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MILITARY LIFE

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL



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MILITARY LIFE

BY

WILLIAM RUSSELL

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COASTGUARD"

"Old man, what counsels thy grey hairs?
Mother, what dost thou tell thy son?
Boy, knowest thou what thy father dares?
Say girl, how must thy heart be won?
All answer with a shout or sigh,
Go! Strike for freedom: do or die."



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ROMANCE OF MILITARY LIFE.

CAPTAIN HODSON.

IF proof were needed of the absurd untruth of Edmund Burke's tinsel rhetoric, called forth by the murder of Marie Antoinette—"The age of chivalry is gone: the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is departed for ever; or myriads of swords would have leapt from their scabbards to avenge the thought that had dared insult her"—it would be found in that grandest of epics, as yet unwritten, the trampling out, by a mere handful of chivalrous Englishmen, of the Indian Rebellion. The nearness, the splendour of the achievement, blind us, as yet, to the gigantic proportions of its chief heroes; but when the time shall come that the smoke and glare of victory will have been cleared away, in the foreground of the pictured story, if truly painted, will stand conspicuous amid the crowd of generals, high functionaries

of all classes, Stephen Raikes Hodson, the daring cavalry officer, compared with whom Murat was but a theatrical charlatan. No one, not excepting Sir William Peel, has more vividly illustrated the poetry and romance of war; nor, with heroic Havelock, proved that a daring soldier may be also a Christian gentleman.

Captain Hodson—an Essex man, whose name and fame have been embodied, perpetuated by the Indian Cavalry Brigade officially known as “Hodson’s Horse”—was the third son of the Rev. George Hodson, and was born on the 19th of March, 1821. A promising youngster from his earliest days was the fearless, athletic boy who was destined to trace with his sword so brilliant a chapter in the history of British India—help to fix upon the brow of Queen Victoria the imperial crown of the Moguls. He was the best runner at Rugby; the crack oarsman at Cambridge; foremost in all manly, invigorating sports; a fair scholar, too, if not very enthusiastic student; and gentle, generous as he was bold, fearless. His true vocation—evident to all who knew him—was that of a soldier; but England, when, in 1842, he attained his majority, was not in a martial mood. The politicians who, like Milton’s Belial, counsel inglorious ease, not peace in the true ac

ception of the word, were acquiring ascendancy in public opinion, and, except in India, there seemed no chance for him of gathering laurels in the field where he was so fitted by genius and bent of mind to reap abundantly.

A cadetship in the Indian Service was applied for by his relatives, and whilst waiting for the appointment, young Hodson sought to prepare himself for military duties by joining the Guernsey Militia, in which corps his friend Lord De Saumarez procured him a commission.

In that not very superior school for the training of soldiers he remained till he had passed his twenty-third birthday, when, the coveted cadetship having been obtained, he sailed (1845) for Calcutta. Arrived out, he was ordered to do duty with the 2nd Grenadier Guards, whom he joined on the eve of the battle and victory at Lahore, in February, 1846. In that, his first essay at real fighting, his singular daring, presence of mind, and coolness under fire, were noticed with admiration by more than one officer of the Guards. Yet he was of a very excitable temperament. "I remember,"—he wrote to his sister,—“I remember bursting, at Sobraon, from sheer rage into tears at seeing our soldiers lying about killed—wounded.” Not long afterwards he was posted to the 1st Bengal Fusiliers.

In proof of his sagacity, clear appreciation of human character, it may be mentioned that he had not been more than a few months in India before he had thoroughly realized, in his own mind, the untrustworthiness of the Sepoy armies. "A rotten spear to trust to," he wrote home, "are these pampered Sepoys, for maintaining the Company's Raj. It will one day pierce our sides. There is one consolation, they are, as a rule, timid as treacherous—sham soldiers, chiefly good for show, but genuine traitors. The real fighting in all the Indian battles is done by the European regiments. By the bye, I have more than once asked myself and others why our soldiers are called Europeans, instead of English, when they arrive out here? . . . If I have one feeling," adds the young officer, "stronger than another, it is contempt for the regular Indian officer; a man who thinks it fine to adopt a totally different set of habits, morals, and fashions, until he forgets he is an Englishman, and also usually forgets that he is or should be a Christian and a gentleman." This, remembering that the late Sir James Outram, the "Bayard" of the army, was a regular Indian officer, seems to be a rash judgment. Lieutenant Hodson did not happen to be fortunate in his acquaintance with "Regular Indians." "Young Hodson," wrote Sir Henry Lawrence to a brother officer, "has quitted

the native branch of the service, at the expense of some steps, because of his inveterate distrust of the Sepoys."

It was fortunate that he acted upon his feeling of inveterate distrust, or "Hodson's Horse"—that invincible and almost ubiquitous body of Irregular Cavalry—or Corps of Guides, which he levied, trained, and organized to such marvellous perfection, and attached to himself by the ties of mutual honour, mutual daring, mutual devotion, would never have existed.

The military strength of the Sikhs was broken by the brilliant victories achieved by Lord Hardinge, but the country was far from quietly submitting to the rule of the victors. The soil of the Punjaub was still far too hot for Sepoy feet; local revolts were continually bursting forth in all directions, and unless the few British troops there could be reinforced by well-affected Sikh soldiers, the Company's tenure of their newly-acquired territory would be always precarious.

To safely achieve that indispensable work, it was essential to ascertain who amongst the native population could be safely trusted with arms in their hands. An Intelligence Corps was formed with that view, of which Lieutenant Hodson was the life, the soul. Besides occasional road-

making, the young officer thus briefly sums up his duties:—

“To take care of and efficiently work my Guides. To discover the haunts and ascertain the strength of the enemy. Item, to fight him personally. Item, to destroy his forts, and generally to sell by auction the property found therein. Item, to be civil to all comers. Item, report minutely to Government.”

“To fight him personally” was no mere figure of speech. Lieutenant Hodson was a first-rate swordsman, and delighted in nothing so much as hand-to-hand encounters with single horsemen, in which none of his own men were permitted to interfere, he “chaffing” his antagonist the while. “Try again, now. What’s that? Do you call yourself a swordsman?” and the like. These singular encounters terminated invariably in the death or capture of the opponent. One extraordinary faculty possessed by Lieutenant Hodson greatly contributed to his efficiency as a partisan cavalry officer. He could at will take refreshing sleep on horseback; often did when his horse, knowing the road, was at full gallop, and he had an escort of Guides with him. But for that faculty his marvellous rides—a hundred miles upon one occasion in ten hours and a half—could never have been accomplished.

One day he rode hastily up to Brigadier-General Wheeler, who, with his brigade, was proceeding with easy marches to join Sir Colin Campbell, and urged the necessity of immediately turning off to attack a strong body of insurgents, about 4000 in number, whose whereabouts he had a few hours previously discovered. The Brigadier refused to do so; and Hodson immediately galloped off to head-quarters, obtained an order from the General Commanding-in-Chief directing Wheeler to countermarch and disperse the insurgents. The Brigadier had no choice but to obey; but he did so with manifest reluctance, marching very slowly. Hodson, of course, went on swiftly in advance to reconnoitre; found "his friends," the enemy, at a distance of about twenty miles, moving in the direction of a fort; tore back again without a moment's pause or rest, and implored Wheeler "to move on like lightning." That was not the Brigadier's mode of making war; and he persisting in his very leisurely advance, Hodson, with his Guides, about 100 in all, sped off again to try if something might not be done even with that scanty force.

When about half-way to the place where he had last seen the insurgents, and it being quite certain Brigadier Wheeler's force would not be up for nine

or ten hours at the very least, Hodson, to wile away the tedious time, turned off to a distance of eight miles, to pay a visit to "a doubtful Sirdar," who held a fort thereabout.

One hundred horsemen, unprovided with cannon, could not do much against the rudest fort, manned, too, by Sikhs; but Hodson, who had made up his mind to seize the place, and capture the garrison, would not be refused. The "doubtful Sirdar's private residence" was situated at some distance from the fort, and therein the dashing lieutenant found two of the Sirdar's relatives. Ordering them to accompany him, with a stern intimation that the slightest attempt at escape would be followed by bullets through their brains, Lieutenant Hodson positively marched up to the fort gateway, and demanded its immediate surrender, assuring the Sirdar, through the medium of the officer who conducted the parley, that if his requisition was not immediately complied with, the gentlemen with him would be forthwith decapitated. And, strangely as it sounds, the audacious demand was complied with, and the fort surrendered!

Off again after but scant rest, to find, at the end of a smart four hours' ride, that, as he anticipated, the insurgent troops had gained the shelter

of the fort—a strong place of the kind, well furnished with artillery, and not to be seized by a *coup de main*.

Time was infinitely precious. Stratagem must be brought to the aid of force; and leaving his men securely posted to recruit their own and the horses' strength by rations and repose, Hodson galloped off alone to meet the Brigadier. He found the General in a more compliant frame of mind than he anticipated. The Lieutenant's scheme was approved, and he placed a regular cavalry regiment at his command—"rascally Sepoys;" but they would do for show work, which was about all they would be required to engage in.

Directly he had rejoined his Guides, Hodson marched upon the fort; halted when within full view thereof, as if repenting of his temerity, at the same time taking care that the insurgents should be able to count every man before them. The ruse completely succeeded; the garrison sallied forth, as to an assured victory; Hodson retiring, scared by the appearance of such a numerous body of enemies, and yet slowly, reluctantly; keeping barely out of the range of fire, as if ashamed that the Company's colours should go back before a native force how numerous soever.

This pretty game was played for about two hours;

until, in fact, the insurgents had been enticed to some five miles' distance from the fort, and in such a direction that General Wheeler's troops would, when up—and the sheen of their bayonets and sabres Hodson knew would soon be seen flashing in the sun—cut off the retreat of the insurgents upon their foolishly-abandoned stronghold. It so fell out. The Brigadier's corps suddenly crossed a ridge to the right and rear of the rebels, were seen at the same moment by Hodson's Command and the rebels. A loud shout testified to the exultant joy of the "pursued"—a wild outcry of rage and fear, the surprise and panic-terror of the pursuers, who at once broke and fled. Too late! Hodson charged at once. Sepoy cavalry could do effectual execution upon a fleeing force—and, few, very few, of the insurgents escaped death or capture. Nothing so effectually contributed to the pacification of the Punjaub as this daring exploit. It also obtained for Lieutenant Hodson himself a flattering encomium in general orders, and from British soldiers the sobriquet of "The Ringtailed Roarer."

Not very long afterwards a charge, without the slightest real foundation, was got up by "The Regular Indians in the Company's Service," who disliked the brilliant Queen's officer as much as he

despised—not themselves exactly, but their slow, pedantic mode of warfare,—that there was serious defalcation in his accounts. Nothing, I repeat, could be more untrue; but the Court of Inquiry, sick of the task of endeavouring to disentangle a confused mass of accounts, extending over years, which Hodson himself had, with all his energy, but begun to see daylight through, made a cautious, guarded report, which Lord Canning chose to interpret as a mild, too mild censure, upon the inculpated officer.

Lieutenant Hodson, strong in conscious innocence, was enraged, indignant. “There are,” he wrote home, “but a choice of three courses—*à la Peel*—for me to take: first, suicide; secondly, to resign in disgust; thirdly, to make the Governor-General eat his words. I decided upon the latter course, and made preparation for a journey to Calcutta, though the *modus operandi* by which I was to accomplish my purpose was but foggily developed in my brain. Very fortunately, as it proved, the General insisted I should not set out for the City of Palaces, till he had himself received an answer from Lord Canning, in reply to a spirited vindication, which I was permitted to read, of my humble, honoured self. The wise insistence of the General saved my life. The mutiny broke out, the signal

lotus flower had reached the hands of the black traitors, the ' grand ' Bengal army was in full revolt, and I should certainly have been murdered on my road to Calcutta."

Yes: the long-predicted storm had burst, in as it seemed irresistible fury; and looking round upon the men best fitted to withstand, beat back its violence, the eyes of the army chiefs were naturally turned upon Hodson. He was at once placed at the head of the Intelligence Department; and at once went to his work with a will. "The honour, the fame of England," he wrote, "lifted me above all petty, selfish feelings. I entered upon my duties with alacrity, exultation."

Truly a fearful time. The outbreak on the 10th of May, at Meerut, had been closely followed by the massacre of Delhi. It was a general *débâcle*, and the bravest held their breath for a time. But Hodson never for one moment abated a jot of heart or hope. "His face was even then like sunshine." Upon one occasion General Sir Thomas Seaton, after conversing with the sanguine, confident young officer, said, as he was about to begone, "Stay, Hodson, here is somebody else coming to be comforted."

To march upon Delhi was an imperative necessity. The capital of the Moguls must be stormed at all

hazards, at all risks,—and the British force that could by possibility be got together did not exceed 3000 men at all arms. Even these were scattered, and communication became almost impossible; all letters being intercepted by roving bands of rebels. It was in such emergencies that calculated daring of Hodson shone forth in fullest lustre. “Hearing that Hodson was at Umballa with the Commander-in-Chief,” wrote the officer in command of a regiment with General Wilson, “I was sure, and made a wager, that he would break through and re-establish our communications. And sure enough, when the next day broke, in galloped Hodson. He had left Kurnoul, seventy-six miles off, at nine the previous evening.”

He was the bearer of dispatches for General Wilson. These he delivered; received replies, took breakfast, two hours' sleep, and at once started on his return, fighting his way, with his faithful horsemen, through thirty miles of that perilous ride. General Barnard was so delighted, that he at once commissioned Hodson to raise a regiment of Irregular Horse. “He must have been pleased with the pace,” coolly remarked Hodson; “it *was* very fair.”

The siege of Delhi was formed, and persisted in; though, with the handful of assailants, it was absurd

to think of investing the Mogul metropolis. General Barnard died of cholera; and the command devolved upon General Wilson, a scientific artillery officer, of whom it has been said, with pungent truth, that he was born to take Delhi, and for little else. A very able man, no doubt, in his own line, but possessed of an innate dread of the superior British officer's ever-present bugbear—responsibility.

Nicholson and Hodson were the life, the animating spirits of the besiegers. There was nothing they would not attempt—rarely failing in the attempt. So admirably had Hodson organized his Intelligence Department, that it was said he knew what the Emperor of Delhi had each day for dinner! Still, confident as the dashing cavalry officer was in the fortunes of England, he was several times heard to say in the presence of his intimates, “Oh that Sir Charles Napier was here!” During the siege, Hodson by no means confined himself to his special duties; would take the place of a fainting gunner; or carry on his back out of fire any wounded soldier. “It is not only in actual combat,” he wrote to his wife—he had married Susan, widow of John Mitford, Esq., of Exbury, Hants—“it is not only in actual combat that the great qualities of the British soldier show themselves. His power of patient, unquailing endurance of pain is marvellous.”

A soldier was lying on the ground. "Much hurt?" asked Hodson. "Oh, not much, sir. A little knock in the back, but I shall be up and at the rascals again in a day or two." The poor fellow's spine had been shot through, and his lower limbs were already paralyzed—dead.

One anecdote will suffice to show the estimation in which he was held by the general soldiery. "There goes," exclaimed a half-drunken soldier—"there goes that 'ere Hodson again! He'll be shot some of these days, but I'd rather be shot myself."

At last General Wilson's breaches were declared practicable. The stormers, 2000 British soldiers, forced their way into a city garrisoned by 30,000 disciplined Sepoys—slowly forced their way, and, amidst that stern flood of valour, dashing on the hated foe, conspicuous above all, was Captain Hodson. He seemed to be ubiquitous. Was there a momentary check? there at once flashed his avenging sword; and his rallying cry, "Forward! Remember the women and the children," was heard above the din of battle. He had not been touched by one of the showers of bullets specially aimed at his person, when that astonishing success was achieved—Delhi won—the news of which, reverberating with a thousand echoes, proved to the old and new worlds that the arm

of England was mightier than ever—could still charge as she did at Château-Cambresis, at Balaklava—fix again Albuera's red bayonet, and continue her glorious civilizing march of conquest over barbaric heathenism. Quite evidently, and much to the chagrin of her enemies, England had not, as thousands hoped, been emasculated by the Peace Society.

General Wilson, content with his great triumph, was disposed to rest upon his laurels for a time. Nicholson was mortally wounded; but Hodson, whose military creed it was that nothing had been accomplished whilst anything remained to be done, eagerly advocated unpausing action. True, the capital of the Moguls had been successfully stormed. A great thing, but the Emperor, and his yet more infamous sons, had escaped. Whilst they remained at liberty the hydra-headed serpent was scotched, not killed. The Emperor was at that moment known by him, Hodson, to be at the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, about eight miles from Delhi, four or five thousand armed, fanatic Mussulmen with him. Once allowed to rally from the panic-terror which possessed them, the Mogul's guard, fortified by the *prestige* of his name, would be a nucleus that might gather together the traitor hosts of Hindostan. It was essential he

should be seized at once, and he, Captain Hodson would, with the General's leave, undertake, and with God's blessing carry through, the all-important service.

General Wilson hesitated, demurred: he had in fact commenced negotiations with the favourite wife of the Emperor, with a view to the voluntary surrender of that potentate. The terms demanded as the price of submission, restoration to his palace, all arrears of pension to be paid up, &c., had of course been rejected. But the very negotiation was producing a bad effect; and, supported by the dying Nicholson, Captain Hodson extorted from the General permission to attempt the desperate venture. "Don't let me be troubled with the Emperor or his family," remarked Wilson, "*if* you capture them." Hodson having gained his point, remarked that the only trouble General Wilson would have with the Emperor, would be a consequence of the correspondence that had taken place. But for that, by which the hoary villain's life was impliedly guaranteed, the Emperor, should he seize him, would give no more trouble to any one.

In less than an hour afterwards, Captain Hodson, at the head of a hundred picked men, was galloping towards the tomb (a fortress really) of Humayoon.

I need hardly say that Hodson did not rely for success upon the handful of men he took with him. He knew the Emperor and his armed Mussulmen had the crash of Delhi's falling towers in their ears, and for a time would be incapable of measuring their own strength, against that of their terrible enemies.

Arrived at the Adjmere Gate of the tomb, Captain Hodson sent a peremptory message, demanding the instant surrender of the Emperor and the Begum, his favourite wife. The answer was delayed for about half-an-hour: the Mogul's counsellors were divided in opinion, and a second message was sent, informing the Emperor that if he did not at once surrender, the British General's promise that his life should be spared would be cancelled. Upon this, the Emperor inquired "if the officer sent to arrest him was Hodson Bahadoor, and if his own life and that of his wife would assuredly be spared." Hodson answered "that he was the officer named, and that he would spare the lives of his prisoners provided no attempt was made to rescue them. Should such an attempt be made, he would shoot the Emperor like a dog."

The Emperor and his Begum came out, were placed in palkees, and carried off to Delhi *at a foot-pace*, Hodson avoiding any appearance of haste,

from amongst 6000 fierce, well-armed Mussulmen. A marvellous achievement, but surpassed on the following day by its hero. "I am glad you have got the Emperor," said General Wilson, when Captain Hodson reported his success; "but I never expected to see him, or you either."

Captain Hodson was by no means satisfied; his work was but half-done. Three princes, sons of the Emperor, and chiefs of the rebellion, Miza Mogul, Muza Sullemit, and Ani Buk (these were the devils who had stripped women in the open streets, cut off little children's legs, and committed other horrible atrocities) had, the Chief of the Intelligence Department ascertained, arrived at Humayoon's tomb. He determined to seize them at all hazards. He immediately communicated with his second in command, directed him to tell off fifty—and but *fifty*—men for the service, and said "We will go at once."

They did go at once. Arrived before the principal gate, the approach to which was through an arch, up steps, Captain Hodson, leaving his men outside, and accompanied only by his lieutenant, walked in, and without any preliminary parley, sternly demanded that every weapon should be forthwith delivered up. To the lieutenant's intense astonishment the order was tremblingly complied

with. The operation lasted over three hours, superintended by Hodson with as much confident coolness as if he had an army close at hand. There is no doubt the Mussulman soldiers must have supposed he had a large force in the immediate vicinity.

The arms received, the princes were brought forth. They asked if their lives would be spared. Captain Hodson would give no pledge of the kind. They were then made to mount a cart, and the party, followed by the Mahometan crowd, hundreds of whom Captain Hodson saw had concealed arms about their persons, moved on to Delhi. They were still two miles distant from the city, when the Mahommedans, finding that Hodson Bahadoor had really but fifty horsemen with him, began to shout, encouraging each other to attempt a rescue of the princes.

The action of Captain Hodson in that critical emergency was prompt, decided. The cart was stopped; he ordered the princes to strip, and, with his own hand, shot them all three! The cart was then driven on at a slow pace: the crowd of fierce, shouting fanatics silenced, dismayed by the execution of their princes, followed no farther, and, separating into groups, seemed to ask each other, with quivering lips, who this man might be that could

dare to perform such a deed in their very midst? The moral ascendancy of a mighty spirit was never more strikingly manifested. The naked bodies of the miscreant princes were exhibited in the streets of Delhi—a terrible lesson which all could read, teaching that the cruel shedding of innocent blood would sooner or later be avenged.

In the subsequent campaign, terminating with the storming of Lucknow, Hodson's Horse, "invincible, ubiquitous," performed wonders. "Hodson, I shall soon see you a Lieutenant-Colonel and C.B.; for," remarked Sir Colin Campbell upon one occasion, "no one possessed of the Victoria Cross ever better, if so well, deserved it."

This still young and gallant soldier met his death at the storming of Lucknow, in the Begum's Palace. The fighting was done, resistance at an end, and Major Hodson was strolling with a brother officer through the building, when he came suddenly upon a number of Sepoys, hiding themselves in a recess. One of them instantly levelled his musket, fired, and Hodson fell, mortally wounded. The furious soldiers bayoneted every Sepoy there.

Major Hodson met his fate with firmness. "It is hard to die when success is so near;

but God's will be done! My poor wife, my sisters," he faintly murmured; "may they be comforted! Bear witness for me," he added, with fast darkening eyes turned upon the sorrowing bystanders; "bear witness for me that I have tried to do my duty. May God forgive my sins, for Christ's sake. I go to my Father. Lord, receive my soul!" These were the last words of this glorious young soldier, true hero, and Christian gentleman.

I cannot more fitly conclude this brief memoir than with the following extract of a letter addressed on the 13th of March, 1858, by Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) to Major Hodson's widow:—

"I followed your noble husband to the grave myself, in order to mark, in the most public manner, my regret and esteem for the most brilliant soldier under my command, and one whom I was proud to call my friend."

ROMANCE OF MILITARY LIFE.

ONE OF WELLINGTON'S SPIES.

A MR. GRAINGER, who for many years had cultivated a large farm in the Isle of Wight with great success, died suddenly, at the age of sixty-seven, in May, 1776, having, by a will executed about six weeks previously, bequeathed the whole of his accumulations, with the exception of three hundred pounds devised to his son Arthur, to his widow and second wife, a buxom dame, to whom he had been married a little over three months. The uxorious old man had died worth about seven thousand pounds. Of course, everybody cried shame of such a will, envied and slandered the lucky widow, and commiserated the son, who had just turned his twenty-eighth year. Abuse and commiseration could not, however, alter the disposition of the property, a fact wisely recognized by the young man, who, some time in 1777, embarked for America, intending to establish himself as a farmer

in one of the Northern States. He leased a farm in New England, but the speculation proved a disastrous one. He was sold up in the same year, and nearly in the same month, that the Declaration of Independence proclaimed war to the death between England and the revolted States. Arthur Grainger, believing that America could not possibly be successful in such an apparently unequal conflict, gave his valuable services to the mother-country, managed to obtain a footing in the English Commissariat Department, and, at the conclusion of the war, returned to his native Isle of Wight much richer than when he left it, not only by his savings, but by a pension of one hundred pounds per annum, granted by the English in reward of his services as a zealous American loyalist.

He settled near Bonchurch, married an old flame, who had just before come into a pretty property, and had a son born to him 1789,—Edward Grainger, the hero of this narrative. Mr. Grainger's step-dame, the fortunate legatee, had not again contracted matrimony. She lived in strict seclusion, a prey to remorse, people hinted, but whether for having forged the will, or murdered her husband, or done both, public opinion was not unanimous.

Edward Grainger grew up a fine lad, vigorous in mind and body. He early manifested an adven-

turous disposition, and so strong a predilection for a sea life, that his facile mother—Mr. Arthur Grainger died when the boy was in his infancy—yielding to his importunity, obtained for him, in 1804—and he was consequently in his fifteenth year—a midshipman's warrant in the British service. The mother, no doubt, consented all the more readily as she had a growing family of six daughters by a second husband, one Mr. Shirley. She had buried him also.

Young Grainger sailed from Portsmouth in the *Leopard*, four-gun brig, a crank, crazy tub, which was driven during a violent storm on the Catalonian shore, near Barcelona, and became a total wreck. The greatest portion of the crew safely reached the shore in the brig's boat. One only, that in which was Edward Grainger, capsized in the tumbling surf, several men were drowned; and the young midshipman himself was flung ashore in a state of total insensibility.

Showing no signs of returning animation, the Spaniards—a crowd of whom had been watching, with wolfish looks, the driving of the *Leopard* upon the iron shore—carelessly believed that he, with five others, cast upon the beach by the crested roaring surf, after it had done its work upon them, was gone past recovery. And no question that would have been the case, but

for Señor Mercedes, the commander of a *Guarda Costa*, who, with three of his seamen, chanced to be present. He had himself not long before lost a son of about Edward Grainger's age by the same kind of death—and there are no eyes so compassionate as those which look through tears—was touched with holy pity for the lad. Señor Mercedes, strenuously as skilfully, exerted himself to bring back retreating life, and finally succeeded. Struggling, in terrible agony back to consciousness, young Grainger confusedly realized the situation. Before the *Leopard* struck, he had seen, amongst the crowd, a number of Spanish soldiers. These had disappeared. Spain having a few weeks previously been coerced by Bonaparte into war with England, they had made prisoners of war of the *Leopard's* crew, and marched them off to prison, leaving the peasantry to work their will with whatever fortune and the fury of the waves might cast within their reach. The commanding officer had probably a clear understanding with the wreckers, and would have his full share of plunder in due season. The harvest to be reaped was an ample one, and eagerly gathered. Rude carts piled with plunder—provision, spirit, powder-barrels, fragments of wreck were being driven rapidly inland, and scores of fellows, with as much weight of spoil as they could stagger

under, were hurrying away to secure their gains ; and, no doubt, return for more. But this is a practice common to all nations, and none were greater adepts in it than the amphibious population of our northern and eastern coasts. The captain of the own *Guarda Costa*, and his men, the latter no doubt restrained by their commander, were the only persons who did not join in the general scramble. Having previously ascertained that the five English seamen thrown upon the stormy beach, were utterly beyond recovery, Señor Mercedes improvised a rude litter, placed Edward Grainger therein, and had him carefully borne to his own dwelling, distant about four English miles from the shore—a picturesquely-placed, solitary habitation—there being no other within a mile of it.

Madame Mercedes received the English youth with motherly kindness, influenced, no doubt, by the same memories which had excited the sympathy of the captain of the *Guarda Costa*, for the seemingly-drowned young sailor. The dark complexion, the black liquid eyes, of Madame Mercedes were Spanish, but she was, in fact, a Frenchwoman,—a Bayonnaise. She was not, perhaps, handsome, but there was—young Grainger noticed—a world of love in those dark, liquid, suffused eyes, as she embraced her husband, who had been, it appeared, some

weeks absent, which must have amply compensated for the absence of mere feature beauty. Edward Grainger did not want to be assured in words that he was in kind hands.

Señor and Madame Mercedes had two living children ; one a youth, then studying at the famous University of Salamanca ; and a girl, three years old ; baptized Katerina, a late but most precious God-gift. Two servants only were kept, Gil Balmar and Petrulla Torquil ; Señor Mercedes was, however, known to be a rich man ; not, of course, in the English sense of the phrase ; and that both he and his wife were possessed of the mania of hoarding—a folly and weakness excusable in a country so agitated, convulsed as Spain then was ; but the reputation for which should have been sedulously avoided by a family dwelling in such utter solitude.

In less than a week Edward Grainger had completely recovered his strength, and gained greatly upon the affection of Señor and Madame Mercedes. He could speak French—not exactly the French of France—but intelligibly ; could converse with his benevolent hosts, talk to them about that wonderful England, with which Spain and France, and other nations had gone to war ; and the sad fate of which—and they, kind souls regretted it, if only for Edouard's sake—was consequently sealed. The little Katerina

also took surprisingly to Edward, and was never so well pleased as when dandled on his knees. When, therefore, the English midshipman proposed to leave for Barcelona, and constitute himself a prisoner of war, the idea was scouted by both Señor and Madame Mercedes. He must remain with them till an opportunity occurred of escaping to England; and, to avoid remark, be attired in Spanish costume. "Edouard," nothing loth, we may be sure, consented.

Three or four months had passed away, Edward Grainger continuing to grow in favour with Señor and Madame Mercedes, and was already able to converse with tolerable fluency in the Spanish language when a memorable incident occurred.

Commander Mercedes was absent in the performance of his duty. Some circumstances, not particularized, caused Grainger to entertain suspicions of Gil Balmar's loyalty to his master and mistress. So confirmed became those suspicions that he confided them to Petrulla. They but echoed her own. So, after a lengthened conference, the youth and woman agreed to speak with Señor Mercedes directly he returned; meanwhile to remain quiet, taking no action in the matter. They were not permitted to do so.

"Inglese," tremblingly whispered Petrulla, in

the ear of Edward Grainger, shaking him from profound slumber at the dead of night. "Inglese, awake!"

"What has happened—what——"

"Hush! speak under your breath: get up quietly; I will be back in a moment."

Petrulla, whose face seen by the brilliant moonlight which streamed into the chamber, was ghastly pale; she carried no lamp or other light, stole out of the room on tip-toe, and with the same stealthy step down the stairs. Young Grainger was out of bed in a twinkling, and had partially dressed himself, when Petrulla, still with that cautious, cat-like tread, returned; holding in her hand a kitchen meat-cleaver.

"That villain, Gil Balmar, is admitting two robbers, two assassins. They mean first—I overheard them—they mean first to murder Madame and the child; next, you and me, and then fall to plunder. I was restlessly awake—thanks to the Holy Virgin that I was, and just in time to lock a door always left wide open. That has delayed them. Hark! They are breaking it open! There is not a moment to spare. What! do you hesitate? Do they lie, then, who say the English are brave?"

"I have no weapon! Where shall I find one?" Suddenly he bethought of his midshipman's dirk—

a dagger, which in those days dangled by the side of our boy sea-officers. It was in the chamber, and in a moment naked in young Grainger's hand. "I am ready," he whispered; "lead on. Hush! we must steal behind the assassins; strike down two before they hear us: leave Gil Balmar to me."

Edward Grainger and Petrulla so placed themselves that, though the burglars passed within a few feet, they could not be seen. Madame Mercedes' slightly fastened chamber-door was easily forced, but not without awakening that lady, whose screams of surprise and horror, mingled with the death groans of Gil Balmar and one of his fellow-felons, the first struck down by Petrulla's terrible cleaver—descending with vengeful force on his bare skull! the other stabbed through the neck by Edward Grainger's dirk. The third villain was easily secured, and a few months afterwards died by the sentence of the law in Barcelona.

Having briefly as possible sketched an explanatory prologue to "The Personal Adventures of Captain Edward Grainger during the Peninsular War, from 1808 to 1813," I must allow the hero to tell his own story, with such abbreviations and softnings down as the proprieties command.

"I never thought much," writes Captain Edward Grainger, "of that successful attack upon the

burglars. We came noiselessly upon them from behind. They had no chance of defending themselves. Quite right, no doubt; but not a thing for an English naval officer to strut and crow about. Madame Mercedes and her husband thought differently; but their appreciation of services rendered to them was so large-eyed, microscopic as to monster mere trifles. I was a hero; brave, honest Petrulla, whose pulse, I am quite sure, beat much more calmly upon the said occasion than mine did—a heroine. To be sure their darling Katerina had been in peril. That might account for their excess of gratitude. Pedro Mercedes, not very much younger than myself, a fine, frank young fellow, when he came home for the vacation embraced me as a brother. We vowed eternal friendship—and kept that oath. And this, notwithstanding that I was not made of such fine porcelain clay as he; but on the contrary, as truth compels me to admit, of a rather coarse material. Sound, however; not to be warped or flawed by the sunshine glow of prosperity, or the storms of adverse fortune.

Time rolled on. We, my friends that is, were in hourly expectation of the thunder-crash, which would proclaim to the world the downfall of England. The crash came, the bolt fell—in the thunder of Trafalgar! It was

France and Spain that had been struck down in their pride, whilst perfidious Albion stood more proudly pre-eminent than ever. By the way, I have lately read in a small work—reckoned by the number of its pages—by the late heroic Sir William Peel, that Trafalgar is an Arabic word, signifying the “Cape of Laurels.” Truly a prophetic naming!

The tidings of that terrible defeat fell like a funeral pall over all the land of Spain. The Mercedes family were not exempt from the general gloom; but its shadow was not permitted to fall for one moment upon the English youth—their guest and pensioner. Quite the reverse. I was treated with a yet more delicate consideration. Enough of this, which I should not have dwelt so long upon were it not to show that whatever services I was enabled in the thereafter to render that amiable family was but the discharge, and an insufficient discharge, of an immense debt.

We were in 1808. The treaty of Tilsit enabled Napoleon to employ his immense hordes of disciplined banditti in subjugating—annexing, in fact—the Iberian Peninsula to the French Empire. French troops, under fraudulent pretences which the clamours of a free press, had such existed in

Spain, would have instantly exposed, were poured into, and took military possession of, the citadels of Spain. The thing was cleverly enough done, and Napoleon, supposing the Spanish nation to be helplessly in his power, at once threw off the mask by his proclamation of Joseph Bonaparte as King of Spain,—and a constitution ! God help the people who trust in a Napoleonic constitution !

Spain, as we all know, was immediately on fire ; the convulsive, ill-combined—savage it may be, but always heroic—efforts of the unarmed population could not have delivered Spain from the yoke of the intrusive tyrant had not England hastened to the rescue. But of the general war, whose crimson flood, gathered to a head at Torres Vedras, swept through the Peninsula, and left deep traces of its fury in the “sacred” soil of France, I have no hint to speak. It is traced in lines of flame in the volume which chronicles the downfall, the deliverance of nations. I have only to record my own individual action during the mighty struggle. That that action must have been of some slight service is proved by my military rank, an honourable, though not high one—a liberal pension, and some half-dozen medals.

The Spanish people were not quite unanimous, though very nearly so, in their hatred of, and resist-

ance to, the French. The Mercedes family was irreconcilably divided upon the momentous question. Pedro Mercedes, the son, was a flaming patriot, hating, anathematizing the Bonapartes and their sanguinary myrmidons with all his heart, and soul, and strength. In the presence of his mother, how violent soever his rage—and he was of hot temperament, even for a Spaniard—he never spoke of them as Frenchmen. Señor Mercedes, on the other hand, swayed, no doubt, in a great degree by the natural leanings of his wife, inclined to the French side of the quarrel, strictly maintaining that Spain would be freer, more prosperous under the rule of Joseph Bonaparte than that of the worn-out imbecile Bourbons. He made no secret of those sentiments, and soon, in consequence, became a marked *afrancesado*, as partisans of the intrusive king were designated. There was no safety for such a man outside the walls of a large town; and the Mercedes family removed to Barcelona, the population of which was held in awe by Fort Monjuich, garrisoned by Frenchmen. I, of course, sided with Pedro—the enemy of England was my enemy; and home becoming distasteful to him—a life of inaction insufferably wearisome to me, we took counsel together, and finally resolved to quietly leave Barcelona, and join the band of Colonel Zoar,

a *partida*, or guerilla chief, who early made himself felt in the terrible conflict.

It was not difficult to find our way to Colonel Zoar's head-quarters in the mountains. We were kindly received, and at once enrolled in the band, which consisted of between three and four hundred strong-limbed, active Catalans, about half of whom were armed with muskets. Colonel Zoar was, however, sanguine that the deficiency would soon be supplied by firearms of French manufacture. Colonel Zoar's family—a boy-son, and two daughters, Isabel and Francesca—were with him. The circumstances—familiar to those who have read the personal memoirs of the Spanish guerilla chiefs—the immediate circumstances, that is, which so early determined, in a manner compelled, Colonel Zoar to flee to the mountains with his family—were these. The colonel's residence was about four English miles distant from Barcelona; and there came one day three French officers, not the better for the wine they had drunk, rudely forced their way into the house,—maltreating, in doing so, the steward, who endeavoured to prevent the intrusion. The French officers' names were—I heard the story minutely related by the colonel himself, whose lips I could be sworn a falsehood never passed, though an oath did after—the French officers' names were

Champollion, Drouet, Marcel; and all three were captains in the Thirteenth of the Line. They demanded wine. Colonel Zoar, who refused to see them, and had withdrawn with his family to a sort of pavilion in his garden, directed the steward to comply with the Frenchmen's request. He did so with a vengeance. About an hour afterwards Colonel Zoar, hearing a strange uproar in the house, hurried to ascertain the cause, and was horrified to find the three French officers dead—poisoned by the wine supplied by the vindictive steward—a true Catalan. Two orderlies, as we should call them, who had been ordered to bring horses to Colonel Zoar's place at a particular hour, which showed that the intrusion was a purposed insult, had made this terrible discovery. It was their fierce clamour which had startled Colonel Zoar, and brought him upon the scene.

