned by Monsieur Simonet that Hubert directed the driver to proceed, and there Mademoiselle de Gournay found no difficulty in obtaining the accommodation she sought. Hubert's previous visit had left a favourable impression on Madame Mignerot—for she had, of course, appropriated to herself the *douceur* which he bestowed on her husband—and without exacting a great deal too much for the apartments required, she installed the new comers in a suite on the *premier*, which, she said, “happened to be vacant,” an assertion she might safely have made at any time for the last six months.

Under existing circumstances it was impossible for Hubert immediately to carry out his intention of returning to England. Common politeness, so he argued, required that he should postpone his departure till he knew that the lady whom he had rescued was sufficiently recovered from the fright occasioned by the revolutionary fray. He was also curious—if that be the right word—to learn who she was to whom he had become known in so singular a manner, for as yet he was ignorant of her name; neither had he communicated his own when, in taking leave, he requested permission to inquire after her health on the following day—a state of things attributable to the flurry and excitement of the moment. He accordingly went back to the hotel which he had quitted only an hour before, his unexpected return being looked upon there as a simple instance of English eccentricity, by which the establishment profited.

His reflections, when left to himself, were of a different complexion from those by which he was occupied when he sat in the gardens of the Tuileries meditating his departure from Paris. Then, there was nothing to detain him but his own will. What was there, he asked, stronger than his own will, that kept him now? A woman's face was before his eyes—a woman's voice sounded in his ears. So lovely a face—so sweet a voice! No! he had never seen or heard anything comparable to either. But these attractions apart—though with young men in general they have some weight—the evident mystery of the lady's position made the accident of meeting with her so much the more piquant. If he had learnt at once who and what she was, then, no doubt, the whole affair would have ended; he should have made his bow and continued his journey, satisfied with having performed an act of gallantry that brought its own reward. But to leave a lady, and such a lady—he could not avoid that issue—friendless and in distress, without ascertaining more of her history—in the hope of being again useful—was entirely out of the question.

Hubert, in short, easily persuaded himself that in the course he now took he was performing an imperative duty; and all he desired—with what eagerness he desired it!—was that the moment were come for calling at the Hôtel Louis le Grand. He did not, however, refrain from visiting that locality until the time he had prescribed, but as soon as it was dark—how he got through the day till then he knew not—did sentinel's duty for at least a couple of hours in a remote part of the street from which the rooms where the young lady was lodged were visible. Some may fancy that he gained nothing by this proceeding when they know that the windows were fast closed by those impervious grey *jalousies* which make such a blank of French houses, but there are certain conditions of mind that reconcile people to what the many would think a disappointment; imagination can fill up any blank, and Hubert's imagination had suddenly become extremely active; he pictured to himself what might have been behind the shutters, and went away not unconsoled. What did this quickly-found consolation imply? Nothing favourable, I imagine, to the marriage projects of Sir Richard Gurney. Yet impatience was still to be mastered, and as well as he could Hubert overcame his till the hour arrived when he might without impropriety reap the advantage of his discreet forbearance.

It is not to be supposed, with a *concierger* so communicative as Jacques Mignerot, and even the least inquisitive of her sex—presuming Justine to come under such a category—that Mademoiselle de Gournay's Norman attendant should not speedily learn that the gentleman who had conducted her mistress and herself to the Hôtel Louis le Grand was an Englishman of fortune, that his name was Hubert, and that he had already been in treaty with Jacques's master for the purchase of property in Normandy which belonged to Monsieur Simonet; nor that, on inquiring further, Justine should not discover the property in question to be the Château de Gournay, though what she knew of the place she refrained from communicating in turn. The above information, however, she soon conveyed to Mademoiselle de Gournay, and it did not diminish the interest with which Bianca considered the expected visit of a person to whom she felt grateful for having saved her from a real danger.

There was, consequently, a slight shade of embarrassment on both sides when Bianca and Hubert again met. He had been thinking of her too much not to experience it, and she—if less pertinaciously engaged than her visitor—had not been so wholly fancy-free as to have confined her maiden meditations solely to events with which he was unconnected.

His first words were naturally an expression of anxiety lest she should have suffered from the alarm of the preceding day; hers, while she reassured him on that point, declared a sense of the deepest obligation. To this his reply was a disclaimer similar to that which he had in the first instance made, but he added his earnest hope that he might yet be permitted to do something to deserve—no, not to deserve her thanks—but to afford him another unfeigned pleasure.

Complimentary phrases—*banalités*—these, in a general way; but they were uttered by Hubert with so much sincerity of voice and manner that Bianca could not give to their meaning an ordinary interpretation. Her situation was beset by difficulties. As Hubert had conjectured, as Justine had admitted, Mademoiselle de Gournay had no friends in Paris, and that

she wanted friends everything made plain. But could she make this avowal to a stranger—to a young man of whose character she knew nothing, however disposed to think well of him for the services he had already rendered? To tell her whole story would be impossible, but a part of it, at least, must be told, if only to relieve herself from what seemed equivocal in her actual position. She had to choose between a natural reluctance to give her confidence to the first comer, and the fear of being mistaken for other than she really was. The struggle cost her something, but she finally decided on speaking with frankness as far as it was absolutely necessary.

"Sir," she began, "occurrences the most painful—too painful for me to dwell upon—obliged me yesterday morning to become the refugee you found me in the streets of Paris. I had quitted the house of a relation, who, profiting by my father's absence in England, compelled me to seek shelter elsewhere. To avoid pursuit, on entering this house I assumed the name of Contarini, that of my mother's family, by which you have called me. But I will not conceal from you my own. You are a person of honour, and will not betray me. My real name is one which, if I am rightly informed, is not altogether unknown to you: it is De Gournay."

Hubert started to his feet.

"De Gournay!" he repeated. "Is it possible?"

Bianca faintly smiled.

"You think it strange," she said, "to hear that name when, as my servant Justine tells me—learning it below—you have already interested yourself about the château which was my father's."

"It is true," replied Hubert; "only two days ago I came to speak to Monsieur Simonet, the proprietor of this hotel, on the subject of becoming its tenant. Something more than a caprice induced me to visit the Château de Gournay a short time since, and after seeing it, and listening to the good old gardener who was my guide, a strong desire to live there took possession of me."

"Ah, then, you saw poor Pierre! Tell me, was he quite well?"

"Well in health, apparently; but scarcely so in mind. Indeed, he spoke of—of Monsieur de Gournay—of the changes that had taken place—in a very sorrowful tone."

"I do not wonder at it. He was quite a part of the family; and amongst our many regrets at leaving Gournay, not the least was that of parting with poor old Pierre. He was much attached to my father."

"And—and to yourself, Mademoiselle de Gournay. To speak of you seemed to make him, for the moment, really happy."

"Yes, he was always very fond of me too; and when I was a child, helped, I fear, a good deal to spoil me. To love flowers is, no doubt, a natural impulse, but it was more than encouraged in me by Pierre."

"For which he has been well rewarded. I cannot forget the pride with which he showed me the picture that still hung in one of the turret chambers, where—as he informed me—you painted it, Mademoiselle de Gournay. That picture made him quite eloquent, and—pardon me—with good reason."

Bianca coloured at this allusion to her talent, and changed the subject.

"I must not speak," she said, "of what was once our happy home. My father, as you must have heard at Gournay, has taken leave of it for



ever. Let me forget that altogether. I have other things now to think of. You have befriended me, sir, already; therefore I do not fear to ask a favour."

"Whatever it be," exclaimed Hubert, earnestly, "do not hesitate to put me to the test. Any service you may desire it will be my greatest happiness to render."

"I am most anxious," returned Bianca, "to reach London as quickly as possible; but I have no passport, and know not how to procure one."

"That," said Hubert, "can easily be arranged in the course of a few hours. You travel with your servant—and in your own name?"

"Could any one detain me if I did not choose another?"

"I do not exactly comprehend. There is always a great risk in using a name that is not your own. I have had some recent experience in the matter. But will you suffer me to ask why you do not wish to be known as Mademoiselle de Gournay?"

"You have earned the right to inquire, sir. The relation of whom I spoke is rich and powerful, and has great influence with the present government. It is more than probable that he would try to prevent my departure."

"Has he any legal authority over you?"

"None. He is my father's cousin only. I was left, it is true, to his care, but not under his guardianship. Had that even been so, he forfeited last night all claim to my obedience. Oh, my father, you little dreamt what wickedness was in that aged heart!"

A sudden light flashed upon Hubert. Brief as his conversation with Bianca had been, it had cleared up one or two points of difficulty, and this last allusion completely reassured him.

"You were, then," he said, "the night before last at the Académie de Musique. I knew that yesterday was not the first time I had seen you!"

Bianca looked her astonishment.

"An old man wearing a decoration," continued Hubert, "sat by your side; he was with you when you drove from the theatre. He it is"—he paused, half afraid to say more, but took courage to end the sentence—"he it is of whom you have cause to complain?"

In a voice that was scarcely audible, Bianca answered "Yes!"

For a few moments there was mutual silence. As Hubert was about to break it, the door opened, and Justine hastily entered, with a letter in her hand.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," she cried, "here is what you have waited for so long!"

"From my father!" exclaimed Bianca; "how did it reach your hands?"

"By the merest chance, Mademoiselle. I was standing at the *porte cochère*, talking to the *concierge*, when the *facteur* who serves the *arrondissement* went past. I know him very well, for he comes from our part of the country; and as soon as he saw me he said he had good news, the letter I had asked for so often lately. In that case, I said, I will take it now, for Mademoiselle is in this neighbourhood and will be glad to have it at once, without waiting till she reached the hotel. So he put it in my hands, and went away directly.

Bianca seized the letter, and pressed it to her lips.

Hubert rose to withdraw, but at a sign from Mademoiselle de Gournay he remained, as she tore off the envelope and began eagerly to devour the contents.

She had not, however, read more than a few lines when her flushed cheek grew deadly pale; she reeled and caught at the table to save herself from falling, and the letter fell on the floor: she then sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, trembling violently.

Justine ran to her mistress and hung over her, tenderly seeking to know the reason of her sudden agitation, while Hubert, whose eyes never left Bianca, stood motionless with undefinable sensations.

Justine gently endeavoured to remove Bianca's hands, but the attempt at first was vain. At length they yielded, and as the tears oozed fast between her slender fingers, the poor girl, sobbing bitterly, buried her head on her servant's bosom.

With every endearing word and gesture the affectionate *bonne* cherished her young mistress, and when the burst of grief had subsided Bianca turned and spoke.

"Forgive me, sir," she said, addressing Hubert, "but the shock that letter gave me was more than I could bear. I hardly understand its meaning, yet enough to know that my dearest father is amongst traitors and in misery. Why, why did he take that fatal, fatal journey!"

"Is Monsieur de Gournay ill? It is he himself," said Hubert, "who writes?"

"Yes, yes, it is indeed from my father. Well, too, unless he deceives me by saying so. But how surrounded! Oh, my God!"

Bianca made a strong effort to be calm.

"Reach me the letter, Justine; I will not tremble or sink again! You shall judge, sir, if my weakness deserves to be condemned."

And Bianca read as follows:

"Whitecross-street, London.

"Courage, my dearest child. I am in perfect health. Let not that fear afflict you, whatever else may have befallen: my good cousin has not yet reached me there! No, I am well, and strong still—strong to punish when the hour arrives! But what do I say? That hour, it may never come! Bianca, your father is in a prison! Not for any crime committed by him, but thrown there on the infamous pretext of being the debtor of I know not whom—my cousin Astolphe—his agent here, Louvel—or both of them in collusion. I told you, when we parted, for what purpose I came to England, and how the money I brought with me was supplied by Saverne; but I did not then say—for the affair seemed unimportant—that I had written my name to a form of words which made the sum advanced a debt. Cajoled by flattering letters and the assurance that whatever I wanted was at my command—urged, indeed, to live in a manner becoming my rank, I did not confine my expenses so closely as I had at first intended, and after my last payment at the great hotel where I have been staying, I found that very little was left of the original sum in my possession. I wrote to Saverne accordingly—still regretting my inability to obtain a clear account from his agent here—but no reply was returned. At the end of a week I resolved

to close the business and go back to France, and, as a preliminary step, I went to this Louvel, commanding him, finally, to make up his accounts, for that I would wait no longer. This man, always impracticable, now appeared in his true character, and, with an insolence of which I could conceive nobody capable, flatly refused to obey me. I threatened him then with a heavy visitation of his conduct on the part of his employer, to which he replied by a sneering laugh, using these words: 'It is time to put an end to this folly. You have had your day, mine is now come. I think,' he continued, 'that the Marquis advanced you ten thousand francs when you left Paris.' I was astonished at his knowledge of this fact, but did not deny it. 'What then?' I replied. 'Have you anything to do with what takes place between your superiors?' 'Only this,' he answered, with the same mocking laugh: 'as the Marquis owed me that identical amount, he has thought it advisable to pay me with your acknowledgment to him.' 'It is an infamous lie!' I returned. 'How you obtained your information I know not, but of this I am certain, that M. de Saverne—that no French gentleman—could have been guilty of such baseness. It is a wicked subterfuge, to conceal your own malversations.' 'Subterfuge or not, you are my debtor,' was his reply. 'Do you recollect this?'

"So saying, he took from his desk and held before my eyes the paper to which I had affixed my name in Paris. I was thunderstruck, and for the instant speechless, while he insolently observed that he must have the money before I left the house. Recovering from my stupefaction, I exclaimed, 'That paper has been stolen! I was an idiot to have thought otherwise.' 'Remain an idiot still,' answered this villain—no, this tool of a far greater villain—'or rather disabuse yourself at once. You recognise your own handwriting, perhaps you have not forgotten that of M. de Saverne.' On this he produced a letter—the table was between us, but I read, in my cousin's writing, words that have burnt themselves into my memory: 'Immediately on the receipt of this you will arrest Monsieur de Gournay—Bernard is his Christian name—for the amount stated in the enclosed note of hand, which I hereby make over to you in payment of a debt due by me to yourself. Accept no kind of compromise, but carry out my instructions to the letter, and throw him at once into prison.' There was more writing, I saw, on the reverse of the sheet, but this was enough for me. 'Gracious God!' I cried, 'can this be possible!' I was bewildered, my faculties seemed to fail me, I could assign no conceivable cause for such unheard-of villainy—even now I am lost in conjecture. Shall I describe the scene that followed? Well—in a few words. When I raised my eyes again, Louvel was smiling. He opened the door and spoke to some one outside. Two persons entered—coarse of aspect, brutal in manner. In fine, they were officers of the law. One of them touched me on the shoulder, and told me I was his prisoner. To resist would have been useless. I was conveyed in a carriage to this place—the debtors' prison in London, like that of the Rue de Clichy. But do not fear for me, Bianca. Again I say I am not ill, neither am I quite without money; it procures me all I want. But to be imprisoned in a strange country, away from my dearest child, with a mind tortured by apprehensions of some further calamity which I am unable to picture—ah, that indeed is terrible! God knows, too, if the sad news I

send may ever reach your eye, and then you will suppose me dead ! On this account, at all hazards, I write. Has it pleased Heaven to strike Saverne with sudden madness ? It must be so. That alone can explain his conduct. And my daughter confided to such care ! Oh, my God, on my knees I pray thee——”

Bianca could read no further : in fact, the rest was so blurred as to be almost illegible.

Hubert listened to this letter with feelings of mingled astonishment, indignation, and pity. No need was there to tell him now what Mademoiselle de Gournay had left unsaid. The foul plot was before him in all its hideous nakedness. His first impulse was to take vengeance on the perpetrator of so much villany, but a moment's reflection convinced him that there were better ways, just then, of serving the beautiful girl in whom he took so deep an interest.

“It would be useless for me,” he said, “to attempt to console you with words; but if acts may be permitted, receive the assurance, Mademoiselle de Gournay, of one who freely devotes his life to your cause, that acts shall not be wanting. You are in safety at present—which is much—nor need you fear for your future safety; but the release of your father is of immediate necessity.”

“Oh, tell me, sir,” interrupted Bianca, “how this can be accomplished ?”

“The laws of England,” replied Hubert, “readily provide the means; only, to aid Monsieur de Gournay effectually, his friends must be on the spot.”

“Alas, sir,” said Bianca, sorrowfully, “my father has no friends in England: even here I know not where to find them.”

“Do not let that thought disturb you. Allow me to act in this matter as if it concerned myself, and I promise you that Monsieur de Gournay shall be at liberty within three days.”

“You fill my heart, sir, with joy. Believe me, I am penetrated by your kindness. It is not possible I can ever repay you.”

Hubert looked at Bianca with an expression which, had she observed it, might have told her that repayment was quite within her power; but her thoughts were still of her father, and Hubert's impassioned glance passed unnoticed, and she continued:

“Yet I must further prove your debtor. It will not suffice for me to hear only that my father is free. I seek to be restored to his arms. More urgent than ever is it that I should hasten to London. Those passports which you promised to procure——”

“They form a part of my design. For your security they must be obtained as you at first intended; and, having got them, I, in my turn, have a request to make: to be allowed to proceed by the same train that takes you to England.”

“I read your truth, sir, in your countenance,” said Bianca, extending her hand. “I trust you as a brother.”

As a brother! And yet the word did not fall coldly on Hubert's ear. “Be prepared, then, Mademoiselle de Gournay, to leave Paris this evening. At seven o'clock I will have the honour of conducting you to the railway station.”

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## A LOVER'S ADVENTURES.

IF Hubert's thoughts had centred on Bianca while yet she was comparatively unknown, it is no marvel that she entirely occupied them now. The chance was certainly a singular one which had brought him into contact with the person, of all others, whose history had so much interested him ever since Monsieur Lalouette mentioned her name at Amiens. His sympathy was awakened when first he heard of her father's altered fortunes; it became almost a sentiment on his visit to the Château de Gournay; but after the interview just related, a far different word from either sympathy or sentiment expressed the state of his feelings towards one so young, so beautiful, and so deeply injured. Already that mysterious impulse which, in a single moment, makes of a stranger all the world to him whose heart is stirred by it, had drawn him towards Bianca, and now he found that he had given his pity to her who absorbed his love. With the quick instinct of passion which, at its very birth, claims all for itself, his jealous fear at once divined the nature of the personal wrong at which Mademoiselle de Gournay had only hinted; and again, when alone, the vehement desire arose to seek out Monsieur de Saverne, and make him a signal example to traitors; but, as before, this desire was mastered by the exigencies of Bianca's situation. Her most urgent wish was to join her father with the least possible delay, and to this object he was bound to give his first consideration. It was strange enough, he thought, that twice within so brief a space he must play the part of an accidental protector, under circumstances that bore a strong resemblance to each other; but, with all his devotion to fallen royalty, the distress of the exiled family weighed lightly in the scale against that of Mademoiselle de Gournay.

Intent on the mission he had undertaken, Hubert turned into the street which led towards the Foreign-office, but he had not gone a dozen yards before he stumbled upon an individual whom, for the last four-and-twenty hours, he had as completely forgotten as if that individual had never existed.

"What do I see!" exclaimed the voice of Anatole Duval. "You, Monsieur Hubert! I believed you were gone from Paris! Ah, if I had thought otherwise, I should have rushed to tell you my adventures since I bade you adieu."

At the sight of Anatole everything relating to him came back, and not very pleasantly, to Hubert's memory. He would rather, at that moment, have met any one else, but there was no help for it now, and after saying a few words about unexpected business having detained him, he wanted to hear what was to come next.

Anatole did not leave him long in suspense.

"You remember," he said, "how we parted. You, to sleep in peace—I, to wander distractedly about the streets till daylight. I fulfilled my intention. Morning came, and found me somewhere near the *Jardin des Plantes*, cold, wet, and tired, with the appetite of a wolf! Like a wolf, too, I breakfasted—that is to say, at the first café I found open I devoured my mutton, in the shape of cutlets: for the rest, those *car-*

*nivora* do not take coffee, so there the resemblance ceases. You will admit, my friend, that I was not born under a lucky star when I tell you that I ate my breakfast on the wrong side of the river. Instead of finding myself at the *Cadran Bleu* in the Rue de Buffon, I ought to have stayed all night on the Boulevard Italien—only it is monotonous to be long in the same place—then, I should have had the pleasure of fighting for an hour or two—for you have heard, no doubt, that there was a *jolie émeute* in that neighbourhood yesterday morning. No matter—pleasure deferred is not lost—and, at the rate things are going on, there will be plenty more opportunities. Well, at this *Cadran Bleu* I collected my thoughts, and remembered that my business was not at the *Jardin des Plantes* but in the Rue Lepelletier, at the box-office of the Académie de Musique, where I last saw that divine creature. What is the matter, my friend? Are you unwell, that your countenance so suddenly changes? Ah! nothing you say! I am glad to hear it! A corn, perhaps! We shall then have rain.”

It was a fiery, not a humid, element that tortured Hubert while Anatole thus went on; but though impatient of his detention, a motive of curiosity made him stay to hear the end of this *bavardage*. Anatole related his story from point to point, omitting nothing that we already know. He then continued:

“As soon as I had entrusted my letter for delivery (your corn must be troublesome, *mon cher*; very likely you have a nest of them), there remained nothing more to be done till I received my answer, so I went home to make my toilette, after which I set out for the house of the friend whose note of introduction I had the pleasure of reading to you. Fortunately, I found Camille, with three or four others—Beaupré, Mirliton, Pasdeloup, *je ne sais qui*—who had gone there to breakfast. You may believe that I was in the humour to join them. Never—except to-day—have I felt more gay. Ah, the *jolis propos* of those famous fellows when they knew how I had passed the night—and afterwards the morning: what they said would have filled the *Charivari* twice over, and doubled its circulation! My friends are all artists like myself, but this was not a day for work. Camille, indeed, had been disappointed of his famous model, the *tambour-major* of the 49th of the Line. Camille is engaged on the ‘Battle of Isly,’ and the *tambour-major* represents Marshal Bugeaud. It will be a grand production; impossible that it should be otherwise, for Camille paints with true inspiration! To embody the right feeling, to fill himself with real military ardour, he works by beat of drum. Then the scene is entirely before him, he translates those sounds by energetic *coups de pinceau*. Ah, that is the proper way to succeed: it is a plan I mean to adopt when I go back to my *atelier*; by-and-by, you understand. To return to my friends. Beaupré proposed an excursion. In an instant we started to our feet. Where should we go? To Charenton, Saint Cloud, Montmorency? The last was agreed upon. *Une partie d’âne!* The idea was delicious. Only somebody was wanting to complete the party. (Is it your corn again?) That idea made me sad. But I shook it off, and we hurried to the *embarcadère*. At the station d’Enghien, we procured five famous *montures—des coursiers à longues oreilles*—and to gallop away! *Mon Dieu! Il y*

*avait de quoi se pâmer de rire!* Beupré was thrown first—then Pasdeloup—after him Mirliton—all of us in turn. *C'était du vrai plaisir!* And all the time I was thinking of her! Those moments were supreme. Ah, if it had but been in the cherry season! Nothing then would have been wanting to our enjoyment! At the Lac d'Enghien we discharged our animals: then we entered a boat with a flag and a magnificent awning, and fatigued ourselves well with rowing, breaking two oars, and rescuing Mirliton from a watery grave after he had experienced a severe ducking. These exercises gave us renewed appetite. At four in the afternoon we rushed to the Hôtel des Quatre Pavillons, where we dined superbly—as well, my friend, as at the Café de Paris. *Et les rasades que nous avons bues!* The toasts, *mon cher*, that were drunk! In whose honour I need not tell you. Had it been the full season, the ball in the Parc would have kept us there all night—probably until now—but unhappily it was too early for that amusement; so, with regret, we tore ourselves from Enghien and returned to Paris. Ah, it was a day to be remembered for ever!”

“And in that manner your adventures ended,” said Hubert, able for the first time to edge in a word.

“Not at all, my dear friend; the best is yet to come. It was too late to call for my answer last night, but no sooner was I dressed this morning than I hastened to the Rue d'Astorg, where I had made another appointment with my acquaintance of yesterday. Never before did I discover how much virtue there was in money. It had produced the expected letter. Yes, you may look incredulous, but such is the case. I have it here! You are my friend, and shall share my happiness!”

Incredulous Hubert might have looked, but deadly pale also—a paleness which rapidly changed to burning red, as Anatole took out a note and pointed to his name on the envelope, addressed in a female hand.

“It is utterly impossible!” he said, unconsciously speaking.

“Impossible!” returned the artist; “step this way, and you shall convince yourself. I cannot reveal a lady's confidence in the open street.”

He entered a *porte cochère* that was at hand, and Hubert mechanically followed, a prey to the most agonising sensations.

“Read it!” said Anatole, taking off the envelope and giving the letter to Hubert. “Something to the purpose there, or I am very much mistaken!”

“Mistaken! Who is mistaken?” muttered Hubert, eagerly opening the paper.

These were the contents:

“You have not appealed to me in vain. Yes! I did not fail to observe your respectful devotion at the Louvre, when, as you tell me, you did not dare to speak. Neither were those glances thrown away which I already knew you directed towards me at the theatre. I saw you also when, as you remind me, we drove away. Imagine, then, my joy when Lisette, my faithful *femme de chambre*, placed in my hands the precious lines which told me I was beloved—I, whom a ruthless tyrant has so long endeavoured to isolate from the brilliant world, in which, only when he is at my side, am I suffered to appear. But, as you say, and as I firmly believe, you have courage and the will to overcome all obstacles. I, too,

possess those qualities, and the day is not distant when I will prove my words. On that day—or, it may be that night—when I escape from this odious imprisonment, and fly—oh, rapture—with him who, conquering his pardonable timidity, has boldly broken down the barrier which was raised against—against—no, I can conceal it no longer—against our mutual love! But there is one thing necessary to the success of our schemes. I am surrounded by mercenary people—beings accessible only to the influence of money. You must provide yourself with plenty. Not on Lisette's account, for she is incorruptible; nor on that of Antoine—the agent you have so happily employed—for he is a rock of integrity, and if he has received anything from you, it is only for the purpose of distributing it amongst others. I cannot say more at present. My stern guardian's footsteps resound in the corridor. Confide entirely in Antoine. He is devoted to your interests. To escape detection, in case of accidents, I forbear to sign my name, but your own heart will tell you who it is that writes. Adieu."

"What do you say to that?" asked Anatole, triumphantly, when Hubert restored the letter.

"Nothing," replied Hubert, smiling, "can be more perfect—of its kind. I wish you joy of your mistress. I feel almost as happy as yourself."

"I knew you would," said Anatole. "But I must be gone. That uncle of mine shall be made to yield up the money I require for my purpose. When my prospects are unfolded to him he will no longer refuse. You are still at the same hotel? Good! To-morrow you shall hear more."

They shook hands, and parted.

"To-morrow," said Hubert. "I hope by this time to-morrow I shall be in England. That ridiculous fellow! But I could not undeceive him. The safety of Mademoiselle de Gournay—everything—depends on the continuance of his error. He will not be heart-broken, at all events. A *partie d'âne* will console him. He must have fallen into bad hands, though. It shall be my care he does not lose his money: that I can manage to replace. His visit to his uncle is unlucky just now. If, by accident, he should see her! But I need not fear. She will not leave her apartment! And the porter and his wife do not know who she really is—even if they were disposed to chatter."

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 Bp. LATIMER's *Sermons*.

### STREAM SOUNDS.

#### PART II.

WORDSWORTH stands first and foremost, out of all comparison, as an observer and recorder of stream music. But we must keep him, on that account, to the last; and meanwhile a few other illustrations may be culled, here and there, from other exponents of these water-voices. Barry Cornwall (or one of his *dramatis personæ* rather) invites to a flowery mead, where "you shall hear a river, which doth kiss irregular banks, enchant your senses with a sleepy tune."\* In a scene in the streets of Paris, four centuries since, as evening set in, Mr. Leitch Ritchie describes the "noise of the waters of the Seine, boiling and whirling among the wheels of the Pont-aux-Meuniers," as "rising above the lessened din," as though

Imposing silence with a stilly sound.†

And in his impressive picture of the Loire district, also at eventide, he writes: "The world was steeped in a kind of dreamy silence, only interrupted by the distant sound of the waters, rising indistinctly and brokenly upon the ear, like the murmur of one who sleeps."‡ In one of Mr. Galt's novels, the following passage, relating to a father on his way home, without presentiment of disaster, is partly designed, no doubt, to forecast or prefigure the shadow of death that awaits him there: "A faint streak of the twilight still served to show the outline of the houses between me and the western sky, and here and there a light twinkled in a window. The voice of the river came to me as if many spirits were murmuring about man: it was a solemn time."§ The next excerpt is from the author of "What will He do with It?" and tells its own tale: "The horseman fell into a reverie, which was broken by the murmur of the sunny rivulet, fretting over each little obstacle it met—the happy and spoiled child of Nature! That murmur rang on the horseman's ear like a voice from his boyhood; how familiar was it, how dear! No haunting tone of music ever recalled so rushing a host of memories and associations, as that simple, restless, everlasting sound. Everlasting!—all else had changed . . . but, with the same exulting bound and happy voice, that little brook leaped along its way. Ages hence, may the course be as glad, and the murmur as full of mirth! They are blessed things, those remote and unchanging streams—they fill us with the same love as if they were living creatures—and in a green corner of the world there is one, that, for my part, I never see without forgetting myself to tears—tears that I would not lose for a king's ransom; tears that no other sight or sound could call from their source; tears of what affection, what soft regret; tears through the mists of which I behold what I have lost on earth and hope to regain in heaven."|| In the same author's "Godolphin"

\* *Dramatic Fragments*, 1.

† *The Magician*, ch. ii.

‡ *Ibid.* ch. ix.

§ Lawrie Todd, ch. ix.

|| Eugene Aram, book v. ch. viii.

there is a kindred passage, relative to a lake in a dismantled park, beside which the hero muses on the eve of a storm. Not a ripple stirred the broad expanse of waters; the birds had gone to rest; no sound, save the voice of the distant brook which fed the lake, broke the universal silence. *That* voice was never mute. "All else might be dumb; but that living stream, rushing through its rocky bed, stilled not its repining music. Like the soul of a landscape is the gush of a fresh stream; it knows no sleep, no pause; it works for ever—the life, the cause of life, to all around. The great frame of nature may repose, but the spirit of the waters rests not for a moment."\*

Mr. Tennyson's picture of scenes on the Tigris, a goodly place, a goodly time, for it was in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid, includes

From the green rivage many a fall  
Of diamond rilllets musical, . . .  
Fall'n silver-chiming.†

His Mariana hears "runlets babbling down the glen."‡ In his "vale in Ida," below lawns and meadow-ledges rich in flowers, we hear the "roar" of "the long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine in cataract after cataract to the sea"§—and elsewhere a row of cloisters, branched like mighty forests, is said to "echo all night to that sonorous flow of spouted fountain-floods."|| Then again we have "ripply shallows of the *lisp*ing lake,"¶ and "tinkling rivulet,"\*\* and the "babbling brook's" autobiographic song begins, in mimetic diction,

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.††

A critical point it is, in Mr. Barham's "Hand of Glory" legend, when—hush!

All is silent! all is still,  
Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill  
As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill.‡‡

In Mrs. Browning's poems we hear "the gliding of the river send a rippling noise for ever Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's slant repose."§§ In her *Island* picture, "One dove is answering in trust the water every minute, Thinking *so soft a murmur must have her mate's cooing* in it."||| She brings "clear water from the spring praised in its own low murmuring,"¶¶ and hears the "streams *bleat* on among the hills in innocent and indolent repose."\*\*\* Hartley Coleridge, in one night scene, hears "the household rill *Murmur* continuous dulcet sounds that fill the vacant expectations."††† In another he describes the "shallow brook" as "hardly heard beneath the dark, dark weight of over-roofing boughs."‡‡‡ Then again he dwells in detail on

\* Godolphin, ch. lxviii.

‡ Mariana in the South.

¶ Edwin Morris.

†† The Brook: an Idyll.

§§ Lady Geraldine's Courtship.

\*\*\* Aurora Leigh, book vi.

† Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

§ CEnone.

|| The Palace of Art.

\*\* Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

†† Ingoldsby Legends: The Nurse's Story.

||| An Island.

¶¶ The Deserted Garden.

††† Sonnets, 18.

‡‡‡ Leonard and Susan.

The rush of rocky-bedded rivers,  
That madly dash themselves to shivers;  
But anon, more prudent growing,  
O'er countless pebbles smoothly flowing,  
With a dull continuous roar,  
Hie they onward, evermore.

And I ken the brook, how sweet it tinkles,  
As cross the moonlight green it twinkles.

I've heard the myriad-voiced rills,  
The many tongues, of many rills—  
All gushing forth in new-born glory,  
Striving each to tell its story;—  
Yet every little brook is known,  
By a voice that is its own,  
Each exulting in the glee  
Of its new prosperity.”\*

Characteristic prominence is given to brook babble in Mr. Hawthorne's scarlet-lettered romance. Little Pearl haunts the brook in question, the course of which is made a mystery of by a bewilderment of giant tree-trunks, underbrush, and boulders of granite, “fearing, perhaps, that, with its never-ceasing loquacity, it should whisper tales out of the heart of the old forest whence it flowed, or mirror its revelations on the smooth surface of a pool.” Continually, we are told, as it stole onward, the streamlet kept up a babble, “kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy, like the voice of a young child that was spending its infancy without playfulness, and knew not how to be merry among such acquaintance and events of sombre hue.

“Oh, brook! oh, foolish and tiresome little brook!” cried Pearl, after listening awhile to its talk. ‘Why art thou so sad? Pluck up a spirit, and do not be all the time sighing and murmuring.’—But the brook, in the course of its little lifetime among the forest trees, had gone through so solemn an experience that it could not help talking about it, and seemed to have nothing else to say. . . . ‘What does this sad little brook say, mother?’ inquired Pearl.—‘If thou hadst a sorrow of thine own, the brook might tell thee of it,’ answered Hester, ‘even as it is telling me of mine.’ . . . The child went singing away, following up the current of the brook, and striving to mingle a more lightsome cadence with its melancholy voice. But the little stream would not be comforted, and still kept telling its unintelligible secret of some very mournful mystery that had happened—or making a prophetic lamentation about something that was yet to happen—within the verge of the dismal forest.”† It is beside this brook, later in the strange sad story, that Hester and the Minister meet, Pearl watching them. “And now this fateful interview had come to a close. The dell was to be left a solitude among its dark, old trees, which, with their multitudinous tongues, would whisper long of what had passed there, and no mortal

\* “What I have heard.” See also Hartley's Sonnet, “Heard, Not Seen,” and the sixth of his Sonnets on the Seasons, and that on the Cuckoo, for other notes of stream-song.

† The Scarlet Letter, ch. xvi.

be the wiser. And the melancholy brook would add this other tale to the story with which its little heart was already overburdened, and whereof it still kept up a murmuring babble, with not a whit more cheerfulness of tone than for ages heretofore.\* Mr. Hawthorne is an adept in translating and constructing weird symbolism like this.

Mr. George Borrow, in the most popular of his books, describing a noontide rest he took one day, under the brilliant sun of Portugal, shaded by groves of cork-trees, and overlooking a "landscape of entrancing beauty," thus refers to a stream in the valley below, of which he had previously spoken. "The soft murmur of the stream, which was at intervals chafed and broken by huge stones, ascended to my ears and filled my mind with delicious feelings. I sat down on the broken wall, and remained gazing, and listening, and shedding tears of rapture; for of all the pleasures which a bountiful God permitteth his children to enjoy, none are so dear to some hearts as the music of forests and streams."† But with the mood and make of each several heart, varies the vocal import of the stream that sings.

One of the finest illustrations of this subjective sympathy which we remember to have met with, occurs in Mr. de Quincey's recollections of Charles Lloyd of Brathay—the C—— L—— of the Opium-eater's Autobiography. Often and often, he tells us, after all was gone, has he passed old Brathay, or gone over purposely after dark, about the time when, for many a year, he used to go over to spend the evening; and seating himself on a stone, by the side of the mountain river Brathay, has stayed for hours listening to the same sound to which, he says, "so often C—— L—— and I used to hearken together with profound emotion and awe—the sound of pealing anthems, as if streaming from the open portals of some illimitable cathedral; for such a sound does actually arise, in many states of the weather, from the peculiar action of the river Brathay upon its rocky bed; and many times I have heard it of a quiet night, when no stranger could have been persuaded to believe it other than the sound of choral chanting—distant, solemn, saintly.

"Its meaning and expression," Mr. de Quincey continues, in a passage of affecting beauty,—and indeed quite akin in melodious cadence to the choral sound he is analysing,—“were, in those earlier years, uncertain and general; not more pointed or determinate in the direction which it impressed upon one's feelings than the light of setting suns; and sweeping, in fact, the whole harp of pensive sensibilities, rather than striking the chord of any specific sentiment. But since the ruin or dispersion of that household, after the smoke had ceased to ascend from their hearth, or the garden-walks to re-echo their voices, oftentimes, when lying by the river-side, I have listened to the same ærial saintly sound, whilst looking back to that night, long hidden in the forest of receding years, when Charles and Sophia L——, now lying in foreign graves, first dawned upon me, coming suddenly out of rain and darkness; then—young, rich, happy, full of hope, belted with young children (of whom also most are long dead), and standing apparently on the verge of a labyrinth of golden hours. Musing on that night in November, 1807, and then upon the wreck that had been wrought by a space of fifteen years, I would say to myself sometimes, and seem to hear

\* The Scarlet Letter, ch. xix.

† The Bible in Spain, ch. vi.

it in the songs of this watery cathedral—Put not your trust in any fabric of happiness that has its root in man, or the children of men. Sometimes even I was tempted to discover in the same music, a sound such as this—Love nothing, love nobody, for thereby comes a curse in the rear. But sometimes also, very early on a summer morning, when the dawn was barely beginning to break, all things locked in sleep, and only some uneasy murmur, or cockcrow, at a faint distance, giving a hint of resurrection for earth and her generations, I have heard, in that same chanting of the little mountain river, a more solemn if a less agitated admonition—a requiem over departed happiness, and a protestation against the thought, that so many excellent creatures, but a little lower than the angels, whom I have seen only to love in this life—so many of the good, the brave, the beautiful, the wise—can have appeared for no higher purpose or prospect than simply to point a moral, to cause a little joy and many tears, a few perishing moons of happiness and years of vain regret,—No! that the destiny of man is more in correspondence with the grandeur of his endowments; and that our own mysterious tendencies are written hieroglyphically in the vicissitudes of day and night, of winter and summer, and throughout the great alphabet of Nature.”\* —We are not sure that Mr. de Quincey ever wrote anything finer, of its kind—and that kind a high and noble one—than this fragment: we are sure that, taking him at his best, England has not produced his equal, for harmony, majesty, and subtle sweetness, as a writer of her language in impassioned prose.

And now, in the last place, we come to the poet who has most amply and minutely studied, throughout their gamut of notes, the voice-music of brook and stream. To attempt a comprehensive survey of all he has produced on the subject, is, of course, out of the question. But a sort of outlinear essay towards that impracticable design may be offered. Plunging, then, at once, *in medias res*, we find ourselves—in the river Duddon, or at least one of its tributary streams:

And seldom hath ear listened to a tune  
More lulling busy hum of Noon.  
Sworn by that voice—whose murmur musical  
Announces to the thirsty fields a boon  
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.†

The poet is “soothed by the unseen river’s gentle roar”‡—a phrase which, though sanctioned (as we have seen) by Spenser’s usage, inevitably suggests the gentle roar promised by Bottom the weaver, that should combine lion and sucking-dove in its pianissimo forte.—Anon he harks “the crystal stream now flowing with its softest summer sound”§—and then, by night, “a soft and lulling sound is heard of streams inaudible by day.”|| In his lines on Sir Walter Scott’s departure for Italy, Wordsworth imagines Tweedside to lament its loss—and says of the minstrel’s best-beloved stream, that

—Tweed, best pleas’d in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.

\* Sketches of Life and Manners, from the Reminiscences of an English Opium-eater.

† Sonnets on the River Duddon, XIX.

‡ The White Doe of Rylstone, canto i.

§ Ibid. XXXI.

|| Ibid. canto iv.

In his first Evening Voluntary, "a stream is heard—I see it not, but know By its soft music whence the waters flow." In a sonnet to Southey's river—"Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stoned Rumble along thy bed, block after block, Or, whirling with reiterated shock, Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans." Old Matthew's musing, beside the "gurgling" fountain, whose "pleasant tune" his companion celebrates, begins with the fine familiar stanza,

No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;  
How merrily it goes!  
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows:—

and there, on that delightful day, he "cannot choose but think how oft a vigorous man, he lay beside that fountain's brink."

My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
*For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.\**

While Wordsworth was labouring, together with his Quaker friend, Thomas Wilkinson, in the said Friend's pleasure-ground, he composed a set of verses on his fellow-labourer's spade,—which useful implement is, among other things, reminded that

Here often hast thou heard the Poet sing  
In concord with the river† murmuring by;  
Or in some silent field, while timid spring  
Is yet unchecked by other minstrelsy.‡

His tradition of the Founding of Bolton Priory§ closes with this verse:

The stately Priory was reared;  
And Wharf, as he moved along,  
To matins joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at even-song.

A calm heart he compares to "mountain rivers, where they creep Along a channel smooth and deep, To their own far-off murmurs listening."|| One of his latest poems begins, "The unremitting voice of nightly streams that wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers . . . wants not a healing influence that can creep into the human breast, and mix with sleep

To regulate the motion of our dreams  
For kindly issues—as through every chime  
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;  
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell  
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell  
Of waterbreaks, with grateful heart could tell."¶

Then, again, we have "streams gurgling in foamy water-break"\*—  
"The brooks which down their channels fret"—and the elegiac piece beginning,

\* The Fountain.

† The Emont.

‡ To the Spade of a Friend.

§ The Force of Prayer (an Appendage to the "White Doe").

|| Memory.

¶ Poems of Sentiment and Reflection, XXXII.

\*\* To May.

Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up  
 With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
 A mighty unison of streams!  
 Of all her Voices, One!

Or he records how "the fairest of all rivers loved to blend his murmurs with my muse's song, and, from his alder shades and rocky falls, and from his fords and shallows, sent a voice that flowed along my dreams"—how Derwent, winding among grassy holms

Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,  
 Made ceaseless music that composed my thoughts  
 To more than infant softness, giving me  
 Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind  
 A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm  
 That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.\*

Or he relates the fate of "that unruly child of mountain birth, The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed Within our garden, found himself at once, As if by trick insidious and unkind, Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down A channel paved by man's officious care."† Or he compares himself, when sauntering at evening on the public way, to "a river murmuring and talking to itself when all things else are still." His sister's cherished words of counsel he compares to a brook

That did but *cross* a lonely road, and now  
 Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,  
 Companion never lost through many a league.‡

Then he apostrophises the brooks "muttering along the stones, a busy noise By day, a quiet sound in silent night."§ His Wanderer lies "stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound of far-off torrents charming the still night."|| But whatever else we omit, it must not be that exquisite verse relating to the child that should be made a lady of Nature's own,

—and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
*And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face.*¶

The last two lines are quintessential Wordsworth. And to quote feebler lines after them were impolitic and unjust. They warrant our applying, in conclusion, to himself, what he says of an ideal poet—

He murmurs near the running brooks  
 A music sweeter than their own.\*\*

\* The Prelude: Introduction.

† Ibid. book xi.

‡ Poems of the Imagination, X.

§ Book xii.

¶ Ibid. book iv.

|| The Excursion, book iv.

\*\* A Poet's Epitaph.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AND THE CHANCELLOR  
DAGUESSEAU.\*

DAGUESSEAU was one of those magistrates of olden time who honoured their functions and illustrated their names rather by their integrity and honesty than by any peculiar gifts of genius. He attained to power almost solely by his merits, added to political influence in parliament, and to the attachment entertained by the Regent d'Orleans for his admirable qualities. This sympathy between a dissolute prince and a man of irreproachable habits will appear strange, and requires some explanation.

France had grown aged under Louis XIV., and towards the end of that profligate monarch's reign it possessed nought but a senile grandeur and domestic tastes. The enervated power of the Duke of Orleans could only engender vain agitations. Daguesseau was one of those men whom rulers associate with themselves, in order to at once gain credit and strengthen their influence. Hence the regent acted wisely in electing him as chancellor, and associating him with his person. He had met with a brilliant success as "avocat-général." His wisdom, his character, his philosophical opinions, his friendships, had obtained for him a very high place in the opinion of parliament. Saint-Simon reproaches him with having loved his parliament better even than the English loved theirs. There is no doubt that he was somewhat censorial in character, and almost republican, for he spoke of the remonstrances made in later times to Louis XIV. as the last cry of an expiring liberty. He was also always faithful to constitutional principles. This was more particularly manifested on the occasion of the Pope's bull against the Jansenists.

Towards the end of his career, Louis XIV., who had made the world tremble, himself—to use an expression of Daguesseau's own—trembled at the mere name of the Pope. Getting aged under the influence of a woman of "austere immorality," of a confessor who knew no other god but himself (so said Saint-Simon of Father le Tellier), and under the weight of a conscience "aroused to lively apprehensions concerning an unknown future," the king had lost that rectitude of mind which with him had held the place of genius. Montesquieu justly remarked in his "Lettres Persanes" that the character of the kings of the West can never be ascertained till they have passed through the two great ordeals of their mistress and their confessor.

It was thus that Louis XIV. was urged to enter into that tedious dispute begot by the bull "Unigenitus." Yielding to the instigations of his confessor, he obtained a decree from the Pope against the New Testament of Father Quesnel, striking thus at the very existence of the party whose object it was to introduce freedom of opinion, founded on the Scriptures, in the Church. But when Louis wished further to have this decree enregistered by parliament, he met with an unanticipated opposition from Daguesseau, as the head of the liberal, enlightened, and constitutional party. It was in vain that the Chancellor Voysin threat-

\* Le Duc d'Orléans et le Chancelier Daguesseau. Etudes morales et politiques. Par Oscar Devallée. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.



ened him with punishment as seditious, that the king summoned him in person to Marly, and that Madame de Maintenon intrigued against him; the moral superiority of the man triumphed over the violence of the one, the fanaticism of the other, and the vice masked by devotion of the last.

