

"Yes, we go," says Clive. "There is a fourth place, Viscount; will you come, too?"

"I would love it well," replies Florac, "but I am here en faction. My cousin and seigneur M. le Duc d'Ivry is coming all the way from Bagnères de Bigorre. He says he counts on me; affaires d'état."

"How pleased the duchess will be. Easy with that bag!" shouts Clive. "How pleased the princess will be." In truth he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Vous croyez; vous croyez," says M. de Florac. "As you have a fourth place I know who had best take it."

"And who is that?" asked the young traveler.

Lord Kew and Barnes Newcome, Esq., came out of the Hôtel de Hollande at this moment. Barnes slunk back, seeing Jack Belsize's hairy face. Kew ran over the bridge. "Good-bye, Clive. Good-bye, Jack." "Good-bye, Kew." It was a great handshaking. Away goes the postilion blowing his horn, and young Hannibal has left Capua behind him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MME. LA DUCHESS.

In one of Clive Newcome's letters from Baden, the young man described to me, with considerable humor and numerous illustrations, as his wont was, a great lady to whom he was presented at that watering place by his friend Lord Kew. Lord Kew had traveled in the East with M. le Duc and Mme. la Duchesse d'Ivry—the prince being an old friend of his lordship's family. He is the "Q" of Mme. d'Ivry's book of travels, "Footprints of the Gazelle, by a daughter of the Crusaders," in which she prays so fervently for Lord Kew's conversion. He is the "Q" who rescued the princess from the Arabs, and performed many a feat which lives in her glowing pages. He persists in saying that he never rescued Mme. la Princesse from any Arabs at all, except from one beggar who was bawling out for backsheesh, and whom Kew drove away with a stick. They made pilgrimages to all the holy places, and a piteous sight it was, said Lord Kew, to see the old prince in the Jerusalem processions at Easter, pacing with bare feet and a candle. Here Lord Kew separated from the prince's party. His name

does not occur in the last part of the "Footprints;" which, in truth, are filled full of strange rhapsodies, adventures which nobody ever saw but the princess, and mystic disquisitions. She hesitates at nothing, like other poets of her nation; not profoundly learned, she invents where she has not acquired; mingles together religion and the opera; and performs Parisian *pas de ballet* before the gates of monasteries and the cells of anchorites. She describes, as if she had herself witnessed the catastrophe, the passage of the Red Sea; and as if there were no doubt of the transaction, an unhappy love affair between Pharaoh's eldest son and Moses' daughter. At Cairo, apropos of Joseph's granaries, she enters into a furious tirade against Potiphar, whom she paints as an old savage, suspicious and a tyrant. They generally have a copy of the "Footprints of the Gazelle" at the circulating library at Baden, as Mme. d'Ivry constantly visits that watering place. M. le Duc was not pleased with the book, which was published entirely without his concurrence, and which he describes as one of ten thousand follies of Mme. la Duchesse.

This nobleman was five-and-forty years older than his duchess. France is the country where that sweet Christian institution of *mariage de convenance* (which so many folks of the family about which this story treats are engaged in arranging) is most in vogue. There the newspapers daily announce that M. de Foy has a *bureau de confiance* where families may arrange marriages for their sons and daughters in perfect comfort and security. It is but a question of money on one side and the other. Mademoiselle has so many francs of dot; Monsieur has such and such rentes or lands in possession or reversion, an *étude d'avoué*, a shop with a certain clientèle bringing him such and such an income, which may be doubled by the judicious addition of so much capital, and the pretty little matrimonial arrangement is concluded (the agent touching his percentage), or broken off, and nobody unhappy, and the world none the wiser. The consequences of the system I do not pretend personally to know; but if the light literature of a country is a reflex of its manners, and French novels are a picture of French life, a pretty society must that be into the midst of which the London reader may walk in twelve hours from this time of perusal, and from which only twenty miles of sea separate us.

