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A NOVEL.

BY THE LATE

HON. GEORGE SYDNEY-SMYTHE,

SEVENTH VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

WITH A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

'You will have children who must either be base or unhappy; choose them unhappy.'—LEOPARDI *to his Sister on her Marriage.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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CHAPTER I.

Cécile. Un beau ciel pur me donne envie de pleurer.
Valentin. Et à moi envie de t'aimer, de te le dire, et de vivre pour toi.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

THREE weeks had elapsed since Denain's visit, during which it had frequently been repeated, when at length the day dawned to which the whole Paris world was looking forward—the day of the *fête* at St. Cloud. Early, very early that morning, Angela looked out of her window to see if it would be a fine day. As she did so, she noticed a man leaning

against the door of the house opposite, with his eyes intently fixed upon herself. As it was not Denain, she went back to her bed half disappointed.

Yes, Angela was in love, though she did not dare acknowledge to herself that after so short an acquaintance she should be so. Quick spirits, like panthers, move by springs. They cannot crawl through the long path of a northern courtship. She was already dazzled by Denain's beauty, manners, attentions, conversations, possessed with thoughts of him, full of torment, doubt, misgivings, and anxieties. Did he care for *her*? Was it for her he came or only for the *danseuse* of the day? Would he be at the *fête*? Would he speak to her before the world as he did in the solitude of her little room? Was it not very wrong, very idle, very wicked, to think of him at all? And then

Angela fell into a reverie of which he was the entire theme.

The *fête* given by the four was magnificent. It was not only that the roads were watered with rose water and eau de Cologne; the exotics such as Lyons or Chatsworth might have been proud of; that the *feux d'artifice* were better and more brilliant than those of that famous pyrotechnist upon whose tomb Johnson's epitaph on Purcell was parodied: 'He is gone [said the Doctor] to that place where only his own harmony can be excelled;'—'He is gone [said our epitaph] to that place where only his own fireworks can be excelled.' It was not all these things, because they have been done by other dandies in other countries. But the dandies of the Empire were no common dandies, and Volkowski was the greatest even among them. Nor was the fashion of

the Empire the vulgarity of exclusiveness. The golden age of society was from 1800 to 1814 in France and from 1814 to 1816 in England. And ours here was but a faint reflex of the great Imperial illumination.

The society of the Empire was essentially aristocratic. If a man was of long descent, if he bore some name like that of Noailles, or de Ségur, the Emperor lost no pains to attach him to his person; if a man fought better than anybody else, the Emperor made him his own; if a man dressed better than his fellows, it was itself a title, a proof of merit and of taste, and for that society took him up and caressed him. A man looked better, there was an *avenir* too for him, for men did not refuse to acknowledge nature's patent because he had not ten thousand a year, nor old women refuse to dine with him

because he might be a second son. The fact is that for merit of all kinds there was a future, an opening, a fair chance, to say the least, of promotion. Who is that fair-haired, round-faced man whom the four welcome with such *empressement* That is the Prince of the Moskowa, the hero of Elckingen. Who is that immediately behind him? Talma. Who is that coming up the stairs with Denain and smiling because Denain is praising his last speech? That is M. de Fontanes, a great orator in the only country of Europe which still sets store by oratory in its highest attribute of rhetoric.

And that old lady, whom the four bow to as if she were a young one? That is the mother of young Max de Serisy, one of those delightful persons who believe that it is the business of age to be agreeable, one of those

people whom one meets in France to remind us it is the country of Diane de Poitiers and Ninon.

And the little man talking to her as if he was biting at her, so sharp and abrupt does he seem? That is Achille Brienne, the great wit.

'There she is at last,' said La Meilleraye, as Angela came up to them, looking like an angel in white muslin.

'By Jove, how well the chaperon is looking,' exclaimed young Charles de Bonneval.

'Why is it men in their teens always fancy the Rubens style?' La Meilleraye whispered to Volkowski.

'Because the young have a natural hankering after large reversions,' said Volkowski, slowly, glancing his eye at Madame Monteron as she swept on into the next

room on de Bonneval's arm. Denain, in the meantime, possessed himself of Angela's arm, and the whole scene, with its panorama of movement and flirtation, became as unreal to her as if she had been the Virginia of St. Pierre or the Indiana of George Sand. She was in the world, but she was as little of it as they would have been. They walked in silence, Angela revelling in that sense of pleasure which is the silence of love; while Denain calculated how he should get the utmost possible amount of her society, and in that view how he should make up their table at dinner. For the four had studded the rooms of the villa with tables arranged for eight or nine, or five, or four, or even for two. Denain pointed out one of the latter, and Angela looked at him with an expression which meant that life held out to her at that moment no higher wish than

that of dining *tête-à-tête* with him. At this moment Denain's arm was roughly grasped, and a nervous voice whispered in his ear, 'Get me a place by Mademoiselle Pisani.' Denain, notwithstanding his habitual guardedness, turned round angrily at having his ray of light thus rudely intercepted, and on recognising Lionel exclaimed: 'What a bear you have become.' He turned to Angela, however, while he begged permission to introduce to her the Vicomte d'Averanche, in whom Angela at once recognised the stranger who had stood beneath her window in the morning; and she looked so embarrassed, so conscious, so guilty (although there was nothing to be embarrassed, conscious, or guilty about), that Denain, keen-sighted as he was, would certainly have observed it, had not his attention been at that moment withdrawn by a very beautiful woman, who

came up to him also to seek Angela's acquaintance. This was Madame Castel Garcia. A little below the middle size, with large eyes always changing in expression and colour, the most irregular loveliness of feature, but with limbs and form the only fault of which was that they were too perfect, too much *ad unguem*, too exquisitely rounded; with the sweetest of voices, and, by habit and nature's gift, the gentlest of looks, except when disturbed by passion. At a first glance you were inclined to say, 'That is the loveliest woman I ever saw;' at a second, 'She is too small.'

'They have made friends, the handsomest of women and the most beautiful of girls!' said La Meilleraye, sentimentally, to Volkowski. The Duchesse de la Meilleraye—a superb Montespan-like beauty — was on Volkowski's arm, and she said, half sneer-

ingly, 'Look at your most beautiful of women *now*.' In fact, Madame Castel Garcia was glaring, scowling, playing tigress. She had seen Averanche's eyes fixed upon Angela with that look of timid enthusiasm which is the first dawn of love, and which no woman can mistake. With the quick perception of jealousy her hand was already on his arm, while with a voice even sweeter than usual she said, 'Show me the view you spoke of.'

'What will you bet me,' said Vauriensky to St. Lambert, 'that I don't get rid of La Meilleraye, send him back to Paris, and make his wife dine with the actress?'

'France to Poland—a kingdom that is always sold against one that is always lost—a dinner with me against a breakfast with you.'

'Done.'

'Done.'

'La Meilleraye,' whispered Vauriensky, 'I never thought I should have seen you here to-day with such a chance.'

'What chance?' said the small-headed aristocrat.

'Why, Charles Denain is utterly head over ears in love with the new *danseuse*, while Delphine is left alone in the Rue Richelieu.'

'Well?'

'Ah, if you knew what she said of your ear the other day. Why, that it looked like a pink periwinkle!'

Half an hour later La Meilleraye's curricle rolled rapidly towards Paris.

They are at dinner. The nine muses were represented at one table by Averanche, Madame Castel Garcia, Denain, Angela Pisani, Volkowski, the Duchesse de la Meil-

leraye, young Charles de Bonneval, Madame Monteron and Achille Brienne; all of the party were happy. Denain and Angela Pisani, because they had so far achieved their object as to be seated next each other. Volkowski and Madame de la Meilleraye for the same reason. Charles de Bonneval, in open admiration of Madame Monteron's autumnal charms, which admiration she more than reciprocated for his youthful fascinations. Only two people were ill at ease. Madame Castel Garcia, because, if she was on Averanche's left, Angela Pisani was on his right, and she could every now and then detect his furtive glances of intense adoration towards her; and Averanche, because, like Macheath, he could have been happy with either had the other dear charmer been away, but, unlike him, he had not the courage to acknowledge that to himself and

face his difficulties. So he sat between them, irritable, nervous, wretched, believing that everyone saw and was enjoying the ridicule of his position. As for Achille Brienne, he was an old man and a wit, and therefore liked nothing so much as the society of beautiful women. Nor could their respective countries have shown such examples of beauty as three of the women then around him. Madame Castel Garcia, with a fantastic turban of scarlet which set off the severe darkness of her hair and eyes. Angela Pisani, delicate, soft, aerial, like the Venus of Virgil's dreams at Baiæ, the ideal of Italian loveliness; and Madame de la Meilleraye, the very type of French aristocratic beauty, but priding herself more upon her repartees than her charms. Achille Brienne, who sat between her and Madame Castel Garcia, took the opportunity of telling her, while the first

course was being removed, that had he been Paris, instead of Achilles, and called to judge between the three goddesses at table, she, Madame de la Meilleraye, should have been his Venus. But during the removal of the second course he said exactly the same thing to Madame Castel Garcia, and thereby ensured one story and one point to tell at his hearers' expense after dinner.

The conversation was not general. Whispers between Madame Monteron and young Bonneval sometimes became so audible (he persisting, she resisting) as to raise a smile. Averanche, who drank freely, found courage to speak a few resolute nothings to Angela, who answered him monosyllabically. Volkowski having succeeded in bringing the tears into the eyes of Madame de la Meilleraye, with protestation of his

misery at being obliged to join his regiment for the campaign, and being quite enough of a '*fat*,' to wish to make her cry out-right before everybody, said across the table to Denain, 'What lucky fellows you and Averanche are to have left the army.'

'Lucky?' answered Denain, 'I would not now,' and he looked at Angela, 'belong to the army to be Emperor.' Angela's eyes reflected his love, and gave it back to him with tenfold intensity. Averanche saw the look and said bitterly.

'I wish to God I had never left it.'

Madame Castel Garcia looked daggers.

'Well,' renewed Volkowski, 'why don't you come with me—this next campaign—as a volunteer: I will give you a horse and a bed, will you?'

'How can you be so foolish?' interrupted Madame Castel Garcia.

'I will come,' said Averanche.

'I will bet you you don't,' sneered Brienne.

Averanche was just in the mood to quarrel. He turned savagely on Brienne with a ferocious word on his lips; but his antagonist looked so much more of a monkey than a man, that he was disarmed by his seriousness. Madame Castel Garcia, who had had time to think, and who was really a woman of the world where her feelings did not interfere, gave her lover a beseeching look.

'Monsieur d'Averanche, you have never shown me the view after all. And see how beautiful an evening it is.'

She took her shawl from the back of

her chair, got up and gave it to Averanche, who, in offering her his arm, turned to look back at Angela—

And while he spoke Euphelia's praise
He fixed his soul on Chloe's eyes.

CHAPTER II.

THE four were lucky in their weather. It was one of those spring evenings which anticipate the warmth of summer. Everything had been done to abate the chilliness of the season. The walks were entrellised, the arcades thickened with artificial foliage, the glades embowered with wild and luxuriant, though exotic, plants: there were so many tents, kiosks, and marquees, that all deserted the house and dispersed themselves among the beautiful grounds and gardens of the villa.

Volkowski and Mme. de la Meilleraye paired off together. Lionel was condemned

to escort Mme. Castel Garcia, while Angela, with whom were all his thoughts, walked with Denain. Few were the words they spoke, but their interchange of feeling and desire was all the more thrilling and magnetic. There was more poetry than in any love poem in the tremulous motion of her arm, in the downcast drooping of her head. She was in a reverie so entire, her abstraction was so perfect and complete, that it appeared to her as if the voice would have sounded a discord. But Denain longed for the sweet cadence of her tone. In his epicureanism he would deny himself nothing which would enhance the charm of the scene and hour.

'Do you remember,' said Angela at last, 'what I likened your theory of life to? a long arcade with strangely coloured lamps.'

'I can forget nothing you have ever said—or looked,' he added.

'Does not this walk, with all these loose festoons of light, all these frail wreaths of swinging lamps, remind you of it?' she continued.

'Yes, these were youth's visions, were they not? And your image was that manhood's sole and melancholy work was to extinguish the light?'

'Yes,' said Angela, sadly.

'I should like to extinguish them!'

'Why?'

'To be lit only by your eyes. Hear me, Angela. Your fancy would then be for me a great truth, the only one which I believe in. The visions of my youth have long since been extinguished. There is now left for my worship only one guiding light. Nay, do not turn your head away. Let me see

your face: I ask nothing, nothing, but to be allowed humbly, with a reverential feeling and with more reverential silence, to adore.'

Angela felt as if she could have drunk in for ever the music of his voice, his words were so much in harmony with the scene, with herself, with her love which was herself: and it was not till their hands met, that she awoke from this trance. Her whole frame quivered, recoiled with the violence of that shock, the first effort of the spiritual to merge in the material. Angela's gesture, as she withdrew her hand, was almost fierce. Her heart was already a battle-field between the new self and the old self. And it was with steps as nervous, as wild as her feelings, that she hurried on towards the nearest group assembled on the lawn fronting the villa. It was as if she appealed to the world for protection against herself. Denain did not

speak until within their hearing, when he said quietly,—

'Have you seen Madame Monteron, St. Lambert? Mademoiselle Pisani is looking for her chaperon.'

But the tone conveyed to Angela, 'I dare not longer trust myself with you.'

'Thank you, Monsieur Denain.'

It was not a common courtesy that 'thank you' of Angela. Her long dark eye-lashes were wet with tears as she uttered it. She thought Denain's sentiment so delicate, so chivalrous, so noble. Poor Angela!

In another part of the same grove in which Denain and Angela had been, another couple were as deeply absorbed. But Madame de la Meilleraye and Volkowski were in a far more advanced state of love making. He had just wrung from her a promise to fly from her husband and ac-

company him to the scene of the impending campaign. It was perhaps not only that her love of Volkowski was impetuous and violent, but because she liked the old Montespan idea; she inherited something of the old French aristocratic spirit, which impelled the fine ladies of that time to follow the great monarch to his wars. Besides, the plan was novel, extravagant, wonder-provoking, and that was a certain incitement to her. 'What Frenchwoman ever ran away from her husband,' was her last weakly urged objection, and it sounded so much like a recommendation to her own mind, that Volkowski had no difficulty in answering it.

'At Cambacérès' dinner to-morrow, if your arrangements are complete, you will make me a sign? Is it not so?' Volkowski put his question carelessly, almost confidently.

'What sign?' she replied, half piqued at his tone.

This time Volkowski spoke with an affected tenderness, which had the more effect upon his listener because it was not habitual to him. He belonged to that class of men who, if they are beautiful as statues, are, like them, rough by nature, and polished only by art.

'What sign, Eugénie? I was a fool to ask the question; I know you so well, that there is no need of signs; I watch every shadow which ever crosses your sweet face, every light which brightens it; I want no sign to know your mind. Yet stay! that sweet little mouche on the chin, if you wear it to-morrow, I shall know you will come.'

'Dear Aloysius!'

In another part of the grounds yet another phase of love presents itself. There is a woman, now vehement, now beseeching,

now imperious, now imploring, the Ariadne of Catullus—

> Sed neque tum mitræ, neque tum fluitantis amictûs
> Illa vicem curans, toto ex te pectore, Theseu,
> Toto animo, tota pendebat perdita mente—

the incarnation of that most sublime of passages, that most profound conception of despair.

Beside her is a man grieved for the pain he inflicts on the woman who loves him, whom he has ceased to love, and writhing under the sense of a strong love unrequited and hopeless. The angry passions of each had had their way, in cruel words on his part, in bitter reproaches and recrimination on hers. Incoherent, rhapsodical, savage was the strife, alternated by mutual fits of regret; but the cause was indelibly written, branded in letters of fire, on each heart.

'You love another!'

Stricken by the consciousness of wrong, of shame overpowered by his conscience,

Averanche summoned all the courage of a final resolution and acknowledged the truth. There he stood, pale, collected, determined, a murderer, killing a fond, trusting, confiding, loyal heart, and out of a fanaticism wild, extravagant, desperate.

'You love another! and this is your return for devotion such as woman never gave to man. Can you look me in the face, can you, dear Lionel, and tell me you love another?' Paler grew Averanche, but he said not a word. 'What, this to me! have I not been to you ——'

'What you have been to others.'

'Others! always that chivalrous reproach; and who is *this* other, for whom I am to be sacrificed? a dancer of the opera; one whose hireling *œillades* are at the service of the public, the common food of play-going curiosity, Denain's mistress; I see it in their

eyes; one who mocks at you, who scorns you, who despises you as I should.'

'I know it, Illyrine; I do not seek to exculpate myself—how should I? I am acting basely, vilely, falsely; I have betrayed you and lied to you, and yet at this moment even you could pity me if you knew my agony. I could come even to you for sympathy; I could ask you, you so generous, so noble, so sensitive, so impulsive: can you not, even you, understand me, be my friend, feel for me in my anguish? I could almost believe here, on this spot, while I am weeping before you, that I am not false to you: it is one soul in two women, it is yourself again I love in her.'

'Leave me, Monsieur; I say leave me: do you hear?'

Averanche almost crouched before her on the earth, he felt himself so little.

'You *can* compare *her* to me! Has she sacrificed herself, her character, her position, her happiness, bound herself up in you, in your ever-changing temper, to share your griefs, your whims, your hates, your fear—given up peace of mind, serenity, given up, —nay, I speak not of the world—all things for you? and this is your return!'

'Have not others treated you as I do?'

'O most generous of men! oh, well spoken! oh, fair and just result of affection such as mine has been. Go on, Monsieur; pray go on: heap insult upon insult. And this is the Lionel of other days; this is he who wept unless he was alone with me, whose jealousy was so intense that it restricted me to solitude, whose adoration was such that it amounted to insanity, who, as I never gave him cause to quarrel with the present, quarrelled with the past. And when

he raked up my confidences, confessions, sins, they gave him as much remorse as myself. And to him I forgave all reproaches, because they were like self-reproaches, so blended was his whole existence in mine. Ah! is this *that* Lionel!'

'The same, Illyrine; I would even now that I could change to that time, that I could live those dear days over again: but nothing in life can be repeated. Do not misunderstand me, my better self, my reason, my memories; the love of things good and gentle and high-minded and straightforward, all these impel me to devote myself to you; I admire you more now than in the meridian hour of my wildest passion. But I cannot control this horrible fascination which is hurrying me on.'

Madame Castel Garcia, with the unerring instinct of woman's jealousy, saw that she

had no chance against a delirium so wild and absorbing. She saw also that her own excitements, her own passion, only added to the flame, and she changed her tactics. 'Listen to me, Lionel,' and her voice was now quiet and calm. 'Let me appeal to your reason: you are noble and poor; if you were now to leave me, to make a good marriage, one that should tend to your own advantage and to the restoration of your name, I would perhaps endure your infidelity. But what are you about to do? To me you have often spoken about the sacrifices, which you too, you say, have made, the women you might have espoused. I have appreciated, have I not, this constancy? Is it for an heiress you are killing me? Is it for ambition, even for some great and worthy end, that you cast me away? Believe me, dear Lionel, that it is not me alone whom you consign to misery.

This girl, this *danseuse*, this coquette, who has bewitched you, to devote your life, your career, your glory, to such an one, in what can it end but in your ruin? Will she, do you think, prefer you to Denain? And even if she do, what can you, with your poverty, expect? To be the minion of a minion; to be the slave of one who must live by pleasing others; to be racked by all the tortures of jealousy, to see her eyes embrace all within her reach with the same universal softness; never to know, after all, you are *the* one she loves. Oh! what a destiny is this.'

Averanche's heart strings quivered beneath this terrible anatomy, but he felt that Madame Castel Garcia was unjust towards Angela, and this inspired him with a certain courage.

'You have,' he said, 'often reproached me for a hard indifference, you have told me,

dearest, that bit by bit, day by day, you have seen my love decreasing and dying; see me now, enthusiastic, passionate, weeping, as in the first month of our attachment; it is the same feeling, I thought would never come again, which has now come back to me. If I were to leave you for sordid or material benefits, do you think this would happen? No; I leave you from the same feeling for which I loved you: I leave you for a pursuit as extravagantly spiritual: I leave you for one poorer than you were. If, perhaps, for you I have marred my prospects, I now debase them. If for you I have forgotten the world, I now forget myself. Dearest, dearest Illyrine, be still my friend; cast away these small vanities, these selfish, exclusive, individual ideas; see in me again him who won your love; oh, let me come to you and tell you how passionately, how

despairingly I love; let me pour my burning thoughts into your ear; pity me, I am no longer now cold or callous, but the Lionel of past times; our hearts, too, will still be in unison when I tell you how she has looked upon Denain, how she has leaned upon his arm, how she has clung to his support: when I tell you all this, in the paroxysms of my mortification, we shall be feeling the same; you will be to me as I am to her, not to be rejected, not to be despised, not to be put away, but both of us degraded by kindred humiliation; we have loved before as none have ever loved, we will love again as none have ever loved. Oh! put yourself now above these things, above yourself, above all such personal revenge; love me as I love her. I see it, I acknowledge it, I cannot blind myself; she loves another, but it only maddens, intoxicates me more. Be the

grand, self-denying, heroic heart you have always shown yourself, and who knows,' Averanche continued (with almost the cunning of a madman, to such a pitch was he excited), 'but that this sympathy of shame, this common sense of preying upon ourselves, of eating our hearts away in similar vexation in the same annihilation of hope, may again revive the love of other times, the love of Lionel for Illyrine?'

Madame Castel Garcia was, as Averanche had said, a grand, self-denying, heroic woman. She would not trust her voice to utterance. But she put her hand in his, and as they walked away in silence to join the revellers, they carried away death in their 'souls. The touch of Azrael was on them.

CHAPTER III.

ANGELA'S feelings for some time after the *fête* were not all of happiness. First love is always sensitive. But with her extreme delicacy of organisation it so exalted and excited her that she could scarcely endure the routine monotony of life. The very regularity of night and day, of meals, and dressing, and visits, the necessities of society, all irritated and almost exacerbated her gentle temper. But the obligations of her profession tried her most sorely. Nor could she find much sympathy or pleasure in the society of Madame Monteron, whose self-importance had

swelled beyond all bounds since young De Bonneval's attentions. It was evident to both of them that they could not live together much longer, and Angela for a moment thought even Denain's voice less musical than Madame Monteron's, while she announced her intention of leaving her. This was done with much significancy and many airs, which to another temper than that of Angela would have furnished matter for malevolence. As it was, Angela went straight to her old convent and flung her arms round the neck of her only female friend, one of her former teachers, and begged her to come and live with her.

Madame René was what the world calls 'a nobody'—the most gentle, docile, quiet, affectionate, unhappy of little nobodies. Unhappy because Mademoiselle Thomasine Patron, the daughter of a poor but noble

Swiss family of Berne, having never heard a love-word spoken, at the age of twenty-six listened with too fond a credulity to the vow of an officer, whom she eventually married, and of whom after six months, when her little dowry was spent, she never heard more.

Madame René, who adored Angela, at once closed with her offer, and was speedily installed in Angela's little lodging. The very first night she joined her, she perceived a striking change in Angela's manner, as contrasted with that which she had remembered of old. Angela's movements were so rapid and abrupt, she could not bear to listen to the quiet monologue she had been used to welcome. She was restless, nervous always interrupting, never attending or taking the least interest in the news and gossip of the *Sacré Cœur*. Madame René

was, therefore, not in any way surprised when Angela told her the next morning that she had something very important to ask her advice about.

'What is it, dearest?'

'I shall give up my profession and break my engagement with Monsieur Véfour.'

Madame René, though she was a very simple little body, was quite as much astounded as Madame Monteron could have been.

'Where will you get the forfeit money, even if for one moment you were to give in to so painful a project?' she asked.

'Oh, I have thought over all that. I cannot tell you, dearest Thomasine, how I loathe my profession. There has come over me of late a sense of degradation, of humiliation, when I go upon the boards and dance, and am applauded, a feeling of shame

so profound that I am determined, even if it cost me starvation, to dance no more. I will give you my plan. I shall come out at the Français. I will propose myself to Monsieur Roquefort this very day, and out of the salary he will be too glad to give me I will pay my forfeit.'

Madame René opened her eyes to their widest possible extent, and faltered out: 'But what will the public say to all this?'

'The public will be astonished, and that is the great point in my favour.'

Angela was right. Her resolution was one which a person could only have been capable of forming under the influence of the strongest feelings, but these same strongest feelings bore her, over all the little hesitations and misgivings which are usually attendant upon personal considerations, to a right conclusion.

Madame René was soon, and not reluctantly, persuaded by Angela. Proud even of a victory so easily won, Angela awaited Denain's daily call with less solicitude at the prospect of making him her confidant.