The influence of this man of pure manners, austere habits, and moral dignity, the pillar of constitutional loyalty and of religious freedom, at a time when such principles were either ignored or unknown, had, indeed, much to do with the election of the Duke of Orleans to the regency. He hailed at that time the fruition of one of his high moral conceptions, the establishment of a government in which liberty and authority should be gloriously united. "A necessary authority," he used to say, "temper the use of liberty, and a tempered liberty becomes the most worthy instrument of authority." But he soon found such aspirations after the desirable and the perfect to be mere illusions. There was in reality not one sentiment in common between the regent and the chancellor. The former was in favour of a policy of action and expedients. He had no belief in moral influences. Upon one occasion an officer, to whom the choice had been offered of a pension of 800 francs or the cross of St. Louis, said before the king and the Duke of Orleans that he preferred the latter. The duke laughed at the choice as ridiculous, but the king rebuked him as having no sympathy for the high principles which actuated the officer in his selection. The duke had intelligence enough, however, to perceive the good that could be derived to a corrupt party and government from its having at least one good man associated with it. Unfortunately, there was nothing consecutive or steadfast either in his ideas or his sentiments. He lived from day to day, and dissipated his temporary authority in pleasures and in contradictions. The chancellor, on his side, had many enemies. As a suspected Jansenist, he had all the Jesuits and the High-Church party against him. Marshal d'Harcourt used to say "that a Jansenist was a person whom it was wished to ruin at court." Daguesseau was not, however, a Jansenist; he was always opposed to disputation and controversy in religious matters, and he used to say that he preferred the sentiment of grace to the power of describing wherein it consisted. His other enemies were those who pandered to the immoralities and debaucheries of the prince. What were then designated as "the legitimised princes," were also tremendously hostile to him. He had deprived them of their quality as princes of the blood, and of all claims to succession to the throne.

Madame de Maintenon, although so fallen in power that, when Peter the Great paid her a visit at Saint Cyr, being ill in bed, he put the curtains aside, looked at her, and then took his departure without uttering a syllable, had still strength and energy enough to intrigue, and that successfully, against the man and the family whose true piety and uprightness she at once envied and detested. But all these influences put together did not contribute so much to the downfall of the chancellor as the question of finances, almost always at variance with justice. Want of principle and extravagance in high places, general distress and misery in low, brought a new power into the field, and this was the great financier Law. More subservient than Daguesseau, this man of expedients revived credit for a moment, recruited an army from the ante-

chamber, and brought about a state of things which has earned all the more distinction in history as the contrast of what it assumed to be proved ultimately to be so utterly and so ruinously different from what it really was.

Law presented himself before the regent at an epoch when France was not only reduced to poverty, but to a humiliating misery—at a time when Madame de Maintenon had compared the Duke of Noailles, president of the council of financiers, to an apothecary without sugar—a simile which has more force in it in France than with us. Justice to the eminent Scotchman requires, however, that it should be premised that he was animated by the sincere desire of benefiting France, and, if he failed, it was not so much that his theories were vain, as it was that he failed, as all others have failed after a time, from Colbert to Danton, and from Danton to Garnier Pagès, in a country where all is speculation, and there is no stability or real credit. Law, the disciple of Patterson, as we have before shown, in an article on Capéfigue's "Histoire des Grandes Opérations Financières," anticipated the great financial revolution effected by Hope and Baring in introducing the system of credit on the Continent; but, according to the same authority, "the vertigo of stock-jobbing invaded the simple idea of a bank of credit, and the system fell in the midst of untold fortunes and strange ruins." Hence it was, too, that a system which prospered in Scotland and England, failed in France.

M. Oscar Devallée, all in favour of his hero the Chancellor Daguesseau, makes the common mistake with the French of supposing, when Law created a bank with the state funds and issued paper money, that he identified the mass of coin in circulation with riches itself—the sign for the thing—and that he thought that all he had to do was to increase this circulating medium to any amount in order at the same time to augment the national wealth. The idea is absurd, and only shows how people not versed in political economy, however graceful and amusing they may be as writers of memoirs and biographies, may go on repeating the same foolish things for centuries. Law knew perfectly well that paper only represented wealth just as coin does, but he knew also that, in times of deficiency of the circulating medium, paper facilitated exchange and commercial transactions, and, consequently, encouraged and upheld industry. Paper—the issue of which is limited to the resources of the coinage and wealth of a country—is, in fact, a system of credit by which the value of property and industry becomes convertible; and Law had no more idea of extending that credit without limits, or of thereby multiplying indefinitely the wealth of a bankrupt realm, than would a joint-stock bank in our days. All that Law—a long-headed Scotchman—sought to do, was, first, to ease circulation and exchange; secondly, to facilitate commerce and industry; and lastly, gradually to relieve the burdened state of the finances from the very improvements thus brought about. Nothing could be more legitimate. Great Britain and Holland had already attested by practice the soundness of such a theory; and if it did not succeed in France, there is little doubt that it was not owing so much to errors in the scheme as to circumstances altogether independent of it.

One of the weak points in Law's scheme, as applied to France, was

developed at the onset, according to M. Oscar Devallée, by the Chancellor Daguesseau, and it is not very creditable to the country concerned. It was to the effect "that a bank would be very useful in a kingdom which, by its situation and its fertility, added to the industry of its inhabitants, was in want of a *solid credit* in order to attract to it a flourishing commerce." But France was not in that condition, and the chancellor vehemently combated it under those circumstances, and still more especially the idea of founding such a national bank with the "deniers du roi." Law then proposed to establish a bank with his own funds and those of a company, and the regent having accepted this proposition, Daguesseau was fain to countenance the project; but he was not long in coming to a rupture. The creation of an East India Company aroused his first apprehensions. "His superior judgment," to quote his biographer, "detected in the projects of Law all that there was that was chimerical and fatal in them. He saw that this pretension of concentrating under the hand of a banker the administration of public revenues, commercial monopolies, and the "exploitation" of an immense and unknown country, could be nothing more than a vast adventure." And he carried the parliament with him in his opposition; only the character of the two oppositions, we are told, must be distinguished—the one was passionate, the other was calm and reasonable.

Daguesseau spoke with calm wisdom upon the question, and his advice would apply to the present days of stock-jobbing and of "Crédit Mobilier," as well as to the days of Law.

"Do not," he said, "abandon the fortune, manners, and all the moral riches of France to enterprises good in the origin, but which almost as quickly become hazardous, chimerical, fruitful of frauds, and which, animating and exciting the passion of gain to be obtained without labour, will spread the most degrading misery throughout the country."

The Duke of Antin avers that at the onset the regent, the chancellor, the Duke of Noailles, and Law, all worked well together; it was only a short time after Law's system began to tell that the two last became the determined opponents of its further development. One of the objects of M. Oscar Devallée, as the chancellor's biographer, is naturally to show that his hero was justified in such opposition, and that it was in the interest both of the actual condition and of the future of France. Law, again, had the Duke of Saint-Simon, a witty, clever courtier, rather than a great statesman, on his side. This Saint-Simon tells an amusing story in his "Memoirs" of an interview he had with the regent in the gallery of Coytel, at the Palais Royal, in which the latter unburdened himself of his complaints against the Duchess of Maine, the Duke of Noailles, and the Chancellor Daguesseau, "than whom no man," said Saint-Simon, "was more hermetically sealed, in all that regarded financial matters, state matters, or matters of the world." The consequence of this friendly support was, that the regent made a further attempt to reconcile the duke, the chancellor, and the financier; but in vain. Parliament declared against the remodelling of the coinage, which Law insisted upon, and which, indeed, was so vilified, that, without it, he could not carry on his proposed system of credit; and the chancellor, siding with the parliament, the regent had no other alternative than to take from him the seals of office, and hand them over to a more facile instrument—

the lieutenant of police D'Argenson. M. Oscar Devallée will have it that the chancellor ought not to have been compromised by the opposition of parliament, which he did not *entirely* approve of. But such a line of argument is not creditable to the memory of the man in whose cause it is adopted. It impugns his consistency, and even his straightforwardness. The chancellor was not allowed an interview with the regent upon the occasion of his dismissal, but he wrote to him: "Monseigneur, you conferred the seals upon me without my having deserved them; you have taken them away from me without my having forfeited them." It was otherwise with M. de Noailles, who, being of a more facile disposition, was, when he tendered his resignation as president of the council of finance, assigned a seat in the council of the regency.

The ex-chancellor was bid by the regent to withdraw for a short time to Fresnes—homage, we are told, to the influence of his rectitude and high character, as it showed that his mere presence in Paris was not coveted. Public opinion had not surged to the surface in France at that epoch. Yet on the occasion of the disgrace of Daguesseau, although far less striking than that of L'Hôpital, a great sensation was produced, a prelude to what occurred fifty years later, on the occasion of the dismissal of the Duke of Choiseul, and when a submissive, unquestioning loyalty, already on the decline in the days of Daguesseau, was half way down the slope of open rebellion. Madame de Maintenon wrote to Madame de Caylus at the time: "It appears that the multitude is in favour of parliament. Mademoiselle de Breuillac tells me that the *savetiers* shout in the streets for the restoration of the chancellor, and the right of parliament to rule." Saint-Simon said of him: "D'Aguesseau heard of his elevation like a philosopher; he also fell like a philosopher."\* Duclos has also put on record: "That which inconvenienced people most was his virtue." The Duke of Bourbon—another of his enemies—admitted what he called "his heroism." It was the fashion of the day to exchange verses on matters, whether trivial or important. When people were not up to the mark, there were plenty of "*pauvres diables habitués à toutes les misères et à toutes les rimes*" to do the needful. Cardinal de Polignac, who, we are told, combined "Athenian graces with qualities that were essentially French," could, however, pen his own consolatory rhymes to the ex-chancellor, in which he said:

Communément c'est vertu qui s'en va,  
Reste bonheur: voilà le train vulgaire;  
Or, en ce cas, advient tout le contraire:  
Bonheur parti, vertu demeurera.

To which Daguesseau retorted:

Amis de cour délogent sans pitié  
Avec faveur: voilà le train vulgaire;  
Or, en ce cas, advient tout le contraire:  
Bonheur s'en va, reste seule amitié.

It is certain that Daguesseau carried with him in his exile at Fresnes

\* The name was always spelt by contemporary writers D'Aguesseau. M. Oscar Devallée, his biographer, however, has it Daguesseau. Bonnechose, in his History of France, speaks of Henri François Aguesseau, afterwards chancellor, and after that calls him D'Aguesseau, as having received a title of nobility.

the sympathy of all right-minded persons—indeed, as experience proved, of Law himself—and whilst there, he was fortified by that strength of mind and grasp of intellect which, according to La Bruyère, are necessary in France to live without position or employment, and he was made happy by family and friendly ties, and the society of the learned and the wise.

The ex-chancellor had been most fortunate in his marriage; M. de Coulanges attests to this in a letter to Madame de Sévigné, dated Oct. 3, 1694, wherein he says: "I was charmed with the marriage of the little D'Ormesson to M. Daguesseau; I have never seen one in which the parties were better adapted for one another, or that was more desirable." Madame Daguesseau had just laid in of her fifth child at the period of the chancellor's fall, and as he left for Fresnes on the 29th of January (1718), she was not able to follow him for some little time after. The château of Fresnes, near Meaux, had been built by M. de Guénégaud, and its chapel, decorated by François Mansart, who commenced the paintings of the Val-de-Grace, was described as being "la plus belle chose du royaume." It passed afterwards into the hands of the Duke of Nevers, who filled it with all the pleasures sung by himself, by La Fare, and by Chaulieu. It was the "rendezvous de toutes les galanteries;" the especial home of delicious suppers, at which were met "the graces of Mortemart united to the imagination of the Mancini." Fresnes under the Duke of Nevers, and Sceaux under the Duchess of Maine, rivalled, in fact, at that time, the scandal of the orgies presided over at the Palais Royal by the regent's daughter the Duchess of Berry.

It was, then, a wondrous metamorphosis when M. Daguesseau and his family took with them to this seat of corruption the dignity, the virtues, the decency, and the unostentatious piety which were the prominent characteristics of every one of its members. The first resource which presented itself to the active, although calm, mind of the exiled statesman, was to write the life of his father, and to derive comfort from the example afforded by the history of a good and virtuous man. M. Villemain has criticised the work as "trop oratoire et trop raffiné," yet in its abundance and brilliancy it allies itself very closely with the style of the professor himself. M. Oscar Devallée, who declares that he has studied it "dans tous les sens et tous ses genres de mérite," speaks of it in a very different sense, as a work full of merits. The "abundance," as our biographer terms it, of modern French writers of memoirs "pour servir," or, as they are now more generally designated, "études morales et politiques," or "études de mœurs," sometimes "souvenirs et correspondances," at others "souvenirs et réflexions," is something astounding. Villemain stands by no means alone as one of the most prolific writers of the day, but he is probably one of those who is most responsible for setting the example of these most lengthy studies of a particular epoch, and these minute digests of principles of morality which guide all men, and which are, now-a-days, attached to a name as if to a peg whereupon to hang all the shreds and patches of literature, poetry, and philosophy, which have been collected from every quarter. The literary perfections, the at once brilliant yet sedate style, the pointed epigrams, the historical associations, and even the charm of personal reminiscences, do not always relieve the monotony of the whole. When we say, for example, that one

of M. Daguesseau's resources in his retirement—his correspondence with his sons at school and with his friends in Paris—furnishes the material for a very long chapter, in which the whole subject is treated of under such general heads as "Le bonheur épistolaire"—"Le rôle des correspondances privées dans l'histoire"—"L'opinion de Racine sur les lettres de Cicéron à son frère et à Atticus"—"Ce que doit être une correspondance privée"—"Les fraudes de sentiment et de langage." We think we have said enough to show how much the system can be abused by too excessive a development. If to this we add that, in presence of works of this colossal form, we devote ourselves almost solely to gleaning the gems that glitter here and there, more especially amid the literary and personal reminiscences, the few that we can collect in this instance will, we fear, further attest to the poverty of supply, although they may only negatively attest to the weakness of so ponderous and so massive a whole.

It is printed in italics, as among the good things in the biography, that M. Daguesseau had said that he had rather be a reader than an actor in the scenes that were at that time being enacted between the regent and the parliament. M. d'Argenson, who had succeeded to him as chancellor, was clever, resolute, and abrupt. It is said of him that his very countenance terrified by its energetic expression, and frightened the populace. As lieutenant of police, he had always been at variance with parliament, and now, as chancellor, he entertained towards it a dislike that was concentrated into hatred by habit and prejudice. Parliament, on its side, only grew the more united to resist so gross an abuse of power, and leagued against the system supported by the regent. The result is now matter of history. A "bed of justice" was appointed for the 26th of August, 1718; the magistrates gathered in the Tuileries to the number of one hundred and seventy; the Duke of Maine and the Count of Toulouse trembled, we are told by the historians, at the expectation of the measures they dreaded; the regent, we are further told by M. Oscar Devallée, manifested the hesitations of an almost constitutional king, whilst the keeper of the seals gave himself the airs of a Turenne! The first president having requested that parliament might be permitted to examine the edict which concerned it, the ex-lieutenant of police contented himself with replying, "The king will be obeyed, and instantly." Three days later, rigours signalled the victory of the regent; three magistrates were banished to different islands, and other parliaments—and among them that of Bretagne—experienced a similar rough treatment. The victory, however, profited more to Law than to D'Argenson; the financier had allied himself with the less scrupulous and more easily managed Abbé Dubois, and the chancellor became soon their adversary, and ultimately their victim.

The conspiracy of the Duchess of Maine was hatched without either knowledge or participation on the part of M. Daguesseau, who had, indeed, no connexion, social, moral, or political, with the corruptions of Sceaux. Yet Barbier accuses the ex-chancellor with conferences with the Duke of Maine, and certain members of parliament, on the subject of coming to an understanding with Cardinal Alberoni as to the succession of the King of Spain to the throne of France in default of Louis XV. This only proves, with so many other cases, how careful historians must be in collecting their information from these professedly intimate memoirs

and biographies, but which, in reality, are too often only so many records of personal antipathies and passions.

There can be little doubt but that, by the time that Law associated Dubois with himself, he had abandoned all hopes of prospering by honest means. The passion of speculation ever so rife in France had corrupted his system, however straightforward and fair it may have been at first. The whole nation had become transformed into one vast camp of stock-jobbers, who flocked to the street Quincampoix, and the value of shares rose to such an excessive premium that temptation became too great, and the bank began to issue notes without regard either to the wealth or currency of the nation. The ignorance and cupidity of government increased the evil, and had more to do with these sad results than the financier himself, who, it is admitted, had neither power nor influence sufficient to moderate these evil tendencies of the system.

Daguesseau was all this time seeking, in the pursuit of literature and the exact sciences, for distraction from public affairs. He was in every respect a learned man. He could discuss the theories of Newton, to which he had always been strangely opposed with his friend Cardinal Polignac; he could peruse the Scriptures in the original Hebrew, and in his retirement he resumed all the studies of his youth, but now mainly for the benefit of his sons. He used to say, "It is pleasant to revisit the places which one has lived in during childhood; old habits enable one to find charms in such which are not to be met with elsewhere, and that is what I now experience on returning, as it were, to my country; that is to say, the republic of letters, in which I was born, in which I was brought up, and in which I spent the best years of my life."

The ex-chancellor did not, however, utterly abandon politics; he instructed his sons, basing all his theories upon religious and constitutional principles. He likewise devoted much of his time to correspondence with his two daughters—one of whom wedded the Marquis of Chastellux—and whom he taught to exchange the vain and frivolous pursuits of the young ladies of the time for others of a more serious and improving character. Even the visitors at Fresnes were carefully selected apart from those carried away by the fever of speculation at that time so rampant. Among these were many ecclesiastics, but they were all of the "tiers parti," or "Oratorians," that congregation of the Oratory to which Massillon and Bourdaloue belonged, and of whom Cousin has said that it more than anything else contributed to the re-establishment of order after the storms and convulsions of the sixteenth century. Cardinal Quirini used to say of Fresnes, that it was the place where they forged thunder against the Vatican.

"Fortune," we are told, "carried away for a brief moment by audacity, had given to French society a false air of prosperity; in a country where all kinds of success are in favour, without considering the means by which they are brought about, a cheat was mistaken for an enchanter." So much for public gratitude! At the commencement of 1720, Law was at the summit of his success. He had founded New Orleans, added the Isle of Bourbon to France, carried out magnificent works at home, raised up trade, commerce, and industry, and enriched manufacturers, agriculture, and the treasury; but the insatiable cupidity of government hurried him on to his fall. It was in vain that he had recourse to arbi-

trary measures; all further illusions were broken by the shares falling by the 21st of May to half their value. The fault was attributed to Law, and the regent shielded himself behind public opinion. When immorality has failed, people begin to ponder if morality will succeed, and Daguesseau was sought for to strengthen public opinion in its belief in the integrity of government. Law went in person to Fresnes to hand over the seals to Daguesseau on the 7th of June, 1720. The exile did not refuse his aid at such a crisis. He has been blamed for this, but, we are told, unjustly. "A true patriot and a good man ought not to decline to serve his country in distress because manners are corrupt, his colleagues impure, and government unprincipled. The difficulties of his position are increased a thousand-fold, but the honour of reclaiming a nation to virtue and prosperity is only so much the more exalted." People had also confidence in the chancellor, and that was a great point gained. On his return to office he could see from his windows the army of gamblers, surnamed the "Camp de Condé," who, driven from the street Quincampoix, had established itself on the Place Vendôme. On the door of his hotel some one inscribed, in great letters, "Homo factus est"—a blasphemy characteristic of the times when ladies of title were associated as *vivandières* and *filles de joie* with the camp. At the sight of so much corruption, and of such deep social disorganisation, Daguesseau seems to have despaired of his powers to effect any amelioration. The disease was indeed too deep and too far spread. It was even in vain that he opposed arbitrary measures; having to deal with persons with whom injustice is legitimatised by the objects proposed, he was almost powerless. It was against his will that parliament was exiled to Pontoise; and when afterwards threatened with exile to Blois, the chancellor gave in his resignation, which was refused. The apostle of vice and corruption, the Abbé Dubois, had succeeded to Fénelon, the apostle of Christian charity and purity, in the archbishopric of Cambrai. An actress at the Opera, Mademoiselle de Seine, compared such a profanation to the "holy usurpation of the Roman purple." The domination of vice met at least with one protestation. The chancellor would not sit below the most powerful, and yet the most despicable, man in France, so he was once more exiled to Fresnes. The marriage of his daughter with the Marquis of Chastellux had only been consummated a few days before this his second fall, and the circumstance was made a matter for comment among the ill disposed. Even the regent is said to have remarked, "*Le pauvre Chastellux a donné dans le pot au noir et s'est fait poissonnier la veille de Pâques.*" There could not, however, be a greater mistake; the marquis and his connexions only manifested the more attachment to the chancellor after his disgrace; they surrounded him as if they had been his own children, and filled the carriage that bore the exile to Fresnes.

The fall of Daguesseau may possibly be regretted in regard to the effect which the presence of a man of strict probity may have had upon the young king. The prince is said to have changed colour when the old Duke of Villeroy announced the fall of the chancellor. He was consecrated the same year. Daguesseau rummaged for antecedents to authorise his attendance at the consecration; but, unfortunately, the vicious Cardinal Dubois, by flattering his weaknesses, obtained the same in-



fluence over the young king as he had over the regent before. The first use he made of this influence was to obtain three "lettres de cachet" against three persons: one against Marshal Villeroy, the next against the Duke de Noailles, and the third against Daguesseau, who treated it, however, as a very useless precaution, considering the resolution he had long ago taken not to return to the world till it was deemed proper to recal him. But the cardinal did not live to enjoy his ill-used power long; he died in the month of August, 1723, and the Duke of Orleans, who quoted an Italian proverb on the occasion, "Morta la bestia, morto il veneno," succeeded him as prime minister. There were now nothing but congratulations; and even the austere recluse of Fresnes joined in them. It is needless to say that his biographer exhausts his ingenuity in proving their exceeding delicacy. One of his sons had now become *avocat-général*, and another had been called to the bar, so that the chancellor could not, if he had willed it, have kept entirely aloof from their interests. Louis Racine celebrated the three Daguesseaus in verse, that did not, however, precisely resemble his father's. The Duke of Orleans, like his predecessor, did not long survive his new appointment. "He died in thirty minutes, no witnesses present (save the Duchess of Phalaris), without relatives near him, without prayers or words, in a sort of moral nudity, and with a rapidity which must have appeared diabolical to those who knew that this prince had often sought to see the devil and to converse with him." Saint-Simon also says of him: "He neglected no means of persuading himself that there was no God; but he believed in the devil; so much so, as to wish to see him and to converse with him." A strange vagary of the human intellect: not to believe in a God, and yet to believe in a demon!

Daguesseau appears to have entertained for a moment the idea of going back to Paris after the duke's decease; but it was almost as soon abandoned as entertained. The new minister, the Duke of Bourbon, also deemed that he might strengthen his position by recalling the ex-chancellor; but M. de Fréjus, who was anticipating a cardinal's hat, opposed the project on religious grounds, designating Daguesseau as a Jansenist and a heretic—words which prolonged the exile of a man far more sincerely and truly religious than M. de Fréjus, for many years. The Duke of Bourbon was induced, however, to make further advances shortly afterwards, and the Bishop of Fréjus yielded so far as to engage the Bishop of Châlons to obtain the ex-chancellor's adhesion to the party of Rome; but M. Daguesseau remained firm in his aversion to party concessions in matters of religion, or to being in any way indebted for his return to power to corrupt principles. The austerity of the man may be judged of by the fact, that at this very time the *Maréchale d'Estrées* complained of being refused admission to Fresnes; Madame de Simiane, granddaughter to Madame de Sévigné, had reason for similar complaints. "I am much afflicted," she wrote, "at the news of Madame la Chancelière's death (this happened March 20, 1735); "she was kind to me. Heaven! how I have loved that house, and how the chancellor has despised my affection!" This to the Marquis of Boulay, nephew to M. de Valincour.

With the lapse of time there was more anxiety and less resignation at Fresnes than was to be found there at first. The king's marriage was a

subject for long debates, as to whether the ex-chancellor should address his congratulations to the king directly or through the Duke of Bourbon, or should abstain altogether. Marie Leckzinska, the queen, coming by Meaux, also caused long discussions as to whether she should be received at Fresnes—a question which was, however, as much disposed of for reasons of necessity as reasons of policy. M. Daguesseau now first began to complain. On the occasion of the liberation of M. de Blanc from the Bastille, whither he had been sent by the intrigues of Madame de Prie, he said, "It is surprising that whilst they give back their liberty to those who have been deemed guilty, they leave a person suffering whom they admit they have not even in their power to reproach." He also manifested his old sympathies in the cause of parliament and the people on the occasion of the "taxe du cinquantième," registered by the king on the 8th of June, 1725. Bread was at that time eight sous the pound, and other provisions proportionally scarce and dear. The ex-chancellor could not refrain, under such circumstances, in taking part in public affairs. He wrote letter after letter to Paris. He advocated the free exportation of corn and of other necessaries. "He enforced," says his biographer, "with all the eloquence of zeal, the true political economy"—the protection of liberty and non-recourse to violence. Corruption had, however, gone too far. The Duke of Bourbon, the Bishop of Fréjus, Madame de Prie, her protégé Duverney, D'Ombreval, lieutenant of police, and the *prévôt des marchands*, M. de Châteauneuf, were all linked together in preying upon the public, and there was no other dénoûment possible than the fall of a profligate ministry; and this occurred, to the infinite joy of the people, on the 5th of June.

Daguesseau thought for a moment that his exile would have ceased with the fall of the Duke of Bourbon, but he was destined to disappointment. The Bishop of Fréjus, who succeeded to him, expressed himself perfectly sensible of his merits in private, but declined to give any public testimony of this appreciation. His friends exerted themselves to the utmost to procure his return to office, but failed equally. At length it was discovered that the real reason of the ex-chancellor's prolonged disgrace was that the Bishop of Fréjus was expecting a red hat from Rome, and the Pope threatened not to send it if the man who forged thunders against the Vatican was restored to power. Even when the bishop became Cardinal Fleury he did not remove the ban; religious controversies were at that time too rife. But the minister gave way at last. He thought he could always control the influence of the chancellor with parliament by means of his creature, the President Chauvelin; so Daguesseau was at length recalled in August, 1727.

M. Oscar Devallée terminates his labours at this point. "It was not," he says, "the whole life of the chancellor that I sat down to write. I proposed to limit myself to depicting the statesman, the philosopher, and the moralist in exile." And he adds: "I shall be truly happy if, on closing this book, those who may have perused it shall say that I have contributed to make the good lovable, and to render it preferable even to success." There can be no doubt that the greatest of all the charms of biography are the examples to be gained of great virtues and great probity, but it is not essentially necessary that the "good" should be always allied to dulness.

## HOW ONE FIRE LIT ANOTHER ;

OR,

## THE MISCHIEF DONE BY MY PHOTOGRAPH.

BY OUIDA.

## IV.

## MY PHOTOGRAPHS RAISE A WHIRLWIND.

FLORESTINE—Regina, as she called herself—was sitting under the walnut-trees in one of the green meadows by the Aar, sketching, with her court round her smoking, chatting, and laughing, vying with each other to amuse her, except Trevelyan, who amused her always without effort, as he did everybody whom he talked to with that sweet silvery voice of his, when my unlucky photographs came on the *tapis* again.

"Well, old fellow," said Trevelyan, "when am I to pay you my guinea? When I do, I'd certainly advise you to lay it out in shirts, for the quantity of linen you iron-mould must have cost a small fortune."

"Thank you. I've been trying a new line lately. Would you like to see it?"

"Decidedly, if you'll have the kindness to write under each, as children do, 'This is a house,' 'This is a tree,' that we may be sure to use the right words of admiration."

"Let her majesty be merciful, then," said I, as I knelt on one knee, and offered the young lady her own likenesses.

"Oh! Mr. Temple, what a shame!" cried Florestine. "You are guilty of *lèse-majesté*, of high treason of the blackest dye! When I bound you over never to take a portrait of me, to go and do it slyly like this! There is no punishment too great for you. I see you have not left me the usual hideous brown, and am bound to confess you have finished them as nicely as Mayall could; but for all that it is unpardonable, isn't it, papa, when I always solemnly vowed never to be photographed?"

"Your majesty must forgive me. You heard my bet laid on the subject."

Florestine coloured, and Royston gave me an admonitory kick, and studied the portrait silently. Two pretty pictures they were, the image of our little queen, and, for the first time in our tour, my camera got praised for its work. Mr. Luard was pleased with them; Pop gazed in an ecstasy; Lascelles looked approvingly through his eye-glass; and Oakes admired them as much as ever he did one of Millais's red-haired, large-limbed, hideous, impossible women. And Trevelyan—well, Trevelyan said nothing, but when he found himself alone with Florestine, standing by the open window in the soft warm twilight, with nobody to notice him but the stars coming out over the pure white Jungfrau and her knights, the Eiger and Silver Horn, keeping guard over her in their glistening armour of ice, Trevelyan bent down over her, and said—very softly, too—

"Popham and Lascelles asked in vain. Shall I, too, be refused if I humbly beg for one of those photographs of our queen?"

"Will you care for it?" began Florestine, with eager joy. Then stopped with a flush on her cheeks, and put one of them into his hand in silence.

He slipped it into the breast of his waistcoat with a simple "Thank you." He did not trust himself to say more, for his heart beat quick at the touch of her hand, and he felt Pop's madness fastening on him.

"Pop is fond of talking of dying for you," he said, at last. "I fancy you would value more a man who did not sentimentalise upon it, but lived for you resolutely and entirely. Tell me which you would prefer: every day liking the 'love' of the world, with money and servants at your command, titles and estates in plenty, a luxurious life, and a high position, or a passion of which you would know yourself the last and sole object, a hand and a head that might never get you riches, though they would work untiringly for you, an intellectual but not a wealthy life. Which would you choose?"

"Oh, why do you ask? The one would distract me, millions could not make up for the curse of a cold love; the other would be my ideal, my glory. The first would stifle me under its wearisome grandeur; the last, come what deprivation, or effort, or toil there might, would be the heaven of my dreams, and so loved, so allowed to share alike difficulty and joy, I could ask no higher destiny."

She spoke impassioned and earnestly, the moonlight showing him her flushed face and quivering lips. Trevelyan's pulse beat quicker, involuntarily he drew nearer to her, not master of himself. What little things make or mar our fates! At that minute Luard, walking outside, came up to the window.

"Trevelyan, what was the price of that Venetian meerschaum of yours?"

"My guinea, please, old fellow," said I, as Trevelyan walked up and down, having a last smoke, "unless you go and ask for one of my photographs, and let me see you throw it into the Aar."

He looked as sharp as if I knew one of the identical pictures was then buttoned under his waistcoat—which, of course, I did not at the time—and tossed me my bet in silence, with a smile of pleasure on his face nevertheless.

"So, our household breaks up the day after to-morrow," I continued. "Doesn't Luard go to Brussels?"

"I believe so."

"And I suppose you go on the original route up to Vienna—eh?"

He smoked silently for a minute or two.

"What, do you think of going on with them a little farther? Pop wants to lengthen out his leave, and winter is the time for Vienna and the bals masqués."

"Comme vous voudrez. Queen Florestine will have no objection, I dare say, to keeping her court round her—by the way, her sceptre must have some spell in it to keep five men dawdling away ten weeks in the Oberland without being bored to death. Don't you think so? But I say, Royston, do you take care your young cub don't compromise

himself. Freshlacquers wouldn't much admire to see his heir apparent go home married and done for, would he?"

"Do you suppose she'd be likely to condescend to that raw young idiot?" said Trevelyan, with supreme scorn.

"Can't say. Women, according to your doctrine, would condescend to something infinitely worse to get a title. However, I dare say she wouldn't try it on, there are three years before he comes of age, and boys never keep in the same mind two months together. Lascelles is the better parti; and I fancy, for all his superciliousness, he's fairly caught this time."

A smile came over Royston's face, as if he didn't think either Pop or Lascelles stood much chance to win, but he cut me short haughtily enough.

"I don't see that either you or I have any possible right to discuss other people's affairs. I think ill of most women—I have had cause—but one has certainly no business to decide that a girl in whom one finds neither artifice nor affectation would either manoeuvre for a coronet, or marry for marrying's sake."

"Then you have fought with your sword, and found it true steel?"

"Perhaps so," he said, briefly, as he turned round and resumed his walk. "I tried the spoon-bait in the river to-day, but the trout are not here what they are at Geneva. Hallo! what the deuce is the matter with Pop?"

The cause of his exclamation was walking towards us with much the same dogged vehemence as a bull that means mischief, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and his pipe stuck in his teeth, but no smoke coming out of its bowl. He never saw us till Trevelyan caught him by the arm.

"Walking for a wager, Pop?"

Pop shook him off savagely.

"Let me alone, can't you?"

"No," said Trevelyan, quietly slipping his arm in his; "not till you tell me what's the cause of your tramping about here all alone in the moonlight. Solitude isn't your line generally. Ain't you well, old fellow?"

"Well enough," growled Pop, "but the biggest fool that ever walked."

"No news," laughed Trevelyan, with his kind, sunny smile. "What's the last bit of folly, my boy? Compromised yourself with the landlady?—promised to marry that pretty little Gretchen?—overdrawn your balance at Berne?—or what is it?"

"Don't make game of me," broke out little Pop, fiercely. "I won't stand it, I tell you. I may be a raw cub, and can't please her as you can, but I can feel as well as you, and I'll be shot if I stand your chaff. I knew what she'd say to me, but I was cursed idiot enough to go and tell her I couldn't leave her without——"

Here poor Pop broke down, and bit the end of his short clay ferociously, his comical little face very pale and sad, as he pulled his hat farther down over his eyes.

Trevelyan's own eyes grew soft and veloutés as he looked at him. The

man of strong and matured passions knew how quickly the awkward and wayward fancy of the boy would fade away, but he also knew by remembrance that it would not die without struggle and pain, however ephemeral it might be. He put his arm over the boy's shoulder with caressing gentleness.

"Poor fellow, you have the heart of a gentleman, Pop; some day a woman will learn to value it right."

"Don't, Trevelyan, don't," stammered Pop, his lips quivering. "I shall be better by-and-by, but it cuts hard just at present. I never dreamt she'd listen to me, an ignorant, sheepish, good-for-nothing idiot that I am, but—but—Oh, curse it, let me go!"

He wrenched himself away, afraid we might see the emotion, of which, in his incipient manhood, he felt so heartily ashamed, and strode along, biting his pipe-stem harder still.

As he left us, Lascelles and Oakes, taking a turn in the moonlight as we were doing, joined us. Lascelles glanced after the boy's retreating figure with a smile and a sneer: "Poor little Pop; so he's been submitting himself to the indignity of a rejection. I'd have spared him it if I'd known what he meant to do."

"You!" repeated Trevelyan, with a glance expressing "Why the devil have you any right to interfere?"

"Yes," said Lascelles, stroking his perfumed light whiskers with self-sufficient satisfaction; "when one's happy oneself one can afford to pity others."

"What an amiable frame of mind you are in, Lascelles," said Trevelyan. "Something quite new. Has your eldest brother died? or the Consols gone up? or what is it?"

"No, Trevelyan; better luck even than that," said Oakes, who was a blunt, good-hearted fellow. "He's been and gone and outwitted us all! I vote we all call him out, as the Frenchmen did that luckless editor in Paris, and leave him so riddled with bullets that Florestine will have nothing to say to him. Lascelles always boasts of his luck with the women, and now, I suppose, we shall have to believe him, for he's offered his blessed person, which we know he thinks an Apollo's, and his fifteen hundred a year, which we're sure is the real attraction, and all his future chances of the Florentine consulate, to the papa of that dear, amusing, provoking, confounded little Regina, and, what's more, got 'em accepted. Don't you feel homicidal? I do; only I'm consoled by the reflection that marriage is such an awful risk and bother, and it's such an even-odd now-a-days that your wife runs away with your stable-boy, that I try to think I'm the best off."

I caught sight of Trevelyan's face; it was deathly pale—pale as when a man is in a dead faint, and the veins on his forehead were standing out in painful distinctness, his lips pressed together into a straight line: except for that he stood quite calm and unmoved. Lascelles smiled with conscious vanity.

"Oakes has peached too soon. I don't wish it spoken about yet, but I think I may say I am pretty well sure to have to ask you all to be *garçons d'honneur* before very long. It's a great sacrifice, marriage—a very great sacrifice, certainly; but what can a man do when a little fairy like this bewitches him?"

He went on, as he drew my other photograph out of his pocket, and looked at it in the moonlight, curling his whiskers with a look of extreme triumph and contentment to think the original had been promised to him.

Trevelyan's face grew as white and livid as if it were cut in stone, and I wished my camera and collodion had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before they had been the means of torturing him thus. He smiled, however, and congratulated Lascelles with a self-possession and a chill gaiety that was worse to see than any grief. It passed counter with them, and Lascelles, looking up at the light in Florestine's bedroom window, hummed a bar of "Stars of the summer night," put his pipe out, and bid us a laughing good night.

The unnatural calm of Trevelyan struck a chill into me; till then I had never thought he cared for the girl more than for the many other women he chatted and laughed with, and prescribed for. I spoke to him at last a few words—I hardly remember what; he turned on me fiercely, the fire of roused passions quivering over his face.

"For Heaven's sake, let me alone, as the boy said; I do not want your pity."

He went up the staircase without another word, and I heard the clang of his bedroom door echo into the calm night. Next morning, as it had been previously planned, we and the Luards were to part to meet again in Paris in two months: Luard and Trevelyan had agreed to do so one evening, on Florestine's remarking how much she wanted to see Rachel in "Phèdre." Now, I knew he would never go with her to the Français, never see her again if he could help it; but Florestine did not, and could not guess it from Royston's conversation at breakfast, which was more brilliant and pungent than ever—the phosphorus that sparkles over the wreck lying below. He addressed her father chiefly, who was planning which hotel they should go to in Baden, with all the other trivialities that become paramount to a tourist, and did most of the talking himself. Somehow, that breakfast was miserably triste, though Royston was as brilliant, and Luard as egotistical, as ever, and Lascelles in the highest possible spirits. But, without counting all the under-currents, there is something detestable in the last of anything—the last day, the last look, the last meeting (the last bill is the only last thing I was ever glad to say good-by to)—and our breakfast, as I say, was uncommonly glum; our radiant Regina had neither laughter, repartee, nor sunshine for us that morning.

The time came, the *char-à-banc* was at the door (Pop was locked up in his own bed-chamber, sobbing his heart out amidst the débris of valises, carpet-bags, shepherd plaids, wide-awakes, cigar-cases, and pocket-pistols, as pitiful a picture of woe as Ajax among the slaughtered herds), Trevelyan went up to our little Queen, holding out his hand with a pleasant smile, for was not Lascelles there to see?

"Well, Miss Luard, good-by, and bon voyage! We have had a delightful three months' tour, and I am sure I ought to thank you immensely for many amusing days. I hope we shall be always friends of happy reminiscence, as your favourite Tupper says."

Florestine threw back her head with a haughty gesture; her face was deadly pale, and laughed with her teeth set together, as she said, coldly,

"There is no obligation whatever; you will be equally amused elsewhere, and you contributed much more than I did to the general enjoyment. Adieu, et bon voyage also!"

Royston turned away from her to shake hands with her father—there was no sign of the lava burning under the ice, except the savage fierceness of one momentary glance at Lascelles—then he went up to his own room for a brandy-flask he had left there. The *char-à-banc* waited five minutes; he was not down, so I ran up-stairs to call him. His door stood half open; I saw him standing on the hearth, stamping into a thousand pieces—as if he would crush out with it all memory and all passion—Florestine's photograph.

I went away without entering; in a few minutes he came out, and down the dim, obscure staircase. As he tore down it, a woman's figure came swiftly after him, and a voice, broken and breathless, cried "Wait! wait!" But he was mad for the time being, and, as men often do, thrust away from him in blind haste the very happiness he would have given his life to win.

In another minute we were driving away from Interlachen—Interlachen, so bright and fair, with the morning sunshine on its walnut-trees, and cloister towers, and silvery mountain ranges: contrast enough, in their peace and purity, to the fever in his blood and the tempest in his heart.

## V.

### SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

JUST that day twelvemonth I walked into Trevelyan's house in the West-end. After we left Interlachen we came straight home, I to begin that confounded Michaelmas term, Pop to try and drive away his luckless love in Badminton and Cafés Régence, oyster suppers, Star and Garter dinners, matches with All England, and such-like pastimes of youth. Trevelyan, too, put his name on the door, began practice, and worked vehemently at it, to try and forget, if he could, the curse that had clung to him ever since the Chamounix fire. His practice was more civil to him than he was to it, and Fortune favoured him more than that *capricieuse* generally does any man who forgets to court her, for, neglectful as he had been of all his interests, when he came home, and set himself seriously to it for the first time in his life, his splendid talents began to tell, and ladies who had regretted "that dear Mr. Trevelyan, who was so delightful to talk to, and made one's cold quite a pleasant occurrence," when he left, welcomed his reappearance, and sent for him speedily.

But Trevelyan was sadly altered: true, his face was as handsome, his manner as graceful and gentle, his wit even finer and more sarcastic than ever, but I missed a ring in his laugh, a rapidity in his step, a joyousness in his smile; there was an absence of his old energy, a hardness in his satire, a chill over him altogether, which told me the seed sown in those merry days in the Oberland had brought forth thorns enough. Florestine was his strongest and his last love, and when men, my dear madam, run for that cup and miss the distance, they seldom care to enter themselves for any new plate.



Just twelve months, as I say, since the Chamounix fire, I went to see Trevelyan in the evening, about nine. He had just done dinner, and was sitting reading the *Westminster* with his pipe in his mouth, and his cockatoo vainly trying to attract his attention with futile cries of admiration at itself.

"Well, old fellow, how are you?" said he, looking up, while the bird screamed, "You here, you rascal!—you here?" at the top of its voice. "Have you dined? Why didn't you come in time for dinner at seven? I expect Pop in every minute; the young donkey has been backing Cornet for the Goodwood, lost a pot of money borrowed at eighty per cent., and is now in a row with his governor about it. I dare say he'll come to me all his life through to help him out of some scrape or other."

"Pop, Pop, Pop! where's Pop?" screamed the cockatoo. Just then the bell rang, a servant opened the door, and in came Pop, the same sturdy, snobbish, good-natured, red-whiskered boy who singed himself at Chamounix, and fell head and ears in love with Florestine Luard twelve months before. He sat with us an hour, talking, over coffee and pipes, of his governor, his difficulties, his new bay mare, his bet with Harry Villiers that the Pet would pound Bully Broan, with similar interesting confidences from his private and public life, he having finally launched into the career of a man about town, which suited *him*, though I cannot say he graced *it*, being still somewhat raw, and not a little obtuse. At last he rose, reluctantly enough it appeared, for he was never happier than when with Trevelyan, whom he adored, as a Skye adores its master, saying he did not want to be bored, by going to a drum with his mother, which was his mission for that night. He fidgeted about for some minutes, rolling his pipe nervously round in his fingers, with a colour in his cheeks rather derogatory to the should-be Charles Coldstreamism of his character as a fast man—a nil admirari-ism difficult, by the way, to attain when one is nineteen, and does not know the colour of one's Bath bun is only chromate of lead.

He had evidently something on his mind, and with Pop to have a thing on his mind was to speak it. At last out it came:

"I say, Trevelyan, I saw her to-day."

I saw a quick electric flush pass over Royston's face; his lips parted, but he could not command his voice to speak. He looked up quickly with an involuntary start.

"I was coming up from Windsor, where I'd been breakfasting with a man in the Blues, and saw her get out of the train at Paddington. I don't know whom she was with," went on Pop, confusedly—*he* had never guessed that his madness was shared—"and she didn't notice me; but when I saw her face, it seemed—it seemed——Confound it, it made me feel as spooney as ever! I'd thought I'd forgotten her, but she isn't the sort of stuff to be forgotten."

And poor Pop broke down in his not over poetic expressions, and drummed on the table with a half-pitiful, half-comical expression. Trevelyan sat still, stroking the bird's head absently.

"I tried to follow her, but I couldn't," Pop went on. "I missed their carriage. By Heaven! if I'd seen Lascelles with her, I think I should have struck him. I felt just such a fool about her as I did at In-

terlachen. I wish you'd try and find out whether that cursed fellow did marry her or not. You never heard anything of him, did you?"

"Never," I answered him; "but as he always lives abroad—in Florence, I believe, with that rich old uncle of his—'tisn't likely I should have done. I say, be off; it's ten o'clock; you will be too late to go with your revered mother."

Pop took his hat in silence, looking doleful beyond expression, nodded us a good night, and went out amidst Cocky's vehement assurances that he was a rascal. Trevelyan sat still in his arm-chair after he was gone, with the same iron rigidity on his face that it had worn the last night at Interlachen, every feature as set and white as if chiselled in marble.

I did not like to see him thus, so got up and laid my hand on his shoulder, saying, "Royston, dear old fellow, don't care for her."

"Would to Heaven I did not!" All the passion pent up in him for the past year burst its barriers in those few little words. He started up, and leaned his head in his arms on the mantelpiece. "I have tried hard," he muttered, "to forget her, in reckless pleasures, in untiring work, but I cannot. It is very strange. Other women I have left and forgotten, but she—nothing drives her from my mind. Night and day I am haunted by her memory, till I am well-nigh mad. I hoped I had found a woman truer than the rest. I had begun to believe in her warm words, her ingenuous eyes, her winning ways, and then, good Heavens! to learn they were all so many lies—to know they were all equally given to another——"

He stopped, he shook like a girl, and pressed his forehead hard against the cold marble of the mantelpiece. At that moment the door-bell rang.

Trevelyan, as I say, was none of your would-be M.D.s, with bought testimonials, and practice as chimerical as their reputation. He kept to consultation, therefore, and was seldom disturbed in the evening. But just now the door opened, and his servant entered hurriedly with a message, to the effect that a gentleman in the next house had fallen down in an apoplectic fit. Would he mind going in immediately? He turned round with miraculous self-command, sent the servant back with a calm "I will come!" waited a moment, drank some brandy, took his hat, and, nodding to me, told me to wait till he came back, and went out, looking as worn and haggard as a man after a six weeks' fever.

I did not wait till he came back, having an engagement to an oyster supper at Little Watt's chambers, in King's Bench-walk, and it was well I did not, for his own house never saw him again till eight the next morning. No. 14, next door, had been lately let to a new tenant, who had, it seems, only just taken possession of the tenement before apoplexy took possession of him. It was only a slight stroke, but sufficient to alarm his household. Trevelyan hears a few words from a housemaid as he took off his hat, ran up the stairs with his noiseless step, entered the room where the patient lay, and stood face to face with—Florestine Luard.

They stood for a moment looking at each other in silence, then she sprang towards him, *égarée*, either in surprise or joy. But in that minute Trevelyan had time to ice into the impenetrability he was too fond of drawing round himself. Nobody could have guessed Florestine was any more to him than the commonest acquaintance as he bowed and took her hand with chill courtesies, spoke a few words of recognition, and in-

quired about her father's sudden attack. She answered him disconnectedly, and with something of his own formality (Royston, in that mood, genial and winning as he is in all others, is enough to freeze over a hot spring), and turned to the old gentleman's bedside in silence.