When the old Duke d'Ivry, of the ancient nobility of France, an emigrant with Artois, a warrior with Condé, an exile dur-

ing the reign of the Corsican usurper, a grand prince, a great nobleman afterward, though shorn of nineteen-twentieths of his wealth by the Revolution—when the Duke d'Ivry lost his two sons, and his son's son likewise died, as if fate had determined to end the direct line of that noble house, which had furnished queens to Europe, and renowned chiefs to the Crusaders—being of an intrepid spirit, the Duke was ill disposed to yield to his redoubtable enemy, in spite of the cruel blows which the latter had inflicted upon him; and when he was more than sixty years of age, three months before the July Revolution broke out, a young lady of a sufficient nobility, a virgin of sixteen, was brought out of the convent of the Sacré Coeur at Paris, and married with immense splendor and ceremony to this princely widower. The most august names signed the book of the civil marriage. Mme. la Dauphine and Mme. la Duchesse de Berri complimented the young bride with royal favors. Her portrait by Dubufe was in the Exhibition next year; a charming young duchess indeed, with black eyes, and black ringlets, pearls on her neck, and diamonds in her hair, as beautiful as a princess of a fairy tale. M. d'Ivry, whose early life may have been rather oragious, was yet a gentleman perfectly well conserved. Resolute against fate his enemy (one would fancy fate was of an aristocratic turn, and took especial delight in combats with princely houses; the Atridae, the Borbonidae, the Ivrys—the Browns and Joneses being of no account), the prince seemed to be determined not only to secure a progeny, but to defy age. At sixty he was still young, or seemed to be so. His hair was as black as the princess' own, his teeth as white. If you saw him on the Boulevard de Gand, sunning himself among the youthful exquisites there, or riding au Bois, with a grace worthy of old Franconi himself, you would take him for one of the young men, of whom indeed, up to his marriage, he retained a number of the graceful follies and amusements, though his manners had a dignity acquired in the old days of Versailles and the Trianon, which the moderns cannot hope to imitate. He was as assiduous behind the scenes of the opera as any journalist, or any young dandy of twenty years. He "ranged himself" as the French phrase is, shortly before his marriage, just like any other young bachelor; took leave of Phryne and Aspasia in the *coulisses*, and proposed to devote himself henceforth to his charming young wife.

The *affreux* catastrophe of July arrived. The ancient Bour-

bons were once more on the road to exile. M. le Duc d'Ivry, who lost his place at court, his appointments, which helped his income very much, and his peerage, would no more acknowledge the usurper of Neuilly than him of Elba. The ex-peer retired to his *terres*. He barricaded his house in Paris against all supporters of the citizen King—his nearest kinsman, M. de Florac, among the rest; who for his part cheerfully took his oath of fidelity, and his seat in Louis Philippe's house of peers, having indeed been accustomed to swear to all dynasties for some years past.

In due time Mme. la Duchesse d'Ivry gave birth to a child, a daughter, whom her noble father received with but small pleasure. What the Duke desired was an heir to his name, a Prince de Montcontour, to fill the place of the sons and grandsons gone before him to join their ancestors in the tomb. No more children, however, blessed the old Duke's union. Mme. d'Ivry went the round of all the watering places; pilgrimages were tried; vows and gifts to all saints supposed to be favorable to the d'Ivry family, or to families in general; but the saints turned a deaf ear—they were inexorable since the true religion and the elder Bourbons were banished from France.

Living by themselves in their ancient castle, or their dreary mansion of the Faubourg St. Germain, I suppose the Duke and Duchess grew tired of one another, as persons who enter into a *mariage de convenance* sometimes, nay, as those who light a flaming love-match and run away with one another, will be found to do. A lady of one-and-twenty and a gentleman of sixty-six, alone in a great castle, have not unfrequently a third guest at their table, who comes without a card, and whom they cannot shut out, though they keep their doors closed ever so. His name is Ennui, and many a long hour and weary, weary night must such folks pass in the unbidden society of this Old Man of the Sea; this daily guest at the board; this watchful attendant at the fireside; this assiduous companion who *will* walk out with you; this sleepless, restless bedfellow.

At first, M. d'Ivry, that well-conserved nobleman who never would allow that he was not young, exhibited no sign of doubt regarding his own youth except an extreme jealousy and avoidance of all other young fellows. Very likely Mme. la Duchesse may have thought men in general dyed their hair, wore stays, and had the rheumatism. Coming out of the convent of the Sacré Coeur, how was the innocent young lady to know better? You see, in these *mariages de convenance*, though a cor-

onet may be convenient to a beautiful young creature, and a beautiful young creature may be convenient to an old gentleman, there are articles which the marriage-monger cannot make to convene at all; tempers over which M. de Foy and his like have no control, and tastes which cannot be put into the marriage settlements. So this couple were unhappy, and the Duke and Duchess quarreled with one another like the most vulgar pair who ever fought across a table.