When Denain came and heard the proposition, he thought Angela nearly as insane as Madame Monteron had thought her on the rejection of the jewellery. But after a little while he gradually changed, and his counsels were as warm and enthusiastic in urging her to fulfil her own wishes, as before he had been prudent and worldly in combating them. The fact was that Denain's self-love was much gratified in her scheme. He could proclaim beforehand that *he* could not bear that she should expose herself to all the admiration of the opera. He could bet that he would make her give up her profession, which was her livelihood, for

him; above all, he would say when it was done, 'See how that woman loves me.' These reflections much influenced Denain. But besides these he had other reasons which induced him to believe that Angela would succeed at the Français. So that, instead of checking or impeding Angela's scheme, she was surprised to find him readily come into it.

Upon leaving her and stepping into the street, Denain ran against somebody, and taking off his hat to apologise to him, found that it was old Achille Brienne. They were fond of one another: Achille Brienne, who had true sympathy for neither man, woman, nor child, had a sort of approach to sympathy for the kindred coldness of Denain. The coldness of both resulted from exhausted warmth, and Achille, who had survived his long before the States-General

ever met, liked to identify himself with the handsome young dandy of the Empire.

'You are the only man I really like, and therefore of course you try to knock me down,' he grumbled to Denain, as he put his arm within his, and they walked together down the street. 'But I must give you some advice. It is about that girl you have just come from. I don't profess, as you know, any of that sort of humbug of humanity which feels for everybody, and especially for all women; but I do feel for you, and I do hate to see you storing up annoyances and regrets for the future.'

'What do you mean?' said Denain, who thought Brienne was only making one of his speeches.

'Why, that when you come to my age you will under any circumstances bitterly rue what you are doing now. It was all

very well while you had heart, but as it is, you are going into this affair without it, and the vanity you are now pampering will, like all spoilt children, hurt and wound you in the long run.'

'You are sentimental, Monsieur Brienne,' Denain said with the most bitter urbanity.

'No, I am not, Monsieur Denain, but I like you because some day or other you will be like me; I mean in feelings,' continued Achille, in reply to Denain's rather supercilious glance at his excessively ugly person. 'You will be like me, mark my words, and I wish to save you some remorse which I wish somebody had saved me when I was young.'

'Indeed,' half yawned Denain.

'I don't intend to bore you with all the confessions of a sexagenarian, but I will tell you a few truths which you will remember

even though you do yawn Like you, I treated everything of God much as if it had been of man, and everything of man much as if it had been of God.

'Why don't you say creature and Creator, Monsieur Brienne; it rounds an antithesis so much more glibly.'

'I will explain mine,' continued Achille, with imperturbable impassiveness. 'I mean at thirty I treated all God's truths, all religious and conscientious principle, much as one does the dogmas of a bore and pedant in society. I laughed, ridiculed, mocked, gibed, because they were put before me in a didactic and authoritative way. If they had been novelties, and *I* had myself found them out, I might have taken them up, perhaps, but, as it was, I treated "the Divine" as you are treating it now. But with regard to man, I recognised no right of

judgment but myself. There was a fixed gospel and an infallible tradition. The slightest whisper of the slightest coxcomb at a club, was to me what I dreaded more than any monarch of the middle ages did a Papal rescript. It was to me omnipresent, omniscient, absolute. I answered all things by a reference to his laugh, or his envy, or his sneers, yes, and of men in all things unfit to untie the latchets of my shoes. I measured the tears of a woman who truly loved me by it, the affection of a friend who had stood such from my childhood. I sacrificed them both; and the recollection of these things moves me enough to make myself the old fool I am in giving you advice.'

Denain saw the man of the world was really and sincerely affected.

'Yes, you may well look astonished. You would be far more so if I were to enter

into particulars with you. But if I could not trust at *thirty*, I cannot *trust* now. I will, however, tell you instead two things, which *you* know, but which the world will never believe. One is, that you have seen old Achille Brienne really touched, and the other that we cold men, after all, sometimes feel the most.'

Denain was getting rather bored, much as he was surprised at sentiment from his very ugly friend. He said 'good morning' to his companion, as they reached the corner of a street.

'Stop,' said Achille, maliciously; 'I must tell you one more thing.'

'What?'

'Why, this; you will remember, some day or other, in reference to Pisani, what I said about woman's tears and your present standard.'

'Ah. Good morning.'

'What a damper that old nightmare of a death in life is!' was Denain's first reflection as he left him. But his second penetrated Brienne's real meaning, and showed him that he had not faith left enough to love Angela. And to love without faith, what is it but to doubt and to mistrust, to surrender your own opinions and your own pleasure to other people who delight to mar them?

What Brienne meant was that Denain would regret that he had not been able to believe in Angela: that at thirty he had no heart left to do it. But this did not prevent him from making a call upon Monsieur Pharamond Roquefort, the director of the Français, which had the effect of securing Angela an engagement, which Denain desired purely out of the lowest possible personal feelings of vanity.

CHAPTER IV.

'HURRAH—ra—ra. Hurrah—ra,' shouted Charles de Bonneval, in the impulse of his youthful enthusiasm, as the latest of twelve guests took his place, after the soup had been removed. Volkowski was giving a dinner upon the eve of his departure for the army, and nothing could exceed its excellence and splendour. Rare thing in France, though less rare at the time of the Empire than at any other, there was capital sherry; and as Denain, the late guest, put his glass down, after having slowly sipped it, to enjoy its exquisite flavour, he was surprised to see a

servant immediately fill it up again. Such was the order of the feast. Before everybody were four glasses, one containing *very old* hock (the heresy of the day), another sherry, another champagne, another Bordeaux. And, when anybody drank, a servant was ready to replenish the glasses, which, like the undertaking of the Danaïdes, seemed to them endless, as Volkowski's wines were of a nature that no anchorite could have resisted.

The dinner was in a cabinet at the Frères Provençaux, where Napoleon had feasted his staff as First Consul. There was something curious in the contrast between the bare walls and the luxury of the table, the Bohemian and Venetian glasses shining with their many hues, the fantastic gorgeousness of the *épergnes*, and the rich colouring of the flowers clustering within them.

'Hurrah,' again shouted Charles de Bonneval, as a thirteenth guest made his appearance. It was Averanche. But this time there was no response, as thirteenth guests are rarely welcome. Volkowski alone smiled, with imperturbable and unruffled hospitality, amidst the gloomy wonderment of his friends, that a man who so prided himself upon doing everything perfectly, should have committed so funereal a blunder. But although there was no response among his companions at table, Charles de Bonneval thought he heard a voice he knew pretty well, repeat his final inflexion of his favourite 'Hurrah.'

'What the devil is that?'

'What,' said Volkowski. But De Bonneval was already on his legs, and had dashed out of the cabinet, waving his napkin high over his head and swearing

'there was somebody he knew in the next cabinet!'

'Come along, come along. I declare I never saw anything like this,' were the expressions intercepted by the laughing of many voices that came into the room he had just left. And headed by De Serisy, Volkowski's guests followed his bidding, and rushed into an adjoining room, only separated from the one where they were dining by folding-doors.

Here they found thirteen women, half masqued, with laughing lips—lips laughing beneath their little black masques at the absurd astonishment depicted upon the men's faces.

'Gentlemen guests,' said Volkowski, 'the number is not so inauspicious as you thought. Come away, De Bonneval,' he continued, taking the young man's arm, who was

already in violent pantomime with a masque of Hebe-like proportions. 'Come back, you will do dishonour to a poor dinner, which has at least the merit of being hot.'

The guests returned as they were bid, and partaking the spirit of their entertainer, each summoned to his particular aid all the energy he was master of, to give a new spell to the orgie. They were about to separate, and in those tremendous days, war, with its inevitable ravages, was a household thought. The sort of calculation, which is ordinarily, whether so and so will marry this season, was then whether so and so would fall in that campaign. This gave a last supreme recklessness to pleasure, which is wanting in these less eventful days. It was a debauch which Martin would have liked to paint. There was an awe in its very splendour, and

a terror in its magnificence. The conversation was made up of feelings which had been perhaps the solemn growth of quiet hours, but which were offered up with profane savagery as a sacrifice amidst peals of laughter and yells of acclamation. It was with a Mazeppa-like pace that every man surrendered his soul to his body, and allowed it to career at speed where it chose, according to its own brute nature. But picturesque and beautiful were the scenes through which they were borne. There is no such pleasure as getting drunk to the common man, he gets a glimpse for one little hour of the poet's heaven!

'And now,' said Denain, 'let us have the women in!'

[Here there is a gap in the manuscript. The purport of the lost portion can be con-

jectured with tolerable certainty from what follows. The guests assembled at the Frères Provençaux had, by the time when they left it, exhausted every pleasure in which they could indulge without incurring the instant risk of retribution from the law. The occasion of their meeting, which was the last before a campaign which might separate them for ever, was enough in itself to make them feel a craving for some more than ordinary excitement. It may be imagined that those orgies, which were after all common to many others among the population of Paris, stimulated some of them to devise excitements which were not so common. It is probable that Denain instigated the most violent attack upon conventional law and order which could be devised. His cold nature would be incapable of gratitude towards the Great

Emperor who had raised him to the position which he occupied, while his ready wit would enable him to discover some brilliant combination of scornful defiance and scathing sarcasm wherewith to insult his benefactor. It seems that the insult was directed in some way at the Vendôme Column; it may have been a caricature or a placard affixed to it. It is not likely that Denain's habitual coolness would prevent him from protecting himself against the chance of detection, therefore it must have been by an unforeseen mischance that the police discovered not only the insult but the names also of its perpetrators.]

* * * * *

An exquisitely proportioned, Hebe-like young girl, with that air of ingenuous resigna-

tion to all things which vice as well as virtue wears, playing with oranges, tossing them into the air one after another with wild and frolicsome glee, laughing if she catches them, laughing still more if they slip out of her small, pink, delicate hands; an old man looking on with serene and calm delight, with playful and tender approbation, with a semblance of interest so benevolent that it might be mistaken as paternal: how charming a picture!

It represents the ancient Monarchy of France in its agony. That *naïve*, simple-looking, and very beautiful young girl is Madame du Barri, and that gracious and gentle old man is Louis Quinze; and the meanest of plots is concealed beneath all that apparent artlessness, so frank and winning, so charming and so childish.

'Jump, Choiseul!' she cries, with the prettiest air, as she throws up an orange every minute; 'jump, I say!'

And this was the reward of a Great Man and Minister for a life-service of labour and watching, of toil and devotion to the Commonwealth! And such were the means, and such the instrument by which an inner circle of a proud aristocracy ruined and disgraced him!

This is no unfair type of the ancient *régime*. Now for a glance into the domestic life of the new *régime*.

In his cabinet at the Tuileries, Napoleon is alone with his child. A heap of English newspapers and pamphlets, which he has just finished reading (full of the slanders and calumnies for which lying men were pensioned down to our own days), he tossed

and crumpled around him. And even upon those divine and immortal lineaments it was easy to see that calumny could work torture. There is many a line on the Imperial brow since that proud day of Austerlitz, when last we beheld him; and that small, almost feminine mouth is ever and anon convulsed with nervous and spasmodic pain. But the eye is still radiant with genius, though at times it softens into sadness as it rests upon the little boy at play close beside him.

The Emperor is stretched upon the floor, and a map is before him, with little golden pins headed with sealing-wax stuck into it in all directions; and these he moves hither and thither, forecasting, with heroic divination, the chances of the coming and infelicitous campaign. Now and then his calculations are disturbed by the noisy gaiety

of the little child, who claps his diminutive hands with delight over a new toy—a painted globe of bladder—a present from Josephine from Malmaison, and flatteringly representing a map of Rome, and of the world—*urbis et orbis*; and, in unconscious parody of the Bourbon courtesan, the boy throws his ball upon the ground, making it bound and rebound, while, true to his Bonaparte blood, he cries,

'Jump, world!'

And the higher it jumped, the more it pleased him, and the louder he shouted. Once it fell upon Napoleon's shoulders, and leaped again upwards, as if the Imperial Atlas disdained the burden; and there seemed no end to the child's graceful and spirited delight.

'Non sine Dis animosus infans.'

'Look, papa!'

And this time the globe danced higher than ever, on the impulse of the little king. But, as ill-luck would have it, it fell transfixed upon one of the gold pins which represented Oudinot's division,—collapsed, shrivelled, and fell at the feet of the astonished child, who began, of course, to cry.

'Cry on, figlio mio,' said Napoleon, sadly and superstitiously; 'the world has ceased to be our plaything.'

A knock was heard at the door, and the Duke of Rovigo entered.

'Agesilaus at play,' said the courtier, in that classic euphuism which the Imperial epoch affected.

'And you, the Tyrant's ambassador,' replied Napoleon, playfully, in allusion to Savary's credentials, to more than one Court, from himself.

'No, Sire, the Great King's.'

'Put your report down there, Savary, and come this evening at eight. Now take my son to the Empress: he cannot be in more loyal or faithful hands. I wish to be alone.'

The Duke of Rovigo retired, the happiest of men. Since Mallet's business he had been unused to so kind a reception.

The Emperor continued for some time to study the chart before him. The shades gathered, one after another, on his brow, as if he had been the Homeric Jove. He foresaw that even such miracles as the Lutzen, Bautzen, Hanau, that were to come, might delay but could not avert the catastrophe.

The reign even of Him, the cloud-compeller, the days of Omnipotence, were numbered.

He moved away from the map, and took up his police-minister's report. The first paper which he read was the circumstantial and precise account of all that had occurred at Volkowski's dinner, and after it. The outrage to the column was such that it might have even provoked a prince 'better than Trajan, more fortunate than Augustus' —it exasperated the Emperor to frenzy.

In his first paroxysm of rage, he rang, as had occurred to him on a more critical occasion, the wrong bell. The Empress, followed by the Duchesse de Montemart and other ladies, came, laughing, into the room.

'Retire, madame! this is no time for your presence!' exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, the impetuous Italian. 'Where is Savary?'

Oh, rare fate! oh, strange century! it

was a daughter of Austria who was thus commanded by the son of a notary in Corsica!

The Duke of Rovigo was, almost as soon as the mandate had been given, in the Imperial presence.

'Order every *pékin* who was at Volkowski's dinner to leave Paris within four-and-twenty, and France within eight-and-forty hours.'

'Your Imperial Majesty has made the last impossible.'

'I want to be obeyed, not complimented. Do you understand me, sir?'

'Yes, Sire,' said Savary, in trembling; 'and the military men?'

'Put them on Oudet's list; you know what I mean. Go; you may retire.'

Napoleon, when left alone, took up once more the papers before him; and an expres-

sion of the bitterest scorn passed over his features as he murmured the names of Volkowski's guests.

'De Beaumont, La Meilleraye, Averanche, De Serisy, St. Lambert—*ci-devants*; every name representing whole centuries of wrong from generation to generation, murmur on murmur, and groan on groan from the cunningly-brutalised serfs whom they oppressed! These men are to turn lecturers to me on civil government and the rights of man! O illustrious Aristocracy of France! I offered you grades in my army, and you shrank from them; I proposed to you places in my Administration, and you declined them; but I opened my servants' hall to you, and you precipitated yourselves therein![1]

[1] See Madame de Staël's *Dix Années d'Exil*.

'Denain, Marot, Vauriensky, Roquefort; you too, the mud-born, puddle-blooded! you whom I had raised, whom I had made great men, but could not make gentlemen; rich, but not respectable; powerful, but not honourable: you, too, "to stink and sting" against the hand that had created, manufactured, gilded, and veneered you! Ye wretched wooden *fantoccini*! poor Nuremberg toys, who have only moved when I pulled the string! would you use the mere artificial life I have given you to betray me and destroy? O thou hollow Middle Class! who wast so bepraised in the wisdom of eighteenth century philosophy, I have proved thee as corrupt, as vain, as false, as thy superiors. An inane conceit was it, that flattery of Beaumarchais, which spoke of the froth above and the

dregs below, but of the good, sound, solid, and substantial liquor between. I had but to breathe on it with the breath of power, and it curdled as beneath the Sun-God's approach. O thou traitor Middle Class! who promised so largely and beneficently, whose mission it was to moralise, educate, and elevate the people, hast thou thought only of thyself? Eternity was before thee, but thou preferred'st the present; Rome was awaiting thee, whilst thou wast revelling at Capua. The moderation of the masses committed to thy charge was thy portion, and thou didst bend, grovelling, to pick up, to furbish, to piece together and worship, the scattered fragments of the broken idols. Thou art mine enemy but I am not thine, for I represent Force, which is the Future, and which is thine for a season. But what thou dost now in the green tree indicates

the ripe tree. Not one generous thought, although thou canst sneer at the bulletin; not one great act, although thou canst prate of commerce and destroy nationality, belongs to thy purblind aims and selfish cynicism.

'Is there, then, nothing true but this?' And Napoleon moved to the window to take up a sword once the property of Peter the Great, which had been given to him by Alexander at Tilsit. 'Is there nothing real but violence, when directed by a will like mine?'

The window was open; and in the Place of the Carrousel the Old Guard was being reviewed. The favourite cry of the corps of Lannes was on a sudden raised by a veteran, as he caught a glimpse of a commander more divine to him than the for-

mulary Augustus, or deified Cæsar of Prætorians.

'Vive l'Empereur de l'Occident!' The shout was echoed and re-echoed through the precincts which had not known half the enthusiasm when the troops of Lesdiguières or Biron were reviewed by the Henry of Arques and Ivry.

'Emperor of the West,' said Napoleon, as he retired once more to his maps. 'It is a phrase to govern mankind which *will* always govern itself by phrases. I had hoped, perhaps, far more to represent the people's self-unknown requirements—unity in power; and to teach them what the sword has always taught them, that one conqueror is less formidable than the far more cruel mediocrities succeeding Alexander; or as, in my case, I am to the

Bourgeoisie. Be theirs, then, the success and the conduct of a world, whose instincts they will neglect, whose genius they will ignore, whose progress they will thwart. Be mine the failure—and a grave like Alaric's; but let no river be flung back upon itself to make and to conceal my sepulture, the grave of him who conquered the sea with the land.'

This was a favourite phrase with the Emperor; but his sagacity had begun to foresee the end; and it was precisely because the Middle Class betrayed him, that the words were finally to become inverted—that the sea was to conquer the land, and Commerce was to crucify the modern Prometheus on his rock. If it had not been so, who shall say that he might not have given to the only race which descends in

purity[1] from the conquerors of Imperial Rome, a dispensation in lieu of that long feudal system which their Clovis founded, which lasted for thirteen hundred years, and which has reformed all civilisation on its model.

[1] The Franks or French are the only people in Europe who can deduce a perpetual succession from the Conquerors of the Western Empire (Gibbon, chap. xxxviii.). The Anglo-Normans, of course (if there are any) participate in this traditional quality.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT the same time that Napoleon was reading the over-coloured and overpaid calumnies of spies, Charles Denain and Lionel sauntered out to pay a morning visit. Had they been less occupied, the one by his hopeful caprice and the other by his despairing passion for Mlle. Pisani, they might have perceived perhaps that they were dogged and followed. They turned down no street without an attendant, so ingenious was the contrivance by which they were unremittingly and vicariously tracked. It is always by relays that

the French police work on such occasions. Three or four persons, one an artisan with a blouse, the next a respectable-looking and decent *bourgeois*, then a dandy in the extreme of the *ton*, and finally perhaps a quick-pacing and busy beauty of a *grisette*, with the tidiest of bandboxes, kept passing and re-passing one another, but always upon the footsteps of MM. Averanche and Denain.

At length the two friends stopped before a small house in the Rue de Bac, which was tenanted by one of those ladies who had been among the ladies of fashion during the Directory, and who were introduced to our readers in an early chapter of this story. Madame C., the blonde of our first volume, had long been deposed from her cherished honours, but she consoled herself by a sympathetic correspondence with Madame Récamier, then in exile in the South, and

a yearly visit to Barras, who still maintained something of a royal splendour at his beautiful place in the country, amidst hounds and hawks, and other feudal and seigneural mimicries. But although Madame C. had lost rank, and the smiles of 'the powers that be,' although her charms had somewhat waned and decayed, she had been endowed by nature with one of those scheming, restless organisations, which can build out of ruins, or adapt them into stepping stones to newer fortunes. Thus it was a matter of perplexity (to the few who thought at all, during the whirl of the Imperial system), how a middle-aged woman, without ostensible means but blood or court favour, could, in her small apartments, be visited by so many of the greatest, the richest, and the most powerful of the hour. But Madame C. understood the sort of commodious eccen-

tricities which fashion delights to make her own. She received twice a week in the afternoon, between three and six, but always by candle-light, in the same mode which Madame Récamier was wont down to the day of her death to adopt. How amiable a practice, and one for which the English climate offers so many excuses to the ladies of Madame C.'s time of life! Then there was always a card-table put out for the Prince of Benevento, where he might play what stakes he chose, but where it was notorious that the highest stakes in Paris were betted and accepted. It was also certain that husbands never met their wives, nor wives their husbands, during the three hours of Madame C.'s celebrated mornings. And it might probably be owing to this circumstance that the tabooed and proscribed units of the hymeneal pairs murmured bitter

scandal about 'the police,' with all kinds of malignant insinuations, and that Madame C. was no better than one of its agents and decoys. But what will not be conjectured of success? Besides, the mask of respectability was almost always worn in the parties of the Rue de Bac, in the person of Monsieur C., an ex-Governor of Pondicherry, who liked his wife, for the same reason probably that Louis XV. latterly liked Madame de Pompadour, because she ministered to and promoted the wants and comforts of his old age. There was a little boy, too, with the prettiest possible spirited precocity in his manners, who was a favourite of M. de Talleyrand's, and who had been christened after his godfather, Maurice Perigord.

The little rooms contained a good sprinkling of visitors, some of them of the highest rank, as Charles and Lionel came in. The

whist-table was full with the Prince of Benevento, the Arch-Chancellor, the Duc de la Meilleraye, and Vauriensky. Two or three ladies, Théophile Marot, Roquefort, St. Lambert, made up the party.

There was a gloom upon the company, which was rare in Madame C.'s saloons, the cause of it being that the Prince Maurice de Talleyrand was not apparently in the best of tempers. Théophile Marot had, as it was his wont (although a Frenchman), put his foot in it half a dozen times, in about as many minutes. He had actually patted on the back M. de Talleyrand, vice-grand elector, and Prince of Benevento; he had given the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès advice about his play, insinuating that he had mistaken a knave for a queen; he had paid a clumsy compliment to the lady of the house about his delight at leaving the sun to pay

his homage to the moon, a remark which gave M. de Talleyrand an opportunity of saying that he thought Madame de C. much more like the sun—Louis Quatorze.

There was a curl about the grand dignitary's lip, which would have deterred anyone but Théophile Marot from pursuing the conversation, but he had persisted in asking 'why.'

'*Hic pluribus impar*,' growled the Prince from the boa-constrictor-like folds of his 'Incroyable' white cravat. And Théophile of course translated this very equivocal compliment to Madame C., whose patient smile in reply was worthy of a hackneyed martyr.

At this conjuncture, Charles and Lionel entered, and the presence of the former was as the spell of an enchanter (and there is none greater than that of a perfectly well-bred man) on the troubled harmony of the

little society. He bowed very low to the vice-grand elector, and very much lower to the arch-chancellor, because the latter was a *parvenu*, and laid store by an outward respect to which his youth had been unaccustomed. And then he had sat down by Madame C., and with just the right tone to let everybody into the conversation, although he addressed himself particularly to her, began a quite new scandal about the Empress Josephine. This eminent personage, notwithstanding the misfortunes of her divorce, was still the object of Madame C.'s peculiar detestation. 'They had been friends in youth,' and rivals for the favours of Barras; a circumstance which probably induced the most amiable woman of her time to drop the acquaintance *gently*. Now, Madame C. was too little of a philosopher to make allowances for people in high places,

who, from the very nature of their engagements, are often obliged to sacrifice former intimacies, and she resented the Empress's alienation with all a woman's spitefulness. She of course affected to defend poor Josephine from Charlés Denain's calumnious insinuations, while she gave sting to their malice, and point to their probability.

'One thing, at any rate,' she exclaimed, when the story had been thoroughly discussed, 'you must concede to the Empress: she was the means of making the greatest fortune which the world has ever known—her husband's.'

'But how, madame, how?' pursued Charles, who was always cruel to the fallen.

'Never mind, *méchant*.'

'Oh, but I do; for I always think the Emperor's rise the most illustrious example

of the text, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."'

'Monsieur,' here interrupted the Prince of Benevento, 'you play tennis, don't you?'

'Yes, my Prince.'

'Because you have a proverb in the game, that you must stoop to conquer.'

'Your Highness is right; but who ever stooped so low as the Emperor?'

'Or conquered so much?' said the Vice-Grand-Elector, taking up a trick.

'Ah, sir! but you must confess that the marrying the cast-off mistress of another man is the lowest grade of humanity; it is the *métier* of a tobacconist or of a valet.'

'What is your last word?' asked the Prince.

'Valet,' replied Charles.

'Translate it.'

'He prevails,' answered Denain, laughing. 'There, etymology is worth a good deal. But,' continued Charles, 'so overt a case.'

'A creole, too,' put in Madame C.

'Well,' interposed Lionel, who had the feelings of the old *régime*, 'she has behaved with admirable kindness to the widow of an Orleans; and as to the Emperor's marriage, Justinian, the wisest of the world's lawgivers, did worse.'