There he stayed till dawn, watching him through the night, only exchanging the simplest common-places, or giving the briefest directions to Florestine. It was an odd meeting truly with the radiant queen of our Switzerland party, and in the stillness of the sick-room they passed the long hours together, she pale, silent, and spiritless, he barely addressing the woman he loved as often as he would have done an hospital nurse.

Towards morning his patient rallied, and Trevelyan rose. As he did so, the utter dejection of Florestine's attitude struck him. She was kneeling against the bed, still in her light evening dress, with her face leaning on the pillows; and as the lamp-light glittered on the emeralds of her bracelet, he noticed that the arm it clasped was a good deal thinner than it had been twelve months before. He could not stand still there and look tranquilly on at her. He went up to her, stern and chill, determined to keep down by sheer force all tenderness or trace of feeling.

"Miss Luard, can I have a word with you?"

She started and rose, following him silently into the next room.

"You need be under no further apprehension for your father," he began, speaking between his teeth; "I do not perceive the slightest danger. I will send you a good nurse, as you desire, and will come in again early. If he awakes, give him the draught."

"Thank you."

She did not trust herself to more; her voice sounded changed. She was tired, he thought. There was an awkward pause. Trevelyan employed himself in drawing up the blinds; the morning sun streamed in, and Florestine turned away from the light. Trevelyan lingered against his will, but he wanted certainty, even if the worst; he attempted conversation once more, but he failed signally, probably for the first time in his life. There was another silence; he played with the blind-tassel impatiently. Suddenly his eyes met hers, and Royston had no further control over himself. Her face, in the full light of the dawn, unmanned him, and his strength went down as the Nazarene's before the witchery of the Philistine. He caught hold of her arm till his fingers crushed the fragile bracelet.

"Tell me the truth. Are you his wife?"

She looked up, startled at his fierce excitement.

"His wife! Whose wife?"

"Lascelles's—or any man's? Good Heaven! can you not answer me?"

He was crushing the bracelet closer in his anguish of suspense. She answered him with her old vehemence, wrenching her arm away from his grasp:

"I am no one's wife. *You* might know that. What right have you to portion me off to Lascelles, or to any one else? What right have you to class me with the low-bred intrigantes or fashionable manoeuvrers who haggle for a wedding ring, and have taught you disgust for all our sex? What right have you to judge that I should marry for marrying's sake,

take any man's name—the first that offered—and give myself for mere position where you know my love would never go—”

And here Miss Florestine stopped in her impassioned harangue, and looked up in Trevelyan's face with passionate, loving, tearful, indignant eyes—eyes that no man skilled in face or character could doubt for long.

Trevelyan's haughty lips quivered; he sank upon a couch, leaning his head upon a table near—joy beat him down more even than sorrow. And little Regina—what did she do, mademoiselle? She did what I wish to Heaven you would do sometimes. She forgot dignity, and custom, and *convenances* (*i. e.* self, the grand principle, after all, of all the virtues you women plume yourselves upon so highly), she forgot that he might not care two straws for her, or that she might compromise herself irremediably, she only remembered that she loved Trevelyan, and that she could not bear to part with him in anger; she knelt down by him and whispered like a little child sorry for a great fault, though, Heaven knows, the error lay on his side rather than on hers.

“Why are you angry with me? What have I done? You *know* I would never have married where I could never love.”

Royston did not let her finish her eloquence; he seized her hands and drew her close to him, kissed her lips and brow and hair, large tears glancing in his falcon eyes.

“Thank God! thank God! My little Queen, love me and forgive me.”

She did love him, and forgive him too, as all women worth being asked for their absolution always will any sin on the face of the earth, from the smashing of the entire Decalogue to so pardonable an error as Trevelyan's.

“You were very cruel,” said Florestine, shaking her head gravely at him half an hour afterwards, “and very wicked to believe that an hour after you had asked *me* for my photograph I could have given the other to any one, much less to that vain idiot. Mr. Lascelles had spoken to papa that day, and papa encouraged him—he thinks as ill of his daughters, you know, as of all other women—and as Mr. Lascelles was in a very good position, and his villa at Florence very pretty, it never occurred to him that I should resist his proposals. Papa lent him the photograph, too, that evening, and as he never told me of it till the next day, I dare say, when he talked to you, he did consider himself accepted. But *you* should have known better; *you* should have been sure that, having once seen *you*, I could have never tolerated him, or any other.”

Trevelyan smiled and kissed her upraised face. It did his heart good to hear a woman speak fondly and fervently of her love for him, and not think it necessary to turn away and hide it like some unmentionable crime, with the overdrawn prudery to which, *entre nous*, the boldest women are often the most addicted. Nobody affected prudery more than Ninon de l'Enclos. Frankness and guilelessness have no rouge, and need no veil. Your enamelled cheeks cannot walk without one.

“Do you remember telling me at Chamounix,” he asked her, “that my scepticism would destroy my own happiness, and refuse all justice to others? Life taught it me perforce, and this past year has been punish-

ment enough, Heaven knows. You will not visit it on me further, Florestine?"

She laughed her old mischievous laugh as she looked up into his eyes. "No, or I should punish myself too! But you should have known your sword was true steel without passing it through so fiery a furnace. You never knew me tell a lie; you never, I know, saw in me any artifice or affectation; you had no right to condemn me on suspicion. I have seen enough of life to feel that scepticism is the wisest altitude of judgment, and what is called looking on the dark side of humanity is to look upon the real one. But still, to those who have always been true to us, we should be loyal in thought; and, oh! Royston dearest, where we love we should always have faith—faith in their better nature, that is only perhaps revealed, even though the world judged and found them guilty of any sin or weakness."

This is 1860—five years since our Fire at Chamounix; but though I have washed my eyes with the strongest collyrium of scepticism on such points, I cannot with truth say that I find in Royston and Florestine any trace that the passion first lit from the ashes of the smoking hotel in the shadow of the Alps has grown one whit the cooler for time. They married, imprudently perhaps, for they were certainly a long way off Royston's old minimum; but they both preferred running the risk of fortune to the *peines fortes et dures* of a long engagement, as there was no granite obstacle to necessitate one. Luard gave her no money; he demonstrated to Trevelyan, who entirely agreed with him, that if he had given portions to each of his four daughters, he would have straitened himself to a degree no man could expect him to do. The pelicans may like plucking their breast-feathers, but I must say I, too, think it hard on a man to have to split up his income just because his children choose to marry. When we are in Kensal-green it is time enough for the young hawks to pick our bones; we do not want to suffer and superintend the process alive. Trevelyan smoked two or three pipes over it, having a fight between prudence and passion. Happily he had a good deal of the last and very little of the first, and he was so restless and ill at ease without Florestine, that he thought he would try living with her, and, adopting her epicurean philosophy, caught hold of his present, and let his future take care of itself. He knew well enough she would have waited for him till doomsday, after the manner of that luckless Evangeline; but he was too much in love to fritter away her youth and his manhood in an indefinite probation, till he had a brougham and a butler, and the *soi-disant* "necessaries" of polite society. So they married; the very worst thing for a man generally, but occasionally the best thing for him when he is Trevelyan's age, and has Trevelyan's madness on him, knows he shall not love again, and feels he shall work the better abroad for having rest and sunshine at home.

It has turned out well, for him at the least. I dined with them last night, and little Pop, too (Pop has subsided into an ardent friendship for his Interlachen love, who hears all his difficulties, and does more to polish him than all the rouge powder of his chill, stately home), and we had more fun than if we had had a powdered flunkey behind each chair. I can assure you Trevelyan and Florestine have set themselves dead against the

gourmet practice of coming for Johannisberg and turtle at nine, and leaving at twelve, as soon as the Johannisberg and turtle are disposed of; and their occasional evenings, which cost them little, and yet have such a strange charm for the most *difficile*, are more delightful in their *abandon*, intellectual discussion, and refined wit, than all the heavy and magnificent crushes at Freshlacquers's Eaton-square mansion. There is an element of society better than claret, after all, though, certainly, in most places where one goes, the claret is the only good thing. Five years have passed, and the five years have made Florestine a still more radiant Regina than in our touring days at Interlachen, and Trevelyan, dear old fellow, looking across the table at her last night, said, with a happy smile on his lips, which gave the lie to his words, that the worst thing that ever happened to him was WHEN ONE FIRE LIT ANOTHER, and he repaired THE MISCHIEF DONE BY MY PHOTOGRAPH.

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### CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

[The incident narrated in the following little poem took place at one of our assize towns in the north of England, at a time when the crime alluded to not unfrequently incurred the punishment of death.]

A LAMP faint lit the cell;  
 Feebly upon her iron bed,  
 Feebly upon her drooping head,  
 The sickly quiverings fell:  
 The silent watchers sat apart;  
 What passed in that poor bleeding heart,  
 Their cold hearts naught could tell.

She looked, how pallid there!  
 Not starting, sighing, weeping now,  
 That quiet anguish on her brow  
 Was written by despair.  
 Ah me! despite a governed breast,  
 Seeming awhile in placid rest,  
 What anguish soul may bear!

Her locks were backward thrown;  
 Relieving tears refused to flow,  
 All drunk by her great thirsty woe;  
 She seemed transformed to stone,  
 Save that at times her white lip quivered,  
 And her young limb, like aspen, shivered,  
 And burst a low, sad moan.

Condemned to death—how near  
 The fatal, terrible to-morrow!  
 'Twould end her agony and sorrow,  
 Yet, oh! how fraught with fear!  
 She counted—mind's fore-torturing hell—  
 Hours, minutes, till the solemn bell  
 Deep sounded in her ear.

Condemned to death—dear Heaven!  
 Thou know'st she fondly loved her child,  
 But vain with shame, with anguish wild,  
 Her breaking heart had striven:  
 By woman's pride, by woman's love,  
 A tigress, yet a tender dove,  
 To frenzy was she driven.

Condemned to death—oh! dread  
 The thoughts of coming suffering!—there  
 The scaffold stands in morning's air,  
 Crowds, wave-like, round her spread,  
 Their eyes upraised to see her die,  
 No heart to breathe a pitying sigh—  
 The prison stones her bed.

Thus on her doom to think,  
 Well may the dews of torture now  
 Hang bead-like on her straining brow,  
 Well may her spirit shrink:  
 'Tis hard in youth to yield our breath;  
 To die in thought is double death,  
 Shivering on fate's dread brink.

What hears she?—a slight sound—  
 An opening of the cell's dark door—  
 Bright eyes—a word, and nothing more—  
 Quickly she gazed around,  
 Then passionate flung her arms on high,  
 And with a sharp, wild, rapturous cry,  
 Fell swooning to the ground.

Life! life! bless Heaven for this!  
 To gaze again on God's bright sun,  
 To see the moss-marg'd streamlet run,  
 And feel the wind's soft kiss;  
 To meet loved eyes where pity glows,  
 And hear kind words to soothe her woes—  
 Life! life! O bliss of bliss!

## THE STORY OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA.

AN EPISODE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

## VII.

VISCONTI imagined that he had done the best he could for his children when he divided his dominions amongst them and placed them under the tutelage of able men, but, had he foreseen the consequences of such an arrangement, he would have acted very differently.

The widowed Duchess Catherine was pronounced regent during the minority of the young princes—the eldest of whom was only thirteen—and a council, composed partly of clever men and partly of nobles, was chosen to aid her in the management of affairs.

The result of this combined government was far different from what the departed Duke of Milan had anticipated.

Jalousies and dissensions sprang up on all sides. The prisons were soon filled, and deeds of blood stained the conscience of almost every one concerned in the council. The extensive possessions which Giovanni Galeazzo had obtained for himself, and the consequent influence of Milan throughout Italy, seemed on the point of crumbling away to nought under the divided interests of his successors.

Feeling her weakness at home, the Duchess Catherine was desirous of peace, and to conciliate Carrara, the most inveterate of all the enemies of Milan, she promised to cede Feltre and Belluno to him. At first the lord of Padua demanded Vicenza also, but he was induced to withdraw this claim by Venice, and contented himself with the two above-named cities. It happened, however, that at the very time arranged for the conclusion of the treaty, it was violated by the Milanese themselves.

This so enraged Carrara, that he immediately prepared for war, and his troops invaded the Veronese territory.

Carrara himself appeared before Santo Martino with his eldest son, where he found Filippo da Pisa and Giacomo hotly engaged with Facino, who was attempting to project pontoons over the river. Many men were slain, for viretons\* were falling in showers around them, and Carrara's horse received three wounds. At evening he was obliged to retire to Padua.

On the 17th of March, Facino Cane made an attempt to force the lines at Tencaruolo. With his usual courage, Francesco da Carrara fought in the thickest of the combat, not attempting to shield himself from a danger to which his friends were exposed. He called loudly for Facino, but the arbalists, bombardars, and the shouts of the soldiers prevented his voice from being heard; so that they never met face to face.

The following day Carrara sent a trumpeter to invite Facino to a conference. He complied with the request, and they met on horseback upon the banks of the stream.

Facino and his steed were arrayed in saffron-coloured silk, and Carrara

\* A vireton is a short spit-like spear.



in polished steel inlaid with gold. Having ordered their attendants to withdraw to a little distance, they took off their helmets, and Carrara expressed his deep regret that they should meet as foes, which done, he intimated his surprise that certain letters he had despatched had received no answer. He was at a loss to conceive the cause, he said, unless, indeed, Facino was offended at the escape of Francesco Terzo. He had always intended to pay the ransom, he added, and, with Facino's permission, would send a messenger on the following day.

The reply to this speech was most courteous, as indeed it deserved to be. Facino began by expressing his esteem for the lord of Padua, and the sorrow he had felt at his son's flight, though he assured him that it was not occasioned by the loss of the ransom. Many fine-sounding words were pronounced ere they separated to return to their stations.

Next morning, at dawn of day, Carrara sent Guarnesini, with a mule laden with flasks, to the camp of Facino, which some believed were filled with gold ducats.

Not long after this, Gulielmo della Scala arrived in Padua to intercede with Carrara to aid him to recover his rightful possessions. He was very ill at the time, having an attack of dysentery and fever upon him; but, in spite of his extreme weakness, he had frequent interviews with Carrara, and, before the end of the month, a treaty between them was drawn up and ratified, by which the lord of Padua agreed to defray the expenses of the war, upon condition that he was allowed to retain Vicenza and the castle of Legnago after placing Gulielmo in possession of Verona.

The Duchess of Milan, having heard of this alliance, sent ambassadors to Venice to seek the aid of that republic, and Carrara, to counteract her influence, despatched the Bishop of Padua and Ogniben, a learned doctor, to prevent the signori from listening too favourably to his enemies. But a cold answer was returned to him, and he therefore determined to commence the war without loss of time, that he might strike some decisive blow before it was too late.

On the 30th of March, he quitted the city of Padua by the Santa Croce gate. Gulielmo accompanied him in a spring-carriage, as he was not strong enough to ride.

Francesco Terzo, Ubertino, and Marsilio were left to guard the town during the absence of their father.

At Montagnana, Carrara met Filippo da Pisa with the army, and on Tuesday, the 1st day of April, they commenced their march, in company with the Marquis of Ferrara, to the castle of Cologne in the Veronese territory, where they pitched their camp.

The castle was bombarded, but the garrison held out stoutly, and so vigorous was their defence, that although great part of the building was destroyed, and many men killed, Carrara thought it best to raise the siege on the 7th, and to draw nearer to Verona.

A dark night was chosen for the attack upon the town, when Carrara, heading a chosen band of cross-bowmen, scaled the wall. The Marquis of Ferrara, Brunoro, and Antonio della Scala were with him, as also his son Giacomo, who gained great military honours for his brave conduct on this occasion.

While the main body of the army was engaged in making breaches in two places below, Carrara and his party remained on the wall to keep off Biancardo, who, on the first alarm, hurried thither with his men-at-

arms. Breaches were soon opened, and the Paduans dashed through them amid loud shouts of "Scala! Scala!"

The excessive darkness of the night was greatly in favour of Carrara, and the Veronese were everywhere forced to retreat from one street to another, till at last they threw themselves into the citadel.

Gulielmo was supported to the palace on the 19th, and invested with all the symbols of authority, and on the next day Biancardo agreed to evacuate the citadel if he should receive no succours before the 27th.

The anxiety and fatigue consequent on this expedition served to augment the disease of the Signor Gulielmo, and it now assumed fatal symptoms.

He expired on the 21st of April, two days after having regained his father's possessions.

Malicious persons were not slow to ascribe this death to poison. Carrara had interested motives to get rid of the lord of Verona, they whispered, and so familiar was Italy with the poisoner's cup, that many believed in this report. With the usual upright generosity of his nature, Carrara immediately invested the two young Della Scalas with their father's inheritance, and had he murdered Gulielmo, he would not have raised other barriers between himself and the lordship of Verona.

The Venetians thought fit to express their displeasure at the hurried step Carrara had taken against the interests of Milan, and despatched Carlo Zeno to mediate between the opponents.

The lord of Padua would listen to no terms of reconciliation; he had deep wrongs to avenge, he said, and this was an opportunity which he would not cast aside. He immediately sent orders to his son Terzo to march against Vicenza, and made preparations to repair thither himself. A somewhat evil omen occurred in the palace square of the city of Verona before the troops started. Carrara had given his great banner, with a red cross on a white ground, quartered with the arms of Carrara, into the hands of one of his officers, and as the standard-bearer fixed the staff in the rest on his saddle-bow, it dropped out of his hands. A murmur ran through the spectators assembled: "This is God's judgment!"

Carrara cared little for this omen, which seemed, however, to depress his followers, and continued to prepare for the march. He expressed a wish to the two young princes Della Scala that they should precede him, but they refused to comply.

In the mean time, Francesco Terzo advanced upon Vicenza. He was mounted upon a noble steed, completely cased in steel, and wearing a magnificent surcoat over his cuirass. Like his father, he was foremost in the fight, and everywhere seen encouraging his men. Suddenly a vireton struck his visor, wounded him severely in the face, and knocked out two of his teeth. He succeeded in retiring without making his hurt known, but the troops soon missed him, and, learning the cause, they fought with redoubled fury.

The morning following this engagement loud cries were heard within the city, a merry pealing of bells, and thundering of artillery. This unusual commotion excited the curiosity of the Paduans, and they were surprised to see the banner of Milan on the point of being lowered. It was replaced by one resembling in colour that of the House of Carrara, and

the joy of Francesco Terzo was great, though short-lived, for, to his mortification and astonishment, the winged lion of St. Mark soon appeared, waving over a nearer gate. This standard was unmistakable, and its being there was the cause of much consternation and alarm amongst the besieging army.

Catherine, Duchess of Milan, had succeeded in her negotiations with Venice by offering the seigniory the city of Vicenza. The Doge was anxious to enter upon war that he might render his reign illustrious, and Jacopo Soriano was therefore sent to Vicenza, that he might take possession of the beleaguered city and oppose a new enemy to the astonished Paduans.

It was on the 25th of April, 1404, that the banner of St. Mark first floated over Vicenza, and very soon afterwards a trumpet was sent to Francesco Terzo to command him to raise the siege, as the city had placed itself under the protection of Venice. The young Carrara ordered the man to retire, and not to return again, unless provided with a safe-conduct. In the evening, however, of the same day, the messenger again appeared, bearing the pennon of Vicenza, and demanding in the name of Venice that the Paduan army should be withdrawn. Terzo somewhat warmly denied his authority, and making use of some angry threats of punishment if he ever came again, he dismissed him unscathed.

On the morrow the same trumpet once more entered the camp with the Venetian pennon waving in the air, but still braving the young Carrara's anger by neglecting to be provided with a safe-conduct. This insult to their much-loved prince the soldiers could not brook, and, taking the law into their own hands, they slew the messenger, and cast his body into the city ditch.

Francesco Terzo was much displeased by such an act of violence, calculated as it was to raise the ire of a most dangerous and powerful enemy; but he little anticipated the direful revenge which was hereafter to be taken upon himself and his father.

The news of the occupation of Vicenza by Venetian soldiers was a cause of deep disappointment to the elder Carrara, but he received the tidings with his accustomed serenity of temper, and, handing the despatch to Brunoro and Antonio della Scala, he said, quietly, and yet sorrowfully, "Farewell to Vicenza! This misfortune has been caused by your refusal." He then occupied himself with other business, whilst the youthful princes secretly projected plans for allying themselves to Venice.

Francesco da Carrara joined his son's camp before Vicenza on the 1st of May, with the intention of directing an assault upon the walls of the city that very night. Before the troops were in motion, he received a despatch from the hands of a Venetian courier, charging him, on pain of war, to raise the siege without delay.

Carrara dreaded war with Venice, and hoped to pacify that republic by obeying its injunction in this instance; he therefore counter-ordered his previous command, and withdrew with his army to Padua.

Giacomo da Carrara, who had been left in command at Verona, discovered the secret intelligence which the young princes Brunoro and Antonio carried on with Venice, in time to arrest the mischief which they were working.

He invited the two brothers to a grand supper, and whilst they were eating and making merry, he had them arrested and sent as prisoners to his father. This took place on the 17th of May, and on the 21st of the same month Francesco da Carrara prepared to remove his court to Verona.

The ladies Madonna Taddea and Madonna Belfiore, with a large company in their train, journeyed as far as Montagnana on their way to Verona. They were joined at this place by the lord of Padua, who came provided with four hundred cars laden with grain to supply the wants of the city whither they journeyed.

Large numbers of Veronese, with the gonfalons of the trade, and ladies walking in due order, came out of the city to greet the noble party and give them a befitting welcome. The provision-carts went first, then followed Madonnas Taddea and Belfiore, the latter all impatient to meet her husband; next came the ladies of their court and the lord of Padua, surrounded by knights singing "Benedictus qui venit."

The square of the Capitol was hung with cloth of gold, and Carrara was received with much ceremony by Giacomo de' Fabri. He was then declared lord of Verona, and borne upon the shoulders of several knights to the palace amid exulting cries of "Carro, carro!"

The treacherous conduct of those whom he had so aided seemed to justify him in thus seizing upon Verona, but the fact of his doing so gave rise to many slanderous reports.

Carrara earnestly wished to establish peace between himself and Venice, but the Doge desired warfare. The lord of Padua was within their toils, and so favourable an occasion to destroy an old and bitter enemy could not be cast aside.

In vain did Carrara offer to hold his territory in fee from the republic; they were determined not to accept of peace upon any terms whatever, and even whilst the Paduan ambassadors were receiving audience, the Doge commanded that the embankments of the river Anguillera should be cut in several places, in order to inundate their enemy's lands and distress his subjects. This done, the ambassadors were dismissed, and the standard of St. Mark was raised upon a bastion within the Paduan territory, which, since the inundation, was surrounded by water.

Francesco da Carrara, when informed of this iniquitous proceeding on the part of Venice, saw that war was inevitable. He convoked a council of the people, represented to them the injuries and insults which he had received at the hands of Venice, and that, although he had wished to conduct himself towards the republic in every respect as a good son to a father, still he saw himself forced to take up arms for the defence of his rights. He told them how his proposals had been rejected, and urged them to consent to war, that he might at least die, as he had lived, with dignity. Galeazzo de' Gatari, the elder of the two famous chroniclers of Padua, was averse to war; he pointed out all the miseries which it would bring upon his country. He expatiated on the terrible hatred of Venice, and declared that peace ought to be secured on whatever terms the republic might impose. Padua would be ruined by such a war, he argued; there was no hope for them but in securing peace.

The counsel of this wise senator was opposed by many, and amongst them, Amoro Pelliciaro, a wealthy merchant, was the most vehement

and the most influential. He offered a thousand ducats towards the heavy expenses war would entail, and declared, with blind enthusiasm, that right must prevail over wrong, whatever disadvantages they might labour under. This speech was loudly applauded, and Pelliciaro was compared to Crastinus, who struck the first blow for Cæsar in Thessaly against Pompey.

War was declared against Venice on the 23rd of June, 1404. The die was cast, the independence of Padua was at stake, and the ruin of the noble House of Carrara at hand.

It was a noble and yet blind courage which made Francesco Novello rush, as it were, into hostilities with Venice, when he had but one ally, and that not a trustworthy one, Nicolo d'Este, Count of Ferrara. That war would have been the result in the end, there seems but little doubt, as Venice was bent upon the destruction of Padua. It might have been postponed by negotiation, and by the acceptance, on the part of Carrara, of humiliating conditions; but he did not stoop to gain such a respite, and prepared to make his last desperate struggle for the independence of his territory and his own personal freedom.

Venice, we are told, made it a rule never to employ her own subjects as soldiers, but to enlist strangers and mercenaries in her army. She was jealous of her citizens gaining a glory that they might be led to abuse, and she therefore made such a thing impossible by removing the temptation. An army composed of nine thousand adventurers was assembled under the command of Malatesto da Pesaro and Savello, a Roman captain, whilst Carlo Zeno was attached to them as one of the *Provveditori*.

Carrara could not offer anything like this number of men in opposition, but his own activity, bravery, and skill seemed likely to make up for want of forces.

About this time Francesco da Gonzaga accepted a truce till the 27th of August, and Nicolo d'Este, son-in-law to the lord of Padua, joined in the war against Venice, and, ere many days, had reconquered an ancient heritage of his family, which he had been obliged to cede to the republic as a surety for a debt.

After having undertaken a successful incursion into the Trevisano, Carrara devoted his time and energies for the defence of his own territory. He caused lines to be thrown up, and entrenchments to be made on the marshy frontier. One of these works struck the invaders with great wonder, we are told. It was a huge ditch, thirty feet in width and of great depth, surmounted by a strong rampart, which was constructed in a few hours. It is said that the Venetians gazed at it with amazement, and fully believed the work to have been effected by the devil, and not by men.

The Paduan forces were assembled within these lines, and showed a goody front to the enemy. Their equipments were of the best, and shone resplendent in the sunshine. The bright weapons, richly embroidered surcoats, and blazoned devices of the officers, the naked cuirasses, ghiaverins, arbalists, bows, bombardels, lances, and shields of the men, all made up an imposing effect.

Carrara eyed this array of staunch followers with feelings of pride; he walked his horse slowly along each line, and addressed the men with

words of encouragement. He showed them how valour could overcome the advantages of superior numbers, and exhorted them to be firm.

What could twelve thousand men hope to achieve against thrice their number?

Carlo Zeno's vigilance was unremitting, and ere long he found means to overcome the natural defences opposed to him, and penetrated the gallant lines of the Paduans.

It was on one September night that he undertook to make a personal reconnoissance of the marshes, and by dint of wading to his very shoulders, and sometimes swimming, he satisfied himself that the passage of the marsh was practicable, though attended with difficulty and danger.\*

The attempt was made, and the territory beyond the Brenta invaded.

Venice now possessed no less than three powerful armies in her pay, and her expenses are computed at 120,000 ducats monthly.

Much blood was spilt on both sides, and the invaders suffered severely. Savello was attacked and driven from his position. In a chance battle which took place, Carrara encountered this able antagonist in single combat. At the first onset both their lances were shivered, and each was thrown backwards to his horse's croup. Quickly recovering, they drew their swords, and Carrara, aiming a deadly blow at Savello, cleft the argent lion from his helmet. The blow was returned, and the crest of the Carraras was cast to the ground. Their blood was up, the combat waxed hot, stroke followed stroke, when one well-directed aim dashed Savello's visor into atoms. His sword was broken at the hilt, and, to save himself, he was forced to put spurs to his horse and fly.

Disputes began to arise in the Venetian camp; the two generals did not agree.

Carrara was not slow in taking advantage of this, and possessed himself of a train of provisions, under the escort of Taddeo dal Verme.

So jealous and self-interested was Malatesta, that, when he heard of Savello's discomfiture, he expressed his satisfaction quite openly.

This gave rise to suspicion, and not long afterwards, having committed some imprudence, he was removed from his command, and Savello occupied his place.

Winter was approaching, and the Venetian army, unable to force the second line of defence opposed to them by the Paduans, made a feint of preparing to retire to winter quarters in the Trevisano.

Carrara was misled by the movement, and anxious not to fatigue his subjects with too long and arduous a campaign, he took this occasion to send many of the Paduans back to their homes.

\* Vita Caroli Zeni.

## THE OUTREMANCHE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. V.

### PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

MON CHER ALFRED,—As you are not a member of the English House of Commons, I do not mind beginning my letter with a quotation which has been used in every debate that has taken place during the last fifty years in that Assembly, where a line or two from a classic author is the principal ingredient of a set speech. I say, then, with Virgil, “*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,” meaning thereby, not that I have any desire to look a gift horse in the mouth, but that it would have been as well if the excellent but credulous British public had done so before they gave way to the excessive jubilation which accompanied the publication of the Treaty of Commerce between France and England.

As Voltaire says: *Enfin tout est connu*; and when our own Corps Législatif met the other day to discuss the measure, the *désillusionnement* of John Bull ought to have been complete, for not only did M. de Kergolay observe—rejoicing while he did so—that the Treaty was altogether one-sided and entirely in our favour, but the minister himself begged the Assembly to understand that the emperor never was, and never would be, an advocate for Free Trade. The prediction was scarcely a safe one—for even the acuteness of M. Baroche may fail him when he attempts to lay down the future course of the imperial policy—but the retrospection was undoubtedly correct, and the Treaty which M. Cobden has gone to Paris to amend sufficiently proves the truth of the minister’s statement.

It was a notable idea, certainly, and as fertile in happy consequences as another idea which Europe has heard of, to select an unlettered man, who, for the best of all possible reasons, enjoys an English newspaper far more than a page of Thucydides, and pit him against the combined talent of French diplomacy, to negotiate a treaty of commerce with a nation like ours, which—with your permission, *mon cher*—is always ready to take what she can get, but never gives away anything she can possibly contrive to keep. And the result of this selection on the part of Lord John Russell has been what everybody now sees: a second visit to Paris by M. Cobden to ask the French government to take pity on his ignorance, and allow him, at the eleventh hour, to make a better bargain. I have been told, not by the *Charivari*, but by the proprietor of the hotel at No. 82 in the Rue de l’Université, who happens to be a friend of mine, that when M. Cobden arrived there from the railway with the revised tariff in his carpet-bag, he addressed himself to the *concierge* in the following terms: “*Monsiou, moi ordonney par mon Cabinet à louey un apartment, moobly ou non moobly, pour arranger le Treaty of Commerce encore, quoi moi et Lord Cowley, notre ambassadeur ici dans Parry, avoir conclu avec le voter, par larkel (je ne sais pas si ‘Treaty’ est masculine ou feminine, parskur mon dictionary est lar dans mon carpet-bag) nous*

sommes faits,—c'est-à-dire 'done.' "Plait-il, monsieur?" returned the bewildered *concierge*; and he might have asked what M. Cobden meant till doomsday, if one of our newly-enlisted countrymen, a Savoyard with his hurdy-gurdy, who had picked up a little English in London, had not generously come forward and interpreted between the diplomatist and the porter. Of course, M. Cobden would get on better in the *bureau* than in the court-yard, for in the former his dictionary would be at hand to teach him the value of words—if not of things. As to the nature of his mission, it is all very well for M. Cobden to tell his "intimate friend at Manchester" that "the commissioners now sitting in Paris are not engaged in correcting the imaginary blunders" to which that friend refers; but there is nothing "imaginary" in the affair; the "blunders" are *bonâ fide*, as the English public will find to their cost, for M. Cobden has to deal with those who have

—————Double profit à faire:

Leur bien premièrement, et puis le mal d'autrui;

and who of course will say, "Ne nous remets pas au gland, quand nous avons du blé." What a surprising consolation it must be, when you have made an irretrievable mistake—are completely "mis dedans," as we say—to be able to inform your intimate friend that, "We have no more power than yourself to negotiate for the alteration of a word of the Treaty." Most people would exclaim, "So much the worse!" but M. Cobden is one of those diplomatists who plumes himself on his failures. There is no more obstinate man than he whose obstinacy arises from disappointed vanity.

I had already expressed my doubts, when first this famous Treaty was broached, that it would not be the easiest thing in the world to induce the beer-drinking Englishman to forego his favourite beverage, and abandon himself without reserve to the wines of France. *A la bonne heure*, if he really got what he is promised; but although the *vin bleu* which floods the gutters of Paris every morning will not, like the finer growths of Burgundy, admit of exportation—the causes being opposite—the arts of adulteration are not unknown to French wine-merchants, and the chances are that the Bordeaux—so to call it—which he buys under the new tariff, will be as thoroughly doctored as the favourite port which he has so long been drinking. This, at least, appears to be the apprehension of the majority of the honourable members who, sharing my doubts, discussed the clauses of the Wine Licensing Bill the other night, one of whom spoke of "the stuff that would be passed off as wine, when the combined ingenuity of England and France was directed to its adulteration," as "a combination of filth, so bad that it made one shudder to think of the distressing effect it would have on any person who was rash enough to drink it." Under these circumstances, which I, for one, think highly probable, M. Gladstone was very naturally asked to insert in his Bill a definition of what constituted French or foreign wine. Pending the result of his ingenuity—for, like the fox in the fable, M. Gladstone has "cent ruses au sac"—the London "wine-merchants" are making the most of their wares; and I have just read an advertisement by one of them, who rejoices in the appropriate name of Walker, in which he states that, "in consequence of the reduction of the wine duties, he is



enabled" (as Mascarille says, "Que vous semble de ce mot? n'est-il pas bien choisi?") "to supply sound claret at twenty shillings per dozen." If you know the *valeur argotique* of this wine-merchant's name in English, you will at once understand how ready every one who drinks this "sound claret" will be to cry out "Walker!" What I admire, in advertisements of this sort, is their excessive modesty. It would have been quite as easy, and almost as true, to have described this *breuvage* as of that rarer kind which, according to M. Cobden, "costs more than five shillings a bottle in the cellars of Gironde"—"Gironde" being, I suppose, M. Cobden's wine-merchant in Paris, and not the department which we French people are in the habit of calling "*La Gironde*."

The penny-wise and pound-foolish Treaty had its parallel in that section of the Budget which proposed the repeal of the duty on paper; by which, to please the Manchester party, M. Gladstone undertook to transfer a million and a half of money from the shoulders of the vendors of cheap publications to those of the general public; less, indeed, for the purpose of acquiring a clap-trap popularity—though popularity also entered into the account—than for that of establishing the principle of direct instead of indirect taxation, and—as Lord Derby said in the debate on Monday week—making the pressure of the former "so grinding and odious that, whatever the circumstances of the country may be, war will be avoided, because no party will be at the expense necessary for carrying it on." I need hardly tell you, mon cher Alfred, that the prime mover in this question of peace-at-any-price—of submission to any decree, however humiliating to England—is M. Bright, personally the most pugnacious individual who ever made politics a trade. In comparison with the truculent member for Birmingham, the most combative in the American Congress are quiet, orderly, and modest; and even the fistic representative of the United States has a more limited love of broils. M. Heenan simply challenges "any four men in England" to fight with him; but, oppose M. Bright, and he strips at once to defy the whole world. Leaving him, however—like Doña Inez—to "his own aversion," I return to the story of the paper-duty repeal. M. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and Earl Granville in the House of Lords, were exceedingly eloquent on the multitudinous uses to which paper was to be applied when once the duty was taken off: houses, carriages, wearing apparel, walking-sticks, artillery, everything was to be made of paper—probably of the kind called "foolscap"—but unfortunately a difficulty lay in the way of this universal substitute. As bricks cannot be made without straw, so neither can paper be made without rags, which are only to be obtained from the Continent, France supplying the greater part. But France, knowing the full value of rags—a knowledge in which she will one day gain greater experience—refuses to export the article at anything short of a prohibitory duty, and so the English paper-makers have only the chance left of making a profit out of the trash which now forms the staple on which the penny newspapers are printed. All the houses, carriages, wearing apparel, walking-sticks, and artillery, subside into something less substantial than the pulp which was to have been their chief ingredient, and nothing remains but a result, which, while it is cheap, is decidedly nasty. Still, the repeal of the duty is urged on by the government, though they had only to back

them a narrow majority of ten in a very full House of Commons; and in the teeth of an enormous prospective deficiency of revenue, they carry the bill up to the House of Lords, believing—or pretending to believe—that the duty of the latter is only to register the decrees of the former. They were beaten at every point. On the constitutional question, by Lord Lyndhurst; on the financial question, by Lord Monteagle and Lord Derby; and on the fiscal question, by every opposition peer who took the trouble to expose its absurdity. It was well asked by Lord Monteagle: "Has the country any money to spare?" with the prospect—an undoubted one—of a deficiency next year of more than eleven millions—not of francs, *mon cher*, but money—pounds sterling, Alfred. And equally pertinent was the comment of Lord Derby. He had no objection, he said, to the remission of the paper duty, if it could be effected with safety to the revenue; but he did object—and very strongly—to its removal, with the prospect of foreign disturbances, of greatly-increased taxation, of a large military and naval expenditure, and with the necessity of incurring great expenses in fortifications and national defences. And, by way of enforcing the prudent arguments of Lord Derby and his friends, there arrived, just before the debate began, news that the war against China, which was not to take place, had become inevitable. There could be but one issue to such a debate; but the defeat of the government was far more severe than had been anticipated, the majority against them being very nearly two to one.

I half promised you, last month, a critique on the great annual exhibition at the Royal Academy, but, on reconsideration, I have resolved to say nothing about it. The subject having been worn quite threadbare by the press, beginning with the broadsheet of the *Times*, and ending with the pamphlets of the self-elected shilling "guides," who not only give you a catalogue of the pictures exhibited, but kindly add their own infallibility to keep your judgment from going astray. Yet there is one collection which, as it affects a matter in which Frenchmen, more than any other people, are interested, I cannot forbear from saying a few words about.

Amongst the attractions that London offers at this season, the Gallery at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, which M. Louis Desanges has filled with pictures illustrating the heroic deeds of soldiers who have won the Victoria Cross, "for deeds of valour performed in front of the enemy," is not the least welcome. A twofold merit attaches to the collection of M. Desanges: first, the excellence of the works themselves, and next, the nature of the subjects chosen by him for the exercise of his Art. When it is remembered, too, that M. Desanges has set aside the more lucrative branch of his profession, and foregone the advantage of exhibiting his admirable portraits at the Royal Academy for two successive years, one feels that something more is due to him than the mere praise which is so readily accorded to his remarkable talents. The public, indeed, have fully appreciated the merit of an act so essentially patriotic, and I do not in the least doubt that the Victoria Cross Gallery, which in 1859 was only a noble experiment, will henceforward become a regular metropolitan fixture. Even if there were to be no more wars for England to engage in—a notion in which I cannot persuade myself to indulge, *vu ce que*

nous savons—M. Desanges would still have fresh materials to work with for many a year to come. One proof of this may be inferred from the fact that, owing to its popularity last season, the Victoria Cross Gallery has this year been enriched by twenty-four additional portraits, irrespective of the compositions in which they appear. The new subjects are all, or nearly all, taken from battle-fields and sieges in India, during the great Cipahi mutiny of 1857 and the avenging victories of 1858, and they furnish records sufficient to attest the gallantry of the Indian wearers of the Victoria Cross—worthy companions of the brave soldiers our allies who gained their decorations in the Crimea—records which have supplied M. Desanges with themes which no modern artist, save our own Horace Vernet, could have treated with equal vigour, truth, and characteristic expression.

Let me not, however, dismiss the question of Art without adverting to an amusing incident in connexion with it which took place lately in the House of Commons. Lord Haddo, the eldest son of that accomplished nobleman, "Athenian Aberdeen," being imbued with the notion that the custom of employing "unclothed women" to sit as models was "a most vicious practice," moved that the sanction of a public grant of money should no longer be allowed to the schools of Art in which such exhibitions took place. Lord Haddo, who is an Egyptian traveller, and has penetrated to the sources of the Nile, probably saw little to admire in the "unclothed" charms of the ladies of Nubia; but, as he returned home through Italy, and is *censé* to be a man of taste, I presume he visited the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence, and did not avert his gaze from the naked loveliness of the Venus de' Medici. Does Lord Haddo imagine that he who sculptured that exquisite form selected his model, not for the highest and most refined purpose of Art, but in order to inflict "an outrage upon public decency and public morals?" Or does he believe that any one turns away from the ideal of beauty and grace with the degraded mind which, he says, is the inevitable consequence of making the nude female figure his study? It was pleasantly but truly observed by M. Adderley that the *beau idéal* of Lord Haddo must be sought for in the well-draped *mannequins* of Madame Tussaud. If Lord Haddo has such a decided objection to "unclothed women"—he himself admitting that it is a question of degree—let him commence his crusade against female nudity in his own country, compelling the bonnie lasses of Inverary to forswear "cuttie sarks" (*jupons courts, mon cher*), and put on shoes and stockings, the sight of the barelegged nymphs of Aberdeenshire being quite as dangerous to public morals, and to the full as great an outrage upon public decency, as the development of naked limbs in private schools of Art. Lord Palmerston humorously told Lord Haddo that he ought to bring in a bill to make it penal for any persons, anywhere, to study the female form. Should he prepare such a bill, the preamble might run, in the words of Madelon to Cathos, "Ajustons un peu nos cheveux au moins, et soutenons notre réputation." The *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière have their male representatives.

"On a bien raison de dire que qui n'a pas vu le *Derby-day* n'a pas vu l'Angleterre." These are the words of M. de Montalembert, in his celebrated pamphlet of 1858, in introducing the episode of "The Derby"

for that year, and had he been here on Wednesday, the 23rd of May last, he would have seen additional reason for making his asseveration. The custom of adjourning all legislation in parliament on the Derby-day has gradually been creeping into the proceedings of the House of Commons, on the motion, hitherto, of some private member. It was reserved for 1860—the eighty-fourth anniversary of “ce grand sporting event”—to behold the Prime Minister himself rising in his place to put off all business on the day when “les grands Derby-stakes” were run for. To be sure, Lord Palmerston had a personal interest in the matter—as most Prime Ministers in England have; it is, indeed, one of the English qualifications for office—but, if such had not been the case, it would have been [all the same, for, of all people in the world, the gay, volatile, “up-to-everything” (capable de tout) Lord Palmerston, is the foremost in encouraging manly games, whether they “come off” (arrivent) on a race-course or in a prize-ring. I wish I could add that Lord Palmerston had won “The Derby,” but his horse, Mainstone, was “nowhere” (perdu dans la foule), and the victor was a noble animal called Thormanby, owned by a gentleman whose name must have expressed his feelings on the occasion better than any word I can use. (Il s'appelle “Merry,” c'est-à-dire, “Joyeux.”)

I was going to say something to you about books, but I find I have not room in this letter, only, at least, for a few words on a single one—the *five-hundredth* and youngest member of a goodly family, whose step-father is the zealous and indefatigable Chevalier Bernhard Tauchnitz, of Leipzig. Under the title of “Five Centuries of the English Language and Literature,” the enterprising M. Tauchnitz has made a collection of British Authors, which for the last nineteen years he has been engaged in publishing. The liberality of this enterprise, as well as the spirit with which it was conducted, may be inferred from a few words in the editor’s interesting preface, where he says: “This collection was the first undertaking in which the principle of international copyright was respected and carried on to a practical result.” All honour, then, to M. Tauchnitz; and that he may live to carry out his resolve to proceed in the career he has so nobly run, is the sincere wish, mon cher Alfred, of your devoted

VICTOR GOUACHE.

# OVINGDEAN GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.\*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

## Part the Eighth.

CHARLES THE SECOND AT O Vingdean Grange.

### I.

#### THE PAPER BULLET.

ON their return to Racton that night, Colonel Gunter and his guest partook of supper, and were still seated over a flask of excellent Bordeaux, when a confidential servant entered, and informed his master that the messenger had just arrived, and craved admittance.

The colonel looked surprised, but bade the man show the messenger in without delay. Whereupon the servant withdrew, and presently afterwards reappeared with Ninian Saxby.

The young falconer had doffed the gay and becoming habiliments in which he appeared during the time of his service with Colonel Maunsel, and was now very soberly clad in a tight-fitting jerkin of black cloth, a long black cloak without plait or ornament, funnel-topped boots armed with large spurs, a small plain band, and a steeple-crowned hat. By his side he wore a long tuck—a weapon proper to the fanatical party to which he was now supposed to belong. His brown curling locks, once his ornament and pride, no longer offended the severe eye of the zealot. Shears, remorseless as those of Atropos, had cropped them off close to his head; rendering him, in Cavalier parlance, “a prick-eared cur.” But the merry eye, laughing features, and careless bearing of the young man somewhat belied his puritanical attire; though, no doubt, he could assume a more sedate look and deportment when occasion required.

Colonel Gunter waited till the servant had retired, and then asked Ninian whence he came?

“From Hambleton, in Hampshire,” was the answer.

“Where does the king lodge to-night?” demanded Colonel Gunter. “Taries he still at Hele House, near Amesbury, where

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my worthy cousin Hyde has been fortunate enough to afford him an asylum?"

"No, your honour," Ninian replied. "His Majesty quitted Hele House this morning, after remaining there for three or four days, and came on to Hambleton, on his way into Sussex. He and the noble Lord Wilmot will pass the night at the house of worshipful Master Symons, who, as I believe, married your honour's sister; though, as far as I can guess, the lady only, and not her husband, will be made acquainted with the rank of her guests."

"And quite right too," cried Colonel Gunter, with a laugh. "Tom Symons, though a worthy fellow, is too fond of the bottle to be trusted in a matter of such vital consequence. But my sister, though I say it, is a woman in a thousand, and entire reliance may be placed upon her judgment and discretion. But hast thou nothing for me?"

"This little ball, your honour, which I should have swallowed if I had fallen into the hands of the Philistines," Ninian replied.

So saying, he produced a small paper bullet, and handed it with the points of his fingers to Colonel Gunter, who, having unfolded the tightly-compressed sheet of tissue paper, and carefully smoothed its creases, soon made himself master of the contents of the letter, which then became apparent. This done, he crushed the despatch in his hand, and tossed it into the wood fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, where it was instantly consumed.

"Lord Wilmot writes that his Majesty is eager to embark," the colonel observed to Clavering, "and fully calculating upon our success in hiring Tattersall's brig, proposes to go on board to-morrow night. His lordship assigns no reason for thus advancing the hour of departure; but the king may, perhaps, have taken alarm at some movement of the enemy, or it may only be a natural anxiety on his Majesty's part to get out of harm's way. Was aught said on the subject to thee, Ninian?"

"His lordship told me that the king desires most ardently to embark to-morrow night," replied Ninian, "or early in the morning, as his Majesty entertains the notion that the moment will be propitious for his escape, and that, if deferred, ill consequences may ensue."

"But how are we to carry out the king's wishes?" cried Gunter. "We have arranged with Tattersall for Wednesday night, not Wednesday morning, and it will be scarcely possible, I fear, to prevail upon the stubborn skipper to set sail earlier. Besides, the rascal stipulated for an interview with his two passengers before he would agree to convey them across the Channel."