First hurling forth threats of swift condign vengeance, the two French soldiers rode off at furious speed towards Monjuich. Colonel Zoar well knew that no defence, nothing that he could say, would avail to clear him of the crime in the eyes of the French. He himself would be shot at once without ceremony; his wife and children cast into dungeons, to there rot their lives away as an example to others. His decision was instantly

formed—carried out; and when the French, prompt as they were, arrived, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, they found the house deserted. The birds had all flown, no one could guess whither. All that could be done was to first pillage, then fire the house. That was effectually done.

For a time that honourable banditti sort of life was one of enchantment to me. It was a romance of reality; in which, of course, the youthful señoras, Isabel and Francesca, figured prominently. Charming, mischievous damsels both; but it was the electric fire leaping at will from out the unfathomable depths of Isabel's dark eyes which set my blood in a blaze. It produced the same effect upon Pedro Mercedes; and it was soon apparent to me, though I had quite sufficient conceit of myself, that I had no chance, and that he had. This very unwelcome conviction greatly cooled my guerillian ardour—opened my eyes to the ignoble character of such a petty mode of warfare. Disgusted me with it in fact. Lying in ambush to capture ammunition-waggons—cut off stragglers—intercept French couriers bearing dispatches—not much glorious war in that.

After about fifteen months of that precious game, in which I played my part to Colonel Zoar's entire

satisfaction, as I have his sealed certificate to prove, matters came to a climax, and not one hour too soon.

Nearly our entire force, amounting to about 500 men, marched suddenly to intercept a train of provision and ammunition waggons from France; the English naval force effectually preventing supplies reaching the French armies by sea, whilst foraging parties, except when in great force, were pretty sure to come to grief at the hands of the guerillas.

The train, Colonel Zoar was informed and believed, was escorted by not more than 200 soldiers. Such a number fallen suddenly upon would be easily disposed of; and we set forth gaily as to a pleasant exhilarating pastime. Isabel Zoar, an adventurous damsel, delighting in excitement, and a capital horsewoman, accompanied us.

On this occasion, Colonel Zoar, rashly confident in the accuracy of the information he had received, did not act with his usual caution. We marched by a road which would bring us up with the convoy in a shorter time than it would take to accomplish our purpose by a more circuitous and safer one; but should evil fortune befall us it would be almost impossible to escape if pressed by a considerable

force. This was a surprising error to be committed by so wary a partisan leader as Colonel Zoar.

The sun was near its setting when we reached our selected place of ambush; and much sooner than we expected the rumbling of the waggons made itself heard; presently the measured tread of thousands of men. A practised ear could not be deceived as to that: thousands—at least 2000 infantry, perhaps nearly double that number! This was a pretty business! Colonel Zoar's famous band was caught in the toils at last; no doubt about it; the Colonel himself, if not killed in the fight of despair which could not be avoided, and for whose capture a large reward had been offered by the French authorities, would be shot out of hand as soon as recognized. My own particular prospect did not extend further than a military prison. Quite sufficient.

Colonel Zoar, his daughter Isabel, myself, Pedro Mercedes, and others of his staff, galloped to the brow of an eminence, from which we could ascertain, by the evidence of our eyes, whether or not our ears deceived us. By Jove! 3000 French infantry, at the very least.

There was nothing for it but to get away if we could, and as fast as we could. The necessary orders

were given, and our tired fellows, fully aware of the imminent peril in which they were placed, got into motion with alacrity. They knew they could out-march the French troops, and in that superiority counted upon effecting their escape.

That would have been a well-founded reliance, but for the unfortunate circumstance that, situated as we were, the enemy to intercept us would have to traverse nearly one-third less of ground than we. Besides which we could not even temporarily avoid him without being seen !

However, there being no choice left, we marched at double quick ; were seen by the French, and greeted with loud derisive shouts, and a volley which did us no harm.

A dreadfully harassing night was that ; the next day worse, the men's spirits and strength failing rapidly, though there was a plentiful supply of bread and wine. We were turned in every direction, like hares crossed by harriers. Of course, I don't mean that our Catalans were hares in heart. Very far indeed from that ; although, had they been disciplined British troops, there were many positions of vantage in which the assault of the 2000 men detached by the French general in pursuit might have been awaited with confidence.

In that game of *Legs versus Legs*, we towards even-

ing, helped by our knowledge of the country, gained a considerable advantage. We could reach a bridge which spanned the Llobregat at least one hour in advance of our pursuers, who like ourselves had halted to rest themselves. The Llobregat passed, we were safe. Colonel Zoar had recovered his confidence,—Isabel's eyes flashed brilliantly as ever.

That hope, that confidence were rudely extinguished. A singularly intelligent peasant, full of crafty daring, whom Colonel Zoar had sent to reconnoitre the bridge, returned to inform us that it was watched at the further end by a guard of ten soldiers. The French did not wish to destroy the bridge, except under the pressure of necessity, as it was and would be useful to them. But being determined that Colonel Zoar's brigands should not escape, they had mined the bridge; and the muzzle of a loaded musket was thrust into the powder, to the trigger of which musket a string was attached, the end being held by the sentry immediately on duty, whose orders were to fire the mine upon the slightest alarm.

What pale, blank faces confronted each other in that council tent as the peasant's words of doom fell upon our ears! Isabel's the palest, blankest; knowing her father's fate, should the ominous word "Surrender!" murmured by more than one present,

become a fact. The very elements seemed to war against us. A terrific storm, thunder, lightning, rain, which would probably be of long continuance, burst upon us. Our poor fellows were exposed to its fury, whilst the French were sheltered beneath their *tentes d'abri*.

As for myself, I gave the thing up in sullen despair, and squat cross-armed upon the wet ground, musing in a sort of dismal stupor upon the delightful mess I had got into by amateur championship of oppressed nations. There was a buzz of conversation or counsel going on, but I heeded it not. What signified talking! The word-wisdom of Achitophel could have done nothing for us.

All at once I was sensible of an electric shock, thrilling every vein in my body. It was Isabel's small, soft hand laid lightly upon my shoulder, as she said, "Edward, we want your counsel—your help." Never before had she called me Edward—never, when speaking to *me*, had I seen that enchanting expression in her eyes. I was on my feet in an instant. "What is it? What is required of me?"

"Lieutenant Grainger," said Colonel Zoar (the colonel, by the bye, pronounced my name in a way which required practice to enable me to understand whom he meant), "Lieutenant Grainger, there is,

it appears to us, one chance, and only one chance, left us. The dark night, the storm raging so furiously, will favour that single chance; but it is upon your courage, self-possession, English *sang-froid*, that I rely for success."

"What the deuce," thought I, "is the old fellow driving at with that long preamble!" But I merely said, "What am I to do, Colonel Zoar? What is expected of me?"

"Were I young and active as you, my brave young friend, I would undertake the perilous—no doubt, very perilous—duty myself. That, however, may not be; and we are all of opinion, Isabel concurring, that no one is so fitted to successfully carry out the very hazardous enterprise, I repeat, as yourself."

"Lieutenant Grainger cannot fail of success," said Isabel, in her softest tones. "I have undoubting faith in his fortunes."

"Well, what is this terrible business which no one here, it should seem, volunteers to undertake?" said I, with considerable asperity, feeling that it was sought to involve me, by flattering and coaxing, in some frightful bedevilment, and knowing that whatever it might be I should be totally powerless to resist Isabel.

"You heard the peasant's report about the

bridge?" gravely resumed the Colonel. "The guard of ten soldiers could, of course, be easily mastered. The difficulty is to prevent the sentry who holds the string attached to the trigger of the musket from firing the mine and destroying the bridge."

"Certainly, Colonel Zoar; I immediately saw that was the difficulty: and pray how do you propose to get over it?"

"Upon such a dark, stormy night as this," the Colonel continued—"upon such a dark, stormy night as this, a bold, resolute, cool-headed man might creep, crawl, unperceived, unheard, with a sharp knife in his hand, across the bridge and sever the string, before the sentry could be aware of his approach. The real danger would then be over. A whistle will bring fifty men to our gallant deliverer's assistance—to your assistance, Lieutenant Granger."

"How! What's that? *My* assistance? What the devil ——"

"To *your* assistance," persisted the Colonel; "I having selected you in preference to any other officer for the performance of this great duty. A highly-honorable trust is confided to you, which will, I doubt not, be courageously, and I hope successfully, fulfilled."

Saints and angels! I was as brave as the

ordinary run of young men, but for all that, and though from squatting on the wet ground I was damp, cold, shivering all over, hang me if I wasn't red-hot in a moment, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. Crawl across a mined bridge, at the end of which was a sentry, who by a twitch of his hand could blow me and the bridge into smithereens ! Charming, upon my word.

So astounded was I at the cool audacity of such a proposition, command, whatever it was, that I couldn't get out a word of remonstrance. Isabel hadn't lost *her* tongue. "We shall be for ever indebted to you, Edward," she said, in her silveriest accents. "Edward!" again: the small, soft hand laid upon my shoulder. A sort of vertigo seized me. I caught the small, soft hand, devoured it with kisses; then accepted "the highly-honorable trust." Good Lord! what fools young and old lovers are!

One gleam of common sense broke upon me. The choice of the fifty men who were to lie down within hearing of my signal-whistle was left to me, and I named for one Pedro Mercedes. Not to be had, amiable *Inglese!* "I have delegated to Lieutenant Mercedes another duty," replied the Colonel. Was it fancy, or did I really with my bodily eyes, blinded with glamour as they were,

detect a smile equivalent to the English vulgarism, "Don't you wish you may get it!" upon Isabel's rich lips, as I made the request?

The bitter weather had, I dare say, a good deal to do with it, but certainly my enthusiasm cooled very rapidly as I told off the men who were to be my rear-guard, as one may say. I bethought me, however, of one essential element of success. Cut that cursed string with a knife, the sentry remaining unconscious thereof till I had crawled back to the soldiers in waiting? Not likely! He would feel the jerk; and though the mine could not be fired, I should be potted—safe. So, seeking out the barber to the corps, I borrowed his sharpest scissors, which would do the trick more neatly—deftly.

Were I to live to the age of Methuselah, I shall never forget crawling upon my belly over that cursed bridge, about three times the length I had supposed it to be. Never mind, persevere, brave heart! Hasn't she called you Edward twice, and twice laid her small soft hand upon your shoulder? The return you are making, or striving to make, for that bliss ineffable, is, in a comparative sense, slight, trifling. As I live and breathe that was my thought! Good heavens!

Slowly, slowly, I neared the further end of the bridge. The dark night, the howling wind,

favoured me; but how the plague could I in that thick gloom lay my hand upon the trigger-string? The sentry who held it I was at last close enough to hear, and dimly perceive that he was pacing to and fro, as ordinary sentries do, but not taking near so many steps as usual. The length of the line would not allow of that. Still, it must be held, I argued, very slackly in his hand, and should be found at about the centre of his *beat*, as it were. I crawled up close, so close that had not the night been black as the inside of a tar-barrel, he must have seen me, prone as I was, upon the floor of the bridge. I gently wave my hand, horizontally, to and fro, and at last strike the cord. The next moment the sharp scissors have severed it, and there is no longer danger of the mine. Another half minute convinces me that, owing no doubt to the slackness of the string, the sentry is not aware of what I have done. So I crawl back, reach the further end of the bridge, sound the signal-whistle, the eager Catalans rush forward, pour across the bridge, the mine cannot be fired, the guard is bayoneted, and in less than a quarter of an hour Colonel Zoar's famous guerilla corps are safe from pursuit, the mine being sprung immediately the last man had crossed. Colonel Zoar was enthusiastic in his praise of my exploit, Isabel pressed my hand, and

with her charming eyes, suffused with diamond drops thanked me again and again. Our stronghold reached, the men gave me an ovation, shouts of *Viva el Inglese!* resounded throughout the day. I was in a state of (earthly) beatification.

Reflecting upon damsels in general, and Isabel in particular, I concluded to come to a distinct, positive understanding with the enchantress, whilst her gentle heart was still palpitating with gratitude to the saviour of her father, the deliverer from captivity of herself.

“Is your sister within?” I asked of Francesca, one of the most merrily-mischievous girls that has ever lived from Madam Eve’s time to ours. “Is your sister within?” I daresay my voice trembled somewhat, and there were other signs of an agitation I could not repress, or Francesca would not have shot at me such an archly-mocking look (*los Ingleses* were no favourites of hers) as she said, pointing to a door, “Oh yes! Isabel is there: go in.”

I did so, and beheld, seated on a rude sofa, Isabel and Pedro Mercedes in loving converse; her waist encircled by his arm, her cheek pressed fondly against his.

I awoke the next day very late, and with a split-

ting headache, having staggered, perhaps I was carried, to bed in a state—I might use a less expressive euphemism, but I won't—in a state of awful drunkenness.

The nausea of debauch passed away, but the profound disgust which I had conceived for all damsel-kind, and especially Spanish damsel-kind, deepened, hardened with every passing hour.

My mind being thoroughly made up as to the course I should pursue, I asked for, and obtained, a private audience of Colonel Zoar. He was very kind, cordial, affectionate even. I told him that it was my intention to immediately quit the corps of guerillas to which I had been proud to belong, and should return to England if I did not succeed, as I had some hope of doing, in obtaining a commission in one of the British regiments serving in Portugal. The fine old fellow sadly agreed that it was the best course I could pursue; and, grieved as he was to part with me, would do all in his power to forward my views. He knew Colonel Ridge personally, had once had it in his power to render him a service, and he would give me a letter to that officer, whose regiment was one of those forming the army gathering in Lisbon, under the command of the Sepoy general, as the French called him, recently arrived out. “Sepoy general as he may be, he

dealt Junot a tremendous blow at Vimiera," added the patriotic veteran, with flashing eyes; "and, knowing something of his career in India, I shall be surprised if the French marshals do not very soon find they have at last met with more than their match. God grant it prove so! for only in the sword of England, her victorious sword, is there real hope, spite of all our frenzied efforts, for humbled, trampled Spain. You, Edward Grainger," he went on to say, after a thoughtful pause—"you, Edward Grainger, with your perfect knowledge of the Spanish tongue, of our peasant patois, your readiness of resource, cool, unquailing courage (I am merely repeating Colonel Zoar's words, mind), and adventurous spirit, might be of invaluable service in such a war. I shall write in that sense to Colonel Ridge."

I left, on foot, early the next morning, attired as a peasant, my only weapon of offence and defence a stout iron-tipped stick. Isabel had sent me a message through her father. She was desirous of personally bidding me farewell. I couldn't stand that, and positively, angrily, declined the honour. Colonel Zoar thought that quite natural. "Francesca," said he, "has, thoughtlessly, caused needless pain. The truth might have been gently broken to you." "Francesca here, Francesca there,"

matters it was desirable the English general should be well informed about. The noble Portuguese, who trembled in every limb, though no eye saw us, no ear heard us, said in a quick, fainting voice, "The scrap of paper you have brought assures me that if you should be arrested, and having that document, written in a disguised hand, in your possession, you would be condemned to be summarily shot (*fusillé sur le champ!* his nobleness spoke in French)—you will not betray me?"

"I have pledged my word I will not, and shall the more certainly keep the promise I voluntarily made, for the simple reason that, in the given circumstances, it would avail me nothing to break it. I had as lief be shot solus as in your excellency's company."

The reassured nobleman thereupon poured me out a bumper of excellent wine, and led me quietly out by a back entrance. It was growing late, and when I reached the jetty, as it may be called, whence you were ferried over to the other bank of the Douro, the boats were all securely fastened by chains, and no waterman could be seen. Being a young hand at my vocation, I was silly enough to inquire of a French sentinel if I could not hire a boat to get across. I spoke, too, in French, though habited as a Spanish peasant! The sentinel gruffly replied

were in the room into which I, in a terrible twitteration, was ushered. Sir Arthur read me with that eagle glance of his in a second. The perusal did not appear to be unsatisfactory.

"You have been," he said, "a midshipman in the British navy, and are now desirous of obtaining a commission in the British army. That commission, young man, must be earned by real services. I think you may earn it. I want to send a secret message to an agent in Oporto. Will you undertake to convey it, and bring me back the answer? The service, remember, is a highly dangerous one. Death would immediately follow detection."

"I will set out this very hour, or this minute, if need be."

"Very good." Sir Arthur rang a *sonette* which stood on the table. An officer, with a pen in his hand, answered the summons. "Give this young man," said the General, "the name of our agent in Oporto, with all other necessary particulars."

I was soon in Oporto; easily obtained access to the British agent, a Portuguese noble of meagre means, presented my cabalistic credentials, and was furnished forthwith with a far too bulky paper, containing, I had no doubt, full details concerning the number and efficiency of Soult's army, and other

I was not again actively employed till the conjoint operations of Cuesta and Wellington, in the valley of the Tagus, culminating in the terrible battles of Talavera—three distinct battles in three successive days—was in progress. Wellington, with less than twenty thousand men, was in actual presence of a French army, double in number, commanded by Marshal Jourdain and King Joseph in person. Cuesta's Spanish soldiers were so far useful, that they made an imposing show, and by that imposing show checked the impetuous audacity of the French. But in the real, terrible fighting they had no share. Wellington fought only to secure his retreat to Lisbon. His great fear was that Jourdain would not fight till Soult, who was hurrying up, had joined. To me and Colonel Grant—I ought to say Colonel Grant and me—the duty was confided of watching Soult's progress, and promptly reporting thereon. I was provided with a horse, a strong, serviceable roadster, which I put up at a wayside *posáda*, or public-house, as soon as I reached within a few leagues of where I expected to find Soult's army. It is astonishing what a subtle, unspoken free-masonry binds together and renders mutually intelligible to each other the natives of an invaded country. The landlord of the *posáda* instinctively comprehended that I was engaged in some under-

taking adverse to the French. "Friend," said he, as grasping my iron-tipped staff, I sallied forth to continue my journey on foot ;—" friend, your horse shall be kept in readiness for you at any hour of the day or night."

I went boldly forward ; gained the French encampment, asked in the Spanish patois, of course, to speak with some one in authority. An interpreter was found to whom I explained that I had a considerable quantity of hay for sale, and about one hundred quintals of barley, which I should be happy to dispose of at a reasonable price. I was straightway taken before the Commissary-General. " How much hay had I," he eagerly demanded. My answer indicated a quantity considerably over eight English tons. " When could it be delivered ?" " In one week, not earlier !" " That's a pity, but I will inquire : wait, I shall not be long absent."

He was absent about half an hour. (Our intercourse, I need hardly say, was carried on through an interpreter.) He was absent about half an hour, and upon his return, asked if I would sign a bond, with forfeiture in case that I failed to fulfil the contract, to deliver them in *five* days the hay and barley I wished to sell. The price was a matter of really minor consequence. In five days ? Impossible ! In six days it might be done. " Will you agree to six

days?" "Well, yes; but I shall have my work to do. Cannot you say seven days?" "No. Seven days hence we shall be able to move forward: not, unfortunately, till then." I agreed; gave my address, a well-known, by reputation, rich cultivator about thirty miles off, signed that worthy person's name, and left the great man's presence with a bounding pulse. Surely it would now be held that I had earned my commission now? My peasant dress, as I well knew it would, helped the fraud. Señor C—— was noted for his affectation of labourers' costume. Still, the adventure was a risky one. Supposing some one acquainted with the real Señor C—— had confronted me! Why, then, *sus per col*, of course.

Seven days before, Soult, for reasons unknown to me, but no doubt, cogent, imperative, could move. Five days of forced marches would scarcely effect his junction with Jourdain. For twelve days, then, I could assure the British general he was safe from Soult! I left the camp at once, reached the *posáda*, and found, as the landlord, whose name I forget, promised, my horse in first-rate readiness. "Ha! ha!" said the landlord, his bleary eyes twinkling with light; "it has gone well, my friend. I see—I see. The great *milord* will destroy the French locusts, eh! Bravo! Adios!"

I regained Lord Wellington's head-quarters five days before the first of the Talavera battles. His lordship questioned me closely ; and, satisfied with my answers, said in his curt, dry tone, " You have rendered valuable service, Lieutenant Grainger. I shall again have need of you—perhaps soon."

I was a witness of those terrible battles, of the triumphant heroism of that astonishing infantry contending against frightful odds, the capture of ten cannon, and the driving of the French beyond the Alberche. But French armies rally quickly. Soult would soon be up, and Wellington at once and rapidly retreated upon Lisbon. He had gained his first experience of Spanish generals and loosely-disciplined Spanish armies, and would never again imperil a British force by dependence upon them. " I will fight "—was his memorable expression—" I will fight in Spain and for Spain, but never again with Spain."

Though frequently employed in not unimportant affairs, there is nothing in my experience that would interest the reader till the great winter campaign of 1812. Wellington had conceived the audacious project—a calculated audacity—of storming the strongly-fortified towns of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, almost in the very presence of two numerous French armies, commanded respectively by

Soult and Marmont, each nearly equal numerically to his own, without giving them an opportunity of coming to the rescue of the assaulted cities. To succeed in such an enterprise, it was not alone necessary to be secret, swift, deadly—those conditions the British general could himself command—but to ascertain the force of the French garrison in each place, and, as I may say, the *interior* means of resisting a vigorous assault.

I had the honour of being dispatched on that mission to Ciudad Rodrigo. I managed very well indeed, and was fast acquiring all the needed information; when, whilst sitting smoking and reckoning up, mentally, the progress I had made, the fixed scrutiny of my noble self, by a gentleman about two yards in front of me, startled me not a little. This was in a crowded café. His general appearance was that of a countryman.

“I think, señor,” said he presently, in a hissing undertone—“I think, señor, I have seen you before, and not long ago. Let me see—where was it? Ah, yes, to be sure. In the English camp, just eight days ago. You were speaking with the General Hill.”

Now, if that was not enough to make a fellow’s heart leap to his mouth, and out of it, I don’t know what would.

“Friend,” said I, affecting indifference, and a wretched affectation I have no doubt it was, “you are mistaken, I have never been in the British camp.”

The fellow favoured me, by way of reply, with a most diabolic squint and grin; and holding out his hollowed hand towards me, beneath the shadow of the table, said, still in low tones, audible to me only: “We are brothers; only on different sides. But Gold is my country. I have the upperhand of you now. It may be your turn soon. Give, and I am silent; refuse, and——. Ha! It is well. You are a wise man.”

I was wise enough, at all events, to quit Ciudad Rodrigo as speedily as I could without exciting suspicion. The information I had gathered was valuable, but incomplete; and I was enjoined by Lord Fitzroy Somerset to immediately go back to Ciudad Rodrigo, and ascertain certain particulars most important to be known. Go back to Ciudad Rodrigo! Indeed. Fraternise again with my black-hearted friend of the café! I objected. The risk was frightful. “Not more so, I suppose, than mounting a breach,” rejoined his peremptory lordship. “If you decline the venture, some one else must be found who will accept it. In which case your lieutenant’s commission will not be confirmed.

Undertake the duty, and I am authorized to say you will be promoted to a captaincy—unattached—whether you succeed or fail.”

“My lord,” said I, “a captaincy, especially when placed in juxtaposition with such a decidedly objectionable alternative, is irresistible. I *will* return to Ciudad Rodrigo. And it seems to me, under your lordship’s correction, that the best plan I can adopt is to present myself there as a deserter! I, myself saw, as my report states, full 200 there. Now, if a regiment with which those fellows are unacquainted had lately arrived——.”

“The service companies of the 14th,” brusquely interrupted Lord Somerset, “joined yesterday.”

“That will do. I shall be a deserter from the 14th. The uniform can easily be managed.”

That settled, the items of information most desirable to be obtained were gone minutely through; and I was again assured, that provided I did my duty zealously—and his lordship had not the slightest doubt that I should, whether I succeeded or failed in obtaining the required information, be rewarded with a captaincy.

James Triggs, a deserter from the 14th Regiment, easily obtained admittance into Ciudad Rodrigo, with not very much difficulty, obtained all the in-

formation specified to be essential by Lord Somerset; but how to get out of Ciudad Rodrigo proved to be an insoluble problem. An order was issued to *regiment* the English deserters; form them into a regular body; and as they would fight with halters round their necks, it was openly proclaimed that they were the very fellows to stand foremost in the breach, should the English general, as rumoured, attack the place. Very pleasant hearing this to James Triggs, who knew perfectly well that the English general did mean, and very speedily, to batter and storm Ciudad Rodrigo!

But cursing, swearing, lamenting would not help me; and I possessed my soul in patience, trusting that, somehow or other, I should get out of that infernal scrape as I had out of others. I managed, however, to send the anxiously-expected information to head-quarters, by the agency of a Zingaro, who I knew would receive a liberal reward, magnificent in his estimation, if he safely delivered the easily-concealed missive. Of course, I did not omit to mention the dreadful fix I was in. But what would that avail? The unrespective bullets and bayonets of the storming party would scarcely distinguish between real and fictitious deserters.

The storm of cannon fire having raged for nine

days, the breach was known to be practicable; and there was no doubt that the assault would be immediately delivered. Energetic preparations were made to repel it. The main breach was mined; the magazine to be fired the moment the storming soldiers mounted the breach, should they, spite of the showers of grape from fifty guns, be able to do so. The mine failing to arrest the onrush of the red-coats, the garrison were to meet them bayonet to bayonet—the English deserters, of whom I had the honour of forming one in the front line. All this was explained to us, with damnable iteration upon parade, by an Irish officer in the French service, one Captain M'Mahon. When I say an Irish officer, I mean that he was born in Ireland, which his family had left when he was a boy. He was a very gentlemanly man; and, I believe, the father of the present Marshal M'Mahon. His English was not of the purest, but intelligible—quite so. Not one of us but perfectly understood that we were to have the honour and glory of first encountering the onrush of British bayonets. That cursed captaincy, which I should never clutch, had been my destruction.

We could plainly enough see, soon after nightfall, the English battalions mustering for the decisive

onslaught. Every man of the French garrison was under arms; our unfortunate selves were in front, drawn up in grim array, about thirty yards toward of the mined breach. But spite of the brave show we made, and the confidence with which the officers harangued us, not one man in his heart believed the assaulting columns could be effectually beaten back.

On they came—silent, stern as death; the forlorn hope led by Lieutenant Gurwood; the storming battalion by Captain Charles James Napier. The forlorn hope were within about thirty yards of the breach when the artillery opened upon them. From that moment I could distinguish nothing, except, if I may so express myself, at flashing intervals. The red-coats mounted the breach, spite of the tempest of grape-shot; and then the mine being sprung, it seemed as if the fires of central hell had burst forth. Hundreds of the “red” soldiers flew up, so to speak, into the air. Blackness, silence succeed, but for a few moments only. I distinctly heard a stentorian voice exclaim, “Forward! Give them the bayonet.” They *did* give us the bayonet, and no mistake: myself in particular, an overdose. I don't remember how it was done; but it was unquestionably true, as a surgeon informed me the next day, when I could understand what he was talking

about, that I was bayoneted in three places, clean through the body,—the instrument, as if by miracle, not so much as grazing a vital organ,—in the fleshy part of the left arm, and the right thigh. No doubt the thrust through the body was the last of the favours I received at the hands of my unknown countrymen.

I had not been forgotten. Knowing, from the letter sent by the Zingaro, that I was enrolled in the honourable corps of deserters, search was made for me amongst the slain and wounded of those extinguished rascals ; and, as life still fluttered in my pulse, I was removed and sedulously cared for. My wounds, the surgeon assured me, though very severe, were not dangerous, thanks to my youth and healthy constitution. I should soon be myself again, and —a captain. Hurrah !

Badajoz was stormed long before I was convalescent. The first commission, when I was fully restored to health, was given me by General Lord Hill. He purposed to surprise and capture General Girard's corps of soldiers *d'élite*, quartered at Aroyo di Molinos, and I was deputed to ascertain how long it was intended they should remain, and what their numbers were. I had no difficulty in accomplishing the task assigned me. Girard had with him, I reported, 6000 men ; 2000 of whom were Imperial

Guards ; and he intended to march at dawn on the next day but one. General Hill was almost directly in motion, and on the evening of the morrow, when Girard intended to be off, bivouacked within half a mile of Aroyo di Molinos. The morning broke, I well remember, in storm, tempest, and with the driving rain, and bitter shrieking wind, poured in the British troops, as the French were mustering to be off. No effectual resistance could be offered, so complete was the surprise. It was a regular *sauve qui peut*—Girard himself escaped, and so did some hundreds of the Guards, the rest were prisoners. This was Lord Hill's crowning exploit as an independent general.

Lord Hill showed me great favour—was, I mean, exceedingly kind ; and my wounds, though healed in a scientific sense, still causing weakness, and occasional pain, advised me to invalid and go home. I was meditating that advice, assisted by the calming inspiration of a first-rate cigar, when a waiter—I was lodging at a tavern in Aroyo di Molinos—when a waiter announced a lady—a young lady, and before I could reply, in came—rushed in I should say—Isabel Zoar ! pale, very pale, but more beautiful than ever ! Good Heavens ! had she, repenting of her folly in preferring Pedro Mercedes to my very superior self, come to marry me ? Lord, how my heart beat as

she, clasping my hand in both hers, and unable for a while to speak, looked through and through me with those mesmerizing eyes of hers.

“Señor Mercedes, who saved your life,” she presently found breath to say—“Señor Mercedes, who saved your life, has, with his son Pedro, my husband, fallen into the power of the Partidas Fillipo Gomez. They will be shot at sunrise if you cannot save them. Their crime is, that they are Afrancesados; and you must know the character of marble-hearted Gomez.”

“Pedro Mercedes an afrancesado!” I exclaimed, perfectly bewildered. “How can that be?”

“It is true; after the death of my poor father, who was killed soon after you left, in a skirmish, I, my husband, and Francesca, left the band, and went to reside in Barcelona with Señor and Madame Mercedes. I need not tell you that such a step branded us in the eyes of the Partidas as traitors. And truth-speaking, my husband, yielding to his mother’s influence, and I never having been at heart a partisan of the Bourbons, has publicly manifested zeal in the cause of His Majesty, King Joseph. Business of importance required the presence in this part of Spain of my husband and his father. I have accompanied them, not thinking of danger, because forgetful that the freemasonry of the

Guerillas circulates what is deemed important intelligence throughout the entire confederacy with magical speed. We were arrested about five hours ago. I was at once liberated, and, hearing by the merest chance that you were here, I am come to pray you, if only for my sake, whatever wrong I may in your belief have done you, to save those two unfortunates. They, as I have told you," Isabel added, "die at sunrise; that respite has been granted by Gomez—who, though an inexorable, cold, sanguinary villain, is also one of the most piously-bigoted of human beings—in order that his prisoners may have time to spiritually prepare themselves for eternity. The priest attached to his band is now with them."

"Where," I asked, "are Gomez and his fellows?"

Isabel named the place, which I knew to be about five miles distant from Aroyo di Molinos.

"Remonstrance with Gomez would be useless, I fear?" said I.

"Idle: words thrown away."

"'Tis terrible; and the English generals do not like to interfere with the doings of the Guerillas. Still, neither my friend and benefactor, Señor Mercedes, nor your husband, lady, shall be murdered, if I can help it. Come with me; we will see Lord Hill."

Madame Isabel Mercedes returned to Gomez' camp, bivouac rather, the same evening. She was treated with all possible kindness ; for Gomez, it is well-known, though a ruthless Spanish patriot, felt or affected a chivalrous respect for women. It is probable he was sincere in that as well as in his superstitious piety.

I arrived at the encampment about an hour before the hour appointed for the execution of the Afrancesado traitors. It was desirable that Gomez should be *persuaded* to give up his prisoners ; and, furnished with proper testimonials, I essayed that task. I might as well have talked to a column of granite. "The two Mercedes shall die the death amply deserved of traitors. Were His Majesty King Ferdinand to ask me to spare their lives I would refuse the request."

Morn dawned brightly in the eastern horizon, the hour of doom was close at hand, and I was getting extremely nervous. Some hitch might have occurred, Major Thomson's watch have stopped, or he might have taken the wrong road. I imagined a hundred disastrous possibilities ; and when the firing party were told off, and ordered by that execrable Gomez to load their pieces, I became almost frantic with fear.

The prisoners were brought out, Isabel accompanying. She looked at me—around; all colour forsook her face, and she seemed about to faint, when I whispered, "Tell them to ask a short respite for prayer. All may yet be well." The request, preferred through the priest, was granted. Ten minutes were allowed.

Three of those precious minutes had not elapsed when the 12th English Dragoons appeared on the summit of a ridge not more than five hundred yards distant, and, seeing what was doing, came on at a swift gallop.

"Just in time, I see Captain Grainger," said Major Thomson; "only just. We missed the direct road. Colonel Gomez," he added, addressing that gentleman in broken Spanish, and reading from a paper, "I am deputed by General Lord Hill to demand the persons of José Mercedes and Pedro Mercedes, deserters from the 7th Spanish Regiment of the Line attached to Lord Hill's division."

"Deserters!" exclaimed Gomez; "these villains are not deserters."

"They are the men we want, are they not, Captain Grainger?" asked Major Thomson.

"Certainly they are."

"All right: unbind them, Cornet Mings, and

let them mount the led horses. The lady also—there is a side-saddle for her.”

“I will not let them go,” shouted Gomez, in a rage. “It is a trick! They shall be shot. You shall not take them.”

“*I’ll* be shot if I don’t, though,” replied the Major. “Oh, that’s it, is it?” he added, seeing Gomez beckon up his scattered guerillas. “Unsling—load carbines,” said he, turning to the dragoons. “I wonder what we shall see next.”

Furious as he was, Gomez could not but recognize the folly of resistance. He walked away scowling and muttering. The two Mercedes, Isabel, and myself, mounted our horses; the bugle sounded, and away we went at a rattling, joyous trot. Hip! Hip!

That meeting with Isabel did me no good; quite the reverse. I had been, it must be remembered, upon low diet for many months, and nothing, in my experience, takes the pluck and sense out of a man like that. My wounds seemed to be getting angrier, more fretful—if a bayonet wound can fret. So I took Lord Hill’s advice, invalided, and came home. My mother had, I found, married her third husband. I did not like that, or the man himself;

and, instead of the Isle of Wight, settled down at Portsea. Having been awarded a pension for "meritorious services," I had, with my Captain's half-pay, a very comfortable income for a bachelor, content with which, I dozed and dreamed away my life till the Carlist Christino war woke me up as with the blast of a trumpet. Directly—the Foreign Enlistment Act being specially suspended, General De Lacy Evans commenced organizing his "Legion," I, enclosing testimonials, offered my services. The application was most flatteringly replied to by Sir De Lacy himself, who called upon me at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, whence I had dated my note. The interview was satisfactory on both sides, and I was regularly engaged to do battle, in my peculiar line, for the Queen of Spain. My adventures in the service of that royal, and I will add much slandered, lady, I may relate hereafter.

ROMANCE OF MILITARY LIFE.

COUNT LEO KRASINKI.

THE Krasinki family was one of the most ancient in Poland, and had been one of the wealthiest. They claimed blood relationship with several of the Jagellons, and one renowned ancestor was said to have greatly distinguished himself in the famous battle won by the Poles against the Turks, which saved Vienna. It is not, however, with any of those old world-histories or incidents I have to deal in this narrative. The strange story I am about to relate occurred as lately as 1817. Strange though it be, of its substantial truth there can be no doubt.

The noble seat of the Krasinki family was situate near Konin, in the Government of Warsaw. Leo was the only child of the Count Krasinki, whose wife died in giving birth to her son. As the boy grew in years and stature, high hopes were formed

of him. He was tall for his age, and singularly strong and active, distancing all competitors in athletic exercises. His intellectual faculties were also vigorous; but he hated study, and never, except when compelled, would read other books than "Cæsar's Commentaries," or other works treating of war; the passion of his young life, fanned to flame by his father's fervid patriotism, being to become a soldier and help in the mighty struggle that should win back Poland for the Poles.

At the Lyceum or College in Warsaw, where Leo Krasinki completed his education, he met with Vladimir Ladislaus, a young man of about his own age, but of quite different temperament and political proclivities. They, nevertheless, became fast friends. Ladislaus' mother was a Russian lady, a native of Saint Petersburg, and naturally, being a widow too, powerfully helped to mould the opinions of her son to an anti-Polish pattern. Nevertheless, as I have before said, Ladislaus and Krasinki were intimate, strongly attached friends. There must have been strong influences of cohesion in their characters and opinions, as well as points of abrupt divergence. They both strictly resembled each other in this, that they had both inflexible wills. A resolution once taken, neither prayers, persuasions, threats, tears could turn them from it.

This was noticed to be a characteristic of both at a very early age.

Leo Krasinki must have been a mere boy when the great French Revolution broke out. I do not find any mention of the date of his birth, but it must have been, I think, in 1785. The volcanic glare of that terrific outburst flashed vividly through Poland, kindling the wildest hopes. The stupendous wars to which it gave aim and scope were eagerly watched by the trampled, dismembered nation, and some words—mere words—never, as subsequent events proved, intended to be resolved into deeds, uttered by the then young Napoleon, during the diplomatic discussions which resulted in the treaty of Campo Formio, to the effect that the Republican armies would or might one day restore Poland to independence, transfigured Bonaparte, in the eyes of thousands of the Polish people, into an “armed Christ” — the Messiah destined to bring them out of the house of bondage. How cruelly those hopes were disappointed, when they were easiest of accomplishment, history, with her disenchanting pen, has informed us. They were, however, undoubtingly entertained by thousands of gallant gentlemen who helped to swell the legions of Napoleon with the famed Polish Lancers; assisting the ruthless conqueror to trample out the inde-

pendence of other nations, in the hope that, by that ignominious service, they might earn a right to have their own nationality vindicated. They were used, mocked at, betrayed, and well deserved to be so.