'Theodora,' said Charles.

'Yes,' said M. de Talleyrand; 'the parallel is complete: both Empresses chose geese for their lovers!'

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Strolling homeward alone, and on foot, Lionel chanced to meet one whose career, had he been master of himself and of his thoughts, might well have suggested in its

contrast a long train of humiliating reflections. The young Austrian Ambassador, Clement Lothair, Prince de Metternich, was returning from the Tuileries, whither he had been summoned that night by the Emperor Napoleon. After discussing the ephemeral questions of immediate politics, their conversation had fallen upon first principles; on the theory, the science, and the elements of government. There must have necessarily been many a minor sympathy between the two greatest statesmen of the age; but essentially and mainly must their characters have harmonised in the practised simplicity by which they both worked out great results. Certain it is that their interview lasted ten hours of the night; that, with the exception of the first half hour, it treated not at all of the events of the day; and that Bonaparte never shared the absurd opinions, indulged

in by some of his small idolators, of Prince Metternich's intellectual inferiority. Organising his new and Imperial Commonwealth, the modern Charlemagne recognised in his immortal guest all those greater qualities of the Emperor Justinian which still influence and moderate the civilised world.

He at least lost no opportunity, during that short alliance, of availing himself of counsel from a genius not second to his own. In intuition, foresight, courage, knowledge of men, love of the natural, penetration of cause, detection of sham effect, both were nearly equally matched, and above all other men distinguished. But Prince Metternich's clear, keen eye was never clouded or jaundiced by that violence of passion which, if it sometimes transported Napoleon into classic grandeur, often left him helpless, spent, prostrate, incapable, weak as a child

who has cried himself to sleep. The creative qualities abounded in his Italian temper: when *he* most succeeded it was because he had imagined audaciously; the German succeeded because he had analysed, reasoned inductively; and calm and serene as Goethe, looked upon a world which he had not created as a subject to take to pieces, examine, and understand. If there was more of the divine fire about the first, it was because he stole it from Heaven, with almost impious daring; but the second, like the Greek Zeus, clear and unprejudiced in his irrevocable judgment, *seemed* contented to await the certainties of his patiently-thought-out and after-developed prescience. Like the god, too, he has never appeared so great as in his fall; the roots of his system remain always, and it matters but little by what names the vulgar choose to symbolize

the spread of that liberty which he alone throughout founded and provided.

The most signal instance of human sagacity in the world's records was as yet unaccomplished. The miraculous despatch which Prince Metternich in 1811, after his second embassy to Paris, addressed to the Emperor Francis; in which he proposed the armed neutrality of Austria, and in which he prophesied Napoleon's invasion of Russia, his defeat by the elements, the Austrian declaration of war, the victories of 1813, the triumphs of 1814, and the memorable words that in that year the Imperialist armies would encamp before Paris—was as yet unwritten. Lionel Averanche, with a character disposed to veneration, had been alike fascinated and awed by the immortal qualities of the great man. Through the mask of the fashionable, eminently hand-

some, and agreeable Ambassador, for whom all the Queens and Princesses were vying with each other, he had discerned that highest of human excellences—the *mens æqua* which nothing could disturb. Prince Metternich, too, a profound and consummate metaphysician, had a sympathy with Lionel's rude but incessant aspirations after spiritual truth. Nothing was more curious than to hear the Prince, in one of his metaphysic moods, confess, as it were, aloud; compare himself with others; talk of himself in the third person; weigh, appreciate, detect, and point out an almost imperceptible flaw with all the delicate skill and manipulation of a diamond merchant estimating the value of his gems.

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[Here there is another gap; again the writer's intention is evident. The insult

offered by Denain and his companions to the Vendôme Column and the Emperor was punished by a sentence of expatriation. Angela Pisani determined to accompany Denain with her chaperon in his exile. Among the difficulties of so sudden a flight, some convenient opportunity induced them to turn to Spain, where they remained for a few months. There Charles attached poor Angela more and more closely to him. But while at Granada, a letter was forwarded to her from Paris which revealed to her the existence of her father—the father whom she had believed to be dead—and by which she learned that he was in England. This knowledge she may have represented to herself, as well as to others, as being the cause of her desire to undertake the journey to England. It is probable that in her inmost heart she was more influenced by the wish of accompanying

Charles Denain, than by any desire of discovering her father. Yet this desire must have weighed for something with one of her emotional nature; and here, as elsewhere, the irony of fate is finely brought out. The very goodness of Angela's heart helped her to a most dangerous path by affording her a reason for accompanying Charles Denain.

It might have been well for Lionel d'Averanche had he been compelled to stay in France when she left it; but circumstance seemed to lend its force to encourage his absolute devotion to Angela Pisani. His impetuous disposition led him to desire her presence at any cost, and fate thrust him into that presence: they were making for a common goal, and it was natural that they should seek it in concert.]

CHAPTER VI.

The Peasants of Unterwald died upon their mountains; the Nobles of Venice clung only to their lives.—HALLAM.

An hereditary nobility—the most fatal present that an irritated Heaven could have made to the human race.

COMTE D'ENTRAIGVES.

IT was lucky for the four fugitives, Madame René, Mlle. Pisani, Charles, and Lionel, that Marshal Davoust was absent from Hamburg with his *Corps d'Armée* when they alighted in that wealthy and magnificent town. But M. de Bourrienne was fortunately there, and backed by Prince Talleyrand's recommendation, Charles Denain had little difficulty in persuading that very intriguing public servant to favour their embarcation for England.

They were accordingly smuggled on board a British contraband vessel sailing under American colours, which had introduced Manchester cotton and Birmingham muskets to clothe and arm Napoleon's armies in spite of Napoleon's decrees, and not long afterwards they were safely landed in the good city of Hull. Madame Réné and Angela took their places immediately in the mail for London, in order to satisfy the impatience of the latter to see or gain tidings of her father. Lionel had intended to escort them, but he was prevented by Charles Denain.

'I know you profess to dislike the Bourbons, Leo, but you must do me a good turn and accompany me to Hartwell. Your ancient name will serve as an introduction for me, and I have really too large a stake in France not to make friends of the mammon of monarchy, in case it should turn up trumps once more.'

Lionel owed so much to Charles, and loved him so well, that he overcame his scruples and consented to join as a mark of respect, which after all did not compromise his republican principles. Two or three days afterwards their hack chaises stopped before a small lodge-gate in Buckinghamshire, while Charles Denain's valet in vain importuned for admittance. It was beginning to drizzle, which made the detention unpleasant; while a bright-eyed, cherry-cheeked English girl appeared to be laughing at them from the lattice of the lodge.

'Her orders,' she said, 'were inexorable, if the gentlemen were French they must get out and walk.'

'*Vertu choux*, Leo, to use an oath as old as these cursed forms, this is too bad; shall we get out?'

'*Au grand jamais*: send Antoine to the house with our names.'

Into an ante-chamber of that moderately sized country-house we must now transport our readers, for the reception of the two friends depended on three individuals who were there sipping *eau sucrée*, and betting on the rain drops coursing down the glass panes. These were the Prince de Verd Antique, the Duc de Rococo, and the Duc de la Vieille Souche. They were all three exquisite types of that lost individuality which Béranger was to lampoon as the Marquis de Carabas, and which M. Amant was to graphically create upon the stage.

The *eau sucrée* being finished and the three rain drops having coalesced, the three bored noblemen had nothing left for them to do but (like Hiero's Athenian prisoners) to revert to their favourite strain. In a strange land they had not only not forgotten Paris, but in their own opinion were far more

French than France itself. To invert Danton's remark, they carried their country on their soles; or to ante-date M. Guizot's not less bold image, moral France was to them at Hartwell. Much also was there to keep up the illusion even in the small room which the fact of its vicinity to majesty consecrated and ennobled in their eyes. The pictures upon the walls breathed of the old court. There was a Vanloo of a little Louis XV. of nine years old, with a periwig as big as himself, and the *cordon bleu*; a Lely of Henrietta of England with a coronal of pearls, an Elizabeth of Bohemia, less beautiful than that lovely face in the Bodleian; a Mignard of the Princesse de Chimay.

Above a glass case in which was carefully preserved a shoe of Louis XIV. with an elaborate battle-scene painted on the heel, was hung a portrait of Marie-Antoi-

nette. The long face, the pale, blue eyes, the rich Austrian lip were all there. But the expression was so melancholy that a looker-on might well imagine the likeness had been taken on the threshold of that prison which the unhappy Queen only left for the scaffold. Near it was a Mignard of that Bourbon king whom France had given to Spain, with aspect almost as mournful as his life; and opposite, in happy contrast, a charming portrait of Madame de Grignan. But the gem of the room was a picture[1] which, itself good, represented lineaments far more beautiful—a Madame de Maintenon before she was such, the future wife

[1] The several pictures here mentioned (although with a different arrangement) are to be seen in the abode of another Bourbon exile; in the palace of Vendramini-Calergi at Venice, where the niece of Louis XVIII., the Duchesse de Berri, resides, and where the writer saw them in 1845.

of Louis before she became his children's governess. That clear *blanc-mat*, olive-shaded skin, that dusky, soft brown eye, that pouting mouth, not yet thinned by penance and austerity, that appearance of serene command, all that demure and prudish voluptuousness which won the greatest king in Europe into a marriage with one who had begged and received alms at a convent's gate —all were represented by a master's hand.

Amidst these various suggestions of the past, and with their own enforced want of occupation and amusement, it was no wonder that the conversation of the aristocratic exiles brought up many a splendid reminiscence in painful contrast to their present indigence. Some little attention which had just been received from the Prince Regent (who had been advised that it was not impossible, in the *then* aspect of European

affairs, that the Emperor Alexander would declare for the old Bourbons) served as a text for their spleen, and as a stimulant to their dissatisfaction. French nobles at that period were, for the most part, thoroughly ignorant of the restrictions upon royalty inherent in a constitutional government, and this may account for the ungracious querulousness of some of their strictures.

'It was otherwise when a King of France wished to be hospitable,' said the Prince de Verd-Antique to the Duc de Rococo. 'Do you recollect how the great king, who never accompanied reigning princes beyond the presence chamber, conducted the fallen Stuart to the very guard room; how he gave him (what he could have exacted of this Emperor) his right hand; how magnificently he fitted up the Palace of Henri Quatre for his grandson, and allowed him for his house-

hold fifty thousand francs a month, with thirteen thousand pounds to set out with?'

'I wish we had that for our household,' remarked the old Duc de la Vieille Souche, with a certain dry humour.

'Or the key of that little coffer with its six thousand pistoles as pin-money, which he so gallantly caused to be presented to the Queen of England,' said Rococo.

'A yet more noble trait,' remarked La Vieille Souche, 'was when he said to King James, after fitting out his armament, "Sire, I hope never to see you again; if, however, Fortune decides that we should meet once more, you will always find me the same." There was so much of the resigned gentleman in it, betokening the misfortunes that were to come.'

'Ah! woman, woman,' sighed the Prince de Verd-Antique, menacing with a lean fore-

finger the portrait of Madame de Maintenon, 'you had much to answer for.'

'Love in the tombs and ministers in the cradle,' sneered Rococo.

'The peace of Ryswick and the victories of Marlborough,' said La Vieille Souche.

'How I hate England and Englishmen,' said the Prince de Verd-Antique, with that rancour which with Legitimists is a heritage.

'It was such idiots as Lauragnais who came over there "to learn to think" who did the whole mischief, and upset the finest coach in the world,' said La Vieille Souche.

'Russia is the only natural alliance for France, and I would forgive Monsieur de Bonaparte a great deal for the idea of Tilsit,' said the Duc de Rococo.

'One would really imagine that we ought to be grateful to England for what is called "the asylum," she affords us; as if, like the

small German court, she might have written up on a board *No emigrants allowed here*, but had magnanimously refrained from doing so,' sneered Verd-Antique.

'I will tell you why we all hate England,' said La Vieille Souche.

'Because she enthroned Protestantism,' said Rococo.

'Because she invented the mixed monarchy,' said Verd-Antique.

'*Ah bah, mon cher!* the last is all in *our* favour, who are noble,' answered La Vieille Souche. 'No, but because she is the greatest nation of the world.'

'You have said the word,' acknowledged the Duc de Rococo, mournfully; 'but give me Paris.'

'Yes, the Paris of our time,' slowly answered the Prince de Verd-Antique, caressing one lean leg moving (like a stick telegraph)

over the other; 'I should know something of it.'

'And I,' said one sexagenarian.

'I, also,' chimed in the other.

'*Allons donc*,' rejoined the Prince; 'if I were to speak, Vaudreuil, Dillon, Coigny, Tersen would be nothing.'

'You fly high,' said La Vieille Souche, with an incredulous smile.

'Ah, ah! it is impossible it should not have been remarked. Once a great personage took me into a window and said, "The insurrection about bread will oblige me to send for troops, I shall order your *corps* to come up." I thanked her, but answered that I required no removal disadvantageous to my legion. "You are an imbecile!" said Marie Antoinette.'

'Indeed, she said that?' asked La Vieille Souche, ironically.

'Another time she remarked a beautiful horse of mine, and asked for it; I evaded the request. She then said, "I take it!" The Duc de Coigny, who was by, "was prodigiously scandalised." I use his own words.'

'Happy Verd-Antique!' said De Rococo.

'On a still more felicitous occasion I ran a horse against the Duc de Chartres, and the Queen bet on me; I won, and she said "You were sure to gain, Verd-Antique."'

'*Gaillard va!*' said La Vieille Souche.

'But I did my duty, I behaved with extreme reserve in the presence "of preferences which might be remarked," but the Queen showed me the same kindness, and it was everywhere remarked that I was or would be her lover.'[1]

[1] See *Lauzun's Memoirs* for these (and other similar) insinuations as disgracefully absurd against the Queen of France.

'*Parbleu!* I too made my proofs,' said De Rococo, 'and many a noble scutcheon would split from left to right if this were the Palace of Truth.'

By degrees the conversation grew lighter and lighter, dwindling down to the opera and theatre, and even lower. Many an anecdote was interchanged: legends of the Deschamps who spent two millions in one year on Miss Phillipps; memories of the Praine and the Prince de Soubise; of Mlle. la Guene and the loyal Duc de Bouillon; of Mlle. Rancourt and the Duc d'Aiguillon; of the Clairon and her ludicrous Margrave. And all these stories in which dukes and princes were victims, great ladies enamoured, and the present company heroic, were recounted in trembling voices, where Death was tuning his first notes.

With a servant bearing the names of

Averanche and Denain, which he had received from Antoine, came an interruption to this very characteristic frivolity of talk. The change from lightness to gravity was immediate in all three: what could be more important business to French courtiers than a reception?'

'Armand,' said the Prince to the Duc de Rococo, 'do you know this?'

'Averanche—ahem, ahem—Robert d'Alrizzi, the right hand of William the Bastard—seneschals of Granville—very good, indeed.'

'But never *cordons bleus*,' said Verd-Antique, glancing at his own riband of the St. Esprit.

'And never *ducs et pairs*,' said La Vieille Souche, proudly.

'It is raining very hard, I think they

might be allowed to come as far as the entrance,' said Rococo, musingly.

'Never,' said Verd-Antique.

'Never, it is *our* privilege,' said La Vieille Souche to Rococo, who was not a peer, and only a *duc à brevet.*

'I have a precedent against you,' said Prince Verd-Antique, solemnly. It was once raining harder than to-day, when the Duc de Roquelaure[1] (who was neither a peer nor had the orders) was guilty of the indecency of driving straight through the gates to the very door of the Louvre. Astounded, however, at his own audacity, he went direct to the King, flung himself on his knees, and confessed. That king was Louis Quatorze; he was very angry, and only pardoned the duke (for he loved a jest) when he learned that he had given the name of the Duc

[1] See *Letters of Madame de Bavière*, p. 76.

d'Epernon to the guard, and when asked "which," had answered "the last dead." In the teeth of the Grand Monarch's well-attested displeasure, no one, I should hope, would have the effrontery to propose a proceeding so scandalous.'

'But Denain, the other name?' suggested the abashed Rococo.

'It must be the Prince, eh?' said La Vieille Souche.

The Duc de Rococo rang the bell, and on the valet's appearance, he said,—

'Ask the servant if M. Denain is a prince.'

Antoine would have sworn that his master was an emperor if necessary, and of course vowed that Charles was a prince. On the affirmative being communicated upstairs, the Duc de la Vieille Souche exclaimed,—

'Prince d'Hénin! he must be a younger

brother of the Prince de Chinay, and a nephew of the great Maréchale de Mirepoix.'

'For him,' said Rococo, eagerly, 'you would surely strain a point, under our present circumstances. `This is not *noblesse de province*, like the other man, but courtly as the Court itself.'

'Do not be precipitate,' said La Vieille Souche, seriously.

'Here is what must be done,' said the Prince, authoritatively. 'The carriage may drive up as far as the garden gate; here the Vicomte d'Averanche must descend, and walk; the carriage may then drive on to the building, but not to the door, and at its angle Prince d'Hénin must alight.'

'In a matter of such moment, for we have now nothing left us but our forms, I propose that we consult the First Gentleman,' said La Vieille Souche.

The Prince de Verd-Antique assented, and led the way into an inner salon, where the First Gentleman, the Duc de Blacas, a person of singularly thoroughbred appearance and very polished manners, was seated reading. After the matter had been represented to him, he said quietly,—

'His Majesty is out.'

'Ah?'

'Yes, Prince; but you must permit me to remind you that for once you are at fault in a question of *étiquette*. The Vicomte d'Averanche was made a *Grand d'Espagne* on the occasion of Philip the Fifth's accession; and the honours of the Louvre were accorded to him as to a foreign dignitary; just in the same way as they were accorded to the Ducs de Fitzjames and Melfort. I need not tell you they are hereditary.'

'Then *he* may drive up to the door,'

insisted La Vieille Souche, quite jealously.

'How about Prince d'Hénin?'

'I have doubts,' said the Duc de Blacas, smiling, 'whether you are not again wrong; and whether he will not prove to be the son of an *agent de change*, ennobled by the Corsican.'

'Armand, we will go to the garden gate, stop the carriage, and look at the man's points. I never mistake blood,' said the Prince.

So said, so done. On either side of the garden swing-gate the Prince de Verd-Antique and the Duc de Rococo posted themselves, looking as solemn as toll-keepers in fear of being bilked. The carriage drove up. Charles Denain was looking out of the window next the Prince; and Antoine, who was behind, indicated him to the two patriciaus as his master. One glance at Charles's

very aristocratic features sufficed to satisfy the Prince, who bowed very low to him, saying,—

'You are the image of the most admirable of women, your maternal great-aunt!'

'I hope not,' said Charles, smiling.

'What! deny the Maréchale's beauty?'

'My maternal great-aunt, monsieur, I have every reason to believe, was a very well-conducted washerwoman,' said Charles, laughing with superb malice.

'This won't do! Hold the horses, Armand!' exclaimed the Prince, with passionate gesticulations. 'Monsieur must accompany me back to the lodge gate; Monsieur le Vicomte may then drive on.'

Lionel Averanche resolutely declined; the postboy began to flog, the horses to plunge, Rococo to shout, and Verd-Antique

to exhort him to allow eight hoofs to pass over his body before such an insult should be offered to his Royal Master. At this moment a Russian droski was seen driving up the avenue at a racing pace (rapid motion is the darling luxury of stout men), and bearing the unmistakable form of Louis XVIII.

The turmoil was speedily explained; and the good-natured Prince laughed heartily. Nor was he sorry to mortify nobles who were 'more monarchical than the monarch,' and who in some of their proudest representatives affected to owe no allegiance to a liberal King.[1]

'Jump up behind me,' he said to Charles Denain, who had flung himself from the

[1] The old Prince de Condé to the last always contemptuously called Louis XVIII. 'Monsieur,' even after the Restoration.

chaise to do homage. Denain, however, had no wish to push his triumph beyond the utter consternation which he saw darkening the faces of the two dignitaries; and on foot, with Lionel, accompanied the Sovereign to the entrance-hall.

'Welcome, my children,' said Louis, 'to my very poor house,—

Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.'

Charles Denain, who had been 'cramming' a pocket Horace all the way from Hull, in anticipation of the King's well-known taste, immediately replied,

'*At fides*, Sire, *et ingenî Benigna vena est.*'

'*Euge bene.* Now who are you both?'

A cloud crossed the features of Louis XVIII. at Lionel Averanche's name. Free as he was from prejudice, he could not

easily forgive the nobles who had brought glory to a rival dynasty. But Charles Denain dexterously flung in the name of M. de Talleyrand, as recommending his own.

'I would speak with you alone, M. Denain. Blacas will take care of you, M. le Vicomte d'Averanche, in the meanwhile.'

Averanche bowed with haughty indifference; Charles followed the Prince to his private cabinet.

'A letter, sir?'

'No, Sire; the Prince never writes, and never burns.'

'A Mercury, monsieur, a very Mercury for craft: *Qui feros cultus. hominum recentum Voce formavit catus.*'

'Ah, Sire, he desires nothing better than to realise the ode's conclusion,—

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus.'

'Indeed!' said the King, keenly scrutinising Charles.

Charles related the anecdote about the recovered louis [1] at Madame C——'s, and what M. de Talleyrand had told him to say.

The conversation continued with admirable flattery on the part of Charles, with exquisite appreciation on that of the King.

'You have brought me good news. You please me very much, monsieur; will you become my reader? I have only Blacas to talk to; all the rest are *ganaches*, as you might have seen.'

[1 It seems from this that a louis was dropped by some lady at the party recorded as having taken place at Madame C——'s, and recovered after a difficult search by Denain. Talleyrand seems to have said to him that if his expected journey took the direction which seemed most probable, he might remember that there were worse occupations to be found than that of restoring a *louis* to its right place.]

Charles begged very humbly to be excused.

'You must not mistake the position I offer you. If I get back, I mean to have *new men* for ministers. Rarely, sir, employ—never trust—an aristocracy.'

Charles exposed his own very prosperous financial condition; and begged to be allowed to serve so gracious a Master where he might be of more use to him—in the English capital.

'As you please. But you stay here with your friend to-night; and to-morrow I will take you over to the Marquis's at Stowe.

Charles bowed, and was preparing to retire.

'Stop,' said Louis XVIII., who made a favourite in half an hour; '*non, si male nunc et olim Sic erit.*'

'When I get back, which I shall—a dangerous position:

Mercurialium
Custos virorum.

I will give you anything you ask now.'

'*Tout est en conjoncture dans cette vie*, as the Marshal de Clairambault was wont to say to an ancestor of your Majesty; will your Majesty, too, forgive me for naming the highest honour, a dukedom?

'It is granted, monsieur,' said Louis; 'and if those high-born nincompoops harass you any more with their confounded forms, come straight to me.'

Louis XVIII. was not, in this promise of promotion, acting from mere caprice. He had an eye for character not inferior in quickness to the Emperor Napoleon's; and a sympathy, perhaps, with Charles Denain's philosophic indolence and lettered laziness. The same qualities which afterwards so rapidly advanced M. Décazes, an

unknown Imperial subordinate, to the Prime Ministership, and the same defects alike recommended Charles to the monarch. He was a new man; an epicurean; an eclectic, with docile and elastic opinions.

A wise ruler, Louis XVIII. understood the temper of his times. Amidst decaying systems of thought, he preferred management to force, and the compromise of principles to faith in their exclusiveness. He might, had he chosen, have come back an absolutist 'in the *sheets* of Napoleon,' as Fouché strongly told him; but he preferred the reality of power with the congenial fraud of liberal appearances. He might have come back an absolutist upon the old *régime*, with the traditions of Louis XIV., and the great nobles, '*his peers*,' upon the highest steps of his throne; but he preferred the curious hypocrisies of the Declaration of

St. Ouen, and the cunningly-constructive despotism which may lurk beneath a charter and constitution. He knew, moreover, one great secret of government: 'that one may succeed in contenting the People, but never the Great; for the last desire to exercise tyranny, the former only to escape it.' Thus he governed France in a spirit little less hostile to the feudal families than Louis XI. Able, like him, unscrupulous, affable, suspicious, he had fewer virtues and fewer weaknesses; he had neither his patriotism nor his superstition. But he had the same natural reluctance to be driven by those whose interest it might be to upset him; and he chose his ministers and advisers among men whom he himself had formed and created. He left the proudest aristocracy in Europe purposely poor and dependent, when one stroke of his pen would have availed for

their reimposed ascendancy and costly reintegration. He brought forward an apology for an 'Indemnification,' which his less wise, but more generous brother scouted as iniquitous; he was chary of magnates; he opposed vehemently (though overruled by M. de Talleyrand's menaced resignation) the principle of an hereditary peerage; he kept his cousins, the Princes of the Blood, in hopeless suit, and at a chilling distance from his favour. And he had his reward: for, of all the kings and rulers whom France had known since 1772—Louis XVI., Mirabeau, Robespierre, Tallien, Barras, Bonaparte, Charles X., Louis Philippe—he alone contrived to die with power in his hands.