"True," replied Clavering; "but Tattersall is a loyal fellow, and I believe him to be only desirous of satisfying himself that it is the king who is to sail with him. Had he been trusted, in my

opinion, he would not have made the stipulation; but you did not deem such a course prudent."

"I judged it better not to tell him too much," replied Gunter. "Not that I believe for a moment that the reward offered by the Council of State would tempt him to betray the king. He is too loyal and honest for such a detestable act. But when the penalties of high treason stare him in the face—when loss of life and confiscation of property may follow his complicity in a scheme like the present—I feel unwilling to alarm him, lest he may decline altogether."

"I have no fear of him," cried Clavering. "Animated by the same spirit of loyalty as ourselves, he will run all risks to save his sovereign. Should we hesitate if placed in a similar situation? Would the fear of death affright us? Assuredly not. We should rather rejoice in the opportunity afforded of proving our loyalty and devotion. Such I firmly believe to be Tattersall's sentiments. But come what may, he must be ready to take his Majesty and Lord Wilmot on board to-morrow night, and to set sail on the following day."

"I will engage that Captain Tattersall shall be ready, if your honours choose to confide in me," said Ninian.

"Thou!" exclaimed both his auditors.

"Yes, I," the young falconer replied; "and that without further compromising his Majesty than has been done at present. I will ride over to Shoreham to-night, see Captain Tattersall early in the morning, and make all straight with him. The *Swiftsure* shall be ready to receive her royal passenger at midnight to-morrow, and to sail ere daybreak."

"Accomplish this, and thou wilt earn a title to thy sovereign's gratitude," said Colonel Gunter. "In any case, thou mayst rest assured of a good reward from me."

"And from me also," said Clavering. "Hark thee, Ninian, so soon as thou hast arranged matters with Tattersall, ride on to the Grange, and acquaint my father with the change of plans. John Habergeon will have led him to expect us on Wednesday afternoon."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," replied Ninian, turning to depart.

"Stay!" exclaimed Colonel Gunter; "thou hast not yet told us where we are to meet Lord Wilmot and his Majesty to-morrow morning."

"I thought his lordship's letter might have mentioned the place of rendezvous," replied Ninian. "At five o'clock in the morning, the king and his escort will leave Mr. Symons's house, near Hambledon, and your honour and Captain Clavering are to meet them, an hour later, in the central avenue of Stanstead Forest."

"It is well," said Colonel Gunter. "We must be astir betimes,

Clavering. And now, Ninian, I will not detain thee longer than shall enable thee to drink a bumper of canary to his Majesty's prosperous voyage across the Channel."

So saying, he filled a goblet with wine, and gave it to the young falconer, who did justice to the pledge proposed to him. Colonel Gunter then inquired from Ninian whether his horse was fully equal to the journey he had to perform, and being answered in the affirmative, he bade the young man good night, enjoining him to act with the utmost caution, since much now depended upon him.

Ninian, with much earnestness, and more modesty than he usually exhibited, replied that he felt the full responsibility of the task he had undertaken, and would discharge it to the best of his ability. He then took his departure, and in less than a quarter of an hour started for Shoreham.

Not long afterwards the two Cavaliers, having to rise early, with the prospect of a hard day's work to follow, retired to rest.

## II.

### A ROYAL WANDERER.

FIVE o'clock had not struck next morning, when Colonel Gunter entered Clavering's chamber, and found his guest not only awake, but fully attired and prepared for the journey. So blithe were the young man's looks, that Colonel Gunter could not help commenting upon them, and said, "I am glad to see you look so cheerful, my young friend. It shows that you calculate on success, and I doubt not your anticipations will be realised."

"Ere many hours have flown, his Majesty, I hope, will have quitted these ungrateful shores," said Clavering; "and I feel assured that although he is now driven hence by the malice of rebels and fanatics, he will return to his kingdom in triumph."

"Amen!" replied Colonel Gunter. "Like myself, I see you are well armed—pistols in your belt and rapier by your side. I trust we shall have no occasion to use our weapons. But the king shall never fall into the hands of the rebels while we have breath to defend him. And now, since you are ready, let us set forth at once."

"With all my heart," replied Clavering: "I am impatient to greet his Majesty on the day which I trust will be that of his happy deliverance."

None of the household were astir at this early hour except the confidential servant who had waited upon his master on the previous evening. This attentive personage had prepared a slight repast for them, and set it out in the library, but neither of the



gentlemen cared to partake of it, nor would they be prevailed upon to fortify their stomachs against the morning air by a glass of strong waters, at the butler's recommendation. Proceeding at once to the stables, they mounted their steeds, which they found in readiness, and rode off.

Racton, Colonel Gunter's residence, it has already been mentioned, was about four miles to the north-west of Chichester, and though a house of no great size or pretension, was very pleasantly situated at a short distance from Stanstead Park, then belonging to Lord Lumley. This park, with the stately mansion in the midst of it, now lay before our friends; they did not, however, enter it, but skirting the moss-grown palings by which it was surrounded, shaped their course towards the forest, which lay further to the west. As the sun had not yet appeared to enliven nature with his kindling beams, and dispel the mists of night, which still hung heavy over the woods and the landscape, the atmosphere felt excessively cold, causing the two gentlemen to draw their ample cloaks somewhat more tightly round them. It was now, it must be borne in mind, the middle of October, and the foliage was dyed with the glowing tints bestowed by the later days of autumn. Heavy dews hung on the leaves, and the ferns, briars, and gorse growing on the roadside were plentifully charged with moisture.

The horses snorted frequently and loudly as their riders walked them along, and the breath from the animals' nostrils arose like steam. The rabbits on the sandy banks scudded off to their holes on the approach of the horsemen. The pheasant ran along the ground, thickly strewn with brown leaves, and gained the shelter of the copse. The blackbird started from the holly-bush, and the cries of the jay, the mellow notes of the wood-pigeon, and the chatter of the magpie resounded from the thicket. Ere long the two Cavaliers gained the forest, which was of considerable extent, and boasted some noble timber, being especially rich, like most large woods in this part of Sussex, in beech-trees. Passing a grove of these magnificent trees, crowning a sandy eminence from which their mighty roots protruded, our friends began to descend a long sweeping glade, broken here and there by scattered trees—ancient oaks with gnarled trunks and giant arms, towering elms, or venerable thorns. In a ferny brake on the right was couched a herd of deer, and as the two horsemen neared them, these graceful denizens of the forest started up from their bed, and tripped across the glade. A little further on, the deep secluded character of the forest in some measure disappeared, though the scene lost nothing of its picturesqueness and sylvan beauty.

By this time the sun had begun to o'er-top the trees on the east, and to light up the groves on the western side of the glade,

chequering the open sward with shadows, though the opposite side was still buried in gloom. Riding quickly on, the two Cavaliers speedily reached the central avenue in the forest—a wide alley two miles in length, and skirted by noble trees—and they had no sooner entered it than they descried a little cavalcade advancing from the opposite direction, though still about a mile off.

“Yonder comes the king!” exclaimed Colonel Gunter. “We are not a minute too soon, after all. Forward! my young friend—forward!” And as he spoke he urged on his steed, while Clavering likewise quickened his pace.

The cavalcade descried by our friends consisted of four persons, all well mounted, and all plainly attired in sad-coloured garments—long black cloaks, square-toed boots drawn above the knee, and hats with tall conical crowns and broad penthouse brims. They might have been taken for demure and fanatical Republicans. The two gentlemen in advance were Colonel Robert Philips, of Montacute House, in Somersetshire, a devoted Royalist, and Captain Thomas Gunter, our worthy colonel’s kinsman. Of the pair who came behind, he who rode on the left was Lord Wilmot; but it is the individual on the right who claims our chief attention.

Tall of stature, and, so far as could be judged in his unbecoming attire, strongly and well proportioned, this personage possessed features which could scarcely be termed handsome. And yet, though the countenance might be somewhat harsh, the eyes were so large, quick, and expressive, so full of fire and intelligence, of malice and, it might be, merriment, that it was difficult to say that he was ill-looking. The owner of that remarkable physiognomy used himself to describe it as ugly, but it may be doubted whether any one else concurred with him in opinion. The features, though large, and perhaps a little coarse, were by no means heavy, but susceptible of the most captivating, vivacious, and humorous expression. Drollery, indeed, and good humour might be said to characterise the face, though there was a strong touch of sarcasm about the mouth. The complexion of the person under consideration was singularly swarthy, his eyebrows thick and black, and the little that could be seen of his close-cropped hair, of the same raven hue. Such was the fugitive monarch, Charles Stuart, as he appeared to the two Cavaliers when they rode forward to salute him.

As our friends came within a bow-shot of the king, he ordered a halt, and stood still to await their approach—his attendants drawing back so as to leave his Majesty in front. On seeing the little cortége halt in this manner, the two Cavaliers slackened their pace, approaching the royal wanderer as ceremoniously and with as profound respect as if he had been surrounded by a large retinue, and aided and accompanied by all the pomp and show of princely state. When within a short distance of the king, they both drew up, and, uncovering, bowed to the saddle-bow. Charles

returned their salutation with the dignity and grace peculiar to him. His whole deportment was changed, and notwithstanding his sorry attire, he now looked every inch a king. Nothing could be more affable and condescending than his manner, while the air of majesty which he ceased not to retain, heightened the effect of his gracious demeanour.

"Well met, gentlemen!" he cried. "A good morning to both of you. Delighted to see you. Approach, Mr. Clavering Maunsel. We have not seen you since the night after Worcester's luckless engagement, when, at great personal risk, you delivered us from imminent capture by the rebels. Approach, brave young sir, that we may tender our thanks for the service, which, rest assured, will never be obliterated from our memory."

At this intimation, Clavering sprang from his steed, and giving the bridle to Colonel Gunter, stepped forward, and bending the knee reverentially before the young monarch, kissed the hand which the latter extended towards him.

"Rise, sir," said Charles. "We are greatly beholden to you, but you must content yourself with bare thanks for the present, our fallen estate not permitting us the means of adequately rewarding services like yours. But a day may come, and then they shall not be forgotten. And now, what tidings do you bring of your worthy father?—he is well, I trust? And the valiant old trooper who fought with him at Edge Hill and Naseby, and whom he sent with you to Worcester—how is he named?—let me see—oh! John Habergeon—how fares it with the tough old fellow? I trust no prick-eared fanatic has shortened his days? We shall put Colonel Maunsel's loyalty and hospitality to the proof, for we propose to pass a few hours with him at Ovingdean Grange before proceeding to Shoreham. The visit, we trust, can be made without risk? But these questions, and others which we design to put to you, can be answered more leisurely as we ride along. So mount, young sir, and take a place beside us."

And while Clavering hastened to obey his Majesty's behest, Charles accorded an equally gracious reception to Colonel Gunter; with this difference only, that he allowed the latter to perform the ceremony of kissing hands without quitting the saddle.

The cavalcade was now once more in motion, and proceeding at a trot along the avenue. Colonel Philips and Captain Gunter rode in advance as before, while the rear was brought up by Colonel Gunter and Lord Wilmot, the king and Clavering occupying the centre. After a little preliminary discourse, Charles broached the subject of greatest interest to himself, and inquired, with an anxiety which he did not attempt to conceal, whether Tattersall's vessel was engaged, and ready to sail that night, or early in the morning?

"The brig is secured, as I trust, sire," Clavering replied; "but

arrangements were made for to-morrow night, not for the morning. However, I do not believe that the earlier hour will make much difference to Captain Tattersall; and our faithful messenger, Ninian Saxby, has already been despatched to him to expedite matters."

"Tattersall *must* start before daybreak to-morrow morning," said Charles. "I am superstitious enough to attach great importance to the arrangement, and feel persuaded that delay will be fraught with danger."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Clavering. "I would we had been sooner aware of your Majesty's wishes in this particular."

"That could not easily be," replied the king. "Till yesterday I was indifferent to the matter, but now I am bent upon it."

"Far be it from me to attempt to shake your Majesty's resolution," said Clavering. "You would not, I am sure, feel so strong a conviction without cause. And perhaps this acceleration of your plans may save you from some secret danger."

As he spoke, his thoughts involuntarily reverted to Micklegift, but he did not think it needful to mention his misgivings to the king. "I had previously prepared my father for the honour and gratification he might expect in a visit from your Majesty to-morrow; but his impatience will be so great that he will be far better pleased that it should occur to-day."

"I hope we shall take him by surprise," said the king. "I do not desire him to make any preparations. I must be received by him, not as the king, but as plain William Jackson. Besides, if by any accident the expected visit of to-morrow should have reached the enemy, and bring them to the house, they will be a day too late."

"True," replied Clavering, thoughtfully. "All things considered, I am not sorry that your Majesty has advanced the hour of your departure."

At this juncture an opening in the trees displayed a fine view of the country, the prospect being terminated by Portsmouth, with its shipping, and the Isle of Wight.

The king stopped to gaze at the scene, and his little escort halted likewise. After looking for a few moments at the distant arsenal, with its forts, docks, and storehouses, he exclaimed, in tones of some emotion, not unmingled with bitterness,

"Oh, that yon noble arsenal, with its fortifications and stores, and the powerful fleet in its harbour, were mine! I should not need more to regain my kingdom. But all have fallen from me except you, my faithful followers, and a few others, and I ought, therefore, to estimate your loyalty at its true value."

After a brief pause he continued, in a voice of deep emotion, "Now that the hour is almost come when I must exile myself from my country, and seek shelter on a foreign shore, I shrink

from the effort, and almost prefer death to a flight, which has something cowardly and dishonourable about it—unworthy of the descendant of a royal line, and himself a king.”

“View not your withdrawal in that light, my gracious liege,” said Clavering. “There is nothing unworthy in your meditated flight. On the contrary, it is a course of action dictated by prudence. If a chance remained of regaining your kingdom, I and your faithful liegemen would urge you to stay. But the moment is unpropitious, and you do wisely to withdraw till this terrible tempest now passing over the land shall have exhausted its fury. Leave your misguided and ungrateful subjects for a while to the care of the usurper Cromwell—they will soon be heartily sick of him, and eager to recal you.”

“What you say is true—perfectly true,” replied Charles; “I must go. Yet it is hard to fly from a kingdom, even when it is mine no longer.”

“Your kingdom is not lost, my liege,” cried Clavering. “You design not to abdicate.”

“Never!” exclaimed Charles. “I will sooner mount my murdered father’s scaffold than do so.”

“Then I am right in saying your kingdom is not lost, sire. A king is not the less a king because he can only rally round him a few faithful followers. Our spirit in time will animate others, and will catch and spread till the whole land is on fire. Treason and rebellion will be burned out, and your subjects eager to herald your return.”

“I trust it may be so,” replied the king. “Have any tidings been heard of the Earl of Derby? A court-martial hath sat upon him, as I am informed, by virtue of a commission from the arch-traitor Cromwell, and it hath, in violation of all laws of honourable warfare, since quarter was promised the earl on surrender, condemned him to death by the headsman. But his lordship hath since petitioned Cromwell, as I am told, for a remission of his sentence—with what result?—can any of ye tell me, gentlemen?”

There was a profound silence. And Clavering and Colonel Gunter, on whom Charles fixed inquiring glances, cast down their eyes.

“Your silence shows me that the petition has been ineffectual,” continued the king. “Not content with shedding the best blood of England, the murderous villain would pour out more. He would spare none of you if ye fell into his hands. O my valiant and chivalrous Derby, thou soul of honour and loyalty, and art thou to perish thus! When and where is the shameful deed to be done?”

“To-morrow at noon, at Bolton, in Lancashire, as I am informed, my liege,” replied Clavering, to whom the question seemed to be addressed.

“To-morrow at noon—ha!” exclaimed Charles, sadly. “Then

one of the best and bravest spirits in England will wing its flight to purer spheres! Prepare yourselves to be astonished, gentlemen, by what I am about to relate. As I live and stand before you," he added, in a tone of so much solemnity that it struck awe in his hearers, "I have been warned that Derby would die at the time you have mentioned."

"May I venture to ask your Majesty how you received the warning?" said Clavering.

"From the earl himself," replied Charles. "You all stare and look incredulous. But it is so, unless I have conjured up a phantom from mine own imagination. I saw him the night before last at midnight—I saw him again last night. Nay, methought I beheld his shadowy figure, not long ago, in this very forest."

"Here! in this forest, sire?" exclaimed Clavering.

"Moving amidst the trees by my side," replied Charles. "I beheld him quite plainly, though I mentioned not the circumstance."

"And the apparition, if such it may be called, came to warn your Majesty, you say?" cried Clavering.

"The earl, or a spirit in his likeness, warned me," replied the king, "that his execution would take place to-morrow—the truth of which sad intelligence you yourself have just confirmed—and the semblance of my gallant Derby added, that if I quitted not England before his head was laid upon the block, I should share the same fate as my martyred father. Hence my anxiety to set sail at daybreak to-morrow will be intelligible to you."

"Your haste and inquietude are now perfectly intelligible, sire," replied Clavering.

"The circumstance is strange, and inexplicable even to myself," said Charles. "But it is best to accept such matters as they come, without seeking to examine them too closely. It may be a delusion, or it may be real, I cannot say which; but I shall act as if the warning had been given me by my beloved Derby in person. But I shall grow sad if I suffer my thoughts to dwell longer on this theme. Let us on!"

With this, he put his steed once more in motion, and the little cavalcade proceeded in the same order and at the same pace as before. By pursuing the avenue to its full extent, the king would have been brought nearer Stanstead House than his conductors judged prudent. They therefore turned off on the left, and soon came to a more open part of the forest, where the timber, being scattered, attained larger growth. Here they encountered a woodman, with a hatchet over his shoulder, accompanied by a lad, and both stood still to gaze at the cavalcade; but on recognising Colonel Gunter, who was known to him, the forester doffed his fur cap and went his way. Further on, they met a couple of huntsmen in Lord Lumley's livery, and these men likewise testified surprise on beholding the party. But again Colonel Gunter's presence prevented interruption.

After quitting the forest and skirting Stanstead Park, the royal party pursued their way through a lovely and well-wooded district, until they came to the foot of an eminence called Bow Hill, and entered the narrow and picturesque vale denominated Kingly Bottom—so called from a battle between the inhabitants of Chichester and the Danes—and Charles failed not to notice the group of venerable yew-trees—venerable in *his* days, though still extant, with the trifle of two centuries added to their age—that adorn the valley. After this, they passed Stoke Down, bestowing a passing observation on the curious circular hollows indented in the sod.

From the acclivities over which the travellers next rode the ancient and picturesque city of Chichester could be seen on the level land near the sea, the tall spire and pinnacles of its noble cathedral, the adjacent bell-tower, and the quaint old octagonal market-cross, erected in the fifteenth century, all rising above the crumbling walls still surrounding the city. As Charles looked towards this fine old cathedral, he could not help deploring to his companions the damage it had sustained at the hands of the sacrilegious Republican soldiers.

Avoiding Chichester, the king and his company pursued their way along the beautiful and well-wooded slopes of the Goodwood downs. If the journey had been unattended with risk, it would have been delightful; but beset by peril as he was, on all sides, Charles did not lose his sense of enjoyment. The constant presence of danger had made him well-nigh indifferent to it. Constitutionally brave, almost reckless, he was assailed by no idle apprehensions. The chief maxim in his philosophy was to make the most of the passing moment, and not to let the chances of future misfortune damp present enjoyment.

The fineness of the weather contributed materially to the pleasure of the ride. It was an exquisite morning, and the day promised to continue equally beautiful throughout. The trees were clothed with the glowing livery of later autumn, and as the whole district was well and variously wooded, there was every variety of shade in the foliage still left, from bright yellow to deepest red. Corn was then, as now, extensively grown in the broad and fertile fields in the flat land nearer the sea, but the crops had been gathered, and the fields were for the most part covered with stubble. The prospect offered to the king, as he looked towards the coast, was varied and extensive. On the left, the ancient mansion of Halnaker, now in ruins, but at that time presenting a goodly specimen of the Tudor era of architecture, seemed to invite him to halt; and Colonel Gunter informed his Majesty that over the buttery hatch in this old house were scrolls hospitably entreating visitors to "come in and drink," assuring them they would be "*les bien-venus*." Notwithstanding these inducements to tarry, Charles rode on, galloping along the fine avenue of chesnut-trees, the fallen leaves of which now thickly strewn the ground.

Halnaker was soon left behind, and ere long the somewhat devious course of the royal party led them through the exquisite grove of beech-trees skirting Slindon Park, the remarkable beauty of the timber eliciting the warm admiration of the king, who would fain have loitered to admire it at his leisure.

### III.

#### AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE GOVERNOR OF ARUNDEL CASTLE.

THE proud-looking castle of Arundel was now visible, magnificently situated on the terrace of a hill, surrounded by noble woods, above which towered the ancient central keep. From the spot where the royal party surveyed it, about two miles off, the stately edifice looked the picture of feudal grandeur, but a nearer approach showed how grievously it had been injured. At the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, Arundel Castle fell into the hands of the Parliamentary forces, but surrendered to Lord Hopton in 1643. It did not, however, remain long in the possession of the Royalists, being retaken within two months, after a siege of seventeen days, by Sir William Waller, when a thousand prisoners were made by the victorious party. The castle was then plundered and partly destroyed, and great ravages committed in the ancient and beautiful church of Saint Nicholas, contiguous to it. At the time of our story it was occupied as a garrison by the Parliamentary troops, the command of the castle, with the title of governor, having been very recently accorded to Colonel Morley, a Republican officer of great strictness and severity. Though the interior of the ancient and stately fabric was mutilated and destroyed, though the carved tombs and monuments, stone pulpit, arches, altars, delicate tracery, and exquisite architectural ornaments of the church were defaced, though much of the fine timber growing near the fortress was remorselessly hewn down, the defences of the castle were still maintained, and it was even then looked upon as a place of considerable strength.

"I was with Lord Hopton when he took yon fortress in '43," observed Colonel Gunter to the king. "The rascals surrendered on the first summons, and saved us the trouble of a siege. But it cost Waller seventeen days of good hard work to get it back again. The rogues have done as much mischief as they can both to castle and church. We must, perforce, pass through the town, as we shall to cross the Arun by the bridge."

Charles made no objection, and the party rode on until they reached the hill on which the proud fortress is planted. They were mounting the ascent somewhat leisurely, when the merry notes of a hunting-horn greeted their ears, and the next moment a company of well-nigh a dozen horsemen, with a pack of hounds, appeared at the top of the hill. From the buff coats, boots, and other habili-



ments worn by these horsemen, it was evident that they were troopers from the castle going forth to indulge in the pastime of hunting, but though for the convenience of the chase they had laid aside their swords, carabines, and heavy steel accoutrements, they had still bandoleers over their shoulders, and pistols in their holsters. In this troop one person was a little in advance of the others, and it was evident from the superiority of his attire, as well as from the deference shown him, that he was higher in station than his companions. The individual in question was no other than the newly-appointed governor of Arundel Castle. Colonel Morley was a tall, raw-boned personage, with broad cheeks and flat nose, and the truculence of his looks was not diminished by a long pair of starched moustaches, which projected, like the whiskers of a tiger, from his face. Colonel Gunter instantly recognised him, and informing the king who was coming towards them, asked if his Majesty preferred to turn aside?

"On no account," replied Charles. "That would excite instant suspicion. Colonel Morley has seen us. Go boldly on."

The two parties now rapidly approached each other. The Royalists displayed great nerve, and did not flinch from the encounter. Colonel Morley eyed the troop advancing towards him sharply and suspiciously. He allowed them to approach quite close without question, but just as they were about to pass he called out to them, in an authoritative tone, to stay.

"Who are ye?" he demanded. "And whither go ye?"

"We are from Chichester, worshipful sir, of which city I am mayor," replied Colonel Gunter, "on our way to Steyning, to attend the marriage of a cousin of mine, a very comely damsel, who is to be wedded this day to an elder of that town."

The governor took little notice of the reply, but looking fixedly at the king, said:

"Who art thou, friend? Thy face seems familiar to me."

"Very like it may be, worshipful sir, if you have ever visited Chichester," replied Charles, without betraying the slightest confusion. "I am an alderman and maltster of the city, by name William Jackson. You have heard of me, I doubt not?"

"I cannot say that I have, but then I have recently arrived here," replied the governor of the castle, to whom the answers appeared satisfactory. "Pass on your way, Mr. Mayor, and you, good master alderman, and take my best wishes for the happiness of the bride, especially if she be as comely as ye represent her. And harkye, one of my men shall go with you, and see you safely through the town, or, peradventure, ye may be hindered. Go with them, Corporal Gird-the-Loins Grimbald."

The pretended mayor of Chichester thanked the governor of Arundel Castle for his courtesy, after which the Royalist party, attended by Corporal Grimbald, a very grim-looking corporal indeed,

set off in one direction, while Colonel Morley, winding his horn to call the hounds together, rode off in another, followed by the troopers. The royal party soon afterwards entered Arundel, and it was fortunate that they had the grim-visaged corporal with them, for the town proved to be full of soldiers. Many of these glanced inquisitively at the travellers, but, seeing Grimbald, concluded all must be right. A nearer inspection of the castle showed the extent of the damage done to it by the Parliamentary soldiers. Sentinels fully accoutred, and armed with carabines, were posted at the gates of the fortress, and within the base-court could be seen other men drawn up, and going through their exercise. Our party, however, pushed on, and made for the bridge, where Corporal Gird-the-Loins Grimbald quitted them.

## IV.

## THE BLACKSMITH OF ANGMERING.

HAVING crossed the narrow but rushing Arun, the travellers now pursued their way along a winding lane, bordered in many places by fine trees, and enjoying glimpses of delicious woodland scenery. As they approached Angmering, it was discovered that the king's horse had lost a shoe. At first, it was feared that the loss could not be remedied at any place nearer than Steyning, but luckily a little smithy was found on the skirts of Angmering Park, while a small wayside inn, very pleasantly situated in the midst of some fine elm-trees, offered them the refreshment they so much needed, both for themselves and their steeds. Since quitting Stanstead Forest they had now ridden upwards of twenty miles, the king and those with him having previously ridden ten miles from Hambledon. All the party were as hungry as hunters. Charles declared he felt absolutely voracious, and directed Colonel Gunter to order the best breakfast that could be provided at the little inn, while he himself got his horse shod.

The blacksmith, a shrewd-looking fellow, lifted up the horse's feet deliberately, and then, with rather a singular look, remarked,

"Why, master, how comes this? Your horse has but three shoes left, and all three were put on in different counties; and one in Worcestershire."

"You are right, friend," replied Charles, laughing. "This horse was ridden at the fight at Worcester. I bought him from a disbanded Cavalier."

"Well, he shall have an honest Roundhead shoe this time, I can promise you, master," cried the blacksmith, plying his bellows, and soon afterwards placing a glowing shoe on the anvil. "I should like to belabour all Royalists in this fashion," he added, as he struck the heated iron.

"What! would you serve Charles Stuart himself so?" demanded Charles.

"Ay, marry, him worse than any other," replied the blacksmith, with a blow that made the anvil ring. "I heard say at Arundel that the Young Man has been taken, and I hope it be true."

"Well, one thing is quite certain, thou wouldst never lend him a hand to escape," observed Charles.

"No, nor a shoe, nor a nail," replied the smith. "I'd lame his horse, if he brought him to me."

"Well, don't lame mine, friend, I prithee," said Charles. "Take him to the stable, and see him well fed when thou hast done. I must in to breakfast."

The blacksmith promising compliance, Charles entered the little inn, where he found his companions seated at a table, with a goodly loaf of bread, a half-consumed cheese, and a lump of butter before them, together with two capacious jugs filled with ale, and drinking-horns. They did not rise, of course, on his Majesty's appearance, but he took the place reserved for him between Clavering and Lord Wilmot. Charles was scarcely seated when a large dish of fried ham and eggs was placed upon the table by a comely-looking damsel. A second supply was ordered to be prepared, and the king and his hungry followers did ample justice to the repast.

Having pretty nearly cleared the board and quite emptied both jugs of their contents, the party arose, and called for the reckoning, which was moderate enough, as may be supposed. Colonel Gunter defrayed it, while the others went forth to look after their steeds. The blacksmith had charge of the king's horse, and in return for the half-crown which Charles bestowed upon him, wished the young monarch a prosperous journey, adding,

"And that's more than I would wish Charles Stuart. But talking of the Young Man, master, what manner of man is he?"

"A marvellous proper man," replied the king; "about a foot taller than myself, very broad across the shoulders, fair-haired——"

"Nay, that can't be!" exclaimed the blacksmith, "for I have heard tell that he is as dark as a gipsy. I should say he was more like your honour."

"How now, sirrah! hast thou the impudence to tell me to my face that I am like Charles Stuart?" cried the king, with affected wrath. "I have half a mind to chastise thee."

"Nay, I meant no offence," replied the smith. "The devil, they say, is not so black as he's painted, and a man may be swart as a gipsy and yet handsome for all that. Handsome is that handsome does, and your honour having paid me handsomely, I wish you a prosperous journey. Good luck attend you wherever you go!" So saying, he retired into his smithy.

By this time all the party having mounted, they again set forth on their way.

## V.

## THE PATRIARCH OF THE DOWNS.

ANGMERING PARK, through a portion of which the royal party now rode, possessed many points of great beauty, and boasted much noble timber. In especial, there was a fine grove of oaks, old as the Druids, and tenanted at that time by a colony of herons; the birds, or their progeny, having since migrated to Parham. Charles cast a passing glance at the long-legged, long-necked birds congregated on the higher branches of the trees, and listened for a moment to their harsh cries. Quitting Angmering Park, and approaching Clapham Wood through a beautiful sylvan district, the party now obtained a fine view of Highdown Hill, on the summit of which, in later years, has been placed the Miller's Tomb.

From Clapham Wood the travellers made their way towards Findon, proceeding along the valley at the base of Cissbury Hill, a noble down, boasting, like so many of its neighbouring eminences, a large encampment, and commanding extensive views both of sea and land. Mounting the western slope of down in order to enjoy the prospect, the troop presently came to some circular hollows similar to those which they had previously passed at Stoke Down.

In one of these cavities a little hut had been constructed. On a wooden bench in front of the lowly habitation sat a venerable figure, which irresistibly attracted the king's attention, and arrested his progress. The personage seemed to be of an age almost patriarchal, to judge from his hoary locks and long silvery beard. Originally he must have been of lofty stature, but his frame was bent by the weight of years, and his limbs shrunken. His head was uncovered, and his brow and features ploughed deeply with wrinkles. His garb was that of a common shepherd of the downs. At his feet lay a dog, whose appearance was almost as antiquated as that of his master. On the bench near this patriarch of the hills sat a little girl, who was reading the Bible to him.

Perceiving from the king's looks that he desired to know something concerning this venerable personage, Colonel Gunter informed his Majesty that the name of the shepherd was Oswald Barcombe. He was what in popular parlance was called a "wise man," and had had plenty of time to acquire wisdom, for his life had extended far beyond the limits ordinarily allotted to man. For some time—almost beyond the memory of the existing generation—he had inhabited that hollow, and had scooped out a cave in the chalk, with which the hut communicated.

These particulars, combined with the old shepherd's venerable and patriarchal appearance, interested Charles so much that he alighted, and committing his horse to Clavering, advanced alone towards the cavity in the midst of which the old man was seated. Per-

ceiving the stranger approach, the little girl left off reading, and pulled the old man by the sleeve to make him aware that some one was at hand. Thus admonished, the patriarch raised his head, and fixed his dim, almost sightless orbs on the king.

"Who art thou that seekest the dwelling of old Oswald Barcombe?" he demanded.

"A wanderer, without home or name," replied the king. "A price is set upon my head, and I am flying from a country which I can no more call mine own. Yet, looking upon thee, old man, I could not pass thy dwelling without craving thy blessing."

"Thou shalt have my blessing and welcome, my son," replied the venerable shepherd; "and I trust it may profit thee."

"Tell me thy age, I prithee, father?" said the king. "Thou must have seen many years."

"Many, many years, my son. A hundred and ten, as far as I can reckon. It may be a year more, or a year less, for I have well-nigh lost the count. Many changes have I seen as well as years. When I was a lad, bluff Harry the Eighth ruled the land, and I lived through the reigns of all his children. They were a royal race, those Tudors. The Stuarts came next, and I saw them both out, father and son, though good King Charles might have been on the throne now, if his enemies had not done him to death."

"Thou sayest truly, old man," replied Charles. "'Twas a deed of which a terrible account will be required of the parricides hereafter, should they even escape earthly punishment. But I honour thee for thy courage, old friend. Few men there are—whatever their secret sentiments may be—bold enough, now-a-days, to couple the epithet 'good' with the name of Charles the First."

"But Charles the First *was* a good king, and I will maintain it," replied Oswald. "I am too old to be a Republican. Go into the cave, my child, and tarry there till I call thee forth. I have a word to say in private to this stranger."

And as the girl departed on the old man's behest, Charles inquired, with some curiosity, if the little maid was his granddaughter.

"She belongs to the fourth generation," replied the old shepherd. "Edith is my great-grandson's daughter. But now that she is gone, I will speak to thee plainly. Thou hast intimated to me that thou art a fugitive Royalist. I cannot give thee shelter, but I can offer thee sympathy. I love not the present state of things. Night and day do I pray for the young king's safety, and for his restoration to the throne of his ancestors. In all likelihood I am the oldest man in the land, and Heaven will listen to me."

"Say'st thou so, father?" cried Charles; "then the king might trust his life to thee?"

"Is the king on these hills?" demanded the old shepherd, trembling.

"He stands before thee!" exclaimed Charles. "Nay, he kneels to thee—implores thy blessing. Thou wilt not withhold it, father?"

Mastering his astonishment by a marvellous effort, with a dignity which nothing but extreme age could impart, and with an expression of countenance almost sublime, the patriarch spread his arms over the head of the kneeling monarch, and in a tone of the utmost solemnity and fervour pronounced a benediction upon him.

"I feel that this blessing from one who, like thyself, has outlived all earthly passions, will indeed profit me," said Charles, rising. "I am compelled to fly from my kingdom, but I shall return to it ere long, and trust to find thee living."

"Not so, sire," replied old Oswald; "my sand is nearly run. You will reascend the throne—of that I am well assured—but ere that happy event occurs, the old shepherd of Cissbury Hill will be laid in the grave already digged for him in this hollow. But while life remains he will not cease to pray for your restoration. Yet take counsel from me, sire," the old man continued, in a slightly troubled tone. "I dream dreams, and behold visions. I have watched the stars on many a night from this hill-top, and have learnt strange lore from the heavenly bodies. To-day you are in safety, but be not found within this rebellious land to-morrow."

"I design not to be so," replied the king. "Fare thee well, father!" And he extended his hand to the patriarch, who pressed it reverently to his lips. "Give this to little Edith," added Charles, placing a piece of gold in the old man's palm. "Once more, farewell!"

He then ran quickly up the side of the little hollow, mounted his horse, and rode off, remaining silent and abstracted for some time, much to the disappointment of his escort, who were curious to learn what had passed between him and the old shepherd of Cissbury Hill.

## VI.

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE WHITE HORSE AT STEYNING.

LEAVING Findon to the left, the travellers next crossed the range of hills, of which the lofty headland, known as Chanctonbury Ring, is the termination on the north-west, and descended upon Steyning. It had been their intention to push on to Bramber, but on entering the town they accidentally learnt that a troop of horse had just ridden off in that direction, so they judged it best to make a brief halt lest they should overtake them. Riding into the yard of the White Horse, they dismounted, and ordered their horses to be taken to the stables. There were a good many persons in the yard at the time, and amongst them were two individuals, who, despite their threadbare apparel, gave themselves

great airs, strutted about like well-clad gallants, pounding the earth with their heavy-heeled boots, and making their long rapiers clatter against the stones. These two personages, who were no other than the redoubted Captain Goldspur and his friend Jervoise Rumboldsdyke, had watched the arrival of the party with some curiosity, and as Charles was about to enter the house, the captain strode up to him, and said, in a low, significant tone, "Art thou a friend to Cæsar?" And then, without waiting for a reply, he exclaimed, "Why, zounds! can it be?—it is—it is Cæsar himself!"

"Be silent, sir!—I charge you on your allegiance," said Charles, authoritatively.

"I am dumb, sire," replied Goldspur, respectfully. "But I pray your Majesty to believe that my sword, my life, are at your disposal."

Rumboldsdyke coming up at the moment, his friend whispered a word to him, which instantly produced a magical effect upon the ruffling blade, whose demeanour became as respectful as that of Goldspur.

"This is Master Jervoise Rumboldsdyke, an it please your Majesty," said Goldspur, in a low tone. "Like myself, he hath lost his fortune in your service. But what matters that? We would lose fifty fortunes—if we had them—in such a cause—and our lives into the bargain. Would we not, Rumboldsdyke?"

"Ay, that would we!" exclaimed the other ruffler.

Charles would have gladly dispensed both with the presence and professions of such suspicious adherents, but fearing some indiscretion on their part, he deemed it best to keep them in sight, and therefore invited them to enter the house, and drink a bottle of canary with him—an invitation which, as may be supposed, they gratefully accepted.

Charles found Colonel Gunter waiting for him just within the doorway, and the latter looked surprised and somewhat uneasy at perceiving his Majesty attended by the two threadbare Cavaliers. A glance from the king, however, reassured him, and on looking more narrowly at the persons with him, he remembered to have seen them amongst the guests at the Poynings' Arms on the night when he was taken there by Stelfax, after his descent of the declivity near the Devil's Dyke. Goldspur, however, sought to set him completely at ease by stepping up to him, and saying in his ear,

"It is all right, Colonel Gunter. We are both friends to Cæsar—both men of honesty and mettle. Do you not remember the night at the Poynings' Arms, when that rascally Ironside captain brought you a prisoner there? Do you not recollect Captain Goldspur and his friend Jervoise Rumboldsdyke? I made an effort for your liberation. A shot was fired from Patcham Wood: 'twas I who sent the bullet at the accursed Stelfax!"

"Enough! enough! Captain Goldspur. I remember you per-

fectly," replied Gunter, hastily. "But come into this private room. We shall be more at our ease there."

So saying, he led the way into a parlour looking towards the back of the house. Charles had already preceded him, and having hastily apprised the others of the addition they might expect to their party, they were prepared for the appearance of the two rufflers. Glasses and a couple of flasks of canary had already been placed on the table, so there was no present occasion to summon the host; and Gunter, having closed the door in order to prevent intrusion, proceeded to introduce the new comers, whom he described as men who would not stick at a trifle to serve their friends.

The introduction over, Lord Wilmot, in a haughty tone, thus addressed them:

"Harkye, Captain Goldspur, and you, Master Rumboldsdyke—since such are the names you choose to go by——"

"'Go by'—was that the word?" interrupted Goldspur, indignantly. "They are as much our names, my lord, as Henry Wilmot, Baron Wilmot in England, and Viscount Wilmot in Ireland, is your own."

"Oddsfish, my lord!" exclaimed Charles, laughing, "you are known to these gentlemen, it seems, as well as we ourselves appear to be."

"It were needless to remind his lordship where we have had the honour of meeting him," observed Goldspur. "But if he desires it, I will mention——"

"Nay, it is needless to enter into particulars," cried Lord Wilmot. "I fancy I have seen your faces before, but not under very creditable circumstances."

"Your lordship does not mean to cast any reflections upon our honour, I trust?" said Goldspur, frowning, and laying his hand upon the hilt of his blade.

"Oh, not in the least, captain," said Lord Wilmot, calmly. "I have no doubt you are both men of honour, according to your own acceptance of the term. But I was about to observe, when you first interrupted me, that you have chosen to force your company upon us——"

"Force, my lord!" cried Goldspur, indignantly. "Neither Master Rumboldsdyke nor myself desire to force our company upon any man. We sought only to offer our swords and our lives to our gracious master. We yield to no man living—not even to yourself, Lord Wilmot—in devotion to the king, and we are ready to approve it. We may have tarnished cloaks and threadbare jerkins, but we have loyal hearts in our breasts."

"I believe you, gentlemen—I believe you," replied the king. "Wilmot, thou art wrong in doubting these good fellows."

"I hope I am," replied his lordship; "but I must be permitted



to observe, that if I perceive the slightest indication of treachery on their part, I shall not hesitate to shoot both of them through the head."

"If his Majesty is satisfied with our professions we are content," said Goldspur.

"And so I am," replied the king—"though it will be needful to keep a wary eye upon them," he muttered to himself. "Sit down, gentlemen. Stand not upon ceremony with me, but fill your glasses to the brim."

"Mine shall be emptied to a pledge that I drink daily," quoth Goldspur. "May the king enjoy his own again, and that right speedily!"

"I echo the sentiment!" added Rumboldsyke.

"I thank you both for this display of your loyalty and attachment," said Charles; "but I must pray you to be prudent, and make no further demonstration of your zeal. We are bound to Bramber, and perhaps to Brightelmstone. Is there any danger on the way?"

"A troop of horse has just gone on to Shoreham, sire," said Goldspur. "But they will have passed through Bramber before you get there."

"Can you tell us aught of Stelfax, Captain Goldspur?" inquired Clavering.

"The detested dog is still at Lewes," replied the other, "and is constantly occupied in scouring the country, and searching houses for fugitive Cavaliers. It is not for me to inquire into his Majesty's plans, but if they are such as to require the service of scouts upon the motions of the enemy, so as to give timely notice of danger, I and Master Rumboldsyke will be ready to perform the office, and we have companions who will lend us aid."

"May it not be advisable to employ these men as scouts?" said Charles, in a low tone to Clavering.

"I think so, most undoubtedly," the young man replied. "Hark ye, Captain Goldspur," he continued aloud, "his Majesty thinks well of your proposal. You and your friend, I presume, are provided with horses. Ride to Lewes, or the neighbourhood, with all possible despatch. Station your scouts about Southover, and about the western side of the town, and if any sudden movements are made this evening by Stelfax, or the Ironsides, give us immediate warning at my father's residence, Ovingdean Grange. You know the way to it, I make no doubt, across the downs."

"It will not be the first time that I and Master Rumboldsyke have visited Ovingdean Grange," replied Goldspur. "We have recently become acquainted with your worthy father, Colonel Maunsel."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Clavering, in surprise.

"And I may add," pursued Goldspur, "we have served him in the capacity we are about to serve his Majesty; we have acted as his scouts upon the detested Stelfax. Nay, more, we have watched over Mock-Beggar Hall, where worthy Master Beard and his daughter, the lovely Mistress Dulcia, were lodged during their stay at Lewes, and we escorted them back to the Grange."

"What you tell me, captain, satisfies me that you may indeed be trusted," said Clavering.

"Why, it seems we have stumbled on the very men we needed," observed Charles. "But who is this lovely Mistress Dulcia Beard they have guarded?"

"The daughter of my father's chaplain. Your Majesty will behold her at Ovingdean Grange," replied Clavering.

"And shall find her, no doubt, well worthy our regard," replied the king, noticing the young man's heightened colour.

"Have we your Majesty's commands to set forward to Lewes on this service?" demanded Goldspur.

"You have, sir," replied Charles. "And we pray you to lose no time by the way. If there should be danger, you will not fail to make it known to Colonel Maunsel, at Ovingdean Grange."

"On that your Majesty may rely. We now humbly take our leave." On this the twain made a profound obeisance and departed.

"And your Majesty is of opinion that these fellows may be trusted?" observed Lord Wilmot, as soon as they were gone.

"I am convinced of it," replied Charles. "I have not the slightest misgiving as to their fidelity. Nay, I think it very lucky we encountered them."

"I hope it may turn out as you anticipate," said Lord Wilmot; "but I am not without fears to the contrary."

"Thou art always full of apprehension, Wilmot," said the king. "I never allow fears to disturb me. Give me another glass of canary. Here is to fair Mistress Dulcia Beard!" he added, with a smile at Clavering. "You must tell me more about her as we ride on."

Charles and his companions remained for about a quarter of an hour longer in the parlour. They then summoned the host, paid their shot, and called for their horses. As the street near the inn seemed to be rather full of people, and some one amongst them might possibly recognise the royal fugitive, it was agreed that his Majesty's horse should be led to the outskirts of the town, on the road to Bramber, where he could join them.

Accordingly, while the others were engaged with the ostler, Charles slipped away, and proceeding along the street in which stands the curious old gabled house called the Brotherhood Hall, even then used as a grammar school, soon reached the antique church, built on the site of the still older wooden fabric constructed

by Saint Cuthman, of whom mention has been made in an earlier portion of our Tale.

Having lingered near this old pile for a few minutes, without bestowing many thoughts, we fear, upon good Saint Cuthman, Charles set off again, and marching at a quick pace was presently out of the town, and at the spot where his attendants were waiting for him. Here he mounted his horse, and the troop set off for Bramber, the woody mound upon which the ruins of the old Norman castle are situated rising majestically before them at the distance of less than a mile.

## VII.

### DITCHLING BEACON.

THE royal wanderer, now approaching the ancient stronghold of the Braoses, had neither leisure nor inclination to mount the woody sides of the eminence and examine the shattered fragment of its keep, supposed to have been demolished by gunpowder, but was fain to content himself with such view as the road afforded of the picturesque ruins of the castle, and the venerable church of Saint Nicholas nestling under its grey and crumbling walls. Charles, however, was much amused by the diminutive size and quaint architecture of the habitations composing the little village of Bramber, many of which were so low that a tall man could look in at their upper windows. Several of these curious old houses, which were built towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, are still left, and a very good notion of an English village in Shakspeare's time may be formed by a visit to Bramber. The king's advance-guard ascertained, greatly to their satisfaction, that the troop of Republican soldiers had gone on to Shoreham; and as Charles crossed the little bridge over the Adur, he could see the long line of red coats, distinguishable by their glittering casques and corslets, passing on the left bank of the river on their way thither. Under ordinary circumstances the royal party would have taken the same route; but even if they had intended it, the hostile force in advance would have deterred them from proceeding in that direction. They now proposed to continue their journey along a little-frequented road, leading from the defile of the Adur to Poynings, and running at the foot of the precipitous range of downs overlooking the Weald of Sussex.

Here it was that Colonel Gunter, and his kinsman the captain, took leave of the king for a while, and struck off along the uplands on the east bank of the Adur, in the direction of Shoreham, it being the colonel's intention to seek an interview with Captain Tattersall, and ensure, at any cost, the skipper's departure before daybreak. The colonel set out on his expedition, full of confidence that he should be at Ovingdean Grange almost as soon as the king

himself, and should bring his Majesty word that all had been satisfactorily settled. While, therefore, Charles and his now diminished escort rode in one direction, Colonel Gunter and his kinsman set off in another; the latter shaping their course towards Shoreham, but keeping on the acclivities, in order to avoid the soldiers.