In this unhappy state of home affairs, Madame took to literature, Monsieur to politics. She discovers that she has a great unappreciated soul, and when a woman finds that treasure in her bosom, of course she sets her own price on the article. Did you ever see the first poems of Mme. la Duchesse d'Ivry, "Les Cris de l'Âme?" She used to read them to her very intimate friends, in white, with her hair a good deal down her back. They had some success. Dubufe having painted her as a Duchess, Scheffer depicted her as a Muse. That was in the third year of her marriage, when she rebelled against the Duke her husband, insisted on opening her salons to art and literature, and, a fervent devotee still, proposed to unite genius and religion. Poets had interviews with her. Musicians came and twanged guitars to her. Her husband, entering her room, would fall over the saber and spurs of Count Almaviva from the boulevard, or Don Basilio with his great sombrero and shoe-buckles. The old gentleman was breathless and bewildered in following her through all her vagaries. He was of old France, she of new. What did he know of the Ecole Romantique, and these *jeunes gens* with their Marie Tudors and Tours de Nesle, and sanguineous histories of queens who sewed their lovers into sacks, emperors who had interviews with robber captains in Charlemagne's tomb, Buridans and Hermanis, and stuff? M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand was a man of genius; as a writer, certainly immortal; and M. de Lamartine was a young man extremely *bien pensant*, but, *ma foi*, give him *Crébillon, fils*, or a *bonne farce* of M. Vadé to make laugh; for the great sentiments, for the beautiful style give him M. de Lormian (although Bonapartist) or the Abbé de Lille. And for the new school! bah! these little Dumas, and Hugos, and Mussets, what is all that? "M. de Lormian shall be immortal, monsieur," he would say, "when all these *freluquets* are forgotten." After his marriage he frequented the *coulisses* of the Opera no more; but he was a pretty constant

attendant at the Théâtre Français, where you might hear him snoring over the chefs-d'oeuvre of French tragedy.

For some little time after 1830, the Duchess was as great a Carlist as her husband could wish; and they conspired together very comfortably at first. Of an adventurous turn, eager for excitement of all kinds, nothing would have better pleased the Duchess than to follow Madame in her adventurous courses in La Vendée, disguised as a boy above all. She was persuaded to stay at home, however, and aid the good cause at Paris; while M. le Duc went off to Brittany to offer his old sword to the mother of his king. But Madame was discovered up the chimney at Rennes, and all sorts of things were discovered afterward. The world said that our silly little Duchess of Paris was partly the cause of the discovery. Spies were put upon her, and to some people she would tell anything. M. le Duc, on paying his annual visit to august exiles at Goritz, was very badly received; Mme. la Dauphine gave him a sermon. He had an awful quarrel with Mme. la Duchesse on returning to Paris. He provoked M. le Comte Tiercelin, le beau Tiercelin, an officer of ordonnance of the Duke of Orleans into a duel, apropos of a cup of coffee in a salon; he actually wounded the beau Tiercelin—he, sixty-five years of age! His nephew, M. de Florac, was loud in praise of his kinsman's bravery.

That pretty figure and complexion which still appear so captivating in M. Dubufe's portrait of Mme. la Duchesse d'Ivry, have long existed, it must be owned, only in paint. "*Je la préfère à l'huile*," the Vicomte de Florac said of his cousin. "She should get her blushes from M. Dubufe—those of her present furnishers are not near so natural." Sometimes the Duchess appeared with these postiches roses, sometimes of a mortal paleness. Sometimes she looked plump, on other occasions woefully thin. "When she goes into the world," said the same chronicler, "ma cousine surrounds herself with jupons—c'est pour défendre sa vertu; when she is in a devotional mood, she gives up rouge, roast meat, and crinoline, and fait maigre absolument." To spite the Duke her husband she took up with the Vicomte de Florac, and to please herself she cast him away. She took his brother, the Abbé de Florac, for a director, and presently parted from him. "Mon frère, ce saint homme ne parle jamais de Mme. la Duchesse, maintenant," said the Vicomte. "She must have confessed to him

des choses affreuses—oh, oui!—affreuses, ma parole d'honneur!"