Suppose, gentle reader, that you had lived in the eighteenth century at Paris, had called on the Duc de Choiseul, and were just going to call on the Chancellor Maupéon.

We beg your pardon for this retrogressive metempsychosis, but we despair, except through the ideas suggested by those names, to explain to you why our scene now changes from Hartwell to the pump-room at Bath.

'La Ferronaye,' said a young and frank-looking gentleman to a more distinguished and patrician-like companion, 'who are those *manants* waiting to be presented to my father?'

'Converts, monsieur,' replied the Count, 'of the last batch.'

'*Ventre saint gris*, as my forefather the Béarnais used to say; this is too bad,' exclaimed the Count de Berri.

'Ah, Sir,' said the Duc de Bourbon, standing close by, 'I am glad to see that you share my indignation; I never spoke for a whole year to any but those from Coblentz.'

'Even that was overdone,' said the Duc

de Berri, passionately; 'I respect no emigration but that of July 14, 1789, the morrow of the weakness and the outrage.'

'That category, Monseigneur must permit me to remark,' suggested M. de la Ferronaye, 'would exclude Henri de la Rochejacquelin and all the heroes of the Vendée.'

'Do not talk to me, Sir,' said the impetuous Prince; 'La Rochejacquelin took service in the Constitutional Guard, and his subsequent services can scarcely atone for an act so scandalous.'

During this conversation the Count d'Artois, or as he had become Monsieur, was engaged in animated conversation with a very clever, young, and pretty Irish Countess who (by one of those cruel freaks with which Nature loves to mortify humanity), was confined to her Bath chair. Too well

bred to interrupt his homage to a lady, and perhaps from no particular anxiety to favour MM. d'Averanche and Denain, Charles d'Artois continued to turn his back on the two young Frenchmen, who were waiting under the care of the Duc de Luxembourg for presentation. Encouraged by this apparent aberration on the part of his father, the Duc de Berri exclaimed to his friend, 'I have a great mind to insult them.'

'Oh no, Monseigneur.'

'I would give them satisfaction,' said the Prince, as brave as he was wrong-headed.

'Why make enemies, Sir? your house has but too many.'

'Sueh small deer as that——,' said the Duke with a sneer.

'Pardon me, Monseigneur, *no enemies are small*,' observed the future ambassador.

At this moment, the Countess's chair passed on, and the Comte d'Artois drew himself up to his full height, to receive the homage of two among his brother's subjects. Still very handsome, there was something imposing in his majestic condescension, tempered, however, as it was by that peculiar kindness of expression, which a long course of self-denial rarely fails to induce. He looked like a Bourbon, but he spoke like a saint, as he benevolently expressed his regret that he could not sooner give his attention to the two refugees. Charles Denain, in reply, risked an impertinence.

'When your Royal Highness's back was turned, I had an opportunity of becoming convinced that your Royal Highness descended from Alexander the Great.'

'Sir?'

'All your courtiers imitated your Royal

Highness in the first place. And in the second, Monseigneur need not to be reminded that the House of Bourbon descends lineally and without a break from the Emperor Basil the Macedonian.'

'I know it, Monsieur, but I never heard of his representing Alexander the Great.'

'Your Royal Highness must forgive me, that was a theory of my own, founded upon the many practical proofs which he gave of his being the father of his subjects.'

The Comte d'Artois turned away from Charles Denain to Lionel d'Averanche. There was a levity about the first, which, excellently adapted to captivate a prince as light in manner as Louis XVIII., revolted the graver and more religious nature of his brother. There was something, too, akin to himself in the melancholy now habitual to Averanche's features, which won upon him.

'I knew your father in former days at ——,' the Prince hesitated, and a recollection full of sorrow clouded his features, 'at Madame de P——'s.' That passing cloud upon his brow was historical in its consequences, in *him*. For it showed that his thoughts were representing to him the picture of the wife whom he had loved so well, dying, and praying in her last earnest tones that he would change his old life for hope in another —the courses of Henry the Fourth for the religion of St. Louis. And from the moment of that entreaty he had fulfilled its object, never afterwards to swerve. The brilliant man of pleasure and good fortunes, who had reigned so long over the fashions of the highest and gayest society on earth, had struck at once into a new path, and merged into another nature, 'with his heart always upon the Cross.' But whether a macaroni

or a devotee, the Comte d'Artois was always essentially tolerant, courteous, gentle-judging, grand by charity—far more 'the first gentleman of Europe' than that gaudy son of George the Third, whom Whigs educated, debauched, and flattered, whom Whigs also insulted, degraded, and slandered.

[Here once more it is necessary to supply a missing link in the story. Angela had been the reigning star of a brief but brilliant season in London, and, no doubt, the universal admiration which her beauty and sweetness had won had retained Denain's interest in her. But at last he tired even of her. It was tragic enough that she should give a heart so honest, so trusting, into the keeping of one who knew neither trust nor honesty. It was more tragic that she should discover that

such want of faith as his could exist in a man whom she had loved. Her love invested him with every attribute of the ideal hero whom she pictured to herself: and his appearance, which belied his nature as the mirage of cool waters and green palms misleads the wanderer in the desert, lent itself to this illusion with a readiness which helped her belief. When he showed himself in his true colours, he regarded the revelation as an accident of life common as daily salutations. For her it heralded the decay of all that was her life; it led the way to death. It was well for her that the unselfish devotion of Lionel d'Averanche was ready to smooth that way for her whom he loved with a love different from his early passions. During their stay at Granada, he had learned that Malatesta Pisani, him whom they called 'the Ish-

maelite,' was none other than her father; he had also learned that Eleanore Clifford, his own aunt, was the mother of Angela.

It may be remembered that in an early chapter it was stated that Lionel's father, the last Vidâme d'Averanche who bore that title, married an English girl, daughter to Sir Hilary Clifford. Sir Hilary had one other daughter, who eloped with a foreigner, the Ishmaelite of the story. But at the time of this elopement, Pisani was already married to a daughter of the Moro-sini. Her wild, passionate love for him had been the means of his release from his Venetian prison, an obligation he was bound to repay in marriage.]

CHAPTER VII.

Si tu as compris ma pensée, tu sens que je n'ai vu ici, ni un crime odieux, ni une sainte amitié foulée aux pieds ; je n'y ai vu qu'un coup de ciseau donné au seul lien qui m'unisse à la vie.—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

ANGELA looked up as Lionel entered her chamber, and her eyes through their long dark fringes shone out in all the settled sorrow for which she had such cruel cause. But there was no longer fever in their glance, the calm of consciousness had succeeded, and the resignation of religion. Feebly but with deep feeling she thanked him for his good and gentle offices, with a hope that she

should not be much longer a trouble to him. Her accents were tremulous as she spoke, and the idea of death which her words suggested was enhanced by the wanness of her features, remarkable even through the darkness of that curtained room. Her cheeks had grown thin and hollow, her nostrils ever and anon seemed to quiver with spasmodic pain, her lips were contracted into a fixed hard smile, into what the Latins would have called the *suavis amarities*, her complexion was, as it were, veiled by a thin tint which increased the profound melancholy of her expression. Lionel felt compelled to turn his eyes from these terrible warnings, while he affected to impress her with Dr. Houghton's sanguine hopes of her recovery.

Angela shook her head.

'Nay,' persisted Lionel, 'it is a good symptom to despair, for you know that when

an illness such as yours proves fatal, the patient never loses hope.'

'That is at the close, Monsieur; you are a kind casuist, but I am at the beginning of the end.'

Angela's tone was so serene, her aspect was so entirely without emotion, her looks indicated a spirit so chastened and subdued, that Lionel thought he could hardly find a better opportunity for communicating (without agitating her) what was next his heart—his discovery that their mothers had been sisters. It was impossible to doubt the evidence, and Angela, with a grave frank movement, bent her forehead to his kiss, as she said:

'This explains all my sympathy, all my love for you ever since that first day we met, when I was quite a little child, in the Bois de Boulogne.'

The word love, even in the unmistakable innocence of Angela's meaning, brought a flush into Averanche's cheek, and perhaps a gleam of hope into his eye, not unnoticed by Angela, for she immediately added, as she put her white hand entreatingly upon Lionel's arm,—

'You will not deceive me also?'

Lionel looked an enquiry about that word 'also.'

'Also!' said Lionel. 'Yes, I understand you.'

Angela hesitated, she could not pronounce *his* name. 'Your friend has offered me his left hand—*to my mother's daughter*;' she shuddered as she emphasized her last words. 'But tell him, if ever you speak to him of me, that I frankly and freely forgive him. If I was the daughter of the Pisani and the Clifford, I was also nothing but a player.

But you—will *you* not be ashamed of me?'

Lionel kissed her hand with a reverential tenderness.

'Thank you, Lionel.'

'I will go to him,' said Averanche, softly, not without heroism in his self-denial, 'all may yet be well.'

'No,' said Angela, 'talk no more upon this matter; I have chosen elsewhere—my love is now here.' With these words she drew 'The Imitation' from under her pillow, and placed it in Averanche's hands.

'Read to me, Lionel, my brother.'

There are those to whom it may seem incredible that a dancer of the opera should be endued with religious feelings as pure and as ardent as those of that Sta. Theresa, to whom Angela's girlhood had been dedicated. But if the children of Adam would only take

half the pains to ascertain the real character of Eve's daughters, in fostering and nourishing its virtues, that they do in debasing and degrading it, they would find many such instances, inconsistent as they seem. Nowhere, indeed, are such examples so frequently found as among those who are called artistes, whose lives are devoted to the beautiful, and whose characters are formed and developed by its laws. The moral told in one life is often repeated, and a *sœur Augustine de la Miséricorde*, so pious and ascetic a Carmelite, for whom a pope addressed a special dispensation, was once the beautiful Mlle. Gautier of the *Français*, with whom Marshal Saxe was so violently in love.

The interview of the two cousins was broken by Madame Réné, who came into the room with a card in her hand. 'Count Charles Denain,' she said, 'had called and

wished to know whether Mlle. Pisani was well enough to receive him?' The good-natured little governess spoke as if all this was a matter of course; she was one of those innocents of fifty who never see anything, and she hurled her present thunderbolt as naturally as if it had been a nursery cup and ball.

Angela grew even paler than before, but there was no faltering in her voice.

'Good-bye, dear Lionel; go out by the other door; I do not choose you to meet him just now, but you must come back this evening.'

He went.

'Now,' she said, raising herself on her pillow, 'admit Monsieur Charles Denain.'

With even more than his habitual careless grace, Charles entered the apartment; his deference was, however, studied, and

there was an affectation of contrition which set ill upon his features. He was acting. Whatever might have been the motive of passion (whether of pursuit or of remorse) which drove him back to Angela's side in spite of his mortified vanity, there was one resolution at that moment predominant and sovereign within him—the determination not to commit himself.

Charles had already begun, in accents elaborately tremulous, to express his deep grief for—what he was leaving purposely ambiguous—either his conduct or her illness, when Angela's clear sweet voice interrupted him, as she looked full into his eyes with soft and untroubled glance.

'I have admitted you for one reason. Not, believe me, to reproach you by word, or look, or thought, or deed of mine. Not to remind you that I have loved you, in all

the confidence of a noble love, which you have requited by withering me. Look at me, however, for I would fain that you should recollect these features when I am gone away. They may in time to come aid my prayers for your repentance. I wished to see you once more, to pardon you before I die. Now go, Charles. And may God forgive you, as I do.'

'Angela, hear me,' began Charles Denain.

'No, Monsieur, I have now put away from me my last earthly thought; we shall never meet again. I belong all to God, and would be left with Him.'

Never in his life had Charles Denain undergone such exquisite humiliation as during those few minutes. When his suit in the first instance was repulsed, his vanity still supported, and his hopes had not en-

tirely deserted him. But now he was actually stung into feeling his own immeasurable littleness in the presence of Angela's great soul; her pardon had overwhelmed and crushed him; his conscience was for once smitten sorely, and he felt abased before her. The cold, callous, brilliant man of the world shrank and quailed under the glance of that poor weak girl, whose young life he had destroyed. But it was only for a moment. Habit with such men is even more than a second nature; and the triumph of manner was still reserved for Charles Denain. He rose to go, and with consummate politeness expressed at once 'his hope and his certainty that Mlle. Pisani would soon recover.'

Angela simply bowed her head in mute farewell.

'I have seen you even more ill,' said

Charles, with a smile; 'don't you remember at Granada after our waltz?'

With this supreme and savage insult he took his leave.

It is the same drawn battle all the world over; Ormuzd yields not to Ahriman, nor evil to good.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Lionel found himself in the street, he felt lighter and happier. The terms upon which he was with Angela, and the certitude that she would acquiesce in the good offices which their relationship now justified at least assured him of future intimacy. He tried to forget her illness in schemes of restoration for her health, and in many a dream of innocent pleasure which might bring to her once more her peace of mind, divert her melancholy, and woo her back to life. First among his cares for her was the necessity of finding a more suitable home. Few

people like to be ill at an inn, like Archbishop Leighton, or to die there, as he did.

After some search, Lionel discovered a small set of apartments in a quiet street, not far from that noble thoroughfare which was then rising in honour of the Regency, and which it was wittily prophesied would not be able to stand two things—criticism and the weather. Everybody knows more or less what furnished lodgings are in London, and Mrs. Orme's were no exception to their traditional or inveterate meanness. As Lionel looked upon the faded furniture, the threadbare carpet, the detestable daubs in flaunting colours hanging round the room, as if to flout its indigence, he might well be struck with the contrast between this shrine and his idol. He determined to fit up the rooms in the style of Angela's Parisian apartments. If Lionel had not been a poet (however

indifferent a one), he would have been deterred by the thought of expense, for Angela's residence, in the Rue Chantereine, if it had nothing of the sumptuous magnificence of modern French actresses, the exquisite and costly splendour of Madame Doche's, or Mlle. Constance's beautiful rooms, was still ornamental and elegant; while ornament and elegance are far dearer in England than in France, but credit, on the other hand, much cheaper. And Averanche was soon diligently employed in Messrs. Howlegin's establishment in choosing the most delicate blue silk for hangings, and the prettiest of carpets with a *fleur de lys*, pattern in lieu of Angela's old imperial bees; chairs, tables, sofas, curtains, all were in perfect Louis XV., very like their prototypes, only that they were better and more solid, and that they looked a charming and lux-

urions protest against the classic discomforts which Mr. Hope was then bringing into vogue in London. It was not until he had involved himself far beyond his present resources, in his desire to cause a surprise to Angela, that Averanche bethought himself that he would have to pay the reckoning sooner or later; but the poetic character is sanguine. A far more famous son of song, in paying five hundred pounds to a witty creditor, exclaimed, 'Thank God I do not owe one other farthing now in the world.' Anybody else, said his friend, would have uttered in despair, 'Good God, I have not got one farthing now in the world!' In the same spirit of confidence Lionel resolved to call on Almeric Locart, who had been for some time settled in London, to ascertain the name of the publisher who was bringing out Almeric's 'Rome Regained,' and to offer

him his services as a translator. In this he was not without the hope that he might further a favourite scheme of his own—an English edition of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, with a preface and historical notes down to his own time.

Upon arriving at the Albany he found a stranger in Almeric's rooms; to whom he was for the first time introduced. This was Father Jerome, the Julian Alvarez of the Ishmaelite's story, and the youthful priest who had met Locart in the burying-ground at Clamart, and had tended him after Austerlitz. Lionel had heard of him in former days from Angela as being her confessor; he therefore at once began upon the subject nearest to his heart, and expressed a hope that Father Jerome would visit her, as she was very ill.

'I trust she has changed her pro-

fession,' replied the priest with a certain reserve.

Averanche was revolted at the profound bigotry and implied cruelty of this remark; and his indignation flashed out with a spirit such as that which was to burst forth in a younger generation under the Restoration at the refusal of burial to Mlle. Raucourt, because she was a comedian.

'How can you expect the Catholic religion to accord with the nineteenth century, or even to *live* in it at all, if you continue such intolerant and barbarous proscriptions?'

'It is my duty to obey, not to canvass, the rules of the Church,' replied the priest.

'But what has been tried in many centuries will hardly change in this.'

'I understand you,' said Lionel, with a sneer; 'it is the old maxim of the Jesuits

about their institutes—*Sint ut sunt aut non sint.* The same, or not at all.'

'That phrase was falsely attributed to a General of the Order of Jesus,' mildly interposed Jerome; 'but if you were to apply it to the decisions of councils, I should suppose that no objection could be urged against it. The theory of a Church cannot coexist at all with the idea of fallibility; and it is not more difficult for me to believe that a supernatural power resides in the Church, than to believe that a supernatural power originated it.'

'But,' answered Lionel, 'in mere matters of discipline surely change would aid vitality; and you will hardly gain by continuing an odious abuse, which serves to array against your practice every generous feeling and every reasonable mind.'

'Grand synonyms,' said Locart, 'for

loose conceits and floating private judgment.'

'How about the minority of an Œcumenical Council?' said Lionel, maliciously: 'are their opinions loose conceits or floating private judgments? An individual's vote, more or less, according to you, makes all the difference between divine truth and heretical opinions.'

'That is surely in analogy with all order and all law,' said Jerome.

'Half a dozen more Benedicts,' continued Lionel, 'at the Council of Trent would have permitted priests to marry.'

'You have chosen an example quickly,' said Jerome, 'which will still show you the importance of discipline. If that permission had passed the Council, the world's face would probably have been changed.'

'Why?' asked both Almeric and Lionel.

'The bishops who refused it were the guardians of liberty. Had it obtained and been ratified, what king, think you—certainly not Louis XIV., not Philip II.—would have refrained from becoming priests, in order to gain the double power, spiritual and temporal. And if one, why not all, till there should gradually have become two races; one sacerdotal and noble, the other *vilain* and *embruté*.'

'The crash would have come all the sooner,' said Lionel, 'and the Great Revolution have been antedated an age.'

'It may be so,' retorted Jerome; 'but even thus you establish my point—the tremendons importance of what we called mere matters of discipline.'

'In this particular case of actors, Lionel,' said Almeric Locart, 'the Revolution which

you cite hardly behaved better to them than the Church. Do you remember the three classes excepted from the Declaration of the Rights of Man?—actors, Jews, and hangmen.'

'The Convention righted that revolting absurdity of the Constituent, as it did many another intolerant anachronism,' Averanche answered.

'What a Jacobin you are, Lionel!' said Locart.

'What! because I do not agree with you and this reverend gentleman,' rejoined Averanche, again sneering, 'about the wisdom of the Catholic Church in its treatment of actresses? I must doubt, too, whether it always held the same opinion, or the Empress Theodosia would hardly have lavished on it *her* riches and protection. Do not you think, sir, that for the sake of that crowned

comedian, your Imperial benefactress, you might strain a point, and retract your refusal to visit Mlle. Pisani?'

'I never refused to visit her,' said Jerome, mildly; 'I will go there now. I only expressed a hope that she had changed her profession.'

When the door closed on Father Jerome, Lionel flung himself into an armchair, and exclaimed,—

'Those fellows never can run straight in conversation.'

'Whom do you mean?'

'Priests in general, and your friend in particular. What is he? Secular or Regular?'

'A Regular of the Order of Ignatius.'

'I thought so,' answered Averanche, drily. 'But, halloo, Almeric! what has become of your pictures, and half your

books? and those cases? I declare you are packing up!'

'Yes; I leave England early next week for the United States.'

'What! with your book coming out?'

'I have just finished the correction of its last proof-sheet; and fly, like a Parthian, with my arrow at the string.'

'And to America!' continued Lionel, in a tone of wonder. 'What can you be at? You are surely not going to volunteer in this absurd quarrel now sputtering and splashing between Anglo-Saxons: to fight against Independent America, besides, would be neither more nor less than infanticide in a Frenchman; and if you choose the other side, you may as well go to the French armies and the Imperial Eagles to combat England. Surely, Almeric, you might have had enough of war at Austerlitz.'

'But I am not going for anything so foolish as the war between Jonathan and John Bull. I am enlisted in a nobler object: I wish to see if something cannot be done to cut out the terrible cancer of slavery from its leprous contrast with the healthy vigour of the giant Republic.'

'But what is all this to you as a Frenchman, Almeric?' asked Lionel, in increasing astonishment.

'I don't know; but it has a good deal to do with me as a Catholic.'

'Strange hallucination,' said Lionel, 'to suppose that a Church so old that it is almost dead can be brought to bear upon the public opinion of the youngest and the freest commonwealth on earth.'

'Lionel,' said Almeric, earnestly, 'believe me you are wrong. We shall gain numerically in the New World far more than we

have lost in the Old World; but we shall also morally gain there, as in another Eden, that alliance to which my whole lifetime tends ceaselessly, night and day—the marriage between the Ancient Faith and Modern Liberty. Or if this, alas! should prove to be a dream; if, on the one hand, the Church cannot divorce itself from its long and fatal union with powers, principalities, and dominions; if, on the other hand, Democracy cannot cure itself of its vile envy and low appetites; yet, upon the immediate aim which I have in view—the abolition of slavery—there cannot be two opinions. I shall aid Truth herein, and serve Heaven.'

'I am by no means so sure of that,' exclaimed Lionel, whose mercurial temper rarely resisted the temptation of a paradox. 'No sentiment can prevail against a fact;

no crusade against science. No eloquence can overleap the broad physiological limits; no sophistry evade the plain ethnological obstacles of Blumenbach. Go and preach equality to the deep seas, Almeric, that the oyster is equal to the whale, or the starfish to the shark; you will succeed there sooner than you will be able to alter the relative grades of the five races of humanity. It is a *law* which man must unmake himself ere he can change, that the Caucasian will aspire as the highest, and the Negro will grovel as the basest.'

'You are as bad as Mr. Wyndham, Lionel.'

'Ah, Almeric,' said Averanche, mournfully, 'that very observation saddens me. You, who know so much of England, of its politicians, its Constitution, its public economy, its wealth, and its misery, are going

to sacrifice and nullify all these elements of knowledge and power before the false idol of a fantastic and will-o'-the-wisp philanthropy.'

'Nay; my studies, such as they are, of the Anglo-Saxon character and its institutions will aid me greatly in America.'

'Almeric, explain to me all this mystery,' said Averanche, gravely; 'the tenor of your life, the adoption of the same crotchet which the Jesuits enforced so unremittingly against slavery in South America, the change of your manner, this man's presence, this abrupt departure: are you, too, a Jesuit? or are you your own master?'

'Neither entirely. Who ever was the last?'

'A temporal coadjutor?' asked Averanche, interrogatively.

Locart shook his head.

'A Jesuit *de la courte robe*, at the least, and affiliated, assuredly?' continued Lionel, still guessing.

'I tell to no man what I am,' answered Almeric Locart; 'but to you, the dearest friend of my boyhood, I would fain minister remedies which have brought happiness to me. Do you remember how I was used to be rallied at the Eleutheria for what was called "my talent for combinations," which only resulted there in a conspiracy against order? I now conspire on the other side.'

'How?'

'In every way in which can avail God's truth. After my wound at Austerlitz I was a long time getting well, and was nursed by Jerome like a brother, in Paris. He made me feel all the wisdom of Catholicism, and the multitudinous purposes of its mission in this age. Some of these I endea-

voured to advance on my convalescence in my native province. But individual exertion is as a sword thrust in the water; it is weaker than a woman's whisper and as vain; it is a practical blasphemy in its unblest impotence. My old passion for association returned strong upon my soul. Lionel, you must have heard of the Cavaliers of the Ring, if you have ever been in the south.'

'I have heard of them often as a romance,' said Lionel, 'never as a fact.

'Some of their names at least will not long remain obscure: Mathieu de Montmorenci, De Vielle, De Corbière, De Vitrolles, La Mennais—France must, ere long, be proud to boast of men like these. Our object is not hostility to Bonaparte, or his dynasty; the hostility came from him. He was as jealous of any corporation in the midst of his centralised scheme as a Roman

emperor of firemen or Christians. Our aim, like that of the "Société des bonnes Études," was to rally "the children of the Cross," after their terrible defeat in the Revolution against "the children of Voltaire;" to make converts, especially among the middle class; to restore the marriage rite to something higher than a civil contract, to educate the poor, to disseminate the old principles of religious faith. But persecution begot reprisals, the proscriptions of the reigning governor, flung us into the arms of the Bourbons. I was chosen as the intermediary between the association and the exiled princes. And here I saw enough to show me the pollution which the Church derives from connection with monarchies or aristocracies; I sickened of my service, I felt that there was work to be done and good also in that England which was called of old "the island

of saints." Acting under advice and discipline, I dedicated five years of my life to mastering the difficulties of this country's language, to a keen introspection into the genius of its people, to unremitting endeavours in winning them

Back to the feet of Peter's sovran chair.

Whatever information I have gleaned, be it worthless or otherwise, is in the hands of those who know how to moderate and save mankind. And now I am ready to start for the United States in this nineteenth century with as high and buoyant a heart, with as encouraging and rooted a faith, with as heroic and holy a mission as my forefathers of the first Crusade. Come with me, Lionel, *your* ancestor was there.'