Meanwhile, Charles and his party, who were now under the guidance of Clavering, crossed the spur of a down extending into the mighty fissure through which the Adur finds its way to the sea, and then took their way along the foot of the lofty escarpment to the picturesque village of Poynings, which we have visited on a former occasion. On the road to Poynings the king failed not to question Clavering as to the state of his feelings in respect to Dulcia Beard, and having ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the young man's affections were irrevocably fixed upon the damsel, he promised to exert all his influence with Colonel Maunsel to induce him to assent to the match.

"And I will lose no time about it," added the good-natured monarch. "I will attack the old gentleman on the subject immediately on my arrival at the Grange."

At Poynings the king did not fail to admire the beautiful old church, and the ancient manor-house amidst its woods; neither did he neglect to take a deep draught of Simon Piddinghoe's stout March ale, a black jack, filled to the brim with the excellent beverage, being brought to the door of the hostel by the officious landlord, at Clavering's directions. Neither did his Majesty escape without a brief chat with the talkative schoolmaster, Cisbury Oldfirlie, who came forth with his pipe in one hand and a jug of ale in the other, to have a word with the strangers, and who, thinking that the king looked the most good-humoured person of the party, took the liberty of addressing him. The record of their conversation, however, has not been preserved.

Quitting Poynings the royal party rode off, and proceeded at a rapid trot along a pleasant shady lane bordered by trees, whose branches often overhung it, until they came to the foot of Wolstonbury Hill, one of the most beautiful of the South Downs, which rose smoothly and gently before them, as if inviting them to ascend to the encampment upon its brow. They did, indeed, mount so far upon the velvet sward of the hill as enabled them to survey the surrounding district. From the elevated point they had now reached they overlooked Danny Park, which then contained, and still boasts, many magnificent oaks, and other fine timber. Embosomed in the midst of these woods stood an ancient Elizabethan mansion—yet maintained in all its integrity. Further on, at the outskirts of the park, could be discerned the pretty little hamlet of Hurstpierpoint, with its church, then a very secluded village indeed, but now, owing to the convenience of railways, the natural beauty of the spot, and the predilection of the

inhabitants of Brighton for it, promising to become a considerable place. For a few minutes Charles suffered his gaze to wander over this fair sylvan scene, and then gave the word to his attendants to proceed.

Hereupon Clavering, on whom, as we have said, the conduct of the troop now devolved, descended to the plain, and still keeping at the foot of the downs, crossed that part of the country now traversed by the railway, and pushed on till he came nearly to the foot of the lofty eminence on which Ditchling Beacon is situated.

Here the travellers climbed the downs, and soon gained the summit of this majestic hill—the loftiest point amid the South Downs. Within a short distance of the beacon the king halted, in order to enjoy the magnificent prospect. Almost the whole of Sussex now lay before him, and after gazing at the vast panorama for some minutes in silence, he observed, with a sigh, deep almost as that heaved by the Moorish king when looking back on his lost Granada,

“When shall I gaze upon this splendid prospect again? when shall I call this fair country mine? Heaven only knows!”

“The day will come, doubt it not, sire,” exclaimed Clavering, “and I hope to bring you again to Ditchling Beacon, and remind you of my words! But now let us on. We are nearly at our journey’s end.”

“And you are impatient, no doubt, that I should settle the business with your father,” replied Charles, with a sudden change of manner. “Don’t be uneasy. Fair Mistress Dulcia shall be yours!”

They now set forward at a quick trot, shaping their course in a south-easterly direction across the downs, and made such good progress, that in less than half an hour they had gained the northern extremity of the White Hawk Hill, and were within a mile of their destination. No sooner had they reached this point, than a man started from out a patch of gorse amidst which he had been lying, and ran towards them. It was Ninian Saxby.

“Is all right?” demanded the king. “May we safely approach the Grange?”

“With perfect safety, my liege,” replied Ninian, doffing his cap. “No danger whatever is to be apprehended, and the colonel is out of measure delighted at the honour intended him.”

The little cavalcade was now once more in motion, and rode on till they came to the ancient barrow at the summit of the hill, at the rear of the mansion, where they found another person stationed. This was Eustace Saxby, and he corroborated his son’s information that all was right.

Here the party dismounted, and committing their horses to the two men, who were to take them round the back of the holt to the

stables, they descended the hill, the king walking by the side of Clavering.

In the course of their descent of the hill they had to pass a small cottage, somewhat retired from the road, and shaded by an elm-tree. This cottage, which stood opposite the north garden-wall of the Grange, belonged to Morefruit Stone, the Puritan. Within it, at this moment, were two other persons besides old Morefruit and his daughter, who had witnessed, with great surprise, and even consternation, the arrival of the royal party on the hill-top. Keeping themselves carefully out of sight, these individuals watched Clavering and his royal companion as they descended the hill together, and on beholding the king, who accidentally made a pause near the cottage, one of the spies—evidently from his garb an officer in the Republican army—exclaimed, in a stern, wrathful tone to the other,

“It is he! it is Charles Stuart himself! He has come before his time. Thou hast deceived me, or hast given him warning.”

“I have not deceived thee, Captain Stelfax,” rejoined Micklegift; “neither am I to blame if Charles Stuart has advanced the hour of his arrival.”

“But he finds me wholly unprepared?” cried Stelfax, in a tone of fierce disappointment. “I shall lose him, unless he tarries for the night in the dwelling of this old Amalekite. My men are all at Lewes. What is to be done? I shall be balked of my prey.”

“There is yet a means of accomplishing his capture, if thou darest attempt it, single-handed,” replied Micklegift.

“What is there I dare not do?” rejoined Stelfax. “Show me thy plan.”

“It is this,” answered Micklegift. “I will introduce thee secretly to the house—into the sleeping-chamber of the old Amalekite. We shall not be noticed, for all the household will be occupied with the arrival of this company. Peradventure thou mayst be able to seize the Young Man.”

“I will seize him, or slay him, and take my chance for the rest,” rejoined Stelfax, in a determined voice. “Look forth, I prithee,” he added to Morefruit Stone, “and see if they be gone.”

“No one is in sight,” replied the elder, looking forth.

“Stay thou within thy cottage,” said Stelfax. “We may need thee anon. Make good thy words,” he added to Micklegift, “and conduct me to Colonel Maunsel’s chamber.”

On this they quitted the cottage together, and taking a few steps up the hill, reached a door in the wall, which Micklegift unlocked. They then went into the garden.

## VIII.

## OF THE KING'S RECEPTION AT THE GRANGE.

ON approaching the front of the mansion, Clavering besought the king's permission to step forward, and receiving it, hastened to ring the bell at the gate, and thus announce to his father the arrival of his royal guest.

Immediately on the summons, which he had for some time been impatiently awaiting, Colonel Maunsel appeared at the open doorway, at the head of his retainers, all of whom were clad in their richest liveries, as if for some high festivity. Never did the old Cavalier appear to greater advantage than on this occasion. He was attired in a rich court suit of black velvet, with rapier and plumed Spanish hat to correspond, and being roused to unwonted energy by the strong excitement of the moment, he moved with all his former grace and stateliness. Close behind him came Mr. Beard and Dulcia, the former in a plain suit of black, and the latter attired with great neatness and simplicity, but without any pretension to show or elegance. Such, however, was the effect of her charms of person and manner, and so little did she require the aid of dress and ornament, that Charles, when he beheld her, was quite electrified by her surpassing beauty, and thought he had never seen court dame so lovely as this country damsel, whose sole decoration was a few flowers placed amidst her fair clustering tresses. With the object of it before him, he ceased to wonder at Clavering's passion.

Behind Colonel Maunsel, in the entrance-hall, appeared all the retainers that could be mustered for the occasion—all, as we have just intimated, in gala attire. None of these, it may be proper to state, had any positive knowledge of the exalted rank of the guest whom their master was about to welcome, though most of them suspected the truth. But though, as we are aware, the whole of the colonel's household were staunch Royalists, and might have been entrusted with the secret without fear of the consequences, the only one amongst them absolutely confided in was old Martin Geere. Greatly elated, and anxious to maintain his master's importance, the old serving-man now assumed a consequential manner and dignified deportment quite unlike his ordinary bearing. He was provided with a wand to marshal the household, and enable him to act as sort of usher in the approaching ceremony.

At the precise moment when the old Cavalier appeared at the doorway, attended as we have described, Charles entered the gate of the mansion, Clavering respectfully retiring as the monarch advanced, and Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips holding back, so that the king might be left alone. Notwithstanding the disguise

adopted by the royal wanderer, and the change effected in his general appearance, Colonel Maunsel instantly recognised him, and, taking off his hat, advanced slowly and with great dignity, but with the most profound respect, to meet him and give him welcome. If Charles had come there in the plenitude of his power, in gorgeous apparel, and attended by a brilliant bevy of courtiers, instead of as a proscribed fugitive, and scantily attended, Colonel Maunsel could not have shown him greater reverence. It was with great difficulty that he prevented himself from bending the knee to the young king, and it was only, indeed, a gesture from Charles that restrained him. Contenting himself, therefore, with making a profound obeisance, he said, with a look that conveyed all he did not dare to utter, "Welcome, sir! thrice welcome to Ovingdean Grange. My poor dwelling is honoured indeed by the presence of such a guest."

"I thank you most heartily for your welcome, Colonel Maunsel," replied Charles. "But it is far more than I merit. I have no other claim upon your attention save this—and it is much, I own," he added, with some significance—"that you were warmly attached to my father."

"No man more so, sir," replied the old Cavalier, emphatically—"no man more so. But pardon me if I say that your claims upon me are equal to those of your much-honoured, much-lamented sire."

"You are pleased to say so, colonel," observed the king, "and I thank you for the assurance. But a truce to claims real or imaginary! Allow me to see the interior of your mansion, which, if it corresponds with the outside, must be well worth inspection."

"'Tis a comfortable old house, quite sufficient for a plain country gentleman like myself, sir," replied the colonel; "and if I am able to keep it up I shall be quite content. But the fines and confiscations of the rogues in power have well-nigh ruined me."

"Ay, ay, we are alike in misfortune, Colonel Maunsel," observed the king. "You have lost much—I have lost all. But better days, I trust, are in store for both of us."

"I trust so, sir," the old Cavalier replied. "But now, I pray you, deign to enter my humble dwelling. And you, too, gentlemen," he added, saluting the others. "Clavering, I am right glad to see thee, boy. Thy turn will come anon. Meantime, welcome thy father's guests, and show them in."

So saying, and respectfully retiring before the king, taking especial care not to turn his back upon his Majesty, the old Cavalier moved towards the house. His master's gestures were imitated by Martin Geere, but so unsuccessfully, that, in retreating somewhat too hastily, he came in contact with the steps, and tumbled backwards, amidst the titters of the rest of the serving-men. Charles would willingly have dispensed with so much cere-



mony, but aware of the punctilious character of his host, he did not like to put a stop to it. In this way he was ushered into the house, and compelled to take precedence of the others, who held back until he had entered.

No sooner had Charles set foot in the entrance-hall, than the colonel once more gave him a hearty welcome to Ovingdean Grange, to which the king made a suitable reply. Mr. Beard then received the honour of a presentation, and his Majesty expressing a hope that he might be speedily restored to the living of which he had been deprived, he replied with humility,

"I do not despair, sir. *Vincit qui patitur.*"

"And this, I suppose, is your daughter, Mr. Beard?" inquired the king, determined to put his promise to Clavering into immediate execution, and looking with such undisguised admiration at Dulcia as summoned the roses to her cheek. "On my faith, fair damsel," he continued, "I have heard Clavering Maunsel speak of you—and in rapturous terms, I promise you—but, as I live, his description did not do you justice."

"I must pray you, sir, to spare the maiden's blushes," interposed Colonel Maunsel. "She is simple and home-bred, and unaccustomed to compliments."

"Egad! colonel, you mistake," cried the monarch; "I never spoke with greater sincerity in my life. Your son did not say half so much of fair Mistress Dulcia as she deserves. She is lovely enough to grace the proudest hall in England—ay, a palace, if there be a palace left in the country. If I had been in Clavering's place I should have fallen in love to a dead certainty; and if—as perhaps might be the case—the fair Dulcia had not proved altogether insensible to my suit, I should have asked my father's consent," he added, to the colonel.

This speech, as may be imagined, greatly embarrassed one person to whom it referred, but the king seemed wholly to disregard her confusion.

"And what should you have answered, colonel, if such a question had been put to you?" pursued Charles.

"Faith, sir, I can't say—I have not given the matter consideration," replied the old Cavalier.

"Then do so," rejoined the king; "and decide before I leave, for I have made up my mind that it shall be a match."

"You must have other and more important affairs to think of, I should fancy, sir," remarked Colonel Maunsel, "than to trouble yourself, at a time like the present, about the loves of a foolish boy and girl. If there should be any fondness between them—of which I am ignorant—they must wait."

"Very prudent and proper," rejoined the king. "Let them wait if you desire it, my good colonel, but not too long—not too

long. There! we may consider the matter as settled," he added, with a glance at Clavering.

"Upon my word, sir," cried the colonel, "you are very peremptory—and as prompt as peremptory. You have only been here a few minutes, and yet have made up a marriage, whether the parties chiefly concerned like it or not."

"Oddsfish! colonel," exclaimed Charles, "I have taken care to satisfy myself on that score. Your consent alone is wanted, for good Mr. Beard's, I can see, is given already."

"Nay, if I thought the happiness of the young folks was at stake," replied the colonel, "I should not withhold my consent, you may depend, sir."

"I knew it!—I knew it!" cried Charles, triumphantly. "Bravo! bravissimo! Clavering, I congratulate you. You will soon have the prettiest wife in Sussex, and my only regret is that I cannot be present at the wedding. And now, colonel, before doing anything else, I would fain refresh myself with a little cold water, and get rid of the dust and heat of the journey."

"I will instantly attend you to a chamber, sir, where all is in readiness," said the old Cavalier.

"On no account, colonel," cried the king. "I will not permit it. You overwhelm me by your kindness. You have other guests to attend to besides myself. Clavering will show me the way—that is, if he can quit the side of his intended. Come, confess!" he added, playfully, as he approached the young couple. "Have I not done you both a good turn?"

"In good truth you have, sir," replied Clavering. "I will answer for Dulcia," he added, as the blushing damsel turned away to hide her confusion.

"Up-stairs at once, and away!" cried Charles, "or we shall have the old gentleman retract his promise."

Urged on by the king, who seemed determined to prevent any further display of etiquette, Clavering ran up the grand staircase, while Charles followed with equal celerity, much to the discomposure of Colonel Maunsel, who thought that his son ought to have observed more ceremony.

On being ushered into the colonel's sleeping-chamber, the king threw himself into an elbow-chair and indulged in a hearty laugh. Clavering, meanwhile, anxious to escape from the raillery in which it was evident that the mirthful young monarch was disposed to indulge at his expense, proceeded towards the inner chamber to ascertain that all the necessaries for the king's toilette were ready, and finding that no change of linen had been placed there, he begged leave to retire in order to repair the omission. Charles nodded in token of assent, and Clavering, with a profound obeisance, quitted the room, leaving his Majesty still laughing heartily at the thoughts that tickled his fancy.

By-and-by a gentle tap was heard at the door, and, in reply to Charles's summons to come in, Patty Whinchat entered, carrying with much care a fine linen shirt with laced ruffles, and a laced band of snowy whiteness placed upon it. Curtseying to the king, she tripped into the inner room and deposited the linen on the bed.

Her errand performed, Patty returned, and dropping another curtsey to the king, observed,

"Captain Clavering bade me say, sir, that if you have occasion for any change of apparel, you will find all you require in the wardrobe."

"Captain Clavering is very obliging," replied Charles, glancing admiringly at her. "How art thou called, child, and what office dost fill in the house?"

"I am named Patty Whinchat, an please you, sir," she replied; "and am handmaiden to Mistress Dulcia Beard."

"Oddsfish, Patty!" exclaimed the king, "thy good looks rival those of thy mistress. Ye are both so pretty, that if I were asked which to take I should be fairly perplexed in the choice."

"But you are not asked to take either of us, sir," Patty rejoined. "My mistress has got a lover, and I——"

"More than one, I'll be sworn!" interrupted the king, "or the serving-men have no taste. However, there'll be no great harm in robbing your favoured and fortunate swain, whoever he may be, of a kiss"—suiting the action to the word. "You have plenty to spare, both for him and me."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Patty; "I shouldn't have half enow for Ninian Saxby, if I let him take as many as he wants. But don't detain me, sir, I pray of you. I mustn't stay here another minute. I'm wanted down stairs. Somebody is below, I'm told," she added, mysteriously, "and I'm dying to have a peep at him."

"And who may this 'somebody' be whom thou art so curious to behold, child?" inquired Charles.

"The servants will have it the king is here," rejoined Patty; "but they've said the same thing so often before that I don't exactly believe them."

"What sort of person is the king, child?" said Charles. "Should you know him if you beheld him?"

"Know him!" exclaimed Patty. "To be sure! the very instant I clapped eyes upon him."

"But what is he like? Remarkably handsome, eh?"

"Handsome! quite the contrary! He's remarkably plain—harsh features, and very dark. Mercy on us! if it should——"

"Why, what's the matter, child?"

"If it should be the king whom I've been talking to all the time!" she exclaimed, trembling.

"If it were the king, I'll answer for it he would be the last

person to be offended with so pretty a lass as thyself," said Charles, reassuring her with another kiss. "But hie thee down stairs, and thou mayst possibly find out some one who will better answer to thy notions of what a monarch ought to be than myself."

Patty then curtseyed and moved towards the door, but she could not help casting another look at the king ere she quitted the room, exclaiming,

"Oh, if it should be his Majesty, I shall never get over it!"

Much diverted by the incident, Charles went into the inner room, and before proceeding to disrobe himself, placed his rapier and the brace of pocket-pistols, which he usually carried with him, on a table set near the arras curtain hung between the two rooms. His ablutions performed, he next exchanged his travel-soiled under-garments for the fair linen provided by Patty, humming the while some snatches of a then popular French romance.

"Egad!" he exclaimed, taking up the doublet he had just laid aside, "this is a very comfortable old house, and I should have been quite as well lodged here as at Trent—and well cared for, moreover, by the pretty little Phillis who has just left me. For many reasons I am glad I came here, though Wilmot would fain have dissuaded me from doing so on the score of danger! Pshaw! no danger is to be apprehended—at all events, not to-day—and to-morrow his enemies will look in vain for Charles Stuart. Hang these Puritanical garments," he added, throwing down the jerkin in disgust, "I abominate them. Let us see what this wardrobe contains. A doublet of Clavering's might suit me." With this he opened the door of the wardrobe, and taking out a handsome suit of black taffeta, exclaimed, "Oddsfish! these are the very things."

With this, he proceeded to array himself in the new-found apparel, which fitted him to admiration, and was adjusting his laced band before a mirror set in a frame of black oak, when the arras curtain was suddenly drawn aside, and two men, whose appearance and looks left him no doubt of their intentions, stepped from behind it.

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## MARSHAL O'DONNELL.

ALTHOUGH the recent events in Morocco have given a transitory lustre to the name of O'Donnell, historical justice demands that the means by which he attained to power should not be overlooked, for they may serve to throw some light on the tortuous policy which produced a war so intangible in its results, and which must have possessed some hidden motive beyond a mere desire on the part of the commander-in-chief to rival the exploits of the Cid.

Regarded as an adventurer, O'Donnell holds no satisfactory place in the political records of his adopted country; for he is nothing but a thoughtless and unprincipled soldier, possessing no convictions, and not even obeying discipline. He wields a sword, not like the Cid, for justice and honour, for the faith and renown of his country, but only for himself and his own profit. He is neither a Cromwell nor a Monk; neither a Guelph nor a Ghibelline; he is a mere amphibious animal without settled principles. O'Donnell is a condottiere with a changing war-cry—to-day for a cause, to-morrow against it. He has deceived every party. He broke his oath and faith to throne as to people, and was a traitor to both.—traitor according to the most opposing views and ideas, so that he could find no code or tribunal to acquit him.

When Queen Isabella summoned him to the palace on October 12, 1856, he addressed to her the following words, in which is contained a grave self-accusation: "Señora, reflect on the road you are on the point of entering upon, for it leads to absolutism, and from that to revolution. I do not speak for myself, as I hold everything a man can desire. I am rich, I am a count, I have gained the highest rank in the military hierarchy; but I speak for you, in your interest. History will be just, and concede that I have recently been working on behalf of the throne. Do you believe, señora, that in a moment of difficulty you would find friends like those of whom the present cabinet is composed?" The queen might have answered, that though O'Donnell possessed so much authority, he would never be satisfied till he had torn the sceptre from her. He had proved this twice; once against her, and the second time when he revolted against the Cortes, leaving out of sight 1841 and the events at Pampeluna. He it was who taught the queen that, to reign, she must not shrink from a revolution. Isabella, however, did not answer so openly, but, while thanking him for past services, insisted on his resignation.

A three months' lease of power was all that O'Donnell gained by his *coup de main*. But everything he has done, since he attained influence and power, has been calculated from one day to the other, without any statesmanlike combination. The best thing in his life is a purely military career, in which he has certainly given proofs of decision, though his reward has been far beyond his merits, and only cosas d'España could raise such a man so high.

Leopold O'Donnell was born at Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, on January 12, 1809. He is the descendant of an Irish military family, which fled through its adhesion to the Stuarts, and found a refuge in Spain. His

father was lieutenant-general, his grandfather brigadier-general, of the Irish regiment formed in Spain of the exiles from that country. At the age of ten, by the special favour of King Ferdinand VII., our hero was appointed lieutenant of the infantry regiment Imperial Alejandro. In 1820, accompanied by his mother, he set out to attach himself to the cause of absolutism, but was taken prisoner and carried to Peñafiel. On the 14th of April, 1823, when the French invasion took place, he offered his services to the royalist leaders at Burgos, was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and was appointed lieutenant by election in the following month. After the contest had been ended by the intervention of the French, O'Donnell joined the third regiment of the Royal Guard; in 1828 he was promoted to a captaincy, and held this grade till 1832. This is all that is known of his youth, and, though no one can blame him for yielding to the influences of his parents, these facts show the school in which he was educated. He fought by the side of strangers against his fatherland and its liberal tendencies, and gained his spurs in a civil war.

In 1833, the young Hercules stood at the cross-roads: in the war that broke out between the partisans of Don Carlos and Isabella, he had to choose that side which offered the best prospect of success. His whole family, even his brothers, were Carlists; but Leopold thought it better to join a government already established, which disposed of organised resources, and had many friends throughout the country, while the other party needed talented chiefs, such as Zumala-Carreguy and Cabrera, before it could send a regular force into the field. The choice does all honour to the young man's sharp-sightedness. Don Leopold was with his regiment at Barcelona, when the news of Ferdinand VII.'s death spread through the Peninsula, and with it that of the revolt at Morella. This was the signal for the civil war, which lasted seven years, with alternating success, until Espartero ended it in 1840 by the treaty of Bergara.

During the first year of hostilities there was nothing for O'Donnell to do, for the Carlists, on the approach of the royal troops, evacuated Morella without striking a blow. The next year matters took a change. Early in February a brigade was formed under General Linareo to put down the Carlists, who were again becoming troublesome. O'Donnell, with one hundred and eighty grenadiers of the Guard was attached to this brigade, which was intended to protect the towns of Aragon against the Navarrese insurgents under Zumala-Carreguy. On the 24th of April three battalions of Carlists came in contact with this brigade. O'Donnell was ordered to attack them with his grenadiers, supported by twenty-five cavalry, and did so with such decision and success that he was promoted to a colonelcy. Spanish civil wars advance their partisans, and colonels of twenty-five years are quite common, though this exceptional promotion is not always the result of remarkable ability.

On the 25th of May, O'Donnell again distinguished himself at the Hermitage, and received as reward the Order of St. Ferdinand. Owing to a wound he received in this action, O'Donnell was unable to take the field again till 1835; but in July of that year he took command of a battalion of the 4th Regiment. He was present at the relief of Bilbao, and at Mendigorria he was one of the first with his battalion to storm the heights held by the Carlists, for which he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy-mayor. After various gallant actions, for which O'Donnell's

name was mentioned in general orders, the 4th Regiment was ordered to Madrid to guard the queen, whereupon O'Donnell was appointed to the command of a brigade.

From this moment our hero was enabled to act with greater independence. He received orders to execute, in which much was left to his own judgment, though he rose no higher in rank. We need not enter into details of all the actions in which he was engaged; that we will leave to his flatterers. At Galarreta he was again wounded, and rendered *hors de combat* for a year. For a long time he was at death's door, owing to a typhus fever that attacked him; but his powerful constitution pulled him through, and, hardly recovered, he joined head-quarters at San Sebastian. In May, 1837, O'Donnell once more assumed command of a brigade, and was present at Hernani. After the capture of Irun, in which he distinguished himself greatly, he received the Cross of Isabella the Catholic, by the recommendation of General de Lacy Evans, under whose command his brigade stood.

Then came the critical moment, which threatened to turn the civil war in favour of Don Carlos. The pretender advanced on the capital of the kingdom to unfurl his banner before its gates. The Carlists had been well disciplined by Cabrera, while a spirit of insubordination was gaining a head among the queen's troops. The dauntlessness with which Espartero opposed this is notorious, and he saved the cause for which he fought by suppressing the evil spirit. O'Donnell had also to oppose this worst of all foes to an army. On the night of July 16, a regular mutiny broke out at Hernani, where O'Donnell was stationed. The battalions de la Princesa and del Infante refused obedience, and grossly ill-treated an adjutant. General Rendon, accompanied by O'Donnell, was preparing to call out the brigade and examine into the state of affairs, when the arrival of General Count Mirasol was announced to him. He therefore left the arrangement of the difficulty to O'Donnell, and went to receive the general. General Rendon, however, had scarce withdrawn, when tumultuous cries and firing showed that the troops quartered in the little town had also mutinied. O'Donnell went back at once to Hernani, and gave his adjutant orders to call out the two battalions of Gerona, on whom he believed he could trust. On entering the town he met Count Mirasol, who had only escaped death by a miracle, for his adjutant was shot by his side, and General Rendon dangerously wounded. The revolt was spreading; the troops had turned out their officers, seized all the most important houses and the streets leading to the plaza, and refused obedience. The enemies' advanced posts were only three miles from Hernani, and if they heard of the state of things they would advance at once. At this supreme moment O'Donnell formed a grand decision. He advanced unarmed to the mutineers, showed them the danger and atrocity of their conduct, and brought them back to their duty. In the mean while the Carlists had really advanced, and O'Donnell led the late mutineers against them. Count Mirasol estimated the young brigadier's conduct at its full value, and appointed him commandant of the forces assembled in this locality. On the 1st September he was promoted general and commander of the army of Cantabria, which General Jaureguy was compelled to resign through ill health. The occurrence at Hernani was not an isolated one; at Pampeluna, Miranda de Ebro,

and other places, a spirit of insubordination was visible among the queen's troops—the result of bad administration. The soldiers received their pay irregularly; they often wanted the most necessary articles, and exchanged their arms for shoes and other things they lacked. The demoralisation of the troops was probably the reason that O'Donnell commenced offensive operations: he attacked the enemy with eight battalions, and drove them across the Oriá. After several brilliant engagements he fell back on San Sebastian. It was to Espartero that he owed the due recognition of his exploits, for the court of Madrid was at that time too much occupied with boudoir intrigues to devote the proper attention to the troops and their exertions on the field of battle. On December 27th, O'Donnell received, with his appointment as *mariscal de campo*, a most flattering letter from Espartero, nominating him chief of the staff. In this position he took part in many important actions, and distinguished himself beneath the eyes of the commander-in-chief. At the capture of Guardamino he was slightly wounded, and received the Grand Cross of St. Ferdinand as a sign of recognition for his services. From this time he was considered one of the most valuable partisans of the queen, and the special attention of government was directed to him by Espartero.

In June, 1839, a royal decree nominated him Captain-General of Aragon, Valencia, and Murcia, an important post, to which great responsibilities and difficulties were attached. The troops O'Donnell was now to command had been demoralised by defeat, and he had only his own decision and military qualities to depend on. In addition to this, he had opposed to him Cabrera, a talented chieftain, terrible for his bravery and his barbarity. O'Donnell had scarce reached Saragossa and assumed the command, when the General Infante advised him of important events at Lucena. General Aznor had escorted provisions into that town, and was now invested in it by the Carlists. O'Donnell set out at once, and on the 17th of July the memorable action took place which ended in the defeat of the Carlists under Cabrera, and O'Donnell's promotion to a lieutenant-general and the rank of *Conde de Lucena*.

This was the last great action of the war: the Carlists only continued it in a guerilla fashion, or shut themselves up in towns and fortresses, which had to be taken in detail. O'Donnell, appointed second in command, at the head of the 4th division of the north, supported Espartero most effectually. He it was who compelled Cabrera to seek shelter in France, which put an end to the civil war, and O'Donnell received as his reward, on August 15, 1840, the Cross of Charles III.

No one will hesitate to call O'Donnell's life and actions, up to this period, honourable, but the continuation of his career on the political field robs them of their lustre. During the war, O'Donnell ever remained on one side, and fought beneath one flag; but, by the after vacillation of his principles, he proved that this was either the result of chance or calculation, but not of honesty. Only one year after the termination of the civil war we find O'Donnell engaged in a conspiracy against Espartero in favour of Queen Christina. The excuse he alleged, that he did not know what the parties desired, is not tenable. Every Spaniard was aware that the guardianship of Christina meant irregularity and dishonesty in the administration, court favouritism, and in-



trigue, while Espartero typified legality, morality, and liberty. What O'Donnell undertook at Pampeluna was an indelible stain on his career. His conduct was such a striking proof of his unbounded ambition, his cruelty and dishonesty, that Espartero and his party are open to a heavy accusation for having eventually supported or tolerated O'Donnell's influence in state affairs.

O'Donnell, at that period Captain-General of Navarre, went to Pampeluna to induce the inhabitants and troops to revolt, to promote his schemes against Espartero. He employed menaces, persuasion, and, when these did not suffice, the money of Queen Christina, and even made common cause with the Carlists, in the hopes of being supported by them. He occupied the citadel with about two thousand men he had collected, but the national guard, under Luis Sagasti, and a portion of the garrison, under the Captain-General Reviro, faithful to their duty, opposed him. Don Leopold rained shells and shot upon the town, so that its defenders were compelled to remove their wives and children. The bombardment commenced on the 6th of October, 1841: on the 8th, O'Donnell ordered the ayuntamiento to obtain him provisions for three thousand men, and General Revero to evacuate the town. Both refused: and on the 10th the town was so terribly bombarded for three hours, that fire broke out on every side, and many houses were destroyed. On the 12th, however, General Chacon entered the town, and brought relief. Don Leopold scarce heard of this general's approach than he quitted the citadel at the head of six hundred men. Although he had sworn the thirteen hundred he left behind him not to surrender the fortress till they received directions from him, he hurried to the French frontier, without troubling himself as to the fate of his followers, or sending them any orders. Thus did the Conde de Lucena behave, whose chivalric feelings have been so lauded by his flatterers, and that, too, at the age of thirty-two, when the heart is generally full of generous sentiments, rendering any sacrifice grand.

After this failure of the Moderados to overthrow Espartero, O'Donnell passed two years of exile at Paris, where his position and the favour of Christina procured him access to the highest circles, and even to the Tuileries. Here, too, he conspired, as Spanish exiles of every shade are wont to do. In 1843, a small party, whose political principles went beyond those of the Progresistas then in power, were foolish enough to revolt against Espartero's government, and thus gave the Moderados occasion to seize the power. It was now Espartero's turn to leave the country. Christina reassumed the regency, and O'Donnell had a fresh lease of influence. He secured the appointment of Gobernador of Cuba; which is most eagerly desired by all Spaniards who require an easy road to riches. The pearl of the Antilles is remarkably productive, lies far from all control (which, indeed, is not very oppressive to the ruling party at home), and offers the gobernador an almost unbounded field for plunder. The Conde de Lucena behaved atrociously to the poor negroes, and even his partisans are amazed at the cruelties he committed, and the streams of blood he caused to flow. Among the victims he sacrificed to the interests of Spain was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, known, under the name of Placido, as one of the most distinguished lyric poets of Spain. The Gobernador O'Donnell was also accused of inciting con-

spiracies among the negroes, and making harmless insubordination assume gigantic proportions, in the hope that his vigilance might secure him the ducal title he desired. One thing, at any rate, is certain, that O'Donnell returned from the Havannah, in February, 1848, with a million of duros, for the gold and silver had to be weighed for custom-house purposes. O'Donnell's friends can say no more in his apology than that he only behaved like all gobernadors of Cuba. Such an excuse may satisfy a Spanish conscience.

In October, 1850, O'Donnell was nominated director-general of the infantry. We must do him the justice of saying that he distinguished himself in this office not only by his activity, organising talent, and clever business habits, but also by keeping aloof from that system of fraud and corruption which was innate in the Sartorius ministry. Naturally, he was not permitted to hold the office long: in March, 1851, he was removed from it. From this moment began his opposition in the senate, and his conspiracy against the existing order of things outside it. Although the Conde de Lucena was not a popular man, the partisans he counted among the higher officers, and the excitement his attacks produced among the people, aroused the apprehensions of the government. His past career showed how much he was capable of doing, and how little he shrank from the most desperate enterprises. The ministry hence felt itself much disquieted by the influential general, and decided on rendering him innocuous, no matter by what means. On January 15, 1854, a decree appeared, by which the generals belonging to the opposition were ordered off to the various islands belonging to Spain. The preparations for a military insurrection were, however, being made, and, in order to be able to await the right moment for operations, O'Donnell had no other chance than to conceal himself in Madrid. He succeeded by the help of certain friends and partisans in eluding the zealous researches of the police, who had orders to take him, alive or dead. For five months the general remained in Madrid, and had many extraordinary escapes from the sbirri.

The premature outbreak of the youthful Brigadier-General Hore, at Saragossa, on the 21st of February, 1854, whose death the Marquis de Santiago ordered with the words "Let the madman die," made a most unpleasant flaw in the scheme drawn up by the conspirators. The event gave the government an excuse for increased severity, and the leaders of the intrigue found themselves compelled to precipitate the insurrection.

O'Donnell had, in the first instance, concealed himself in a house on the Plazuela de Bilbao. Driven thence, he sought shelter in the mansion of the Marquis de la Vega y Armijo, and when that was no longer tenable, he proceeded to the office of the *Novedades*, Fernandez de los Rios, the editor, being his intimate friend. Misfortune willed it that a fire broke out one day in the chimney of the room inhabited by the general. The mob, and even the police, entered the house: the general's safety seemed imperilled, but he saved himself by his rare presence of mind.

After Hore's unsuccessful attempt, the government issued orders to arrest all the opposition journalists. Among others, Fernandez de los Rios was searched for, but not found, though he was at the time in the

house with O'Donnell. At this moment the general was taken dangerously ill, which delayed the revolt, and caused great difficulties to the conspirators. As O'Donnell required medical assistance, Dr. Don Mateo Seoano was drawn into the secret, and did not betray the confidence placed in him. The sick man recovered; the parts were distributed, and the military pronunciamiento settled for June 13. O'Donnell and his comrades had fallen into an error of a peculiar nature. They fancied everybody would be on their side, because everybody was opposed to the government. They assumed that the movement would allow itself to be commanded by them like an army, and that, by removing all hateful elements, they could comfortably step into the shoes of those they ousted. But they were soon destined to make the decidedly disagreeable discovery that they were the playthings rather than the masters of the storm they had evoked.

On the appointed day, before sunrise, O'Donnell quitted his hiding-place, and proceeded, in the company of the Marquis Vega y Armijo, to the solitary house, "the Holy Ghost," where Colonel Ustariz joined him. Thence he proceeded to the village of Canillejas, where O'Donnell expected the cavalry under Dulce's command. Six hours elapsed, but the cavalry did not arrive, and O'Donnell returned to Madrid. It is not known what prevented General Dulce from bringing up the troops from the Campo de Guardias, where he had ordered a review. Fifteen days again passed, until, on the 28th June, 1854, the plan of the conspirators was carried into execution. O'Donnell proceeded at half-past four A.M. through the Bilbao gate to the Campo de Guardias, where General Dulce, at the head of the whole cavalry of Madrid, and Colonel Echague, with a battalion of infantry, awaited him. Hence they proceeded to Canillejas, where O'Donnell addressed his troops in his own way, and gave all those who doubted the success of the enterprise leave to retire.

At Torrejen, where he halted, O'Donnell heard that the garrison of Madrid, with Blaser, the war minister, and the captain-general at their head, were marching against him. He set out for Vicalvaro, with the intention of drawing the enemy into the plain, where his superiority in cavalry would have secured him the victory. But General Dulce, in his impetuosity, instead of carrying out his instructions, attacked the enemy, and frustrated O'Donnell's clever scheme. The engagement was undecided, and the garrison retired on the capital at nightfall. We allow that the insurgents retained possession of the field, but they had gained nothing, and their situation was more serious than on the previous day, and O'Donnell would have been lost had it not been for the aid a popular movement offered him. Blaser followed the rebels with the Madrid garrison, but O'Donnell did not think it advisable to offer any opposition. A defeat would have been his annihilation, a victory quite infertile or superfluous, and in no way worth the inevitable sacrifices. Nor was he the man to arouse a popular movement by his mere name; on the contrary, the country was distrustful of a military revolt, for O'Donnell had been at the head of those who, in 1841 and 1843, had carried on the most nefarious machinations against Espartero. O'Donnell waited till July 6, but, as not a single voice was raised in his favour, he published at Manzanares a manifesto, containing a useful confession of faith, according to the exigencies of the moment. He declared himself for a

representative government, decentralisation, a throne without the *camarilla* which dishonoured it, stern execution and improvement of the laws, especially those affecting the elections and the press, a reduction of taxation, and, as a guarantee for all these advantages, a militia. This was effectual. Spain rose for this programme at the moment when its author considered himself ruined, and, driven in a corner by the governmental troops, was on the point of crossing the Portuguese frontier. All the more important towns declared in favour of the movement, and the population of Madrid paid with its blood for the triumph of the insurrection—that is, of the policy of the *Progresistas* and their victory over the *Moderados*.

The Cordova-Rivas ministry, formed on the 18th of July in the face of the barricades, endured scarce a day. The Spaniards, once aroused, were no longer satisfied with the retirement of Count San-Luis (*Sartorius*) and his companions in office: they wanted something definitive. Espartero was the watchword of the movement. When Don Evarist San-Miguel, president of the "Armament and Defence Committee," wished to appease the masses, he went into the street, and promised the armed populace the Duke of Victoria as chief of the new cabinet; and when the official journal announced Espartero as president of the ministry, the movement subsided, as it had gained its object. O'Donnell, the actual promoter of this change of affairs, retired into the background. He and his manifesto afforded no sufficient guarantee for the liberty and reforms they promised. The insurrection fetched its champion from Logrono, Espartero's abode.

On the morning of July 29, Espartero entered Madrid; O'Donnell, on the evening of the same day. The reception accorded to the former surpassed all expectation. O'Donnell was greeted with the proper proofs of indulgent sympathy. The reception he had seemed official, and yet he stood at the head of the troops who had risked their lives for the restoration of civil liberty. The Duke of Victoria, on the other hand, was alone; his sword had not quitted its scabbard for a quarter of a century—a long period for a nation's memory. On his arrival, O'Donnell proceeded to Espartero's residence, and soon after the two generals appeared arm-in-arm on the balcony, greeted by the enthusiastic shouts of the populace. On Espartero's part this was honestly meant, but O'Donnell, as he afterwards proved, was acting a comedy, which the circumstances imposed upon him. It must be conceded, however, that O'Donnell must have been animated by exceptionally elevated and noble feelings had he felt no irascibility at the strange down-setting he experienced. Don Leopold was not satisfied with a mere embrace. After some gentle pressure, he entered the cabinet as minister of war. With this O'Donnell declared himself freely and openly for the policy of the *Progresistas*, but all the while he was striving to undermine Espartero. Just as he had collected all the liberal fractions under the title of a "Union Liberal," he now summoned the reactionary elements to aid him in destroying the government of the *Progresistas*. O'Donnell employed his office of war minister to occupy all the military posts, partly with his friends the *Vicalvaristas*, partly with his opponents the *Moderados*, who were to help him in overthrowing the *Progresistas*. The court was naturally prepared to support O'Donnell's views in order to promote its own schemes.

O'Donnell was perfectly aware of the difficulties which awaited him in

his enterprise. He knew Espartero's great popularity, and knew, too, that the victor of Luchana needed only a sign to annihilate his foes, whatever precautions they might take. He knew, however, equally well that the Duke of Victoria, though like a tornado in the battle-field, was hesitating, timid, and undecided in any political contest. Who had forgotten Espartero's behaviour in 1843? O'Donnell's first object, therefore, was to bridle the unbounded power Espartero possessed, and then to protect himself in the event of this power being turned against him. The former O'Donnell hoped to effect by advancing in the name of the queen, and to prevent any serious danger, either for himself or the throne, O'Donnell summoned foreign support. It has been proved that the French ambassador, the Marquis de Turgot, promised French aid in the event of O'Donnell's designs producing any danger to the throne. This assurance was of the greatest value, for by it O'Donnell and the court not only gained self-confidence, but also the adhesion of the undecided, because the risk was thus rendered less, the gain more certain. The measure gave the political entrepreneur an immediate profit, but did not redound to his honour. With all this, the affair demanded caution and some pretext of legality, and this was afforded in the summer of 1856.

In June of that year the enigmatical émeutes took place in Old Castile. Mobs, in spite of the dearth of provisions, burnt down factories and corn and meal stores. The entire opposition press ascribed it to the socialism with which the Progresista government had flooded the country, and though the absurdity of such a charge was on the surface, it was incessantly repeated, in the hope of working on the fears and ignorance of the masses. This manœuvre, however, entirely failed. The government acted so energetically against the excesses, that votes of confidence came in from the entire country. The various rumours in circulation as to the origin of the incendiarism induced the government to send the home minister with full powers to investigate the real causes, and detect the leaders.

During the absence of Escosura in Castile, O'Donnell incessantly pursued his object. Daily the garrison of Madrid was called out for exercise. Sometimes the king was present, and distributed cigars among the officers, wine among the troops. The queen remained at Madrid, instead of proceeding to Aranjuez, as was her wont during the summer months. In the provinces every effort was made to bring over the officers to the reaction. The report of these machinations penetrated to the capital, and gave rise to gloomy forebodings; but Espartero, though warned, ridiculed the notion of any *coup d'état*. On the 18th of July, Escosura, the home minister, returned from his mission, and at once urged Espartero to take decisive measures. He consented, and the next day the minister's report was brought before the council. Escosura accused the reactionists of being the promoters of the excesses, and all the ministers coincided in his views, with the exception of O'Donnell. The head of the Vicalvarists opposed Escosura's propositions with such virulence, that it was plain he wanted to produce a rupture. As the proper measure to restore order, O'Donnell proposed the state of siege for the whole of Spain, whence he would naturally become master of the situation. Finally, he declared that either Escosura or himself must withdraw from the ministry. Espartero and the rest of the cabinet tried

in vain to settle the dispute peacefully, but the Conde de Lucena would not be appeased. In this crisis Espartero proposed that both ministers should resign; but the queen would not give up her war minister. The only alternative was the resignation of Espartero, and O'Donnell was directed to undertake the formation of a new ministry.

These events produced a commotion in Madrid, and an insurrection seemed inevitable. On the evening of the 14th of July (the day on which the state of siege was proclaimed), hostilities broke out between the people and the troops. The contest lasted the whole of the next day, but the movement lacked a leader. Espartero remained neutral, and by the evening of the 16th O'Donnell was master of Madrid and of the whole country. The only opposition was at Barcelona, where the party of freedom fought and were put down.

But O'Donnell was once more fated to be undeceived, and find that on the day he conquered the Progressistas he was himself conquered. The further steps were settled in the boudoir, and not in the ministry, and, spite of his great stake, O'Donnell had gained nothing save the execrations of the country, and one more weight in the scale of his political crimes. He kept a feeble grasp of power till the next October, when he was deposed without the shadow of an excuse, and Narvaez took his place. O'Donnell had been employed as the instrument of a counter-revolution, and was thrown away when the operation was completed. He had committed an error, which, in politics, is worse than a crime.

O'Donnell could not pardon Narvaez for taking the place he thought his own, but he knew too well that intrigue would avail him little, as the Duke of Valencia was as crafty as himself. Hence he assailed him with parliamentary weapons; but so little did these avail, that when a year later Narvaez fell in his turn, he suffered the humiliation of seeing himself passed over again, despite the intervention of England and France. In January, 1858, there was another change, and O'Donnell was once more passed over.

Our readers will not require to be reminded how it was that O'Donnell at length succeeded in holding the reins of office. How it was effected is a secret between the French and Spanish courts, and the former has received its reward in the Moroccan war. O'Donnell has covered himself with Spanish glory, and returns home, prepared, if necessary, to risk another *coup d'état* if he receive instructions to that effect. He has the humiliation of 1856 still to expiate, and it is possible that, having the supreme power in his hands, he may repay the queen for past insults. It is impossible, however, to predict what may take place in Spain during the night, and though the recent attempt of the Carlists was so easily suppressed, O'Donnell may draw the bow too tightly. We have shown that he is detested, and justly, by the Spanish nation; he has been a traitor to every party in turn, and would not hesitate at bloodshed to consolidate his own power. The life of such a man is a curious psychological study, but we regret that a nation should be the sufferer in order that the moral should be pointed by a man who cares for no one but himself. In him Louis Napoleon has a convenient tool, and it will not be his fault if the Pyrenees are not once more demolished.

## GURNEY; OR, TWO FORTUNES.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## A MARRIAGE PROJECT.

BAPTISTE made a faithful report to the Marquis of the information acquired through the Auvergnat, treating it, however, as an episode that only concerned himself, and refraining from saying who he supposed the lady he had tracked to be. Further explanation he knew was needless, the proof that he was perfectly understood, and that he had performed his mission to his master's satisfaction being shown in the fact that when he asked for instructions about laying out the money given to him, Monsieur de Saverne professed to have no recollection of the circumstance.

When left to himself, the Marquis debated for some time what course he should take. If the good old times of his own father, or at most of his grandfather, had existed, nothing would have been easier than to lay violent hands on Mademoiselle de Gournay and dispose of her how he pleased; but, unluckily, the government under which he lived was republican, and unless he could get up a case against Bianca of conniving in a royalist conspiracy, there was small chance of the arm of power being extended at his desire. That kind of assistance, too, had it been available, would not have advanced his purpose, which was solely to obtain possession of his injured kinswoman. How that was to be accomplished was his perplexity. Bianca had practically asserted her independence, and parted from him on terms which gave him no reason to hope that she would willingly place herself under his guardianship again, much less look upon him with any feeling of tenderness or regard. Yet, notwithstanding these unpalatable facts, his passion urged him still to persevere, and he resolved at all events to endeavour to see her, and persuade where he had failed to intimidate.