The Duke d'Ivry being archiroyaliste, Mme. la Duchesse must make herself ultra Philippiste. "Oh, oui! tout ce qu'il y a de plus Mme. Adélaïde au monde!" cried Florac. "She raffles of M. le Régent. She used to keep a fast of the day of the supplice of Philippe Egalité, Saint and Martyr. I say used, for to make to enrage her husband, and to recall the Abbé, my brother, did she not advise herself to consult M. le Pasteur Grigou, and to attend the preach at his Temple? When this sheep had brought her shepherd back, she dismissed the Pasteur Grigou. Then she tired of M. l'Abbé again, and my brother is come out from her, shaking his good head. Ah, she must have put things into it which astonished the good Abbé! You know he has since taken the Dominican robe? My word of honor! I believe it was terror of her that drove him into a convent. You shall see him at Rome, Clive. Give him news of his elder, and tell him this gross prodigal is repenting among the swine. My word of honor! I desire but the death of Mme. la Vicomtesse de Florac, to marry and range myself!

"After being Royalist, Philippist, Catholic, Huguenot, Mme. d'Ivry must take to Pantheism, to bearded philosophers who believe in nothing—not even in clean linen—eclecticism, republicanism, what know I? All her changes have been chronicled by books of her composition. 'Les Démons,' poem Catholic; Charles IX. is the hero, and the demons are shot for the most part at the catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. My good mother, all good Catholic as she is, was startled by the boldness of this doctrine. Then there came 'Une Dragonnade, par Mme. la Duchesse d'Ivry,' which is all on your side. That was of the time of the Pasteur Grigou, that one. The last was 'Les Dieux déçus, poëme en 20 chants, par Mme. la D—— d'I.' Guard yourself well from this Muse! If she takes a fancy to you, she will never leave you alone. If you see her often she will fancy you are in love with her, and tell her husband. She always tells my uncle—afterward—after she has quarreled with you and grown tired of you. Eh! being in London once, she had the idea to make herself a *Quakre*; wore the costume, consulted a minister of that culte, and quarreled with him, as of rule. It appears that Quakers do not beat themselves, otherwise my poor uncle must have payed of his person.

"The turn of the philosophers then came, the chemists, the

natural historians, what know I? She made a laboratory in her hotel, and rehearsed poisons like Mme. de Brinvilliers—she spent hours in the Jardin des Plantes. Since she has grown *affreusement maigre* and wears mourning robes, she has taken more than ever to the idea that she resembles Mary Queen of Scots. She wears a little frill and a little cap. Every man she loves, she says, has come to misfortune. She calls her lodgings Lochleven. Eh, I pity the landlord of Lochleven! She calls ce gros Blackball, that pillar of estaminets, that prince of manuvais-ton, her Rothwell; little Majaud, the poor little pianist, she named her Rizzio; young Lord Greenhorn, who was here with his governor, a monsieur of Oxfort, she christened her Darnley, and the minister Anglican, her John Knox! The poor man was quite enchanted! Beware of this haggard siren, my little Clive! Mistrust her dangerous song! Her cave is *jonchée* with the bones of her victims. Be you not one."

Far from causing Clive to avoid Mme. la Duchesse, these cautions very likely would have made him only the more eager to make her acquaintance, but that a much nobler attraction drew him elsewhere. At first, being introduced to Mme. d'Ivry's salon, he was pleased and flattered, and behaved himself there merrily and agreeably enough. He had not studied Horace Vernet for nothing; he drew a fine picture of Kew rescuing her from the Arabs, with a plenty of sabers, pistols, burnouses, and dromedaries. He made a pretty sketch of her little girl Antoinette, and a wonderful likeness of Miss O'Grady, the little girl's governess, the mother's dame de compagnie—Miss O'Grady, with the richest Milesian brogue, who had been engaged to give Antoinette the pure English accent. But the French lady's great eyes and painted smiles would not bear comparison with Ethel's natural brightness and beauty. Clive, who had been appointed painter in ordinary to the Queen of Scots, neglected his business, and went over to the English faction; so did one or two more of the Princess' followers, leaving her Majesty by no means well pleased at their desertion.