'"Marshal of the armies of God and of Holy Church;" but his faculty of taking a

vow has not descended on his representative.'

'Who asked you to take one? I wish you only to forget Blumenbach,' said Almeric with a smile, 'and engage in a sacred cause which you cannot doubt a moment in your own heart.'

'No, Almeric,' answered Lionel, 'never; although I appreciate the grandeur of your ends, and honour the self-denial of your means. You have partially confessed to me, and I think I can understand the import of your phrases about "advice" and "discipline"; you are affiliated but not professed; and your reports to head-quarters and your general are, I daresay, worth more than the "Espriella's letters" of that learned Anglican Robert Southey. I will not doubt that you may have also laid the foundations of a nearer connection between the English

establishment and the ancient system out of whose spoils and fragments it was raised. I sympathise with you, moreover, in your heroic vision of an ideal bridge between that Christianity which was given for the people and that democratic fraternity which shall be made by the people. I envy you about to breathe the free air of the young world, with brave thoughts and high aspirations. You are a Herculles, Almeric, who have chosen virtue and who are engaged in labours imposed by power which shall benefit the world. But I am also engaged in a cause as sacred to me, though you will think that I am morbidly individualising while you are generalising. You are among the workers of a practical world, which you sacrifice yourself in every way to raise and elevate somewhat nearer to heaven; I live in a world of my own which is in itself a

heaven. You know—no, you cannot—but you have heard of my love for Angela Pisani. Spiritualised by its unceasing influence, I see as much virtue, as much constancy, as much grandeur of soul in one poor invalid and dying girl, as you can in the vast range of all that humanity which you have in care. I live, so to speak, in the metaphysics of my passion; I am flung by it beyond the boundaries of the real and objective; I exist subjectively, and I see every shadow on my soul by lights as pure and searching, and by a self-examination as fanatical as any of St. Ignatius in his cave, or St. Francis Borgia in his cell.

> There is a second world beyond the veil,
> More nigh to God, a more mysterious place,
> More thickly peopled with great deeds, more full
> Of spiritual presences—the world
> Of sorrow, sickness, and of secret grief,
> Where life, ejected from the outward throng,
> Dwells in the quiet vestibule of Death.'

'Lionel,' answered Locart, 'be warned, if you indulge in these spiritual debauches you will die, like Swift, *at the top first.*'

'I hope not,' said Lionel, in a low voice, 'but I sometimes feel when *her* sad eyes are on me that I am indeed insane.'

'Rouse yourself, Lionel, my friend; I have night and morning for years borne your

name, like broken music in my prayers,

and would fain believe that I may be permitted to do you some good. Come with me.'

'Not were you to be the Xavier of the West; but you shall do me some good, Almeric,' replied Averanche, gaily: 'introduce me to your publisher; I must also work for my faith.'

'Well, Lionel,' said Almeric as gaily, 'you shall see that I have not taken the

vow of poverty; for you must permit me to make you my banker until Peace comes: at least in some degree.'

Averanche's face flushed with delight at this delicate and noble offer, but he declined at once.

'No, dear Almeric, that would take from me all the merit of that self-sacrifice whose virtue you appreciate. I will come and breakfast with you to-morrow, and you shall take me to Mr. Lintot's.'

'Lionel, I do not understand you: you are a man of dreams.'

'And you, I *do* understand you, Almeric: you are a man of action.'

CHAPTER IX.

ANGELA was worse—much worse, when Lionel Averanche called in the evening. He found Father Jerome and Dr. Houghton by her bedside, the latter seriously alarmed as to her condition. She was suffering acutely; her poor thin white arms were pressed convulsively across her bosom, and drops of agony stood on her contracted forehead, while her long dark lashes were stained and heavy with involuntary tears. Ever and anon exclamations escaped her lips, but they were not all of pain. She was created of that stuff of which many a virgin martyr

of the early church was made; her anguish she glorified, and the groans which her nature could not resist modulated ere they ended into prayers. Strange was it to see her pale and emaciated features at one moment convulsed and distorted by spasmodic tortures, and in another by the mastery of the soul, by the conquest of Spirit over matter, all alight with the beauty of holy and impassioned resignation.

'How many a young girl have I not seen die,' says M. Victor Hugo in one of his most touching compositions, and the same melancholy thought was present to the young physician who now watched by the side of Angela's couch. But none, he thought, like her, who in the full pride of youth and fame and beauty had been so suddenly stricken down, but who made her every suffering a theme for thanksgiving and

acknowledged her every throe by lauds and blessings.

'Not among the Carmelites,' thought Father Jerome, as he knelt in prayer; 'not among the most austere, whose lives were crucified, and whose memories are sainted, could more edification have been found than in this poor child of the theatre.' A thought of charity, priest, and one which should teach you how much the Divine principle overflows man's limits and distinctions.

What, too, were not the thoughts of Lionel? His despair was overwhelming. In contrast to it a philosopher might have been interested by an analysis of Madame Réné's emotions, and have delighted to trace in the midst of her real and genuine sorrow certain thin faint streaks of selfishness, in the question 'What would become of herself if Angela

died?' and in anxiety about her own future fate in that vast foreign city.

Environed by these several solicitudes, Angela herself disturbed the silence only by sobs and prayers. By degrees, however, she was so exhausted that her voice grew feebler, and the opiates that had been administered began to influence her senses; gradually she sank into a sleep, almost as still and calm as death. Upon a sign from Dr. Houghton, Averanche and he passed into the ante-chamber.

'Another such crisis and I cannot guarantee her life an hour,' said the Doctor.

'But is there danger now?' asked Lionel.

'Not for the present; but I must not conceal from you that the decline and wasting away proceed from causes for which there is no cure.'

'But palliation?' interposed Lionel.

'Yes, I will try; at first I was in hopes that her symptoms were not phthisical; now I am convinced they are, and terribly accelerated by mental suffering.'

'Thank you, Doctor, for your frankness; you give me some hopes, though?'

'With quiet, and thorough care, she may live some time.'

'I will tend her like a sister,' said Lionel, in a low voice.

He might well say so, for he obtained Madame René's permission to watch during the night until long after the morning hours had sounded; and he paced the streets, feverish, half-delirious, ghost-like, until it was time to keep his appointment with Almeric. Dr. Houghton had given a better account as his morning bulletin, and Lionel felt less oppressively miserable; but still he

was far from fit for company, and was sorry to see Hilary Clifford in Locart's apartments. Although a relation, he was much less intimate with him than with his boyhood's friend of the Eleutheria. Hilary was also in spirits feverishly high, which is generally the case with people whom you meet when you are the reverse.

'Congratulate me, Leo; I am named Secretary of Embassy to Vienna, with a Commissionership, if my chief chooses, to the Allied armies.'

'Who is your Chief?' asked Lionel, after felicitations.

'The most sagacious and the safest of European politicians. I begin in a good school. You must come and dine with me to-day, and Locart also, for I start to-morrow at six.' There was no getting off, so Lionel assented.

'It is a noble privilege, that of yours, Clifford, to contribute to the settlement of order,' said Almeric Locart; 'you will probably play a part in the greatest scene in the Old World's history, since the Peace of Westphalia.'

'You mean that Bonaparte will be beaten, which, unless some miracle takes place, is sure, and that we shall have a Congress and a Peace, and a European arrangement.'

'Which will all three be worthless unless they are based on some great principle,' said Almeric.

'I don't much like the slang of "great principles," that, for example, of the Treaty of Westphalia: nor should you, Locart, who, like me, are a Catholic.'

'Freedom of religious opinion has been of no injury to the ancient faith; nay, in

every country's local politics it has (strangely enough) become our defence and our demand, our protection and our claim.'

'Granted, Locart, but upon what principle would you now redress the balance of power?'

'By destroying its immunity; I would restore the smaller States, the charge of all diplomacy, to those rights which the usurpation of two centuries had virtually destroyed. I would do more; I would punish and chastise the strong men as they had sinned. The partition of Poland should be avenged upon the three Powers, but most upon Prussia, for she coveted the most; the nourishment and succours of the American war should be visited on France for her purblind and fatal intrigues; the rebellion of the Low Countries should be mulcted on England and on Prussia for their selfish,

sinister, and avaricious instigation. Wherever the symmetry of order had been marred, by whomsoever the behests of public law had been infringed (and they were trampled under foot by others besides Napoleon), there I would make an example to mankind, and a landmark to all time of God's justice.'

'That is all very well, if God's justice were to preside over the re-settlement of the Old World,' said Sir Hilary.

'If you take it in hand with any other idea you will fail,' said Almeric, earnestly.

'Would not Locart make a bad diplomatist, Lionel? he has so much zeal,' said Sir Hilary, smiling.

'Oh, but it does not at all follow that I do not appreciate another *not* of M. de Talleyrand,' said Almeric, laughing. 'I always distrust my first thoughts.'

'The Latins,' said Lionel, 'found that out before the Vice Grand Elector, when they made the word *secundus* to signify fortunate. For a man to go with his first thoughts into the wear and tear and action of life, would be as absurd as to go with his first dress (that of nature) into a battle.'

'Yet it is a favourite charge against the Jesuits,' said Almeric, meaningly.

'Apropos to whom, when do you go to the Thirteen Provinces?'

'On Monday next.'

'How I hate them; if I had been George the Third, I agree with Catherine of Russia, and would rather have blown out my brains than have sanctioned their independence.'

'There spoke a true descendant of many an adviser of the Stuarts,' said Locart, playfully.

The mention of Sir Hilary Clifford's descent suggested a duty to Lionel; he got up from the breakfast-table, made an appointment with Almeric for Mr. Lintot's at once, and asked to speak to his cousin alone. Clifford rested his arm affectionately on his in the street, and asked him if there was any service he could render him; that he knew French *rentes* could not come in very rapidly during the war, and that for his own part his Lancashire estates were increasing so greatly, with the enormous additional value given to land by manufacturers, that he hoped Lionel would use him as he would have used Lionel before the Revolution, had he been embarrassed in France.

'Not for me, thank you, Hilary, was I going to speak,' said Averanche, 'but you

have another relation, also a foreigner, and as near to you as I am.'

'Whom do you mean?' said Sir Hilary Clifford, impatiently.

'You had two aunts, my mother and another,' said Lionel.

'Who is dead to every memory of that great family which she disgraced.'

'You speak harshly, and you judge wrongly, Hilary.'

'I speak like a descendant of the old Cliffords, and it was not I who judged the matter. When a boy, I can remember a picture at Apulderfield with a black curtain before it, more shameful than the blank place among the Venetian Doges. That picture has been burnt and the name beneath it has been erased from my lineage.'

Sir Hilary Clifford was ashy pale as he spoke, and his intonation was tremulous with

passion. Eloquent with love, Averanche exposed before him the story of the Ishmaelite at Granada, and his own discovery of Eleanore Clifford's miniature in Angela's possession.

'This subject is very painful to me,' replied Sir Hilary, after having heard Averanche throughout: 'what is it you desire me to do?'

'Angela Pisani is dying; there is a cloud upon her soul dark as heaven's anger, charged with thoughts of her mother's sin and her father's crimes. Go to her, Hilary, as the representative of her mother's family; tell her that Eleanore Clifford was guiltless because betrayed; tell her that you are come to bring her consolation and self-respect; tell her that, recognised by you, she herself ceases to be the common butt of bitter scandal and

impertinent idolatries. Fulfil a duty and indulge a charity.'

'Even,' answered Clifford, with suppressed energy, 'if I was to believe the story, which rests upon the testimony of a highwayman, and of——the young person in whom you take an interest, my reply to you would be the same, and never. The woman who left my grandfather's house with a married foreigner may have been deceived; it is not for me to determine; but the result has been a stain, a blight on my name, a slur and a reproach to my house. That result at all events I have suffered from too often to forgive. But it can be buried in the secret past—where I beg it may remain—whence at least no act of mine shall ever disinter it.'

Lionel Averanche was astonished, notwithstanding his own excessive and ineradicable pride of blood, at this outburst of

Hilary. The fact is, that in France the Bend Sinister and Bordure have never fully borne the disgrace assigned to them in England. Bastardy in the early ages of Feudalism was scarcely a reproach, and the kings of every race down to and pending the Regency, legitimatised their natural children. The proudest of women, Madame of Bavaria, expresses her surprise, in her memoirs, that her son the Regent should only have legitimatised one of his illegitimate offspring, the Chevalier d'Orléans. Thus, Lionel, as a French gentleman, one of those who derived their modes and conditions of thought and habit only too closely from the ancient Court, was shocked at what seemed to him the narrow bigotry of Clifford. Father Jerome himself had scarcely been more intolerant; but he felt that his own suit and service to Angela were more endeared to

him by the many cruel missiles and heavy blows directed by prejudice against her helpless position.

'We do not agree, Clifford, upon this subject, and as you feel so strongly upon it, I must beg your pardon for having alluded to it. Good-bye,' Averanche added, with proud irony, 'I go to call upon my cousin.'

'Good-bye, but *sans rancune*, I hope Lionel; use me and treat me in every way—as a brother; take from my large fortune mediately if you like for her. One only thing—my name—I must refuse: I cannot confirm a humiliation, nor encourage an infamy in my ancestral line.'

'Thank you, Hilary, but I have already declined your offer which you have put as delicately as the great Whig Duke to Marshal Conway; thank you again from my heart, and good-bye.'

'No, *au revoir*, you must dine with me, it is my last day.'

'Certainly, Hilary, I will consider our difference has never occurred.'

After having a still better account of Angela's health, Lionel found himself at one punctually with Almeric Locart at Mr. Lintot's door. They were shown directly into a small, well-furnished, and luxurious room, where before a table covered with packages was seated Mr. Lintot himself. This gentleman, as his name may suggest to our readers, belonged to the old school of literary midwifery. It may be doubted whether in that ancient profession indicated by our last word nurses are much the better for knowing anything about the idiosyncrasies of the children whom they usher into the world; and Mr. Lintot was not the worse for professing to know nothing about the multitu-

dinous productions which he delivered to the universe. He had no pretensions whatever to taste or appreciation; he piqued himself on being a tradesman rather than a man of letters; and he partook more of the character of the old Curls and Tonsons than of the modern enlightened and educated members of the trade. He was, moreover, liberal, adventurous, spirited and successful. Every now and then he made blunders, which disappointed wits made the most of. But his extraordinary shrewdness and mother wit amply compensated for such occasional mistakes; he had a wary prejudice against works of imagination, and he was wont to remark, not without sagacity, 'When men feel, they do not know how to write; and when they have learned how to write, they have forgotten how to feel.' Mr. Locart's epic of 'Rome Regained' was no exception to this

aversion; for the whole expense of publishing was borne by Almeric himself, and half the profits were to accrue to Mr. Lintot.

'You see me, with your book before me, Sir,' said Mr. Lintot to Almeric; 'a very good subscription, indeed, eh, five and twenty copies just sent for by Mr. Wishisell's of Bond Street; a good sign, Sir; the fashion, Sir; you will be the fashion, Sir.'

Almeric smiled at the notion; yet he might have remembered that Mme. de Montespan had made Religion the fashion, while Mme. de Maintenon had gone even farther, and had brought scourges into vogue and asceticism into Court favour.

'I am afraid I shall hardly personally value such a result, however much I may desire it for your sake as well as my own; but in the meanwhile you must permit me to present to you the Vicomte d'Averanche,

who is anxious to publish under your auspices.'

Mr. Lintot bowed in answer to this introduction; and Lionel briefly explained his idea of a Critical Dictionary, continuing Bayle, as Bayle had continued Moreri, down to our own time.

'A noble idea, Sir, a public benefaction, Sir; you will become a public benefactor, Sir; I see it all, Sir—a splendid quarto, six volumes—a standing work, Sir, a costly library—a *non cuivis*, Sir! a *non cuivis*.'

Mr. Lintot piqued himself on speaking quite like one of the Royal Family.

Averanche laughed, and touching his head, indicated that as yet the project was only there.

'Oh, then, Sir, I understand you perfectly, Sir; numbers, Sir, numbers; thirty shillings each, Sir, eh? You must be rich,

Sir—very rich, eh? expensive, Sir—enormous, Sir?'

The blood mounted into Lionel's check and brow, but Almeric took Mr. Lintot into an embrasure of the window, and informed him that Averanche belonged to those who looked for a profit.

Qui prodesse volunt et delectare poetas.

'Your idea, Sir, under those circumstances, Sir, is out of the question. Why, Sir, one of the greatest authors in England has spent years, Sir, of his life in preparing a History of the Religious Orders, Sir, and he cannot find a publisher who can afford to publish it, Sir; sad, Sir, very sad, eh?'

'Metaphysics,' suggested Lionel, timidly, 'a long meditated essay, in humble but not servile imitation of Mr. David Hume.'

'Metaphysics, Sir,' said Mr. Lintot, sen-

tentiously, 'are the haggis of literature; they are dressed, dished, and only go down with Scotchmen, Sir—and a damned bad dish, too, Sir.'

'Poetry,' again suggested Lionel; 'I think I could translate a poem of André Chénier, or a satire of Gilbert, which would, even if ill rendered, make a sensation.'

Mr. Lintot smiled superbly. He had not much opinion of English poetry, but still, without having read Lord Roscommon, he believed

> The weighty bullion of one English line
> Drawn through French mire would through whole pages shine;

and accordingly he pooh-poohed the proposition of the young Vidâme. But precisely because he was a Vidâme, he did not desire to lose him altogether. 'Persons of quality,' as they were called in the last century, were

rarer then than at present among authors, and 'the mob of gentlemen who write with case had not worn out their aristocratic welcome. So, after having disposed of Averanche's kind offer by another culinary trope, and the designation of 'kickshaws,' Mr. Lintot proceeded to business.

'Can you manufacture a memoir, Sir; the Court of the Usurper, Sir, raw head and bloody bones, eh, Sir? But finely done, Sir (Mr. Goldsmith too coarse a hand, smells of the spy, Sir), a delicate salt epigrammatic style, eh? seasoned with murder, incest, intrigue, Sir—dashed with stories about Pichegru, Hortense, Pauline, Sir, eh?'

'No, thank you, Mr. Lintot,' said Lionel Averanche, with icy scorn.

'I have it, Sir,' said the publisher after an interval of reflection; 'could not you do for France what has been done for England,

in the most successful publication of the year? Dive into the cellar, Sir; bring out its thieves and harlots into light; dress them in romantic costume; mix with them princes and dukes, Sir, true Corinthians, boxers, beggars, street-singers, sempstresses, and flower-girls, Sir, rouge and rags, Sir, eh?'

Averanche still shook his head, while Almeric Locart exclaimed with astonishment: 'Surely such publications as these would disgust that most respectable of publics, the English?'

'You mistake, Sir; I know them well, Sir. If anyone would do Tom and Jerry, Sir, for Paris, eh? write in the phosphorus of putrescense, Sir, it would sell a hundred thousand copies at once, Sir: the highborn would be able to gloat over the miseries of low life, Sir; the virtuous matron would understand all the excitements of vice, with-

out its practice, Sir—an immense advantage, eh? the innocent maiden, Sir, might be introduced, say, into a pot-house, Sir, where you know she never could go in real life, Sir. And here would be the novelty, and the charm, and the surprise, Sir; the poor would be introduced into the gilded saloon, the rich into the seething rookery, Sir, and the middle class into both. An idea, Sir, to found a fortune, eh?'

Averanche took his hat. Mr. Lintot did not amuse him as a character, and certainly could not serve him as a publisher. In a few minutes more he was in the streets with Almeric Locart, with his own object unaccomplished, and full of indignation against the *selling* projects of the eccentric publisher.

'But that was what you wanted,' said Almeric.

Averanche was wrong, and Mr. Lintot was right. Nay, his words were prophetic, as our readers in their consciences must admit, if they contributed (and the odds are very great that they did) to the unparalleled circulation in this country of M. Sue's romances.

'Lionel,' said Almeric, 'it does not strike me that you will gain your object in doing bookseller's work; what think you of enlisting under Mr. Tyrrell, and taking service in the press?'

Lionel Averanche pondered anxiously and long; his prejudices of caste, like Chateaubriand's, were revolted by Locart's suggestion; but during the few minutes which had succeeded in his interview with Mr. Lintot he had felt all the despair of that situation which Burns has described as the saddest under the sun—'that of a man

willing to work, but unable to find work.' It was of necessity for him to earn wherewithal to support Angela in illness; her life, far dearer to him than his own, depended on it. Thus it was, that her sad eyes and dying smile moved and beckoned him over that Rubicon which separates the non-productive from the productive classes; that line which a gentleman seldom leaps without a thought of greatness, if it be only that of his own self-sustentation.

'You are too sensitive, Lionel,' said Almeric Locart, 'for this sort of visit; I will go to Mr. Tyrrell's for you, and will bring you back his answer, to Hilary Clifford's at dinner.'

'Beggars must not be choosers, Almeric,' said Lionel, mournfully; 'but I dislike the anonymous part of the English system so much, and its principles of assassination made

easy, that I should hope to be employed as a translator rather than a contributor.'

'But, Lionel, you may give out your own authorship, if you please, and be as responsible as ever Piron was for the *Mercure de France*.'

CHAPTER X.

L'Admiral de Coligny, qui était (par parenthèse) mon cousin.—MIRABEAU.

'GOD bless you, dear Lionel, for all your goodness to me,' said Angela, upon Averanche coming in for his afternoon visit. She was better for the moment, and her beauty shone out mysterious in its brightness, like a dream-seen face. There was, however, something hectic in that excess of bloom which warns even as it wins. Lilies *multâ albæ rosâ* are only the sadder for the contrast, and the complexion of consumption is the most terrible antithesis in life.

Angela did not know how many a real reason she had to be grateful to her cousin; and that for her he was seeking to join those who, in an age of competition, are seldom themselves delighted with new recruits.

Her thanks applied to his constant and unceasing gentleness of care towards her, enhanced as it was by the humility of his manner, and the resignation of his despair. It would have required a harder heart than Angela's to refuse to be touched by a life service so full of self-sacrifice and hopeless ministrations. She knew from her own experience what misery a passion turned inwards to prey upon itself produces, and she also felt how impossible it was to loose or lighten the bondage of love except through the influence of religion. With penitential tears in many a lonely hour she therefore had prayed that the idolatry of Lionel might be

changed into the Catholic worship, and that his soul might be reclaimed to the Church. And, if a voice from behind the veil had come down earthwards to rally and to cheer him, in presence of the trials which were gathering around, Lionel could not have been more rewarded, nor perhaps otherwise, than in the few sad tremulous words which conveyed Angela's gratitude to him.

She was gayer and brighter altogether that afternoon; in one of those mercurial moods, when the spirit is disengaged, which are peculiar to her illness. Playfully, in the midst of conversation, she said,—

'You must not sacrifice all your time to me, Lionel; you must go out in the world a little; promise me.'

'To-day I dine with a cousin of *ours*, Hilary Clifford.'

'Does he know of me?' said Angela, humbly.

'He would have come here, only he is appointed to Vienna,' said Lionel; 'and is to the last degree occupied with preparations.' This mendacity was at least well intended, and few persons, considering Angela's state of mental abasement and physical prostration, would have acted otherwise than did the Vidâme of Averanche.

'But you must go out where there are ladies, Lionel,' said Angela, authoritatively; she had a scheme of her own, and she approached it, as women all do, circuitously.

'I hate ladies,' said Lionel, moodily.

'What day is to-day?' asked Angela.

'Thursday.'

'Is not this the night when the Morosinis are always at home?'

'Yes, I believe so.'

'People, you know, have flattered me by saying I am like my beautiful country-woman Mlle. Morosini;[1] you must go there to-night, and study her well, and tell me if it is true.'

Angela's plan for disenchanting Lionel was very obvious; and akin to Mrs. Sheridan's death-bed recommendations of Pamela.

'I would rather come here and watch by the side of the original,' said Lionel, laughing.

'What a bad compliment, when I am the youngest,' said Angela, playfully.

'But you are "the original" to me,' said Lionel in the same tone; 'for I knew you first; at ten years old, recollect.'

'Well, in virtue of that old old acquaintance, I order you to go to Mlle. Morosini,

[1] Constance, the daughter of Pisani's marriage with a Morosini, was Angela's half-sister, of which, however, both were unconscious.

and see if, upon second thoughts, she is like your cousin,' said Angela, with a pretty air of mock command.

'I obey,' said Lionel, sorrowfully, for it occurred to him that Angela's real motive might be a latent desire to discover whether Charles Denain had transferred his homage to the feet of Constance. Yet this was an injustice to her frank and simple nature, and to her object, which was good, and noble, and wholly in his own interest.

'I have succeeded for you,' whispered Almeric to Lionel, as he came into Clifford's before dinner: 'Mr. Tyrrel will accept your good offices as a translator, and if you feel up to an article on the present state of France, he will consider its pretensions; he wishes, above all things, to determine favourably for it.'