Confiding absolutely in no one, Monsieur de Saverne was secret in many things—so secret, that even Baptiste failed sometimes to discover, though he might suspect, his movements. To prowl alone about the streets was his frequent practice, the private door which opened into the Rue d'Astorg affording him the means of leaving home and returning unperceived by any of his household; and on the evening of Bianca's departure, wrapping himself up in a large cloak, he went forth to reconnoitre the house in which Mademoiselle de Gournay had taken refuge. Could the Marquis but have known why Hubert Gurney, whom he nearly ran against as he turned the corner of the Rue Louis le Grand, had been watching there for two long hours, it is more than probable that jealousy would have stifled the polite apology which fell from his lips as he bowed and passed on, to take up the position which his unconscious rival had just quitted. Like him the Marquis loitered

in vain for some indication to assure him of Bianca's presence, but obtaining none, he went into a shop close at hand and inquired to whom the hotel belonged. He learnt—as we know—that the proprietor was Monsieur Simonet, a rich man, who made money *quodcumque modo*, even to the letting of lodgings. This information gave the Marquis a hint for his future plans; but before these are spoken of we must return to Anatole Duval, whom we left on his way to visit his uncle.

It was in no very cordial manner that Monsieur Simonet received him.

The old man was busy with his accounts when Anatole entered his apartment unannounced.

"Ah! it is you, then!" said Monsieur Simonet, scarcely raising his eyes from the folio in which he was writing. "What do you want here?"

"If you remember our last conversation, uncle," replied Anatole, "I need not trouble you by repeating it."

"I remember it very well; but you are one of those, it seems, who make promises which they never intend to perform. If you had kept your word, you need not have troubled me at all."

"Not even for the expenses of my funeral," said Anatole, laughing. "You would not have claimed my remains, and they must have been interred at the cost of the city of Paris."

"You have guessed rightly, nephew," returned the old man, dryly. "Did you come back to ascertain that fact? If so, now that you know it, you had better be gone."

"It was not altogether for that reason I returned. You have only alluded to one part of our conversation."

"The only part that gave me any satisfaction," grumbled Monsieur Simonet.

"Well, uncle, in the hope of renewing your satisfaction, I am going to tell you something which is as much one's destiny as hanging; indeed, it is the general substitute for that abrupt proceeding."

"Drowning, I suppose. Let it be which you please. I offer no objection."

"Since you are in such an amiable mood, uncle, I trust you will not object to the third category. I am going to be married!"

"Married!" exclaimed Monsieur Simonet, laying down his pen and staring at Anatole. "Married! You!"

"Yes, uncle, the loveliest of her sex, and the most amiable, has consented to share my fortunes."

"In the mean time I hope she brings you one of her own, or her share in yours will be a small one!"

"She brings more than fortune, uncle. She has youth, beauty, rank——"

"And money?" eagerly asked the astonished old man. "How much?"

"As to that," replied Anatole, "I have never profaned the subject by such an inquiry; but, of course she has money, though her father may not be very rich. He is a nobleman, however, and she is his only daughter."

Monsieur Simonet's countenance changed: a moment before his eyes had glistened at the thoughts of a wealthy marriage, but Anatole's last words restored him to his normal inflexibility of feature.



"A nobleman and an only daughter!" he repeated. "May I," he added, with no attempt to subdue a sneer—"may I ask the nobleman's name?"

"Oh, certainly," returned Anatole; "I was coming to that. It is only right that you should know all about it. Her father is the Baron de Gournay."

"The Baron de Gournay!" echoed Monsieur Simonet, with renewed astonishment.

"Yes, uncle. Do you know who he is?"

"Perfectly."

"And you approve my choice?"

"Why not?"

"You are the kindest of uncles. And the most generous!"

A hard cough was Monsieur Simonet's only comment on this apostrophe.

"Yes!" continued Anatole, completely carried away by his delusion. "You consent to my marriage, and will give me—how can I doubt it now?—the twenty thousand francs?"

"I will give you," said Monsieur Simonet, slowly—"I will give you, Anatole, exactly as much as the baron bestows on his daughter. His family, noble as it is, shall have no excuse for saying that my nephew did not enter it on equal terms—at least as far as relates to money."

Anatole threw his arms round his uncle's neck and embraced him on both cheeks—a process to which the old man very quietly submitted.

"And as for descent," said Anatole, with a touch of pride, "if we have not much pedigree to boast of on my mother's side, my father was of an old Burgundian family."

"Very old!" observed Monsieur Simonet, meekly digesting the implied *roture*. "The Duvals are as old—as the hills."

In spite of meekness, a shade of irony pierced through these words, which caught Anatole's attention, and he answered quickly:

"Well, uncle, if I cannot trace my ancestry to those who followed St. Louis to Africa at all events, my father fought as well there, and died as bravely, as the best of them."

"True, Anatole; when one begins in the same way, a few hundred years are nothing to speak of. But, as I said before, if there is any difference in blood, there shall be none in point of fortune."

Anatole again advanced to embrace his uncle, but this time Monsieur Simonet kept him at arm's length, as if the unusual endearment were too much for him.

"Stay a little," he said. "You do not know, Anatole, the precise amount of Mademoiselle de Gournay's dower?"

"No, uncle, I could not with delicacy put that question."

"Then I will inform you."

"How! You are acquainted with the affairs and intentions of the Baron de Gournay?"

"You are the best judge of his intentions. As to his affairs, I believe I know something about them, since it was I who bought his estate."

There was an air of malicious triumph in the face of Monsieur Simonet as he said this, which made Anatole turn very pale. It was his turn now to make repetitions.

"You who bought his estate!" he gasped.

"Precisely. When his creditors, who seized everything, put up the château and grounds for sale."

"Then the Baron——?"

"Is as poor as yourself. Poorer, if possible, for it seems he has a daughter to keep and you have none—at present. Listen to me, you fool," continued Monsieur Simonet, his long suppressed anger breaking forth: "I told you I consented to your marriage. It is truly one of equality. Equality! Ha! ha! ha! Pauper weds with pauper. There! Am I not the kindest of uncles? Ass! idiot, that you are!"

The reaction upon poor Anatole was terrific. A few minutes before his hopes had been raised to the highest pitch by the prospect of his uncle's generosity: now they were dashed to the ground and shivered by his cold and malignant cruelty.

He knew not at first what to say, but stood silent while his uncle grinned wickedly at him. At length, remembering that the letter which he had received through Baptiste enjoined him to raise money for the purpose of bribing Monsieur de Saverne's servants, and as it was his own prime necessity just then, he made a desperate appeal to Monsieur Simonet. But he might as well have appealed to a block of granite. His imprudent revelation supplied the obdurate old miser with a stronger reason than he had ever yet given for withholding pecuniary aid. Was he to advance money that his nephew might waste it on an imprudent marriage? No! he loved his sister too much to suffer her son to ruin himself in that way! As to his own promise, it was only made on the supposition that Anatole would be in all things obedient to his will. He had himself a marriage project in view which, if his nephew dutifully agreed to, might yet restore him to Monsieur Simonet's good graces. It was no impoverished nobleman's daughter that he offered, but the only child of a friend of his own, Madame Cassonade, the rich *épicière* over the way. Such a marriage was in all respects the most suitable for a young man in Anatole's position—in fact, to no other would he listen. Anatole became furious at this proposition, which not only outraged his love but wounded his dignity. He marry the daughter of an *épicière*! Not if every lump of sugar in her shop were an ingot! Not if she wallowed in wealth as well as treacle! Anatole's irreverent expressions provoked his uncle's anger anew, and their quarrel was at its height when Jacques Mignerot made his appearance, and, as soon as he could get in a word, informed Monsieur Simonet that a person desired to speak to him.

With a parting word, which was not a benediction, Anatole flung out of the room. At the door stood a shabby-looking elderly man, whose face he thought he knew, though he could not remember where he had seen it. But there was no recognition on the part of the stranger, and Anatole passed on. At the foot of the staircase he heard the voice of Jacques calling to him to stop. He therefore waited for the *concièrge* beneath the *porte cochère*.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### DOUBTS.

"AH, Monsieur Anatole," said Jacques Mignerot, with as dismal a look as his features were capable of wearing, "you have been quarrelling again with your uncle."

"How can I help it, Jacques?" returned the young man. "His conduct drives me to exasperation. I am on the point of making a marriage, such as never before was heard of in our family. I go to him for money long promised—it is necessary I should have it—and not only am I brutally refused, but insults—terms the most degrading—are heaped as well on the lovely object of my choice as on myself. Ah, if relationship had not subsisted between us, if age had not interposed a shield against my wrath, I should have hurled his body from the window to be the prey of wolves and ravens, creatures less inexorable, far less close-fisted than himself!"

"Oh, it is about a marriage that you came to talk to Monsieur Simonet! That is, indeed, a new thing to speak of! I do not wonder at his ill-humour, if, as you say, you prefer somebody of your own choosing!"

"What, then, you have heard of my uncle's designs for me?"

"He has spoken of them to Madame Mignerot, and naturally she has repeated his observations to me, in our moments of confidence, you understand, when our heads are about to repose on the same pillow. It was only last night that we were discussing the matter. 'Célestine,' I permitted myself to remark, 'it is not Mam'sell' Cassonade, or any one like her, to whom Monsieur Anatole would pay his addresses.' 'But she is rich,' said Madame Mignerot. 'And the reverse of pretty,' was my rejoinder."

"Hideous and vulgar too!" exclaimed Anatole. "At any rate, my uncle has not the finest taste!"

"Without being absolutely hideous, handsomer girls than Mam'sell Cassonade may easily be met with. When one leg is three or four inches shorter than the other, the manner of walking is not graceful; other points about her are not to my taste. 'In fine,' I observed to my wife, 'Monsieur Anatole requires beauty. I did so myself when I married;'—a remark which Madame Mignerot did not disdain to approve."

"Ah!" sighed Anatole, "it is beauty indeed that I adore!"

"If Mam'sell' Cassonade,' I continued, 'resembled that charming young person who lodges on our first floor—à la bonne heure! She is somebody worth looking at! As Madame Mignerot only replied to this observation by desiring me to hold my tongue and go to sleep, I did not pursue the conversation further; but, between ourselves, Monsieur Anatole, I adhere to my opinion."

"And when did this charming young person, as you call her, come here? I did not know you had any lodgers."

"She arrived yesterday morning, quite early, accompanied by her servant, and a gentleman who had already been to the hotel: the same Monsieur Anglais that was with your uncle when you came last."

"What do you mean? That gentleman is my acquaintance. We dined together the day before yesterday. He was living *en garçon*, like myself. No lady was with him."

Jacques shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"He came here, however, with one: in fact, it is not more than half an hour since he paid her a visit. Had you arrived a little sooner you must have met him."

"I did meet him," said Anatole, somewhat perplexed. "The cunning fellow," he muttered, "to keep it such a secret! That, then, was

the 'unexpected business' which detained him! And is she," he added aloud, addressing Jacques—"is she so very handsome?"

"To my thinking, yes. Of a different style altogether from Madame Mignerot—in fact"—this was in a half-whisper—"younger by twenty, perhaps thirty years—and considerably slighter, besides being taller; on the other hand, she has not so much colour as Célestine—indeed, she is positively pale, so that the advantage is not all on one side; Madame Mignerot's eyes, as you know, are black—this lady's are deep blue, but both of them have dark hair."

The little *concierge* did not greatly assist Anatole's ideas by the comparison, but, setting Madame Mignerot aside, he quite comprehended that Jacques was describing a beautiful girl. Something in the description, also, seemed to interest him, for again he muttered: "Tall, slender, pale, deep blue eyes and dark hair! Singular that there should be so much resemblance! What," he asked abruptly, "is the lady's name?"

"Contarini," replied Jacques; "I can show it you on the *feuille des locataires* in my *loge*."

"She must be Italian, then?" said Anatole.

"It is possible. Nevertheless, she speaks French with as good an accent as either you or I. But tell me, Monsieur Anatole, when did you decide on marrying? It cannot be very long ago."

"You are right, Jacques. I only came to that resolution this morning. But I have been in love, I cannot say how long! Ever since I first saw her painting at the Louvre."

"The lady is, then, of your profession?"

"I supposed so till yesterday; but I find she is a lady of rank."

"And fortune, Monsieur Anatole?"

"Alas, no! That is the reason why I have quarrelled with my uncle. A propos—you know something of his affairs. Has he lately bought the estate of a certain Baron de Gournay?"

"Yes. In Normandy. A great bargain, I believe."

"Or it would not be my uncle. It is too true, then! Ah! if I were only a man of fortune! If I even knew some rich Jew! By-the-by, Jacques, the man I met up-stairs looks very like a money-lender. Who is he?"

"I know no more than yourself, Monsieur Anatole. He came here to ask for lodgings, but not content, as other people are, with learning particulars from me—he must have been content, however, had Madame Mignerot been at home—insisted on seeing Monsieur Simonet himself."

At this point of their conversation an interruption took place, caused by the appearance of Justine.

She had a little commission to execute for her mistress, and wished Madame Mignerot to tell her the nearest shop where she could obtain what she wanted.

Jacques was *désolé* at the absence of his wife, who would willingly have gone on Mademoiselle's errand, but as he knew all the shops in the *quartier*, he could recommend one with quite as much safety as Madame Mignerot herself, seeing that he derived his information concerning every kind of *spécialité* for feminine use from her.

After a few words of civility, having received the necessary instructions, Justine departed.

During the time she was speaking to the *concierge*, Anatole had never once taken his eyes off her face, and the moment she turned into the street, he said :

"*Diable!* this is most extraordinary!"

"What is extraordinary, Monsieur Anatole! That a lady should want to buy a warm cloak at this season?"

"No, not that, certainly; but—*diable m'emporte* if I can understand it! Two people cannot resemble each other so closely and dress so much alike. It must be the same!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Monsieur Anatole?"

"This Norman woman who was here just now, is she the attendant of your new lodger, Mademoiselle Contarini?"

"Yes. She has been her *bonne*, as she told Madame Mignerot, from infancy. They have never been parted."

"At what hour do you say they came here yesterday?"

"Oh, quite early—eight o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts."

"Then it is impossible. Yet, that Norman cap, those features, seen, not once only, but for several days in succession, and the description of her young mistress!" The doubt was exasperating. He must be satisfied!

"My good Jacques," said Anatole. "Something torments me dreadfully. I am ready to tear the hair off my head. Where are the apartments of Mademoiselle Contarini?"

"Directly opposite. That is the door on the first landing-place."

Anatole turned. At three bounds he reached the foot of the staircase. Three more took him to the spot just indicated. To the surprise of Jacques, he saw him turn the handle of the door and enter.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the little *concierge*, "he is as mad as a cockchafer! What can he want in the lady's apartment? How Madame Mignerot would scold if she knew he was there! It is lucky for me that she's away!"

The luck of Jacques was of short duration, for, as he uttered these words, his wife stood in the doorway. He saw by her bent brows, and the hue of her countenance, that she was in an ill-humour, so he forbore to say anything that might tend to increase it.

"She wants her dinner, I see! Perhaps, while she is eating it, Monsieur Anatole may come out again!—Ah, returned so soon, my Célestine?"

"So soon! It is quite late enough! I hope the *pot-au-feu* is ready. Don't stand chattering there, but be quick and help me off with my bonnet and shawl."

"It is quite ready, my cherished one. It only waits for you."

Pushing him unceremoniously aside, Madame Mignerot entered the lodge, followed by her obsequious spouse.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### EXPLANATIONS.

BIANCA, sadly meditating on her father's condition, was so absorbed in sorrowful reflections, that at first she gave no heed to a sharp knock at the door of the room in which she was sitting; but when it was quickly repeated, she hastily dried her eyes and desired the person who knocked to enter.

A young man, a perfect stranger, stood before her. "Ah! It is thou, then, Mademoiselle!" he cried, the moment she turned her head. "My heart told me so, in spite of everything to the contrary. Thy letter had prepared me for all but the happiness of seeing thee so soon! Let me clasp thee, dearest, in my arms!"

Bianca rose in amazement.

"Hold, sir!" she exclaimed, as the young man was advancing. "You are deceiving yourself. I do not know you. You take me for another!"

"For another!" repeated Anatole. "Every look, every gesture, confirm the truth which all my senses attest. Thy image," he added, striking his breast, "is too deeply graven here to be so readily obliterated."

Bianca's astonishment gave way to apprehension. From the abruptness of the young man's entrance, from the flush on his cheek, from the singular expression in his eyes, but, above all, from the words he used, the conviction that he was a lunatic rose at once to her mind. Fearing to excite him by an angry answer, she spoke with as much calmness as she could assume.

"It will be better," she replied—though she hardly knew what she was saying—"it will be better that you—that you should leave me now. I did not expect to—to—to have seen you here."

"Here! No! It was a wondrous chance that brought me to your feet. You told me of your meditated escape—of the ruthless tyrant whom you purposed to deceive—of the fidelity of Lisette, the incorruptible—of the confidence which you counselled me to repose in honest Antoine,—you declared that the day was not distant when you would prove yourself the possessor of a courage and will that should overcome all obstacles—but with all these avowals I did not indeed expect that we should have met before the ink was scarcely dry with which that precious letter was written!"

More convinced than ever that the speaker was mad, Bianca could only look round in alarm, trusting that Justine, or some people of the house, if not the insane man's keeper, would come to her assistance.

"Why these averted looks, why this cold, this cruel silence?" continued Anatole. "Is it that—Ha! What did Jacques Mignerot tell me? The Englishman Hubert! It is he whom you expect! It is to him that I must give place! False, forsworn creature!"

Too terrified to speak or move, Bianca remained fixed where she stood. A newer idea had entered the lunatic's brain. From the phase of love he had passed to that of jealousy. Wonder, however, was mingled with her fear, for the madman had mentioned the name of her deliverer. He must, then, be familiar with the house and its inmates. But a greater surprise was in store. While she eagerly watched the young man's every movement, his countenance suddenly changed. The fierce expression vanished from his eyes, and tenderness reigned there instead, as he drew a letter from his pocket and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"To think," he said, in a low, broken voice, "that she who penned these lines could so cruelly deceive! Tell me, Mademoiselle de Gournay—tell me that you loved me when you wrote this letter."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at Bianca's feet, she could not have been more startled. Her very name, concealed as she thought from all but one, known to this strange intruder. Madness could not arrive at this pre-

science: he must be something still more dangerous. It was time to cast away her fear and speak with courage.

"Sir," she said, "I know not how you have obtained the knowledge of my name. What accident may have revealed it to you it is not in my power to say, but this, at least, I know,—that your delusion must be very great if you suppose that I have ever addressed to you a single line."

"Oh, deny it not," exclaimed Anatole. "Do not deprive me of the sweetest hope that ever swelled my bosom."

He unfolded the letter and read:

"You have not appealed to me in vain. Yes! I did not fail to observe your respectful devotion at the Louvre, when, as you tell me, you did not dare to speak. Neither were those glances thrown away which I already knew you directed to me at the theatre. I saw you also when, as you remind me, we drove away. Imagine, then, my joy when Lisette, my faithful *femme de chambre*, placed in my hands the precious lines which told me I was beloved, I whom——"

"Stay, sir!" interrupted Bianca. "If not yourself the insolent author of what you appear to read, you are the victim of the most wicked fabrication that human being ever conceived. Show me that paper!"

Bianca spoke with so much pride and dignity that Anatole, quite humbled, submissively placed the letter in her hands.

With glowing cheeks Bianca read it through.

"The wretch," she said, contemptuously, "who wrote what is here had not, after all, the courage to forge my name. Some circumstances of my life are known to the writer, but they might easily have become known to any one. From whom did you receive this letter?"

"From a man named Antoine," replied Anatole, "the confidential servant of Monsieur le Marquis de Saverne; he had it, as he assured me, from your own maid Lisette."

"There are no such persons," said Bianca, coldly. "It is a trick, at my expense, to rob you of your money."

She threw the letter on the table.

"Now, sir," she said, "you may go."

"Not, Mademoiselle," cried Anatole, throwing himself on his knees before her—"not till I am forgiven. I love you, Mademoiselle de Gournay, though I have been fatally wrong in supposing my love was returned. Forgive me for that, as well as for the conduct which led to this explanation."

In what manner Bianca might have replied to the prostrate artist it is useless to conjecture, for just as she was about to speak the door opened, and two persons entered the room.

Both were elderly men. In one of them, Anatole, who turned his head as he heard the noise of their approach, beheld his uncle: in the other, notwithstanding his mean attire, Bianca recognised Monsieur de Saverne.

"So!" exclaimed the Marquis, casting a furious glance at Anatole, who hastily rose from his knees, but addressing Bianca—"so, Mademoiselle, it was to meet a lover that you fled from my protection. I might have supposed as much!"

Monsieur Simonet said nothing, but angrily shook his fist at his nephew.

Pained as Mademoiselle de Gournay was at the equivocal situation in which she was placed, her spirit rose above her embarrassment.

"By what right, sir," she said, "do you presume to follow me here? Was it not enough to outrage me beneath your own roof, but you must venture upon my chosen privacy, and again insult one whom you have so basely, so cruelly wronged?"

"The right I use," replied the Marquis, "is the right delegated to me by your father, of whom," he added, turning to Anatole's uncle, "I am, as I told you, the nearest relation."

"Your authority, Monsieur le Marquis," said Monsieur Simonet, bowing, "is unimpeachable. Even if this young lady had not established herself in this hotel under a false name—a grievous infraction of the Code—she is still amenable to a heavy penalty for avoiding your jurisdiction."

"I am ignorant, sir," said Bianca, haughtily, "who you may be that take upon yourself to deliver legal opinions, and pronounce upon my conduct; but be assured that, whatever its formalities, the law of France will never shelter itself beneath them for the purpose of oppression. And for you, Monsieur de Saverne, beware how you speak of delegated rights to me, who now know the full extent of your villany. It was, indeed," she continued, with bitter scorn, "a well-planned scheme to lure my father to a distant prison that you might the safer practise on me!"

At the word "prison" the Marquis started, as if something had suddenly stung him. How had Bianca learned his secret? Nevertheless, he tried to speak, but before he could utter a syllable Anatole broke in.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I owe you indemnification for the trouble I have caused. I offended without intention; permit me to atone for my offence. I have heard enough, Monsieur," he continued, approaching the Marquis, "to satisfy me that you have committed acts which degrade not only the rank you hold, but—in however humble a degree—the name of a Frenchman. Yet your unworthiness shall not afford you the means of escape. I take upon myself this young lady's quarrel, and demand that you make reparation to me for the infamy of your conduct towards her."

"Anatole!" cried Monsieur Simonet, "have you lost your senses? Do you know that you are speaking to the Marquis de Saverne—to the richest nobleman in France?"

"Were he," returned Anatole, "fifty times a marquis and fifty times richer, I would only so much the more repeat what I have already said. You have heard me, Monsieur de Saverne—there can be but one reply."

"It must be made to me!" cried a voice from behind.

At this interruption every one looked towards the door. The speaker was Hubert Gurney, who at that moment rushed into the room.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Bianca, "I beseech you to be calm. Contempt is the only punishment for that man."

Yet even Bianca's words would have failed to control the impetuous young men, on each of whom the Marquis alternately cast his eyes, gleaming with vindictive fury, but another cause arrested them. On a sudden the ashy whiteness of his cheek gave place to a flush of preternatural red—he raised his arm as if to strike him who was nearest, but in the act of doing so the *coup de sang* mounted, he staggered, and fell senseless on the floor.



## NAPLES AND THE NEAPOLITANS.\*

THE generality of "forestieri" who dwell at Naples imbibe exceedingly erroneous ideas with regard to the institutions of that country. They give publicity to these ideas with an assurance which has all the more weight as their conclusions seem to be founded upon carefully collected data. Nothing is more common than to hear Neapolitan institutions spoken of with contempt even in cases where least deserved. But the fact is, that the more these institutions are examined, the more wise and provident will they be found to be. The legislature would appear to have retained everything of which experience has proved the utility of the many different systems of government and administration that have been put into practice at Naples, more especially all that could present solid guarantees to a people jealous of its rights, firm in the support of order and progress, and anxious to keep themselves within the bounds of a political moderation, which by no means excludes activity of life or industrial and commercial prosperity.

Organisation of high administration, organisation of justice and of public instruction, and financial and commercial organisation, appear quite as complete as in other countries. Unfortunately, this grand total of decrees, laws, and institutions, crowned by a constitution in 1848, has lost its tiara—suspended, we are told, for the time being, not abrogated. If you look closely, indeed, at this grand constitutional edifice, which, seen at a distance, appears so imposing, you will soon perceive that the soldiers who mount guard over it do not do so in the interest of the indwellers, for it is a wilderness, but that they are there to prevent intrusion.

When a few honest or liberal minds disclaim against this perversion of institutions, or interference forces itself on foreign governments from mere shame at standing aloof while such legal enormities are being enacted in the face of the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century, the government of the Two Sicilies has an answer ready. "These verdicts, which you make a crime of, have been given by a court constituted upon a vigorous interpretation of the Code Napoléon. The judges, it is true, are particularly devoted to the king; but is such devotion only praiseworthy in the instance of senators and councillors of state?"

"There is no reply," M. Théodore Vernes says, "to so conclusive a remark, except to admit that the kingdom of Naples is one of the best monarchies possible, and that everything that is in it is also for the best!"

The law punishes administrative frauds with heavy inflictions, yet such are so common at Naples that they appear to have passed into the daily habits of the people. From the highest functionaries down to the pettiest *employé*, a chronic venality has invaded every corner of society. The fact is, that wherever there is universal demoralisation, there is corruption in high places. The Orient used to monopolise with Russia the worst reputation in this respect: it took the moral world by surprise to find

\* Naples et les Napolitans. Par M. Théodore Vernes. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1860.

Austria deeply involved in the same miserable category. Yearly we see the same state of things becoming more rife in financial circles in our own country; happily we have had no examples of such in government offices, but we have among contractors: witness the Galatz preserved meats, one of the most sordid manifestations possible. If in this country we have not such glaring moral delinquencies as in others, we have that which works quite as mischievously in retarding progress, and that is a responsibility so largely divided, a system of governmental supervision so inextricably confused, and a consequent wastefulness of so prodigious a nature, that it may be fairly estimated that not one-half of the moneys originally voted for certain purposes—say, the strengthening of our land forces, the giving efficiency to our navy, or the construction of defences—ever reaches its real destiny. It would require a modern Hercules to cleanse this Augean stable of legalised misappropriation, but when will he appear? It is the order of the day in political economy, as it is in religion, to let matters take their own course.

It is to be remarked, in considering the national character of the Neapolitans, that populations of most diverse origin have successively invaded the country and superposed themselves upon the primitive tribes, influencing and modifying to a considerable extent the institutions, manners, and religious tendencies of the people. In the radius of Naples alone we meet with descendants of eight or ten races. Thus at Pozzuolo there are traces of an Arab colony, and at Nocera, long occupied by Saracenic mercenaries in the service of the kings of Naples, Arab words and an Arabian pronunciation can be still detected. Many Norman words attest the long possession of Salerno by those hardy adventurers. In like manner certain sonorous expressions in use among the *lazzaroni* attest to their Spanish origin; the French alone have left fewer traces than any other people, but there are still some descendants of the refugees from the Sicilian Vespers to be met with.

The physiognomy of this mixed population is full of originality, especially in the lower classes. Habitually thoughtless and vivacious, the latter seem to have no one care beyond idleness and dissipation. With them there is neither public opinion nor ambition. His intellectual, or even his spiritual life, gives no more concern to your *lazzaroni* than do his daily food, his clothes, and lodgings. His home is the street, and his comforter is the sun.

The Neapolitans have had a parliamentary and constitutional government conferred upon them on two different occasions, but they have never failed with such a people to give way before the traditional rule of despotism. The constitution was first suppressed by Ferdinand I. in 1823, and, once more resuscitated, it was again suppressed by Ferdinand II. in 1848. M. Gondon published an inquiry in 1857 into the causes which led to this failure, and he attributed it to probably its just cause—the total want of political education among the masses, and their utter ignorance of political rights. Any one not versed in the past, and more especially the mediæval, history of Italy would say that, with the exception of Piedmont, perhaps there is not a realm that is ripe to receive a constitution in the whole peninsula; and this is the fallacy of M. Gondon, who attests as much in the development of his views, and arguing upon the moral, intellectual, and physical prostration brought about by a pro-

longed and unmitigated despotism of Church and State, would also insist that such a despotism is the form of government best suited to the Neapolitans, and, indeed, to all Italy. One evil having entailed another, it might as well be argued it is better to sustain the former as best suited to the mischief it has engendered.

In the mean time, despotic governments and theocracies are always ready to avail themselves of principles of this description. The people, they say, have shown their political incapacity and inaptitude; they have been tried and have been found wanting; they are too ignorant to take a part in the administration; there is nothing for it, then, but to confirm that state of moral and intellectual nonentity which most approximates their condition to that of the beasts of the field. Mr. Gladstone has said of the Neapolitans, that there is not a milder people in all Europe, nor one that is more capable of attachment and of control. This in face of the fact that might be historically adduced of some forty revolts or insurrections; but, then, these have never surged to the surface till the never-ending progress of confirming the prostration of the people has gone so far that nothing remained but to rise, or to be smothered without an effort, without even the pangs and convulsions inseparable from a physical as well as from a moral and intellectual death.

The case even with the aristocracy is very little better. Possessing palaces that are likewise museums, they yet have not only little taste for the arts, but also as little for literature; almost an elementary education is neglected, and, in consequence, the serious aspects of life are entirely cast aside for the most frivolous pursuits. M. Vernes compares their condition, aptly enough, to that of the French nobility under the "grand monarch." They themselves believe that they can best prove their devotion to their king by their swords, and the influence which, as great lords, they possess over those around them, than by being transformed into incompetent legislators. Happily, he adds, two centuries have gone by since it was supposed that the nobility had nothing else to do than to be incessantly dealing "de grands coups d'épée," or wasting their time in the ante-chambers of sovereigns. He admits, at the same time, that the priests and the ruling powers leaving them nothing to do, nothing can exceed the urbanity and politeness with which they do the honours of their museums and their palaces. There are, even among the nobility as among the middle classes, the germs of a better future. The disciples of Poerio are by no means so few as is generally imagined, and they only await that circumstances shall be favourable to emancipate themselves from the incubus which weighs upon all alike. Unfortunately, the system of degrading oppression is followed up with a pertinacity that never belies itself, or even suffers a moment's aspiration after a better state of things. There are only two establishments that the king really interests himself in: one is an institution for the education of young Chinese—for there are fewer inconveniences likely to arise in giving instruction to the Chinese than to the Neapolitans; the second is a brotherly institution for burying people gratuitously. Rather than be disturbed in the uncontrolled enjoyment of his despotic rule, the benevolent sovereign of the Two Sicilies would probably prefer seeing all his subjects under the sod.

The chief influence that abets this melancholy state of things is the

clerical. No longer able to proceed, as in the middle ages, by dungeon, rack, and stake, it has recourse to enervation. It fascinates the eyes and narcotises the conscience, till M. Vernes expresses a doubt if the Neapolitans have any knowledge of a God. They have no religious fervour, he says, except for the Madonna and certain saints, their lares and penates, to whom the poorest lazzaroni consecrate a little lamp that burns day and night. So far from correcting these idolatrous practices, the clergy encourage them, and countenance all kinds of pagan and mythological absurdities. The light of a true religion is supplanted by a miserable fetishism; statues of the Virgin and of saints adorn every square; a niche shelters at the corner of every street the figure of the saint under whose patronage the people of the quarter are permitted to live; at the door of almost every shop a similar figure is to be seen, decorated with flowers during the day, and lighted up with tapers by night. People among whom such signs are multiplied are precisely those among whom the least respect is ever found for the property or the lives of others. The lower classes of Naples, like those of the Abruzzi and of Calabria, associate habits of murder and pillage with their devotional practices, and even assign to their patron saints a portion of their spoils. The priesthood seldom or ever expound the Gospel to these poor people; they purposely leave them plunged in the aberrations of an ignorant idolatry. On the occasion of the late earthquake, the faithful were called upon to return thanks for their escape at the church of Saint Emiddio, to whose intervention their safety was attributed. The followers of Saint Januarius were, however, much formalised by this preference shown to a less popular rival. It is the same with the various Madonnas; there is an incessant rivalry of miracles among them.

It is well known to be a part of the creed of the fanatical Neapolitans that their idols occasionally make known the will of Heaven by signs. A crucifix is shown at the church of Saint Domenico, which said one day to St. Thomas of Aquin: "*Bene scripsisti de me, Thoma; quam ergo mercedem cupis?*" And to which Thomas replied: "*Non aliam nisi te ipsum.*" The holy man was, according to the legend, sustained at that time by the fervour of his zeal, like Saint Cupertin, at an elevation of three feet from the ground. Another crucifix is shown at the church of the Benedictines, which held a long conversation with its lieutenant, Pope Pius V. A third, at the church of the Carmelites, stooped its head at a cannon-ball that would otherwise have carried it off on the occasion of the siege of Naples by Alphonso of Aragon, in 1439. The church of Saint Agnello has not only a speaking crucifix, but it also possesses an image of Saint Mary of Intercession, which held frequent pious conversations with Jeanne, mother of Saint Agnello, as also with the saint himself. The Madonna of the church of Saint Paul becoming an involuntary witness of an impropriety, removed itself to the recess of a chapel, where it is to be seen in the present day. On the occasion of the recent discussions regarding the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, the Scottists supported their view of the case by a declaration communicated to them by Saint Brigida, but the Thomists averred, on their side, that Saint Cattarina had made to them a declaration of a precisely opposite character.

A religion which possesses so many means of direct and oral revelations

naturally attaches small value to the revelations transmitted by Holy Writ. Hence, the priests at Naples are as little familiar with the Bible as are the people themselves. Before the revolution the religious communities enjoyed the extraordinary privilege of being able to claim all such houses or property as abutted on their own, and as each new acquisition brought them into contact with new property, the greater portion of the towns and half the kingdom belonged to them. These privileges have been abolished, but the clergy, as bold and as rapacious as they are cunning, are not much poorer in consequence. They evoke the horrors of hell simply to extort sums of money from the dying. They absolve thieves and other malefactors according to a tariff of crime. They sell or barter indulgences to break fast, to marry, and to have chapels and relics; they deal largely in purgatory, which is an inexhaustible fund of revenue; and they barter masses when they only say one, and that for the benefit of all their clients collectively. When a collection has to be made, a procession is formed of priests, monks, and soldiers, who march through the streets knocking at every door. Where they receive little, they leave in silence; where more has been given, a musket or two are fired off in honour of the giver; but when any one has shown marked liberality there is a regular ovation of guns.

The monks manufacture candelabra, handles for parasols, and other ornaments out of the bones of their brethren, without troubling themselves with the thoughts that they themselves will soon undergo the same sacrilegious treatment. In the same way they consecrate in their churches the hair of the Virgin, paintings by Saint Luke, and fragments of Jacob's invisible ladder, without considering that by such acts they place truth itself in peril. Such modes of proceeding bear their inevitable fruit. With the Neapolitan women religion is an attitude, with the men it is a formula, which prevents nothing, and sometimes even authorises. The Calabrians, suffering lately under a prolonged drought, and having supplicated their saints in vain, they imagined nothing more efficacious than to put the statues and figures of even their most venerated saints into prison. It is a common thing to make offerings before a Madonna for a prize in the lottery, and then to vilify her in case of failure. It is not that all Neapolitans alike live in this disgraceful and unintellectual bondage. There are those who feel deeply the necessity of reform; but they are silent, or they would be denounced and exiled.

Naples remains, in the mean time, the chosen land of miracles and of prodigies. There are not only speaking saints and crucifixes, but there are also saints that act. Such are Saint Aspreno, to whom patients suffering from neuralgic pains are introduced under a covering, through a hole in a chapel wall, in order to be cured. At a certain period of the year all the horses of the town are assembled before the church of Saint Anthony, in order to receive a blessing which preserves them from all illness. Then there is the blood of Saint Jean, that enters into a state of ebullition when the Gospel is read; and the colossal ivory head of Christ, in the church Del Carmine, from which, once a year, the hair that has grown in the interval is cut off, in presence of the king and the court, and distributed to the faithful, whom it preserves from all calamities. The liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius—the most

popular of all the Neapolitan miracles—has been often described. One of the oldest narratives of this miracle is contained in "*La tres-curieuse et chevalresque Histoire de la Conquete de Naples par le tres-chrestien et tres-victorieux roy Charles huitiesme de ce nom.*" Charles VIII. was too much of a Frenchman not to show that the French kings had likewise the power of performing miracles, so he effected cures by the royal touch. In another narrative we read of the Earl of Perth shedding tears of joy, in the hope that the exhibition would convert his sister, Countess Errol. M. Vernes adds another to the many previous descriptions given. For purposes best known to the priesthood, the liquefaction was deferred upon this occasion for several hours, and when at last the miracle took place on the appearance of the archbishop, M. Vernes says he withdrew, "grieved and humiliated at the religious degradation as testified in the strange manifestations which had excited his curiosity." And further on he adds: "The puerility of the means is only equalled by the imprudence with which divine things are treated. That which is most surprising is not that there should have been an audacious inventor of a miracle, but that for so many years so many men, some of them renowned for talent and position, should have deemed it necessary to perpetuate so gross an imposture. Sad policy, and little creditable to humanity, is that which makes of hypocrisy an instrument of ambition!"

The object of the Romanist priesthood (M. Vernes adds), whether in turning miracles to account, or in other equally superstitious or idolatrous practices, is only too evident; it is to strengthen and extend their power. The Romanists in more northerly countries, when reproached with countenancing such unscriptural idolatry, declare that it is no such thing, that the images and pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, are only figurative of essences to be worshipped, and that no one mistakes them for the reality; but every traveller knows that among the Romanists of the South, from Naples to Malta, from Malta to Spain and Portugal, and from Portugal to Brazil, the grossest practical idolatry exists—witness at Naples the talking and actions attributed to these idols, and their imprisonment by the populace for not doing as they are bid! The Romanists may argue that these are the errors, not the legitimate results of a system; but any system that can lead to such extreme degradation of human intelligence, even if it have a divine origin, can never be consecrated by Omniscience. At Naples, priesthood and government alike do not look upon these things in a religious point of view at all. They are all alike followers of Machiavel and of Voltaire, and they encourage them and persevere in them as means to an end, to extend and confirm power, to obtain certain objects and purposes, and occasionally to avert insurrections and catastrophes.

"I cannot help thinking," writes M. Vernes, "that a Church which consents to rely upon such manœuvres, bears within itself a principle of death, and must resign itself to meet with nothing but a faith that simply addresses itself to forms, or an incredulity which has its origin in the very means by which that Church thinks that it will affirm its authority. The misfortune is, however, that this has been proclaimed over and over again for centuries past, yet things have remained just the same. Nearly

two hundred years ago, Bishop Burnet said of Naples that many there, having no idea of Christianity but such as they saw around them, had dismissed all belief whatsoever, for seeing nothing but deceit and imposture, they supposed it was the same everywhere. Yet has the same system outlived all kinds of spiritual and temporal revolutions, and the Church of Rome has at the present time, as much as ever, the pretension to dominate over minds and consciences; it stands convinced, amidst the conflicts of opinion that tear Christianity asunder, that it alone has conquered and preserved in the spiritual world the power that Pagan Rome exercised upon the material world." "If Catholicism," adds M. Vernes, "was endowed with great vitality, it was because, in the origin, it was firmly rooted in the Gospel. But the tree, as it grew up, instead of throwing out its branches heavenward, let them fall and creep upon the ground." The denunciations of Alfieri upon the Eternal City are in the present day equally applicable to Naples: "There one meets with nothing but wan faces, branded with the seal of oppression; a cowardly and idle population; a proud yet prostrate senate; wealthy patricians, still more stupid than rich; priests beatified by the folly of their neighbours; a city without citizens; and august temples without religion."

From the silence of servitude Italy is passing in our day (remarks M. Vernes) to the tumult of revolutions. Its enfranchisement, long the dominant aspiration of most of the political parties that agitate the peninsula, has in our times become an object of interest to all Europe. Some of these parties would have contented themselves with a timid approach towards liberty; others, and they are the great majority, call from the bottom of their hearts for a violent revolutionary commotion, and they do not hesitate at any means that are calculated to promote such. If the Italian patriots have not as yet succeeded—if they have only caused blood to be shed for the profit of despotism, and not for that of liberty—it is that the fatal blindness so long signalled by Dante as characterising his contemporaries has continued to be their lot. Yet are the Italians clever; men of action when requisite, they know at the same time how to abstain and to calculate the forces necessary for success; but questions of nationality have always awakened an amount of exaltation that has compromised the best cause. Instead of depending upon themselves, they keep alternately accusing Austria and their own princes. What do they in reality demand? To be enfranchised from a foreign yoke. But why do they not begin by shaking off their own yoke of bad faith, of that passionate fretfulness which incessantly drives them into foolish exaggerations, of that mistrust and inveterate hatred which exists between provinces, towns, and individuals—first cause of the profound division of Italy, and consequently also of its secular servitude.

It is only when the Italians shall understand the value of the word patriotism, and the sacrifices it imposes; when they shall be persuaded that they can only enfranchise their country by subordinating their particular or private interests to national unity; when, by their return to a tried virtue, they shall have made their novitiate in liberty,—it is then, I say, and only then, that Italy will be ripe for independence.

But, alas! how far we are yet from the reality of this seductive perspective, and how much must not all the friends of this noble country dread not seeing for a long time yet those sad words effaced that Italy wears engraved on her forehead for now so many centuries:

"*Servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta!*"

What are the most effectual means to remedy this fatal condition of things in Italy? Such is the problem incessantly proposed and never yet solved.

We should think that the first portion of M. Vernes's peroration both put the problem and solved it. All that is wanted that Italy should be at once an independent country and a first-rate power in Europe—which would effectually counterbalance the machinations and tyranny of Austria on the one side, and the usurpations and bad faith of France on the other—are reform and unity. Sacerdotal despotism—the worst of all kinds of despotisms—the absolutism and caprices of petty monarchs, and the wayward, narrow-minded jealousies of the dark ages, would all alike vanish before the broad daylight of a reformed, enlightened, free, and single government.

In as far as concerns Naples specially, there is no doubt, as M. Vernes argues, that the climate has contributed towards softening and degrading manners. It suffices to dwell there for only a brief space of time to appreciate its enervating influence. Up to a certain point the race fashions the individual, and the country fashions the race. It is vain to argue against such results, against that perpetuation of vice and indolence: it is impossible not to recognise the reality. It is true that the climate of Italy is that of the Romans of old; that the climate of Naples is that in which the Samnites, the Siculi, and the Normans attained celebrity; but these proud reminiscences only serve to exhibit more glaringly the present degeneration of warlike and courageous races into effeminate people deprived of all energy. Hence the frequent and easy invasions; hence the revolutions, the corruptions of all kinds—effects first, and natural causes afterwards.

A second cause of abasement in this country is the long oppression that it has suffered from, and that it still suffers from. It has rendered it incapable of any generous aspirations, and has deprived it of even the most elementary notions of liberty and of human responsibility. Hence it is that most writers on Italy see no safety for the country except in the abolition of the existing institutions. M. Vernes takes an objection to this deduction. The Neapolitan institutions are in themselves, he argues, essentially good; it is only in the working that they are corrupt. And it might be asked of such advocates of a mere change in the working of institutions, what good has resulted at Rome by the late reforms in the pontifical government, and the admission of the laity to administrative functions? They have not tended in the slightest degree to remedy the abuses engendered by an old and deplorable priestly routine.

It is true that revolutions, as such, are neither desirable nor always efficacious. The sad experiences of 1848 have shown once more that each successive revolution only rivets the chains of Italy stronger than before, because, once the crisis over, the same elements appear face to face, more hostile and as powerless as ever. Like the children of Cadmus devouring one another, the Italians have torn Italy further asunder than has ever been done by foreigners. The different portions of the peninsula, showing hitherto no susceptibility of aggregation or of assimilation—the territorial division which once contributed to its glory—has become one of the main causes of its decline, and has finally sealed its servitude.

Numerous works have been published to prove that which is so manifest as to have required no demonstration, that the country is not satisfactorily organised in a political point of view, and that there is no national inde-



pendence. At the time of the late costly war of interference, it was the fashion to attribute this state of things to Austria, and to make that government solely responsible for the prostration of Italian nationality. But it was forgotten, or parties pretended to forget, that the papacy is the first cause, direct or indirect, of the loss of that nationality. For several ages the independence of Italy appeared to increase with the increase in temporal power of the popes, because at that time they marched at the head of civilisation; but after having shone for a brief period, the Italian nation fell into the lowest rank of Christians, when papacy, herself giving the example of a mortal corruption, lost all religious activity. The political influence of the court of Rome, which, under Gregory VII., aspired at universal domination, became fatal to Italy, and was the origin of its own servitude. Has not the government of the popes, says M. Vernes, also ever shown itself the worst of governments? So far from serving as the home of liberty, ecclesiastical principles have ever shown themselves averse to it. Pius IX., a more generous than enlightened pope, would never have given his people a constitution if he had foreseen to what the concessions he made would ultimately lead, and the changes they were calculated to effect in his system of government. When he became aware of these facts, he drew back terrified before his own work.

The Church has, no doubt, preserved a certain sacerdotal activity; but it has lost all elements of administrative and political progress. The priests have no confidence save in priests, and the Church does not voluntarily resign itself to the new state of things, which would oblige it to content itself with spiritual dominion, and would interdict it from the monopoly of civil rule.

The idea has been emitted of making the Pope the president of an Italian confederation, of conferring upon him a kind of protectorate of the whole peninsula, diminishing his temporal power at the same time that his political responsibility is exalted. But, asks M. Vernes, is such a transfiguration of papacy capable of realisation? Have we not in such a proposition an imaginary papacy created to meet the wants of a cause whose partisans feel, more than they avow it, that the chief object to its triumph is at Rome? Much reliance was placed in the semi-official pamphlet which suggested this arrangement, upon the opinions of the illustrious Piedmontese writer Balbo; but it was omitted to quote that Balbo, while in favour of a policy of confederations, and admitting that such are the best means of conquering independence, and alone capable of upholding it, also adds: "Popes, powerful auxiliaries in such an undertaking could not be made the chiefs of it."

Where, besides, would be the limits of the temporal and the spiritual? They have only succeeded up to the present time in making of a good cause a cause for revolution, and of turning all the Italian governments in the same direction, that of the oppression of intelligences and characters. This mischievous co-operation resembles in its effects that of the southerly winds, which enervate the whole peninsula. If the interests of Italy were thoroughly understood, all efforts would be directed towards suppressing, not extending, the temporal power of the popes; there ought to be at Rome merely a supreme pontiff, and not a sovereign, for,

so long as a priest-king shall reign in the Eternal City, Italy can never be enfranchised.