Leo Krasinki, in 1808, was a captain in the corps of Polish Lancers, in the pay of the French Emperor. He volunteered in 1805, as a simple soldier, and obtained his grade of captain by deeds of signal bravery. On the morrow of Austerlitz, the Emperor of the French affixed the Cross of the Legion of Honour to his breast with his own hand.

In 1810 he was serving in Spain. At the battle of Fuentes D'Onore, Captain Krasinki was wounded, taken prisoner, and after a time exchanged for Captain Taylor of the Artillery. His dislike—hatred is the more fitting word—of the English appears to have been bitter, intense, regarding them as he rightly did, as the only formidable enemies of the god of his idolatry, Napoleon. This feeling did not, however, prevent him from risking his own life to save that of Major Fosbrooke, of the 20th Line Regiment. The Major had been sent to one Quiroz, an active guerilla chief, who slew every French soldier he captured, usually by the cruellest of deaths. The

British officer's mission was to offer, on the part of Lord Wellington, a large reward for the rescue of Captain, afterwards General Sir Colquhoun Grant, one of his lordship's most efficient scouts or spies, who had been taken prisoner by Marmont and sent on under escort to France.

A strong detachment of French troops, with whom was Captain Krasinki's company of Lancers, had been for many days in quest of Quiroz' band, with the fierce resolve of not sparing one should they come up with them. It chanced that they did, at the very time Quiroz was in conference with Major Fosbrooke. The conflict was brief, decisive. The guerillas, taken completely by surprise, could offer no effective resistance—they were massacred without mercy. Only the Lancers spared the lives of those who threw down their arms and asked quarter. "There were about fifty men, amongst them Quiroz himself," wrote Krasinki to his friend Vladimir Ladislaus. "There was also with them an English officer, looking very savage and very red, like a man who dined every day off half-raw 'rosbif.' He wore a simple blue frock coat, not *l'habit rouge*. Colonel — peremptorily sentenced every prisoner to be shot. The infuriated soldiers were only too eager to carry out the order, and in one minute more the Englishman would have received

his quietus with the rest, when, no doubt, recognizing by my face the amiability for which I am distinguished, he appealed to me, in French, for justice. I motioned him aside, and he explained the situation. Evidently there was no complicity between him and the band of brigands, who had met with a deserved fate. I spoke with Colonel ——. I have told you before what an iron man he is. He would not interfere. The men had been promised that not one of the Quiroz' *scélérats* should be spared. The English officer, if he *was* an English officer, must die with the rest. He would pay the penalty of evil companionship. You will agree, Vladimir, that this was abominable, atrocious! I remonstrated loudly, insisted that his life should be spared till, at all events, the truth could be ascertained. The Colonel was inexorable; his men were raging for blood, and determined that not one prisoner should escape, be he whom he may. There was only one thing to be done, if I would not passively assist at a cruel murder. I addressed a few words to my Poles, and in a twinkling we had formed a semi-circle in front of the Englishman. 'This is mutiny!' exclaimed Colonel ——, livid with rage. 'It is an act of justice,' I replied. 'Marshal Marmont, were he here, could not permit this man to be shot. He is no guerilla bandit. At all events you will

only reach him through us. That is decided.' The French soldiers were at least ten times as numerous as we, and at a gesture from the Colonel would have settled our business, as well as that of the beef-fed Englishman, in two or three minutes. But Colonel —— wisely declined the responsibility of making that gesture. He well knew that the Emperor would hear with extreme displeasure of any collision, no matter how brought about, between his petted Polish Lancers and the French troops. 'Marshal Marmont,' said Colonel ——, after a pause, during which the signs of a fierce internal conflict were very plainly visible, 'Marshal Marmont shall decide. Escort your prisoner to the Marshal's head-quarters.' We did so. Marmont approved of what I had done, though guardedly. In six or seven days afterwards—it is nearly four months ago that all this took place—in six or seven days afterwards the English officer was exchanged. He came to see me before he left. 'Captain Krasinki,' said he, 'you have placed me under the greatest obligation that one human being can owe to another. If I should ever have an opportunity of requiting, however inadequately, that obligation, I shall be a happy man.' My hand, as he spoke, was held as by a vice, and positively, Vladimir, there were signs of real emotion upon that rosbif-fed face!"

The Polish Legion formed part of the immense army with which Napoleon invaded Russia. Krasinki was severely wounded at Borodino, but had apparently quite recovered his health, when the retreat, or flight from Moscow, was of necessity determined upon. His weakened frame could not endure the rigours of that terrible exodus. On the fifth day after leaving Moscow he dropped out of the line of march, and lay down to die at no great distance from the village of Plutov. Benumbed, possessed by an intense drowsiness, the world was passing, when his ear caught the sound of human voices, and he had just power to utter a few faint words of supplication in his native tongue. He was heard by John Kurowski, a Pole settled for several years at Plutov, who, with two serfs, chanced to be passing that way. Kurowski promptly succoured his perishing countryman, had him gently conveyed to his own dwelling, where, thanks to the kindly assiduous ministrations of Madame Kurowski, the captain was, in a comparatively short space of time, restored to vigorous health. The lady, being very much younger than her husband, and he always addressing her simply as Natalie, Krasinki supposed her to be his deliverer's daughter; nor did he discover his error till when about to leave he blurted out a declaration of passionate

love. Madame Kurowski thanked him for the misplaced compliment, gaily remarking that he would soon console himself. There can, however, be no doubt that Krasinki's heart was deeply touched.

The Polish captain, thanks to his benevolent host's skilful management, escaped unmolested to France, rejoined the shattered remnant of "the grand army," fought with his usual gallantry in the battles by which Napoleon, with superhuman energy, and the resources of a marvellous genius, vainly sought to redress the catastrophe of Moscow. He was also present at the Adieux of Fontainebleau; was present during "the hundred days" at the battles of the Sambre and Waterloo, and when the star of Napoleon's glory had finally set, threw up his commission in the French service, and made preparations for returning to Poland.

The second return of the Bourbons was, as we all know, signalized by the arrest of a number of highly-placed men, charged, and there can be no doubt truly charged, in a legal sense, with high treason. Marshal Ney and General Labedoyère were shot; and, but for the courage and cleverness of his wife, Lavalette, the postmaster-general, would have undergone the same doom. Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Hutchinson, three

Englishmen, were tried for aiding and abetting that remarkable escape from prison, and acquitted, the evidence hopelessly breaking down. Krasinki was an intimate friend of the Lavalette family, and it is quite possible that had the chivalrous Pole been arrested and tried on the charge of helping the condemned official out of the country, the evidence might *not* have broken down.

He was saved from that risk, by one whose acquaintance he had made under circumstances already described. Leo Krasinki was returning to his lodgings one afternoon with the intention of dining *chez-lui* for once. It was fortunate he did. The concière, or doorporter, handed him a letter, received but a few minutes previously. It was brief and emphatic. "Major Fosbrooke, who will never forget Captain Krasinki's generous interference in his behalf at an extremely critical moment, presents his compliments to that officer, and is anxious to see him without delay at the Hôtel Fleury. He will please bring this note with him, and not drop the slightest hint of from whom he received it or where he is going. Captain Krasinki had better ride to the Hôtel Fleury in a closed *fiacre*. It was also desirable that he should bring his money and any papers which he deemed of value."

Leo Krasinki lost not a moment in obeying the

ominous summons, found Major Fosbrooke very anxiously awaiting his arrival, and was brusquely informed that the major had learned, from excellent authority, that a *mandat d'arrêt* was about to issue against him for criminal complicity with Madame Lavalette in effecting the escape from justice of her husband. "I shall ask you no questions," said the major; "but if in your own opinion it is better you should leave France, there is an English lieutenant's uniform in the next room, which will fit you very well. British officers are privileged beings just now, and I have a passport, the personal description in which will pass for yours. Should any awkward questions be asked, you can affect ignorance of the French language, favour the querist with a few hearty 'God-dams,' and my life upon it you will not be stopped. I see how it is. You cannot be too soon beyond the frontier, and must not lose one precious minute."

The good major judged rightly. The English uniform, and the hearty utterance of the familiar expletive, which Beaumarchais has through *Figaro* assured Frenchmen is the foundation of the English tongue ("Il y a bien des petits mots par ci, par là; mais on voit bien que Goddam est le fond de la langue"), carried him through, and he reached Warsaw in safety.

A bitter trial awaited the young soldier, already savagely at odds with the world for having cast off Napoleon's galling yoke. His father, Count Krasinki, from whom he had rarely heard, was reduced almost to a condition of absolute beggary. He had gamed away his mansion, land, serfs, everything of value that could be staked, and having lost all, or nearly all, cursed God and died by his own hand about four months after Leo's return. He who had profited most by the Count's ill-fortune, had secured the lion's share of plunder, was Leo Krasinki's friend, Vladimir Ladislaus. Still all had been done "in honour;" so, at least, the ruined noble believed. The belief was by no means fully shared by his son. But no *proof* of foul play being obtainable, Leo Krasinki, per force, kept his cankering suspicions to himself; a festering canker, nevertheless, eating his own heart away with impotent rage and hate.

Ladislaus was very desirous of conciliating Leo Krasinki. He knew the fierce, implacable nature of the man—that he was enthusiastic, constant in his loves and hatreds—never forgot a benefit or an injury till he had repaid it. With a view to permanent conciliation, Vladimir Ladislaus obtained a commission in the Russian Imperial Guard for the young Count Krasinki, pledging himself for his

friend's loyalty to the Muscovite. Leo Krasinki accepted the commission with ill-dissembled ungraciousness, and joined his regiment.

There was much agitation amongst the Poles in 1817. Betrayed by Napoleon, whom they had served with such heroic devotion, left by the treaty of Vienna, spite of the remonstrances of Lord Castlereagh, to the tender mercies of the Czar, the national discontent exploded in open revolt—in isolated spasmodic efforts, for the most part, easily suppressed for a time.

In Lithuania the insurrection attained formidable proportions. It is a thickly-wooded country, admirably suited to guerilla warfare, the thick, dense forest of Biatowicz affording a ready shelter to the scythe-armed peasantry when driven from the open country. To the east of the forest stands or stood Pruzana, a considerable village, belonging to Vladimir Ladislaus. This castellated mansion was about half a mile distant from Pruzana, and built upon an eminence, from which its cannon—the place was in reality a fortress of considerable strength—commanded Pruzana. The insurgent bands had several times endeavoured to obtain this stronghold, but always without an approach to success. So important was the maintenance of the post deemed by the Imperial Government, situated as it was

upon the skirts of a forest swarming with rebels, that a considerable garrison was maintained there, amongst whom were three companies of the regiment of guards, in which Krasinki held a lieutenant's commission. General Kriloff's head-quarters were established there.

The work of hunting down the "rebels" was extremely distasteful to the Polish officer. He, however, did his duty, and but for two or three occurrences, which took place within a few days of each other, might have died a General in the Muscovite service.

A Russian serf, of the name of Lantze, who had been purchased when very young by Krasinki's father, had been won of the Count at play by Vladimir Ladislaus, in whose establishment Lantze had since remained. For some trifling fault, the unfortunate wretch was sentenced to receive one hundred blows with a stick, Ladislaus remaining present the while, to make sure that the cruel punishment was effectively administered. Krasinki, attracted to the spot by the screams of the tortured serf, earnestly begged for mercy to a man whom he had known as long as he could remember anything. His request was rudely spurned. That insult, as Krasinki considered it, was not required to arouse in the vindictive young Count's bosom the

Kriloff was quite capable of that culminating infamy.

The young Count had had several secret conferences with Lantze—the brutally-lacerated serf, whose fierce, revengeful character was well-known to him. Immediately after he quitted the presence of General Kriloff, he sought another final one, and before they parted, the plan of vengeance was matured in all its details.

Shortly afterwards Leo Krasinki left the place on horseback, ostensibly for Pruzana, really to definitively arrange with Colonel Pulauxsi, who commanded a considerable body of tolerably well-armed rebels, and whom he had conferred with previously. The object was to storm the house-fortress, but Pulauxsi, having no cannon, the attack would certainly fail, as all former ones had, unless some novel mode of assuring success could be devised. A novel mode of assuring success had been devised by Krasinki and Lantze, which, carried out by desperate men, could only fail in consequence of unforeseen accidents. Krasinki reached the insurgent leader's rude camp about noon, and Pulauxsi agreed that his force should be close at hand, but of course could not arrive before five o'clock. The wintry day was overcast; there would be no moon, and by four o'clock it would be as dark as at midnight.

Leo Krasinki reached head-quarters just as evening was closing in, and was immediately again in close conference. The plan, as finally settled, was this. The house-fortress, I must premise, had two extensive wings, in one of which the Ladislaus family dwelt. The centre was the soldiers' barracks. The opposite wing was devoted to purely military purposes; the cellar beneath was the powder vault. To that vault Lantze had just then access at any time he chose, being employed in whitewashing the outer vaults abutting upon that containing the magazine, whence he was to lay a train of gun-powder, the safe end of which would be sufficiently distant from the magazine to enable Lantze, after firing it, to reach a place of safety, before the explosion took place. It was believed there would be very little risks of the central barracks, underneath which was Korowski's cell, being blown up or essentially damaged; and none at all that the domestic wing, as it may be called, should suffer from the explosion. There Korowski's wife was lodged. The signal for firing the train was by the ringing of the Angelus,—a bell striking three strokes three successive times, with intervals of about one minute at a time,—at six in the morning, at noon, and again at six in the evening. Upon hearing it, the devout Catholic repeats the Angel Gabriel

Salutation, and invoke the prayers of the Holy Virgin at the hour of death.

The train is carefully laid in the dark vault. Lantze, armed with flint and steel, is at his post, and success appears certain; a tremendous breach would be effected, through which Pulauski's men would rush; the garrison, taken completely by surprise, could offer no serious resistance, and the place would be won.

The Angelus will ring out from the chapel in about a quarter of an hour; Leo Krasinki is about to betake himself to the domestic wing of the building; but first looks in at the apartment almost immediately over the powder vault, where, as anticipated, he finds the General and Vladimir Ladislaus engaged in play. The game is this time *Rouge et Noir*; the stakes are high as usual, and there are piles of gold upon the table. *Rouge! Noir! Noir Rouge!*

Krasinki looks on the doomed men with a grim, satanic smile, till his glance falling upon a dial on the mantelpiece, he is startled to find it wants but seven or eight minutes to six, and, turning to depart, finds himself confronted with Colonel Boutenieff, who, with a loud voice of thunder, orders the two sentries who accompany him to take "the

traitor" into instant custody. Two men, in the dress of Lithuanian peasants, have also entered the room. They are spies in the Russian service, who had joined Pulauski's force, in order the more effectually to exercise their vocation. They have just arrived to give information of Lieutenant Krasinki's secret interview with the insurgent commander, whose force was getting in motion, when they, the spies, got away; and, as they had been obliged to make a considerable circuit in avoidance of danger to themselves, the rebels were probably close at hand. They believed it was Pulauski's intention to carry the place by surprise, with the assistance of Lieutenant Krasinki, who would contrive, it was said, in the rebel camp, to quietly admit a sufficient number to overpower the sentries, the drawbridge would then be hastily lowered, and the much coveted stronghold have passed into the possession of the rebels.

General Kriloff could scarcely believe he heard aright, and hotly demanded if the prisoner denied the truth of the men's story? The prisoner, white as his shirt, answers not a syllable: his arms are crossed, his teeth set in the defiance of despair, and his dilated, fascinated gaze is fixed immovably upon the face of the dial. He is caught in his own springe; but if there were sufficient time to avert the closely-

impending catastrophe, and if he warned them of the mortal peril in which they stood, it would avail to save his own life, he would, even in that case, remain dumb as stone. The General furiously repeats his questions, storms, raves to no purpose; the prisoner's lips do not move, till the Angelus strikes out, when an irrepressible exclamation escapes him. All others in the room, the swearing General included, cross themselves in muttering the Ave Maria, the bells ring out for the third time, when a roar as of subterranean thunder is heard—the floor in which they stand is lifted up—the walls shake to and fro, and the building falls with a terrific crash, in shapeless ruin. The explosion could not have been more effectual. The rebels have won an easy victory.

When the bodies were dug out of the ruins next day, Colonel Boutenieff was found alive, preserved by some strange chance, and ultimately recovered. The others in the apartment were crushed into shapeless masses.

ROMANCE OF MILITARY LIFE.

CHARLES CAMBRONNE.

CHARLES CAMBRONNE, poet, musician, soldier of fortune, and scion of an ancient but decayed house, was born at La Rochelle, France, in the year 1762. Colonel Cambronne, of the French Imperial Guard, who is reported to have replied at Waterloo to a summons to surrender, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender," was, I believe, a member of the same family. Colonel Cambronne himself, it is true, *did* surrender with thousands of the Guard, but that has, of course, not in the slightest degree weakened faith in the story. A French veteran, an "old soldier," in a double sense, has earned and obtained a pretty pension from Napoleon the Third, for deposing, before "authority," that he distinctly heard the words uttered by the Colonel. This, however, by the way. Waterloo, *Canard* Cambronne, must have been a cousin of the true soldier, veritable hero, fast friend of Charette, Leseure, De la

Rochejaquelin, and other famous chieftains, whose daring and devotion seemed at one time likely to arrest and drive back the impetuous tide of the French Revolution.

The name of Charles Cambronne does not prominently figure in the history of that terrific struggle, written by more or less imaginative and unscrupulous Frenchmen. The reason for this may be that he was half an Englishman. His mother was a native of Plymouth ; her maiden name Charlotte Morley. A French frigate, of which M. Jules Cambronne was first lieutenant, was compelled, by stress of weather, to put into that port, where she remained some weeks, undergoing repairs. During that interval, Lieutenant Cambronne met Charlotte Morley at a ball. She was very handsome ; he, I suppose, very susceptible, and the result was a hasty marriage ; not, I think, a permanently happy one. The bride accompanied her husband to France, and when their only child, Charles, was in his eighteenth year, found herself a widow, without anything like adequate means of support. Madame Cambronne decided upon returning to England, where she died a few months after landing at Plymouth.

Charles Cambronne sought his fortune in Paris. Poor in purse, he was rich in hope ; as, in addition to the wealth of youth and health, he possessed a

manuscript volume of poems, and a nearly-completed opera. Some of the poems have been lately published; and, though exhibiting no creative power, are pretty, fanciful, quite up to the mark of average verse. I need hardly say that an unknown author, not of transcendent talent, could find no purchaser of his poems and opera. He was reduced to despair, starvation; would have committed suicide had he not received some money assistance, not at all large in amount, from Benjamin Franklin, then negotiating the defensive and offensive alliance between the revolted States of America and France. How he introduced himself to the playmate of the lightning is not shown; but it was in compliance with Franklin's advice that he enlisted in one of the French regiments about to sail for America under the command of La Fayette. The enthusiastic young soldier so greatly distinguished himself by his zeal and bravery, that when peace had been conquered he returned to France a lieutenant in the 10th Regiment of the Line.

Charles Cambronne had now attained a position and a modest competence. He had also, in common with the vast majority of officers and men who composed La Fayette's force, imbibed a passionate love of democratic freedom in the country which they had helped to liberate. The sacred flame

by which they were animated found congenial elements in the land of their birth, and the vast moral atmosphere of excitable France was, before long, on fire almost throughout its entire extent. Charles Cambronne was carried completely off his feet by the uprising of the oppressed, infuriated people, and, though naturally humane and generous, became a conspicuous member of the Jacobins. Happening, however, to make the acquaintance of Estelle Cardoville, to which young and charming loyalist he at once became madly attached, a revolution complete as that which convulsed France was ultimately operated in his impressionable mind. Mademoiselle Cardoville was the sisterly companion rather than the attendant of the Marquise de Lescure, whose husband's principal country seat was the Château of Clisson, in La Vendée. The damsel did not reciprocate Cambronne's passion. His political opinions were hateful to her, and she took no pains to conceal that they were. As usual, this reticence, if it was only that, on the young lady's part, inflamed the lover's ardour; he was too honest to pretend he was monarchical whilst his opinions remained republican; and a last vehement letter, "written," he says, "with a pen dipped in the blood of my own heart, which a vulture is devouring" (a grandissimo

kind of phrase, but which may pass excused by its truth, as demonstrated by after-events) Estelle returned unopened. Poor Cambronne's excitement culminated in actual fever. He was in the Hôtel Dieu (having, probably, wasted his means) when the king went past to execution, and had not long been convalescent when Marie Antoinette perished on the scaffold still wet with the blood of her husband.

The next evening but one after the consummation of that revolting tragedy, Charles Cambronne was sitting alone in his lodging in the Rue des Cordeliers. Darkness had fallen upon Paris; the oil-lanterns, rope-swung across the narrow streets, but made that darkness visible. Those narrow streets were, nevertheless, alive with fierce, roaring, multitudinous life. Charles Cambronne rose, opened the casement of his room, and looked out upon the shouting crowds that were sweeping past, bearing along with them, upon poles or pikes, recently severed dripping heads, dimly distinct in their ghastly paleness murk as the night was. Charles Cambronne shuddered, closed the window, and, turning round, beheld—Estelle Cardoville! She, too, was pale as those dead faces which had flitted past, but volcanic life burned in her beautiful glorious eyes. The door by which she had entered with

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which will enable them to quit Paris: in feigned names of course. If you refuse my request, they are lost; myself with them; for I, too, am denounced. Ah! I see you will not fail us in this supreme hour; and I, Estelle Cardoville, shall be grateful." The spell was all-potent. Three hours afterwards the Marquise de Lescure, Madame Donnisau, Estelle Cardoville, and Charles Cambronne, the last in his republican uniform, "the Epic Frock of Blue," so named by De Béranger, had left Paris nominally for Brétagne, really for the Château Clisson, in Lower Poitou, Vendée. The hazardous enterprise was safely accomplished; thanks to the certificates of *Civisme*, obtained by Cambronne of the Committee of Public Safety, and to his own courage and address. A very terrible journey notwithstanding. The very air seemed to be impregnated, to pulsate with dread of the terror enthroned in Paris. Château Clisson reached, they were in perfect safety, for La Vendée was in full, open insurrection.

La Vendée was a district in the north-west of France, abutting upon the Loire on the north, and the Atlantic Ocean on the west. A not very extensive country, but presenting peculiar features, both moral and physical. The interior was a fertile, dwarf-wooded district, called 'The Bocage,'

divided into small well-cultivated farms, and thickly dotted with picturesque villages, churches, and the châteaux of the patriarchal proprietors of the soil. The wide slip of land on the Atlantic coast was an extensive marsh, grazed by numerous cattle.

A very primitive, simple, strongly superstitious race were the Vendean people. Landlords, tenants, peasantry, formed, as it were, one family. The proprietors—immemorial proprietors, and all belonging to the class of hereditary nobles—lived upon the most familiar terms with their tenants, the tenants with the labourers. The landlord and his family never failed to be present at all the weddings, and at every festival, whether of the Church or a birthday, all the young folk on the estate tramped to dance, as matter of right, in the château grounds. The Vendean gentry were much attached to field sports, and when a hunt was projected, the time and place were named, where all met with their fowling-pieces, proprietors, farmers, peasants, each class having an assigned place in the hunt. These physically-hardening influences created a brave and vigorous race of men, bound together by ties which only death could sever. The Convention flooded La Vendée, as it did all other parts of France, with infidel and atheistic publications. It was labour thrown away. A republican soldier, whose twin-

brother had been killed by falling from his horse, and who himself had probably been a painter of words, was observed by peasants inscribing something upon a sort of wooden tablet, which he had placed at the head of that brother's grave. The peasants looked curiously on whilst the man traced his creed of despair—" *La mort est un sommeil eternal*" (Death is an eternal sleep). It might have been, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," for anything they knew to the contrary. Presently, up came Jacques Cathetineau, a hawker of miscellaneous goods, but a shrewd, well-respected man. He read the inscription, which was just completed; made the peasants comprehend its devil-teaching, and the soldier was in the same grave with his brother long before the letters he had painted were dry. This occurred in the village of Pin, on the 7th of March, 1793.

I have a few other facts of dry detail to record before reverting to Charles Cambronne and Estelle Cardoville, whose military lives—yes, lives—it is the chief purpose of this paper to place clearly before the reader. To do so, it is indispensable that we should survey the field of action to appreciate the conditions of the fearful drama in which they played their parts.

In 1791, the Constituent Assembly sitting at

Paris decreed that priests, like other public functionaries, should take the civic oath. This practically meant that clerical allegiance to the Pope of Rome should be renounced; in its stead clerical allegiance to the secular State be substituted. To us Protestants the decree seems a reasonable one. It was not, however, suited to the meridian of La Vendée. The peasantry held the simple-minded priesthood by whom themselves, their children, their forefathers had been baptized, married, buried, in reverent esteem. And they were to be dispossessed of their humble livings because "they would not take an oath to obey the Devil instead of God." This was the impression upon the Vendean mind. The priests, with few exceptions, refused to take the civic oath, and guarded by that fierce, enthusiastic peasantry, refused to resign their livings and chapels to the "conforming" clergy sent to supersede them. Yeast was working powerfully in that rude, strong, honest, Vendean nature.

"The Epic Frocks of Blue" succeeded, however, in spite of the armed resistance of the people, in ousting the recalcitrant clergy from their churches or chapels. The ejected priests fled to the woods, whither the peasantry, tenants, nobles flocked to hear them. The men were armed with fowling-pieces, and if surprised by the military, a des-

perate skirmish always took place, in which the Epic Frocks of Blue invariably came off second-best.

But I must finish with these, in a certain sense, minor matters—I mean, of course, with reference to the personal adventures of Charles Cambronne and Estelle Cardoville.

The Convention, on the 24th of February, 1793, ordered a draught of 10,000 men in La Vendée, the conditions of which conscription comprised all classes from the highest to the lowest. They were going to make them fight, were they, for the atheistic Government? The Vendean peasantry would take order about that. Sunday, the 10th of March, was the day of drawing in the towns and villages. Resistance being anticipated, preparations were made by the republican authorities to overcome and subdue it. In Saint Florent, on the Loire, formidable preparations had been made. A commotion took place, and the occasion was instantly seized to discharge a loaded cannon amongst the excited crowd. It was the signal of declared revolt. Renet Foret, a hot-blooded young man, rushed forward with a ringing shout, followed by a score of peasants, impelled by the electric force of a great example; seized the cannon, slew the Epic Blues with rudest weapons, drove the Republican functionaries from the town,

obtained firearms, ammunition, and returned with songs of triumph to their beloved Bocage. Those songs found prolonged echoes throughout La Vendée. Jacques Cathetineau the pedler, whom we have seen in the Cemetery of Pin, upon hearing the news, abandoned wife, children, and devoted himself to a cause which he believed to be that of God and France. This man, with scanty bands of peasants, for the most part armed with scythes, spits, clubs, rushed upon the ranks of the Epic Blues, invariably overthrew them; was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Vendean forces, when they amounted to over 60,000 men, and retained his command till slain at the assault of Nantes. I do not mean to describe the progress of the ebbs and flows of the terrible peasant war which ensued; how it now crossed the Loire, raising the people of Brittany, and beaten back, recovered over and over again its strength, confidence, enthusiasm amidst the woods and thickets of the Bocage. The struggle soon became one of extermination on the part of the Republicans, and it was not till Kleber—in after-years abandoned by Bonaparte, and assassinated in Egypt,—took the command of the armies of the Convention, that legitimate war showed his honest, if sanguinary, front. Of that unspeakably atrocious scoundrel Carriere, the Robes-

pierrean agent at Nantes, who wrote to the Republican general, "Poison the springs, poison bread, and toss it about where it may tempt the voracity of the starving wretches. You are killing the brigands with bayonet thrusts. Finish them with doses of arsenic, it will be neater and less expensive," Kleber openly spoke with abhorrent indignation. Besides Jacques Cathelineau, the only Vendean generals with whom the young Cambronne and his beloved Estelle became associated during the war, were Charette, who commanded the army of Lower Poitou, the Marquise de Lescure and Henri de Larochejaquelin. These preliminary explanations, labyrinthian as the Bocage itself, finished, I rejoin Cambronne, and remain with him to the bitter end.

The fugitives from Paris, as already stated, arrived safely at Château-Clisson in Lower Poitou. An inexpressedly joyous meeting of course between the Marquis and his lady. Their gratitude to Cambronne was unbounded, and expressed with vivacity. The young officer would have much preferred a smile of Estelle's indicative of the kindling in her heart of a warmer feeling towards himself, the promise of which had been the guerdon for which he had risked his own life to save hers. But the manner of Mademoiselle Cardoville had

become more reserved, colder than ever, since she discovered, or believed she had, that not even for her sake would he join the loyalist ranks, and fight against the Republican regicides. Many times Cambronne determined to start upon his return to Paris, and forget, if it were possible to do so, the enchantress who had turned awry, obstructed the current of his life. But he found it impossible to do so. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow passed away, and left him still at Château-Clisson, where for a considerable time had been assembled a large number of royalist partisans. Amongst these was the young and gallant Henri de Larochejaquelin; he was not more than 20 years of age, and son of a Colonel in Louis the Sixteenth's Guards. The insurgent peasantry, desirous of being officered by their native nobles, waited upon Henri Larochejaquelin, soliciting him to join their ranks. Larochejaquelin complied at once, and left the Château on the following day. This becoming known to the authorities, the other inmates of the Château, including the Marquis and Marquise de Lescure, were arrested and conveyed in custody to Bressire.

As it chanced, Charles Cambronne was absent when the domiciliary invasion took place. Mademoiselle Cardoville also escaped arrest, she having,

early in the morning, gone to see her father, a farmer-proprietor, who resided at about three leagues' distance from Château Clisson.

Cambronne, who had been out shooting, returned to the Château in time for dinner, as he supposed; and must have been grievously astonished at the changed aspect of affairs. But Estelle had escaped the human bloodhounds. That was a crowning consolation. Not so, Charles Cambronne. Whilst thus meditating, an aged servitor, one Lafont, makes his appearance, introducing a young peasant, "who is the bearer of a message from Mademoiselle Cardoville." The peasant tenders a scrap of unsealed paper, directed "*A Mon Ami* (To My Friend). I and my father have been seized, and in a few minutes shall be on our road, they say, to Nantes; that is, the guillotine. The bearer is intelligent, honest. He is well acquainted with the by-roads along which we shall be dragged. The ruffians are twelve or fourteen in number. I am told you were not at the Château when Monsieur and Madame de Lescure, with their guests, were arrested and carried off. If that be so, there may yet be hope for Estelle."

Jacques Cardoville and his daughter had been apprehended by the special order of General San-

terre (the Paris brewer), then commanding in La Vendée. They were to be taken, not to Nantes, but the General's head-quarters; and as it could be proved that Jacques Cardoville was deeply compromised with the "brigands," as the Vendean loyalists were termed, there could be no doubt of his fate, whatever might be his daughter's. A yet more frightful one than her father's we may be sure. But there was hope for Estelle. The intelligent peasant knew better than she did whither the "Blues" were conveying her.

Estelle and her father were placed in a rude charette, drawn by two horses, and escorted by sixteen mounted soldiers. They travelled slowly, on account of the wretched roads, during the night, but without pause. Silence was strictly enforced; and as the by-roads along which the *cortège* wound its way were thickly carpeted with greensward, no sound could be heard at a few score yards off. Estelle was gradually sinking into the stupor of despair; often for several hours hearkening eagerly to catch the echo of pursuit. Her messenger could not have found Cambremer, or the report that he had not been carried off with the other guests of M. de Lescure was false.

Estelle is mistaken; her lover, with a dozen or more well-mounted horsemen, whom, with all his

fiery ardour and their zeal, it had taken a considerable time to bring together, are galloping to the rescue, *ventre à terre*, guided unerringly by Jean Falcuin, the intelligent peasant. Suddenly, almost before the checked pulse of the maiden—whose strained ear had caught the sound of galloping horses, thick and soft as was the turf—could beat again, Cambronne and his companions had dashed upon the “Blues” with ringing shouts of “*A bas les scélérats!—à bas les assassins!*” (Down with the scoundrels—down with the assassins!) and the surprised scoundrels and assassins were very speedily down. Only three escaped. One of these, turning in his saddle when he had gained a distance of some twenty yards, discharged his carbine at the liberated captives. The ball struck Jacques Cardoville in the forehead, who, with a piercing scream, fell stone dead at the bottom of the charette!

“I will be your wife, Cambronne, to-morrow, if you wish it,” said Estelle, “upon one condition; that you immediately join the defenders of religion and royalty.” The condition was accepted; and on the morn Charles Cambronne and Estelle Cardoville were husband and wife.

When Henri De Larochejaquelin left the

Château Clisson he proceeded direct to his aunt's (Mademoiselle de Larochejaquelin) residence, at Saint Aubières. There evil tidings awaited him ; to ascertain the extent and truth of which he sought out Cathetineau. That stout-hearted soldier was utterly cast down. It could not be possible, he said, to continue the war. Bertheir, the new General of the Republicans, occupied every point of vantage in the Bocage ; the ammunition of the insurgents was exhausted ; and, completely discouraged, they were disbanding themselves, and returning home. Young Larochejaquelin returned to his aunt's, Madame de Larochejaquelin. There what at the first blush seemed to be the climax of ill news awaited him. The triumphant Republicans pressing eagerly forward, and confident of speedily quenching the insurrection in the blood of the "Vendean brigands," had taken Aubières. This news greatly excited the peasantry. "They," says Madame de Lescure in her Memoirs, "hoisted the white flag on all their churches, the bells of which pealed forth incessantly the summons to arms. The peasants thereabout were eager to fight, but had no leader. A report spread that Henri de Larochejaquelin was at his aunt's. The peasants crowded there, imploring him to be their leader. Within twenty-four hours, they said, he would

have the command of 10,000 men at least. The young soldier consented; the news that he had done so spread like wildfire. The church bells continued to toll all night; and at dawn the muster fell but little short of the promised number. Not a very promising array, to be sure, in the eyes of a martinet soldier. They had but three hundred fowling-pieces amongst them; and there was only about sixty pounds of powder. There was, however, an abundance of stout sticks—pitchforks were plentiful; and there were sharpened kitchen-spits not a few. Upon surveying his troops, Henri Larochejaquelin was not discouraged. He confidently promised victory, adding these memorable words: “I am but a boy; but I shall prove that I am worthy to lead you. If I advance, follow me; if I flinch, kill me; if I die, avenge me.” Thrilling sentences; and none the less effective and appropriate that they had been uttered by Henry the Fourth very many years previously.

When Larochejaquelin thus spoke, two persons were by his side, who were afterwards known during the war as Captain and Lieutenant Charles. They were on horseback, wore very simple uniforms, and were evidently close friends of Henri Larochejaquelin. The singular radiant beauty of the young “lieutenant’s” countenance was generally

remarked upon by the peasants. No question that both the Captain and Lieutenant were royalist nobles, or Larochejaquelin would not be so smilingly familiar with them. Captain and Lieutenant Charles were Charles Cambronne and his wife!

The cheers which responded to Henri de Larochejaquelin's, speech had scarcely died away, when the "army" was in motion, directed towards Aubières; one principal division being led and commanded by Captain and Lieutenant Charles. The Republicans were driven out of the town, and chased for many leagues by the excited peasantry. Cathetineau's army was next reinforced, and enabled to assume the offensive; then Bressire was visited by the victorious Vendéans, and M. de Lescure, with his wife and friends, rescued; the first person to enter the prison where they were confined—his crimsoned sword unsheathed in his hand—was "Lieutenant Charles," her husband closely following; for though Cambronne could not restrain the enthusiastic action of his wife, he was always at hand to shield her from its consequences.

How great so ever the bravery and devotion of the Vendean Royalists, it was purely impossible that they could ultimately withstand the colossal forces of Republican France. Victories were achieved, but they led to no permanent result; and the

hoped-for, undecisively-promised English fleet and army not making their appearance, the end, dullest eyes perceived, was not far distant. The obstinate resistance of the "brigands" had, however, so enraged the Convention, that orders were issued to devastate La Vendée with fire and sword; and, especially insisting, that every brigand "officer" taken prisoner should be shot. General Lechelle, "a man of the people," was sent to execute those terrible decrees. The Convention could not have found a fitter instrument.

Some ten or twelve days before the disastrous battle, for the Vendéans, of Challet, there was a skirmish not very distant from that town, in which Captain and Lieutenant Charles were engaged.

The Vendéans were worsted; Lieutenant Charles, separated in the confusion from her husband, was made prisoner, and taken, with other officers, to Challet, where they would unquestionably be shot, after but brief delay.

The catastrophe occurred close upon evening-fall, and a few only of the earlier stars had glistened forth, when a card was placed before Lechelle, upon which was written: "General Lechelle's old friend, Lieutenant Cambronne, just escaped by miracle from the brigands."

Few men are all bad—Lechelle was capable of friendship, and entertained a warm regard for Cambronne. He would do much to oblige him, provided, as Cambronne well knew, the doing so did not interfere with the performance of what he called his duty.