Lionel thanked Locart earnestly, and

then looked around on Hilary's other guests. Among them was Prince von Altenberg, on a special mission from Prussia, to explain away (if he could) its past sinister and detestable conduct to the House of Hanover, and to give assurances of its good faith in the new Coalition. There were also St. Leger, Charles Denain, Alfred Sykes, and two strangers, whose appearances singularly contrasted with one another. One of them was a young man of eminently noble aspect, a cadet of one of those few great English lineages which from serial and sustained Court favour, a magnificent prodigality, and a traditional fashion as peculiar as the wit of the Montemarts in France, have achieved a European fame. Frank Dudley not only 'carried all his hundred quarterings in his face,' but in his career was himself a type of those manly gentlemen whom Elizabeth had

so wisely and carefully fostered; who did not dissipate their youth in antechambers or withdrawing rooms, but who adventured on the virgin lands of the West for their own profit and their country' greatness. Speculating with that commercial instinct which should be indigenous in Englishmen, in colonial produce, he had invested his younger son's fortune in 'a plantation' of his own in the West Indies, and having superintended it himself, was already, while only five and twenty, worth (as it was conjectured) what our comedians call 'a plum.' But Frank Dudley's master passion was what the Stagirite has said is characteristic of an aristocracy—he delighted only in horses. With untiring energy, a masculine vigour of mind, and a rare versatility of talents which might have raised him into the highest places of the Senate, he preferred the Turf,

just as Charles Fox preferred betting with Fish Crawford and the General at Brookes's; or with Lauzun and Lauragnais at Mme. de Boufflers, to the Treasury Board of Lord North and the routine signature of clerk-prepared accounts.

In contrast to Dudley, whose appearance was as sumptuous as that of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the other stranger guest was attired in the simple and quaint garb of a Quaker. Sir Hilary Clifford was fond of those contrasts, which (as all must do more or less) bring truth into relief: and he understood his duty as a Lancashire landlord, and did it better than most of his neighbours at the period of which we are writing. Thus, Mr. Oakworth, who paid him a ground rent for his mill, was a constant visitor at Apulderfield, and when he came up to London, Clifford eagerly

sought him out, not only for information as to the manufacturing classes, but also for his own instruction in political economy. Nor could he have addressed himself to a more accomplished master, an acuter reasoner, a more luminous dialectician, or a more praetical exponent of his own well-digested and severely thought-out theories. With large natural sympathies, as indicated by an inherent cordiality of manner, and a paternal kindness to the four or five thousand hands who depended on him, more absolutely than their ancestors had ever depended on any feudal baron, there was a grave austerity in his manner, which was sharpened and embittered by his chronic indignation at the course of Mr. Pitt's degenerate successors. Remarkable in himself, indeed, once to have met him, it was impossible to forget him. Mr. Oakworth was scarcely less remarkable

at a London dinner in 1813 from his social position. The Avars astonishing Constantinople, or the Zingari startling Christendom, were scarcely more curious and apart from the established order of things than that manufacturing class which had grown up, as it were, unawares; whose greatness was already overshadowing the aristocratic supremacy, while *their* wealth was daily becoming more and more the best and noblest symbol of the Commonwealth of England.

Hilary's dinner, too—it was his last, and had been ordered with care—was as full of contrasts as his company. England contended with France, and Italy with both, in the achievements of his cook, who was a *cordon bleu*, having learned his art under Henault Sechelles, and his confectioner, who had lived in Italy with an English bishop.

They had both been hired by Sir John Clifford, the pupil of Lord Sandwich, and in his time a member of the Gang of the Dilettante, and of every possible *liaison dangereuse* where wit and profligacy revelled. Hilary had kept on his father's establishment, and his dinners had something perhaps to say to his own political success. There was turtle for the honour of English supremacy among soups, clear as its unquestioned title; there was *laitances de carpes*, such as the *Frères Provençaux*, in its best days, might have been proud to avow; there was mutton from Dartmoor, a delicious salmi of ruffs and reeves from Lincolnshire, a Garraway pudding from the Christopher at Eton, some white meat 'done brown,' and called after that Marshal who was so often 'done brown' by the British armies, and of whom it was so pleasantly sung,—

Villeroy, Villeroy,
A fort bien servi le Roi
Guillaume, Guillaume,

and some brown meat with that exquisite sauce *à la Napolitaine*, as divine as the climate it suggests; there were cocks of the wood, plump outlaws, Piedmontese truffles (worthy of Chevet's window), and a *pâté* of canvass-backed ducks, drowned or sprinkled by *fleur de sillery* and *aï mousseux*. Hilary's dinner was animated if not gay. It boasted two lions—Hilary from his appointment, and Almeric Locart from his book, which had appeared that morning. Alfred Sykes, the most brilliant of young wits, was full of its praises; he was a generous critic, like all superior men.

'"Rome Regained,"' he said, jokingly, 'will be Paradise lost to the converts it is sure to make.'

'What a bigoted anti-Catholic you are in

votes as well as everything else, Alfred,' said Frank Dudley.

'And you?'

'No, I admire the Roman traditions as a gentleman who looks to and cares for descent. Had I been a member of the Senate, when the greatest question of all the world was agitated—whether Paganism or Catholicism should be the religion of the West—I should have voted for Catholicism, but I do not therefore think that I should have voted against Paganism. I should have flung my ball into the urn and said, "*Teste David cum Sibylla.*"'

'Catholicism, even as a Protestant, I must admit is the grandest of politics, but it often leads to the meanest of results—*Catholicoqueterie*,' said Sykes.

'What can you mean?' asked St. Leger.

'The fiddle-faddle of fald-stools and

all the man millinery of ornamental religion.'

'If we ever come to that in this fine old manly England, I will take to riding on a side-saddle, after currant-jelly dogs, or to betting on epicure donkeys for the Derby,' said Frank Dudley.

'Do you remember that terrible judgment of Buffon, "Les races se féminisent?"' said Charles Denain.

'I can easily believe it when I look to the Liverpool Administration,' said Mr. Oakworth, drily.

'You are sneering at persons,' interfered Almeric, 'when it is the system which is in fault: Constitutional Government is, I think, curiously contrived for the perpetual promotion and scarce interrupted enthronement of mediocrity. Of the Duke of Portland's two Secretaries of State in 1808, one a first-

rate man, the other a second-rate man, one called Canning and the other called Jenkinson, whom would you have hit upon for the first place?'

'Canning, though now not in,' said Alfred Sykes, with a sympathy for genius.

'No; Mr. Dudley will tell you that even at Newmarket, the race is not always to the swift, and in English politics it is almost always to the slow. Take the bead-roll of Prime Ministers since 1688, and for one really great man you will find half a dozen of the smallest. Lord Chatham was never two years consecutively First Minister, and dull Henry Pelham (who had beaten all the fine qualities of Carteret) was for more than ten years his chief as well as Henry Fox's and Lord Mansfield's. Lord North, who at the best only "blundered into excellence," was for twelve eventful years Premier. And

Lord Liverpool, who is much of the same stamp as North or Pelham, with an administration of much the same worth as theirs, is quite as likely to last as long or longer.'

Everybody laughed at Almeric's apparent paradox; yet it was prophetic, as fifteen fatal years in history attest.

'Well, I prefer the Whigs in office,' said Frank Dudley, 'they are such good company, and give such good dinners.'

'No one is half so witty as Ben Palatine,' said Alfred Sykes, too clever to be jealous.

'An old Tory myself, of the Bolingbroke and Wyndham school, who follows Mr. Canning because he *feels* and supports the tradition,[1] I must admit,' said Sir Hilary Clifford, 'that the Whigs are the natural

[1] See Mr. Canning's noble defence of Charles the First's memory in the House of Commons, in answer to some assailant of the 'Calves'-head School.'

stewards of the Constitution. They are the hereditary dispensers of the great mystery and ought always to be in office.'

'What mystery?' asked Mr. Oakworth.

'Fee Fo Fum, the balance of power of king, lords, and commons,' said Hilary, who recollected his supper at Granada.

'Did anybody ever read a Danish story book,' said Almeric, chiming in with his co-religionary, 'from which Swift is supposed to have taken the argument against transubstantiation in the "Tale of a Tub," and the original idea of Gulliver's travels?'

Nobody had read it.

'A voyager is supposed to visit the regions underground. In one of these a priest points to a symbol above the altar, and says, "That triangle is the religion of this country." "Triangle," answers the voyager, "I see none; that is a circle." After a vast deal

of persistence on both sides the priest at last candidly admits, "Well, to tell you the honest truth, I always thought myself it was a circle, but we are all here agreed to call it a triangle." Now in England you all seem agreed to talk about the trinity of powers, while for my own part I can see nothing but the unity.'

'In a territorial aristocracy,' said Mr. Oakworth.

'Yes, in one respect you remind me of old Germany before the French Revolution,' said Count Altenberg, who had hitherto been silent, 'you are governed by eight hundred ruling families.'

'But admirably governed, you must admit,' said Alfred Sykes, who called himself in the slang of that day a high Tory, which meant a high Whig of the Eldonite school; 'never was system which worked so well.'

'That is, perhaps, because the aristocracy does not work it themselves.'

'Who does, then?' asked St. Leger.

'Journalists who originate and clerks who administer. Journalists who, in the first instance, give you the idea which finds its way into the Legislature, but whose names you never hear, and scarcely whisper; clerks who govern the vastest empire on earth, but whose individuality is unknown out of a street,' said Almeric Locart.

'How like the *Crypteria* of that oligarchical Sparta, to which England is so often compared,' exclaimed Lionel. 'You may well call the Whigs the hereditary stewards of a mystery.'

'But I deny that clerks govern our Empire,' said Frank Dudley.

'You cannot deny that they at least

educate every Parliament man who presides over an offiee,' said Hilary Clifford.

'And by the ingenuous wisdom of the aristocratic see-saw of Whigs and Tories, by the time his education is completed, it is time for him to resign,' said Mr. Oakworth.

'Why do clerks always fail in the House of Commons?' asked St. Leger, who was a dandy, and stood by his order.

'It is given to few men to be *utrinque paratus*; besides, a certain taste is formed in Parliament which men who have spent their lives over *bureaux* are unequal late in life to attain. But, so convinced am I that the Empire is administered by clerks that I feel sure if a new Guy Faux (pardon a Papist the recollection) was to blow up both Houses when quite full, the business of the country would go on the next day as correctly and as regularly as if nothing had occurred.'

'Your statements, Sir, when summed up, amount to this,' said Mr. Oakworth, 'that the middle class actually conceives through anonymous journalists, and executes through anonymous clerks. Is it not high time to learn their names? If the parent idea which makes legislation comes invariably from the middle class, and if the real work is done by the middle class, what is the use of an aristocracy, which only reflects intelligence, and which only usurps administration?'

'A middle class,' replied Alfred Sykes, carelessly, but with hostile meaning, 'must make up its mind to support the ascendancy of an upper or lower class, and the first is a good deal the cheapest of the two.'

'That depends upon what you pay,' said Mr. Oakworth.

'I will tell you the exact value of an aristocracy in our time,' sneered Charles

Denain, who hated blood. 'Ever since the treaty of Presburg, the oldest aristocracy in the world received seven francs a head per week, if they chose to apply for it. Men in comparison with whom feudal dukes and princes have puddle in their veins, real *libro d'oro* patricians, are thus entertained at Venice.'[1]

'They deserve their beggary,' said Mr. Oakworth, a bitter foe; 'but the government of Venice in its palmy days at least cost the people nothing, and those great commercial Seigneurs served them *gratis*.'

'How severe you are by implication, Mr. Oakworth,' said Alfred Sykes.

'I have painful reason to be so; for if this monstrous system of class legislation goes on much longer which treats me like a

[1] The Austrians continued the stipend to all who were alive in 1815 when Venice returned to their sway.

Pariah, and taxes me like a millionaire for a war by which only landlords profit, I shall be constrained to emigrate to a foreign land. My mill is only working half time. My machinery, which is my capital, is therefore depreciated fifty per cent.; my warehouses are groaning with unsaleable bales because markets are closed, and the five thousand hands I employ at a positive loss (although only receiving half wages) are hounded on against me by aristocratic Luddites and patrician frame denouncers. We are accused of over-production, by which is meant over-industry; and of over-speculation, by which is meant over-enterprise. And these changes are brought by a *fainéant* and do-nothing proprietary, whose incomes are increasing, and whose possessions are enhanced by the very exertions of that manufacturing class which has done far more

than any other in the last quarter of a century for the general prosperity of England. Expatriation is thus my reward for employing more than ten times the population of any estate in Lancashire, and for having contributed too successfully to the wealth of my native country.'

'But you will leave it at your own instance,' said St. Leger, 'which is the great advantage you manufacturers have over landlords. I am a freeholder, and am therefore impartial. The landowner must perforce be a good citizen and a patriot; the land cannot fly away like your capital and skill.'

'*Non ubi nascitur sed ubi pascitur* is apparently Mr. Oakworth's maxim,' said Alfred Sykes, with an expression betokening anything rather than respect.

'I do not wonder at it, I am sure,' said

Almeric Locart, 'when I look at the golden hours which are passing away, and at the blindness of your rulers. If ever there was a national necessity for attaching to the State and to the system an interest whose existence is a synonym for opulence, it it would be now. But by a policy blinder than that of Louis XIV. you do not exile industry, but you harass it; you do not destroy, but you insult it. You exclude it from honours, but it forces itself into wealth, and therefore, sooner or later, into power. It can boast no Peer, but it must make Prime Ministers. Baubles, coronets, red-boxes, as a matter of course, are withheld from them, but the hammer and the hatchet which can shiver them are put into their hands. How is this to end? How can it all end but in the same way as the decline of Rome points out—Rome who armed her

barbarians even while she outlawed them, and gave them might while she refused them privileges? If the aristocracy thus allows manufacturers to grow up by their side as foreigners, will not the day come when these in their turn will learn to look on them as enemies?'

'On that day,' said Frank Dudley, 'the gentlemen of England will do well to lift their standard at another Wellington,[1] or be in arms to charge at another Edgehill.'

'"For Tories own no argument but force,"' quoted Mr. Oakworth, drily.

'No, Mr. Dudley, you will have no such chance,' said Almeric, 'the change will come gradually over the peculiar temper of your Saxon countrymen; but it will invade public opinion, literature, the general tone of

[1] Charles the First raised his standard at Wellington, in Shropshire.

thought, as surely and as prophetically, first of all, as in France during sixty years before the Revolution.'

'It will all go slowly,' said Mr. Oakworth; 'to many imperceptibly. Cities, I have read, were the last strongholds of the Italian aristocracy, and castles the last strongholds of the French. Watering-places, I should say, will be the last strongholds of the English aristocracy.'

'Georges Cadoudal before his heroic death,' said Lionel Averanche, 'thought that he had discovered the secret of the century, when he, a Legitimist, prayed to dis-ennoble the nobles, and to ennoble the people. The middle class may have the strength to do the first, they never can have the heart to do the second.'

'The first is quite enough,' said Charles Denain, 'for one century; and I will tell

you how it might be done. Do you recollect the story of Giano della Bella? How, himself a noble, he issued that memorable ordinance of justice which first designated thirty-seven Guelph families of Florence whom it declared noble and *therefore* degraded and disqualified, refusing them at the same time the privilege of renouncing their nobility, in order to place themselves on a footing with other citizens. He did more, he caused the Signorial Decree that if other families deserved ill of the State, they also should be *ennobled* in order to subject them to the same summary disgrace.'

'But in England,' said Count Altenberg, 'you need be under no alarm; for tried by our old feudal German test, you could not find thirty-seven families, not seven, not three.'

'Of that,' said Mr. Oakworth, 'I am no

judge, but I know that England is the greatest country which the world ever saw. And she is universally respected, envied, admired abroad precisely because she IS a nation of shopkeepers. Unluckily, the few shopkeepers who have retired, like the worst kind of *parvenus*, seem ashamed of their wealth's origin, or "like the Nurses of Jupiter," clash their empty ornaments, and chink their unearned gold "to drown the voice" of their creator—Trade.'

'Well,' said Alfred Sykes, 'you may rail at our aristocratic forms in a bishop-governed church, and a land-favouring State as long as you please; you may uproot our Constitution if you can, but depend upon it, when the change comes, you will only re-enact the fable of the Log and the Stork.'

'Never change,' said St. Leger; 'I am an optimist, and all my politics are com-

pressed in those two words. I hold with the old French Epicurean,—

> " Ayme l'estat tel que tu vois l'être :
> S'il est royal, ayme la royauté :
> S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,
> Ayme-l'aussi, car Dieu t'y a faict maistre." [1]

'Those sentiments which are not unworthy of sloths or oysters,' said Mr. Oakworth, 'might very well suit certain pseudo-philosophic, self-indulgents of the sixteenth century, particularly if they themselves were what your poet so *naïvely* calls *de peu*; but in the nineteenth century, depend upon it, we, the many, will shake you, and rudely too, out of dreams and slumbers so unseemly and effeminate.'

'Liberalism,' said Almeric Locart, 'is to the nineteenth what Protestantism was to the sixteenth century; the last said "No" to

[1] Pybroe aux Quadrins, quoted by Montaigne.

the ancient politics and systems, and Constitutional Government was its child. But modern Liberalism is already saying "No" to Constitutional Governments, and the shadow of their doom is darkening on the earth. They may long appear to flourish, even as the Right Divine still vegetates; but their moral force, derived from the faith, the choice, the affections, the hopes of the people, is even now upon the wane.'

'The Government of the one,' said Hilary Clifford, an old Tory, and perhaps at heart an absolutist, 'results in the benefit of the many, the Government of the many results in the benefit of the one; but the government of the few results only in the benefit of themselves.'

'There are many breakers,' answered Alfred Sykes, 'where are the builders? Innumerable pickaxes, but not one trowel:

many "*No's*," but where will the first "*Yes*" come from?'

'From the middle class,' said Mr. Oakworth.

'From the people,' said Lionel Averanche.

'From the Church,' said Almeric Locart.

'Well, we are all much where we started from,' said St. Leger in a whisper to Charles Denain, sitting next to him: 'I am awfully bored with all this talk, and if my carriage was at the door, I would go now to the Morosinis.'

'Mine is,' answered Charles.

'Already?'

'Yes, I always keep one wherever I go, and change by relays, it is so convenient for messages.'

'But with one's arms and crest that might be occasionally indiscreet,' said St. Leger, with a smile.

'I have no crest nor arms, and have too much sense to invent any,' said Charles Denain, quietly.

Mr. St. Leger laughed silently in his own peculiar way.

'What is the matter?'

'Oh, nothing; I was thinking of something you said just now against Aristocratic Government.'

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Lionel Averanche with Locart was announced at the Morosinis, Constance was singing a duet out of one of Cimarosa's operas with Charles Denain. If his mission was to discover for Angela, as he erroneously believed, the state of their affections, one glance might have satisfied him that Charles had achieved another conquest. It was his peculiarity that he won at once or not at all; he carried the qualities of a great captain into his relations with the other sex, *et qui serait César s'il n'était pas Lovelace.*

The habitual grave gentleness of Constance alternated meaningly with a timid earnestness as she looked at Charles; and her tone trembled in its unison with his with that irrepressible emotion no maiden can conceal. Already had Constance changed the nightly question she was wont to ask herself, it was no longer, Does he love me? it was now, Do I love him? Women either desire to be loved, in which case they become coquettes, and men adore them; or they are content to love, in which case they become angels, and men ill-treat them. Constance was passing from one category to the other, but she touched upon both, and in her calm nature carried neither to excess. There was something, thought Lionel, which told her story in the radiance and lovelight on her face.

Others thought so also, and Lionel was

grieved to see the depression in Hilary Clifford's aspect. He remarked it to Almeric, who was standing near, and who replied,—

'I am not surprised; she is so graceful, so high-souled and gifted, so far above any woman I have ever known.'

'A lover's praise, Almeric, or I never heard any,' replied Lionel; 'is it possible that you, too, should have loved?'

'Why not?'

'It is so unlike your stern nature.'

'Therefore perhaps I plucked a weakness out.'

'Well, you were wrong, you would have made a glorious mate for that noble-looking Constance; and you know,' added Lionel, laughing, 'Grotius asserts that Jesuits may marry.'

'But in the first place,' answered Locart, 'I am not a Jesuit; and in the second place,

I never dreamed of aspiring to Mlle. Morosini's hand.'

'But Hilary does; look how mournfully his eye follows hers as it rests on Charles. Is not the whole secret of his taking this foreign appointment told in that sad glance? When did man ever do anything at all out of the way that woman was not the latent cause? He is right to go abroad.'

'*Hanc fugiendo fuga quam fuga sola fugat*,' said Almeric to himself, sadly.

There was gloom also upon the brow of Constance's grandfather, as he watched the fascinations exercised on her by Charles's homage. He had spoken to her on the subject only the night before, but his expericuce of woman's passion in her mother, of his daughter's idolatry for the Ishmaelite, warned him of the utter hopelessness of opposition.

'My dearest,' he had said, 'I would rather you had selected anybody than this flashy *parvenu*.'

'But,' said Constance, with a pretty sophistry, 'Louis XVIII. has promised, if he goes back, to make him a duke.'

'In derision. We merchants were wont to create fifty such in our contempt for the idlers of the *terra firma*.'

'But, grandpapa, I love him.'

'God's will then be done, my child's child!' said M. Morosini, not without awe lest the doom of one generation had proceeded onwards.

Everyone seemed thus unhappy at Charles's rapid and startling conquest of Constance's affections, but no one showed their despair so much as Miss Caviare. She had in her time made such use of the heiress, of hér house, of her carriage, her opera box,

her fashion; she had so artfully exposed all the perilous wickedness of the male sex, she had with such indefatigable commiseration indirectly harped upon Mlle. Morosini's lameness, and so dexterously insinuated the impossibility of any man ever loving her, except from interested motives. Besides, to do Miss Caviare justice, she really loved Constance with an ardent and enthusiastic friendship; she admired her fine qualities, and was perhaps fearful of their sacrifice to so new an acquaintance as Charles Denain. She, however, still had hopes, by dint of perseverance and mendacity, of breaking off the marriage, and her tall thin dry figure haunted the persecuted couple from room to room like a spectre.

Bored by this pertinacious attendant, Charles glided away, and joined Almeric and Lionel.

'St. Leger, in giving me a cast here, told me the most deliciously characteristic story,' said Charles.

'What is it?' said Lionel.

'You must know that our old friend of Austerlitz fancied himself in love with that very pretty girl Lady Bella Rackrent. He meant to propose one night, when Lady Matchpercent took him aside, and said to him (I will dramatise it for you), "*Can* you marry that beautiful girl?"

'"I hope so."

'"But *can* you?"

'"What do you mean?"

'"The settlements to which she is entitled from her beauty and position. Forgive me, Mr. St. Leger, you have the reputation of being a millionaire, but you spend hardly anything; that reputation is itself a capital,

I know; but from me you may rely upon the most absolute discretion."

'St. Leger looked embarrassed, what could he do?

'"Never mind, it is as I thought; never mind the smallness of the figure, what is it?"

'St. Leger looked more and more confused.

'"Eleven hundred a year and a britzka?" contemptuously suggested Lady Matchpercent.

'"No, madam; since you ask it of me in (I am sure) the most honourable confidence, I will entrust to you a secret which never before crossed my lips."

'"How much?" impatiently asked the dowager.

'"Five and twenty hundred," St. Leger whispered in her ear.

'She shook her head as if there was no

chance. The next day Lady Matchpercent's carriage was long waiting at the Marchioness of Rackrent's door, and we may all guess her conversation.

'"What impostors, my dear, there are in London; you get some wicked man like Lord Latimer to swear that he *knows* you have more ready money than anybody going, you keep perpetually changing stocks, with the same sum always circulating like an army on the stage, and then you are—heaven save the mark—a millionaire!"

'Well,' continued Denain, 'a night or two afterwards, St. Leger asked Lady Bella to dance, but she cut him dead; he called, she was out; he took off his hat in the park, she looked the other way. He desisted from his suit; but meeting Lady Matchpercent shortly afterwards, he said, carelessly,

"How much did you tell the Rackrents was my income?"

"'Five and twenty hundred a year, as you told me."

"'Oh! you misunderstood me entirely; I meant five and twenty hundred a month."

'Is he not charming, our humorist?' asked Charles.

Almeric assented, but Lionel was thinking of something else, and did not answer. Denain drew him aside, and said, maliciously,

'So you are paying me off the Castel Garcia with the little Pisani! I congratulate you, Leo.'

There was something so atrociously cynical in this (Angela's present state being caused by him!) that the red blood flushed scarlet on Averanche's brow, as, with a strong effort, he mastered his indignation.

'You are discreet, Lionel,' said Charles, patronisingly; 'that is quite right:

Peccato celato
È mezzo perdonato;

or, as Tartuffe has it, "Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense, et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence."'

'Do not slander a woman because she resisted you, Charles,' said Lionel, very gravely but with deep anger; 'that is the lowest depth of man's abasement.'

'Bah, *mon cher*! I never quarrel, least of all with you; but I will give you a bit of sound advice, and a truth of my experience. No man spends half so much money on a woman as a poor one.'