There had been many quarrels between M. d'Ivry and his next of kin. Political differences, private differences—a long story. The Duke, who had been wild himself, could not pardon the Vicomte de Florac for being wild. Efforts at reconciliation had been made, which ended unsuccessfully. The Vicomte de Florac had been allowed for a brief space to be

intimate with the chief of his family, and then had been dismissed for being too intimate. Right or wrong, the Duke was jealous of all young men who approached the Duchess. "He is suspicious," Mme. de Florac indignantly said, "because he remembers; and he thinks other men are like himself." The Vicomte discreetly said, "My cousin has paid me the compliment to be jealous of me," and acquiesced in his banishment with a shrug.

During the emigration the old Lord Kew had been very kind to exiles, M. d'Ivry among the number; and the nobleman was anxious to return to all Lord Kew's family, when they came to France, the hospitality which he had received himself in England. He still remembered or professed to remember Lady Kew's beauty. How many women are there, awful of aspect, at present, of whom the same pleasing legend is not narrated? It must be true, for do not they themselves confess it? I know of few things more remarkable, or suggestive of philosophic contemplation, than those physical changes.

When the old Duke and the old Countess met together and talked confidentially, their conversation bloomed into a jargon wonderful to hear. Old scandals woke up, old naughtinesses rose out of their graves, and danced, and smirked, and gibbered again, like those wicked nuns whom Bertram and Robert de Diable evoke from their sepulchers while the bassoon performs a diabolical incantation. The Brighton Pavilion was tenanted; Ranelagh and the Pantheon swarmed with dancers and masks; Perdita was found again, and walked a minuet with the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Clarke and the Duke of York danced together—a pretty dance. The old Duke wore a *jabot* and *ailles-de-pigeon* the old Countess a hoop, and a cushion on her head. If haply the young folks came in, the elders modified their recollections, and Lady Kew brought honest old King George and good old ugly Queen Charlotte to the rescue. Her ladyship was a sister of the Marquis of Steyne, and in some respects resembled that lamented nobleman. Their family had relations in France (Lady Kew had always a *piéd-à-terre* at Paris, a bitter little scandal-shop, where *les bien-pensants* assembled and retailed the most awful stories against the reigning dynasty). It was she who handed over le petit Kiou, when quite a boy, to M. and Mme. d'Ivry, to be *lancé* into Parisian society. He was treated as a son of the family by the Duke, one of whose many Christian names his lordship Francis George Xavier, Earl of Kew and Viscount Walham, bears. If

Lady Kew hated anyone (and she could hate very considerably) she hated her daughter-in-law, Walham's widow, and the Methodists who surrounded her. Kew remained among a pack of psalm-singing old women and parsons, with his mother! *Fi donc!* Frank was Lady Kew's boy, she would form him, marry him, leave him her money if he married to her liking, and show him life. And so she showed it to him.

Have you taken your children to the National Gallery in London, and shown them the "Mariage à la Mode?" Was the artist exceeding the privilege of his calling in painting the catastrophe in which those guilty people all suffer? If this fable were not true, if many and many of your young men of pleasure had not acted it, and rued the moral, I would tear the page. You know that in our nursery tales there is commonly a good fairy to counsel, and a bad one to mislead the young prince. You perhaps feel that in your own life there is a good principle imploring you to come into its kind bosom, and a bad passion which tempts you into its arms. Be of easy minds, good-natured people! Let us disdain surprises and *coups-de-théâtre* for once; and tell those good souls who are interested about him, that there is a good spirit coming to the rescue of our young Lord Kew.

Surrounded by her court and royal attendants, La Reine Marie used graciously to attend the play table, where luck occasionally declared itself for and against her Majesty. Her appearance used to create not a little excitement in the salon of roulette, the game which she patronized, it being more "fertile of emotions," than the slower *trente-et-quarante*. She dreamed of numbers, had favorite incantations by which to conjure them; noted the figures made by peals of peaches and so forth, the numbers of houses, on hackney-coaches—was superstitious *comme toutes les âmes poétiques*. She commonly brought a beautiful agate *bonbonnière*, full of gold pieces, when she played. It was wonderful to see her grimaces; to watch her behavior; her appeals to Heaven, her delight and despair. Mme. la Baronne de la Cruchecassée played on one side of her, Mme. la Comtesse de Schlangenbad on the other. When she had lost all her money her Majesty would condescend to borrow—not from those ladies—knowing the royal peculiarity, they never had any money; they always lost; they swiftly pocketed their winnings and never left a mass on the table, or quitted it, as courtiers will, when they saw luck was going against their sovereign. The officers of her household