Lieutenant Cambronne was warmly welcomed by the General. In answer to Lechelle's inquiries, he stated, that having left Paris for Brittany, upon private business of his own, he had fallen into an ambush, when out with a party of the officers of the 9th Regiment, conveyed to the brigands' camp; and, though admitted to *parole*, watched with jealous care. Two of the 9th had been shot whilst endeavouring to effect their escape. He, Cambronne, had been luckier than they, or, *parbleu*, he should not then be with his old comrade, General Lechelle, whom he heartily congratulated upon his rapid promotion. "But for those accursed brigands," added Cambronne, bitterly, "I, too, might have risen a step or two by this time."

Lechelle had not the least doubt of that. His friend's professional merit, and well-known zeal for the Republic, would have ensured his rise in the service. Could he give any information respecting the brigands that could be useful?

Cambronne did not think he could. Unless the capture of Larochejaquelin would be so esteemed.

“The capture of Larochejaquelin !” exclaimed Lechelle. “My dear Cambronne, you could not render me, render the Republic, a more signal service.”

“Well, the affair is simple enough, certain precautions being observed. Larochejaquelin has a relative, at whose house he sleeps every evening ; that is to say, he has done so for some time past, and will, I happen to be quite certain, do so this evening.”

“You are acquainted with the locality ?”

“Certainly I am ; but I could not find my way to it through the intricacies of the Bocage without a native guide ; and where is one to be found who could be trusted ? He would be sure to lead us where we should either be killed or made prisoners. It is a solitary habitation, about, I should think, three leagues from Challot. Once arrived before it with a company of soldiers success would be certain.”

The possibility of effecting the young Vendean chief's capture greatly excited Lechelle ; and, after long and anxious deliberation, it was settled that Cambronne, having first satisfied himself of the man's knowledge of the country, should be empowered to offer one of the officers, who were to be shot in the morning, his life, upon condition of guiding him, Cambronne, aright to the house of

Larochejaquelin's relative. A company of soldiers would go with them, and the Vendean would be made to distinctly understand that upon the slightest sign of treachery, or even should the enterprise, from whatever cause, prove unsuccessful, his, the guide's, brains would be blown out. Cambronne stipulated for a substantial reward for himself; and Lechelle promised, moreover, to speak of him in the highest terms in his report to the Convention. A formal order to the jailer where the prisoners were confined was written by the General, and placed in the hands of one of his officers, with directions to accompany Cambronne to the prison. The soldiers would meanwhile be told off, in order that there might be no delay in the execution of an enterprise so important, the sole direction of which would, of course, be confided to Lieutenant Cambronne.

Thus far Cambronne had succeeded in his desperate expedient for saving the life of his beloved Estelle; but a terrible hazard was still to be encountered. Could his wife suppress the betraying emotion which his sudden appearance before her must necessarily excite? Besides which, her companions in captivity would recognize him instantly. It was, however, the only chance, and should he fail, himself and wife would rest together in one grave!

The gloomy cell in which the prisoners were confined was lighted up by a small oil lamp. This was a favourable circumstance, which he, with much presence of mind, took advantage of, by requesting the jailer, in a low voice, to fetch a better light. "I must," he said, "see the brigands' faces whilst I question them."

The man did not hesitate to comply with so reasonable a request; and the moment he was out of hearing, Cambronne entered the cell, and announced himself in the Vendean *patois*, adding that he was plotting the deliverance of the whole number—an excusable deceit, under the circumstances—which plot would break down if a sign of their knowing whom he was escaped either. A slight, sharply-suppressed scream escaped Estelle, and the great peril had passed away.

"I have selected this man—lad rather," said Cambronne, addressing the staff officer who brought Lechelle's order to the jailer. "He knows the place we are bound for, and the way to it, perfectly well. I am quite sure of that. But he is wounded, weak, and must be strapped on to the saddle. I shall place him before me, riding double. That will be convenient, in more than one sense. But the General must find me a powerful horse."

The staff-officer agreed, and left to hurry the necessary arrangements.

Away at last, Estelle riding before her husband, his arm circling her waist, Cambronne having found it impossible to devise a more secure fastening, or one that would more effectively prevent the young officer slipping off and trying his chance of escape at a favourable opportunity in the obscurity and tanglement of the Bocage. The horse they rode was the General's own charger—a swift, splendid animal. Fortune usually favours the brave. Still, commiseration of the poor fellows, in whose minds had been necessarily excited hopes which could never be realised, kept down the else exultant beatings of the hearts of both husband and wife.

About an hour's smart ride brings the armed cavalcade, Cambronne announces, to within a few hundred yards of the mansion where the Vendean leader sleeps. Its stone whiteness gleams through a thin belt of intervening trees. "Lead your men quietly round the hicket by the right. I will meet you by the turning on the left. Quietly, gently, Lieutenant Coste. We must omit no precaution."

The troop steal stealthily round the thicket, at least are in the act of doing so, when Cambronne, driving his spurs into the flanks of the General's splendid charger, goes off with the swiftness of an

arrow, and when Lieutenant Coste emerges into the open, he has the pleasure of seeing that conductor and guide are far beyond carbine-bullet reach, and that pursuit is hopeless, even if it did not lead them, before they knew where they were, into a Vendean ambush. The gallant, and one cannot doubt extremely "Blue," officer, further discovers that the mansion, the stone whiteness of which gleamed through the intercepting belt of trees, was inhabited by two aged spinsters, who had in their possession certificates of Civisme, signed by General Lechelle himself, whose splendid charger that brigand had gone off with. *Sacre—re—re—re, nom de—nom de Dieu!* Depend upon it, that for their numbers the swearing of Lieutenant Coste and his troop quite equalled that of our army in Flanders.

Henri de Larochejaquelin persisted in a hopeless struggle with an adverse destiny, when La Vendée had no longer the most trifling army in the field. At the head of a small band of peasants, he attacked the garrison of the village of Nouillé, and defeated them. His men were about to shoot two grenadiers, whose escape was impossible. "Stop!" he cried, "I want to speak with them." Advancing towards the soldiers, he said, "Surrender, and your lives shall be spared. I am Henri de Larochejaquelin!" At hearing that hated, dreaded name,

one of the grenadiers presented his musket, fired, the ball struck the chivalrous chief in the forehead, and he fell dead to the ground. This was on the 4th of March, 1794. The hero of La Vendée had not long before entered upon his twenty-second year.

Cambronne and his wife escaped through Brittany to Avranches, thence to Jersey and Plymouth, where they were hospitably received by some relatives of his English mother. He and his wife returned to France, with their children, immediately that the decree of Bonaparte permitted all classes of Frenchmen, who would submit to his rule, to do so with safety.

THE ROMANCE OF MILITARY LIFE.

THE PIONEER AND FOUNDER OF KENTUCKY.

THE world is still deceived by ornament, and, as a rule, is content to be so ; passively believing that titles, stars, blue ribbons, are the insignia of a true nobility. Knights of the Garter, Golden Fleeces, Elephants, Iron crowns, and the rest, are necessarily wise, valiant men—true heroes. Peerages, Court guides, the only authentic muster-rolls of the really great men and women who, in the past and present, have helped forward the progress of mankind in the paths of civilization and true honour. As to military glory, there is, of course, none but that given by a Gazette.

It is unquestionably true that amongst the names elaborately illuminated in the annals of nations by the glowing pens of historiographers—wise in their

generation—there are those of many, very many truly great, heroic men and women. But these are sparsely-scattered stars in a galaxy of gilt spangles; a handful of golden-pippins amidst a cartload of crabs. Hundreds of true, valiant heroes, who have fought the battle of life on behalf of their kind more than of themselves are passed slightly over by compilers of what are called “histories;” and were it not that they have stamped their deeds in giant characters upon unwritten tablets, their very names would die out of memory. By their works are they known; and the world, blind, deaf as it may be, knowing little of its contemporaneous greatest men, seldom fails to recognize a really grand soul—after many days—and chant songs of honour in the ear of Death. The centenary of Robert Burns but the other day was kept as a national jubilee; and when the greatest of song-writers lived, he was rewarded with the place of a gauger to the Excise!

'Twas ever thus. The once model Republic of America has not been one whit in advance of European monarchies in this regard. The hero of this brief narrative, Daniel Boone, who first practically led his countrymen over reportedly impassable mountains into fertile, flowery Kentucky—then shudderingly spoken of by the neighbouring colonists as “the dark and bloody land,” possessed

by savage beasts and more savage Indians—whose life, extending to eighty-six years, was, from the age of twenty or thereabout, one long military romance; the free and enlightened citizens robbed of his lands by legal chicane in his old age, and heard with indifference that the explorer and founder of a kingdom, in extent, had sunk into an obscure grave beside that of his wife—the expenses of his burial provided for by the piety of his far from prosperous children! Ah! to be sure, when the body of the founder the legislator of their infant State, had crumbled to dust in his obscure, last resting-place for a quarter of a century, the Kentuckian authorities, stimulated to action by a series of stinging articles in a widely-circulated periodical, determined to exhume the bodies of Daniel Boone and his wife—and re-inter them in a pretentious grave, upon the headstone of which a flaunting epitaph, written to order, was engraved. The man's deeds are his true epitaph. Governor Morehead pronounced a sounding oration on that so long dishonoured dust, ample care having been taken that the "Governor's" speech should be duly reported in the newspapers. It is mere ornate fustian, as the reader will, I am sure, admit; but not for that the less admired, we may be sure, by the brave, honest, simple-minded Kentuckian. Fur-robed officiality

is truly a very solemn sham! Yes, and that precious officiality was never more strikingly displayed than by the "honour" paid to Daniel Boone, by the authorities of Washington, who were desirous of decorating their Capitol with sculptured mementoes of the great deeds performed during the early history of the State. In the rotunda of the Capitol, over the one door which leads to the Chamber of Representatives, is sculptured the figure of a powerful white man, engaged in deadly conflict with two Indians, whom he is supposed to kill. No such incident as thus represented, occurred in the life of Daniel Boone. Congress, having robbed Daniel Boone, left him to die in poverty—atoned for the crime by a sculptured fiction.

Daniel Boone—like all else in America worthy of respect, its civil institutions, its *habeas corpus*, its stubborn spirit of independence, and, till of late, its jealous guardianship of individual liberty—Daniel Boone, I repeat, was derived from England—from a county ever fertile in heroes—Devonshire. George Boone, his grandfather, with a family nineteen in number—ten sons and nine daughters—being perplexed in the extreme by such an abundance of blessings, notwithstanding the scriptural assurance that fortunate is he who has his quiver

full of them, came to the resolution of transferring himself, wife, and progeny to the plantations in America, of which such glittering reports found eager audience in the ear of the populations of Europe. He and his family would find elbow-room in the New World. Another motive for coming to that conclusion was, that George Boone, though bred in the faith and formulas of the Church of England, strongly inclined to Quakerism. In 1717, the year in which he emigrated, the spirit of High Church intolerance raged fiercely in England, and Boone wisely concluded that he should be likelier to attain the state of quietude and peace for which he longed in the partially-cleared wilderness of Pennsylvania, than in the land of his birth. He accordingly disposed of his place near Exeter, realized other property, and with a sufficiently full purse sailed from Plymouth on the 9th of May, 1717, in the brig *Jane*, bound for the port of Boston, where he and his family safely arrived on the 27th of July. He at once purchased hundreds of acres of land, at a trifling price, in a thickly wooded wilderness, now Berks County, Pennsylvania. He also bought lands for a mere song in the uncleared districts of Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina; and had the honour of laying out, by the easy process of notching a requisite number of boundary trees, the city of

Georgetown, Columbia. Not a man of very clear, practical intellect could honest George Boone have been, it seems to me.

One of George Boone's sons had been baptized in the name of Squire, and, arrived at man's estate, married Sarah Morgan, a Welsh maiden, by whom he had a numerous family, the eldest of whom was Daniel Boone, the future soldier-pioneer of Kentucky.

The restless, migrative spirit of Squire Boone did not at all accord with the quietism enjoined by the religious teachings of the sect to which he belonged. When Daniel was little more than three years old he removed to Reading, Bucks County, a village of log-huts, abutting upon a howling wilderness. There the education of Daniel—not book-education, he had little of that—which stood him in such excellent stead throughout his long life, was matured. Indians were numerous in the contiguous forest, against whom it was necessary, if they would not lose their scalps, that the settlers in Reading should be constantly on their guard. The undaunted spirit of the boy early manifested itself. At the age of fifteen he was an adept in the use of the rifle; had several times looked seemingly inevitable death boldly in the face, and come off conqueror. A passion for the chase, for a hunter's life possessed

him, and intercourse with friendly Indians made him familiar with the resources of forest-craft.

Restless as ever, Squire Boone, when his son Daniel was nineteen, struck his tents, or logs, and removed to North Carolina, near the South Yadkin. By that time, the passionate desire of Daniel Boone to shake the stagnant dust of cities, towns, villages, off his feet, and become a denizen of the pathless wilderness, had reached a pitch of vehemence which could only be checked, and that for a time only, by the master-passion, which, once at least, in the morning of life, dominates, extinguishes all others. The introduction of Daniel Boone to his future wife, if tradition may be trusted, was a very singular one. The young man was hunting the forest for game, and espied two large brilliant eyes, which he mistook for those of a deer, peering fixedly at him from behind a thicket. Instinctively the rifle was raised to his shoulder—another instant, and the fatal bullet would have sped—when up sprung Rebecca Bryan, an Irish maiden, who, with her family, had lately arrived at the settlement on the Yadkin. She had lost herself in the forest, and hearing footsteps advancing towards her, crouched down behind the thicket, to ascertain if they were those of one of the savages. So, instead of shooting the deer-eyed damsel (Homer, we know,

compliments the beauteous calamity of Troy by the phrase, "Ox-eyed Helen")—instead of shooting the deer-eyed damsel, Daniel Boone fell in love with and married her. In the first flush of love, he promised to settle quietly down as a farmer, and did so for a time, but stipulated that his home should be further up towards the mountains, in solitude, away from the haunts of men. In the selected spot he built his log-cabin; had children born to him; and might, perhaps, missing his true vocation, have dozed away his life there, had not others, attracted by the beauty of the spot and the fertility of the soil, clustered around him. Daniel Boone grew restive. The spirit of adventure, the love of forest life, revived in his bosom with greater energy than ever. Could he not scale the westward mountains, and view for himself the undiscovered country beyond, called the Dark and Bloody Ground, traversed only by the savage, the deer, the buffalo, and beasts of prey? Stories were told of one McBride, who, drifting in a canoe down the Ohio, had landed on the banks of a river called Kain-tuck-ee (Indian for head of a river). Dr. Walker and his companions had shown that the lofty mountain range might be scaled, and reported that a glorious country lay beyond. This was in 1748. In 1762, John Finley, and other hunters,

had penetrated the region beyond the mountains to the Kentucky River, and hunted over the soil of Tennessee. Not much is known of the details of that expedition; but the oral report of Finley made a deep impression upon Daniel Boone's mind, and he finally got together a party of hunters, adventurous and eager as himself. They were six in number only:—Daniel Boone, John Finley, Joseph Holden, James Murray, and William Cool. These men set out on their perilous expedition on the 1st of May, 1769, Daniel Boone being then in his thirty-fifth year. On the 10th of June, having passed through many perils in the mountainous country, they, climbing wearily to the summit of a commanding eminence, "beheld," says Boone, "the beautiful level of Kentucky."

Beautiful! glorious in its actual condition—more beautiful, glorious in promise, soon, thanks to those hardy pioneers, to be amply realized. The "Dark and Bloody Land" was a perfect paradise. The woods were flashing in golden glory, and in sunny openings lay beautiful savannas, waving with luxuriant grass, and decked with gorgeous flowers. Immense herds of buffaloes were seen. The trees were festooned with vines, from which, in easy reach, hung luscious grapes, and the climate was delicious. The Garden of Kentucky, as it has been long

named—situate between the Mountains and the Green River, one hundred and fifty miles long, with a mean breadth of seventy miles—is, perhaps, the most fertile land in America, producing in lavish abundance corn, cotton, fruits, flowers, honey, of the choicest kinds. And there it is almost literally true, that turkeys, not ready-roasted, but in a proper condition for undergoing that process, run about asking, by their plump proportions, to be caught, cooked, and eaten.

For several months the invasive hunters explored the before unknown land; fearless of the numerous beasts of prey which roamed the forests, dark with wealth of foliage, and apparently unnoticed by the Indians that were hunting there. Even when winter came with its frost and snows, and lakes, rivers were frozen, flowers still bloomed. Daniel Boone was so enchanted with those glorious hunting-grounds, that he persuaded his companions to form a regular camp and winter in the wilderness.

They were making merry in a paradise of fools. Boone and Stewart were absent from the camp hunting, on the borders of the Kentucky, and, towards the close of the day, lay down to rest for awhile. They had no sooner stretched their weary limbs upon the green sward, than a body of Indians rushed from a near cane-brake, and made them

prisoners. They were stripped of everything, kept strictly guarded for eight days, their lives, as the savages, with triumphant malignity, avowed, being spared for a time, in order that their deaths, by torture, might give zest to a great gathering, soon to be held, in honour of the Manitou of the Shawnees.

The captive hunters, demurring to that pleasant arrangement, watched eagerly for an opportunity of escape. It came, and was eagerly seized. The Indians, tired with a long march, and having, as they believed, securely bound the pale faces, fell asleep. As it chanced, a sharp hunting-knife, taken from Stewart, had been dropped unnoticed near Boone. Could he free his right arm, he could reach the knife. He *did* free his arm, gnawing the ligatures, whatever they were, by which it was bound, asunder with his teeth. Possessed of the knife, to wholly free himself, was easy. Stewart slumbered as soundly as the Indians; Boone, stealthily approaching, severed his bonds, then gently awoke him. The two hunters then, without a word being spoken, moved silently away, first securing their guns, sped swiftly off, and, thanks to their skill in forest-craft, reached the site of their camp in safety.

The site of the camp only. The Indians had successfully accomplished their hellish work. The

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

TO : THE ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

FROM : THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

SUBJECT : THE PROSECUTION OF THE CASE OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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supply of ammunition. "Thus it happened," remarks Daniel, "that I was left alone without bread, salt, or sugar — without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog. Yet my courage did not fail, for I knew I was destined by Providence to settle in the wilderness."

Faith—genuine, unfaltering faith—has often a wondrous power to work out the accomplishment of its visions, fantastical as they may appear to others. Daniel Boone firmly believed in his own mission; but who that looked upon the man, and his apparent means of "settling in the wilderness," but must have smiled at what he would have deemed the fantastic dream of a monomaniac. The weapons of this warrior of the wilderness—he who was the chosen of Providence to subdue it—were a hatchet—adapted for double duty; to split firewood, or a red man's skull, as exigency might command; a hunting-knife, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and a rifle!

But Daniel's faith failed not. For three months he was alone in the forest, exposed every hour to the frightfullest perils, yet not abating one jot of heart or hope. He never, after a while, slept in his hut; the Indians had, he knew from unmistakeable signs, discovered it; and he made his couch, soft to the tired hunter as a thrice-driven bed of down, amidst thick cane-brakes. It was during those three months

Boone first saw the Ohio River flowing on in silent majesty.

Squire Boone returned even earlier than he was expected, richly furnished for the wilderness. He brought two swift, powerful horses, laden with ammunition and other hunting requisites. He was himself the bearer of glad tidings, Daniel's wife and family were well in health and circumstances, and, assured of his safety, happy.

During eight months those daring hunters explored the Kentucky wilderness, gave names to rivers, and, in the fulness of their confidence in the future, dedicated the spot where they had met as the site of the capital of the future state.

Familiar with the country, and resolved to make it his permanent home, Daniel yielded to home yearnings, and with his brother departed for the Yadkin, to rejoin his family, and bring them out to the beautiful country he had discovered. "I returned safe," remarks Boone, always a man of few words—"I returned safe after an absence of two years, and found my family in happy circumstances."

Those happy circumstances had no doubt something to do with the delay, approaching to three years, which intervened before Daniel or Squire Boone with their families set out for their new

homes in the wilderness. Not one of their neighbours could be talked into the belief that it would be wise to abandon their safe, quiet homes on the Yadkin for the wilderness, however dazzling, glorious the future of that wilderness might be. The blood of Finley and his companions was in their nostrils. There was, however, several families belonging to a neighbouring settlement, that of Powel's Valley, who finally decided to cast in their lot with the adventurous pioneers. These furnished a quota of forty well-armed men. This very respectable nucleus of a State set forth in high spirits, making for the majestic gateway in the mountain, known as Cumberland Gap, near the junction of the States of Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee. They were near it in October, when an event occurred which changed the triumphal march to a funeral procession. Some of the cattle had broken away, and a number of the young men were sent to get them together. Suddenly the main body of adventurers, reposing after a toilsome day, were startled to their feet by the Indian war-whoop, issuing, as it seemed, from the throats of a thousand demons, mingled with the shouts and cries for help of the absent young men. Rapid as was the march of the hunters to the rescue, they were too late. A war-party of Indians, who, un-

perceived, had been for some days hovering on the flank and rear of the emigrants, had fallen upon the young men, killed, scalped six, and, their bloody work accomplished, disappeared in the dark woods. Amongst the slain was James Boone's eldest son.

These victims of Indian cruelty and cunning were buried in the wilderness, and then mothers, daughters, and a number of comparatively feeble-hearted men insisted upon turning back. They had been deceived, lured by false representations into the haunts of ferocious savages. The terrestrial paradise, as pictured by the brothers Boone, was really "the dark and bloody land," by which name, till their time, it had been known. There was no resisting the popular vote; the expedition retraced its steps; but, unwilling to face the jeers of those who had vainly warned them of the desperate folly of the venture, they halted at a settlement on the Clinch River, Virginia. There Daniel Boone remained for about eight months, during which time his discoveries in Kentucky were eagerly discussed by all classes from the highest to the lowest in Virginia and North Carolina.

Practical action was hastened by the political necessity of conciliating hundreds of veteran soldiers, who had fought in the wars which annihilated the French power in America. These men were

clamorous for the reward in land which had been promised them, and the Legislature of Virginia complied by liberal, even lavish, grants to be taken possession of by themselves in Kentucky. They might almost as well have made over to them the mountains in the moon. Fierce discontent was the consequence. Just at that time, too, the insanity of the English Government, in persisting to assume the right of taxing the American colonists, had generated the spirit of revolt; soon to find action in the War of Independence. It was necessary to conciliate these men; and Governor Dunmore, a shrewd man, dispatched surveyors to ascertain the correctness of Boone's reports. These verified all that he had said as to the beauty and fertility of the country. Other surveying expeditions followed. In 1774, Captain James Harrod, with forty men, ascended the Ohio, and on the site of Harrodsburg sowed the first corn ever deposited in the soil of Kentucky. Thus, thanks to the impulse given by Boone, numerous adventurers from Virginia were soon threading the buffalo paths of the promised land.

Boone himself was appointed one of the surveyors, and so well satisfied was Dunmore with his efficient execution of the task confided to him, that he presented him with a commission in the State Militia, and gave him the military command of

three garrisons on the frontier of Virginia, established as a protection against the Indians. Captain Boone's strictly military career had now commenced.

At about the same period, one Henderson, of Hanover County, Virginia, a bold unscrupulous adventurer, excited by the narratives of Daniel Boone, with whom he had become closely intimate, resolved to found a colony, and become a lordly proprietor in the beautiful land beyond the western mountains. Henderson, though in imminent danger of being incarcerated for debt, managed to start "A Transylvania Company," consisting of himself and seven others, whose united capitals were found equal to the purchase of ten waggon loads of cheap stuffs, fire-arms, and coarse spirits, provided with which Henderson sought and obtained an interview with the chiefs of the Cherokee nation. Daniel Boone assisted at that interview, which resulted in the obtainment by Henderson and Company of a tract of land, one hundred miles square, lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers; the very finest land west of the mountains.

A title to the land having been acquired, the task of taking possession was assigned to Captain Boone. Taught by experience that only the ligatures of force, fear, could effectually bind Indians

to the fulfilment of their engagements, he without delay set about building a fort—not so scientific a structure as Vauban would have designed—and constructed of huge logs, but spacious, and capable of being held, by two or three hundred determined white men, against any possible combination of the savages who prowled the wilderness. There Boone's wife and children joined him. The erection of this fort, on the site of the present Boonesborough in Madison County—a veritable city of refuge, in case of need—rapidly accelerated the settlement of the territory. The following spring Colonel Calloway and family joined the little community. He had two daughters just blooming into womanhood, between whom and Boone's an intimate friendship quickly sprung up. They were constant associates in the pleasures of their new life, and, before long, in its fearful perils. The erection of the fort, a permanent establishment of the white man in their very midst, excited the ireful alarm of the Indians; and it was, before long, clearly apparent that a numerous war party were prowling around the infant settlement. Vigilance and caution were awakened. The men never went to their labours without the rifle, nor the women beyond the palisades, except in the daytime.

These salutary rules were violated in the month

of July, by Elizabeth Fanny Calloway, and Jemima Boone—who, intent upon pleasure, crossed the river in a canoe, and in the shadow of the wealthy foliage, which came down to the river's edge, amused themselves with splashing the water with their paddles, the slight painter cast off, and floating in the stream. Careless children! unconscious that, concealed by that luxuriant vegetation, fierce, gloating, Indian eyes were observing them. Soon, one of the savages stole stealthily into the shallow stream, seized the rope, and in a moment dragged the canoe into a nook, out of sight of the fort. The screams of the girls were heard there, but the settlers possessed only that one canoe; it was known, too, that a large body of Indians were close at hand; Boone and Calloway were both absent. Action was deferred till their return.

It was far into the night when the bereaved fathers reached the fort, and heard, with suspended breath, of the capture of their children. Who would help them to rescue the lost ones? Eight—only eight—stout, valiant men responded to the half-frenzied appeal, and with them Boone and Calloway started in pursuit. They struck the trail of the savages soon after dawn; and, as evening was falling, came up with them—so fierce, rapid had been the pursuit—at a distance of more than forty

miles from the fort. The Indians had kindled a fire in the clearing of a vast cane-brake, were preparing a feast in celebration of their exploit, and casting lots for the sweet "pale faces" that had fallen within their tiger-clutch. The girls were bound to a tree; and the lots having been cast, two of the winners, stalwart savages, hastened, with exulting yells, to seize their victims. The girls were very pale, trembling in every limb—not more, or so much, with fear, as with surprise and delight. Their ears had caught the sound of the pursuing hunters' stealthy approach; the low-toned words of Captain Boone, "It's your father, Jemima; don't cry out, nor be afraid." The two Indians sprang upon the fair girls and their own deaths at the same moment. Both fell dead, their brains and bodies pierced by the hunters' bullets. Not knowing how numerous their assailants, who did not show themselves, might be, the Indians fled howling. Captain Boone thus describes the incident: "On the 14th day of July, 1776, Colonel Calloway's daughter, and one of my own, were seized by Indians. I immediately pursued with only eight men, overtook the savages, killed two, and recovered the girls. A great mercy."

The Indians, wise in their generation, eagerly sought to crush out the germ of civilization that had

sprung up in their midst. It would soon be too late; and the Shawnees understood the value of time in war as well as Bonaparte or Wellington. The forests were alive with ferocious savages; the nightly howl of the wolf, mingled with that of the murderous red men. The settlers were cut off in detail; shot at their ploughs by unseen marksmen. The stout heart of Captain Boone failed not. A report that the British had made an offensive and defensive alliance with the savages, alone gave him mortal disquietude, and it was with a feeling of immense relief, that in April, 1777, he beheld a large body of Indians—only Indians—advance to storm the fort; though its garrison, settlers included, did not exceed one hundred men. The savages were repelled; but the defeat was not so decisive as to discourage them from renewing the effort, with greatly augmented numbers, about the middle of July the same year. This time the chastisement was more signally deterrent, and there was peace at Boone's fort till its final siege in August, the following year. Boone's was a crowded life in the interval, during which the following incident, variously related, but unquestionably authentic in its main substance, occurred.

The garrison and settlers of the fort, made confident by victory, assumed the offensive; and, under Captain Boone's guidance, scoured the adjacent forest:

their prey, Indians, buffaloes, with other varieties of game. Daniel Boone shall tell the story in his own plain, simple words, as rendered by one of his biographers.

“ The sun was setting ; I was very tired, and had, in the eagerness of the chase, become separated from our party. Knowing, however, from forest signs the direction I should take to reach the fort, I felt no anxiety, not the least. But I was completely knocked up. So, it being summer weather, I lay down to rest. My trusty rifle by my side. The night was beautiful ; and in the light of the splendid stars, and thinking of Rebecca and our children, I fell asleep. A light sleep, broken by a curious feeling. It was some time before I knew how I was awakened. A small spaniel dog—an English dog—was licking my face, whining, and, as I may say, *cautiously* barking. Greatly surprised was I ; but starting up—the day was breaking—I seized my rifle, and looked around. Nothing unusual was to be seen. Where had that dog come from ? to whom did it belong ? I watched its action, which was extraordinary. It ran about me in a circle ; then sprang back, always in one direction—stopped—looked back, and finding I did not follow, returned, looked up piteously, imploringly, in my face ; or I fancied so ; and went off again, still in

the same direction. When thoroughly awake, I followed. Judge of my astonishment when, through an opening in the forest, I saw a party of Indians—nine only; the number has been exaggerated—nine only; and close by them, bound, as in the case of my own child, Mrs. Dent and her daughter Emily. Mrs. Dent had, with her husband and several other children, arrived at the settlement but a few weeks previously. I had seen her only a few times, but recognized her at once. She was a comely, young-looking woman, though the mother of nine or ten children. The daughter, Emily, was a fair, blue-eyed maiden, born in Norfolk County, England, and about fifteen years of age. She had been caught outside the palisades by the savages. Their fate, if not rescued, was certainly horrible to think of. What could I do against nine devils, each of whom was armed with a musket? That question the spaniel dog asked me with his glistening eyes. Most of the savages were asleep; but three were awake and watchful. Fortunately there was a maple sugar-tree within fifty yards of the Indians' bivouac. I climbed it; and having done so, looked closely to the priming of my rifle. I had plenty of ammunition. When the day had fully risen, the Indians were roused by the watchers; and they made ready to begone. The unfortunate

wife and mother implored the chief of the Indians, with sobbing supplication, to be restored to her friends, promising any amount of reward or ransom. The red brute laughed tauntingly, and thrust his hand into her white bosom. That taunting laugh was closely followed by his death-scream. A bullet from my faithful rifle pierced his brain. The fright, surprise, of the devils may be imagined. It seemed as if lightning from heaven had fallen upon them; for no visible enemy could be discovered. The poor dog betrayed my hiding-place. It barked with joy, as it seemed to me, and leapt up, as if desirous of joining me. An Indian took steady aim and killed it. The spaniel was not sooner dead than he. Of course I was discovered, and every gun discharged at me. One bullet struck me in the left thigh. The rest of the story is well known; at least it has been told in a hundred ways, in tales and songs. I maintained the conflict as well as I could; but the cunning devils, soon getting under cover, I had only succeeded in taking two more lives, when my powder-pouch, by some accident, the exact way of which I don't know, fell to the ground; and I was at the Indians' mercy, had they known it. They did not know it, nor suspect it for a time. They did at last, and came on yelling with triumph. Well they did; the whoop was heard by

my brother and our party, who had all night long been searching for me. A fierce shout responded to the yells of the Indians; not one of whom escaped. I, Mrs. Dent, and her daughter were rescued. I was sorry for the dog: the faithful spaniel. He was the instrument that really delivered the captives. This is the real truth of a story which has been much magnified by some, and by others said to be fictitious. The latter can ask Mrs. Dent's daughter, now the wife of Jabez Kirkton, Esq., Utica, Louisiana, whether it be true or not."

For a considerable time the fort-colony remained unmolested. But the settlers were seriously unprovided; the most pressing of their wants was salt. Fifty miles off there were copious springs, now called "The Blue Licks," which yielded, as Boone well knew, the indispensable commodity in abundance. Taking with him a party of 40 armed men, the Captain started for the Blue Licks, to manufacture or collect salt for his people. The men, with ready rifles always at hand, worked with a will. Boone himself hunted for them; and by so doing came to grief on the 10th of February, 1777. He was surprised by a small army: about 300 Indians, officered by French Canadians, on

their way to besiege Boone's Fort. The Captain at first endeavoured to save himself by flight; but finding that impossible, "gracefully surrendered."

This pleased the Indians, and they promised him generous usage. They kept their word too well. But with respect to the salt-boilers. How shield them from the deadly peril close upon them? They were too few to resist with any chance of success: and he could not warn them to flee to the fort. He promptly decided upon the wisest course to take. The surrender of the whole party as prisoners of war, upon condition of humane treatment for themselves, and that Boone's Fort should not be attacked. His terms were agreed to; the men surrendered, and the Indians kept their word—after a fashion. For this transaction Daniel Boone was subsequently tried by court-martial, honourably acquitted, and promoted to the rank of major.

The captives were first taken to Old Chillicote, an Indian village on the Little Miami. Soon afterwards they were marched to Detroit, where, it is said, the gallant Colonel Hamilton gave rewards for prisoners and scalps. At all events, the British commander treated Boone and his companions with the greatest kindness, and released the latter from bondage by large ransoms. Boone himself had

overplayed his part; made himself so excessively agreeable to the savages, "that their affection became so great," they would not part with him at any price—refusing the 1000 dollars offered for him by Colonel Hamilton with disdain. They would make him chief; and he, in return, would teach them how to clear the hunting-grounds of Kentucky of the intrusive Pale-faces.

After remaining a month at Detroit, gratified their vanity by the spectacle of so renowned a captive as Daniel Boone, the Indians returned with him to Chillicote, remaining deaf to the entreaties and offers of the British commander, who, "sensible of his adverse fortune, was touched with human sympathy." It is difficult to understand why a Christian gentleman, having the power, did not rescue him, bribes and solicitation having failed, by force.

"At Chillicote," says Mr. Boone, "I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted, according to Indian custom, into a family, where I became a son, and had a large share in the love of my new parents, brothers, sisters, friends. I went out hunting with them, and often gained applause at the shooting matches. But I was careful not to exceed their best men in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. The Shaw-

nees' king took great interest in me, and often permitted me to hunt at my liberty. When I returned with the spoils of the woods I always presented a portion to him—as expressive of duty to my sovereign.”

Boone's seeming contentment disarmed, at least allayed, suspicion, and the vigilance of the captors was gradually relaxed. But he was not fully trusted. The Indians counted his balls and measured his powder when he went out to hunt alone, and on his return forced him to show what game he had shot, his aim being unerring. Boone was, in fact, the Leatherstocking of Fenimore Cooper; but dwarfed, materialized by that sourest, most bilious of romance writers. Captain Boone, more astute than his captors, cut his bullets in two, and used the lightest effective charges of powder, thereby securing a quite sufficient supply of ammunition for the hour of need.

For five months Captain Boone vainly watched for an opportunity to escape. Suddenly he was sent with a strong party of Indians to the Blue Licks to make salt. They were there about a fortnight; and when Boone returned to Chillicote, he found all the Shawnee “braves” painted, armed, and straining on the start for an attack upon Boone's Fort, or Boonesborough.

Captain Boone could no longer hesitate. Forewarn the garrison of the fort of the storm about to burst upon them he would, or perish in the attempt to do so. Meanwhile he concealed his emotion; applauded the war-dancers; took part in the sports, and in various ways induced a belief in the minds of his captors that he was a real friend of the Indians; that thenceforth he was to be their companion; comrade in the battle and the chase. One Shawanese gentleman offered him his favourite daughter. Captain Boone was very grateful, and would espouse the young lady immediately upon his return from the war-path, upon which they were about to set out, with such a respectable number of scalps, as would constitute a modest title to the possession of such marital bliss.

It was in the third week in June that the deceiver was permitted to go out on a hunt, from which he never returned. In five days he traversed one hundred and eighty miles of forest, safely reaching Boone's Fort, but well-nigh dead with hunger and fatigue.

To the settlers he seemed as one risen from the dead. His family, believing he was lost, had left for North Carolina, with the exception of his daughter Jemima, engaged to a son of Colonel Calloway.

There was not a moment to be lost. The heathen would be quickly upon them. The fort had been allowed to fall into a dilapidated condition, and in its then state would be easily stormed. Boone immediately set to work, and at the end of ten days—during which time he had not taken his clothes off—slept but a couple of hours, daily or nightly—he was well-nigh prepared for the assault. Not quite. More than a thousand Indians, commanded by Blackfish, Boone's father-in-law that was to be, and under the diplomatic direction, so to speak, of one Duquesne, a Frenchman, appeared before the fort, and summoned it, in the name of King George, to surrender. Boone asked a delay of forty-eight hours to consider the proposal. Feeling sure of his prey, and that it would be better to gain the fort by treaty than by fighting, Duquesne assented.

Those precious hours were diligently improved, and when they were about to expire Captain Boone summoned a council of war. There were sixty-five men in garrison; their "fort" defences, palisades, and loop-holed log-houses, and they were about to be assailed by full twelve hundred well-armed Indians, instructed by a French officer. The "Council" gave their opinions *seriatim*, and, with the exception of Colonel Calloway, whose daughters were in the fort, advised surrender. "Gentlemen,"

said Boone, "I have asked your opinion, knowing it is usual to do so upon such occasions; but I have always meant as I now mean—fighting. This fort shall *not* be surrendered. I know too well the value of Indian pledges and promises." The time of truce expired, Captain Boone held a parley with Duquesne, from one of the log-bastions. "Much obliged to you," he shouted, "for allowing us two more days for preparation. We now defy you."