Such are among the chief causes of the prostration and servitude of Italy; the natural corollary is, that not revolution, but religious and political reforms are imperiously demanded. It is easy to propound this in our country, but far less so, and far rarer, is it to find such sentiments expounded on the Continent. M. Vernes does not, however, hesitate to take the matter up in all its ultimate bearings. "If Italy," he says, "saw her intellectual supremacy vanish so quickly, at the same time as her independence, it is because she remained a stranger to the Reformation. Deprived of that new force, torn by political and ecclesiastical factions, without faith or shame, incessantly ruined by the frenzied egotism of an ambitious multitude, and the prostitution of consciences—a work of the popes rather than of princes—this country was soon no longer more than the shadow of its former self—the *great shadow*, as it might be called, in the present day."

This is speaking out boldly, in a language characteristic of what we have already called attention to—the rapid march of Protestantism in France in modern times. M. Vernes proceeds to tackle Balbo, the upholder of Christianity as the great basis of all human progress, but the enemy of reform; and he argues that, in comparing the different Christian nations with one another, so as to appreciate the influence of reform upon each, he takes up this question simply in an intellectual point of view, forgetting that which constitutes the very basis of humanity—its moral grandeur.

The Ultramontanes themselves, we are told, admit the superiority of the religious and social principles of the Protestants, but they attribute this to the gradual introduction among them of Romanist tendencies. That is to say, they arm themselves with arguments against Protestantism drawn from the very success of that Protestantism itself. They cannot deny the preponderance and universal development of Great Britain as a Protestant country, as compared with the intellectual and moral darkness of the descendants of the Borgias and the Medicis, so they denounce Protestantism as the mother of socialism, communism, and of all the guilty errors that have arisen to trouble modern society. Unfortunately for the denunciations of the Ultramontanists, the facts of the case disprove their asseverations, for whilst Austria, Italy, Spain, and France were being undermined by socialism, Protestant nations, as England, Prussia, Holland, and the United States, were untouched by it. Balbo himself admits that Protestant nations have more morality than the Romanist, and he looks upon England as charged with the great apostolic mission of modern times. Another distinguished Italian, Leopardi, has asked: "Why is it that Italy, which remained as utter a stranger to reform as Spain, allowed its supremacy of previous ages to be ravished, and itself to fall into that state of degradation from which it has never since been able to rise?—Because she lost her independence. But why did she lose it?—Because she was corrupt. If so, why did not her Catholic orthodoxy preserve her from corruption?—Because, apparently, that orthodoxy, deprived of the vivacious forces of reform, was powerless in giving it virtue as a means of independence, any more than independence as a means of virtue."

The givers of advice repeat to the oppressed Italians: "Let independence be your aim, but virtue your means." But where, says M. Vernes, shall they obtain that virtue which is recommended to them, save in creeds that are more capable of giving a spur to individual and public activity, to notions of right and justice, and to those inspirations of moral Christianity which can alone raise and maintain a nation? "*Religious renaissance is the sine qua non of political renaissance.*" As Gioberti said: "Christian nations may be struck down with sickness, but they cannot utterly perish." It may be a long and painful trial, but Heaven orders for the best, and either moderates or precipitates events as He sees best fit.

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A LAY OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

Of honourable senators  
Who fill St. Stephen's seats,  
A strangely various catalogue  
Our observation greets.

Two *Kings*, a *Duke*, a *Marshall*, too,  
In *Knightley* guise are seen;  
A *Noble Palmer* and a *Knight*,  
A *Franklyn* and *A-deane*.

We've *Fellowes*, *Merry*, *Rich*, and *Wise*,  
*Long*, *Hardy*, *Lowe*, and *Thynne*,  
Of *Manners*, *Moody*, and *D. Mure*,  
Our suffrages to *Wynn*.

Old *Adam*, *Walter*, *Davey*, *Paul*,  
*George*, *Herbert*, *Gregory*, *James*—  
Choice spirits, too, *White*, *Brown*, and *Gray*,  
With other Christian names.

Some are past *Baring*, some *Ar-nott*,  
The *Hayter* neighbours shuns:  
Debtors in vain protection seek  
'Gainst three confounded *Dunnes*.

*Millers* with *Mills* our favours beg,  
*Taylors* for silk or satin;  
A *Butler*, *Cartwright*, lots of *Smiths*,  
A *Trollope* with one *Patten*.

A *Goldsmid* sure is out of place,  
His bread he scarce can earn it;  
He finds, 'mid *Elphin-John-Glad-stones*,  
To suit him but one *Garnett*.

## A LAY OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

Two genuine *Salts*, with *Pennant* spread,  
 From *Newport* put to sea,  
 Nor dread the *Leeke* or *Tempest Vane*,  
 With *Holland* on their *Lee*.

A *Collier* offers *Coke*, and *Coles*,  
 A *Cooper* brings his *Butt*,  
 All wise men fly from *Bond* or *Deedes*,  
*Bruen* deserts his *Hutt*.

*Horsman* can *Fox* or *Roebuck Hunt*,  
 With *Talbots* for his *Packe*,  
 Though *Horsfall* on the *Clay* or *Beach*  
 Would *Tynte* him *Greene* or *Black*.

O'er *Greenwood*, *Freeland*, *Marsh*, and *Hills*,  
 Through *Wyld-Wood Cave* for *Miles*,  
*Bowyer* and *Walker March a-Way*  
*Cross* hedge and ditch and stiles.

*On-slow* by *Longfield*, past the *Brooks*,  
 By *Bridges* or by *Forde*,  
 The *Trail* they follow *North* or *East*,  
 Or on the *Western* board.

A *Booth's* at hand with table spread,  
 The *Head-lam* feels the *Steel*;  
*Potts* promise *Pease*, a *Peacocks*, too,  
 With bits of candied *Peel*.

There's *Ball* or *Barrow* for your use,  
 A *Lever* and two *Lockes*,  
 A *Gore-stained Brand* in case of *Warre*,  
 A *Hood* to *Gard* off *Knor*.

A pastoral *Crook* is *Close* at hand,  
*Hope* sheds a cheering light;  
 In case of need you e'en can add  
 Two *Cubitts* to your height.

God save the Queen and Parliament!  
 Confusion seize those asses  
 Who cry "Reform!" because this House  
 Don't represent all classes.

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

. . . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 Bp. LATIMER's *Sermons*.

## HERO AND VALET.

THAT no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, is a *mot* attributed to Marshal Catinat by some,—by others to the Prince of Condé. That there are claimants besides, is a thing of course. The spirit of the adage may be found in all sorts of writers—though not exactly embodied in so trim and epigrammatic a shape as here.

Akin to it, in scope and moral, is the Persian saying, quoted by Mr. Morier's hero\*—that in the *maidan*, or the public walk, at the sight of thy handsome cloak every one makes way, and saith, "*Mashallah!*" while at home every child can count the holes and darns which it covereth.

Montaigne says, for instance, that "few men have been admired by their own domestics"†—which remark he makes with a view to enhance the glory of Aquilaus, who used in his journeys always to take up his lodgings in the temples,‡ that the people might be able, if they chose, to pry into his most private actions. It was a sort of challenge to all the valetdom in the city, to come and scrutinise the Hero to the top, or bottom, of their bent. The act might be rendered in *Lady* Hero's language—strained, however, more than enough,—

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name  
 With any just reproach?§

The man might be portrayed, without any such wrested meaning, in Byron's couplet:

In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,  
 And to his very valet seem'd a hero.||

*Voici*, says Massillon, *ce qu'on découvrait de certains héros vus de près*. "L'homme désavouait le héros; leur réputation rougissait de la bassesse de leurs mœurs et de leurs penchants; la familiarité trahissait la gloire de leur succès."¶ We may generally observe, says Addison, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. "The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character, or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation."\*\* Valetdom is not only watchful but Argus-eyed—at least for peccadilloes and undress foibles.

\* *Hajji Baba* in England, vol. ii. ch. xxxvii.

† *Essais*, l. iii. ch. ii.

‡ See *Plutarch*.

§ *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act. IV. Sc. 1.

|| *Beppo*, st. 33.

¶ *Massillon*, *Sermons*.

\*\* *The Spectator*, No. 256.

It is note-worthy of Louis the Eleventh, in his last illness, that he "removed from about him all his old servants, especially if they had any extraordinary familiarity with him."\* And it is note-worthy of Philippe de Commines that he waited on this dying king "fifteen days at table, and attended on his person like a valet-de-chambre," and not only "took this for a great honour," but says so.

Philippe was less of the valet, after all, than Mr. Pepys, whose Diary more than once illustrates, in its peculiar and petty way, the adage we are considering. Mr. Pepys likes to see dukes and kings at their toilet, and to record that they are not the beautifullest of the sons of men, after all. Thus he goes one April morning with Mr. Coventry to the Duke of York's, on Admiralty business, and thus journalises the inspection: "We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habitt he is a very plain man."† In the autumn of that year, our Samuel is "forced to go to Worcester House, where several Lords are met in council this afternoon,"—to whom *enter* CAROLUS REX, the Merry Monarch—and Mr. Pepys thus journalises the beatific vision: "And while I am waiting there, in comes the King in a plain common riding-suit and velvet cap, in which he seemed a very ordinary man to one that had not known him."‡ A King in a velvet cap, and a Duke in a night-gown, conflicted sadly with our Samuel's sense of the heroic.

Lord Bolingbroke expresses his pleasure in finding out, from Tully's letters (not meant for the public, as Pliny's were, or Seneca's, or Balzac's, or Voiture's), what manner of man Tully really was, and what sort of men the heroes of that epoch really were. We pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us, chuckles his gratified lordship: we see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. "That is a pleasure," says the noble lord, twice over. "I remember," he adds, "to have seen a procession at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindle into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber."§ That *following him into the vestry* is what so many people delight in—to witness the unrobing, the denuding, the reduction of heroism to its lowest terms.

The Charlemagne procession reminds us of a passage in Carlyle, bearing on that very hero (not his image), in relation to this very subject. We are bid depend upon it that no age ever seemed the Age of Romance to *itself*: "Charlemagne, let the Poets talk as they will, had his own provocations in the world: what with selling of his poultry and pot-herbs, what with wanton daughters carrying secretaries through the snow," &c. &c., "it seems to me that the Great Charles had his temper ruffled at times. . . . Only in long subsequent days . . . did it all begin to seem romantic. So, I say, is it *ever*! And the more, as your true hero is

\* Mémoires de Philippe de Commines, l. vi. ch. vi.

† Diary of Samuel Pepys, April 20, 1661.

‡ Ibid., Aug. 19.

§ Lord Bolingbroke, in a postscript to Pope's letter to Swift, April 14, 1730.

ever unconscious that he is a hero.\* Agreeing with his valet so far.

Great Charleses apart, and Great Alexanders, and even Ciceros, and Catos, and Pompeys, "le monde est rempli," says Vauvenargues, "de ces hommes qui imposent aux autres par leur réputation ou leur fortune; s'ils se laissent trop approcher, on passe tout à coup à leur égard de la curiosité jusqu'au mépris, comme on guérit quelquefois en un moment d'une femme qu'on a recherchée avec ardeur."† Here, however, the heroism is sham from the first, and the disenchantment is discreditable to the sham-hero only. In connexion with this apophthegm of the French moralist, we should not forget another and earlier one,‡ in which he declares his dislike of those who make a practice of picking holes in great names, and pulling to pieces the renown of genius. Of such a practitioner he says, that "en ouvrant mes yeux sur le faible des plus beaux génies, il m'apprend à l'apprécier lui-même ce qu'il peut valoir." Valetdom stands self-convicted very often, in the act of turning Heroism the seamy side out.

M. Michelet insists on the elevating influence exercised by the true Hero on all who come within his ken—the closer to him the better. "Chacun regarde, admire, et grandit d'avoir regardé. La moyenne générale change. Tous gagnent un degré; même les moindres sont moins petits. Le vrai héros, de loin, et là même où il n'agit pas, imprime à tous une gravitation par en haut; le monde aspire et monte, hausse vers le niveau de son cœur."§ This is said with especial reference to Gustavus Adolphus, one of the *vrais héros* and demigods of Michelet's idolatry.

Your literary hero is peculiarly liable to suffer from valet-de-chambre scrutiny. Boswell once remarked—not unreasonably sensitive on this score—that a man who has been able to "furnish a book, which has been approved by the world, has established himself as a respectable character in distant society, without any danger of having that character lessened by the observation of his weaknesses. To preserve a uniform dignity among those who see us every day is hardly possible; and to aim at it, must put us under the fetters of perpetual restraint."|| No such fetters ever fretted the ankle-bones of James Boswell. No hero himself, he is for ever notable as the reporter of heroism in others—of one other at least,—and that one he scanned with a valet's microscopic gaze, maybe, but without detriment notwithstanding to the hero as such.

There is nothing, says a reviewer of Schleiermacher's Letters,¶ so iconoclastic as the voracious inquisitiveness of modern days: not satisfied with the respectful distance of hero-worship, the world insists on becoming *valet-de-chambre* to all its heroes, and inspecting their most private correspondence; and the results of their curiosity are much what the proverb would lead us to expect. "Of course, the amount of disillusionment depends very much on the standard by which the heroes who are

\* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii., *The Diamond Necklace*.

† *Réflexions et Maximes de Vauvenargues*, 509.

‡ *Ibid.*, No. 285.

§ *Histoire de France*, t. xii. p. 128.

|| Preface to Boswell's *Account of Corsica*. (1768.)

¶ *The Life of Schleiermacher*, as unfolded in his *Autobiography and Letters*; from the German. 1860.

subjected to this dangerous process are measured. A military celebrity may be convicted of almost any vice, except lying and stealing, without any derogation to his fame; in fact, the commonest class of human frailties rather go to make up the popular ideal of the perfect soldier. A religious leader, on the other hand, can scarcely do otherwise than suffer in estimation by a candid disclosure of his personal short-comings. The contrast which is sure to be revealed between the altitudes of his preaching and the lower level of his practice, though the slightest knowledge of the world might have confidently predicted it beforehand, always chills and saddens the enthusiasm of those who call themselves by his name. The public teaching is more often weakened than enforced by the commentary furnished to it by the teacher's private life.\* Schleiernmacher is adduced as no exception to the rule from which far greater leaders—Luther in modern times, and Mahomet in ancient—have not escaped. Schleiernmacher was strongly addicted to Plato. He was even more strongly addicted to Platonic attachments. The spiritual craze of this "little mite of a man" for that tall majestic Jewess, Henriette Herz,—and then for Madame Grunow,—and then for Madame von Willich,—supplies rather piquant *matériel* for a homily on the hero-and-valet text.

Vicq-d'Azyr's academic *éloge* of Buffon dilates on the great man's mode of life, "up in the morning, early," at Montbar: how he rose with the sun—how he attuned his spirit to his daily task in harmony with the colours of daybreaking clouds, and the songs of birds, and all

The innocent freshness of a new-born day;—

how he roved among the alleys of his garden—now hastening, now retarding his step, with head raised heavenwards, gathering inspiration, and preparing for creative labours. Now it has been maliciously remarked † that Vicq-d'Azyr omits one capital item in this matutinal study: he forgets to tell us that the first person Buffon saw, of a morning, was a valet-de-chambre, armed with curling irons, and curling papers, and a box of powder, wherewithal to beautify the great man's head of hair. The inferential query is: was Buffon, as he sat to have his head "done," and saw that his ruffles were all right, and his coat without a crease,—a veritable hero to the man that dressed and did for him? We might answer with another query, in honest Meg Dod's phrase, And what for no? A French valet thinks none the less, but all the more, of his master, for being precise and even pompous (as Buffon was) in matters which concern his department, and tend directly and flatteringly to magnify his office.

If, on the other hand, the grand seigneur be careless about his dress, there is much greater chance of the valet pronouncing him no hero. Voltaire observes of the male and female critics, at the French court, of Christina of Sweden, when she visited Paris, and startled the capital from its propriety, that "la plupart des femmes et des courtisans n'observèrent autre chose dans cette reine philosophe, sinon qu'elle n'était pas coiffée à la française, et qu'elle dansait mal." ‡ Of Voltaire himself it is that

\* Saturday Review, No. 222.

† By Arsène Houssaye, *Poètes et Philosophes*.

‡ *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, ch. vi.



Goldsmith (once a visitor at Ferney) writes—by the pen of Lien Chi Altangi, the cosmopolite Chinese—"let his errors rest in peace, his excellencies deserve admiration; let the envious and the ignorant ridicule his foibles; the folly of others is ever more ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish."\*

France's most celebrated finance minister of the eighteenth century, has these remarks on her great finance minister of the seventeenth: "Pour faire admirer un grand ministre, quelque supérieur qu'il soit, il faut encore user d'adresse avec la faiblesse et la malice humaines; il faut peut-être présenter ses qualités *séparées de son nom et de sa personne*; car les plus grandes perfections cessent de nous étonner quand nous les contemplons dans un homme: le rapport physique que nous nous sentons avec lui détruit notre respect, et nous ne croyons point à la grandeur de ce qui nous ressemble."† Emerson complains that there are no such men as we fable—no Pericles, nor Cæsar, nor Angelo, nor Washington, such as we have made; that there is none without his foible; and indeed this writer verily believes that if an angel should come to chant the glories of the moral law, "he would eat too much gingerbread, or take liberties with private letters, or do some precious atrocity." It is bad enough, according to Mr. Emerson, that our geniuses cannot do anything useful, but it is "worse that no man is fit for society who has fine traits. He is admired at a distance, but he cannot come near without appearing a cripple."‡ Many are the biographic sketchers who view their Byron from the Trelawney stand-point. "I had come prepared to see a solemn mystery," writes Mr. Trelawney, of his visit to Lord Byron at the Palazzo Lanfranchi, "and so far as I could judge from the first act it seemed to me very like a solemn farce. I forgot that great actors when off the stage are dull dogs; and that even the mighty Prospero, without his book and magic mantle, was but an ordinary mortal."§ And again, on a subsequent occasion: "To know an author personally, is too often but to destroy the illusion created by his works; if you withdraw the veil of your idol's sanctuary, and see him in his nightcap, you discover a querulous old crone, a sour pedant, a supercilious coxcomb, a servile tuft-hunter, a saucy snob, or, at best, an ordinary mortal." As a general rule, therefore, Mr. Trelawney holds it wise to avoid writers whose works amuse or delight you, for, says he, when you see them they will delight you no more.¶ It is but fair to add that he recognises in Shelley "a grand exception" to this rule.

When the Abbé Ledieu's *Memoirs and Journal* appeared in print, giving us a full-length portrait of the great Bishop of Meaux in his dressing-gown and slippers, it was observed that the pens of De Bausset and Floquet had presented Bossuet under the aspect which Socrates wears in the *Dialogues of Plato*—a dim haze being thrown by them over everything which might remind the reader that, beneath the robes of the ecclesiastic, lurked the common-place infirmities of the man;—whereas there was now come a Xenophon, who, with all the realism of the Dutch school, gives us a picture of the every-day doings of the prelate, in his habit as he

\* The Citizen of the World, Letter xliii. † Necker, *Eloge de Colbert*.

‡ *Essays* by R. W. Emerson: *Nominalist and Realist*.

§ *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, ch. iv.

¶ *Ibid.* ch. vii.;

lived. "To us, who have been wont to look up to the great man with distant awe, it is a relief to find incidents set down by the chronicler of his *memorabilia*, which, in our own existence, we should have deemed so trifling as to be the reverse of memorable." The reviewer adds, that, when we read detail after detail, in somewhat nauseous abundance, of the painful malady which, through many weary weeks, worried his rest, and finally ended his life, we begin to feel that, after all, he may have been as one of ourselves; and that just in proportion as he becomes less of a giant, we cherish the hope that we may be less dwarfish. "Perhaps it may be thought that there is a dash of malignity in satisfaction such as this. But it is more apparent than real; for all genuine and lasting admiration is grounded on sympathy, and that can only be vividly felt when we are enabled to see the great prelate, no longer shrouded in the majesty of the mitre,"\* but a man of like passions as ourselves, and not only condescending to, but physically akin to, men of low estate.

What says Mr. Thackeray, apropos of his meeting with Father Mathew, at Cork? "The world likes to know how a great man appears even to a valet-de-chambre, and I suppose it is one's vanity that is flattered in such rare company to find the great man quite as unassuming as the very smallest person present, and so like to other mortals, that we would not know him to be a great man at all, did we not know his name, and what he had done."† It is Mr. Kingsley, we think, who makes it the test of true goodness, to be good at home—to restrain yourself, and to respect others, where no eyes are on you but those of inferiors whom you do not fear, or of loving ones who will bear with your failings. Truly good he accounts the man who does not put off his self-control with his best coat, but wears it all day long, as shooting-jacket and dressing-gown, as Sir Walter Scott did, or Sydney Smith. When Captain Basil Hall revisits Sir Walter in 1826—that disastrous year, which drove the brave old baronet from house and home—we find the following passage in the visitor's Diary: "He now resided in St. David's-street, No. 6. —I was rather glad to recognise my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door;—the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one's recollection on such occasions, and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the staunch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse."‡ It is truly said to be easy enough, and common enough too, to become by little habits of moral self-indulgence what the Germans call *strass-engel*, *haus-teufel*—an angel in the street, and a devil at home—the most charming and courteous of men to every one except your own wife and children, and a hero to all but your valet. "Not such was Sydney Smith; he was a hero to his valet; and 'Bunch' and 'Annie Kay' loved their master, and gloried in him, as they had good reason to do."§ On this point we cannot forbear quoting a pertinent excerpt from Jean Jacques Rousseau—a man little fit to stand the scrutiny of valet or lacquey, and none the more so from having been one himself.

He makes Saint-Preux write as follows, to my lord Edouard: "Le

\* Saturday Review, No. 47.

† The Irish Sketch-book, ch. v.

‡ Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. lxxi.

§ Kingsley on "Sydney Smith." (1855.)

jugement des domestiques me paraît être l'épreuve la plus sûre et la plus difficile de la vertu des maîtres. . . On a dit *qu'il n'y avait point de héros pour son valet-de-chambre* : cela peut être ; mais l'homme juste a l'estime de son valet : ce qui montre assez que l'héroïsme n'a qu'une vaine apparence, et qu'il n'y a rien de solide que la vertu.\* Remembering this passage, and remembering that Rousseau was *laquais* once, and that some shreds of the livery he seems never to have quite shaken off, we must not forget the conversation between him and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who, seeing him much affected, *attendri*, one day, by some ceremony in public worship, said to him, "If Fénelon were living now, you would be a Catholic." "Oh! if Fénelon were living," exclaimed Rousseau, in a flood of tears, "I would try to be made his lacquey, that I might become worthy of being his valet-de-chambre."† There is real heart, no doubt, in this outburst of Jean Jacques—and real hot water in those tears; but there is a soupçon of the ex-serving-man as well—a smack of the John *Jeames* who once wore the shoulder-knot, and served at table, and got his fellow-servants into disgrace.

We question whether any good name—the name of any first-rate man—can be cited in favour of the hero-and-valet adage, in its popular significance. No substantial authority will be found to endorse that bill. No grand jury of good men and true would be talked into finding it a true bill: any such grand jury would, without much time lost in deliberation, ignore it, throw it out. Mr. Thackeray might seem as likely as any one to accept it, and as competent as any one to enforce its meaning—to prove it a wise saw, by a throng of modern instances. And indeed he does moralise on the extent to which valets canvass the august secrets of their masters, of the very highest *ton*; and bids us take it as a rule that "John knows everything: and as in our humble world, so in the greatest: a duke is no more a hero to his valet-de-chambre than you or I."‡ But we have seen the kindly turn he gives to the proverb in his report of Father Mathew; and depend upon it, he could, as well as any man, make the proverb more damaging to valet than hero.

Goethe quotes the proverb only to repudiate it—or at least to explain it away. Hegel had done this already, emphatically enough, in his *Philosophy of History*: "Nicht aber darum weil dieser [*scil.* hero] kein Held ist, sondern weil jener [*scil.* valet] der Kammerdiener ist."§ No man is a hero to his valet?—*that*, says Goethe, is only because it requires a hero to recognise a hero: the valet will probably know how to value the valet-hero.|| No generous soul delights in valet criticism. Says Lady Mary Wortley—who nevertheless had a constitutional bias that way—"I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me, to observe that there is no perfection in humanity."¶ Gui Joli had been a *domestique* in the service of Cardinal de Retz, and took advantage of his position to introduce into his *Memoirs* an overplus of testimony to the cardinal's failings and weak

\* La Nouvelle Héloïse, partie iv. lettre x.

† See Sainte-Beuve's essay on the "Confessions." (1850.)

‡ Pendennis, ch. xxxvi.

§ Hegel, Philosophie der Geschichte.

|| Wahlverwandschaften, b. ii. § vi.

¶ Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of Mar, Jan. 16, 1717.

points—*détails honteux*, a modern critic\* has called them, which may be true as regards the material facts, but are false inasmuch as they are exclusively mean, which De Retz was not. It is a relief to contrast with Gui Joli's valet-verdict, the homage of a celebrated *avocat*, one of the earliest members of the French Academy—*bel-esprit poli, honnête homme et pauvre*—the estimable Patru. Not that De Retz came within leagues of being a very hero; but Gui Joli went far towards proving himself a very valet.

What Dean Trench calls the unheroic character of most men's minds, with their consequent intolerance of that heroic which they cannot understand, is constantly at work.† Familiarity destroys reverence—but, asks Richardson (through the medium of Clarissa), "but with whom?—Not with those, surely, who are prudent, grateful, and generous."‡ Every *jeune homme* who is worth his salt, may be said to desire passionately, in Marmontel's phrase, "d'être admis dans l'intimité d'un Héros et de puiser dans son âme, comme à la source de la sagesse, de la gloire, et de la vertu."§ And given the Hero, who but a valet will be sent empty away? It is not observed, says Emerson, that "the valets of painters have any elevation of thought;" and again: "There are graces in the demeanour of a polished and noble person, which are lost upon the eye of a churl."|| We may take exception to the letter of Rœderer's particular instance, but can acquiesce in the general spirit of it, when he writes: " ' Il n'y a point de héros pour son valet-de-chambre,' dit le proverbe; je le crois, parce que les grands cœurs ne sont pas toujours de grands esprits. Mais le proverbe aurait tort pour Bonaparte. Plus on l'approche et plus on le respecte. On le trouve toujours plus grand que soi quand il parle, quand il pense, quand il agit."¶ When this was written, Bonaparte was First Consul only. As ex-Emperor, in the island of St. Helena, there might be—as a mere fact there have been—other tales to tell of him.

Of Frederick the Great, again, it has been remarked by a French critic, whom that monarch's Correspondence enabled to "penetrate into the soul and the inmost thoughts of a king veritably great"—and whose mind was thus impressed years before Mr. Carlyle's panegyric saw the light—that, "like all great men, he [Old Fritz aforesaid] inspires you with a more thoughtful admiration the more closely you come to know him."\*\* What would Voltaire have said of this? M. Sainte-Beuve implicitly writes *him* down valet, in thus reporting of his black beast, the hero of Potsdam.

Coleridge cites Sir Alexander Ball as "a living confutation of the assertion attributed to the Prince of Condé, that no man appeared great to his valet-de-chambre"—and then characterises that saying as one "which, I suspect, owes its currency less to its truth than to the envy of mankind and the misapplication of the word, great, to actions unconnected with reason and free-will."††

Zenobia tells Coverdale, with undisguised bitterness, in Mr. Hawthorne's romance, that he is very pardonable for fancying Hollingsworth

\* Sainte-Beuve.

† Clarissa Harlowe, vol. ii. letter xxviii.

‡ Essays, No. IV., "Spiritual Laws."

§ Rœderer, Journal de Paris, Janvier, 1801.

\*\* Causeries du Lundi, t. vii., "Frédéric le Grand." (1853.)

†† The Friend, by S. T. Coleridge, vol. iii.

† English, Past and Present.

§ Bélisaire, ch. vi.

(her model hero) ridiculous: "Doubtless, he is so—to you! There can be no truer test of the noble and heroic, in any individual, than the degree in which he possesses the faculty of distinguishing heroism from absurdity."<sup>\*</sup>

How often, and how strenuously, has Mr. Carlyle treated the adage with similar contempt! No other writer comes near him in the frequency and emphasis of his strictures upon it—for he looks upon it, evidently, as a maxim that has eaten its way into the shallow hearts of shallow men, and that must be got rid of as a hateful sophism, wholly noisome and false. Thus, in one place, he says that, after many other *isms*, which infect the age, "as the sum of all, comes Valetism, the reverse of Heroism; sad root of all woes whatsoever." He upbraids the age with its quasi-belief "that Heroism means gas-lighted Histrionism; that seen with 'clear eyes' (as they call Valet-eyes), no man is a Hero, or ever was a Hero, but all men are Valets and Varlets. The accursed practical quintessence of all sorts of Unbelief!"<sup>†</sup> "The men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet-species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses."<sup>‡</sup> Elsewhere, again: "No man, it hath been said, is a hero to his valet: and this is probably true; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's. For it is certain, that to the vulgar eye few things are wonderful that are not distant. It is difficult for them to believe that the man, the mere man whom they see, nay perhaps painfully feel, toiling at their side through the poor jostlings of existence, can be made of finer clay than themselves."<sup>§</sup> And yet once again, years later: "On the whole, that theory of 'no man being a hero to his valet,' carries us but a little way into the real nature of the case. With a superficial meaning which is plain enough, it essentially holds good only of such heroes as are false, or else of such valets as are too genuine, as are shoulder-knotted and brass-lackered in soul as well as in body: of other sorts it does not hold. Milton was still a hero to the good Elwood."<sup>||</sup> A contemporary poet, in the Dedication prefixed to his leading work of art, has cried shame on the adage, in the same spirit of veneration for the hero and scorn for the valet:

Shame on the maxim—hearts unwise  
 Draw from themselves that lore—  
 "A hero seen by daily eyes  
 A hero is no more!"  
 Thou art but held at higher rate  
 When nearer understood;  
 The gaze that sinks the merely great  
 Exalts the truly good.<sup>¶</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> The Blithedale Romance, ch. xix.      <sup>†</sup> Past and Present, book iii. ch. ii.

<sup>‡</sup> Ibid. ch. iii.

<sup>§</sup> Critical Miscellanies, vol. i., "Burns."

<sup>||</sup> Ibid. vol. ii., "Schiller."

<sup>¶</sup> Chauncy Hare Townshend.

## GUY VILLIERS;

OR,

HOW THE MAJOR SHOT HIS TIGER AND CHANGED HIS LOVES.

BY OUIDA.

## I.

WE IMITATE THE ARABIAN NIGHTS IN A CRIMEAN CAMP.

Six years ago I was—let me see, how old?—nine-and-twenty (by George! time flies, doesn't it?), and six years ago I was captain in the Queen's Roans, a slap-up corps, as we knew when we rode beside them to our plucky tomfoolery at Balaklava the other day. There were a very nice set of fellows in it then, and the Queen's Roans were the pets of the Exeter ladies. There was pretty little Pat Peel, the most impudent dog in the service; and there was Dandy Kingslake, who made and broke off six separate engagements with Devonshire beauties that very summer; and there was Mortlock, who had won the Grand Military, and was a great man on the turf; and Jack Trefusis, the best whist-player at the Junior United; and Lemongenseidlitz, an Austrian, who hit the pips in a pack of cards like Monte Cristo; and there was last, yet most decidedly not least, the Major, Guy Villiers, my chum and demigod. Slight and middle height, but *such* muscle!—couldn't he play a thirty-pound salmon, and send a man down just by straightening his left arm!—a face that the women called beautiful—and upon my life it was cut as clearly as one of Roubilliac's statues. After him all the girls went like mad; it was a customary saying that he had two hundred young ladies ready to propose to him if he would but give them an opportunity, though he was not an elder son, and had little besides his majority, which had been bought for him early, for he was only two-and-thirty at that time. He was a splendid fellow, with more wit and sense in his little finger than in the whole brains of men who set themselves up as walking encyclopædias, and more good at bottom than thousands of the Pharisees who vaunted themselves above him.

"Well, old fellow," said Villiers, coming into my room one morning after parade, when the order had been read for the Queen's Roans to sail for Scinde to join the troops gathering under "Fighting Napier," "so we've a chance of active service at last, thank Heaven! I have had quite enough of playing the *vie militaire*, of reviews and sham sieges, lounging about town, and flirting in Exeter and York, haven't you? It rouses one's blood a bit to think of hearing the trumpets ring out 'Boot and saddle,' instead of the call to mess eternally day after day. I want to be having a regular set-to with the black devils, and sticking veritable pigs. By Jove! I quite long to be off and away. If I have ever wished for anything in life, it is to have an Indian campaign."

"If you get all your wishes as easily realised, Villiers, you'll do," said I. "Yes, I must say I'm uncommonly glad myself that the Horse

Guards have picked us out to go and serve with plucky old Charlie; 'tishn't often the old women up there do one a good turn."

"I believe you," said Villiers, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece with his back to the fireplace to smoke more leisurely. "Ever since my cousin Phipps told me of his hunting trips up the jungle that lies along the Indus, where he would kill a tiger and a boar or two, and half a dozen hill-deer, in a day, and think nothing of it, not to mention knocking over hares and jackals, and netting ortolans and florikens, I have felt our doings among the stubble and turnips immeasurably small, and even a day with the Quorn or the Burton men nothing much to mention."

"Except sport of one kind," said I, laughing; "and in that Lauzun himself couldn't beat you. You could take Molé's title, 'le vainqueur des femmes et le bienvenu des maris.'"

"Not I," said Villiers. "In that sport the birds fall at your feet of their own will, and if you don't take them up, will vow you are a brute, who kills them, and leaves them as proofs of his conquests."

"A true bill sometimes," said I; "but, by Jove! Villiers, what will Miss Rosamond say to this move? How will she take it?"

"I can't say, I'm sure," responded the Major, carelessly.

"Do you mean to take her out with you?"

"Take her out with me? Certainly not. I don't want the bother of a wife out campaigning. No sensible man does, I should say."

"Very philosophic, but not over-ardent."

"I don't feel ardent," said Villiers, with immense nonchalance. "Get engaged five years, old fellow, and you'll find that the flames that burned with electric light brilliancy at the commencement, gradually decrease till they come to, I won't say a farthing rush-light, but a couple of those very moderate illuminators called compositions, with which Little Pat, when he's in a sentimental mood, sits through the midnight hours, scribbling alternatè sonnets to Julia and the moon, his verse running out as his candles run down. That unlucky moon! I always pity her from my soul: if a lachrymose curate wants a bit of sentiment to touch the melting hearts of his ragged-school teachers—if a schoolboy falls in love with the presiding deity of the tuck shop—if a should-be-though-he-isn't mute and eminently inglorious Milton rushes into print and halting dithyrambs—if a spoon of a Strephon finds himself alone with a crinolined Chloris after an *al fresco* fête, when people are getting sentimental, and the oil in the coloured lamps very odoriferous—they will, as sure as fate, fall foul of the moon, and 'Casta Diva' is punished for her cruelty to Calisto and all classic flirtations by having millions of spooneys disturbing 'the holy silence of her night' with raving dactyles and iambs à propos of her 'silver beauty.'"

"Gently, old fellow. Haven't you ever been guilty of sonnets yourself?"

"Scores of times. But, my dear boy, it is not the custom of Englishmen, any more than it was of the Pharisees, to take the beam out of their own eye before they look for the mote in their neighbour's. It's great fun to poke out the other people's motes and hold them up to the light and laugh at them, but when the operation is performed on oneself, 'tishn't altogether so pleasing. Jessie Montessor was very edifying last evening on the score of that pretty little Delafield's abominably flighty

manners ; for her part she detested a flirt—a woman should love once, and only once ; she couldn't bear such conduct ! It was all very proper and eloquent, but I thought to myself, Miss Jessie wouldn't relish it quite so much if, agreeing with her as to the justness of her remarks, I had opened her drawers and exhibited all the notes, rings, fans, bouquets, and locks of hair she has under lock and key, with a touch up or two of certain things of *her* flirting days, when she turned over Jimmy Vane for Egerton of the Carabiniers, and tried to hook Lumley of Ours when poor Egerton's bank went smash. I don't find fault with her ; better people than she are very industrious with their hoes in their neighbours' gardens, while the dock-weeds and thistles are thriving apace in their own."

"Of course ; but they make believe that they only grow roses and lilies. But revenons à nos moutons : à propos of Rosamond—do you mean to marry her?"

"My dear fellow, what a question ! How is it possible I can say, when, for anything I can tell, the vultures may be picking my bones for their luncheon (they'll keep you for dinner, because you are stouter) by this day six months?"

"But, putting aside such a contingency?"

"Oh, of course," said the Major, indifferently ; "some time or other, I suppose. My honour's implicated, and I don't think it matters two straws whom a man *does* marry ; one woman's as good to henpeck him as another, for anything I can see."

"By George !" I shouted, "Guy Villiers henpecked ! That would be a sight to see!—stranger than a Reform Bill that contented the nation, or a lady with courage of mind to forego a 'bargain she didn't want.'"

He laughed. "Yes ; I don't fancy I'm one to bear the snaffle. I may go very well for a coax and a 'come along,' but at sight of the whip I turn restive."

"So does anybody worth a button ; though, on my life ! it is wonderful what numbers of men—plucky, intellectual, strong-minded fellows, too—*do* go down when a woman holds the ribbons. Sometimes it's the wife, and Themistocles, who is a god in war, is a Caudle under the curtain-lectures ; sometimes it's an elder sister, who has "poor-boy'd" him till he actually believes in his own immeasurable inferiority to that frigid and stately *bas-bleu* ; sometimes—and there it's worst of all—it is the mother-in-law, of whom it is as difficult to disinfect the house as of black beetles or scarlet fever, who puts her daughter up to giving his old chums the third-rate claret, insinuates that no woman of spirit ever bears smoking in her house, and has tears in her eyes and 'brute' always ready on her lips if he ventures to hint that six fifty-guinea dresses from Paris may be two too many in a quarter."

"A man's a great fool," quoth Villiers, with his eyebrows knit together as if it were anything but an agreeable subject to him—"a man's a great fool to let himself once listen to women. A woman's tears, a woman's sighs, a woman's smiles, are dangerous weapons—and don't they know it too ! They lure you on and on, take you in an unwary moment, hunt you into a corner in a conservatory just after the supper champagne, appeal to your honour, worry you into anything, steal noiselessly on you, and fire you down with a silent air-pistol. There is no wise man who has not been fooled in his day by a woman. Cæsar him-



self was unstable as water before Cleopatra, Postumia, Lollia, Servilia, and all the rest of them; I would swear that, firm as a rock with his legions, a moue mutine of Tertulla's or Mutia's vanquished him, and left him no will of his own."

"You speak rather feelingly, old fellow. Have you been tricked that way yourself?"

"Perhaps I have."

"I'd bet you have," said I, involuntarily. "Rosamond Tomkinson's no more fit for you than your mare, Moss-Rose, is fit to draw a coal-waggon."

He laughed. "You think the halter matrimonial will chafe my neck as the halter plebeian would scarify poor Moss-Rose's; perhaps you're a true prophet, Fred; I won't dispute it. However, there's no question of such harness for Moss-Rose or me at present, and—Devil take you! why can't you let me enjoy my idea of the campaign? How are you off for rifles? I shall take a day, and run up to town to have a look at some, and put me in mind to take no end of Bass and soda-water out with me. If there is one thing I shall pray for rather more than another, it is that the Colonel may be put gently hors de combat. I won't wish him too done-up, poor old fellow, but just a hip broken, or a couple of ribs smashed, so that I may have 'Ours' all to myself. They'll fight game, I take it, Powell. The men are in prime condition. By-the-by, I'm going to see a trotting-match between Dandy Kingslake's two-year old and Tyrawley of the Twelfth's chesnut filly, twelve stone seven each, for two hundred. Like to come too, eh?"

The subject of our conversation, Rosamond Tomkinson, was, I must tell you, as handsome a girl as ever waltzed at Curragh, laughed at a Woolwich luncheon, wore her daintiest bonnet at an Exeter pic-nic, or her smallest shoes at an Aldershot ball. She was one of those handsome, dashing, highly varnished, and uncommonly-little-in-them creations called garrison beauties: girls who have danced one regiment in and another out with the same stereotyped smiles for the coming, and the same patent registered tears warranted-to-flow-freely-on-any-occasion for the parting, flirtation; who write tender adieu letters to one fellow off to Corfu with the same pen that indites an invitation note to a man just back with his company from the Cape; girls who are as well known to every man in all arms as their own regimental colours; girls who get loads of bouquets, florid compliments, waltzers, and nonsense, but very rarely chance to net any game; girls—oh, you know them by dozens—who begin with the Colonel, and flirt, rather than not flirt at all, down to the smallest Ensign or Cornet just joined; girls who are bent upon marrying, and who, to accomplish that end, make themselves cheap with an energy that invariably defeats its own ends, as it richly deserves to do. And this Rosamond Tomkinson was engaged to Guy Villiers. Oh, *miserabile dictu!* what unequal pairs get yoked together, to drag on, as best they may, along the hilly road of life! If we do not go so far back as the hare and the tortoise, what fine-spirited, sensitive thorough-breds, with shuffling, thick-skinned asinine quadrupeds! what delicate, high-mettled racers, all eye and ear, with heavy, obstinate Suffolk cart-horses, with the mud of the furrow clinging to their fetlocks! And then people wonder that these ill-coupled steeds manage to upset the drag of happiness between them, try to break away from the yoke before they are

half through their journey, and are everlastingly bothering Sir Cresswell Cresswell to get them unharnessed! Set the Derby favourite to run with a horse out of the King's-cross coal-waggon or Barclay's drays, do you fancy they would reach the distance together? Either the favourite would have long before broken away, or she would come in at the winning-post no winner at all, but trembling pitifully, spiritless, and utterly ruined with the uncongenial yoke, to give a shiver, turn on her side, and die.

How or why Villiers saw fit to fall in love with Rosamond, I cannot tell. To speak rationally, it was possibly because he saw not at all, love having "wings and no eyes," as Helena tells us; or because "love took him sleeping," as it took Demetrius, the "little western flower" growing about the world still, as in Puck's and Oberon's rule, so that

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees—

occasionally without rhyme or reason. The way he met her had something to do with it, though: he was six-and-twenty, and whilst driving a dog-cart through Dover, his horse shied, and pitched him out. They picked him up, and took him to the nearest house, which chanced to be Rosamond's father's. There they nursed him: handsome young militaires are very likely to be tenderly nursed. Miss Rosamond was a fine, dashing, and singularly handsome girl of nineteen or twenty (at least, that is what she *confessed* to), and Villiers—we will suppose his regimen had left him less strong than usual—fell in love for the time being, and on the spur of his convalescence and her Grecian contour (which was a remarkably fine one, and in conjunction with superb jetty tresses and a splendid carnation bloom), he said more than he could very well unsay. His family, haughty county dons, were horrified and disgusted, for Tomkinson père was only a barrack-master, and Villiers père had laid out in his mind the Hon. Gwendolina Conway for his second son Guy. Of course, they discountenanced the arrangement, and vouchsafed no more notice of Miss Rosamond than of a batman's daughter. Possibly Villiers himself, when he found little to admire in his fiancée beyond the profile and the carnations, thought he had done a silly thing, but he had given his word, and Tomkinson (now gone to glory) was a man to keep him up to it. Moreover, the Major hated and abhorred an esclandre, so he let it all go on quietly, putting off any definite conclusion of the affair on the score of his being too poor to marry during his father's lifetime, from which fact I drew the inference that the glamour was wearing away, and for which Rosamond consoled herself by flirting with anybody she could find, whenever Villiers was quartered elsewhere.

## II.

### VILLIERS FINDS MORE GAME THAN HE EXPECTED.

VILLIERS had his wish. The Queen's Roans got under weigh one fine morning in H.M.'s transport *Leviathan*, and away we went,

With a wet sheet and a flowing sea,

lots of coal in the boilers, and plenty of heroes sick unto death. Seasickness—by Jove! I think that would have taken the go out of the Cid Campeador and Gaston de Foix, the Red Cross Knight and Folko de Montfaucon, or any other chevalier and conqueror of history or romance. The Ten Thousand could never have gone down under that atrocious, ludicrous, unheroic, intensely pitiable *maladie de mer*, or they would scarcely, I take it, have thrown up their bucklers and shouted for joy at sight of the free blue waves rolling far in the golden sunshine.

I had a week of it, I know, during which time I gave vent to as many anathemas as the British Protestant Institution bestows on Popery, and could have slaughtered every one of those grinning little "guinea-pigs" out of sheer envy for the nonchalance with which they allowed themselves to pitch and toss. The Major was above such a weakness—possibly much yawning had stealed his nerves—and he used to provoke me beyond conception by the cool style with which he paced up and down the deck with his cheroot in his mouth, or leaned over the poop, fishing and talking to some of the old tars.

"Well, Villiers," said I, one morning, when I had recovered a little of my nerves and normal condition of health, and the *Leviathan* ploughed her way through the water, and the Major lay on a smooth plank, smoking and playing with his terrier Phiz, "I've never heard how you settled with Miss Rosamond. How is it she let you come out without her?"

"Because I didn't offer to come out with her," responded Villiers; "and, besides, a week was infinitely too short notice for a trousseau and an Indian outfit both in one."

"Vraiment!" said I. "I had a faint idea that before love obstacles vanished like the fish-globes under Wiljalba Frikel's handkerchief."

"Don't be a fool," rejoined Villiers. "I suppose you know as well as I do that there is no 'love' in the affair, nor anything of the kind?"

"Well, there was once."

"Once!" echoed the Major, with a bitter significance. "Oh yes; there was a sort of love grown out of a handsome woman's face and a mau's natural weakness—or, at least, I thought there was—and there are few men, Fred, who are not cajoled into thinking something of the sort when they are getting out of a six weeks' illness, and a mellifluous voice asks them how they feel, and a fine figure bends over them with their sago or ice, and some handsome eyes look down on them as their medicine is poured out for them. But when they get about, Fred, and their head's strong enough to think, they begin to fancy they may have done a very silly thing, and this young lady who struck them as so delightful in the demi-lumière of convalescence may disappoint them a good deal in the full glance of steady observation. It is just that identical 'once,' my dear fellow, that spoils the whole thing. If you have to fall back on the reflection that you 'did love her *once*,' depend on it Love is very nearly flying out of the window as fast as his wings can carry him."

"Then, why the devil do you carry on the affair?"

"I have given my word," said Villiers, with his haughty decision. "A gentleman can scarcely break that."

"Bosh!" said I; "he had much better break it than ruin his whole life. Do you suppose you'll be doing much service to the girl by marrying her, when you don't care a rush for her, and are wishing her away at the deuce for chiselling you?"