Lionel walked away in disgust; and, having interchanged an affectionate farewell with Hilary Clifford, left the Morosini's. At the door he met Mr. Smallfry coming in,

who (as Lionel was a Frenchman) took the opportunity of telling him half a dozen spick-and-span new anecdotes about the battle of Vittoria, which he had received in a letter from one of Lord Wellington's staff. And then, having quite unconsciously excited in Averanche a strong desire to avenge his nationality by knocking Mr. Smallfry down, the latter walked into the drawing-room in the firm persuasion that he was the most agreeable of men. Here the first persons whom he saw, to his extreme delight, were Charles Denain, whose bruited success with Mlle. Morosini made him a hero, and Almeric Locart, whose book was at once a triumph and a novelty. Planting himself at an equal distance between these two celebrities, Mr. Smallfry grinned at them both; and, having first daubed their faces with the lees of his coarse congratulations, commenced

his budget as if he had been the ghost of M. de Sartères.

'First of all, about Nicholson: won't confess—two crack preachers and the ordinary locked up with him—resists them all. Next about Byron: you have heard what he did to-day?—the quaintest thing. Gave a tiny beggar girl sixpence at a crossing; the next moment a carriage nearly drove over her; and he shouted just in time for the coachman to back—found the girl was bhud—walked all the way down Parliament Street with her, hand in hand, past the House of Lords, to the child's home—met Vansittart and Sidmouth coming up from Downing Street—so astonished, scandalised. After that he called on ——.'

'You know St. Leger's story, don't you?' interrupted Charles Denain, determined at

all costs to rid himself of Smallfry's domiciliary revelations.

'What! do you mean to say you have not heard my verses on the event!' exclaimed the little poet, furiously. He rushed to the piano, which the beautiful Miss Finisterre was slowly approaching—arching her pretty head, and only delayed by the vivacity of her clever repartees to a crowd of intervening danglers—nearly upset her, and determinately sat down. After a prelude, like one of poor Theodore Hook's, Mr. Smallfry began a song of his own.

While the song was in full swing, Denain said to Locart,—

'Do you remember Theophile Marot at the Eleutheria?'

'I see what you mean.'

'If you had met him since he has grown

up, you would understand me thoroughly. He is the perfect double of Smallfry.'

'Everybody has a double,' said Lady Evelyn Dudley, who, with Lady Lilian Anquetil, was passing close by: 'mine, I am told, is in the Ionian Islands.'

'That is impossible,' said Charles Denain, gallantly.

'Seriously,' said Almeric; 'in every generation there are, I believe, multitudinous *facsimiles* of character. The moulds which Nature uses are not many. Take men of eminence, who, because they are such, ought to be more "individual" than anybody else, and see how they often resemble one another. Apart from local colouring and accidental circumstances, how little difference was there among many of the greatest contemporaries: Chichele,

Ximenez, D'Amboise; Olivarez, Strafford, Richelieu; Alberoni, Walpole, Dubois.'

'The first,' said Charles Denain, 'were Avatars of Priestcraft, the second of State-craft, the third of Moneycraft. But I except to your plausible idea of the superior "individuality" of men who rise, that when risen they represent something more than themselves. They become reflections of Necessity: of what the people of their time think about, require, and take an' interest in. This will account for the likeness of contemporaries in high places. We should look upon them as the expression of a movement beneath: instruments of the general control, often flung into the same attitude because directed by the same impulses and laws.'

Two or three days after the Morosini's party, Almeric Locart embarked for America.

Let us wish him good speed in his enterprise, for he will only once again reappear in this story. His brave spirit is worthy of the free land to which his aspirations tend, and at least *his* religion of that union with Liberty which his sanguine hopes have forecast. For it belongs to an elder time; when the Church was as yet intact from simoniacal reproach, and when the heroic hearts of men like Chrysostom, Basil, Ambrose, and the Gregories, were a protection for the people, and a banner against the usurpation of their governors. Too far, undoubtedly, those bishops carried their aggressive opposition, for it led directly to the economical heresies of an exaggerated communism. Let us quote one passage from St. Basil to show (what may be new to some of our readers) the temper in which the Fathers of the fourth century assailed

high places. 'If one calls him a robber who steals a coat, what other name ought we to give to him who, able to give a coat to a man who is naked without injuring himself, nevertheless leaves him naked? The bread which you keep by you, and segregate, belongs to the poor who are starving; the clothes you keep in your drawers belong to those who are naked. . . Are you not, then, a miser and a robber, you who keep that as proper to yourself alone which you received to communicate and distribute to many.' From the well-meant but ill-reasoned absurdities of these invectives against capital, that science (which some rich men are unwise enough to sneer at) which explains the wealth of nations and the enlightenment of his time, Almeric Locart was happily preserved. But, with as ardent a love (if with one far less mis-

taken) for the people as any which ever animated St. Basil or St. John of Constantinople, Almeric was now crossing the Atlantic. And if he was over-zealous in his visions of democracy, the Catholic Church may well afford to number some such zealots in her bosom.

It was not long after Almeric's departure that Dr. Houghton told Lionel that all his skill was baffled and defeated by the rigorous austerities and determinate abstinence of Mlle. Pisani.

'Fasting, it is angels' food.' Averanche knew enough of his cousin to be convinced how hopeless any representation of his would prove against her sense of duty, so he went straight to Father Jerome. The priest at once acquiesced in the necessity of putting an end to practices so fatal. He pointed out to Angela that her conduct

differed only in degree from suicide; and she at once reverently obeyed his injunctions.

Her health rallied under the better influences thus prescribed. She began to desire to leave her hotel. Another reason besides the slight improvement in her health weighed with her. She was still to "the world without" the beautiful *danseuse* of European celebrity, who had so strangely failed; and endless were the persecutions of gallantry to which her residence in a hotel exposed her. Madame Marthe, her milliner, was always coming upon some pretext or other, but with real motives like those of Dame Ursula, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' 'There was no getting the waiters to deny her; the large bribes which she herself received being mediately distributed. There were so many (some, perhaps, with only

motives of kindness) who desired to minister to the consolation and support of that sad-eyed invalid.

It was a melancholy sight to see Angela, on a sultry August day, all enveloped in furs, and supporting her poor wan wasted figure on the arms of Madame Réné and Lionel, as she went down stairs to the carriage which was to take her to her new abode. Youth in sickness is ever a dread antithesis; but Nature almost turns against itself in the terrible spectacle of a maiden preyed upon day after day by her maidenly love.

When Angela had reached her own apartments, which Lionel had so thoroughly furnished, delight first of all overspread her features, and then the tears stood in her beautiful eyes. She did not say a word; but she took her cousin's hand, and stooped her head to kiss it. Did Lionel mistake the

expression of her countenance? Did he construe all her grateful affection into love? Not for the tithe of an instant; but he perhaps felt that even if he had been loved, he would not have known a more real or purer pleasure than he then experienced.

CHAPTER XII.

THE London season was over; Charles Denain had gone to the moors without proposing to Mlle. Morosini; but he showed the influence which he had acquired over her in the excursion to the Highlands, which Constance shortly afterwards induced her grandfather to take. 'Shade of the Peloponnesiæ!' he had muttered to himself, 'that your descendants, children like you of a Doge of the twelfth century, should be engaged in a love-chase after this usurer-begotten Frenchman!' But Constance's cheek began to thin, and the lustre

in her eyes to fade, and her grandfather grew painfully alarmed. With his ideas about the dignity of Constance, he would rather have chosen as the future inheritor of his fortune the poorest member of a productive class, the meanest clerk in a merchant's office, than a fashionable dandy like Charles Denain. Yet was the old man reduced to haunt that brilliant Epicurean's every moment; to hang upon his least words of himself; and to pine for the auspicious moment when the 'usurer-begotten French-man' might condescend to the most fortunate alliance in the world.

'Do you mean one of the wealthiest, and to my mind most beautiful girls in England to propose to you herself?' asked St. Leger of Charles Denain at the northern meeting.

'Why not?' answered Charles, whose

vanity was not satisfied even by succeeding where more suiters than Penelope's had failed, 'do you recollect how Lauzun wooed another *Grande Mademoiselle?* He was not content until he actually brought her (who had refused so many kings) to write his name as the object of her affections on a glass, and after that on a sealed paper which she herself delivered to him'

'But this *Mademoiselle* is not forty-five.'

'There is the more reason for her to wait.'

'Miss Caviare will yet upset your marriage; I will take your odds.'

'Well, I leave the field open to her, for I go to-morrow to D—— Castle, because they say it is like Marly, and after that to Melton.'

'And the Morosini's?'

'Oh,' answered Charles Denain, carelessly, 'I believe they are going to take

Lord Alcester's *château*, in the neighbourhood of my hunting stables.'

While the winter was thus agreeably to pass to the furtherance of Charles's vanity, it weighed dark, and heavy, and grief-laden on the spirit of Angela and Lionel. The former declined in strength week by week, and although her beauty grew more and more angelic as it seemed to near its bourne of Heaven, yet it required all her religious heroism to master the excruciating pains which consumption so cruelly wrings from the body. She had no hope but in death. Yet Averanche made almost superhuman efforts to amuse and distract her. She was fond of flowers, and at an enormous cost he fitted up for her a little back cabinet into a miniature conservatory. It was warmed by artificial means; and it was the only place in which Angela could bear to sit up

when out of her bed. Her extreme gentleness to all around her, the sadness of her story, the poetry of Averanche's devotion for her, began to excite a kind of romantic interest among her fellow lodgers and her neighbours. One day, a lady next door sent a magnificent present of oriental fruit, and Averanche called on her to thank her for her kindness to his cousin. She was seated in a mean apartment, with crazy furniture around, but there was something inexpressibly graceful in her appearance. There was also a superb and even regal courtesy in her manner, which reminded Lionel of the Empress Josephine, and which indicated a long usage of command. He had just begged to be permitted to know to whom he was so much indebted when the door opened, and an old man of careworn,

but calm and self-relying, aspect entered the room. The lady presented her guest.

'Warren, this is M. d'Averanche. Monsieur d'Averanche, Mr. Warren Hastings.'

Lionel's manner, after his first surprise, was full of true and reverential sympathy, so strange was the contrast in the present mean residence of the mighty statesman who had ruled over larger provinces than Catherine of Russia or the Emperor Napoleon, as absolutely as they, but through thwartings, contradictions, troubles, which in him only tended to educate a political sagacity even above our comparison. Eighteen years had passed away since, after a trial of seven years' duration, the expenses of which had ground his heroic poverty down to destitution, a solemn verdict of acquittal had been pronounced by

the highest tribunal of his native country. In that very year, moreover, the House of Commons had risen as one man in sign of respect as he entered to give evidence on the Indian Committee. Yet Mr. Hastings was in those poor lodgings; and the great reward which was held out to him as a compensation for the union of an Empire to England had thirteen years before been at the feet of any debauched Irish squire who cared to sell his conscience or his country.

Mr. Hastings held in his hand a free translation (versification was his foible) of the most beautiful of Malesherbes' small pieces. After he had discovered that Lionel spoke English like an Englishman, and after a few preliminary compliments, he of course (*omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*) victimised the compatriot of Malesherbes as a listener

and a critic. When he came to the well-known stanza rendered thus—

> Of a world she was where the fairest flower
> Has the hardest lot;
> And a rose she lived the rose's hour,
> And then was not:

Lionel's sympathies were challenged by its reference to Angela's decline, and the genuine sentiment expressed in his features was probably the most flattering tribute ever paid to the ex-Governor-General's not over-fortunate muse. It won for him Mr. Hastings' liking at once, and he asked him to stay and dine with as flowing a graciousness (in despite of those dingy walls) as that which had adorned so many palaces. Lionel's day was now so constantly engaged with his avocations in the press, and his spare time he so avariciously hoarded up to pass in Angela's sick rooms, that he was obliged to refuse. But

he did so with a reverential respect which is always welcome to fallen grandeur.

'If I was superstitious,' thought Lionel, in the street, 'I should believe that Providence had especially avenged upon the instruments of Western usurpation in the East their policy and genius.' He was reminded of the suicide of Clive, and the beggary of Dupleix, whose affecting last words (he thought) applied almost as deplorably to Warren Hastings: 'I have sacrificed my youth, my fortune, my life, to heap upon my nation in Asia wealth and honour. I submit myself to every judicial form, I demand like the meanest creditor what is my due; I am told that my services are fables, and my demand ridiculous. I am treated like the vilest of mankind. I am in the most lamentable indigence. The little capital I had left is seized, and I am reduced to

have recourse to *arrêts de surséance* to prevent my being dragged into prison.' Lally, too, came to his recollection, the young, the buoyant-hearted, the noble, who was gagged like a common malefactor, with his hands tied behind him, and who perished on the scaffold amidst the fanatical plaudits of philosophic coteries and the feline delight of fine ladies. With these meditations Averanche found himself before Angela, who ever tried to appear well before his coming, and who received him with a smile on her wasted lips in the leafy shrine which he had given her. There arose in his mind, although in sad contrast now to the bent and crouching attitude in that green recess, a memory of the time when he first had seen her in the Bois,

> Like a rose embowered
> In its own green leaves.

The recent suggestions of Mr. Hastings'

verses, and the antithesis between her frank girlhood at play and her withered womanhood in sickness, now brought tears into his eyes. But that hard necessity of showing no alarm before an invalid, and her own quiet and serene demeanour, soon rallied and restored him. He began to speak to her, as it was now his wont, of that which the most interested him, when it did not relate to herself. It was curious to see, as she listened to the story of Mr. Warren Hastings put broadly before her, with how feminine a tact she disabused Lionel's mind of the vulgar and commonplace ideas of national ingratitude to which he had permitted his reason to surrender. 'Do you not see,' she said, gently, 'that when a public man is employed abroad, whether under an Absolutism, a Democracy, or a Mixed Constitution, he cannot have the opportuni-

ties (of his rivals) of making friends or a party at home. On the contrary, his renown makes those who are in domestic authority envious and jealous, while, unlike them, he has no root in office, nor acquaintance of particular character. I found this idea out in reading the story of Marino Faliero, and and I am no Venetian, if this was not the secret of his fall.'

CHAPTER XIII.

'Cy gît un rien là où tout triomphe.'

CLÉMENT MAROT.

WHILE Angela's health was daily declining, the less so to Averanche's sense that he saw her so unremittingly, and the few remaining threads of her life wearing thinner and thinner, his own position was gradually becoming more and more precarious and unhappy. By a pious fraud he had persuaded her that the moneys she had received from Mr. Leslie, after the payment of her debt to Charles Denain, had still sufficed for her establishment. But the fact was far otherwise, and he soon found out that the expenses inevi-

table to her state of health amounted to much more than the income which he received from the press; while no remittance came to him from his own country. Under these circumstances, he did the most foolish of all things. He reduced his own system of living, gave up his fashionable apartments, and retired to an obscure lodging in the neighbourhood of Angela. Foolish, because the change was in itself an abdication and a sign of distress which the jackals of the great English credit-system were not slow to indicate to their employers. Harassed by their claims, Lionel worked harder and more stoutly at his profession, wearing out his *stamina* until he grew febrile even to illness; and as he came to Angela, disguising his sleepless exhaustion, he often thought of the Ishmaelite's story. In the same manner that he had crept to Eleanore Clifford's room,

with stealthy steps and lying words, so did Lionel now call upon the daughter after mornings spent far into the daylight at his office. In an evil hour also, and with that hope which to men in his situation has all the force of sorcery, he was allured into gambling. The first time he entered a hell, he threw three hands, and in spite of the small, Glenvarloch-like stakes he played, he won thirteen hundred pounds. But the luck was soon to turn, and the dice to throw out. He grew more involved than ever, and a circumstance was soon to occur which he feared might open Angela's eyes to the truth.

Madame Réné was a good-natured, amiable, quinquagenarian woman, but precisely because she was such, she calculated and reasoned. She could not form an idea of the terrible battle against misery which

Lionel Averanche was now waging, but she knew that her salary was a quarter in arrear, and was in absurd contrast to the intensity of his unmistakable devotion for Angela. She therefore determined 'no longer to be a burden to her ward,' as she put it to herself in all the easy sophistry of a narrow nature. She advertised for a situation; and when the Duchess of S——, a grand old Catholic dame, came in her own carriage with a couple of colossal footmen to carry her away, she piously believed that there was a special Providence charged with the interests of poor and prudent widows. To demonstrate the full force of her lively faith in this conviction, she did not forget to draw from Lionel the sum of seven and twenty pounds, some odd shillings, and sixpence.

Was there the least curl of scorn on Angela's proud lip as she kissed her chaperon

at parting? And did she appreciate the real motive of an abandonment so plausibly coloured, but in reality one so mean and cruel? Certain it was that little by little soon after this Angela's few ornaments disappeared. And her pale thin hands would work incessantly over that fancy work—oh dreary misnomer!—which she had learned from the good Sisters of La Sainte Thérèse, in those moments when she knew by habit that Lionel would be absent and engaged.

In the meantime Averanche was sanguinely calculating that he might probably manage to pay for Angela's invalid requirements and her household expenses out of his salary as a journalist, if he should deny himself everything, and obtain from his creditors some delay, at least until affairs might right themselves in France.

And upon those rigid principles of self-denial to which his fanatical love now condemned him, it is no exaggeration to relate that he too often hungered as he passed a cookshop, or dwelt with famished eyes upon the windows of Italian warehouses, like the Vicomte de Chateaubriand twenty years before. These horrors have been undergone (and in this country) by some of the noblest of the noblest aristocracy of birth, and by the greatest of the greatest aristocracy of intellect, which the world ever saw. May they never be visited upon the descendants of those who ridiculed those fallen patricians for their poverty, while they hated them—for what?—their blood, or their religion?

It happened to Lionel one evening, as he left Angela's house, with a promise of returning directly—and when even to his hopeful eyes her condition was so feeble

that life seemed scarcely to cohere to it—that he was accosted in the street. A piece of paper was put into his hands, and he felt at once that it might be a writ. The instinct of self-preservation is always impulsive and violent, with a nervous temperament, and, before he had given himself time to reason, he had knocked down the sturdy representative of Mesne Process. A very speedy runner, he soon distanced the solitary watchman whom the cries of his fallen antagonist had summoned to the rescue and the chase; and he found himself shortly afterwards, having completely baffled his pursuers, very much out of breath, but alone in the Park.

At a little distance from him Charles Denain had one of those beautiful London houses whose windows command that green historical champaign. 'Propinquity', wrote Miss Edgeworth, 'shapes our destinies;' and

to whom, thought Averanche, should he now apply but to that oldest friend, with whom he had been so closely linked in childhood, boyhood, manhood?

He sat down, amidst the shades of evening, and communed with himself. There was many a reason why he might apply to Charles with less sense of that degradation which must always accompany borrowing, than to any other man. He knew, what universal report had in his own country years before informed him, that the great fortune of the Denains had been established on the spoliation and dilapidation of his own. There had been, also, not wanting many who had shown him how good a case there was in some instances to proceed against Charles for restitution, and who had urged him to appeal to those simple and inexpensive tribunals which the Code Napoléon

had introduced into France. But Averanche was at once deterred by philosophy and friendship. He had enough for himself, and he thought that his friend could not have too much.

There were, however, some irksome obstacles to the step which he now desired to take. They had parted in coldness, and had not seen or communicated with each other since the evening at the Morosini's. There was also the shocking recollection of all Charles's selfish and dastardly cruelty to Angela. Was it not owing to him that she was now lying with her radiant beauty all changed into blight and sickness, and with all the riches and appliances of her profession merged in the desertion of her silent chamber? The aid he required was for Angela; and yet it was to one who had cast her out into the cold shadow of the

Valley of Death, that he was obliged to apply for one least ray of sunshine and relief. There was something which warned and revolted him in this; but the image which he had conjured up of Angela ill, and about to be abandoned by the whole world, should he become immured in prison or a sponging-house, alarmed him beyond all hesitation into immediate action. He crossed the road, and knocked impatiently two or three times at Denain's door. An old woman at length appeared.

'Her master,' she said, 'had only once been up in London from Melton, and was now gone,' she knew, 'for the Craven Meeting at Newmarket.'

There was no time to be lost. Lionel hurried to a club, whence he wrote a hurried note to Angela, accounting for his absence until the morrow evening. He also

wrote another to Father Jerome, begging him to visit her that evening; which he did, and found her so very feeble that he administered to her the Last Sacrament, himself weeping like a child. Averanché sent in the meanwhile for a hack-chaise; and finally, at one in the morning, found himself at the door of the Rutland Arms at Newmarket. Charles was, he learned, a guest at the Palace—whose magnificent tenant, 'Lord of the princely heart and liberal hand,' was ever hospitable and harborous to gentle exiles—and it was too late to wake him up.

Six o'clock next morning found Lionel astir; and, after a long reverie of heaviness and gloom, he strayed to a warren, where strings of the noblest horses in the world were at exercise.

If we had to show a foreigner (but he

ought to be in far other mood than poor Lionel was then) the grandest symbol of England's luxury, we would take him at such an hour to the same scene. Her wealth we may witness on the Thames, her fashion at the opera or Park, her charity in her numerous institutions, her greatness everywhere; but nowhere else could he, at at that time, have seen such splendid signs of large fortunes lavishly expended. As column after column of flying coursers careered past him—many a stud there being worth more than a monarch's ransom, some in brilliant clothing, and all delicately tended—Lionel felt none of that petulant envy which a French traveller expresses in sneers at 'those machines for velocity,' the English racers. In the presence of these glorious animals, it was impossible not to feel and acquiesce in their supremacy. But

the destitute state of his unfortunate cousin suggested to him a train of thought which at another moment he would not probably have been likely to entertain. If that wealthy aristocracy, he reflected, had shown one tithe of the zeal and care in the improvement of the humanity entrusted to their charge which they had expended in nurturing, educating, even sometimes christening the intelligent and beautiful creatures before his eyes, the pauperism and abasement of the English labourer would scarcely have been, as it was, the world's by-word. Was it not, in so civilised a state, a scandal to that political economy which urges the distribution of wealth, that so unquestionable a merit as the proud display of that magnificent breed of horses should provoke a rival picture of such fatal and terrible neglect? Was it not pitiful in a Christian

land that the comfort, the training, the moralising of so many starving and brutalised families should be *there*, in that waxy blood and that Dartmouth Arabian pedigree?

Approaching near a string of horses, where a 'crack five-year-old,' with a very heavy engagement, was galloping, Lionel was made aware of the presence of two individuals whom the greatest of political novelists would have probably considered as 'practical county members,' so shockingly bad were their hats and so sordidly repulsive their 'high-lows.' An observation from one of them soon betokened his profession.

'I say, Jem, it'll be all up with us soon: here's a Corinthian touting for himself.'

'They'll nobble next for themselves,' retorted Jem, chuckling; 'and that's the reason they are called nobs. Damn 'em, ha'nt they got places enough?'

To disabuse his neighbours of their suspicious animosity, Lionel walked back into the town. At the palace he learned that Charles was already out, and had gone to Ranson's stables; here he also missed him, and once again at Sam Chifney's, his jockey. After that Charles had driven out to breakfast at a very pretty cottage which the Morosinis had taken in the neighbourhood for a week, but, as he had not left word whither he had gone, Lionel, in a state of suspense and agony beyond description, searched in quest of him. The forenoon wore on without avail. He entered a livery stable and procured a hack to ride to the course, where he lingered, awaiting the first event to come off. It was not until after this that he saw Charles riding on a magnificent bay hack, in company with Frank Dudley and St. Leger. He had lost largely to both of them on the

race, but the charm of his manner was undisturbed and complete, as he greeted Lionel with all the graceful cordiality of ancient days.

'Will you let me speak to you alone, Charles?' asked Lionel, pale with agitation.

Denain turned aside his horse's head, and they rode a few moments silently together.

'Well, what is the matter, Lionel?'

'I come to you, my oldest friend, as on a forlorn hope,' said Lionel, speaking very low, and almost inarticulately. 'Mlle. Pisani —Angela—is dying, and I—I have not another friend in England nor a farthing in the world; can you assist me, Charles? In a short time it—her life I mean—must soon be over, and then I can repay you with my literary earnings, even if I receive nothing

from France. I want little for myself, and have learned to live on nothing.'

Charles Denain, although not generous, for his was far too selfish a character to deserve this epithet, was habitually lavish and magnificent; he liked putting men under obligations, for it was paying cheaply, he was wont to say, to see their meannesses; and as Lionel had over and over again refused his proffered aid, he as little anticipated a difficulty now in the fulfilment of his request as Mr. Pitt would have expected the qualified answer of Bishop T—— to advance money to his ruined benefactor *upon the security of books.* Lionel therefore felt relieved when his request had passed his lips, and he breathed freely, as if the worst was over.

But the mention of Angela's name had stirred the worst passions of Charles's soul.

A cold, fixed, stony look of sombre hate, profound resentment, ineradicable pique, darkened in his eyes. Silently he meditated, seeking an excuse; at length he lifted up his brow shamelessly, and spoke out.

'Lionel, see how true a prophet I have been; I warned you against this woman.'