Duquesne, wild with rage, and bitterly upbraided by Blackfish, ordered an immediate assault. Headlong, fierce, impetuous as it was, the garrison beat it back with terrible slaughter. Boone's fire was deadliest. He had five rifles, which were reloaded by his daughter, fast as discharged. The siege, during which every device well known in Indian warfare, was brought into play, lasted eight days, when, despairing of success, and having lost quite one-third of their number, the savages gave up the enterprise in despair. It was alleged that Boone himself had slain at least sixty of the assailants.

During 1781 there was peace at Boonesborough; but in the following spring, the Kentucky settlements were menaced and several destroyed by a large body of Ohio Indians, under the leadership of one Gerty, an Irishman by birth. He had been taken prisoner by the Indians at the time of

General Braddock's defeat in 1775, was adopted by a Shawnee family, and became the fiercest savage of the tribe. For twenty years he had been the terror of the sparsely-scattered settlers on the western frontier of Virginia, and now he, in conjunction with M'Kee, a congenial ruffian, menaced Boonesborough. One hundred and eighty armed men were got together, and marched towards the Blue Licks, where it was known Gerty was encamped, under the command of Major Boone. They expected to be joined on their way by a force collected by Colonel Logan. When, however, the men came in sight of the savages, skilfully posted on the other side of the river, their impatience to "be at the bloody heathen" could not be restrained. Horsemen, footmen, a mingled mob, dashed across the ford in wild confusion: Boone himself being borne onward by the furious current. The settlers, outnumbered by ten to one, rushed upon ruin. From every bush and ravine a close, deadly, sustained fire was poured upon them; and in a few minutes nearly a hundred men had fallen. Boone enacted more wonders than a man. His fatal rifle disposed of M'Kee, and wounded Gerty; but no individual skill and daring could avert defeat.

Amongst the slain was Israel, Daniel Boone's favourite son. The father saw him fall, and though

too late to save, terribly avenged him. He slew the slayer, snatched up the warm palpitating corpse of his body, and hastened to bear it way. A huge savage, armed with a tomahawk, rushed upon him whilst so burdened. Boone still holding his son, dodged the Indian's blow, and at the same moment plunged his hunting-knife into the body of the savage. Israel Boone expired in his father's arms a few minutes after the river had been recrossed by the remnant of the Kentuckians, the pursuit of which by the triumphant Indians was arrested by the appearance, though a long way off, of Logan's horsemen. It is characteristic of this great, high-souled man, that in his report to the Virginian Executive of this disastrous conflict, he not only passed over his own superhuman efforts to retrieve the bloody blunder of his subordinates, but did not so much as hint, that the ford had been passed in defiance of his positive commands.

The disgrace of this defeat was speedily wiped out in the blood of the Ohio Indians. Major Boone, aided by Colonel Clarke, raised in a few days nearly a thousand mounted riflemen, and led them swiftly, cautiously against their ferocious enemies. The exulting savages were holding high festival at Chillicote, in celebration of their victory, when thunder fell upon them. "Remember the battle of

Blue Licks," was Boone's last exhortation to his men, as he galloped along their front. A wave of his arm gave a signal to charge, and in two minutes the furious horsemen were amongst the astounded, panic-stricken Indians, sabreing, slaughtering without mercy. The lesson was a terrible, but salutary one. Boone had done his work thoroughly—broken the Indian power, and secured the peace of the domain for ever. As he and Captain M'Cracken—then suffering from a wound, of which he the next day died—went down the slope upon which a part of Cincinnati now stands, Major Boone proposed that they should all enter into an agreement, that fifty years from that day the survivors should meet on that spot to celebrate their victory. The proposal was adopted with acclamation; and on the 4th of November, 1832, a considerable number of the survivors met there. The forest had disappeared, and its place was a city containing over 30,000 inhabitants. Boone had then been in his grave more than twelve years; but his labours lived and testified for him.

The "State" planted by Daniel Boone, no longer exposed to attacks from the broken-spirited Indians, quickly consolidated itself. Not less than 20,000 settlers entered the county in 1784. Boone had been apparently inclined to lay aside the

rifle for the hoe, and pass the remainder of his life in cultivating a farm, bestowed upon him by Henderson. He was not permitted to do so. The authorities of Virginia, assuming sovereign rule over Kentucky, would not recognize the validity of the Cherokee cession, and Daniel Boone was in consequence turned out of his holding, a bankrupt, landless, homeless man. Half a million of people then flourished in the once "dark and bloody land," which his foot first trod, and of that redeemed land not one acre was left to Daniel Boone.

Judgment of "Ouster" was given in the Supreme Court against him when he was sixty years of age, and Daniel Boone left Kentucky for ever. Poor, aged, growing feeble, he and his faithful, true-hearted Rebecca settled near the great Kanamha, in Virginia, and he was toiling there for bread when glad news reached him from his son, Daniel, who was prospering in Louisiana, beyond the Mississippi, and invited his parents to join him there. His son dilated upon the abundance of deer, beaver, buffalo, the simplicity of the Spanish laws, the honesty, kind-heartedness of the people, the facility by which fertile land could be acquired, and the fire of his old hunting spirit revived in the heart of Daniel Boone. In 1798, he and Rebecca accordingly left Virginia, drove their few cattle through the forests

bordering the Ohio and Mississippi, amidst perils manifest, pitching their tent, and next building a log hut in the wilderness, about forty miles above St. Louis, in which is now St. Charles County Missouri, where he dwelt in peace for several years.

The Spanish authorities treated Daniel Boone with the highest consideration, presented him with a large tract of land, and on the 11th of July, 1800, conferred upon him the post of Commandant in the St. Charles district.

Surely the aged, toiling, victory-worn veteran and his partner have at last gained a permanent resting-place! If Louisiana had continued in the possession of a superannuated monarchy like Spain, or even of Bonapartist France, to whom it was first transferred, that might have been the case. But the great Republic, always grateful to its great men, having purchased Louisiana of the first Napoleon, immediately the transaction was concluded with the French Emperor, appointed a commission to inquire into the validity of title to land granted by the Spanish Government, which commission reported that Major Boone's title was bad in law. Again judgment of "Ouster" (1810) was pronounced against Boone, and at the age of seventy-six he is once more reduced to something like beggary by the action of the Federal Government! And his true

wife just at that time sickened and died! Ah! well, let him take heart. The day, the hour when he too shall realize the all-compensating future, cannot be far distant. He will hold his soul in peace till then. In illustration of Daniel Boone's devoted affection for his wife, he, whenever he went upon a hunting excursion, often to a distance of one hundred miles, when he had passed fourscore, he always took with him a companion, pledged by a written bond, that should any fatal accident befall him, that companion would convey his body to his, Daniel Boone's relatives, that it might be buried with that of Rebecca, upon the eminence overlooking the Missouri! Daniel Boone died on the 26th of September, 1820, at the house of his son-in-law, in Calloway County, Middlesex. His principal amusement during the last years of his life was furbishing powder-horns for his grandsons, and cleaning, repairing their rifles! His end was peace, at the age of eighty-six.

The old frontier-warrior is gone at last. Six feet by two, most glorious of Republics! is all the land he requires; his ear, shut by death, cannot hear your grand speeches in his honour. Now, then, is the time to sound the trumpet, beat the drums—raise monuments to his memory! It must be con-

fessed, however, that posthumous honours were not hurriedly awarded to Daniel Boone. It was full a quarter of a century after this true hero's dust had been committed to dust, that the Legislature of Kentucky, suddenly aroused to a solemn sense of duty, decreed "with filial reverence for the founder of their State," that the coffins of the founder of their State, and that of his wife, should be brought from Missouri, and deposited in Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. This recognition of departed worth excited the rapturous enthusiasm of Mr. Collins, a locally-famous 4th of July orator, which burst forth in the following flaming sentiments:—"There seemed to be a peculiar propriety in this testimonial of the veneration borne by the Commonwealth for the memory of the illustrious dead, and it was fitting that the soil of Kentucky should afford the final resting-place of him whose blood in life had been so often shed to protect it from the fury of savages. It resembled the beautiful and touching manifestation of filial affection shown by children to the memory of a beloved parent, and it was right that the generation who were reaping in peace the fruits of his toils and dangers, should desire to have in their midst, and decorate with tokens of their love, the sepulchre of this primeval patriarch, whose stout heart watched by the cradle of this now power-

ful Commonwealth, in its weak, helpless infancy, shielding it from all those appalling dangers which threatened its safety and existence.”

Governor Morehead was quite as grandiose, and not very much later with his eulogy of the great long-since departed, over whose new grave the Honourable John Crittenden had pronounced a magnificent oration.

“The life,” says Governor Morehead, when commemorating the first settlement of Kentucky—
“The life of Daniel Boone is a forcible example of the powerful influence which a single absorbing passion exerts over the destiny of an individual. Born with no endowments of intellect to distinguish him from the crowd of ordinary men (error! magniloquent orator, error!), and possessing no other acquirements than an ordinary education bestowed, he was enabled, nevertheless, to maintain, through a long and useful career, a conspicuous rank among the most distinguished of his contemporaries; and the testimonials of the public gratitude and respect with which he was honoured after his death, were such as was never awarded by an intelligent people to the undeserving. . . . He united, in an eminent degree, the qualities of shrewdness, caution, and courage, with uncommon muscular strength. He was seldom taken by surprise; he

never shrank from danger, nor cowered beneath the pressure of exposure and fatigue. In every emergency he was a safe guide and a wise counsellor, because his movements were conducted with the utmost circumspection, and his judgment and penetration were proverbially accurate. . . . It is not assuming too much to say that without him, in all probability, the settlements of Kentucky would not have been upheld, and the conquest of Kentucky might have been reserved for the emigrants of the nineteenth century."

ROMANCE OF MILITARY LIFE.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE CARLIST WAR.

IN a previous paper ("One of Wellington's Spies"), it was stated that, should time and opportunity permit, I would sketch my adventures in the Christiano-Carlist War of Succession—I now proceed to redeem that promise.

After a final interview with General De Lacy Evans, and having been furnished with the necessary credentials, introductions, and other requisites for the peculiar campaign upon which I was about, with more zeal than discretion, to enter, I started for Spain, *viâ* France, on the 18th of June. Like all soldiers and sailors I have known, I have a superstition for lucky days. I was in rollicking spirits, the diapason of youth struck by the impulse of a fresh enthusiasm, seemed resonant as ever; though it strikes *me*, that had I heard of the Durango decree, just before issued by Don Carlos, the knowledge of that fact would have considerably slackened the

chords which made that music. The Durango decree enacted that, every Spaniard or foreigner made prisoner whilst impiously resisting the divine right of His Majesty Charles the Fifth to the throne of Saint Ferdinand, should be forthwith shot. There were to be no exceptions. Now, if soldiers openly plying their vocation were to suffer death—not, by the way, without benefit of clergy—just fifteen minutes' grace—Don Carlos being an exceedingly devout Pretender—were permitted, during which they might prepare themselves for heaven with the help of a priest—what would be the fate of the secret-service soldier caught in the fact? Death by garotte most likely—from which practice, by the way, a novel word in the ruffian-vocabulary of England has been derived—and I had a vehement dislike to being strangled by an iron collar, tightened by a powerful screw from behind till death ensues, and a most horrible death it is, compared with which shooting a man is an act of heavenly charity. I once saw a poor wretch served so at Barcelona. They had not the decency to draw a cap over his eyes, and the horrible spectacle haunted me for months afterwards—Ugh! Not anticipating such another scene as that, in which I myself should be the principal figure,—hanging was the worst I need fear, and as that, being a captain in

His Britannic Majesty's service, might possibly, by the gracious clemency of his mock Majesty Carlos, be commuted to shooting, I went on my way rejoicing. The first time I heard of the diabolical decree was in Madrid, and I declare it made me feel quite faint, the sickening scene at Barcelona rising up before me like a hideous spectre; and yet, strange to say, to that very decree it will be seen, I owe it, that I am now in the land of the living, and penning this "Romance of Military Life." A romance let me add, in the sense only, that the incidents recorded lie beyond the beaten track even of a soldier's experience.

It is necessary to premise that, when I left England, it was expected that about one-half of the British Legion would sail under the command of Major Richardson, about the middle of July (1835) for Spain. Of course I took care that none of those embryo heroes—I mean the common file—should know me by name or sight. Such a set of devil-may-care ragamuffins, about 200 of them at least, I never before set eyes upon, taken altogether. Made of the true soldier-stuff—no question about that! Their behaviour in the field proved that—shamefully as they were cried down at the time by the English Carlist press. A mere mob when they sailed for Saint Sebastian, ignorant even of the

mysteries of the goose-step, in three months they had attained to a tolerable state of discipline; a month afterwards a brilliant bayonet charge by one of the regiments checked the impetuous pursuit by the Carlists of Espartero's routed troops, retook the bridge across which the Christinos had been driven, converting what would have been a disastrous defeat into a drawn battle. I myself witnessed that highly creditable exploit, and noticed, not without a feeling of contemptuous indignation, the endeavours of the Spanish soldiers, not so much the privates as the officers, to ignore the fact that they had been saved from destruction by a mere handful of their English allies.

I arrived safely at Madrid, and a few days afterwards was honoured by General Cordova with an audience. He had read my testimonials, and he was pleased to say, had no doubt I might render essential service to the Constitutional cause. "It is right, however, I should inform you, that the risk you incur will be terrible. The Pretender, Carlos, has issued a decree, dated from Durango (it was at this interview I first heard of that document)—the Pretender, Carlos, has issued a decree, dated from Durango, which is a disgrace to civilization. It decrees instant death against all rebels taken with arms in their hands. The atrocious

edict may, however, be modified in practice as respects native Spaniards : I have no doubt, indeed, that it will ; but with respect to the English, who are coming to *our aid*”—continued the General, with a sarcastic, malicious twinkle of his dark gray eyes—“the decree, depend upon it, will be rigorously enforced. I am not surprised at your evident emotion. The chances of a cruel death are a hundred to one against you ; for gentlemen plying your vocation are not, nobody can be more clearly aware than yourself, considered entitled to the same rule, even as to the mode of being sped out of the world, as frank combatants.”

The General’s sneering smile, and sarcastic tone, roused my spirit ; the feeling of faintness passed away, and I said, in as sarcastic a tone as his, “Barking dogs seldom bite, General. I have encountered and foiled cleverer fellows than I am likely to meet with amongst the Carlists”—and I had half a mind to add, “amongst the Christinos either.” “I shall not draw back from the service I have volunteered to undertake. The Durango decree scarcely terrifies me more than the news I heard about an hour before I had the honour to be admitted to your Excellency’s presence.”

“What news ?”

“That Don Carlos has conferred the appointment

of generalissimo of his armies upon the Virgin Mary."

The General's brow darkened. "You heretics do not comprehend such acts, or the motives which prompt them. However," he continued, "pursue your own course; I spoke but in friendly warning. Your blood will be upon your own head, not mine. Here are some letters you may find useful, written, of course, in cypher, the key to which you will find in this sealed paper, marked S. You will master it well before setting out, and then burn the written key. In this paper, marked B, is a list, believed to be correct, of the places of public entertainment along the route you will travel, where you may, and where you would have no chance of stopping in safety, even in the daytime, much less at night. Spain, it cannot be denied, is, throughout its length and breadth, in a frightful state of anarchy. Let us hope (again the sarcastic smile)—let us hope the 'Legion' will enable us to speedily secure victory, peace, and order. You have seen the Legion, I suppose," he added; "what sort of men are they?"

"Those I saw, about two hundred only, but I suppose an average specimen of the whole body, appeared to be strong, rough, resolute fellows."

"Ah, yes; but is there a tolerable proportion of old soldiers amongst them?"

“I should think not. A few perhaps.”

“I am sorry to hear that. However,” added the General, who, I suppose, perceiving I was somewhat nettled, thought it was well to do the amiable—“However they are Englishmen, and will wear the English uniform. There is a good deal in that. The red-coats have earned a great name in this country. Let us hope that General Evans will prove a second Wellington, the Legion worthy depositaries of the glory achieved by the heroes of Albuera, Vittoria, and twenty other glorious battles.”

This complimentary speech terminated the interview, and I took a respectful leave.

Bravely as, after the first qualm had passed away, I had borne myself, I felt in by no means an exhilarated state of mind—quite the reverse, in fact; I was in decidedly low spirits. I heartily wished I had not been present at the execution in Barcelona. Then Campbell’s line—

“Coming events cast their shadows before,”

recurred to my memory with uncomfortable effect. Bright events don’t cast shadows. Dark ones might—and I was just then enveloped in shadow. Thus I went on mentally maundering like a doited old woman, till I reached and passed the El Reyna

Hotel, in a principal street leading from the Puerta del Sol (Gate of the Sun), a fashionable promenade and lounging-place, so absorbed was I in sweet and bitter fancies—the latter flavour immensely preponderating — the “sweet,” fugitive, evanescent, being the great honour and substantial reward that awaited me should I be fortunate enough to render some signal service to the Christinos, and be alive to enjoy them.

Starting out of that depressing, silly reverie, I turned back to the Hotel El Reyna, and, in so doing, confronted a man who, by his suddenly checked on-walk, the deepened swarthiness of his villanous phiz, and the cunning expression of his malignant glance, which he had not time to change, so suddenly had I wheeled round, had, I knew, been watching me. Now, if like a sensible soldier, I had been looking at the outer world with which I had placed myself in contact—immediate contact—for Carlists were, in those days, as numerous in Madrid as Christinos—instead of gazing introspectively and debating of saucy doubts and fears, I should have seen that fellow watching my exit from General Cordova’s hotel, and stealthily dogging my steps. Long practice, sharpened by ever-present danger, enabled me to ascertain, with but a scarcely perceptible turn of the head, if any one who had

attracted my suspicion was following me. The fellow turned off, and I went on my way back to the hotel. The incident was not reassuring in my then mood. The game had begun early. Well, it should be played out boldly so far as I was concerned.

“Wine is a good familiar creature,” says Shakespeare, which is no doubt true; the danger is in too close a familiarity, too cordial an intimacy, when no doubt he “biteth like an adder.” The wine I drank that evening at El Reyna, after dinner, would, so far from doing me harm, have benefited me morally and physically, by dissipating the gloom in which I was enveloped, and causing me to look at things in general through its own rosy medium, had I confined myself to my usual quantum, even when happening to sojourn in wine countries. But I must needs call for an extra pint, before I had drunk which I was sensible of a haziness of vision, a confusion of ideas anything but creditable to an officer and a gentleman engaged in the actual service of Queen Christina. The indiscretion had its uses, like adversity. I bethought me that a walk in the open air might be beneficial; the night was deliciously calm and light as day, so I went out for a stroll in the *Puerta del Sol*. The fresh air rather tended at first to increase the *malaise* caused by the extra wine I had

swallowed, but that passed off: my brain cleared, my faculty of observation became keen, alert as ever.

Well it was so. Coming towards me at a slow sauntering pace, arm within arm, and evidently engaged in very interesting conversation, were a chamberwoman at the El Reyna, and that hang-dog looking rascal whom I had suddenly turned upon a few hours previously. I could not be mistaken as to the woman Marietta. She was rather a favourite of mine, being a quiet-mannered, rather pretty, and intelligent person. What might that conjunction—Venus and—Mercury—who is, I believe, the god of thieves—portend in the house El Reyna? Of getting possession, I felt an instinctive conviction, of my papers, letters—of ascertaining the business of an Englishman—evidently a military man too—there was no very inordinate vanity in assuming that to be the case—with General Cordova, at a time when it was known that British soldiers were coming over to fight for the Christinos. Placing myself in a position which they in sauntering to and fro must closely pass, and where I could not be seen by them, I eagerly strained my ear to catch the subject of their conversation. I listened for a long time in vain; but at about the eighth or ninth turn I distinctly heard the girl say, “I am sure it can be done. He is drunk and asleep already.”

This, by the bye, applied to me, was an abominable libel. I was not drunk, very far indeed from being so; a little obfuscated, as I have said; and by that time I was as sober as a water-cask. I reflected. The hotel El Reyna was one of the most reputable, and well-conducted in Madrid. The characters of the proprietors stood high, and I felt quite sure justly so. This was a plot of the chamberwoman, set on by the tall ruffian, probably a favoured paramour of hers, and a Carlist agent. The counter-game under such conditions would not be difficult to play. But there was no time to be lost.

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“More wine: Téresa, I am in a gay humour tonight. The little doze I had just now has quite revived me.” The wine was brought, and I contrived to empty it unobserved into a flask I had fetched from my bedroom. That done, and the flask secured in my pocket, I became intoxicated rapidly, and could hardly express intelligibly a request to be conducted to bed.

That office was performed with the greatest kindness by Marietta herself. “Take care, excellenza; oh, it is nothing, after all! The English are not used to our hot climate, and a very little wine takes effect upon them. He does not hear me!” the woman murmured, *sotto voce*, when I threw myself

on the bed with my clothes on. "The English pig! he is dead drunk. So much the better—so much the better!" and away she joyously tripped.

Two hours had passed since, with the clothes I had worn during the day, I had, with the aid of a bolster, made up a tolerable simulation of a body, stretched upon the bed, when I caught the sound of cautious steps approaching. Presently, a key was turned gently in the lock of one of the doors, which was as softly pushed partially open. The state of things, as reconnoitred by the dim starlight—the moon had for some time gone down—were deemed satisfactory by the sinister-looking ruffian whom I had seen with Marietta,—I had no doubt it was he, though his features were not discernible in the gloomy chamber. A shining stiletto, which he held in his hand, was visible enough, and left no doubt as to *how* the hoped-for success was to be brought about. Slowly, very slowly—the assassin's burning eyes glowing like lurid stars set in the firmament of hell—he approached the bed, and, within striking distance, raised his arm and plunged his stiletto into the recumbent body. Had I in reality been the object struck at, no second blow would have been required. As it was, my friend's hat was struck off with one hand, and a blow dealt on his cranium with a heavy life-preserver (I had loaded pistols in a waistbelt should that have failed) with the other,

which floored him as a butcher strikes down an ox. So sudden, so overpowering was the blow, that not a cry, not a groan passed his lips. That indispensable preliminary ceremony accomplished, my next was availing myself of a lucifer-match to obtain a light. I examined the perfectly insensible man's pockets, turned them inside out, looked at the papers they contained, selected three, replaced the others, together with his money, with which he was liberally supplied. Presently, I flung wide the door opening on the corridor, and shouted loudly for help and light. Previous to doing which, however, I had undressed myself, put on a nightgown, placed the bolster in its proper place, and the clothes that made up the trap upon a chair—the scoundrel's stiletto had, I found next morning, made a tremendous hole in my best coat—jumped into and tumbled about in bed for two or three minutes. My object was to make it appear that it was simply an attempt to murder and rob a traveller, supposed, as all Englishmen are supposed to be, possessed of no end of guineas. There is no mistake, by the bye, which foreigners make in regard of Englishmen, which I so deeply regret should be a mistake, as that. It would never do, the reader easily understands, that, in the investigation which would necessarily take place, anything should arise indicative of my real mission in Spain.

The establishment was quickly in an uproar;

lights swiftly approached in three or four directions—at the chamber doors along the corridors, sheeted ghosts, some holding lamps, some dimly visible only by the whiteness of their night-dresses—appeared. The chamber was filled in no time. My story was a simple one. Feeling restless, wakeful, a state of mind and body which wine, after its first effects passed away, always produced in me, my ear caught the sound of footfalls stealthily approaching the room. I had barely time to arouse myself, seize the life-preserver, which I invariably placed under my pillow when retiring to bed, before the assassin was upon me; there was a brief struggle, and I was victorious. That was all I had to say.

The English señor was warmly congratulated upon his courage and presence of mind; and when a police-officer, as we should call him, one of the Alguazil's soldiers, after careful perusal of the still insensible felon's face, declared his belief that he was no other than the notorious José Sarrafo, who had escaped from the Presidio (criminal prison) of Merida, after having been convicted of the assassination of one Señor Ranon, the gratulations of the company present increased in fervency. The landlord observed that Marietta was a native of Merida, had not long left that place, and might, perhaps, confirm the officer's impression.

The girl-woman was sent for, but Marietta was nowhere to be found. She had left the hotel immediately after the alarm was given, and had gone no one knew whither. Nor will easily find out, thought I. So much the better. It was fortunate, also, as the officers of justice informed me that Sarrafo would not be tried for that night's baffled attempt to murder, as he was already under sentence of civil death—imprisonment with hard labour for life.

The three papers I had borrowed of José Sarrafo might prove of great use to me. He was a Carlist agent, and spy in the disreputable meaning of the term, and, no doubt, did a little business on his own account. The papers were written in cypher, and, luckily, one contained the key.

The next morning, very early, I was busy mastering both cyphers—not even with the “keys” an easily accomplished task. I mean, to so thoroughly master the mystery of a cypher that its alphabet becomes as familiar to you and as clearly impressed upon your memory as that which you were taught in childhood—and I mean by alphabet, not only the letters, but their apparently erratic transpositions. Yet it is certain, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, that no cypher has ever been invented

which, with patience and labour, cannot be deciphered by experts in the art. The only unconquerable difficulty is when a previous agreement has been made between two correspondents to understand in a contrary, or partly contrary, sense what is written—to believe the first two lines, the sixth, ninth, and so on—not the rest. This double cypher is a puzzler, but is as difficult to write as to interpret, and would never do, in active hurried campaigning. I had obtained, as will be seen, an invaluable weapon, and was positive that I should not blunder in its use. I then burned both keys.

Two days afterwards Gil Polo, a peasant-proprietor of Catalonia, was trudging along the great northern road of Spain, hot, dusty, weary. His disguise was so complete that when he called on the previous day at the El Reyna Hotel and asked, in peasant *patois*, whether one Juanetta Mons, a countrywoman of his, was not a servant in the establishment, no one suspected for a moment that Gil Polo could be the English gentleman who had so narrowly escaped being murdered by that villain Sarrafo. And this, notwithstanding that Gil Polo made himself very troublesome by refusing to believe that no one there had ever heard of Juanetta Mons. The domestics were, at last, compelled to

eject him by force. It was an experiment. Had it failed, the English officer would have treated the affair as a masquerade jest.

With this explanation, we return to Gil Polo trudging along the rucky northern road.

At last the crazy, lumbering diligencia appears in sight, slowly jolting along, drawn by eight mules, and escorted by dragoons, an indispensable precaution even within sight of Madrid. The sight is a welcome one to Gil Polo, for he is really tired, though he has walked but about nine English miles. True; but they were nine English miles, along an arid desert, under a Spanish July sun at mid-day, which must be experienced to be properly appreciated.

There was room on the outside of the diligence, and the officer in command of the dragoons having found Gil Polo's papers perfectly *en règle*, permits him to bargain with the conductor for a seat. The transaction takes some time, both being desirous of making a good bargain. At last it is concluded, and Gil Polo, perched upon the roof, finds himself in company with two persons only; one a dull, heavy, common-place fellow, upon whom he did not waste a second thought; whilst the other greatly interested him. He was a young man of strikingly handsome yet, especially in their softened expression,

feminine features. He was well, but plainly attired, and the conductor addressed him as Señor Cortez. Somehow I was sure I had seen that face before—but where? He, too, I could see, eyed me furtively, as much puzzled concerning me as I was about him. The all-absorbing topic of the day—the relative prospects of success of Carlists and Christinos—were freely discoursed upon by Señor Cortez, whose Christino sympathies appeared to be genuine. I said little, and did not at all relish the young man's persistent scrutiny of my face. What was he looking for? In itself there was nothing to attract so much attention. At last, just as the diligence was about to stop for refreshment for man and beast, Señor Cortez clapped his hands, laughed merrily, and exclaimed, though in an under-tone—“I know now! But it is really capital. You and I must have an *olla* and some wine together.”

I was a good deal puzzled, and not over-pleased at this. What did he know *now*? However, I accepted his invitation. The *olla* having been ordered, the wine brought in, Señor Cortez said, with another laugh—

“You don't, I suppose, Señor Inglese, remember seeing me at General Cordova's?”

“At General Cordova's?” I echoed, terribly confounded.

“At General Cordova’s. That is good Spanish, I believe, which you indeed speak better than one not a native I have ever known. I compliment you, señor. You will be invaluable. Come, let there be no mistrust between us two. I am, for many reasons, Señor Cortez, a young man, in Madrid: when with my own people, a young woman, the Maid of Hernani.”

“You the Maid of Hernani !”

“Yes, señor ; I have, as you know, already done the Christino cause some little service, and hope to do much more ; and this not so much from love or loyalty to Queen Isabel, as fierce, unrelenting hatred of the accursed Carlists.” The flames of inextinguishable hate and rage flashed from her fine dark eyes as she uttered those words. I was not surprised at that vehemence of hate and rage, for I had heard her story in Madrid at the El Reyna Hotel.

Her name was Téresa Diaz. Her father, a notary, who had for many years enjoyed a large and lucrative practice in Madrid, had retired from business, and retired with his two daughters, Téresa and Isabel, to his native province, purchased a mansion and grounds at no great distance from Hernani, intending there to end his days. He was a man of strong political predilections, and an enthusiastic Christino. When Carlos raised the banner of

revolt; Señor Diaz displayed an activity, zeal, intelligence, in organizing resistance to the Pretender's claim in and about Hernani, which soon rendered him an object of the especial hatred of the Carlists. He was rich, too, and it was reported that the vaults of his mansion contained immense sums in gold and silver. A night-attack upon his place was planned, which completely succeeded. In fact, there were no means of resistance. The house was plundered, and, exasperated by the comparatively trifling booty obtained, as was supposed, it was given to the flames. The servants had all fled at the first alarm—the two daughters were gone to a ball at Hernani—Señor Diaz himself had been seized with a violent attack of gout a day or two before, and was lying in bed perfectly helpless. Let us hope this was not known to the Carlists. They might reasonably have supposed that he had fled with the servants, whose escape no one attempted to prevent. It seems almost impossible to believe that beings in human form, however demonized by the maddening passions excited by civil war, would deliberately burn an old man in his bed.

Such, however, was the case. The conflagration, which could be plainly seen from Hernani, arrested the flying feet of the dancers; and as the terrified

servants arrived, and none could report that any effort had been made to bring off Señor Diaz, the full horror of the catastrophe was brought home to the conviction of all. The conduct of the two sisters, Térésa and Isabel Diaz, under the appalling circumstances, presented a marked contrast. Isabel swooned—fainting-fit succeeded to fainting-fit—and it was feared she would pass from life during one of them. Térésa was moulded of other metal. She had always been fond of manly sports; was a capital shot, first-rate horsewoman, and of indomitable courage. Questioning the servants with fierce eagerness, and learning from them all they had to tell, the only valuable item being that the Carlists were commanded by one Balmar, a wretch capable of any deed of cruelty and crime, the resolution of Teresa Diaz was instantly taken. She knew that, to return to his *lair*, he must make a long circuit if he would avoid the hazard of a conflict with the Christinos. And Térésa knew a mountain path, which cut, as it were, his line of march, at a place less than half the distance Balmar would have to traverse before reaching it. But there was no time to lose. The commandant of Hernani listened with sympathy and interest to Térésa's request for a detachment of troops, to intercept and destroy the assassins; but declined to risk the lives of

his men in such an enterprise. They might—probably would—fall into an ambush ; besides, the path over the mountains was but a rugged goat-path, which must be climbed, so to speak, in single file. “ Would the Commandant permit her to ask for volunteers from the armed citizens ? ” “ Certainly she might do that ; but he did not think she would meet with much success.”

The Commandant under-estimated the power of an appeal, under such circumstances, from a beautiful, impassioned girl—well known, too, in Hernani for her deeds of charity, her active, untiring benevolence — upon so excitable a race as the Spaniards.

The people were called by beat of drum to the Town Hall, from the steps of which Téresa Diaz, her face and figure illumined by the light of numerous torches, harangued them in impressive language ; explained her plan of vengeance, and implored the aid of the brave men she was addressing, and whom she herself would lead, to carry it out. A hurricane of *Vivas !* burst forth at the conclusion of the harangue, and before an hour had passed from the time it was known that the good, the generous Señor Diaz, had been burned in his bed by the miscreant Carlists, 300 armed volunteers, headed by Téresa Diaz, in her ball-dress—it was a warm

summer night—were climbing the goat-path over the mountains.

They reached the desired spot in excellent time. The Carlists had not passed, and T eresa Diaz, taking post on an eminence of 'vantage ground, awaited the coming up of her father's murderers with feverish impatience.

The summer sun was considerably above the horizon when the look-out reported that the Carlists were in sight. T eresa hurried to the spot where they could be seen, and found that the servants had—not wilfully, she was sure—deceived her as to the numbers of Balmar's band. Instead of two, there were, at least, three hundred men. Believing they had passed the point of danger, they were marching loosely along, singing snatches of Carlist songs. In the rear were several charettes loaded with the plunder of her father's house.

Hasting back to the volunteers, she haranged them with her usual fervid eloquence, more than renewing the enthusiasm caused by the address delivered from the steps of the Town Hall in Hernani; and satisfied with the effect produced, confident they would fight to the death, T eresa, who assumed the command, directed them to lie down on the opposite slope of the hill, and quietly await the signal *she* would give.

Téresa seated herself on the brow of the hill, and must have been taken by the approaching Carlists for a young lady, residing at no great distance, enjoying the glorious beauty of the morning, or sketching the magnificent scenery illumined by the calm splendour of the heavens. The tumult of fierce emotion which must have raged in Téresa's bosom at such a crisis must be left to the imagination.

She had once seen Balmar, and no doubt he was one of the three mule-mounted officers riding in front. She would, however, make sure of that before firing the signal-shot agreed upon; for if he fell by another hand than hers, the victory of vengeance—she had no doubt of victory—would not be complete.

The careless Carlists are within a hundred yards, Téresa Diaz has no longer any doubt as to which of the three mounted officers in front is Balmar, and her white delicate right hand steals towards the gun loaded with slugs, just within reach behind the ridge. The three Carlist officers are laughing gaily — she herself being evidently the object of their mirth.

On Balmar comes to his swift doom, somewhat in front of the others, for he is a man of gallantry, and is determined to be the first to salute so charming a young lady.

He is within twenty yards of her—Teresa is determined to make sure—when she springs, gun in hand, to her feet; the deadly weapon is at her shoulder in an instant; pointed, there is a gush of flame and smoke, the sharp report rings over the silent hills, and Balmar, with a fearful scream, falls from his mule—dead!

The ridge is crowned by the volunteers before the echo of the report has ceased, and a deadly volley is poured into the body of the astounded Carlists. Completely taken by surprise, bewildered, their muskets not loaded, they are taken at a terrible disadvantage; they lose a great number of their best men before they can return the murderous fire; and though at last recovering from their panic they fight desperately for a time, it is with no hope of success. Presently, as stated by the wounded prisoners, the belief obtains amongst them that the beautiful girl, who is the very soul of the fight—firing more rapidly and with surer aim than the men—is the Virgin Mary, come down from heaven to punish them for their sins! This, to us incredible notion—though no one acquainted with the Spanish peasantry will for a moment doubt its probability—this, to us incredible notion, spreads rapidly; a panic ensues; the terrified Carlists throw down their muskets, and flee terror-stricken,

as if pursued by the fiends. More than half their numbers had been slain or wounded, with but trifling loss to the volunteers.

This was the exploit which flashed the name of T eresa Diaz before her country, and obtained for her the name of the Maid of Hernani. She was killed at the siege of Balbao by Espartero's forces—a successful siege, thanks to the aid rendered by the British navy, as Lord Ranelagh, who belonged to the Carlist garrison, can testify.

And the heroine of that romantic episode was the youth before me, quietly sipping his wine; and waiting impatiently for his *olla*. The abruptness of the contrast struck me greatly.

Our conversation first turned on the Durango decree, which Se or Cortez said would be pitilessly enforced. In proof of which, he informed me that two English marines belonging to Lord John Hay's squadron, who had somehow got on shore, had been shot under its provisions. This story has been since contradicted and reasserted a score of times. It was evident that Se or Cortez believed it, and I am now inclined to think he was right. That atrocious decree was somehow always turning up. The thought of it disturbed me more than

I should care to own. "For after all, the difference between hanging or garotting," thought I, "is very little; when either process is over——"

"Your first visit will be to Jauregia, formerly El Pastor," remarked my young friend.

"Indeed! you know that, do you?"

"Yes, now I know who you are. It was settled between you and General Cordova yesterday. It is desirable to ascertain the exact whereabouts of Don Carlos, and the number of troops with him. You have undertaken to obtain the requisite information. Well," added Señor Cortez, "I can face danger pretty well, and shouldn't scream at the sudden unmasking of a battery. That is over in a moment; but to walk coolly about with a halter round your neck, the noose of which may from one moment to another be tightened—or more correctly, an iron collar, with a powerful screw—the punishment by garotte, as I hear——"

"Burn the punishment by garotte! Why the devil is everybody talking about that cursed garotte?"

"I don't know, except that, like you, everybody is always thinking about it."

"I always thinking about it! What do you mean?"