"Yes," answered Villiers, tranquilly striking the ash off his cigar. "I shall do her all she asks of me. Make her mistress of two thousand a year when the governor dies; give her my name, when in her own sphere she'd have to look out for a Smith or a Jones (a snob about the dockyard, or a purser out of the navy, or a master shipwright, or a dyspeptic Bombay infantry man), and convert Rosy Tomkinson into Rosamond Villiers—a Major's wife in the Queen's Cavalry, with a mother-in-law who's a lady in her own right! That's all she will ask of me, Fred; and, as to wishing her at the deuce, I shall be too well bred to tell her so, and she'd be too philosophic to care much if I did."

"Confound it, Guy!" said I, cordially, "you're a vast lot too good to be flung away like that. What on earth possessed you to compromise yourself with those atrocious people?"

"My dear Fred," answered the Major, balancing his cheroot on Phiz's nose, as that small worthy sat bolt upright on the deck, looking through his forest of hair at some curlews, "if every man could give the why and the wherefore of every silly thing he did, do you suppose there would be any silly things done at all? No, mon cher, we *do* first, and we reflect afterwards. If our friend Tom Harkaway were put to it to tell you why he married that thin, pink-nosed, acidulated lady who heads his table, turns him into the summer-house to smoke when the snow's on the ground, and takes his head off if he bids the butler bring a second bottle—do you think he could tell you, except, perhaps, that he thought her a pretty girl once? Do you think Mortlock could say why he fought with De Félice about Eulalie Pontos, when he knew her not worth a marble, much less a bullet? Do you suppose little Pat could say why he lets himself be a led-captain to Phil Popham, though he knows that blackguard sells his horses twice as dear as he buys them, plays *écarté* in his own peculiar manner, and fleeces all the pigeons that come under his wing? (It's a good thing for Pat, by the way, he's come off to India, or he'd have been done most thoroughly brown.) Not one of them could give the reason why they did the things; they were foolish, but they don't think them so till afterwards. I did a silly thing once (a good many others, too, by the way; but it is consolatory to reflect, as Thackeray says, that every wise man has been a fool some time or other), and I shall have to pay for my silly thing, as life has a knack of making us do, occasionally very disproportionately. But, confound you, Powell! why did you bring up the subject? There are miles of salt waves between me and my fiancée; we can't well get married across them!"

He laughed as he spoke, but the laugh was as little merry as the words were lover-like. He put his cigar in his mouth and began talking to the man at the helm, while I walked up and down with Pat Peel, not altogether easy in my mind about the Major, for ever since I joined, Guy Villiers, the oracle of Ours on the score of sport, wine, horses, or new beauties, popular with all, feared by some for his keen eye and sharp sarcasm, had been my chief, and I knew that of all men he was the most likely to turn restive under the fetters with which he purposed loading himself.

Four months after that, we landed at Bombay, dined at Government House, made a few acquaintances, found the Bombay girls quite as ready to pet the "darling Queen's Roans" as the Devonport or Exeter, and

very soon were sent off up country to join Napier's troops. Most of you know, all of you have at least heard, how we smashed the Beloochees, "thick as standing corn and gorgeous as a field of flowers," as William Napier has it; how not three thousand of us pitched into nearly forty thousand of those dusky rascals; how Pennefather, and Teesdale, and Jackson went down; how young M'Murdough killed Jehan Mohabad fighting hand-to-hand in the midst of the great chief's clan; how the six sovereign princes laid their swords down, and had them given back to them for the sake of the gallantry of their troops; how, in a word, Fighting Charlie, a soldier from his cradle upwards, conquered Scinde. We were too late, confound it! as you know also, for the fun at Ferozeshah and Soobraon, and Villiers swore roundly to think that he and the Queen's Roans had not been there to thunder over the heights with Thackwell's division. By Jove! couldn't Villiers fight! He had more muscle in the back-stroke of his right arm than a score of Goliaths, and nobody seeing him lying on a sofa smoking, or flirting softly over a ball-room ice, or lying under the alders playing a trout on a sultry June day, could have fancied what fire, and strength, and persistence there was in him when he rode in a charge, scattering the Asiatics right and left, and whirling his sabre over his head like a common trooper, sitting well down in his saddle, with his teeth set, his face paler than ever, and his dark eyes glowing with eagerness and passion. What our General said of him is true, I dare say. "Major Villiers is a splendid soldier, sir, none better, only he's *rather too much will of his own.*" "To hear is to obey" is our maxim generally in the service, but Villiers was no more fit for, or fond of, obeying than the unbroken Arab colt he bought at Sukkur.

Well, the campaign was pretty well over; the Queen's Roans made their entry into Lahore with the rest, and after a while we and a line regiment were ordered to quarter for a time and recruit health at Chirriawigglijajorripit, where it was possible the mountaineers might make a foray. By the way, the Anglo-Indians are swearing at Sir Charles Trevelyan for altering the Indian names. If he would change them into something not quite so hard and uncrackable as bad jokes, I, for one, should thank him.

To Chirriawigglijajorripit, therefore, we went, anathematising our destinies, for, from all we could hear of the station, it appeared to consist, as far as society went, of a judge, eighty years old, and his family—whatever that might be—an engineer officer, and a missionary, "one of those bankrupt cobblers or regenerated bricklayers, who, finding their trade fail in this world, drag in the next as a makeweight, and feed the Hindoo souls to fill their own mouths," as Villiers aptly remarked à propos of those vessels of grace, in which was then brewing the wort for the great ferment of the Eastern mutiny.

The station was situated prettily enough near the water, with plenty of mango and banyan groves, and it looked picturesque in the warm rich glow of the Indian day as we rode up to it; and towards the cool of the evening, after cheroots and brandy-pawnee, Villiers and I took our guns and went to look about the place a little.

It was very pleasant out there, strolling along by the wide Indus, with the stretch of the dense jungle all round, promising us many a day's sport with its hogs and red deer, florikens and ortolans. We took it

leisurely, knocking over a fox or a snipe that crossed our path, chatting over the past campaign between whites.

"It's very jolly out here," said I. "It must be only owls who know nothing of the use of a Purdey that fail to find a charm in India."

"So I think," answered Villiers, raising his gun at a bustard. "I like it better than Inverness-shire even; sometimes, Fred, on my word, I think I shall cut Pall-Mall and the Service, dress-coats, and dull dinners, and come out with some canvas and a rifle in the free green wood. Hallo! the deuce! there's a young lady, alone in the jungle, too; how imprudent! I thought women here were as rare as white elephants."

Across the clearing the girl he spoke of came at that minute, cantering as fast as she could go on a Pegu pony; her face was white as death, her hat had fallen off, she was shaking her pony's reins, and looked in a very agony of mortal terror.

"Good Heaven! look at the girl! What the devil can be the row?" exclaimed Villiers.

The cause of the row was seen as the words went out of his lips, and what do you think it was? Nothing less, by George, than a tiger!—a great fellow, too—tearing after her, and certain as death to be upon her. It was the first tiger we had seen, for we had had no space for sport, and the sight of the beast was to us more like an Eastern dream than a stern reality. At the moment we first caught sight of him he was close on the pony's flanks; in a flash of time he would have sprung upon its haunches; but Guy's gun was up to his shoulder, he took aim—it needed to be a sure one, for there was scarcely an inch space between the tiger and his victims—there was a flash, a report, and the brute rolled over on the sand, and the girl fell straight off the saddle, while the Pegu pony stood still, trembling in every limb.

"Fetch some water," said the Major, simply, with a nod in the direction of a small jheel, as he walked up to the girl, lifted her head on his arm, and loosened the throat of her riding-jacket.

"Has she fainted?" said I, when I brought it to him.

"I should say so—very naturally, after a fright like that. Poor little thing! the time will come, I dare say, when she'll wish the tiger had made a meal of her," responded Villiers, as he pushed the mouth of his pocket-pistol between her lips. "Just see if that beast is really finished, Fred, will you?"

The beast was really finished, the ball having gone crack through his skull; and the girl, under the brandy and the fresh air, opened her eyes, shivered, started, and looked bewildered, as well she might, at the Major's face and the tiger's body.

"Oh, thank God! what an escape," she murmured. And then she shut her eyes, and, though she tried not, burst fairly into tears.

"An escape indeed!" said Villiers, cheeringly; "you had a cruel foe in that wicked fellow; but look at him—he won't hurt you any more."

She glanced at him and shuddered.

"Poor thing! And but for you, I should have been dead there in his stead. I owe my life to you! How can I ever repay you?"

"By letting me put you on your pony and lead you home, and by never venturing out near the jungle again. It is not often beasts of prey venture so near habitations. At the same time, the risk is too great to be run,"

answered the Major, who has always a soft yet firm way with women, under which they go down irresistibly.

He lifted the girl on her pony—he led her home; and while *en route* found out that her name was Lena Treviot, and that she lived in Chirriawigglijorripit; that she had lost her papa and mamma, and was governess to the judge's little girl; that her papa had been high in the C.S., but had spent more than he made, after the custom of Anglo-Indians,—all of which she told him as he strode along by her pony's head; so that by the time (a good hour) they reached the judge's house, Villiers and she were quite friends. She was too dainty a morsel for the tiger's great white fangs. She had such a bright, fresh, intellectual face—"spirituelle," as the novelists say—and large, frank, love-me eyes—a vast lot too pretty to have their light quenched to furnish a dinner for any *felina tigris*.

With his rifle over his shoulder, leading the pony by the bridle, Villiers made his first appearance at the old judge's bungalow; and when Miss Treviot related her escape, and introduced him as her preserver to the old man and his wife, who were sitting in the verandah (she told it in very glowing periods, and with exceeding enthusiasm and *épanchement*), Villiers met with a cordial welcome by Mr. Dupuis for his gallantry, by madame (a youngish, showy-looking woman) for his personal attractions and the rarity of a handsome cavalry man in those wilds; and they both, hospitable as your Anglo-Indian is out of egotism and gratitude for the change you bring him, on hearing we were the officers of the troop just come to the station, made us stay to dinner that evening in our undress jackets, just as we had ridden that afternoon.

The Dupuis treated their governess as themselves; *pour cause*—she was one of themselves, being the judge's niece; and over the capital curries, and British porter, and French wines of the judicial table, Lena Treviot recovered from the fright, and only a little paler for it, laughed and made us laugh, and amused us more than we had hoped to be amused by anything in that out-of-the-way place. There was something very charming in her perfect *abandon*, and yet equally perfect refinement; she was quick and clever, not superficial, as your "highly finished" young ladies are, and the Major talked to her—witty epigrammatic talk—that talk which is alone "conversation" of literature and art, full of that repartee and sparkle which, on the wooden heads of Britons (which Sydney Smith so wisely advised to lay together to pave St. Paul's), generally falls unreplyed to and unappreciated, unless it chance to meet an electric spark of its own nature, and then how the lightnings play, and gleam, and flash!

Charming as all the talk of Lena Treviot's little tongue was, I do not know any prettier than when she gave her hand to Villiers in the moonlit verandah, and said simply, with a glistening in her bright clear eyes, "I wish I could thank you in words as I do in my heart. But you will believe me, won't you, that I shall never forget the deep gratitude I owe to you from to-day?"

"I believe you," said Guy, with a sort of amused caressing smile that very seldom came to his lips; "but instead of me, you must thank the old fellow who found out that grooved bores send straight shots, for if my gun had swerved, not all my wish, great as it was, could have saved you. My rifle should have the credit, not I."

"She's a nice little thing," said he, as we walked away from the judge's. "She thanked me as if she meant it. God knows there's not much to thank anybody for in the preservation of life; 'tisn't often such a very great blessing! Well, the house will be somewhere to lounge at. Dupuis is a jolly old fellow, and his curry was excellent. Madame is of the fade-artificial-try-it-on-and-flirt-with-you-nolens-volens style, as old as the hills, but the little girl—governess, didn't she say?—is rather a new study—positively something fresh about her—and she is highly read."

With which the Major lighted a fresh cheroot, and rather congratulated himself on having shot a tiger, and made an amusement for his mind.

### III.

#### LENA FALLS INTO THE MAJOR'S GRIFFES INSTEAD OF THE TIGER'S.

DAYS and weeks went on, and we were still in Chirriawigglijorripit, and we did not find it such a very miserable hole after all. We had such sport! The Tedworth country, the Belvoir battues, the red deer in the Highlands, the partridges in the turnips, all dwindled into insignificance before the glories of a tiger hunt, the ecstasies of pig-sticking, the delight of taking one's first spear, the delicious nights camping out, with the jungle around and the clear stars overhead, lying down by the tent-door smoking and chatting of things at home in the silent Indian night, only broken by the heavy flap of a flying-fox's wing, or the rush of a startled deer. Sport made Chirriawigglijorripit much better than many other places where there is more "society" and less "life."

The judge's house, too, was an additional *agrément*. Mrs. Dupuis was in ecstasies at having so many militaires to flirt away the hours with, for the poor lady was dying by inches of ennui intolerable. Miss Lena, who would have attracted men even in Paris or London, was a pearl of the highest price in a civil station where there were only five women, and none of them young; and some of our most pleasant hours were passed in that bungalow after a day's pig-sticking. There was only one drawback, that the Major rather monopolised Lena Treviot—as he had a trick of doing the most agreeable woman near—and we were obliged to content ourselves with Mrs. Dupuis, who, from the scarcity of the article, we thought better-looking than she really was; and the engineer's wife, who positively had rather a pretty face, did not sing badly, and was uncommonly ready to be flirted with, as most of your Indian women are. Villiers, as I said, monopolised Lena, whose accomplishments, vivacity, and intelligence gave him great amusement when he was tired of hunting and shooting, or the time of day was too hot to go after the tigers; and he would sit under the swinging punkah, or in the cool of the evening under the great peepul-tree, in the fragrant rose-garden before the judge's house, lying at the little lady's feet, talking on all subjects under heaven, telling her of his thoughts, his pursuits, his tastes, his family, his old home among the Hampshire woodlands,—of everything, in short, except Miss Rosamond Tomkinson.

"I should love to see England. I never have, you know, since I was a child," she said to him one day when they were in that identical garden, while Canopus and the Southern Cross glistened over their heads.

"Indeed?" said Villiers, in surprise; for she bore no trace of tropic suns, her colour being as fresh and fair as a pastil drawing. "Perhaps



you would be chilled there. There are very keen east winds in England both for body and mind. We are a censorious, self-conceited people. We are quite as great publicans as any other nation; but we wear very wide phylacterics, and think it necessary to swear that we are spotless as snow. We think that there is but one England, and that beyond her white cliffs there is nothing but a Slough of Despond filled with hopeless sinners and idiots. You are a tropical flower—you would miss your warm suns. We should have you droop like that Persian rose over which the Eastern prince, not long ago, shed tears in the Pantheon."

"Because the Persian rose had lost its fragrance; but I would not lose mine as long as my owners were kind and gentle to me," laughed Lena, looking up in his face. "My sunshine would come from the flowers that lived with me, not from the distant skies above. If I had a favourite or two with me I would not mind the hail and rain. We would shut up our petals and laugh at storms; but if I were transplanted into a chill conservatory, no amount of exterior sunbeams, or artificial heat, or gorgeous surroundings of plate-glass and ormolu, would make me happy."

"Pauvre petite!" muttered Villiers to his own thoughts. "Not you!" he said, aloud. "You say so now because you have not tried the hail and the rain, and only fancy you would be very brave under them; and don't yet know the value of the world's plate-glass and ormolu, and the desirable durability of the social sunbeams that sell themselves so much a ray, and only condescend to scintillate on a good bank deposit."

"Indeed, you are very much mistaken," said Lena, indignantly. "I may not have seen very much of the world, but I can to a certain extent appreciate both its storms and its sunshine. The golden rays that were shed on me three years ago, when poor papa was alive, and we lived at the rate of a thousand a month, are very different to the cold dews with which most people thought it their duty to prepare me for my 'reverse of fortune.' At the same time, I know what makes real sunshine to me; and you will never argue me out of it."

"I do not wish; your opinion is too rare to try and uproot it," said the Major, briefly, thinking hastily of Rosamond Tomkinson, whose affections were chiefly centred on French gloves, and ambitions fixed on a barouche with a pair of creams, like Lady Bandoline's. "I only fancy that when you get older you will turn over to the other side; most women do, that's all."

"But I thought you did not class me with most women?" said Miss Lena, with an impatient toss of her head like a little Arab pony.

He smiled. "No, I don't. You are certainly a new species to me; but I am afraid the time will come when you will grow sensible, and reserved, and prudent, like the rest."

"Never!" responded the young lady, as if to be sensible, reserved, and prudent were three of the seven sins.

Villiers was silent, striking some mangoes that had fallen in a storm with his stick. Then he spoke abruptly:

"If you heard anything against me, would you believe it?"

"No," said Lena, looking down on him in surprise.

"But if I told you it was true, would you turn round and cut me as one's friends usually do?"

"No—fifty times, no!" responded Lena, very enthusiastically. "You have saved my life—you have been very kind to me—and you can

have no faults to me, Major Villiers, whatever you may have to any one else."

Guy bent his head in thanks, but took himself to task that night as he walked back to the barracks. "Are you a fool, Villiers?" he inquired of himself. "With your pledged wife in England, what do you mean by running after that little thing in India, and talking bosh to her as if you were a sighing stripling of eighteen? Get out—you'll have to pay for your own folly. What need to drag in another to share it? You never did a woman any good yet, and you might as well have let the tiger have her as take her into your own griffes. Give up the chase for once, and keep a clear conscience on this score at least!"

So he preached to himself; but, chers messieurs, it is easy in one's arm-chair, when the snow is on the ground, and the rod and tackle out of sight, to forswear angling and denounce Izaak Walton as cruel; but when April is come, and the willows are sighing softly over the brown river waves, and the silver-backed fish glide over the pebbles, almost asking us for a bite, is not renunciation more difficult? I fancy so. I have always an idea that a fog, or some unforeseen accident, must have obscured Venus before Hercules could possibly have attained the moral courage of choosing Minerva. Half the temptations forsworn come from having the opportunity removed. Many a wise man would surfeit himself with *pâté de foie gras* if it were not for the butler, the company, indigestion, and various other restrictions. So, though Villiers could tell himself, over a quiet cheroot at night, that he had no earthly business to keep going to the judge's house ostensibly a free man, and laugh, and talk, and converse on just that style of subjects that let him see best into the girl's heart, and win him quickest a way into it; though he felt that Lena was getting fond of him, and unconsciously showed it him, and that it was dishonourable to let her go on without telling her that he was an engaged man; when he was tied down in this out-of-the-way station for six months, living within a stone's throw of her, with all the men in his troop lounging about there constantly, it became more difficult and disagreeable to keep away from her, or to throw cold water on the frank effusion with which she always met him, the confidence in him, and the pleasure in his society which Lena, as the weeks and the months rolled on, showed him without disguise.

So five months passed away in Chirriawiggliajorripit. We killed more game among us than we could count, Villiers rivalling his once-envied cousin's exploits in that line, all of us doing more or less in the Gordon-Cumming style, and all of us becoming quite enfans de la maison at Dupuis, and passing the time pleasantly enough with siestas in the heat, Bass and cognac *ad libitum*, pony excursions, boating on the river in a small private budgerow, singing, laughing, playing *vingt-et-un*, *bagatelle*, and all kinds of word games, when the cooler evening gave us a little life and vigour, with Mrs. Dupuis and the engineer's wife, the one or two other ladies, and charming, sparkling, amusing little Lena, the only unmarried and the most admired, but the least flirt of them all, because she attached herself so entirely to the Major, who, at times, was kind and winning enough to her to attract a woman as hard as Thalestris, but on occasion, when duty and Rosamond Tomkinson uprose to his mind, was equally cold and distant, which was as trying to

a girl's nerves as the abrupt chills and heats of Scinde, and must have strangely bewildered Lena Treviot as to its why and wherefore.

"Why are you not always the same to me?" she asked him, one evening, when his showy Arab was trotting along beside her pony.

He laughed.

"What man is always the same, Miss Treviot? We are not like Madame Tussaud's waxwork, with a *sourire éternel* from day to night. There are a thousand shades and crosses that worry a man, and make his manner variable without his knowing it. A favourite writer of yours says, ' Oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.' "

She looked up at him as she cantered beside him.

"True enough! and it is only very stagnant and shallow water that never knows storm, or tide, or change; that does not grow bright in the morning light, and dark with the tempest's play. The great seas are always restless and passionate. But I wish you would tell me what your shades and crosses are."

He was silent; it was on his lips to tell her of Rosamond Tomkinson, but he hesitated. His courage failed him—he who had never before farked at anything.

"Not yet," he told himself. "Don't you know," he said, laughing, "that we men have too many follies in our lives to care to lay them bare? 'Les hommes rougissent moins de leurs crimes que de leurs vanités et de leurs faiblesses.' "

"That is a pity, because weaknesses are common to all humanity; and with a person exempt from them, we should have no more sympathy than with a painted archangel or a stone Hercules. I often wonder why people dare to condemn others so severely, knowing, as Emerson says, that there is no sin which we can be *sure* that next week we shall not have committed; and, as Carlyle, 'of such stuff are we all made, on such bottomless powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality do the purest of us all walk.' "

"It is no wonder," said Villiers, smiling.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief, the pudding in his sleeve.

To raise the hue and cry after our neighbour's backsliding is the surest way to divert attention from our own. Who preaches more warmly against the 'poms and vanities of this world' than the reverend man, whose heart is beating high with hopes of the exaltations, dignities, and metaphorical turtle-soup that accompany a deanery which a *congé d'élire* has just offered him? Who is so virtuously indignant against her erring sisters, and who so severe 'on improper romances,' as madam who is Lucretia and Cordelia in society, and Messalina and *Lais sub rosâ*? The person whom the cap fits is always the quickest to vow it is not his, and hurry it on to his neighbour's head. It is the consciousness of our inward leanings to Carlyle's 'powder-mines,' and our secret conviction that we still bear traces of having gone down the shaft, that make us swear we have never walked but on the straightest and most solid macadamised roads. Look at that little tuft of violets; how strange it looks out here. They make me think of long ago, when I used to go birds'-nesting among the woods and hedgerows at home. I cordially love old England, though I may not be over-fond of my compatriots; yet sometimes I feel tempted

to sell out, take my rifle, and rod, and knapsack, and stay among the hills and forests."

"Why," cried Lena, in astonishment, "with your age, and family, and position, how can social life have lost all its charms for you?"

"Sherry is a very pleasant wine, but when Palmer put strychnine in it, I dare say it lost its charm for poor Cook," responded Villiers, dryly.

"I wish you would not talk in enigmas," said Lena, with pardonable impatience. "Who has been putting strychnine in your wine?"

"Myself," replied Villiers, curtly. "Without balancing the question quite as long and carefully as Hamlet, most men, some way or other, contrive to poison their own lives. There are lots of ways to do it. An early marriage does it for many, a little bill for others; the illegal gaming at the green tables, the legalised gaming in shares and scrips, a distasteful profession, the clog of a worn-out love affair—there are scores of poisons not marked in the Pharmacopœia which shut a man out of life quite as completely as an over-dose of morphia or a glass too many of absinthe; and as a discerning public refuses the burial-service to a suicide (Query: Would it be a great boon, as he couldn't hear a word of it, and its information that he is dust and ashes would be a very self-evident fact?), so it refuses to the man who has ruined his own life the sanctifying cross of Pity and Excuse."

"More shame, then! They forget that stars fall from their courses, while a rushlight burns straight on," cried Lena.

"But when the star is fallen, and is of no longer use to them to lighten their night or make their astronomical calculations, it is easy and pleasant to upbraid it, and say it had no business to fall," returned Villiers; "but as long as the rushlight is a serviceable article, and can be turned to account, the world will swear till it is black in the face that a farthing dip is a brighter luminary than Canopus yonder. How brilliant the planets are, by the way! Ah! there come Mrs. Dupuis and Powell, trotting after us. We shall have chit-chat now, not conversation. I was going to say 'Confound them!' but that would be hardly courteous to your aunt."

When Villiers came back from his ride that night there was a packet of letters for him; among them, one in the large, coarse caligraphy of his *prétendue*.

His eyebrows contracted as he read it, then tore it into pieces, and flung them aside with an oath he did not mean me to hear.

"What's the row?" said I.

"The row? Didn't know you were there, Fred. Nothing much, only that my future wife's" (with what a sneer he said the word!) "cultivation and refinement charm me more and more, and I see still clearer how wise it is to fetter oneself in one's young days."

#### IV.

VILLIERS FINDS THE WISDOM OF THE COUNSEL, "BE OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE BEFORE YOU ARE ON WITH THE NEW."

WE had been five months in the station, there had been no descent of Sikhs or Affghans, and we of the Queen's Roans, as difficile as the Tenth, who had been bored by Almack's, refused to clank our spurs at peeresses' fancy balls, and, grown tired of even bals de l'Opéra, gave a ball in Chirriawigglijajorripit, though scour the country how we might, we

could only muster thirteen ladies, and some of them came by palkee or dawk eighteen or twenty miles. Villiers (how astonished the Portsmouth belles would have been at their fastidious Major!) was the proposer of it—I believe because Lena had told him she loved dancing, and had never had a taste of it since she quitted Bombay two years before—and, with his direction, the ball, though it certainly was done under difficulties, came off brilliantly. We, the blasé pets of Portsmouth and Devonport, and “the county” positively (warmed up a little, I suppose, by enough life in camps and cantonments), condescended to be the amusers of a set of women whom, always excepting that very picturesque and attractive little Lena, we should have quizzed mercilessly, and hopelessly black-balled twelve months before.

Our mess-room, though not exactly so big as Woolwich, was the ball-room; and very tastefully Villiers had made the men do it, too, till its bare wooden walls were hidden in the luxuriance of flowers and creepers, and at the upper end was a raised seat for the judge’s wife and niece, with a tiger’s skin for their feet—the tiger’s skin. Supper was spread under an immense popul-tree by torchlight, which office the black wretches performed, and did not particularly relish, I fancy. It was all in Lena’s honour, and she knew it, I should say, for her face was about as radiant as anything you could well see as she waltzed away with Villiers, more radiant still as they stood together in the gorgeous starlight (by George, how pale these stars are to the Eastern ones!) under the popul-tree after supper.

“Have you enjoyed it?” asked Villiers.

She gave a long breath of delight.

“Oh yes, I was never so happy! You were so kind to think of it! It seems as if you saved my life on purpose to make it full of pleasure!”

Villiers stroked his moustache silently: he was not quite clear that he deserved such a speech.

“You have nothing to thank me for,” he said, quickly; “but I am glad you enjoyed it. When I leave this place, and we part for life, and your tidings, if you have any of me, will probably be of a pistol-ball through my brain, or an inch of cold steel in my lungs, will you think of to-night, and give one thought to Guy Villiers?”

There were great tears in her eyes, and she clung closer to his arm. She did not answer him: a hypocrite, he read his reply, and had guessed what it would be fast enough, though he pretended only to ask for “one thought,” knowing he had them all. At that moment Villiers, piquing himself on his honour, firmly meant to say no more, and to see her as little as possible before he left; but, though a strong-willed man, he was mortal, and all mortals give way under temptation some time or other. The stars shone very bright, and in their rays Lena’s upraised face did for him, and he sent Rosamond Tomkinson to the devil. He drew her hands up to his chest, and looked down at her.

“Lena, do you love me?”

She did not answer him by word of mouth—at least, not distinctly—but she lifted her eyes straight up to his. Alas for his resolutions, he bent his head and kissed her many times, and started when Pat Peel sang out, “Hallo, Villiers, old boy, what are you doing? We want you: there are some travellers come through the place, and as one of ‘em is

a deuced good-looking woman, we've made 'em stop and have supper. They seem very pleasant, free and easy, and we're handing 'em up all the wine and things we've left."

Half savage with the *mal à propos* interruption, half relieved that his confessions were remitted for that evening, Villiers turned and gave his arm, with a laugh, to Lena. "Shall we go and see these new comers to the wilds? It is late enough to be travelling. Perhaps they are in a hurry to get on?"

"Yes, they say they are; they are going to Mangobanyan; a young fellow with them is appointed to the 1000th Native Infantry—a horrid snob, like all those Company men."

With Lena on his arm, Villiers followed the loquacious Pat to the road just outside the barracks, where a bullock-carriage had halted, round which the three or four youngsters of our troop and the men of the line were clustered, talking to the travellers, and, fresh with wine themselves, handing up the ladies what champagne, and fruit, and ice they could find, with compliments, and laughs, and badinage, which, to judge by the fun going on, the ladies inside seemed to relish as much as the men who were serving them. A fine woman is a godsend all over the world, and if Venus sent Mars so mad about her when he had all Olympia to choose from, what would she have done if she had come upon him when he had been quartered in a hill-station for five mortal months?

"Queer style of ladies, Pat: they are soon friends with you," said Villiers, as he held Lena's little fingers close to his arm, and contrasted in his own mind the frank, intelligent, joyous, delicate face beside him with the full-blown, vacuous beauty that had charmed him in the moonlight of years before.

They went up to the bullock-carriage, which stood in a general *mêlée* of men, ladies, and palanquins, as the ball was breaking up.

Out of the carriage leant a woman, six-and-twenty—Junoesque, with a florid colour, and very white teeth, that showed as she laughed loudly—taking some champagne-cup out of a Cornet's hand.

Villiers started as if a ball had struck him; his hand grasped Lena's like an iron vice, and he swore a fierce oath under his moustache.

Mortlock came up at that minute, and looked, too, at the new comer. "Rosamond Tomkinson, by Jove!"

Possibly hearing her own name so familiarly uttered, Miss Tomkinson looked sharply round, dropped her glass, put out both her hands, and ejaculated, "Guy—my dearest Guy!"

Another fierce oath came under Villiers's moustache: of all things in heaven and earth he chiefly dreaded and abhorred "a scene." Above his supreme astonishment at the sight of the woman he believed in Dover, raged a hundred conflicting things: his love for the one, his disgust at the other, his dread of the effect on Lena, his passion at this untimely advent of a woman of whom the very thought was hateful to him now, his anxiety to avoid the *éclat* of an *esclandre*,—all drove him pretty nearly mad. With all those people looking on, to have an *eclaircissement* tortured reserved and haughty Villiers; but to lose and grieve Lena tortured him still more.

He had but a second to think. Rosamond was still leaning out with both hands, trying to faint, or to weep for joy, but failing to get up either. Villiers turned hurriedly to Lena:

"These are friends of mine. I must speak to them."

"Oh yes!" she said, with a fond smile up in his face. How different to that affected grin on the lips of his betrothed yonder!

Villiers set his teeth hard; the contrast of the two had never struck him so intensely as now that he saw them together—his old fancy and his new love—and he went up to Rosamond with his passions too much up, and his heart too full of anxiety, worry, and regret, to let him wonder how it was that the Tomkinsons, mère, fils, et fille, could possibly have migrated to Chirriawigglijorripit. The effusion with which Rosamond greeted him, the affected raptures, the badly got-up emotion, the would-be tenderness with which she considered it "the thing" to greet her long unseen fiancé, disgusted Villiers more and more; he cursed his own folly and vacillation which had drawn it upon him; he hated the very touch of her hand; he recoiled from her exaggerated tones, her languishing glances, her words and looks, that had so much sentiment in them and so little heart! Guy's own soul was a hell within him; every moment he felt that Lena's eyes must be on him, reading his secret, contemning him for his want of candour, renouncing him, and leaving him for ever to this accursed woman, whom, in an hour of weakness, he had given such hold upon him. He took a hasty glance round, and saw that, happily, Lena was going into the ball-room with a young fellow of Ours. He blessed the chance which had favoured him so far, and uttered a fervent inward prayer that his betrothed might soon speed forwards on her journey, and leave him time to seek Lena and explain the whole truth before other lips could whisper it to her, distorted in the telling. But he was fated to be checkmated that night, poor old fellow! While he stood drait and impatient, flitting like a staghound held in leash, his face stormy and full of a gloom he cared not to conceal, Rosamond, who had been just as much agitated, blushing, pallid, and émotionnée as her experience in novels dictated as due to the exigencies of the case, and as much self-controlled and self-possessed as was becoming in a young lady before so many spectators, laid her hand tenderly on the Major's arm.

"But, my dear Guy, you seem surprised to see us?"

"Naturally," was Villiers's laconic and unlover-like response. "I supposed you were in Dover. I was, of course, very much astonished to see you and Mrs. Tomkinson in India, without any previous notice."

"But I told you in my last letter that Horatio had been appointed to the 1000th Native Infantry, and that, as now poor dear papa was gone, mamma had nobody to care for but us two, we were coming out with him, thinking, of course, to see *you*," said Rosamond, reproachfully. "Is it possible my letter miscarried?"

"I suppose so," answered Villiers, with the memory flashing upon him that when the Tomkinson's last letter came he was just going to ride with Lena Treviot, and had flung it aside with an anathema, having only read three or four lines of it.

"Perhaps, my dear," suggested fat Mrs. Tomkinson, with a spiteful snort, "your letters are not valuable enough to Major Villiers for him to remember what they do contain."

"I think, Mrs. Tomkinson," said Villiers, with his haughty air, "that this is hardly a place for conversation of any kind, especially of such a nature as the one you are beginning. Anything that appears strange in

my conduct I will explain to you—but scarcely here. You are going on to Mangobanyan, are you not?”

“Well, no, I think not, to-night,” said Mrs. Tomkinson, who had always cordially hated her aristocratic future son-in-law, even when he was most *épris* with her daughter, simply because he was so very many cuts above her, and the Tomkinsons of this world choose to be the head of a dog instead of the tail of a lion. “It is very late, you see, and—is there any place here, an hotel or anything, where we could stay a few hours? Ask, Horatio, will you?”

“There is the mission-house, mother,” responded young Tomkinson, who was imbibing beer at an extent calculated to give him the cholera very speedily. He was a long, lanky, whiskerless young greenhorn, who set up for being an exceedingly fast and *blasé* man.

“There is my house,” suggested the courtly old judge, coming up at that minute. “Any friends of yours, Villiers, will be most heartily welcome. If these ladies will honour my house by making it their resting-place, we shall be delighted, I am sure.”

“No, no,” began Guy, hastily; “they had better not—much better not——”

He stopped abruptly; the judge did not hear him, but Mrs. Tomkinson did, and seized on the judge’s invitation with an avidity and a profusion of thanks which did not tend to exalt his opinion of the lady’s good-breeding; but he repeated his pleasure in receiving them, of course, and Villiers stood by and listened, literally mad with anxiety, annoyance, and suspense—to have Rosamond actually in the same house with Lena; to have the woman who claimed him under the same roof with the girl who loved him; to know that Lena would hear of his engagement from the very lips that would speak of it most triumphantly and decidedly! He should lose her, he felt he should. How could he explain his own vacillation? how could he make her believe that he now hated her rival and only cared for her? how could he prove to her how gradually he had been led on, and how bitterly he repented having lacked the frankness to make her his confidante before he won the assurance of her own love for himself? Never had Villiers so heartily or so bitterly cursed the folly which, in a moment of weakness and eye-fancy, had led him to pledge his word to a woman with whom now he found nothing to please his taste or accord with his character, and which now placed him in a position that made him alike false to himself and false to them, and threatened to rob him of the maturer passion which had become all in all to him, and for which he would have staked his life. But his hands were tied. He could neither prevent the judge’s asking Rosamond and her mother, nor their accepting his hospitality; and Dupuis, always delighted to do a service to any one, and to fill his house with guests, handed the ladies out of their bullock-carriage, gave his arm to Tomkinson mère, and telling Villiers, with a laugh, that he must bring mademoiselle, took them up to his bungalow, which was but a stone’s throw from the barracks. Villiers obeyed him mechanically; he could scarcely do otherwise with so many within hearing, but his pulse beat like sledge-hammers, his self-control could hardly manage to cover the conflicting passions and anxieties which were worrying him like bloodhounds, and he answered utterly *à tort et à travers* to the rattle of talk Rosamond poured on his ear, and whether they were reproaches or endearments he could not have



told you to save his life. What he *did* know was, that Lena Treviot, who had gone home with her aunt while he went up to the Tomkinsons' carriage, was standing in the verandah as he and Rosamond approached, and came towards them with her bright frank smile.

"Is this your friend? I am very glad to see her. Introduce me, pray."

And Villiers had to introduce those two to each other! His early fancy, with her peony colour, her would-be fashionable style, her bold, imperious, self-conceited air, to his present love, delicate, refined, intelligent—in one word, *a lady*.

Rosamond darted a quick, sharp glance at Lena, and the Major's coldness, embarrassment, and inadvertent protestation against the judge's proposals were all translated to her pretty legibly. Dupuis and Mrs. Tomkinson now joined them, and Mrs. Dupuis came out and gave them welcome to Chirriawiggliajorripit. She was used to her husband's practice of turning his house into an hotel for the benefit of any chance passers through the place, and put up with it with a good grace.

They went into the house, and Villiers felt more keen remorse for his own want of candour than he ever had done before for far greater sins, as he saw Lena giving her graceful attentions to the Tomkinsons, and making them *bien reçues* with her pretty vivacious courtesies, just because she thought them *his* friends! flashing on him now and then a fond, trusting smile, in innocent unconsciousness that she was the rival of her guest, who had greater claim to him than she.

They had not been there five minutes when Horatio Tomkinson, a good deal the worse for beer and wine, and very considerably "groggy," staggered into the room, not an interesting-looking youth by any means, and slapped Villiers on the shoulder. I wish you had seen Villiers's face at the freedom; it would have annihilated young Horatio if that hero's eyes had not been too much washed with champagne to see anything clearly.

"Hallo, old fellow!" stammered the delectable Ensign to the 1000th B.N.I., "how are you? Didn't expect to see us, eh? Been shilly-shallying too long—thought we'd come and look after you—mustn't lose you, you know—too good a pigeon, my boy. Rosy's getting old, too; Rosy wants a husband. Come along, name the day—name the day. Rosy's ready; ain't you, Rosy? Catch a woman *not* being ready. Didn't she do the surprise well? Bless your soul! she's been planning it all the way out—counted the tears she'd better let fall when she saw you. Game young woman is Rosy! 'pon my life—ha, ha, ha!"

The advent of Dr. Cumming's Last Day, which has cried wolf so very long, would hardly have created the sensation in the circle which Horatio's elegant speech occasioned. Mrs. Tomkinson turned purple; the judge stared with all his might; Mrs. Dupuis fell back on the couch, with her lips apart, in mute surprise; Rosamond went off, for once in her life, into hysterics that were *not* sham; Villiers glared on the young fool, his face livid with passion, and his eyes like burning coals; Lena stood near him, her face crimson, her eyes flashing, trembling like a flower under a storm. Villiers swung round to Mrs. Tomkinson, turning his back on the tipsy Ensign.

"Your son, madam," he said, between his teeth, "forgets strangely that I am a gentleman, and expect him to behave as one. However, I pass

it over, in consideration of his being evidently much too excited by the wine he has taken. With regard to the subject he has so abruptly introduced, I shall be happy to enter into it with you alone to-morrow morning."

"By Jove! you shan't sneak out of it that way," roared bellicose Horatio. "You're a coward, sir, and if you don't marry Rosy to-morrow, sir, I'll be hanged if I don't shoot you. I will, by——"

Villiers struck his hand on the young fellow's lips with a force that shut up that individual summarily, and caused him to reel on his very uncertain pins.

"Silence! Is this a scene for women? If you are in the same mind in the morning, you know where to address to me."

Then, with a bow, calm and graceful as usual, the Major gave a silent good night to the party, and backed out of the room with his ordinary Chesterfieldian courtesy; but he took care to pass Lena Treviot as he did so, and whispered hastily,

"I *must* see you before you sleep. For God's sake, do not misjudge me. I will wait in the verandah till you come."

She looked up in his eyes with a pitiful, beseeching anguish. He knew she would come, and went out into the calm, clear midnight with a fierce tempest of passions in his heart.

## V.

### THE "TROPICAL FLOWER" HOLDS VILLIERS IN ITS TENDRILS.

HE had not waited many minutes, before, looking very pale in the brilliant starlight, he saw the face he loved best.

Lena came and stood beside him, looking up earnestly in his face.

"You do care for me, don't you?"

There was such touching pathos in the naïve, fond question, that it sank further into his heart than all the tears, reproaches, and interrogations he had dreaded, and softened, where a storm of passion or a volley of recrimination would have steeled him. It is wonderful how much a soft touch of a known hand will do for your thorough-bred, when a mere hint of spur or curb sets up his mettle and makes him kick out immediately.

He caught both her hands and held them against his heart, where fiery throbs told her her power over him better than any words.

"Does my heart beat? As long as it has life in it it will throb for you, and you alone. I love you as I have loved no other woman. You have had many predecessors, I confess, but none that have reigned there as you do, and you can have no successors. I have had many madneses, fancies, passing attachments for others before I knew you; but until I knew you I swear to you I never had a love at once from mind and heart and passion, because I never met a woman capable of inspiring it. You will believe me, Lena?"

"If I did not, I should pray to die!" said Lena, passionately. "Right or wrong, sin or no sin, I would never give you up to any woman."

Whether there was much remembrance of the justice due to luckless Miss Tomkinson or not in this speech, I must leave it for others to decide. At all events, the passion and tenderness in it for himself confused Villiers's moral sense too much for him to reprove her for

it. He rather, I am ashamed to say, was so enraptured with it, that he thanked her as if she had said something most praiseworthy; and, pretty sure of what her verdict would be, he told her, in a few true words, the history of his engagement to Rosamond Tomkinson—of his enslavement and his emancipation.

"I was six-and-twenty," he said, in conclusion, "easily captivated by exterior beauty, always yielding to any impulse of the moment, and never, that I can remember, denying myself any wish. She was one-and-twenty, and singularly handsome, with those sensuous charms of form and colouring which, unbacked by refinement and expression, have now grown coarse, and the reverse of all that I in my older taste could ever now admire. In the weakness of my convalescence I made love to her—I was *in love* with her for the time. Her father, who is now dead, was a shrewd and quick-sighted man; he meant to make a good match for his handsome daughter, and he was down on me at the first word, and nailed me to it. Almost as soon as I was engaged to her I repented my own folly. My troop left Dover for Portsmouth. I mixed again with the women of my own set, who, if they were artificial and not over true, were at least ladies in thought and manner, and the boarding-school knowledge (or rather ignorance) and pretentious vulgarities of Rosamond Tomkinson stared me more than ever in the face. But I dreaded an eslandre. I hated disagreeable comment and publicity, and so I never summoned up moral courage enough to break my chains, but carelessly let them drag on me year after year, promising to make a girl my wife who was the garrison flirt *par excellence* of all the line, and cared no more for me than for the buttons on my gloves. At last, when I met you, a better influence grew over me; you won into my heart without my knowing it; my fetters grew more and more hateful to me. Often it was on my lips to tell you all, but my pride shrank from the avowal, and I dreaded so unspeakably its effect on you. I bitterly regret now that I have not been frank to both. I have not acted straightforwardly or honourably either to her or to you. My love, my darling, how will you judge me for it?"

How it must have cut Villiers to the heart to confess that; he who piqued himself upon his truth and honour—he who would have shot dead any man who had ventured to impugn either—he so proud, reserved, tenacious of any imputation on him! He is more noble to me in the confession of the error than he would have been had he never committed it.

He looked down into her eyes as she rested against him, and repeated his question.

"Though faithless to others, I swear to be true to you, Lena. What will you say to me?"

Her lips touched his cheek as she whispered, "Only what I said to you long ago; whatever faults you may have to others, you have none to me, and I thank you for the love you give me!"

Villiers, despite the duel pendent over his head, was very happy as he walked back to the barracks that night, and lay on his bed smoking his cheroot to golden thoughts, though he got up in the morning for a very disagreeable thing—an interview with Tomkinson mère. A stormy interview it was on the part of madame, who abused him in terms more savouring of Billingsgate than good breeding; but then she was (it was

whispered) the daughter of a large soap-maker in Bow, and had not yet, we will suppose, shaken off her Cockneydom; and to this woman, Villiers—high-bred and reserved Villiers—true to his idea of right, confessed honestly and frankly that he had done wrong! But further his patience did not go; and he bowed himself out in the midst of her volley of recrimination (in which Miss Rosamond, coming on the scene, joined with much hysteria a few screams and many expletives of “brute!” “perjurer!” “villain!” &c. &c.), with a sarcastic intimation that any satisfaction Mr. Horatio might be pleased to demand for the slight passed on his sister he should be happy to accord. After that interview was over, the judge requested to have one, and the old gentleman began taking him to task pretty sternly for having trifled with Lena while he was engaged to another.

“You said nothing, I know, Major Villiers,” said Dupuis, “but your attentions were such as to win any girl, and compromise any man of right honour.” And Villiers pleaded guilty, and laid his case so candidly before the judge, that the old man was fairly won over, and told his wife, when they were alone, that upon his honour Guy was a fine fellow, a delightful man, and he thought he liked him the better for having done wrong, he confessed to it so charmingly; and as to his being inconstant, “Women are very provocative to that sin, my dear. I am seventy-six, but I can remember that!”

Mr. Horatio Tomkinson did call him out, incited to that feat of daring by the united goading of his mother and sister, much, I believe, against his own desire. Villiers met him, of course; but he let the boy have the advantage of first fire, of which Mr. Horatio, having learnt in a pistol gallery preparatory to joining the B.N.I., availed himself, and, trying to hit the Major’s left lung with very bloodthirsty purpose, succeeded in carrying away the end of Villiers’s ribbon-tie. Guy fired in the air, not willing to do any harm to the raw youth for only acting as Villiers himself would have acted.

The Tomkinsons departed very early that day for Mangobanyan, and that was the last we saw of them. A few months after we heard that Miss Rosamond had eloped with a Captain Thomas Jones, of the 1000th B.N.I. So perish many flirts, who, aspiring to coronets in the commencement of their career, sink into Smiths or Browns, and exit miserably with no *éclat* or *feux d’artifice* whatever. Whether Captain Thomas Jones repents of his bargain, I cannot tell—history sayeth not, and he is not in my sphere; but I should say very possibly—yes.

The Queen’s Roans left Chirriawiggliajornput very soon afterwards for England, and Villiers brought with him his “tropical flower,” which, I must say, he has guarded from all English east wind, and has cherished most tenderly ever since. *The tiger-skin* is the rug of Lena’s pony-carriage, in which toy contrivance she is particularly delighted at driving Guy, who could carry the whole thing, steeds, driver, and all in his arms. He and the old Queen’s Roans rode with us the other day on to the Russian guns, and he came out without a scratch—his confounded luck, as he calls it; and that pretty girl so admired on the race-course the other day, on her rough pony, was Lena Villiers, née Treviot. No power on earth, Guy tells me, would have kept her at home, and I do not fancy that he exerted any; for he said, laughing, that Lena could coax him into anything.

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