'Charles, Charles!'

'For yourself, you know it, Leo, there is nothing that I would not do, for, since my father's death, I consider that I have in some sort succeeded to his former guardianship. I cannot in my conscience (ask yourself, ought I?) consent to the promotion of this ruinous, degrading, fatal fancy.'

'Conscience, and our father!' repeated Lionel, with bitter sarcasm. 'Take from me, then, the miserable remains of those, *my* ancestral possessions, which that father flung me as his conscience-money for the plunder

of the rest: flout me day after day in the years to come, as in the years which have died away, with a fortune which is three-quarters mine: parade before men's praise the appanage of fraud, extortion, usury; but do not masque your mean hate of the girl who resisted you, and whom you have stabbed to the soul for that resistance, with pharisaical pretences of good counsel and friendly interest in me!'

In reply to this savage allocution, Charles Denain with polished mockery took off his hat.

'M. le Comte Denain, what is this?' Averanche grasped his arm as in a vice, and spoke in a determined loud voice.

'Like the Orientals, I respect insanity; that is all.'

Even in that brief second a change came over Averanche's mood. He recollected

that it was indeed, as he had said, 'a forlorn hope' that suit of his; he thought of Angela's pale thin cheek, and all his manhood quailed; he cowered before the bad man confronting him, his voice sank—alas! for poor humanity—into a cadence of supplication and entreaty.

'Pray, Charles, do not taunt me; I am, if you so will it, indeed insane, but grant me this one boon, dear Charles. She is dying—she—and you do not know the whole story, indeed you do not,' said Averanche, wildly but simply; 'she is my cousin.'

Clear, and shrill, and scornful rang the laugh of Charles Denain.

'Your cousin, *farceur*; your —— you mean!'

The words had no sooner passed his lips than he regretted them. But it was too late. With his whole soul on fire, Lionel had

struck him so desperately that Denain reeled back, clutching his reins for safety, while the spirited animal beneath him reared and reared again. A woman's shriek, thin and piercing, rent the air; Mlle. Morosini pointed from her pony-carriage to the scene of the outrage, with hurried gesticulation. But St. Leger and Frank Dudley were already there, pushing their horses between Denain and Lionel Averanche, who, with hot passion alight upon his face, was spurring forwards ardent to strike again.

Yea, and that long prayer was granted;
Yea, his soul was disenchanted.

He saw Charles Denain at last in all the native deformity of his spiritual hideousness. But the reaction came rapidly over him with the consciousness of what he had done, and of Angela's fate, now doomed; he permitted Frank Dudley to guide his rein and to lead

him apart. To all his demands for explanation, he only answered with the manner of mad Lear, when he says, 'Prythee undo this button,' muttering continually, 'Be my friend —my friend.' Oh! how it must vex high heaven for very weariness to see generation after generation repeating the same folly and the same violence in one dull monotonous routine! Here had Lionel Averanche now struck Charles Denain with all that rancorous ferocity of outrage with which the Ishmaelite had stricken the father some thirty years before.

Charles had given proofs of bravery, but yet he was not naturally brave. General Foy (the highest authority we could perhaps cite for civil and military courage—the George Murray of France, as eloquent a speaker, as spirited a writer, as accomplished a soldier) gives it as his mature opinion *that*

it is the rarest quality in man. Moreover, a long career of serene and unruffled self-indulgence had enervated, if it had refined Charles Denain. There had been that in Averanche's look which he shuddered to recollect, and he shrank from a death-struggle with a demoniac so thoroughly possessed by his revenge. This panic may account for the colour which he gave to the dispute in his communications with St. Leger. 'M. d'Averanche,' he said, 'wanted to borrow money from me, and on my declining, he struck me.'

'Ruffian! but there is no getting over the blow, I fear. That must exact one only reparation; I will, however, do my best, and see you throngh this ugly affair, one way or another.'

St. Leger galloped up to Frank Dudley, and called him aside.

'You can't act for that fellow.'

'Why not?'

'Why,' said St. Leger, characteristically, 'I have always had the worst opinion of him, since I once saw him wearing shoes and straps. Do you know what he has done now? cut the other Crapaud over the head, because he would not lend him any "stiff."'

'Impossible!'

Frank Dudley turned his horse's head towards Lionel, and having related what he had heard, asked him, with cold politeness, if it was true.

But, instead of answering, Lionel looked upon him with a gaze of helpless, blank despair. He could not have acted better to have touched a manly and generous nature like Mr. Dudley's.

'Come, M. le Vicomte, you are excited

and feverish; we will talk over this matter at five to-morrow, if you will call on me at Waters's at that hour. In the meanwhile, go up by the afternoon coach, and I will do my best here in your behalf.' Frank Dudley was too gallant a fellow to desert a foreigner whom he had known in a strife so desperate, that he seemed almost to have deserted himself.

On the outside of a coach, without a great coat, and with the keen spring wind cutting chill and icy into his frame, Lionel alternately shivered and burned with fever in his journey up to London. At length he reached the White Horse Cellar, and thence hurried to Angela's. He rushed past the maid who opened the door, and flung himself upstairs. All was in as much confusion in her sitting-room as if it had been robbed.

He entered her sick chamber, and approached the bed.

On it lay the dead body of what was once Angela Pisani.

CHAPTER XIV.

'SMILING at grief,' in dead, heavy, tearless apathy, Lionel listened to the maid's account of what had occurred during his absence. The morning after he had left the house, a very tall man had knocked at the door, had asked for Angela, had bounded up stairs, and when the maid followed, she had found him embraced in Mlle. Pisani's arms, while she called him repeatedly, with passionate caresses, 'Father! father!' But the shock had been too sudden, and too great for her feeble state, and after those words she had never breathed or spoken again. The poor

girl, who cried bitterly, had nothing more to say, except that the gentleman had remained hour after hour reading a book with clasps (which Lionel recognised as Angela's journal), and then had gone away, greatly agitated, saying that he would return on the morrow. She, moreover, put two letters in Averanche's hands, which had arrived that afternoon.

Lionel opened one, and found in it a cheque for a hundred pounds, from Mr. Leslie, whose theatrical knowledge had enabled him to discover the misery to which the once popular and brilliant *artiste* was reduced. The other was from Lord Byron, containing double the amount. His connection with the stage had also led to this act of secret and beautiful charity. Lionel sat down to the little desk where Angela had been wont to write, and re-enclosed the

magnificent alms, with nothing but the mournful words, 'Too late.'

He gave them to the maid to take to their several addresses, and begged that he might no more be disturbed throughout that night. He then shut the door, and locked himself in alone with the corpse of Angela. The thought of suicide was uppermost in his mind. But while writing at her table, his eye had been arrested by his own name in her journal lying open close to him, and he now mechanically took it up. The very last entry in it contained a prayer for himself.

'Lionel, my brother, my more than brother, do you think I do not know all your delicacy, all your soul's grandeur, all your self-denial. Oh, my weakness. May God out of His abounding goodness reward and atone to you for the scanty gratitude

of my perverse and rebellious heart. May He, out of His own all-loving kindness, and out of the merits of His saints, so draw down the dark and dreary veil of the past, which hides Him from you, that your soul may see His presence, and yearn for true rest with them and Him.'

Many a similar prayer was there throughout the little volume in conscious gratitude for Lionel's life-service. But also throughout it there ran that deep vein of tender intercession for Charles Denain, even up to the last, which showed how completely her woman's heart, in spite of all his conduct, was his, and his only. Averanche had known this, and had seen it in a thousand ways before; therefore it produced no novel effect on him. But passages also showed her deep appreciation of his labour, and the poor endeavours (there indirectly recorded)

which she had lately made to lighten and diminish it.

Reverently he approached the next room. He gazed long upon that young being 'so foully done to death;' he kissed her cold forehead—

> The ghastly face of cold decay put on
> A sun-like beauty and appeared divine;

he knelt down solemnly, and placed her powerless, small, rigid hand upon his head. And then he repeated Angela's prayer that his soul might be raised to the communion of saints and of God. But it might not be in the sight of eternal justice. Many a dread penance had he first to undergo in compensation for all the vanities and wickedness of life.

Long hours did he so remain, with his head buried in his hands, and with the touch of the dead maiden (in his own fantastic

solicitations) raising him with majestic influence to Heaven. And all the while he essayed to pray. But evermore there arose between him and that desire a devouring and concentrated ardour for vengeance upon Charles Denain, which, in its fierce contact with his idolatrous anxiety to sympathise with Angela's last hopes and thoughts, left him spiritually null, and for all purposes of will impotent and nothing worth.

He rose at length, and walked to the window. Ashen-coloured, like a grey pearl, the morning had set in, but half reclaimed from the night. In that divided empire of light and darkness, in those sombre and drifting clouds, in those pale uncertain rays, Lionel felt in himself no unmeet picture of his obscured and waning reason. He recollected Almeric Locart's prophecy, 'that he would die at the top first,' and Charles

Denain's bitter taunt that, like the Orientals, he respected insanity. Was he indeed mad?

How was it that he could see Angela's pale face with the glory round it, shining serene and calm from yonder sky? How was it that her low, still voice, winning him to good, sounded in his ears as of old?

Ah, dearest! with one word she could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.
Dearest! she longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain:
It were not good—a little while below,
And all will soon be plain.

But if his intermission with Angela's spirit was to him plain, objective, and real, his utterance neither conveyed his ideas, nor obeyed his volition. And as loose, incoherent, idle fragments of the past smote upon the air, as he maundered over some festal jest, or wept at some sparkling criticism, or stam-

mered out a love-vow, he became conscious of the terrible visitation which had fallen on him. His gibberings arose and swelled to ravings, but lest their loudness might invite intruders, and profane the solitary ward over Angela which he fanatically cherished, he crept back to her couch, cowered at her feet, and (with all the cunning of insanity) deadened his voice against her death-bed.

Far into the afternoon, the door was violently burst in, and the Ishmaelite, accompanied by Giovanni Rima, stood before him. A flash of returning reason was struck out by the sight of *her* father's well-remembered lineaments; he rushed into his arms, and was relieved by natural sobs and bitter weeping.

'Boy,' exclaimed the Ishmaelite, 'you know but half in seeing that. There is

another corpse besides hers—I come from avenging her!'

'How?'

'I have smitten down the smiter! I have killed Charles Denain! I have slain the slayer!'

Averanche pondered for a minute, seemed greatly distressed, began to form two or three sentences, tried to articulate, but finally broke into a loud, vacant, idiotic laugh. The news had overwhelmed his tottering intelligence, and his madness was confirmed. Perhaps in his brief moment of self-possession he had understood the whole horror of his situation. Was he not engaged in a pending duel with Charles, and his antagonist had been assassinated, might it not be suspected by his orders? One of the murderers Angela's father, and the other a former servant of his own.

Heavy footsteps were now on the stairs, and a party of Bow Street officers entered those fatal apartments. It was after a struggle as desperate as Thistlewood's was afterwards to prove, that Giovanni was secured. The Ishmaelite made no active resistance, but he clung to his daughter's corpse with such superhuman strength that it was found impossible to separate them. One officer, brutally enough, dragged at Angela's arm, but he had scarcely touched it ere the Ishmaelite had taken a pistol from his girdle and shot him through the brain. Numbers now poured in, and the Ishmaelite was overpowered and pinioned. And throughout all this scene of horror, continually and without intermission, there rang, loud above the scuffle, the wild, shrill, maniacal laugh of Lionel Averanche.

While all three were driving in a

hackney coach to Newgate (Lionel being arrested as an accessory), let us refer to the adventures which befel the Ishmaelite since he last appeared and acted in this tale. He was released from his Venetian prison, as it has been related, and he had found his way, working his passage on an English merchant vessel, to Portsmouth. From this town he had written to Angela in Paris, urging her to meet him in England. But, in order to evade all the annoyance of the cruel and vexatious Alien Act, he gave himself out as a Maltese. Now Great Britain had kept Malta ever since the Peace of Amiens, to the furtherance of many an accusation of perfidy brought against her by the Emperor Napoleon. And, in passing himself off as an English subject, the Ishmaelite had counted without his host; having only skirted Scylla to fall into

Charybdis. His energetic and masterly seamanship had been noted on board the ship which brought him from the Italian coast; he became a marked man, and, notwithstanding his despairing protest, he was, in those unscrupulous days, impressed. The 'Cambria' had, however, the good fortune before long to capture a slaver, and the Ishmaelite was drafted into her to work her home. Among the crew of the prize he found some old hands of 'Our Lady of Venice,' and a former member of the 'Children of Hate,' Giovanni Rima. By their aid, and by his own inexhaustible resources of will and daring, he contrived to knock off the irons of the latter, and to swim ashore with him on the first night of their arrival in an English harbour. He begged his way with his companion up to London; and, in the dark haunts of villany and license,

which were then little known (and afterwards, in Mr. Colquhoun's disclosures, so appalled society), he remained concealed. Here, too, he was not long without gaining certain tidings of Angela; and, on the first moment of their receipt, he had, with such fatal effect, rushed into her presence. In reading her journal he found how cruelly Charles Denain had treated her; and, with his fierce Venetian temper, instantaneously vowed revenge. He had sought out Giovanni Rima; had employed the night in the purchase of arms, and in effecting his sanguinary arrangements. The next morning he learned from Charles's housekeeper that she had received a letter by the post that very day, announcing his immediate arrival. A little after noon Charles had reached his house. The Ishmaelite had mounted Giovanni and himself on the speediest-

looking hacks he could hire; not that he wished himself to escape, but he desired to give his old and faithful retainer every chance. Shortly after he had dressed, Charles had ordered his curricle, had stepped into it, and was driving along Piccadilly to meet St. Leger, in order to confer with him on his approaching duel, when Giovanni Rima had ridden to the horses' heads, and shot one of them deliberately. During the dying plunges of the unfortunate beast the Ishmaelite had put a pistol to Charles's breast, and had fired into his body; and, as he writhed convulsively, he had again and again stabbed him with an old *miséricorde*, which had done its work since the thirteenth century.

'Fly,' he had exclaimed to Giovanni, 'another way!' as he himself galloped up Park Lane; 'I am going to certain destruction.'

But the Italian had been too long fascinated by the superiority of his comrade to shake off his spells in such a crisis. With the superstition of his nation, he had faith in the Ishmaelite's star—triumphant over so many and such marvellous vicissitudes—and he could not be persuaded to desert him. Thus it was that he had accompanied his old captain to his dead daughter's side, and was now immured with him in jail.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next day, Mr. Sheridan, seated in an arm-chair at the window of one of the most renowned of our St. James's Street clubs, might (as he dallied with his newspaper) have been reminded of the best play he had written. There was more than one credulous Sir Oliver puzzling over the circumstantial mendacity of each in-comer, as he brought in with him the last genuine version of the great London 'horror' of the moment. The story which obtained the most success was one which De Lusignan was retailing to a knot of fashionables, some

bloods going out and other dandies coming in: Jack Anchor, Hockley Hole, De Bohn, Marston Moor, Lord Archibald, and the Beau. Whenever his fancy flagged, Lord Latimer (sitting with a 'Racing Calendar' in his hand) would look up and supply him with a fact, not without dry humour.

Charles Denain, it was related, was engaged to marry Constance Morosini; but Averanche had gone down in the night to Newmarket, had introduced himself secretly into the cottage of the Morosini's, had penetrated into the heiress's bedroom, had forced Constance, with a pistol at her head, into a chaise, and was on the point of effecting her abduction, when Charles Denain had rushed in to the rescue. The result was an interchange of pistol-shots, in which Charles was wounded slightly in the wrist; but Lionel, frightened at the muster of awakened ser-

vants, had contrived to escape. He had, however, taken his revenge; and, having hired a Pole and an Italian, had waylaid and assassinated Charles in Piccadilly. He had thence rushed to his paramour's lodgings, had murdered and plundered her, intending, with the booty so obtained, to effect his escape.

The mention of the Pole, and the stray light of an ancient recollection (when he himself had fought the severest duel that probably ever occurred without fatality) amused Mr. Sheridan for the moment. He was in low spirits at that period, for the whole blame of the fruitless negotiations of 1812, when his party had not come in, was laid upon his back. He was considered an intriguer and an adventurer, which perhaps meant that he was poor and terribly in debt, and therefore all the more too greatly honest

in political matters for the collective esteem of not very large nor very indulgent intellects. But his lively fancy was tickled by De Lusignan's romance and Lord Latimer's emendations, so much so, that he rose from his chair, and said,—

'Lacy, you ought to take down the ninth volume of "State Trials."'

'Why, my enemy?'

'Because you will find the better part of your story there, even down to the Pole, only he is called the Polander or Polack. Send Joseph to get Count Königsmark's trial. An *immense* heiress going to be married, an attempt at breaking off the engagement, an assassination, a *fiasco*; but you have laid the *venue* wrong, it should have been in this very street of St. James, and not in Piccadilly.'

Joseph was prevented from receiving the order in person by the advent of a waiter

with the evening papers, upon whom the small and fashionable mob dashed with all the frantic eagerness of schoolboys at a scramble. The fortunate prizemen who had gained possession of the 'Courant' and the 'Curfew' were immediately surrounded, for in those days intelligence advanced slowly to the public, and the morning journals had contained no particulars of the outrage committed in the streets of the metropolis.

'We confess,' wrote the first, 'to such a sinking of the heart, and to such a stunning of the spirits, as we pen these lines, that our patriotic indignation may well annihilate our ordinary powers of expression. That a selfish and sanguinary aristocracy whose crimes had stunk in the nostrils of their own serfs to that pitch that they thrust them out branded with the guilt of ages; that these oligarchical outcasts should dare, in a free land, to repeat the outrages of the Leagueans and the Fronsacs; that they should waylay, assassinate, rob, and fight duels, is a signal judgment

upon England, and as signal a fulfilment of all our prophecies. When Mr. Pitt and his bribed satellites extended their eleemosynary sympathies to this broken and bankrupt patriciate, when they named an ex-secretary to a Revolutionary-club (Mr. Wilberforce) the distributor of seigneurial emigration relief, we foretold the consequences of alms so disgraceful and a hospitality so untoward. Since that period a miserable government and a renegade Regent have, notwithstanding our reiterated warnings, pursued their purblind courses, and lavished bounties paid for by the sweat of Britons, pensions, places, commissions, upon this abject, degraded, and irreclaimable nobility. What is the result? Bad as is our own aristocracy, they cannot match such a scandal. It is fruitful enough in exhibitions such as those which the Spartans displayed to their slaves. A Lord High Chancellor has been convicted of taking bribes; one duchess has been tried for bigamy, and another died in a workhouse; a countess has been proved to have conspired against the life of her natural son; an archbishop is suspected in early life to have been a buccaneer. All this is historically infamous.

But it falls far short of the crowning horror which we record this evening, enacted by the cherished *protégés* and stipendiary cheats of our Tory ministry. We refer to another portion of our journal for the particulars of a catastrophe which admirably illustrates the age of chivalry and its modern representatives.

The 'Courant' was, it will have been conjectured, an opposition newspaper. Not so the 'Curfew;' with its Norman name and Ministerial connections, it was the organ of what would now be called the 'territorial aristocracy,' and it also treated the supposed crimes of the Vidâme of Averanche in a leading article, but quite in another light from its contemporary.

Our readers will find in another column the details of the outrage with which all London is ringing. Our sole motive for adverting to it here is an anxious solicitude that it may not escape the attention of our opponents in the

Press, who for so many years have continually assailed the wise and salutary provisions of the 'Alien Act.' We ourselves have always desired to see legislation of this character even more inhibitive and stringent. We have desired to see Great Britain protected, not simply against foreign trade and Continental arms, but against Jacobin ideas and propagandist principles. We have every reason to know that two at least out of the unhappy creatures whose crimes have cast so dark a shadow on the public mind have been actively engaged in more than one of those democratic associations which are disgracing Europe, brooding over assassination as their favourite means to the same unvarying end of Revolution. We recommend to the Whig patrons of Italian refugees, to the coronneted sympathisers of the Corsican at L——e House, and to the 'Pet Atheists' of H——d House, the political moral so plainly exhibited by this shocking and painful catastrophe. Too recently have we endured the blast of a universal public calamity in the murder of our last respected and virtuous Prime Minister; not to think what might be the consequences of a score or more of

such *Illuminati*, as these Italian assassins were, running as free and as unfettered as the Opposition could desire throughout the country. Honour to a wise and paternal Government, which still guards us from the contagion of Continental customs! Honour to the memory of William Pitt, who foresaw the danger, and, in spite of Whig cavils and Whig treasons, at least partially provided against it!

While Marston Moor was reading the Tory, and De Lusignan the Whig homily to respective groups, St. Leger quietly glided into the room. There was that unmistakable something in his face which an old club-goer knows by instinct; he has seen it so often in a Premier's toady, when a cabinet is settling, or 'in a friend of the family' when a great house is going by the board.

'I will bet anybody a *monkey*,' said Lord Latimer (and he never bet less when he was serious) 'that St. Leger has more knowledge

about this affair in his little finger than all these broadsheets those youngsters have got hold of.'

'To a pony, and I will take you,' said De Lusignan, who could not resist a bet. His career was to prove like that of Mr. Fox—ruined by play, he was to retrieve himself in politics.

'A pony isn't worth touching, and I never bet odds about anything in this life,' said Lord Latimer, drily.

'Do you about the next?' said the young spendthrift, flippantly; he was annoyed at the tone of the mighty millionaire, and abashed by his contempt of his proffered stake.

'Yes.'

'What then?'

'Three to two that old Parthenope lives two years.'

'That is not about the next life.'

'Yes it is,' answered Latimer; 'I bet the odds because I take into my calculation that the devil is probably afraid of him.'

'Where was he hit?' asked Lord Byron, who had just come in, of St. Leger.

'Who?' asked St. Leger, who detested being interrogated, except *en masse*.

'Anybody,' said Lord Byron, meeting dislike with the scorn of indifference.

'Count Denain is principally hurt in the stomach, like Chaworth in the Nottingham-shire duel,' said St. Leger.

Lord Byron moved away, stung like an immortal, amidst a chorus of curiosity.

'Oh, oh, ho! then he is not dead?'

'No, by Jove, but he is, as the Philippic says, uncommonly sick.'

'And the other fellow?' asked De Lusignan; 'did he murder the dancing woman?'

'I don't know,' said St. Leger, 'I am sure: but I am rather inclined to think he is one of that sort of fellows who murder no one but themselves.'

The examining magistrate, before whom the case was primarily brought, was much of Mr. St. Leger's opinion. Lionel Averanche's state was such that his counsel might have easily procured proof of at least partial insanity. But as only the year before Bellingham was hanged, this would have stood him in little service. He was accordingly tried, and as no evidence of any kind could connect him with the Ishmaelite's attack he was acquitted, thanks in great part to the manly and frank testimony of Frank Dudley.

Nay, for once, the truth had so accurately reached the Bench, that he was even complimented by the Scotch lawyer who pre-

sided upon his honourable devotion, and his many sacrifices for the forlorn actress who had so miserably died.

Far different was the Ishmaelite's case. But before his second trial came to judgment, he had, with all his natural energy and mother wit, bethought himself of the best means of escape. In a Catholic country his connections with the Church would have enabled him to get the ear of those who exercised the privilege of pardon; of England he knew enough (through his English Eleanore) to be aware that gold was that nation's idol, which had coined the most detestable of modern proverbs, that 'Time is Money.' Poor old *Chronos* to have descended to *that*!

It may seem singular that the Ishmaelite, with his last tie to humanity severed in his dead daughter, should have desired to live

on. But his powerful organisation prevailed over his spirit; he was essentially a man of matter, material; he clung to life with the robust tenacity of one who desired to devote all the power of the Farnese Hercules to purposes of vengeance on mankind. His scheme was at once prepared with all the prompt audacity of his Italian temper.

Thus he wrote to his daughter Constance Morosini: 'Child, never of my love, but of an abhorred bed, ask your grandfather whether Malatesta Pisani, now in prison, is not your father? Ask him also whether he did not murder that Pisani's beautiful wife, wife before God and before my conscience? Your husband, that is to be, has also murdered my daughter, my sole daughter before high Heaven. Ask your grandsire, then, how much the Morosinis owe to the Pisanis.

'He is fabulously rich. I care not how many thousands it may cost to purchase immunity. But if I am not freed, I will curse your nuptials with your sister's assassin from the scaffold.

'Your father,

'MALATESTA PISANI.'

[There is no more. The story is ended. The idea, which has been consistently preserved throughout, is kept up to the last. Charles Denain, the man of no heart, triumphs over the man of heart. Lionel's life is wrecked; Angela is dead; the Ishmaelite, to whom vengeance was dearer than aught else, is set free with his revenge unaccomplished,—unless, indeed, he suc-

ceeded in preventing Charles's marriage with his beautiful and wealthy daughter, Constance Morosini-Pisani. But this is left untold.]

What is it, Life? a little strife, where victories are vain,
Where those who conquer do not win, nor those receive who gain!

Historic Fancies, by HON. GEORGE SYDNEY SMYTHE.