"You asked several persons at General Cordova's

whether that mode of strangulation—you seem to have a nervous affection in your neck, señor—whether that mode of strangulation had not become obsolete in Spain. Waking up as it were from a sort of reverie, you put the same question to me to-day. It is not surprising. I have known more than one brave man who could face death coolly enough, provided he did not present himself in one especially abhorrent shape. But to business. El Pastor's force, strongly posted upon a plateau, is unassailable by any troops the Carlists can bring against him; but he is closely beleaguered, so closely that you will incur considerable danger in the endeavour to reach him, spite of the excellence of your disguise. The Carlist officer in command has the bad habit of causing any one, peasant or not, of whom he entertains the slightest suspicion, to be searched. Your credentials are cleverly secreted I know, but I doubt if they would escape the rigorous scrutiny of his people.

“ Upon my honour, señor, you are a very consolatory companion—very ! ”

“ I, ”—continued the young señor, or signora—“ I can conduct you to him, and I wish for particular reasons of my own to see him for a few minutes, by a path unguarded, because unknown to the Carlists—at least, it was not a few weeks ago—a subterranean path or passage.”

I expressed my thanks, and the diligence being ready, we left the house, and took our seats as before.

A fine soldierly-looking man was El Pastor. He received me with great kindness, though I soon perceived that he was in a very ill-humour. Scñor Cortez inquired the reason.

“Reason enough; I never plan a sortie, or endeavour to send out a foraging party, but the Carlists are sure to be, at the exact time, at the right place to defeat it. It is incomprehensible; for though there may be traitors in the camp, they have no possible means of communicating with the enemy. I have taken excellent care of that. Quite incomprehensible,” added the veteran guerilla.

We walked over the encampment in the evening. The position was a very strong one for defence, but not as a point from which to harass an enemy. I was surprised that El Pastor should have allowed himself to be cooped up in such a place. The men were hardy lithe little fellows, and seemed well up to their work—full of zeal, too; if we might judge from one of their number, who I noticed fired at a party three or four hundred yards, at least, beyond musket range. “That man’s zeal outruns sense and discretion!” I remarked.

“A very worthy fellow; staunch as a blood-hound,” said El Pastor, “but a little over-zealous.”

The next day Jauregia’s ill-temper had increased: a foraging expedition, planned with so much care that it seemed it could hardly fail of success, had been foiled. It was met, upon attempting to debouch, by a Carlist force of three times its strength, though how a Carlist force should be there just then, was *very* surprising.”

“Plan another for to-night, general,” said I, “which I believe will *not* fail.” El Pastor stared, but perceiving I was quite serious, said he would do so. He had no doubt heard the peculiar abilities of the Inglese highly spoken of. The fact was, I had meditated upon the extraordinary conduct of that zealous Long Shot.

The night-expedition was planned, the hour at which to start, the number of men it would be composed of, decided upon. From that moment I did not lose sight of Long Shot.

As I expected, Long Shot appeared soon afterwards with his loaded musket, and walked to about the same spot whence he had fired the evening before. Also as I expected, a party of Carlists soon presented themselves, though not quite so far out of the range of musket-fire; barely, indeed, beyond the reach of El Pastor’s light field-pieces.

I kept close to my gentleman—El Pastor and Cortez were but a few yards off—and as he with a malediction raised the musket to his shoulder, I snatched it from him.

“I am curious, general,” said I, “to see what sort of wads this man uses.” There was scarcely a further proof of the villain’s treason required than his sudden cadaverous face and trembling limbs.

The charge was drawn, and upon the upper wads, of which there were a dozen in number,—no bullet of course was found,—were neatly written the whole details of the night-expedition. These would be sought for, and found no doubt at dusk by the Carlists.

The general was furious. Ten minutes afterwards the traitor was shot. El Pastor thanked me warmly. The foraging expedition was that night thoroughly successful.

I was engaged in several minor enterprises. in which I acquired valuable information. The details would not, however, greatly interest the reader. Twice I had made my way in peasant-guise to the head-quarters of Don Carlos, but could obtain no information of consequence. Seven or eight months passed away and a crisis had arrived, ren-

dering it imperatively necessary that the number and distribution of the Pretender's forces should be ascertained. General Cordova himself had arrived to assume the chief command, and he was almost offensively sarcastic upon the subject of my failure, and I was goaded into adventuring a frightfully hazardous step.

I concocted a letter in Cabrera's cypher, requesting to be furnished with a return of the number of troops which "His Majesty" could have in readiness by a day named, when Cabrera, who, I believed, was then fifty miles away, would join the forces under the king's immediate command, if the enterprise, the nature and details of which he would in a few days transmit, should obtain His Majesty's approbation. It was, however, essential to a successful combination that he should know what number of troops could be relied upon. This letter purported to be written by an aide-de-camp of the general, and was sent by a special, trustworthy peasant.

The plan succeeded to admiration. The adjutant-general was ordered to immediately write out the required information. I was bountifully entertained. The next day the important missive was placed in my hands, and a considerable sum in gold. Some delay took place, it being discovered there had been an omission, which could be supplied in

a few minutes. Whilst I was waiting in a very nervous state, I heard the rattle of presenting arms by the King's Guard, and the roll of drums. The individual so honoured I knew could not be of less rank than a general officer.

About half an hour had limped slowly away, when an aide-de-camp entered the tent where I sat in very deep gloom. He sternly bade me follow him ; and to my great consternation led the way to the royal quarters.

I shall never forget it ! Seated at a table were Don Carlos himself, the Duchess de Beira, and three general officers ; amongst them General Cabrera himself ! I, of course, gave myself up for lost ; and the garotte scene at Barcelona again surged up before my shrinking eyes. I refused to answer any questions. What could it avail to do so ?

Finding me obstinately silent, judgment was pronounced—"Death by garotte," within two hours, during which I might have such consolation as a priest could administer.

I was not immediately marched off, but kept in the open under guard till it was known where I was to be confined during the two hours of grace allowed.

Suddenly, a flourish of trumpets burst upon

my ear, followed by the roll of drums, presenting of arms, saluting the arrival of a number of general and staff officers, one of whom—I could hardly believe my own eyes—wore the uniform of an English general. It was Lord Elliot. I knew him well by sight—he me by reputation. He was come,—there had been for some days a rumour that he was coming,—to remonstrate on the part of the Duke of Wellington, then Foreign Secretary, with Don Carlos, upon the subject of the Durango decree. Hope once more throbbed at my heart, and did so when marched to the condemned cell. The jailer was about to leave me, when I said he should have the gold which had been presented to me, if he would get me pen and paper, and carry a note to the English general, who had just arrived. The man considered a little, and then said he would give it, if that would do, to the English general's servant. "Yes, yes, that will do, good friend ; but be quick."

Another hour passed—not more, I was sure—when the tramp of the guard is heard, and they stop at my cell. The door opens, and I am ordered to come forth.

"Captain Grainger,—His Majesty has, at my earnest intercession, graciously pardoned you the

very serious offence of which you have been guilty. The only condition is, that you do not again serve, or attempt to serve, the Government at Madrid." The most devoted lover never at the altar answered "I will" with heartier good-will, than I replied, "I will *not*." Lord Elliot was good enough to say he would answer that I kept my promise. A month afterwards, I was in my old quarters, at Portsea, and wonderfully glad to find myself there, you may be sure. This happily terminated my adventures in the Carlist war.

ROMANCE OF MILITARY LIFE.

A GENTLEMAN FROM GALWAY.

A GENTLEMAN, that is to say, after the pattern of the model Middle Ages,—a hero of the Byronic, Lara-lover, Eastern type. The preceding pages have chiefly illustrated the chivalry of modern war, its in the main high-reaching aims, its spirit of self-sacrifice. By way of contrastive effect, let us glance over, paraphrasing it of course, the story, partly real, partly imaginative, of Captain Phillip Lanza. Irish by birth, having been born at Galway,—Spanish by blood as are most of the tribes there, he lived, flourished—died I suppose, in the fifteenth century, at the epoch of the war with the Roses. The distractions of England did not, however, much influence the fortunes of Lanza. His fierce, sensuous nature, found its true field in warmer climes than our northern latitudes afford; in other warfare than that of fighting for the safety and honour of one's native land. Lanza's story has been variously told; but never without a superabundance

of love passages. The following version is the most vraisemblable it seems to me of any.

One great advantage he possessed. He had been well educated, and was especially skilled in languages. This accomplishment proved of great advantage in the career he finally choose for himself.

Phillip Lanza, left early an orphan, was a very handsome young man of spirit, passion, pride, and indomitable energy; and renowned even in the west of Ireland, and in those days, for his duels, his prodigality, his debauchery. One would have thought he was trying every means to wear out his life without being able to succeed. His health seemed proof against every excess. It was not so with his money; that rapidly melted away. His friends endeavoured by remonstrances to save him from the abyss he was recklessly approaching, but he refused to listen to their advice, and threatened to call out any one who again dared to speak to him on the state of his affairs. Thus he continued throughout. At last, when all his resources were exhausted, and he found himself unable to keep on any longer, for the first time he seriously reflected on his position. He found he had, *à la Peel*, three paths to choose from: the first was to put an end to himself, and to leave his

creditors to pay themselves as best they could out of the wreck of his fortune; the second to become a monk; the third to settle his affairs, and to go and fight the Turks. This last he chose, thinking it preferable to kill others rather than himself. Besides there would always be time enough to commit suicide when there was no other chance of escape. He disposed of all he possessed, equipped a small well-armed vessel and sailed for the Mediterranean, and for a considerable time made war on his own account, plundering, burning, massacreing—not that I should imagine strictly confining his attentions to the infidels; so that at the end of his first campaign he had made a considerable noise in the world, found himself known, especially in the eyes of the Doge of Venice, a passionate hater of the Turks, who gave him a commission in the Venetian navy. He first served under a rather celebrated officer, Admiral Orsini, who at once took a great liking to him. Lanza felt, from the first, all the advantage he could derive from this friendship for his personal advancement. He consequently neglected no opportunity of cementing it still further, and, thanks to mother wit, he succeeded in becoming, at first, his favourite general, and soon after, his relation.

Now commences, *selon les règles*, the love-business

incident to the affair. Orsini had a niece, about eighteen years of age, as lovely as she was amiable, on whom he had centred all his affections, and whom he treated as his daughter. After the glory of the Republic, nothing in the world was dearer to him than the happiness of his idolized child. He allowed her to have her own way always, and in all things. And when his friends reproached him with spoiling his niece, he replied that he had been placed on earth to wage war with the Turks, and not with his beloved niece Julietta; that, besides, diamonds never spoil under any treatment whatever, and that Julietta was the most precious diamond in the world. He left then, to the young girl, the most complete liberty in the choice of a husband, as in everything else, her great wealth allowing her only to consider the man, and not his money.

Among the numerous suitors, who aspired to her hand, was the young Count Martino, of the family of the princes of Padua. Julietta had soon perceived that his advances to her were not, like the others, dictated by pride or interest, but simply through a tender sympathy, a sincere love. And she rewarded him by the gift of her esteem and friendship. She had even already given the name of love to the feeling she entertained for him, and the Count flattered himself he had awakened, in her bosom,

sentiments similar to those with which she inspired him. Already Orsini had given his consent to the marriage ; already the jewellers, *et cætera*, were preparing their most precious gems and rarest merchandise for the toilette of the bride ; already the aristocratic quarter *del Castello* was preparing to pass several weeks *en fête*. In all parts gondolas were being ornamented, toilettes renewed, and everyone was seeking to claim some degree of relationship with the happy bridegroom, who was about to possess the most beautiful woman, and to own the most brilliant palace in Venice. The day was fixed, the invitations sent out, and there was but one thing spoken of, this grand marriage. Suddenly there arose a strange report. Count Martino had discontinued his preparations ; had left Venice. Some said he had been assassinated ; others pretended that he had been sent into exile by order of the Council of Ten. Still bustle reigned continually through the Orsini palace ; preparations for the wedding were still going on, and not one invitation had been withdrawn. Julietta had gone to the country with her uncle ; but on the day fixed for the celebration of the wedding she was to return. The General had written to this effect to his friends, and invited them to rejoice in the happiness of his family.

On the other hand, persons worthy of belief had met Count Martino in the environs of Padua, giving himself up with his old ardour to the pleasure of the hunt, and appearing, by no means, in a hurry to return to Venice. A last version stated that he had retired to his villa, and there, shut up alone, he passed his nights in dismal lamentations.

What was the meaning of all this? The Venetian people are the most inquisitive in the world. The ingenious comments of the ladies and the jeering observations of the young men had, in this, a pretty riddle to solve. It appeared certain that Orsini's niece was going to be married, but, what could no longer be doubted was, that she was *not* to marry Martino. For what mysterious cause could this marriage have been broken off on the eve of the event? And what other bridegroom had risen, as if by magic, to take the place suddenly of him, who, till then, had been considered as the only one worthy of her hand? That was the question.

One fine evening, a very plain gondola was seen gliding along the Fusina canal; but by the rapidity of its course, and the appearance of the gondoliers, it evidently belonged to some personage of high rank, returning *incognito* from the country, and Orsini was soon recognized, with his niece seated

by his side. Captain Lanza was half lying at Julietta's feet, and in the sweet pre-occupation with which she was caressing Lanza's handsome white greyhound, there was a world of happiness, hope, and love. A lucky fellow, Lanza.

"Really!" exclaimed the ladies, who were enjoying the fresh air on the terrace of the Cosenza palace, when the news had reached the aristocratic world, an hour later: "Captain Lanza! that bad man!" Then there was a long silence, and no one asked how the affair had come about. Those who affected to despise Lanza, and to pity Julietta, would not have been sorry to change places with her.

One evening, Martino, after having followed the wild boar into the thick of the woods, was returning home melancholy and fatigued. The hunt had been magnificent, and the count's huntsmen were astonished that so fine a chase had not enlivened their master's spirits. His sullen manner, his gloomy look, contrasted with the flourish of the trumpet and the barking of the dogs, to which echo answered joyously from the tops of the turrets of the old manor. As the count was passing the drawbridge, a courier, who had arrived a few minutes before him, advanced, and, holding with one hand the bridle of his travelled-stained and panting horse, with the other presented him with

a letter, of which he was the bearer, bending almost to the ground. The Count, who, at his first appearance, had cast an absent and cold glance at him, started at the name the envoy pronounced. He seized the letter with a trembling hand, and, stopping his horse with an impatience which made the fine animal rear, remained a moment sullen and uncertain, as if he intended answering the message with insult and contempt; but, suddenly calming himself, he gave a piece of gold to the courier, and alighted from his horse on the bridge itself, perhaps thinking he was already at the door of his apartments, and leaving the reins of his horse dragging in the dust.

He had been an hour shut up in his room, when his groom informed him that the courier, according to his master's orders, was about to return to Venice, and that he first wished to receive the commands of the noble count. On hearing this, Martino seemed as if awakened from a dream. He made a sign to the groom to bring him his desk; and the day following, Julietta Orsini received, from the messenger's own hands, the following answer:—

“ You write me, madam, that reports of divers natures are circulated relative to your approaching marriage, and to my departure. According to some, I have incurred the displeasure of your family, by some

base action ; according to others, I must have grave subject of complaint against you, as I have withdrawn my pretensions to your hand on the eve of marriage. With regard to the first report, you are too considerate, and trouble yourself too much about me. I care little, at such a time, what effect my misfortune may produce on the minds of the public ! With regard to the second supposition of which you speak, I can conceive how your pride must suffer by it, and your pride is founded, madam, on pretensions too legitimate, that I should revolt against its dictates at this hour. Your decree is a cruel one, nevertheless. I will confine myself to touching on my grievances to-day ; to-morrow, I will obey. Yes ; I will appear again at Venice, and, taking your invitation for a command, I will assist at your marriage. You wish me to exhibit to the world the spectacle of my sorrow ; you wish all Venice to read on my brow the sentence of your disdain. As I understand it, it is necessary that public opinion should immolate one to the glory of the other. In order that your ladyship be not accused of treason and fickleness, I must be jeered at, pointed at as a fool. The *rôle* is not a pleasant one, but I shall perform it. Your honour is dearer to me than my own dignity. Nothing shall be wanting to the triumph of Cap-

tain Lanza ! No: not even the conquered one following his car, his hands tied, and his brow covered with shame. But let Lanza never cease to appear worthy of so much glory ! for on that day the vanquished one will feel his hands again at liberty, and will prove to him that your honour, madam, is the first and only care of your faithful servant," &c., &c.

Such was the spirit of the letter, dictated by a somewhat stilted sentiment, but written in a style fashionable at that time.

At sunset the following day Count Martino left his manor, and descended the Brenta in his gondola. It was early, and no one was stirring at the Memmo Palace when he arrived. The Lady Antonio Memmo was the widow of Lothario Martino, uncle of the young Count ; the latter resided with her when at Venice, and had confided to her the education of his sister Violetta—a child of fifteen, of extraordinary beauty, and of a heart as tender as his own. Martino loved his sister as Orsini loved his niece ; she was the only near relation that remained to him, and she was the sole object of his affections before he became acquainted with Julietta Orsini. Now, abandoned by the latter, he returned to his young sister with more tenderness than ever. She was the only one up in the palace

when he arrived : she ran to meet him, and gave him the most affectionate welcome ; but Martino thought he perceived a little trouble, a kind of fear in the sympathy she evinced for him. He questioned her without being able to wrest her secret from her ; but he understood her anxiety when she entreated him to take a little rest, instead of going out, as he had expressed his intention of doing. She seemed to be endeavouring to hide some great sorrow from him ; and when she started as she heard the great bell of St. Mark's tower ring the first peal for the mass, Martino was convinced of what he had surmised. " My sweet Violetta," he said to her, " you believe me to be ignorant of what is passing here, and you are alarmed at my presence in Venice on the day of Julietta Orsini's marriage. Fear nothing ; I am am calm, you see, and I am come expressly to assist at this marriage, according to the invitation I have received."

" Have they dared to invite you ?" exclaimed the young girl, clasping her hands together. " Have they dared to carry their insults so far as to invite you to the wedding ? Oh ! I was Julietta's friend. I take God to witness that as long as she loved you I loved her as a sister ; but to-day I hate her, I

despise her. I, also, am invited to her wedding, but I will not go. I would tear her wreath and her veil from her head, if I saw her clothed with them, to give her hand to your rival. O Heavens! to prefer a Lanza, a foreigner, a debauchee, a gambler, a despiser of women, to my brother! And what, my brother, you will deign to meet him face to face! Oh! do not go! You could not be there without some terrible design. Do not go; despise them; they are unworthy of your anger. Abandon Julietta to her *happiness*. She will find her chastisement."

"My child," answered Martino, "I am deeply moved at your solicitude for me, and I am happy in your tender love; but fear neither my anger nor my sorrow. You do not understand the matter. Know, my dearest sister, that Julietta Orsini has not wronged me. She did love me; she told me so frankly, and she promised me her hand: then another came—a man who was more clever, more bold and enterprising; a man who was in want of her fortune, and who succeeded in fascinating her. She preferred him; she told me so, and I retired; but she avowed it with candour, gentleness, and kindness. Do not hate Julietta; be always her friend, as I shall always be her servant. Go and

awaken your aunt; beg of her to dress you in your handsomest, and to come with you to Julietta Orsini's wedding."

Great was the aunt's surprise, when the dismayed young girl declared to her aunt the Count's intentions. But she loved him tenderly; she believed in him, and she stifled her repugnance. These two women, then, richly dressed, the old one with all the heavy finery of the ancient noblesse, the young girl with all the taste and grace of her age, accompanied Martino to St. Mark's.

Their preparations had lasted so long that the ceremony of the marriage was finished when Martino appeared with them in the church porch. He there found himself face to face with Julietta and Lanza, who were leaving the church in great pomp hand in hand. Julietta was truly a beautiful pearl, *an Eastern pearl*, as they used to say in those times, and the white roses of her wreath were less pure, less fresh than the brow they encircled with their virginal diadem. A handsome page held her long train of silver cloth, and her bodice was tightened in a net-work of diamonds. But neither her beauty, nor her dress dazzled the young Violetta. Not less lovely, nor less beautifully dressed herself, and holding tightly her brother's arm, she walked with a firm step to meet Julietta. Her

haughty bearing, her reproachful look, and her bitter smile troubled the bride. She became as pale as death on seeing the brother and sister, the one silent and calm, as if in irremediable despair, the other who seemed to be the living expression of the stifled indignation of Martino. Lanza felt his bride fainting ; but affected not to see Martino, and all his attention seemed fixed on Violetta, whom he regarded with a strange look of mingled passion, admiration, and insolence. Violetta was as troubled by this look as Julietta had been by hers. The gentleman from Galway had begun betimes to display his Bluebeardian proclivities.

The procession stopped, and the crowd pressed round to observe this scene, in which they hoped to find some explanation of the *dénouement* of the loves of Martino and Julietta. But the lovers of scandal retired discontented. But where they expected to find an exchange of provocations, and daggers drawn from their scabbards, they saw only embraces and protestations. Orsini kissed the hand of the Lady Memmo, and the forehead of Violetta, for he was accustomed to treat the latter as his daughter ; then he drew her gently to him, and the amiable girl, not being able to resist the tacit prayer of the venerable General, approached near to Julietta. The latter threw herself towards her

old friend, and kissed her with an irresistible effusion of love, at the same time she held out her hand to Martino, who kissed it calmly and respectfully, saying, in a low voice—

“Madam, are you satisfied with me?”

“You shall always be my friend and my brother,” replied Julietta.

The procession continued its route, and soon gained the gondola, amid the flourishes of trumpets, and the acclamations of the people, who were throwing flowers under the feet of the bride in return for the largesses distributed by her at the porch of the church.

There was, therefore, no opportunity this time of criticising the misfortunes of a rejected lover, nor the triumphs of a preferred one. It was only remarked that the two rivals were very pale, and that although placed at only two paces apart, they sedulously avoided each other.

As soon as the company arrived at the Orsini palace, the General's first care was to take the count's family apart, and to express warmly his gratitude for their magnanimous reconciliation.

“It was our duty to act thus,” answered Martino; “and it has not been my fault if, from the commencement of our rupture, my noble aunt did not make the first advance towards

Lady Julietta. With regard to the rest, I acted cowardly, perhaps, by retiring to the country in the manner I did. My sorrow exacted immediate solitude. This is my excuse. To-day I submit to the decree of destiny: and I do think, that if my face betrays some ill-stifled regret, no person could have the audacity to triumph over it too openly."

"If my nephew were so unfortunate as to do so, he would be unworthy of my esteem," replied Orsini. "But he could not. Lanza is not, it is true, exactly the husband I should have chosen for my Julietta. But I must render this homage to truth, and say, that in all that touches on honour and perfect loyalty, I have never seen anything in him which does not justify the high opinion Julietta entertains of his character."

"I believe so likewise, General," replied Martino. "To seek to re-establish myself in Julietta's affection at the expense of another, did not agree with my sense of honour. However, I should have done it at whatever cost to myself, if I thought the Captain *entirely* unworthy of your alliance. I should have owed that act of candour to the friendship and respect I have for you; but Captain Lanza's military exploits in the last campaign speak highly for him. But do not ask my sympathy for him; and do not command me to give

him my hand; I should be compelled to disobey you. However, do not fear that I ever speak to his disparagement. I esteem his bravery; and he is your nephew."

"That is sufficient," said the General, embracing the noble Martino anew; "you are the most worthy gentleman in Italy; and my heart will bleed eternally at not being able to call you my son."

Orsini then gave Violetta his arm, and conducted her back to the hall, where the company were beginning the customary games and amusements.

That was all very fine, very magnanimous talk on the part of Martino; but the heart does not always flow out at the lips, nor gleam forth at the eyes. His mind was full of bitterness, anger, rage; and he determined to leave the house. He was walking on purposelessly, feeling an instinctive want of quiet and solitude. Suddenly, he saw a man coming lightly up the staircase towards him without appearing to see him. The stranger had no sooner raised his head, than Martino recognized Lanza and immediately all his hatred was rekindled, as by an electric explosion; the colour returned to his faded cheeks, his lips trembled, his eyes shot fire, his hand, obeying an involuntary movement, half drew his dagger from its sheath.

Lanza was brave—brave even to temerity ; he had proved himself so on numberless occasions ; he showed subsequently that he was brave to madness. However, on this occasion he was frightened. So long as a man loves life with the fierceness of materialism—so long as he eagerly covets the goods of this life—he will expose himself to death, in order to increase his pleasures, or to acquire renown ; for satisfied vanity stands in the first rank of the egotist's happiness ; but come and surprise such a man in the midst of his pleasures, and without offering a bait of riches or glory, call him to repair a wrong—you will then find him a coward, and all his mere physical bravery will not prevent him from showing it.

Lanza was unarmed, and his adversary had the advantage of position over him ; besides, Martino might, have some premeditated design. Perhaps he had lurking accomplices near him. Such tricks were not uncommon in Venice. He hesitated a moment, and then, with the discretion which is the better part of valour, suddenly turned on his heel, and flew down the stairs with the rapidity of the deer.

Martino seemed stupefied.

“Lanza a coward !” he exclaimed to himself.

“Lanza, the duellist, the arrogant, the warrior !

Lanza, the hero of the last war ! Lanza flying from me ! ”

He slowly descended the staircase as far as the last step, curious to see if Lanza would return armed with his sword, but hoping, at heart, he would not do so ; for, his reason having returned, he felt all the madness and folly of what he had done. Martino was then in the lower gallery. He there saw Lanza in the midst of several servants, affecting to give them his commands, as if some sudden thought had reminded him of some forgetfulness, and as if he had retraced his steps to repair it. He had so suddenly resumed all his empire over himself, he appeared so calm, so easy in his manner, that Martino doubted whether his pre-occupation had prevented him from seeing him on the staircase ; but that was rather improbable. However, Martino walked up and down the gallery for a few seconds, keeping his eye on his rival, and he soon saw him leave with his servants by a door in quite an opposite direction.

Martino, dreaming no longer of vengeance, and reproaching himself with having entertained such a thought, returned to the *fête*, with the determination of throwing some light on his suspicions. He soon saw Lanza re-enter with a group of guests ; his sword by his side, and this circum-

stance showed Martino that Lanza had noticed his gesture on the staircase.

“What !” thought he, “could he believe I intended to assassinate him ? He had neither sufficient esteem for me, nor sufficient calmness and presence of mind to show me that the combat would not be equal, and his fright was so sudden, so blind, that he did not take time to perceive the movement I made to return my dagger to its sheath, when I saw he was unarmed. That man has not a sound conscience, and I should be very much astonished if some secret cowardice, or some unknown crime, had not already withered the principle of honour and the sentiment of courage within him.”

From this moment, the *fête* became still more unsupportable to Martino. He remarked, besides, that his sister, while talking to Julietta, had allowed Lanza to approach her, and was answering his idle and frivolous questions with a timidity less and less haughty.

Lanza really thought his baffled rival entertained some project of vengeance. He wished to see if Violetta was in his confidence, and counting on surprising the secret in the young girl's candour, he watched her closely, teasing her with his impertinent attentions, fixing on her that falcon

glance which was said to exercise a magical power over all women. Violetta, who had been brought up in the quietness of family life, and who had a pure and noble soul, could not understand the unknown emotion that this look caused her. She felt herself giddy; and when Lanza turned his eyes, inflamed with love, on Julietta, and addressed passionate epithets to her, she felt her heart beat, her cheek burn, as if those looks and words had been addressed to her. Be careful, gay girl: thou art on the brink of an inclined plane at end of which is the abyss.

Martino did not perceive her interior trouble; but, as the ball was going to commence, he feared that Lanza would invite his sister to dance, and he could not bear her to familiarize herself with the conversation and manners of a man for whom his hatred was changed into contempt. He, therefore, went over to her, and taking her by the hand to her aunt, begged they would both retire with him.

Violetta had gone reluctantly to the *fête*, and now, when her brother wished to tear her from it, she felt—girl-like—equally reluctant to go away. However, she allowed herself to be led off, without being able to utter a word, and her good aunt, who had an unlimited confidence in Martino's wisdom, followed without asking why.

The wedding *fête* was magnificent, and lasted several days; but Count Martino appeared no more: he had left on the same evening for Padua, taking his aunt and sister with him.

It was certainly a great boast for a spendthrift who had left Galway a ruined man to have become the husband of one of the richest heiresses of the Republic of Venice, and nephew of the Generalissimo; this was sufficient to satisfy ordinary ambition. But nothing sufficed for Lanza. He squandered everything. Nothing less than a king's fortune would have sufficed for his extravagance. He was a man both insatiable and covetous, who looked on all means of acquiring money as good, and any pleasure good to squander it. Above all, he was passionately fond of gambling. Accustomed as he was to every danger and every pleasure, it was gambling only that roused him. He gambled in a manner, that seemed terrifying, even in that country and age of gambling, often exposing, on one throw of the dice, an immense sum, gaining and losing twenty times in a night, a whole year's income. He was not long before he made large inroads in his wife's dowry, and felt he must soon either change his course of life or in some way repair his losses, if he did not wish to be in the same position as before marriage.

It was spring, and they were preparing to renew hostilities. This was fortunate for Lanza himself, affording as it might an opportunity of retrieving his position. Lanza expressed his anxiety to serve, and that he was desirous of retaining the appointment the Government had given him under his—Orsini's—command. He thus regained by his military ardour the good graces of the Admiral, which he was beginning to lose by his bad conduct.

When the moment came for starting, he was at his post with his galley, and set sail with the rest of the fleet at the beginning of the year 1500.

He took a brilliant part in all the principal combats that signalized this memorable campaign, and distinguished himself particularly at the siege of Colon, and at a great battle the Venetians gained over Capitan Pacha Mustapha on the plains of Laconia. When winter came, Orsini, after having put the places he had conquered in a state of defence, wintered with his fleet at Corfu, where he could watch both the Adriatic and the Ionian Seas. The Turks, consequently, made no serious attempt during the bad season; but the inhabitants of the rocks of Lepanto, who had been subdued the preceding year by General Thurswold, profiting by the time when the violence of the winds and

perpetual storms prevented the large, unwieldy Venetian men-of-war from venturing out, and protected, besides, from those they might meet by the smallness and lightness of their boats, which could hide themselves like sea-birds behind the smallest rock, they gave themselves up almost openly to piracy. They attacked every commercial vessel, which business obliged to attempt the difficult passage, generally obtained possession of them, carried off the cargo, and massacred the crews.

The pirates of the Missolonghi, especially, skulking about the inlets of the Curzolari Islands, situated between the Morea, Italia, and Cephalonia, committed horrible ravages. The Generalissimo, to put an end to their depredations, sent garrisons of picked men with strong galleys to the islands which were most infested, and confided the command of them to the most experienced and determined officers of the army.

He did not forget Lanza on this occasion, who, tired of the comparatively inactive life of the army, had been the first to seek service against the pirates, and he confided to him a post worthy of his talents and courage.

He was sent with three hundred men to the largest of the Curzolari Islands to watch the important passage they command. His presence spread

terror among the pirates of Missolonghi, who knew his indomitable bravery, his pitiless severity; and soon not one act of piracy was committed in the waters he commanded, while the other posts, notwithstanding the activity of the garrisons, continued to be the theatre of frequent and terrible outrages. His uncle, enchanted with his complete success, had letters of congratulation sent him from the Republic.

However, Lanza, deceived in the hope he had formed of finding enemies to fight and to pillage, determined on attempting a bold stroke, chiefly on his own account, which was to repair what he considered the injustice of fate.

He had learned that the Pacha of Patras kept immense treasures in his palace, and that, trusting to the strength of the town, and in the number of the inhabitants, he cared little how his soldiers guarded it.

Making his arrangements upon that information, he chose a hundred of his bravest men, set sail in a galley, steered for Patras so as to arrive there at night, concealed his ship and people in a sheltered creek, landed alone and disguised, and directed his steps towards the town.

There is a similar story poetically told by Lord Byron. At midnight, Lanza gave the agreed signal

to his men, who, at the notice, marched up to meet him at the gate of the town. It was easy to bribe the terrified sentinels. Lanza then traversed the town silently, surprised the palace, and commenced plundering it. But being attacked by a force immensely superior to his own, he was repulsed and hemmed in on all sides. He defended himself bravely, and only gave up his sword after he had seen the last of his companions fall.

The Pacha, greatly struck, notwithstanding his victory, at the audacity of his enemy, had him imprisoned in one of the deepest dungeons of his palace, in order to have the pleasure of exulting in the sufferings of the one who had made him tremble. The Pacha's favourite slave, Naam, having witnessed the night-struggle from the palace-windows, had been struck by the handsome figure and bravery of the prisoner. She sought him secretly, and offered him his liberty on condition that he would take her into his service. Lanza quite naturally jumped at the offer. On the third night after, Naam killed her master, and profiting by the disorder that followed the murder, fled with Lanza to the boat she had prepared; and they bent their course towards the Curzolari Islands.

The acquisition of the girl was a very inadequate

compensation to Lanza for the loss of his galley, and the useless sacrifice he had made of a hundred good soldiers. It was a great stain on his military reputation, and would consequently injure the advancement he hoped to obtain of the Republic; for, with him all things,—as, indeed, with the very best of us,—were estimated only in the degree to which they affected his interest, and he only aspired after high offices because they facilitated the enriching of himself. His sole meditations were, therefore, of the bad results of his mad expedition and the means of remedying it.

From this time he altered his manner of life completely. His character seemed as much changed as his conduct; from a rash adventurer he became circumspect and suspicious, the loss of his principal galley made it, he said, a duty to be so. The one which remained to him could no longer be risked at a distance. It remained cruising not far from the creek bordered with rocks, which served as a port, and he contented himself with going round the island without losing sight of it. Lanza in reality no longer actively commanded his fleet. He entrusted the care of it to his lieutenant, and seldom visited, except to review it. Always shut up in the interior of his castle, he seemed plunged in the deepest despair. His soldiers murmured

openly without his appearing to trouble himself about them; but suddenly he would awaken from his apathy to inflict the most severe chastisements, his return to the austerity of discipline being marked with cruelties, which re-established submission and a reign of fear for several days.

This manner of acting brought its own fruits. The pirates, encouraged on the one side by Lanza's disaster at Patras, on the other by the timidity of his movements around the islands of Curzolari, again made their appearance in the gulf of Lepanto, and advanced even into the Strait itself; and their ravages soon became more formidable than ever. Few of the merchant vessels that attempted the passage were ever heard of after; and those that arrived at their destination owed their escape solely to their swift sailing and a favourable wind.

Returning to Count Martino. He had left without seeing Julietta, or the Orsini Palace again. A few days after the marriage he had taken farewell of his family, having received an order from the Republic to leave Venice. He embarked for the Morea, where, like a sensible man, he determined to forget, in the turmoil of war, the griefs of love and wounded pride. Certainly he had before distinguished himself, but less than Lanza, and without finding in it the excitement, the intoxication he

sought. Very unhappy, and fleeing from the society of those happier than himself, and feeling ill at ease with Orsini, he had obtained from the latter the command of Colon during the winter. But Orsini having heard of the pirates' new ravages, resolved to give Martino a command nearer the scene of their depredations, and therefore recalled him towards the end of the month of February.

Thus commissioned, he directed his course towards Corfu, with a crew that would not have been too numerous had they all been Nelsons, which was probably not the case. His passage was a happy one as far as Zante; but there the westerly gales obliged him to leave the open sea and enter the strait which separates Cephalonia from the north-west point of the Morea. He struggled through the night against the tempest; and the following day, a few hours before sunset, arrived at the Curzolari Isles. He was about to double the last of the three principal ones, and running before the wind, he himself and a few sailors only were on deck. The rest of the crew, fatigued by their exertions of the preceding night, were asleep on deck. Suddenly, from an inlet of rocks that formed the north-west promontory of the island, a vessel filled with armed men darted out to meet him. Martino saw at once he had to do with the Missolonghi pirates. Pretending, how-

ever, not to recognize them, he gave orders to his crew to prepare for action, but as *quietly* as possible, and continued to pace to and fro as if unconscious of danger. In the meanwhile the pirates came on hand over hand, till they were alongside the galley.

When Martino saw the two ships ready to engage, and the pirates preparing the grappling irons, he gave the signal to his crew, who rose up as one man. At this sight the pirates hesitated, but a word from their chief rekindled their first boldness, and they leaped on the Venetian's deck. The combat was sharp, and for some time doubtful. Martino, who never ceased directing and encouraging his sailors, remarked that the pirate chief, on the contrary, sat silently at the stern of his vessel, taking no part in the action, and appearing to consider what was passing as quite foreign to him. Martino observed this man more attentively. He was dressed like the other pirates, and wore round his head a wide red turban; a thick black beard hid half his face, and added still more to the energy of his features. Martino, thought he had seen him somewhere before, probably in some encounter; but where he had seen him it was impossible for him to remember. However, this was but a passing thought, and his attention was again entirely engrossed by the combat.

Fortune seemed to be abandoning Martino; his crew, after having fought bravely, were beginning to give way, and to cede ground little by little to their stubborn adversaries. The young count seeing the danger thought it time to reanimate his troops by his own example. From a captain he made himself a simple seaman—(by this one would suppose officers did not fight in those days)—and rushed into the thick of the combat with the cry, “St. Mark! St. Mark! Forward!” He killed with his own hand the foremost of the assailants, and, followed by his men, who returned to the charge with new ardour, he forced the pirates back to their own vessel.