were Count Punter, a Hanoverian, the Cavaliere Spada, Captain Blackball of a mysterious English regiment, which might be any one of the hundred and twenty in the Army List, and other noblemen and gentlemen, Greeks, Russians, and Spaniards. Mr. and Mrs. Jones (of England)—who had made the princess' acquaintance at Bagnères (where her lord still remained in the gout) and perseveringly followed her all the way to Baden—were dazzled by the splendor of the company in which they found themselves. Miss Jones wrote such letters to her dearest friend Miss Thompson, Cambridge Square, London, as caused that young person to *crever* with envy. Bob Jones, who had grown a pair of mustaches since he left home, began to think slightly of poor little Fanny Thompson, now he had got into "the best continental society." Might not he quarter a countess' coat on his brougham along with the Jones' arms, or more slap-up still, have the two shields painted on the panels with the coronet over? "Do you know the princess calls herself the Queen of Scots and she calls me Julian Avenel?" says Jones, delighted, to Clive, who wrote me about the transmogrification of our schoolfellow, an attorney's son, whom I recollected a sniveling little boy at Grey Friars. "I say, Newcome, the princess is going to establish an order," cried Bob in ecstasy. Every one of her aids-de-camp had a bunch of orders at his button, excepting, of course, poor Jones.

Like all persons who beheld her, when Miss Newcome and her party made their appearance at Baden, M. de Florac was enraptured with her beauty. "I speak of it constantly before the Duchess. I know it pleases her," so the Vicomte said. "You should have seen her looks when your friend M. Jones praised Miss Newcome! She ground her teeth with fury. Tiens, ce petit sournois de Kiou! He always spoke of her as a mere sac d'argent that he was about to marry—an ingot of the cité—une fille de Lord Maire. Have all English bankers such pearls of daughters? If the Vicomtesse de Florac had but quitted the earth, dont elle fait l'ornement—I would present myself to the charmante Meess and ride a steeple-chase with Kiou!" That he should win it the Vicomte never doubted.

When Lady Ann Newcome first appeared in the ballroom at Baden, Mme. la Duchesse d'Ivry begged the Earl of Kew (*notre filleul* she called him) to present her to his aunt Miladi and her charming daughter. "My *filleul* had not prepared me for so much grace," she said, turning a look toward Lord Kew

which caused his lordship some embarrassment. Her kindness and graciousness were extreme. Her caresses and compliments never ceased all the evening. She told the mother, and the daughter, too, that she had never seen anyone so lovely as Ethel. Whenever she saw Lady Ann's children in the walks she ran to them (so that Captain Blackball and Count Punter, A. D. C., were amazed at her tenderness), she *étouffé*d them with kisses. What lilies and roses! What lovely little creatures! What companions for her own Antoinette! "This is your governess, Miss Quigli? Mademoiselle, you must let me present you to Miss O'Grédi, your compatriot, and I hope your children will be always together." The Irish Protestant governess scowled at the Irish Catholic—there was a Boyne Water between them.

Little Antoinette, a lonely little girl, was glad to find any companions. "Mamma kisses me on the promenade," she told them in her artless way. "She never kisses me at home." One day, when Lord Kew, with Florac and Clive, was playing with the children, Antoinette said, "Pourquoi ne venez-vous plus chez nous, M. de Kew? And why does mamma say you are a *lâche*? She said so yesterday to ces Messieurs. And why does mamma say thou art only a vaurien, mon cousin? Thou art always very good for me. I love thee better than all those Messieurs. Ma tante Florac a été bonne pour moi à Paris aussi. Ah, qu'elle a été bonne!"

"C'est que les anges aiment bien les petits chérubins, and my mother is an angel, seest thou," cries Florac, kissing her.

"Thy mother is not dead," said little Antoinette; "then why dost thou cry, my cousin?" And the three spectators were touched by this little scene and speech.