“The pirate chief, following Martino’s example, started to his feet, grasped a boarding-axe, and rushed upon the Venetians with a ringing shout. The latter, terrified by his onslaught, gave way, Martino alone dared to advance against him. He aimed a blow with his whole strength at the chief, who was advancing towards him; but the latter warded off the blow with his axe, and was in the act of aiming a blow at the head of the Count when Martino, who had a pistol in his other hand, fired, and wounded his opponent’s right hand. The pirate, checked for an instant, cast a look of rage upon the weapon that was falling from him, shook his bleed-

ing hand in the air, as a sign of defiance, and retired behind his men. The pirates seeing their chief wounded, and the enemy still disposed to offer a stubborn resistance, carried off their boarding planks, cut the ropes, and ran off almost as suddenly as they had come." In less than a quarter of an hour they had disappeared behind the rocks from which they had issued. Martino, whose crew had sustained considerable loss, having satisfied his honour by a brave defence, thought he would not be justified in exposing himself that night to a new combat, and therefore steered his galley to a position under the protection of the castle, situated in the largest island. Night was coming on when he cast anchor. After giving orders to his crew, he went on shore in a small boat.

This castle was situated on the sea-coast, upon enormous perpendicular rocks, on which the waves beat furiously; and commanded a view both of the island and the horizon as far as the two other islands. It was surrounded on the land side by a moat forty feet wide, and enclosed an enormous well. At the four corners pointed turrets stood erect like arrows. An iron gate closed the only entrance the castle appeared to have. The whole effect was massive, gloomy, and sinister; from

afar it seemed like the nest of a gigantic bird of prey.

Martino was ignorant that Lanza had escaped from the disaster of Patras; he had heard of his mad enterprise, his defeat, and the loss of his galley. The report of his death had spread; then that of his escape; but at the extremity of the Morea, it was impossible to ascertain which of these reports was true. The ravages of the Missolonghi pirates made it more probable he was dead than alive.

The Count had left Colon, then, with a vague feeling of joy and hope; but during the voyage he had again fallen into his habitual melancholy and dejection. He had said to himself, that should Julietta be at liberty, the sight of her first *fiancé* would be an insult to her sorrow; and that, perhaps, her esteem for him would change into hatred; and then, on examining his own heart, Martino believed he only found in this sorrow a kind of tender compassion for Julietta, either as the wife of Lanza or as his widow.

It was only as he was landing in the island of Curzolari that Martino, relapsing into melancholy, which the roar of cannon had dissipated for a time, brought home to himself the problem which had kept his life in a state of suspense for the last two

months ; and notwithstanding the indifference with which he believed himself armed, his heart bounded with an emotion more vivid than it had done at the sight of the pirates. One word from the first sailor on the coast would have ended his agony. But the more he felt it grow upon him, the less courage he had for inquiries.

The Commandant of the castle having recognized his flag, and answered the salutes of the galley by as many guns as she had fired, went out to meet him, and to announce, that in the absence of the Governor, he was charged with the duty of giving asylum and protection to the ships of the Republic. Martino made an attempt to ask if the absence of the Governor was temporary, or if he was to understand by that word that he was dead ; but, as if his own life depended on the Commandant's answer, he could not muster courage to address the question to him. The commandant, who was all courtesy, was rather surprised at the confusion with which the young Count received his civilities, and took his reserve for coldness and pride. He conducted him to a vast room of Saracenic architecture, where was spread an ample repast, of which he did the honours ; and little by little the Commandant returned to his usual manner, which was the most obsequious in the world. This

commander, named Leontio, was a Slavonian, and a soldier of fortune, who had grown white in the service of the Republic. Accustomed, as he was, to the *ennui* of secondary posts, he was of a restless, inquisitive, and loquacious disposition. Martino was forced to listen to the usual lamentations of every Commandant condemned to winter at a melancholy and perilous post, when a name he pronounced awakened him from his reverie.

“Lanza!” he exclaimed, no longer able to keep command over his feelings—“who is this Lanza, and where is he now?”

“The Captain Lanza, the governor of this island, is the one of whom I have the honour of speaking to your lordship,” answered Leontio; “it is not possible your lordship has not heard of that great captain’s renown.”

Martino remained silent; then, after a moment’s pause, he asked how it was the governor of so important a place was not at his post, particularly at a time when the pirates were covering the sea and attacking the galleys of the State almost under the cannon of his fortress.

This time he listened for the Commandant’s answer.

“Your lordship,” he replied, “asks me a very natural question, and one we are all asking one

another here, from myself, who commands the place, to the last soldier of the garrison. Ah, my lord Count ! how the bravest soldiers can allow themselves to be overcome by a reverse ! Since the Patras affair, the brave Lanza has lost all his vigour and all his boldness. This torpor is killing us, whom he used formerly to reprove for our slowness and sloth ; and heaven knows if we deserved such reproaches ! But however unjust they might be, we preferred to see him as he was than in the dejection into which he has fallen. Your lordship may believe me," added Leontio, lowering his voice, " He is out of his mind. If the things which take place now under his own eyes had been only told to him two months ago, he would have hastened, like an eagle, to disperse these rascally sea-gulls ; he would have taken no rest, he would neither have eaten nor slept until he had exterminated the pirates, and slain, their chief, if possible, with his own hand ! But, alas ! they come and defy us even under our very ramparts, and the red turban of Uscoco is flaunted before our very eyes. There is no doubt it was this infamous pirate who attacked your Excellency to-day."

" That is very possible," replied Martino, with indifference ; " but one thing very certain is, that, notwithstanding their incredible audacity, they

cannot overcome a well-armed galley. I have only sixty men on board, and we could manage, I think, to defeat all the united forces of the Missolonghi pirates. You have certainly more men and cannon here than necessary, with the powerful galley I see lying at anchor, to exterminate, in a few days, this miserable race. What will Orsini think of his nephew's conduct when he knows what is passing?"

"And who will dare to tell him?" said Leontio, with a smile, made up of hate and terror. "The Captain Lanza is a man implacable in his vengeance; and if the smallest complaint were to reach the Admiral's ear from this cursed place, Lanza's vengeance would follow, even to the death, every one of the inhabitants. Alas! death is nothing—it is the chances of war; but to grow old under harness, without glory, without profit, without advancement, this is the worst of a soldier's life! Who knows how the illustrious Orsini would receive a complaint against his nephew? I would not put myself in one scale, with a man like the Captain Lanza in the other!"

"Thanks to these fears," answered Martino, with indignation, "the commerce of our country is injured; honest merchants are ruined; entire families, even to the women and children, find a cruel and unavenged death; vile pirates, the scum

of nations, insult the Venetian banner, and Captain Lanza permits all this ! And among all these brave soldiers there is not one who dares to risk his safety for the salvation of his fellow-citizens and the honour of his country ! ”

“ You shall know all, my lord Count,” replied Leontio, terrified at Martino’s anger ; then stopping himself, he cast an anxious look around him, as if he feared the walls had eyes and ears.

“ Well,” said the Count, fiercely, “ what have you to say in justification of such timidity ? Speak, or I will hold *you* responsible.”

“ My lord,” replied Leontio, continuing to look nervously around him, “ the brave Lanza is, perhaps, more unfortunate than culpable. Strange things take place, they say, in the seclusion of his apartments. He is often heard talking alone with vehemence ; he has been met at night, pale and haggard, wandering about in the dark, like one possessed, muffled up in an odd costume. Sometimes he passes whole weeks shut up in his room, and only allowing a Mussulman slave he brought from that unhappy Patras expedition to attend upon him. At other times he will venture in stormy weather, with that slave and a few sailors, in a slight vessel, and, unfurling the sail, with temerity bordering on madness, he disappears on the

horizon amongst the rocks which surround us on all sides. He remains absent for days together, and the only motive we can give for these useless as dangerous cruises is the fancy of a diseased mind. Your lordship will agree that these things do not mark a man deprived of energy."

"Then they are the acts of a madman," replied Martino. "If Lanza is out of his mind, let him be locked up and taken care of; the command of a post on which the safety of the navigation depends must not be confided to a lunatic. This is important, and chance imposes a duty on me to-day, and Heaven alone knows how repugnant it is to me. Tell me, is the governor really absent or in his bed at the present moment? I insist on questioning him, on seeing, with my own eyes, whether he is an invalid, a traitor, or a madman."

"My lord Count," said Leontio, appearing wishful to conceal his personal inquietude, "I recognize in this resolution a true son of the Republic; but it is impossible for me to say whether the governor is shut up in his room, or absent from the castle."

"What!" cried Martino, with astonishment, "do you not even know where to find him when he is wanted on business matters?"

"Such is the case," said Leontio, "and your

lordship can easily understand that every one here desires to have as little business to transact with the Governor as possible. What is most to be desired, in the present state of his mind, is that he should give no kind of order whatever. When his dejection ceases, it is only to give place to an unnatural activity, which might be fatal to us if the lieutenant who commands the galley did not contrive to evade his orders with as much prudence as skill. But, with all his ability, he is scarcely able to save us from the effects of the eccentric manœuvres which Captain Lanza, from the height of his tower, commands him to execute. Your lordship would smile with compassion if you saw our governor endeavouring, by means of flags of different colours, to communicate his extraordinary intentions to the ship. Luckily, when the officers pretend not to have understood them, and he flies into fearful passions, he loses all memory of what has passed. Besides, Lieutenant Mazzini is a brave man, who would not fear to face his fury rather than risk the galley among the rocks towards which Lanza often commands him to steer it. I am certain he burns with the desire of pursuing the pirates, and that some day he will make up for all without troubling himself what the Governor may think of his disobedience."

“ *Some day!—may think!* ” — cried Martino, more and more enraged with what he heard. “ Is this all the courage and anxiety he has shown to be useful up to this time? Tut! Tut! I cannot understand men submitting to a madman, without having ever thought, instead of eluding his imbecile orders, of tying him hand and foot, throwing him into a ship, and conducting him to Corfu, that the admiral, his uncle, may cure him as he thinks proper. However, a truce to these useless details; have the kindness, Leontio, to go and ask the Captain Lanza to favour me with an audience, and if he refuses, show me the way to his apartments; for I will not leave here, I swear it, until I have felt the pulse either of his honour or his madness.”

Leontio still hesitated.

“ Go, sir,” said Martino to him peremptorily, “ what are you afraid of? Have I not a galley here, if your own is not equipped? And if your three hundred men are afraid of a single invalid, have I not sixty, who are afraid of nobody? I take all the responsibility of my determination on myself, and I promise to defend you if necessary against your chief. I should not have believed that an old soldier would have needed the protection of

a young man like myself to enable you to perform your duty."

Martino when left alone walked backwards and forwards in the room in a state of great agitation. The sun had set, and the day was drawing to a close. The burning purple of the sky was sinking little by little into the waves of the Ionian sea. The rugged coasts of the Carnia served as a frame to the extended landscape, which stretched round the island. The count stopped before a narrow window, which commanded a view of this splendid picture, at a height of more than a hundred feet. The castle, whose granite walls, rising from the perpendicular rocks which were eternally beaten by the waves, seemed to strike its roots into the very bottom of the sea, and to aspire to reach the very clouds. Its isolation on the rock gave it an appearance both of boldness and loneliness. Martino, while admiring the picturesqueness of its situation, felt a kind of giddiness come over him, and reasoned with himself, whether such a residence was not well calculated to excite to madness a mind so impressionable as that of Lanza. Illness and grief appeared to him worse tortures than death in such a spot, and a kind of pity softened the indignation which, until that moment, had filled his heart.

But he turned his thoughts from this generous interpretation, and fully appreciating the importance of the duty he had imposed upon himself, diverted his mind from the subject, and resumed his rapid march up and down the hall.

A stern silence, so to speak, reigned in this warlike abode, where the clash of arms, the challenge of the sentinels ought to have mingled at every hour with the voice of the winds, and the roaring of the waves. As night advanced, nothing was heard save the cry of sea-gulls who fought together on the reefs, and the hoarse singing of the waves, which raised a monotonous wailing through the vast space.

This spot had formerly been the scene of much glory and bloodshed. Around the Curzolari rocks heroic John of Austria had given the signal for the great battle of Lepanto, and annihilated the naval forces of Turkey, Egypt, and Algeria.

The castle was built at that time. It bore the name of San Silvio, perhaps on account of its having been built and inhabited by the Count Silvio de Porcio, one of the conquerors in that war.

By the last glimmer of day, Martino perceived, on the walls of the hall, the portraits of the heroes of Lepanto, painted rather coarsely in fresco, in colossal proportions and clad in their finely-wrought armour. There were to be seen Veniers

the Generalissimo, who performed prodigies of valour at the age of seventy-six, Barberigo, the Marquis Santa Cruz, Captain Loredano, and Malipiero, who both lost their lives after that terrible battle, by command of Mustapha, and who were represented in all the horror of torture, and their heads encircled with the halo of martyrdom.

These frescoes were probably the work of some soldier-artist, wounded at the battle of Lepanto. The sea-air had destroyed a part; but what remained had still a formidable appearance, and those heroic spectres, mutilated and as if floating in the twilight, inspired Martino with a religious fear, as well as a patriotic enthusiasm.

He was drawn from his reverie by the sound of a lute. A woman's voice, full of harmony and sweetness, although a little subdued by grief or suffering, mingled with it, and he distinctly heard the verses of a Venetian song well known to him.

Martino instantly recognized the song and the voice. "Julietta!" he exclaimed, rushing to the other end of the room, and raising, with a trembling hand, the thick tapestry curtain which entirely hid the window. This window opened into the interior of the castle, into one of those spaces surrounded by buildings, which we should

call a court-yard, in the present day. It contrasted strangely with the rest of the island and castle. A pleasure villa had recently been built in the eastern style—to a fanciful mind it would appear as if a refuge had been sought therein against the monotonous aspects of the waves, the severity of the sea-breezes. To a large quadrangular platform soil had been brought, and the most beautiful flowers of Greece were growing there, sheltered from the storms. The plants that had been forcibly naturalized in this artificial garden had a faint and exotic perfume, as if they understood the pleasures and sufferings of voluntary captivity. They seemed to be tended by delicate and constant care. A fountain murmured in the midst of a basin of Parian marble. Around this parterre was a gallery of cedar wood, carved by Moorish taste, and of a light and elegant simplicity. Under and over the arcades of this gallery could be seen the arched doors and ornamented windows of the Governor's private apartments. The door screens of Eastern tapestry, and the scarlet silk hangings, hid the view of the interior from the Count. But scarcely had he repeated Julietta's name, in a voice full of emotion, than one of these curtains was rapidly drawn back. A white and delicate figure appeared on the balcony,

and waving her veil as a sign of recognition, immediately disappeared.

The Count was obliged to move from the window, Leontio was coming towards him with an answer to the message he had sent to Lanza; but Martino had seen Julietta and he scarcely listened to the old Commandant.

Leontio came to announce that the governor was really cruising around the island, but whether he had set his foot on some part of the rocks of Carnia, or was sailing among the numerous islands which surround the islands of Curzolari, was not certain, as his skiff could not be discovered by the glass.

“It is very strange,” said Martino, “that, in these rash expeditions, he never meets the pirates.”

“It is really very strange,” replied the Commandant. “They say Providence watches particularly over drunken men and madmen. I engage that if Captain Lanza was in his right senses, and knew the danger to which he exposes himself in going almost alone in a boat to rocks infested by brigands, he would have met in his cruises with the death which he appears to seek, and which seems to avoid him.”

“You did not tell me that the Signora Lanza was here, Leontio,” interrupted Martino, who had

not been listening to what the Commandant was saying.

“Your lordship did not ask me,” replied Leontio. “She has been here these two months, and I think she came without the consent of her husband; for, on his return from the Patras expedition, whether it was that he did not expect to see her, or whether, in his madness, he had forgotten she was coming to join him, I know not, but he gave her a very cold reception. However, he has treated her with the greatest respect; and as your lordship has cast a look on that part of the castle, which is seen from the window, you will have observed, that apartments have been constructed, after the Eastern style, with a rapidity almost magical. They are simple, it is true, but much more agreeable than these great cold heavy-looking halls of our forefathers. The young Turkish slave, whom the Captain Lanza brought from Patras, designed the plan, and presided over all the details of this improvised harem, in which, it is true, there is only one Sultana, but this one is more beautiful than the five hundred wives of the Sultan put together. Every art has been employed, you see, to make this melancholy abode more supportable to the niece of our illustrious Admiral.”

Martino allowed the Commandant to talk on

without interrupting him. He was considering what he should do. He longed, and at the same feared, to see Julietta. He knew not how to interpret the sign she had made him from the window. Perhaps she needed in her melancholy position a respectful and disinterested protection. He was about to decide on asking an interview by Leontio when a Greek woman, who was in Julietta's service, came up and said her mistress wished to see him.

Martino snatched up his hat, which he had thrown on the table, and was about to follow the slave, when Leontio, approaching, entreated him in a low voice not to answer the Signora's summons, or he would draw upon himself and Julietta the Governor's anger.

"He has forbidden us, under the most severe penalties," added Leontio, "to allow any Venetian, whatever be his age or rank, to enter the interior apartments; and the Signora is equally forbidden to go beyond the wooden galleries; and I assure you that this interview may be equally fatal to your lordship, to the Signora Lanza, and to me."

"With regard to your personal fears," replied Martino, "I have already told you, you can go on board my galley, where you will be in safety. As respects to Signora Lanza, since she is exposed

such dangers, it is time she found a man able to save her, and resolved to do so."

The Greek servant, taking up a silver lamp from a niche in the staircase, conducted Martino across a labyrinth of groves, staircases, and terraces, until they came to a square space, which served as a garden. The warm air of the untimely spring of these climates was blowing softly in this place, sheltered on every side. Beautiful birds were singing in the aviary, flowers, suspended in festoons from column to column, perfumed the air. One might have believed one's self to be in one of those beautiful courts of Venetian palaces, where roses and jasmine, naturalized by art, seem to grow and live in marble and stone.

The Greek slave lifted up the purple curtain of the principal door, and the count entered a boudoir of Byzantine style, decorated by Italian taste. Julietta was reclining on cushions of cloth of gold, embroidered with silk of different colours. She was still holding her guitar in her hand, and Lanza's large white greyhound, crouched at her feet, seemed to partake of her sadness. She was as handsome as ever, though much changed. The brilliant glow of health no longer animated her features, and anxiety had worn her to a shadow. She was dressed in white silk, and it was rivalled

by her own pallor : gold bracelets hung around her emaciated arms. She seemed to have already lost that coquetry and that care for dress which, in women, is a mark of requited love. The strings of pearls in her head-dress had become loose, and were falling with her dishevelled hair over her ivory shoulders, and she would not allow her slaves to rearrange them.

She felt no longer pride in her beauty. A mixture of languid weakness and anxious vivacity betrayed itself in her attitude and gestures.

When Martino entered she appeared exhausted with fatigue, and her azure-veined eyelids did not feel the feather-fan the Moorish slave was waving backwards and forward over her forehead ; but on hearing the Count's step she rose up suddenly and fixed a feverish look on him. She held out both her hands to him, and pressed his in hers, talking cheerfully as if she had met him at a ball in Venice ; the next moment she stretched out her arm to take from the hands of the slave a golden scent-bottle studded with precious stones, which she inhaled as if she had been nearly fainting ; then she passed her fingers carelessly across the strings of her lute, asked Martino a few frivolous questions without listening for an answer, at last, rising up, she leant on the ledge of a narrow window behind her. She

gazed on the dark waves, in which the western star was reflected, and sank into a deep reverie.

After a few moments she made a sign for her slaves to retire; and when alone with Martino, she raised her large blue eyes, and looked at him with a singular expression of confidence and sadness. Martino, who until now had been much troubled by her presence, was moved to pity at the sight. He made a few steps towards her; she held out her hand to him, and drew him to her feet.

“Oh, my brother,” she said; “Oh, my noble Martino! You did not expect to find me thus! You see in my features the mark of suffering. Ah! your compassion for me would be still greater if you could read the record of that sorrow in the very depths of my soul!”

“I can guess it, madam,” replied Martino; “and since you grant me the sweet and holy name of brother, count on my fulfilling joyfully all its duties. Command me, and I will execute your orders faithfully.”

“I do not know what you mean, Martino,” replied Julietta. “I have no commission for you, unless it be to kiss your sister Violetta for me, and to recommend me to her prayers; and to think of me, that you may converse together of me when I shall be no more. Take this,” she added, unfasten-

ing a half-withered laurel rose from her raven hair ;
“ give her this as a remembrance of me, and tell her
to preserve herself from the influence of passions ;
for there are some passions which bring death with
them, and this flower is an emblem of them ; it is
a queen flower ; our conquerors are crowned with
it ; but it has, like pride, a subtle poison.”

“ But, Julietta, it is not pride that is killing
you,” said Martino, taking the mournful gift ;
“ pride kills men only ; it is love which kills
women.”

“ But do you not know, Martino, that in women
love often springs from pride ? Oh ! we are beings
without strength and without energy ; or rather our
weakness and our energy are equally inexplicable.
When I think of the puerility of the means em-
ployed to gain our love, and how easily we allow
ourselves to be drawn into it, I cannot understand
the stubbornness of these attachments, so easily sown
and so impossible to root out. A little while ago I
was singing a romance that you must remember, as
you composed it for me. While singing it I was
thinking that the fiction of the birth of Venus has
a deep sense. At her first appearance, passion is as
a light foam the wind tosses on the billows ; but
let her grow up and she becomes immortal. If
you had the time I should ask you to add another

verse to my song, in which you might express that thought; for I often sing it, and very often think of you. Will you believe, Martino, that when I heard you pronounce my name from the window of the gallery, I knew at once the voice was yours; and when I saw you in the twilight, it was but the end, the consummation of a foregone conviction. I remember hearing that a number of men on the canal heard in Venice war-cries, fearful lamentations, and deafening reports of a furious cannonade. All these noises floated on the waves, and hovered in the skies. They heard the clash of arms, the hissing of the bullets, the blasphemy of the vanquished; and, yet it is certain that no naval engagement had taken place that night, either in the Adriatic or any other sea. But these simple-hearted men had, as it were, a revelation—a foresight of what happened the following day, in the broad sunlight, six hundred miles from their country. It was that same instinct which told me I should see you to-day; and what may appear strange to you, Martino, is that I saw you in exactly the same dress as you have on now, and pale as you are. The rest of my dream is, doubtless, ridiculous; however, I will tell it you. You were on your galley, and had an encounter with the pirates; you dis-

charged your pistol at a man, whose face I could not see, but he wore a red turban; at that moment the vision disappeared."

"That is really very strange," said Martino, looking fixedly at Julietta. Her eye was clear and brilliant, her conversation animated; she seemed as if under the inspiration of some strange power. Julietta noticed his astonishment, and said:—

"You believe my mind is wandering; but that is not the case. I do not attach much importance to this dream; and I have not the power of a sibyl. How precious that gift would be to me in these hours of terrible anxiety, which are always renewing themselves, and are slowly consuming me! Alas! it is in vain that I have questioned all the powers of my understanding, all those of my soul. The perils to which Lanza exposes himself each day distract me, but neither in my sorrowful watchings, nor in my frightful dreams, have I found the slightest clue to the mystery of his destiny. Before finishing about these visions, which I have no doubt make you smile, allow me to tell you that the man with the red turban of my dream, while vanishing in the air, made you a sign of menace. Allow me also to add, and pardon my weakness, that I felt, at that moment, a terror I had not experienced while the

picture of the combat was before my eyes. Do not altogether despise the apprehensions of a mind more sorrowful than diseased; it seems to me as if some great peril threatened you on the part of the pirates; and I conjure you not to set out on the sea again without obtaining an escort from my husband, to see you safe beyond these rocks. Promise me this."

"Alas, madam," replied Martino, with a smile of sadness, "what interest can you take in my fate—what am I to you? Your affection did not choose me for your husband; your confidence will not accept me for a brother, for you refuse my help, although for a certainty you are in want of it."

"I have a sisterly confidence and affection for you; but I do not understand what you mean by help. I suffer, it is true; I am wasting away with frightful agony, but you can do nothing for me, my dear Martino; and since we are speaking of confidence and affection, God alone can give me back that of Lanza!"

"You admit, madam, that you have lost his love; but will you not acknowledge that you have inherited hatred in its place?"

Julietta started, and drew away her hand with terror. "His hatred!" she exclaimed; "who told you he hated me? Oh! what have you said, and

who charged you to give me a mortal wound? Alas! you have just taught me that I had suffered nothing, and that his indifference was still happiness to me."

Martino saw how she still loved his rival, whom he had just accused in spite of himself. Feeling on one hand, the grief he had caused this unhappy lady, and on the other, the shame of playing a part so opposite to his character; he hastened to reassure her and to tell her he was entirely ignorant of Lanza's sentiments for her. But he could scarcely make her believe he had so spoken simply out of solicitude, and was only questioning her.

"Some one here has been talking about us?" she asked him several times, seeking to read the answer in his eyes. "Have you pronounced my sentence unconsciously, and am I then the only one who was still ignorant that he hated me? Oh! I did not think it!"

While speaking thus, she burst into tears; and the Count who had felt hope enkindled in his own heart, knew now that his hopes would never be realized. He made a magnanimous effort over himself to console Julietta, to prove to her that he had only spoken at random. He questioned her affectionately about herself, and Julietta, weakened by tears, and overcome by Martino's

sympathetic sentiments, confided more in him than she had at first intended.

“ Oh, Martino ! ” she said to him, “ pity me, for I was mad to choose for a protector this strange man, who knows not how to love. Lanza is not, like you, tender and devoted ; he is a man of action and will. A woman’s weakness does not interest him. His kindness limits itself to tolerance, it does not extend to protection. No man ought to inspire love less, for no man understands and feels it less. And yet how this man inspires great passions, and indefatigable devotedness. He is neither loved nor hated by halves, as you know : and doubtless you know also, that it is always so with men of his nature. Pity me, then, for I love him fondly. You see, Martino, that my misfortune is without remedy. I indulge in no illusions, and you may do me this justice that I have always been sincere with you as with myself. Lanza deserves the esteem and admiration of men, for he possesses great intellect and a talent for great things ; but he deserves neither friendship nor love, for he is capable of neither the one nor the other. He has no need of either, and the only return he can make to those who love him is to allow himself to be loved. Do you remember what I said to you at Venice, on the day when I had the selfish courage to open my heart to you,

and to avow that he inspired me with a deep love, whilst I had for you only brotherly affection ? ”

“ Do not recall that sorrowful day,” said Martino ; “ when a victim survives his torture, each time he is reminded of it, it is to him as if he were undergoing that torture again.”

“ Have the courage to recall these things with me,” replied Julietta ; “ we shall perhaps never see each other again. I wish you to leave with the assurance of my esteem, and of my repentance for my conduct to you.”

“ Do not speak of repentance,” Martino exclaimed, much moved ; “ of what crime, or even of what fault have you been guilty ? Have you not been frank and loyal to me ? Have you not been gentle and compassionate, telling me yourself what another, in your place, would have left to relations, and wrapped up in the veil of some specious pretext. I remember your words : they have remained engraven on my heart for my eternal consolation, and at the same time, for my everlasting sorrow. ‘ Forgive me,’ you said, ‘ the evil I have done you, and pray to God I may not be punished for it ; for I am no longer mistress of myself, and I yield to a destiny stronger than myself.’ ”

“ Alas ! alas ! ” said Julietta. “ Yes : it was indeed a destiny ! I already felt it then ; for my

love sprang from fear, and, before knowing to what point that fear was founded, I felt its influence. I always felt within me an instinct of sacrifice, of abnegation, as if I had been marked to be offered as a holocaust on the altar of I know not what power, eager for my tears and my blood. I remember what I felt on the day when you pressed me to accept your hand at once; it was before the fatal day, when I met Lanza for the first time. 'Let us be married at once,' you said; 'when we love each other; why delay our happiness? Because we are both young, is no reason why we should wait. To wait is to tempt God, for the future is his treasure, and not to profit by the present, is to wish to anticipate the future. The unhappy should wish for the morrow, and the fortunate should value the present. Who knows what we shall be to-morrow? Who knows but a Turkish bullet, or a wave of the sea, may come and separate us for ever? And can you be sure that you will love me to-morrow, as you do to-day?' A vague presentiment doubtless caused you to speak thus, and told you to hasten. A still more vague presentiment prevented me from yielding, and told me to wait! To wait—for what? I knew not; but I believed the future reserved something for me, since you and my uncle loved me.

“I was embroidering,” continued Julietta, after a pause caused by agitation, “and you were reading some verses to me. The Captain Lanza was announced. This name made me start, and in an instant, all I had heard of this singular foreigner came to my mind. I had never seen him, and I trembled when I heard his footsteps. I perceived neither his magnificent costume, nor his high stature, nor the beauty of his features, but only two dark eyes, full both of fierceness and softness, advancing towards me. Fascinated by this magical look, I let my work fall, and remained immovable on my chair, without either the power of rising from my seat, or turning my head. When Lanza came up to me, and bent to kiss my hand, I no longer saw those eyes, which had thus petrified me, for I had fainted. They carried me away, and my uncle, making his excuses on account of my indisposition, begged he would adjourn his visit to another day. You retired also without understanding the cause of my fainting.

“Lanza, who understood women better, and the power he had over them, thought he might have something to do with this sudden illness; he resolved to assure himself of it. He rowed about the canal Azzo for about an hour, and then landed again at the Orsini Palace; he called the major-

domo, and inquired after my health. When he was informed that I was well again, he entered presuming, he said, 'that there could be no indiscretion in presenting himself,' and he was announced a second time. He found me very pale, 'but more beautiful,' he said, 'by my paleness.' My uncle appeared rather serious; however, he thanked him cordially for the interest he had shown for me, and the trouble he had taken in inquiring after my health so soon. When these compliments had passed, he rose to retire. He was asked to stay. He did not require asking twice, and resumed the conversation. Already resolved to profit by the first effect he had produced, he studied to display before me all the gifts he had received from nature, and to sustain them by those of his mind. He succeeded completely, and when at the end of two hours, he took his leave, I was already vanquished. He asked my permission to come again the next day, he obtained it, and left with the certainty of soon finishing what he had so happily begun. His victory was neither long nor difficult. His first look had commanded me to be his, and I was already his conquest. Can I truly say I loved him? I did not even know him; and I had scarcely heard anything but that he was a brave warrior. How could I then prefer a man whom I feared, to

him who possessed my esteem and confidence? Ought I to seek my excuse in fatality? Or ought I not rather to avow, that there is in the heart of woman a mixture of vanity, which prides itself on seeming to reign over a strong mind, and of cowardice which courts this domination? Yes! I was vain of Lanza's masculine beauty; proud of the passions he was said to have inspired; and I was vain of having won that proud heart.

“He seemed to love me for a little time, but soon he neither loved me, nor any one else; the love of glory absorbed him entirely, and I cannot understand why, having so much need of independence and activity, he contracted ties which are destined usually to restrain both.”

Martino looked attentively at Julietta. He could scarcely believe she spoke candidly, and that her blindness went so far as not to suspect the ambitious views which had caused Lanza to seek her hand. Recognizing the truthfulness of her heart, he dared not enlighten her on the subject, and confined himself to asking how she had so soon lost her husband's. She related it to him as follows:—

“Before our nuptials he seemed to love me to excess, at least he told me so. And I believed it. His words possess an eloquence, a conviction which

nothing can resist. He pretended that glory was but a vain idea, calculated to intoxicate the imaginations of young men, or to amuse the unhappy. He had exposed himself to danger with the indifference of a man who conforms to the customs of his time. He laughed at young men, who rush with enthusiasm into battles, and think much of themselves because they have risked their lives and braved perils, which a common soldier would face quietly. He said, that man had to choose between two things in life, happiness and glory; that, as it was almost impossible to find the former, he was forced to choose the latter, but that the man who had succeeded in finding happiness, and above all, happiness in love, which is the most complete, the most real, the most noble of all, would be mean and despicable, if he tired of this happiness, and returned to the miserable triumphs of self-love.

“Lanza spoke thus to me, because he had heard you had lost my affection, for having been unwilling to promise me that you would not return to the war. He saw that I was of a loving, timid disposition, and the thought of his leaving me directly after marriage made me hesitate.

“He had determined on marrying me, and he would have stopped at no sacrifice, no imprudent or

false step, he has since told me, to attain his end. Yes: he loved me then! But the love of man is not lasting; once he possesses the object of his affections, he cares for her no longer.

“Very soon after our marriage, I observed that he seemed much agitated by secret troubles. He had recourse again to the pleasures of the world, and our house became the *rendezvous* of the whole town. I perceived that love of gambling, and the necessity of inordinate luxury, which made him looked upon as a vain, self-satisfied, self-seeking man, had regained their power over him.

“And he had sworn that all he wanted was a woman like myself. Others had deceived him, or appeared to him unworthy of occupying his mind. It was thus he had talked to me, and I believed him. What, then, was my horror, when I found I did not suffice for him, and that in my society he was restless, querulous.

“One day when he had lost a considerable sum of money, and seemed to be in a state of despair, I tried in vain to console him, telling him that I was quite indifferent about the grievous consequences of his losses, and that a life of mediocrity and privations would be as sweet as that of opulence, provided I was not separated from him. I promised him that my uncle should remain ignorant of

his imprudence; that I would sooner secretly sell my diamonds than draw down any reproaches on him. Seeing that he was not even listening to me I felt deeply pained, and reproached him gently with being more sensitive to a loss of money than the grief he was causing me.

“Whether he sought a pretext for leaving me, or whether I had involuntarily wounded his pride by this reproach I know not, but he pretended to be outraged by my words, flew into a passion, and declared he would re-enter the service.

“On the very morrow, notwithstanding my tears and supplications, he asked the admiral for a commission, and prepared for his departure.

“Under any other circumstances I should have found succour and protection from my uncle. He would have dissuaded Lanza from abandoning me—he would have brought him back to me; but there was a question of war, and the glory of the Republic stood before me in my uncle’s heart. He affectionately blamed my weakness, told me he would despise Lanza if he passed his time at the feet of a woman, instead of defending the honour and interest of his adopted country; that Lanza had contracted, by his superior talent and bravery during the last campaign, a duty to serve the Republic as long as it should be required of him.

“At last, I was compelled to yield. Lanza departed, and I remained alone with my sorrow.

“It was long before I could recover from that sudden affliction. However, Lanza’s letters, full of sweetness and affection, gave me some hope for the future; and, excepting the torture of anxiety, knowing he was exposed to so many perils, I should still have felt a kind of happiness. I imagined he still had the same tenderness for me; that honour imposed on men laws more sacred than love; that he had deceived himself, when, in the enthusiasm of his first transports, he had told me to the contrary, and that he would return to me the same as he had been on the first days of our marriage.

“What, then, was my sorrow and my surprise, when, at the commencement of the winter, instead of asking my uncle for leave to pass that season with me, a permission which would have been certainly granted him, he wrote and said he was obliged to accept the Government of this island for the repression of the pirates. As he expressed great regret at not being able to join me, I replied that I should go to Corfu, and throw myself at my uncle’s feet, and obtain his recall. If I did not succeed, I told him I should go and share his exile at Curzolari with him. However, I dared not ex-

cute this project without having received Lanza's answer, for the more we love, the more we fear to offend the object of our affections.

“ He replied, in the most tender terms, that he beseeched me not to join him ; and with regard to asking my uncle leave of absence for him, he would be very much hurt if I did so. He had enemies in the army, he said ; his success in obtaining my hand had created enemies, and they were trying to injure him in my uncle's eyes, and would not fail to represent that he himself had suggested this step, in order that he might resume a life of pleasure and idleness.

“ I submitted to the latter ; but with regard to the former, as the only motive he gave for not wishing me to join him was the loneliness of the place, and the privations of every kind I should have to suffer ; and, as his letter appeared to me more affectionate than any I had hitherto received, I thought I should be giving him a proof of my devotedness by coming and sharing his solitude ; therefore, without answering his letter, or apprizing him of my intention, I at once set out.

“ My passage was long and trying ; the weather was bad, and I ran numberless dangers. At last I arrived, and was dismayed at not finding Lanza. He was gone on that unfortunate Patras expedition,

and the garrison was alarmed about him. Several days passed without receiving any news of him, and I was beginning to lose all hope of ever seeing him again.

“ Having ascertained at what point he had set out, I went to the spot each day, and sat on a rock, where I remained for hours together, watching the horizon. Day after day passed thus, without bringing any change.

“ One morning, as I came to the rock, I saw a Turkish soldier, accompanied by a young man, dressed in the same costume, step out of a boat. At the first motion of the soldier, I recognized Lanza, and I ran down to throw myself into his arms; but the look he gave me made my blood turn cold, and I was more terrified even than I was on the day I first saw him, and, as on that day, I fainted. I seemed to read in his countenance the bitterest anger and contempt.

“ When I recovered, I found myself in my room. Lanza was anxiously watching over me, and his features no longer wore that terrifying expression, before which my heart had sunk. He spoke to me tenderly, and presented the young man, who accompanied him, to me, as having saved his life, and given him back his liberty, by opening the gates of his prison during the night. He begged I would

take him into my service, but to treat him more as a friend than a servant. I tried to speak to Naam, that is his name; but he does not understand a word of our language. Lanza said a few words to him in the Turkish language, and the young man took my hand and placed it on his head, as a sign of attachment and submission.

“I was happy during the whole of that day; but on the following day Lanza shut himself up in his apartments, and I only saw him in the evening, and then so ferocious and gloomy, that I had not the courage to speak to him. After supper he left me. Since that time—that is to say, for the last two months—his brow has not brightened. Some grief or some mysterious resolution absorbs him entirely. He has shown me neither ill-temper nor anger: on the contrary, he has taken great pains to make this fortress-home agreeable to me, as if, except his love or his indifference, anything could be good or bad for me!

“He sent to Cephalonia for workmen and materials to construct this dwelling in haste; he also sent for women to wait on me, and in the midst of his most gloomy pre-occupations, he has never ceased to watch over my wants, and to anticipate my desires. Alas! he seems to forget that I have but one wish on earth, and that is, to regain his love!

“Sometimes, but very rarely, he has come to me seemingly overflowing with love, and has told me that he entertained an important project : filled with a desire of vengeance against the infidels, who had massacred his soldiers, taken his galley, and who now practise their piracies under his very eyes, that he would not rest until he had entirely annihilated them. But no sooner had he confided this to me, than, fearing my anxieties and tired of my tears, he would tear himself from my arms, to go and ponder in solitude over his warlike designs. At last, it has come to this, that we only see each other a few hours a week : the rest of the time I know not where he is, or how he occupies his days.

“Sometimes he sends me word that he is taking advantage of the calm weather to cruise around the islands ; and I ascertain afterwards that he has not left the castle. At other times he pretends that he has shut himself up for the evening to work ; and I see him at daybreak in his bark sailing rapidly on the waves, as if he wished to conceal from me that he had spent the night abroad. I dare no longer question him ; for when I do his face has a terrible expression, and every one trembles before him.

“I hide my despair from him ; and instead of the moments he passes near me being any comfort to

me, they are a real torture ; for I am forced to watch over my words, and even my very looks, in order that not one of my thoughts should escape me. When he perceives tears in my eyes, in spite of myself, he presses my hand in silence, and leaves me without saying a word. Once I was on the point of throwing myself at his knees to cling to them, to beseech him to share all his anxieties with me, and to promise him to consent to all his designs boldly and intrepidly. But at the slightest movement I make, his look transfixes me to my seat, and my words die on my lips. I fear that, should I give vent to my sorrow before him, the compassion and respect he shows me would be changed into fury and aversion. This is why I say it is impossible he can hate me ; for I have not deserved it. My heart is breaking in silence.”

Julietta left the most important circumstance of Leontio's narrative unnoticed. It was very evident she did not appear to consider Lanza insane ; and the questions Martino asked her did not enlighten him on the subject. Had Julietta not confided all to him, or had Leontio deceived him ? Martino saw these investigations were fruitless ; but one conclusion he came to, that Julietta would pine away with languor and melancholy if she re-

mained in that dull castle ; and he begged of her to return to her uncle at Corfu. He offered to conduct her there immediately ; but she positively rejected his proposition, saying, that nothing in the world would induce her to let her uncle suspect she was not happy with Lanza ; for the slightest complaint on her part would cause him infallibly to incur the admiral's disgrace. She persisted, besides, that Lanza had not treated her badly, and that if the love she had for him had become her own pain, Lanza could not be accused of an evil of which she herself was the cause.

Martino ventured to ask whether she did not live in a sort of captivity ; and whether she had not been forbidden the sight of her own countrymen. She contradicted this, and added that she would not even have allowed herself the innocent pleasure of seeing him, if she thought her husband would have objected. He had never shown any jealousy of her, and had, on several occasions, given her leave to receive whomsoever she felt inclined, without even informing him.

Martino did not know what to think of this manifest contradiction between Julietta's and Leontio's statements.

Suddenly the large white greyhound, which

appeared to be asleep, started up, and placing his paws on the ledge of the window, remained immovable with his ears cocked.

‘ Is it your master, Sirius ? ’ said Julietta.

The dog turned round towards her with an intelligent air ; then raising his head, and dilating his nostrils, he trembled, and gave utterance to a long howl.

“ It is Lanza,” said Julietta, passing her white thin arm around the faithful animal’s neck ; “ he is returning. This noble greyhound always recognizes his master at the noise of the oars ; and when I go to wait for Lanza at the top of the rock, at the slightest dark speck on the water, he either remains silent or howls in this manner, according as the skiff is Lanza’s or not. Since Lanza has no longer allowed the hound to accompany him, he has attached himself to me, and is as faithful to me as my own shadow. Like myself, he is ill and sad ; like myself, he knows he is no longer dear to his master ; like myself, he remembers having been loved.”

Then Julietta, leaning against the window, tried to discern the boat in the darkness ; but the sea was as black as the sky, and the noise of the oars could not be distinguished from the uniform beating of the waves against the rock.

“ Are you quite sure,” said the Count, “ that my

presence in your apartments will not annoy your husband?"

"Alas! he does not do me the honour of being jealous of me," she replied.

"But I should do better, perhaps, to go out to meet him?" said Martino.

"Do not do so," she answered; "he would think I had made you a spy upon his actions: remain. It is very likely I shall not even see him this evening. He often returns after these long expeditions without letting me know; and if it were not for this dog's admirable instinct, which always gives me a signal on his return to the castle, or to the island, I should not know whether he were present or absent. But now assist me in replacing this wooden panel to the window; for if he knew I had made it moveable, he would not forgive me. He had this opening closed from the interior of my room, pretending that I increased my anxiety by this useless and continual contemplation of the sea."

Martino replaced the panel, sighing with compassion for this unfortunate lady.

Some time elapsed before Lanza's arrival. It was announced by the Turkish slave, who never left him. When the young man entered, Martino was struck by the perfection of his features—they were both marked and delicate. Although brought up

in Turkey, it was not difficult to perceive he belonged to a more proudly-tempered race. The Arab type betrayed itself in his large oval black eyes, in his finely-cut profile, in the smallness of his stature, in the beauty of his taper fingers, in the bronze colour of his glossy skin. Martino also recognized him to be an Arab by the sound of his voice. He spoke Turkish with fluency, but not without that guttural accent, the sound of which, though strange at first, becomes to one who is accustomed to it very pleasing to the ear.

When the dog saw him he rushed upon him as if he were going to devour him. Then the young man, smiling with an expression of ferocious malignity, and showing his two rows of small white teeth, so altered the expression of his countenance that he more resembled a panther than a human being. At the same time he drew from his belt a crescent dagger, the glittering blade of which increased the fury of his adversary. Julietta screamed, and immediately the dog stopped short, and returned to her submissively, while the slave, replacing the yataghan in a golden sheath, ornamented with precious stones, bent his knee before his mistress.

“You see,” said Julietta to Martino, “since this slave has taken this faithful dog’s place, Sirius

hates him to that degree that I tremble for him, for the young man is always armed, and I cannot command him; he shows me marks of respect and affection, but he only obeys Lanza."

"Can he not express himself in our language?" said Martino, who saw the Arab was informing her by signs of her husband's arrival.

"He cannot," replied Julietta; "and the woman who serves as interpretest between us is not here. Will you call her?"

"It is unnecessary," said Martino, and addressing the young man in Arabic, he asked him to deliver his message. He then translated it to Julietta:—"Lanza, on his return from his excursion, having learnt of the noble Count Martino's arrival in his island, was dressing to offer him supper in the Signora Lanza's apartments, and prayed he would excuse him if he took a few moments to give his orders for the night, before paying him his respects."

"Tell the young man," replied Julietta, "I send this answer: the arrival of the noble Martino is a double happiness for me, since it procures me that of supping with my husband —— But no, do not tell him that," she added; "he might, perhaps, see in it an indirect reproach. Tell him I obey; tell him we await him."

Martino having translated the reply to the young Arab, the latter bowed respectfully; but before leaving, he stopped before Julietta, and after looking at her attentively for a few moments, he told her by gestures that he was grieved to find her looking worse than usual; then approaching her he touched her hair familiarly, and made her understand she must have it arranged.

“Tell him I understand his kind advice,” said Julietta to the Count, “and I will follow it. He wishes me to decorate myself, to ornament my hair with diamonds and flowers. He foolishly imagines love can be regained by such puerile means.”

Julietta, however, followed the silent advice of the young Arab. She entered a neighbouring room with her maids, and when she returned she was magnificently attired. This rich dress was a melancholy contrast with the desolation that reigned in Julietta's heart. The situation of the building, built on the waves, or one might almost say in the air; the mournful roaring of the sea, and the whistling of the sirocco; the kind of *malaise* which appeared on the countenances of the servants since their master had returned to the castle—all contributed to render this scene strange and painful to Martino. He seemed to be in a dream, and the woman whom he had so much loved, and whom he

had so little expected to see in the morning, appeared as a livid spectre, decked in mockery festal dress.

But colour returned to Julietta's cheek, her eyes beamed with pride, as she saw Lanza enter the hall, with a frank and open look, attired also, as in the days of his gallant triumphs of Venice. His black hair fell in brilliant and perfumed locks on his shoulders, and his whole person had an air of studied elegance. Julietta had been so long accustomed to see him carelessly dressed, his countenance gloomy or distorted by anger, that she imagined her former happiness returned on seeing again the faithful image of the Lanza who had loved her. He even seemed anxious to repair all his wrongs to her; for, before saluting Martino, he hastened up to her and kissed her hand, with conjugal deference mixed with affectionate ardour. He then overwhelmed the count with excuses and civilities, and invited him to pass into the room where supper was served. When they were all seated round the table to a sumptuous repast, Lanza loaded the Count with questions as to the event which procured him the honour and pleasure of offering him hospitality. Martino recounted all to him, and Lanza listened with a solicitude full of courtesy, but without showing either surprise at,

or indignation against, the pirates, and with the obliging resignation of a man who is grieved for the troubles of others, without believing himself to be in any way responsible for them. When Martino mentioned his having wounded the chief of the pirates and put him to flight, his eyes met those of Julietta, who was as pale as death, and was repeating after him—“*A man with a scarlet turban, and whose immense black beard almost entirely covered his face!* It is he,” she added, agitated by some secret agony. “I think I see him now!” and she turned her eyes to consult Lanza’s countenance, as was habitual to her, but there met so inexorable, so cruel a look, that she fell back in her chair speechless, fainting. But making a superhuman effort over herself, in order not to offend Lanza, she calmed herself, and said with a forced smile:—

“I had a similar dream last night.”

Martino also looked at Lanza, whose face was of unearthly pallor, and his contracted brow seemed to announce a hidden storm. Suddenly, he burst out into a loud laugh, and this harsh and piercing laugh sent back mournful echoes from the depths of the hall.

“It is the Uscoco, Madame saw in her dream, no doubt,” said Lanza, turning to Leontio, “and whom the noble Count has killed in reality, to-day.”

“Without any doubt,” replied Leontio, in a very grave tone.

“Who is this Uscoco, may I ask?” said the Count. “Do these brigands still exist in these seas? These things do not belong to our time, you must go back to the wars of the Republic under Marc Antonio, Memmo, and Giovanni Bembo, to find them. There are no more Uscocos than there are ghosts, good Lord Leontio.”

“Your lordship may believe there are no more,” replied Leontio, a little offended; “your lordship is in the flower of youth, happily for yourself, and you have not seen many things which took place before your birth. With regard to myself, poor servant of the very holy and very illustrious Republic, I have often been close to these Uscocos, I have even been made prisoner by them; a few minutes more, and my skull might have been fixed as a figure-head on the prow of their galley. So I should have no difficulty in recognizing an Uscoco among a thousand or ten thousand pirates, Corsairs, or Filibusters.”

“The great respect which I have for your experience, prevents me from contradicting you, my dear Commandant,” said the Count, ironically acquiescing in Leontio’s opinion. “I shall learn more by listening to your advice; so I will ask you to be

kind enough to explain to me by what mark I am to recognize an Uscoco among a thousand or ten thousand pirates, Corsairs or Filibusters, in order that I may know to which of these classes the brigand, who assailed me to-day, belongs; and to whom, if it were not for the lateness of the hour, I should have wished to give chase."

"The Uscoco," replied Leontio, "may be distinguished from all these brigands, in the same way as a shark from all other sea-monsters, by his insatiable ferocity. You know that these infamous pirates drank the blood of their victims out of human skulls, in order to harden themselves against all pity. When they received a deserter, and enrolled him among their crew, they forced him to pass through this atrocious ordeal, in order to test whether he still retained any instinct of humanity; and if he hesitated at the abomination, they threw him into the sea. It is well known that the manner in which the Uscocos conduct their raids, is to run down their prizes, and to give quarter to no one. Until lately, the pirates of the Misso-longhi have confined themselves, in their expeditions, to pillaging whatever ships they came across; and when prisoners surrendered, they kept them in captivity, and speculated on their ransom. Now things are altered, when the vessel falls into their

hands, all on board, even to the women and children, are massacred, there and then, and not even a spar is left floating on the waves, to carry the news of the disaster to our shores. We see them leave the coast of Italy, and pass through our seas, but they never land on the coast of the Levant; and those which Greece sends westward never reach our isles. You may be sure, Signor Count, the terrible pirate in the red turban, who is seen flitting from rock to rock, and whom the fishermen of Azio have named the *Uscoco*, is a real *Uscoco*, of the pure race of assassins and blood-drinkers."

"Whether the chief of the pirates I saw to-day be an *Uscoco* or not," said the young Count, "I have marked his right hand for him. At first, he seemed determined to take my life, or to lose his own; however, the wound I inflicted drove him back, and this invincible man took flight."

"Did he really take flight?" said Lanza, with perfect coolness. "Do you not think rather, that he may have gone to seek reinforcements? For my part, I think that your lordship has done very well to place your galley under the protection of ours; for the pirates are just now a terrible and formidable scourge."

"I am astonished," said Martino, "that the Count Orsini, being aware of the gravity of this

evil, should not yet have thought of remedying it. I do not understand how it is that the admiral, knowing the heavy losses that you yourself have experienced, has not sent another galley to replace that which you have lost, and to enable you to put an immediate stop to these dreadful piracies.”

Lanza slightly shrugged his shoulders, and said, in as disdainful a manner as the politeness on which he prided himself, would allow :—

“If the admiral were even to send us a dozen galleys, his dozen galleys would be powerless against such slippery adversaries. We should be still strong enough to reduce them, if we were in a situation to allow us to make use of our forces. But when my worthy uncle sent me here, he did not foresee that I should be a captive on a barren rock, and that I should not be able to effect any operations in shallow waters, in which only the smallest vessels can be worked. There is only one manœuvre we can possibly effect, it is to gain the open sea where the pirates never venture to follow. As soon as they have struck their blow, they disappear like sea-gulls; and, to pursue them among the reefs, it would be necessary, not only to understand this difficult navigation, as they alone understand it, but also to have, like them, a fleet of shallops and light caïques, and to carry on a guerilla warfare, similar

to that which they practise on us. Do you think it would be a very easy thing, that in one day you could destroy a swarm of enemies, who never settle anywhere?"

"Perhaps your lordship could do so if you would," said Martino, in a bitter tone; "have you not always succeeded in whatever you have attempted?"

"Julietta," said Lanza, "this is a shaft aimed at you through my breast. I beg you will be less pale and less sad, for the noble Count, our friend, will believe it is I who hinder you from showing him the affection you entertain for him. But to return to what we were saying," added he, in a pleasanter tone, "believe me, my dear Count, that I am alive to the danger, and that I do not forget myself here at beauty's feet. The pirates will soon see that I have not lost my time, and that I have thoroughly studied their tactics, and explored their haunts. Yes, thank Heaven and my good little bark, at the present moment I am the best pilot of the Ionian Archipelago, and — But," added Lanza, affecting to look round him, as if he had feared the presence of some indiscreet servant, "you understand, Signor Count, that secrecy is absolutely necessary to my designs. Nobody knows what communication the pirates may have with the fishermen of this isle, and the small traders,

who carry us their wares from the coasts of the Morea and Italia. The imprudence of a single faithful but thoughtless servant would be sufficient to warn the bandits from their haunts; and I have a great interest in keeping them for neighbours, for I know that in no other part could they be so well tracked out, and so infallibly taken, as among their own rocks."

The guests, while listening to these plans, were moved by different emotions. Julietta's countenance brightened. She had wrongly attributed her husband's preoccupations to some evil cause, and a weight was taken off her mind. Leontio raised his eyes to heaven, and began to express his admiration by loud exclamations, which were soon silenced by a cold and severe glance from Lanza. With regard to Martino, he surveyed the three persons alternately, seeking to read in their different expressions the solution of the enigma.

Nothing in Lanza's conversation could justify the gratuitous imputation of madness, which the commandant had given to his actions; but, at the same time, nothing in Lanza's countenance, words, or manner, had succeeded in securing the young Count's confidence or sympathy. He could not withdraw his eyes from those of Lanza, whose glance was said to be so fascinating, and he found in

his eyes, which were remarkable as to form and brightness, an indefinable expression, which displeased him more and more. He perceived in them an effrontery, mixed with moral cowardice. At one time he would cast a look at Martino, as if to make him tremble, and finding he had not succeeded, his eyes would become as timid as a girl's, or restless as those of a man detected in crime.

While examining him thus, Martino remarked that his right hand had remained hidden in his breast during the whole of supper. Leaning on his left arm with careless ease and gracefulness, he hid the other almost as far as the elbow in the large folds of his richly-embroidered dress. A startling thought crossed Martino's mind.

"Your lordship does not eat," said he, rather abruptly.

Lanza appeared annoyed, though he answered boldly,—

"Your lordship takes too much interest in my poor person. I never eat at this hour."

"You appear to be in pain," replied Martino, looking at him fixedly.

This perseverance visibly disconcerted Lanza. "You are too kind," said he bitterly, "the sea air always affects me."

"But your right hand is wounded, if I am not

mistaken," added Martino, seeing Lanza's eyes involuntarily fixed on his hidden hand.

"Wounded!" exclaimed Julietta, rising from her seat in alarm.

"Well, madam, you know it," replied Lanza, giving her one of those looks she feared so much. "You have seen me suffering from this hand for the last two months."

Julietta fell back in her chair as pale as death, and Martino saw from her countenance she had never heard of the wound before.

"Is this accident of long date," said he, in an indifferent but firm tone.

"From the Patras expedition."

Martino looked at Leontio. His head was bent forward, and he seemed to be enjoying a glass of Cyprus wine of exquisite quality. The Count fancied he saw, in his attitude, an air of duplicity and cunning which he had taken till that time for stupidity.

Martino persisted in embarrassing Lanza.

"I had not heard," he said, "that you were wounded in that affair, and I rejoiced that, in the midst of so many misfortunes, this last one had been spared you."

"I beg pardon, Signor Count," said Lanza, in an ironical tone, "for not having sent a courier to

inform you of an accident which seems to give you more concern than myself. I am really married in the true sense of the word, for my rival has become my best friend."

"I do not understand this," said Julietta, in a firmer tone than the physical and moral state of dejection seemed to allow.

"You are susceptible to-day, dearest," said Lanza to her in a sneering tone, and stretching his left hand over the table, drew hers to him and kissed it. This mocking kiss was like a dagger through her heart. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Wretch!" thought Martino, seeing his insolence to Julietta. "Coward! you flee from a man, and you amuse yourself with breaking a woman's heart."

He was so filled with indignation that he could not prevent himself from showing it. Etiquette forbade him to interfere in these conjugal discussions; but his face showed so vividly his feelings that Lanza noticed it.

"Signor Count," said he to him, trying to speak with coolness and hauteur, "have you given yourself up to the study of painting lately? You are studying me as if you felt inclined to take my portrait."

“If you authorize me to say why I look at you thus, I will do so,” replied the Count with warmth.

“I humbly supplicate you to do so,” said Lanza, in a jeering tone.

“Well!” answered Martino, “I will own to you that I have given myself up a little to painting, and at this present moment I am struck with your wonderful resemblance to——”

“To one of the frescoes of this hall?” interrupted Lanza.

“No: with the pirate chief whom I wounded this morning, with the Uscoco—since I must call him by his name.”

“By St. Theodosius!” exclaimed Lanza, in a trembling voice, as if terror or anger were stifling him. “Is it with the intention of repaying my hospitality by an insult and a defiance that you speak to me thus, Count? Speak freely.”

At the same time by an instinctive movement, he tried to disengage his hand from his breast as if to seize the hilt of his sword. But he was unarmed. Besides, Julietta, terrified, and fearing one of those scenes of violence at which she had too often been present when Lanza was irritated against his inferiors, rushed up to him, and seized his arm. In doing so, she touched the wound, and he thrust her from him with brutal fury and a terrible oath.

She fell almost into Martino's arms, who was about to rush furiously at Lanza. But the latter, overcome by pain, had swooned, and the Arab slave was holding him in his arms.

All this was an affair of a moment. Lanza said a word to the slave in his own language, who having filled a cup of wine, presented it to him, and made him swallow part of it. He immediately regained his strength, and made the most hypocritical excuses to Julietta for his fury. He did as much to Martino, pretending that his sufferings could alone explain to him his frequent fits of anger. "I am sure," he added, "that your lordship could not have intended to offer me an insult in saying I resemble the pirate chief."

"In an artistic point of view," replied Martino, in a sour tone, "this resemblance is rather flattering to you; I examined the Uscoco well, and he is a very handsome man."

"And a bold adversary!" answered Lanza, emptying his cup; "an impudent knave, who comes to defy me under my very eyes, but I shall soon measure myself with him, as with one worthy of me."

"Not at all, signor," replied Martino; "allow me to differ with you in this respect. Your lordship has given proofs of valour in war, but the

Uscoco has given proofs of cowardice before me to-day."

Lanza trembled, he held out his cup to Leontio, who respectfully refilled it to the brim, saying: "It is the first time in my life I hear the pirate thus reproached."

"You are quite amusing," said Lanza, with a sneer. "You admire the great feats of the Uscoco? I engage you would willingly make him your friend and companion of arms. Noble sympathy of a warlike soul!"

Leontio appeared very much confused. But Martino, who would not desist, intervened.

"I declare the sympathy would be very ill-placed," said he. "I had an affair last year with the Missolonghi pirates, in the gulf of Lepanto, who allowed themselves to be cut in pieces rather than surrender; but to-day I saw this terrible Uscoco recoil at a wound, and run away like a coward at the sight of his own blood."

Lanza's hand grasped his cup convulsively. The Arab took it from him as he was putting it to his mouth.

"Who dared do that?" said he, in a voice of thunder. But turning round, and recognizing Naam, he calmed himself, and said with a smile: "This is the child of the Prophet, who wishes to

snatch me from damnation ! Well," added he, " he has rendered me great service. The wine does me harm, and aggravates the irritation of this cursed wound, which, after two months, is not yet healed."

" I have some knowledge in surgery," said Martino, " I have often been of service to my friends during the war, by curing them of their wounds, and thus saving them from the hands of quacks. If you will kindly show me your wound, I will do my best to give you good advice."

" Your lordship possesses universal knowledge and an indefatigable devotedness," replied Lanza, drily. " But this hand is well dressed, and will soon be in a state to defend its owner against all evil interpretation and all slanderous accusation."

Speaking thus, Lanza rose up, and renewing his offers of service in a tone, which this time seemed to warn him that he would gain nothing by accepting them, he asked what his intentions were for the morrow.

" My intention," replied the Count, " is to set out at daybreak for Corfu, and I return thanks for your kind offers. I am in want of no escort, and I do not fear another attack from the pirates. I have seen to-day what I am to expect from them, and, knowing, I defy them."

" You will at least do me the honour of accepting

my hospitality for the night? My own apartment has been prepared."

"I cannot accept it," replied the Count; "I never allow myself to sleep elsewhere but on board my vessel. I command the galleys of the Republic."

Lanza pressed in vain. Martino considered it his duty not to yield. He bade Julietta farewell, who said in a low voice, as he was kissing her hand, "Think of my dream! Be prudent!" Then, she added aloud: "Deliver my message faithfully to Violetta." These were the last words he heard her utter.

Lanza accompanied Martino as far as the postern gate of the castle, and sent an officer and several soldiers to conduct him to his galley. All these formalities accomplished, and the Count having embarked, Lanza dragged himself to his apartment, and fell on his bed exhausted with fatigue and suffering.

"Leave me, Naam, leave me, you would exhaust in vain the essence of the most precious herbs of Arabia, on this cursed wound, and you would repeat in vain the mysterious words, the secrets of which an unknown science has revealed to you; fever is in my blood, the fever of despair and of fury. What! that wretch, after having thus mutilated me, dares to brave me before my face, and to

insult me with his irony! And I am not able personally to chastise his insolence, to take his life, to bathe my hands in his heart's blood! This is what would cure my wound, and would abate the fever!"

"Be calm, rest yourself, your life depends upon it. See, my charms are beginning to work. The blood which I have drawn from my veins, and which I have poured into this cup, is beginning to obey the sacred formula; it boils—it exhales! Now, I will apply it to the wound."

Lanza allows the wound to be dressed with the submission of a child, for he fears death as being the term of his enterprises and the loss of his riches. If occasionally he braves it with the courage of a lion, it is when he fights for fortune.

In his eyes life is nothing without wealth, and if, in the days of ruin and distress, the voice of destiny had announced to him that he was condemned to poverty for ever, he would have cast into the sea that pampered body for which no aromatics from Asia were sufficiently exquisite, no stuffs from Smyrna rich and soft enough.

When the Arab had concluded his incantations, Lanza bade him begone.

"Go," said he, "be as prompt as my wish—as firm as my will. Give this ring to Hussein; it in-

vests you with my own power. These are my orders : I desire that before daybreak Hussein be at the extremity of Natolia, at the spot I pointed out to him this morning ; he is to remain there with his four sloops to commence the attack ; the renegade Fremio is to post himself at the grottoes of Cigogne, to attack the enemy in flank ; and the Albanese vessel, well supplied with guns, is to remain where I left her this morning, in order to bar the passage to the open sea. The Venetian will leave the creek at daybreak ; one hour after sunrise he will be in sight of the pirates. One hour later the attack must have commenced, and three hours after sunrise the pirates must conquer. Furthermore tell them this : if the prey escape them, in eight days Orsini will be here with a fleet, for the Venetian suspects and accuses me. If he arrive at Corfu, in a fortnight there will be no rock where the pirates can hide their barks, no shore where they will dare to leave the imprint of their feet, not a fisherman's roof under which they will dare to take shelter. But above all, forget not this : should they spare the life of a single Venetian on board the galley, and should Hussein allow himself to be seduced, by the hope of a high ransom, to take their chief into captivity, tell him my alliance with him will be immediately broken, and that I will

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1. The purpose of this document is to provide information on the status of the project.

2. The project is currently in the planning phase and is expected to start in the next few weeks.

3. The following table shows the estimated costs for each phase of the project:

Phase	Estimated Cost
Phase 1	\$100,000
Phase 2	\$200,000
Phase 3	\$300,000
Phase 4	\$400,000

4. It is important to note that these estimates are subject to change as more information becomes available.

5. The project team is committed to providing regular updates on the progress of the project.

6. If you have any questions or concerns, please contact the project manager at [redacted].

7. The project is being managed by [redacted] and is expected to be completed by [redacted].

8. The project is being funded by [redacted] and is expected to be completed by [redacted].

9. The project is being managed by [redacted] and is expected to be completed by [redacted].

10. The project is being funded by [redacted] and is expected to be completed by [redacted].

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hand, to undo the bolt of a secret door. His knees give way. Naam takes him in his arms, and, sustained by the strength of devotedness, carries him to his bed and places him on it. The slave then places two pistols in his own girdle, examines the blade of his dagger, and prepares his lamp. He is calm; he will accomplish his mission or lose his life in the attempt. Child of Mahomet, he believes the destiny of man is written in heaven, and that man's wishes are not accomplished if fate has decreed otherwise.

Lanza writhes on his couch. Naam lifts up the damask carpet, which hides a trap-door with noiseless hinges. He begins to descend a steep winding staircase, constructed with stone and cement, and then cut unequally in the granite as it sinks into the bowels of the earth. Lanza calls him back at the moment when he is about to penetrate into these narrow galleries, where two men could not pass abreast, and where the want of air would terrify one less used to danger. Lanza's voice is so weak that it is not audible unless to Naam, whose heart and mind are alive to the slightest sound. Naam rapidly retraces his steps, and re-enters to take fresh orders from his master.

“Before returning to the island,” said he to him, “you must go to the lieutenant in the bay. Tell

him to steer his galley at daybreak towards the opposite extremity of the island, in order to gain the open sea. He is to remain there, not to approach the rocks whatever be the noise he may hear from the distance. I will give the order to return by a cannon shot. Go, hasten, and may Allah accompany you."

Naam again disappears through the trap-door. He traverses secret passages, from cave to cave, from staircase to staircase, till he arrives at a narrow opening, a frightful portico, suspended between the billows and the heavens, through which the wind howls fearfully, and which fishermen take from afar for an inaccessible crevice, in which seagulls alone can find a refuge from the tempest. Naam takes a ladder of ropes from a corner, attaches it to iron rings fastened in the rock; he then extinguishes his light, takes off his dress of Persian silk and snow-white turban, and, in exchange, puts on a coarse sailor's coat, and hides his hair under a scarlet coat of maniotte; then, with the suppleness and strength of a young panther, he hangs to the slippery and naked sides of the perpendicular rock, and gains a platform, which projects into the sea, forming a cavern, which the sea fills in stormy weather, and leaves dry when calm. Naam descends into the grotto by an opening in the roof, and advances

on the rocky shore. The night is dark; the westerly wind blows freely. He takes from his breast a silver whistle and blows shrilly upon it, and is speedily answered in the same manner. A few moments have scarcely elapsed, when a bark, hidden in another cave of the rock, approaches his.

“Alone?” said one of the two sailors in the Turkish language to him.

“Alone,” Naam replied; “but here is my master’s ring. Obey, and conduct me to Hussein.”

The two sailors hoist sail, Naam jumps into the bark, and rapidly leaves the shore.

Signora Lanza was at her window; she thought she heard the noise of the oars, and the uncertain sound of a human voice. The greyhound gave an angry growl expressive of hatred.

“It is Naam alone,” said Julietta; “Lanza sleeps, at least this night, under the same roof as his unhappy companion.”

She was, however, in a state of great anxiety. “He is wounded!—he is in pain!—he is, perhaps, alone! His inseparable servant has left him for the night. If I were to go and listen at his door, I should hear him breathe! I should know if he sleeps; and if he is a prey to suffering, or to the oppression of darkness and solitude, perhaps he will not reject my attentions.”

She enveloped herself in a long white veil, and like a troubled spirit, like the moon's floating rays, she glided through the winding passages of the castle. She eluded the vigilance of the sentinels who guarded the door of the tower inhabited by Lanza. She knew Naam was absent—Naam, the only guardian who never slept at his post—the only one who could not be seduced by promises, nor gained by entreaties, nor intimidated by threats.

She arrived at Lanza's door without awakening the slightest echo on the deserted pavement. She listened, she heard no sound, save the beating of her own heart; she held her breath. Lanza's door was better guarded by the fear he inspired than by a legion of soldiers. Julietta listened, ready to take flight at the slightest noise. She heard Lanza talking loudly. The fear of betraying herself chained her to the threshold of her husband's apartment. Lanza was a prey to the phantoms of sleep. He was speaking excitedly in the delirium of his dreams. Did his broken words reveal some frightful mystery to Julietta? as she fled away terrified to her room, and fell half-dead on her couch. There she remained till daylight, lost in broken terrifying dreams.

The shades of night began to disperse, and a faint

line of light on the horizon began to separate the sea from the heavens.

Lanza awoke calmer after his rest. He was still struggling against his feverish visions ; but his will conquered, and dawn soon chased them away. He gradually recalled to his mind the events of the preceding evening. He called Naam, but there was no answer.

Lanza pushed back the heavy curtains of his bed, and cast an anxious look around his apartment, where the morning light had scarcely penetrated. The trap-door was still down ; Naam had not yet returned.

He could not resist his anxiety ; he tried his strength, raised the trap-door, and descended a few steps ; he felt his energy return with exercise. He arrived at the issue of the interior of the galleries of the rock, where Naam had left his dress and the ladder of ropes attached to the iron staples. He anxiously questioned the waves. The angles of the rock hid from him the quarter which he wished to examine. He tried to descend the rope, but his wounded hand could not sustain him in this perilous undertaking. Besides, it was almost light, the sentinels might see him, and discover this communication to the sea, known only to himself and his colleagues. He suffered an agony of suspense. Should Naam have fallen into any ambush ; should

he not have been able to deliver his message to Hussein, Martino would be saved ; Lanza lost ! And should Hussein, on learning of the wound which prevented Lanza from fighting, betray him, sell his secret, his honour, and his life to the Republic ! But suddenly he saw his galley leave the bay under full sail, and steer towards the south. Naam had accomplished his mission ! He thought no more about him, but withdrew up the ladder, and returned to his room. Naam was there waiting for him. The joy of success gave Lanza's words the appearance of affection, as he questioned him anxiously.

"All will be done as you have commanded," he said ; "but the wind is still westerly, and Hussein cannot answer for the consequences, if the wind does not change : for if the galley gain upon him in speed, his sloops could not give chase without exposing themselves to a disastrous encounter in the open sea."

"Hussein is a fool," replied Lanza impatiently ; "he does not understand Venetian pride. Martino will not flee from him ; he will advance to meet him ; he will confront the danger. Is he not actuated by that foolish chimera—honour ? Besides, the wind will change at sunrise, and will blow from the south."

"Master, there is no appearance of it," replied Naam.

“ Hussein is a coward ! ” exclaimed Lanza angrily.

They both went up together on to the terrace of the donjon. Count Martino’s galley had left the bay, and was steering lightly and rapidly towards the north. But the sun rose from the sea, and the wind changed. Martino’s course was impeded, and he sailed slowly against the wind.

“ Martino, you are lost ! ” exclaimed Lanza in the transport of his joy.

Naam gazed at the proud brow of his master. He asked himself whether this bold man had not power over the elements; and from that time his devotion knew no limit.

Oh, how slowly the hours of that day passed for Lanza and his faithful slave ! Lanza had foreseen so exactly the time it would take for the galley to sail to the spot indicated for the attack ; and for the manœuvres of the Missolonghi pirates, that the combat commenced at the exact hour he named. He did not hear it at first, as Martino employed no cannon against the sloops. But when other vessels assailed him, and when he saw he had to defend himself against two hundred pirates, with only sixty men, wounded by or fatigued with the fight of the preceding evening, he made use of all his resources. The engagement was sanguinary, but short. What availed courage and despair against such a majority, and above all, against fate ? Lanza heard the can-

nonade; he paced to and fro like a tiger in his cage, and clung to the battlements of the tower to resist the giddiness which was forcing him forward. He held Naam's hand in his, and clasped it convulsively at each deafening report of the cannonade. Suddenly there was a dead silence, inexplicable to them, and during which Naam began to fear all his master's plans had been unsuccessful.

The sun rose calm and radiant in the heavens; the sea was as clear as the sky. The combat was taking place between the two last islands, situated north-east of San Silvio.

The garrison of the castle were astonished and terrified at the ill-boding sound of this cannonade. A few subalterns and brave sailors had asked to be allowed to go and ascertain the cause of it. Lanza forbade their doing so under pain of death. Then the noise ceased. Doubtless Martino's galley, which was hidden by the north-west island, was sailing victoriously towards Corfu. A vessel so swift, so well armed, and so bravely defended, could not have fallen into the hands of the pirates in so short a space of time. No one troubled himself any more about her; no one, except the governor and his silent attendant. They were still leaning over the battlements of the tower. The sun shone brightly, and the same dead silence reigned around.

At last, at the fifth hour, three cannon shots were heard.

“All is right,” said Naam; “Martino is no more.”

“Two hours for plundering a vessel!” said Lanza, shrugging his shoulders. “The brutes! what could they do without me? Nothing. But now, may the thunder of heaven crush them, may the Venetian cannon sweep them off the seas, or the deep sea engulf them! I have finished with them now. They have delivered me from Martino; my harvest is reaped.”

“Master, you must now go to your wife. She is dangerously ill, they say. She has been asking for you these two hours. I have told you so several times, but you could not have heard me.”

“Say, rather, I was not listening to you. Really I have too much on my mind to trouble myself with the whims of a jealous wife! What does she want with me?”

“Master, you must grant her request. Allah curses the man who despises his legitimate wife, still more than he who ill-treats his faithful slave. You have been a good master to me; be a good husband to the Venetian lady. Now, come.”

Lanza yielded; Naam was the only person whom he would sometimes obey. It is often in the moment of assured victory that defeat, ruinous irre-

parable, is experienced. From a cloudless sky the thunder-bolt falls. Hussein had turned traitor; and Captain Lanza, instead of visiting his wife, as Naam counselled, found himself seized in the clutches of armed men. The game was up. Martino ordered him to be confined in the donjon. It is certain, however, that he was never brought to trial;—indeed, contrived to escape, with the slave Naam (the woman, that is, who liberated him in Patras). That can be easily understood, and, I believe, nothing more is certainly known of the man. Need I add, that Julietta, in proper time, became the happy wife of Count Martino; having, I suppose, obtained satisfactory evidence of the death of the man of Galway.

In editing the foregoing paper, that which has struck me, and will strike the reader, as most extraordinary, is, the facility with which the Galway gentleman became “Asiafied.” Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lord Byron, Lady Esther Stanhope, could not have manifested greater Eastern proclivity. My only purpose in printing the MS., the facts contained in which are, I believe, in the main true, is to show that military life now, and in the grand Middle Ages, are very different things.



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