Lady Ann Newcome received the carresses and compliments of Mme. la Duchesse with marked coldness on the part of one commonly so very good-natured. Ethel's instinct told her that there was something wrong in this woman, and she shrank from her with haughty reserve. The girl's conduct was not likely to please the French lady, but she never relaxed in her smiles and her compliments, her caresses, and her professions of admiration. She was present when Clara Pulleyn fell; and, prodigal of *cdlineries* and consolation, and shawls and scent-bottles, to the unhappy young lady, she would accompany her home. She inquired perpetually after the health of *cette pauvre petite*, Miss Clara. Oh, how she railed against *ces Anglaises* and their prudery! Can you fancy her and her circle,

the tea table set in the twilight that evening, the court assembled, Mme. de la Cruchecassée and Mme. de Schlangenbad; and their whiskered humble servants, Baron Punter, and Count Spada, and Marquis Iago, and Prince Iachimo, and worthy Captain Blackball? Can you fancy a moonlight conclave, and ghouls feasting on the fresh corpse of a reputation; the gibes and sarcasms, the laughing and the gnashing of teeth? How they tear the dainty limbs and relish the tender morsels!

"The air of this place is not good for you, believe me, my little Kiou; it is dangerous. Have pressing affairs in England. Let your château burn down; or your intendant run away, and pursue him. Partez, mon petit Kiou; partez, or evil will come of it." Such was the advice which a friend of Lord Kew gave the young nobleman.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BARNES' COURTSHIP.

Ethel had made various attempts to become intimate with her future sister-in-law; had walked, and ridden, and talked with Lady Clara before Barnes' arrival. She had come away not very much impressed with respect for Lady Clara's mental powers; indeed, we have said that Miss Ethel was rather more prone to attack women than to admire them, and was a little hard upon the fashionable young persons of her acquaintance and sex. In after life care and thought subdued her pride, and she learned to look at society more good-naturedly; but at this time, and for some years after, she was impatient of commonplace people, and did not choose to conceal her scorn. Lady Clara was very much afraid of her. Those timid little thoughts, which would come out, and frisk and gambol with pretty graceful antics, and advance confidently at the sound of Jack Belsize's jolly voice, and nibble crumbs out of his hand, shrank away before Ethel, severe nymph with the bright eyes, and hid themselves under the thickets and in the shade. Who has not overheard a simple couple of girls, or of lovers possibly, pouring out their little hearts, laughing at their own little jokes, prattling and prattling away unceasingly, until mamma appears with her awful didactic countenance, or the

governess with her dry moralities, and the colloquy straightway ceases, the laughter stops, the chirp of the harmless little birds is hushed? Lady Clara being of a timid nature, stood in as much awe of Ethel as of her father and mother; whereas her next sister, a brisk young creature of seventeen, who was of the order of romps or tomboys, was by no means afraid of Miss Newcome, and indeed a much greater favorite with her than her placid elder sister.

Young ladies may have been crossed in love, and have had their sufferings, their frantic moments of grief and tears, their wakeful nights, and so forth; but it is only in very sentimental novels that people occupy themselves perpetually with that passion; and, I believe, what are called broken hearts are very rare articles indeed. Tom is jilted—is for a while in a dreadful state—bores all his male acquaintances with his groans and his frenzy—rallies from the complaint—eats his dinner very kindly—takes an interest in the next turf event and is found at Newmarket, as usual, bawling out the odds which he will give or take. Miss has her paroxysm and recovery—Mme. Crinoline's new importations from Paris interest the young creature—she deigns to consider whether pink or blue will become her most—she conspires with her maid to make the spring morning dresses answer for the autumn—she resumes her books, piano, and music (giving up certain songs perhaps that she used to sing)—she waltzes with the Captain—gets a color—waltzes longer, better, and ten times quicker than Lucy, who is dancing with the Major—replies in an animated manner to the Captain's delightful remarks—takes a little supper—and looks quite kindly at him before she pulls up the carriage windows.

Clive may not like his cousin Barnes Newcome, and many other men share in that antipathy, but all ladies do not. It is a fact that Barnes, when he likes, can make himself a very pleasant fellow. He is dreadfully satirical, that is certain; but many persons are amused by these dreadfully satirical young men; and to hear fun made of our neighbors, even of some of our friends, does not make us very angry. Barnes is one of the very best waltzers in all society, that is the truth; whereas it must be confessed Some One Else was very heavy and slow, his great foot always crushing you, and he always begging your pardon. Barnes whirls a partner round the room ages after she is ready to faint. What wicked fun he makes of other people when he stops! He is not handsome, but in his