

enemy of England" engraved upon his early tomb. He was skilled at billiards and dominoes, adroit in the use of arms, of unquestionable courage and fierceness. Mr. Jones of England was afraid of M. de Castellonnes, and cowered before his scowls and sarcasms. Captain Blackball, the other English aid-de-camp of the Duchesse d'Ivry, a warrior of undoubted courage, who had been "on the ground" more than once, gave him a wide berth, and wondered what the little beggar meant when he used to say, "Since the days of the Prince Noir, monsieur, my family has been at feud with l'Angleterre!" His family were grocers at Bordeaux, and his father's name was M. Cabasse. Cabasse had married a noble in the revolutionary times, and the son at Paris called himself Victor Cabasse de Castellonnes; then Victor C. de Castellonnes; then M. de Castellonnes. One of the followers of the Black Prince had insulted a lady of the house of Castellonnes, when the English were lords of Guienne; hence our friend's wrath against the Leopard. He had written, and afterward dramatized, a terrific legend describing the circumstances, and the punishment of the Briton by a knight of the Castellonnes family. A more awful coward never existed in a melodrama than that felon English knight. His *blanche fille*, of course, died of hopeless love for the conquering Frenchman, her father's murderer. The paper in which the feuilleton appeared died at the sixth number of the story. The theater of the Boulevard refused the drama; so the author's rage against *Vinifame Albion* was yet unappeased. On beholding Miss Newcome, Victor had fancied a resemblance between her and Agnes de Calverly, the *blanche Mees* of his novel and drama, and cast an eye of favor upon the young creature. He even composed verses in her honor (for I presume that the "Miss Betti" and the Princess Crimhilde of the poems which he subsequently published, were no other than Miss Newcome, and the Duchess, her rival.) He had been one of the lucky gentlemen who had danced with Ethel on the previous evening. On the occasion of the ball he came to her with a high-flown compliment, and a request to be once more allowed to waltz with her—a request to which he expected a favorable answer, thinking, no doubt, that his wit, his powers of conversation, and the *amour qui flambait dans son regard*, had had their effect upon the charming Mees. Perhaps he had a copy of the very verse in his breast-pocket, with which he intended to complete his work of fascination. For her sake alone, he had been heard to say that he would

enter into a truce with England, and forget the hereditary wrongs of his race.

But the *blanche Mees* on this evening declined to waltz with him. His compliments were not of the least avail. He retired with them and his unuttered verses in his crumpled bosom. Miss Newcome only danced in one quadrille, with Lord Kew, and left the party quite early, to the despair of many of the bachelors, who lost the fairest ornament of their ball.

Lord Kew, however, had been seen walking with her in public, and particularly attentive to her during her brief appearance in the ballroom; and the old Dowager, who regularly attended all places of amusement, and was at twenty parties and six dinners the week before she died, thought fit to be particularly gracious to Mme. d'Ivry upon this evening, and far from shunning the Duchess' presence or being rude to her, as on former occasions, was entirely smiling and good-humored. Lady Kew, too, thought there had been a reconciliation between Ethel and her cousin. Lady Ann had given her mother some account of the handshaking. Kew's walk with Ethel, the quadrille which she had danced with him alone, induced the elder lady to believe that matters had been made up between the young people.

So, by way of showing the Duchess that her little shot of the morning had failed in its effect, as Frank left the room with his cousin, Lady Kew gayly hinted, "that the young earl was aux petits soins with Miss Ethel; that she was sure her old friend, the Duc d'Ivry, would be glad to hear that his godson was about to range himself. He would settle down on his estates. He would attend to his duties as an English peer and a country gentleman. "We shall go home," says the benevolent Countess, "and kill the veau gras, and you shall see our dear prodigal will become a very quiet gentleman."

The Duchess said "My Lady Kew's plan was most edifying. She was charmed to hear that Lord Kew loved veal; there were some who thought that meat rather insipid." A waltzer came to claim her hand at this moment; and as she twirled round the room upon that gentleman's arm, wafting odors as she moved, her pink silks, pink feathers, pink ribbons making a mighty rustling, the Countess of Kew had the satisfaction of thinking that she had planted an arrow in that shriveled little waist which Count Punter's arms embraced, and had returned the stab which Mme. d'Ivry had delivered in the morning.

Mr. Barnes and his elect bride had also appeared, danced, and disappeared. Lady Kew soon followed her young ones; and the ball went on very gayly, in spite of the absence of these respectable personages.

Being one of the managers of the entertainment, Lord Kew returned to it after conducting Lady Ann and her daughter to their carriage, and now danced with great vigor and with his usual kindness, selecting those ladies whom other waltzers rejected because they were too old, or too plain, or too stout, or what not. But he did not ask Mme. d'Ivry to dance. He could condescend to dissemble so far as to hide the pain which he felt: but did not care to engage in that more advanced hypocrisy of friendship, which, for her part, his old grandmother had not shown the least scruple in assuming.

Among other partners, my lord selected that intrepid waltzer, the Gräfinn von Gumpelheim, who, in spite of her age, size, and large family, never lost a chance of enjoying her favorite recreation. "Look with what camel my lord waltzes," said M. Victor to Mme. d'Ivry, whose slim waist he had the honor of embracing to the same music. "What man but an Englishman would ever select such a dromedary?"

"*Avant de se marier,*" said Mme. d'Ivry, "*il faut avouer que my lord se permet d'énormes distractions.*"

"My lord marries himself! And when and whom?" cries the Duchess' partner.

"Miss Newcome. Do you not approve of his choice? I thought the eyes of Stenio [the Duchess called Mr. Victor, Stenio] looked with some favor upon that little person. She is handsome, even very handsome. Is it not so, often, in life, Stenio? Are not youth and innocence (I give Miss Ethel the compliment of her innocence, now, surtout, that the little painter is dismissed)—are we not cast into the arms of jaded roués? Tender young flowers, are we not torn from our convent gardens, and flung into a world of which the air poisons our pure life, and withers the sainted buds of hope and love and faith? Faith! The mocking world tramples on it, *n'est-ce pas?* Love! The brutal world strangles the heaven-born infant at its birth. Hope! It smiled at me in my little convent chamber, played among the flowers which I cherished, warbled with the birds that I loved. But it quitted me at the door of the world, Stenio. It folded its white wings and veiled its radiant face! In return for my young love, they gave me—sixty years, the dregs of a selfish heart, egotism

cowering over its fire, and cold, for all its mantle of ermine! In place of the sweet flowers of my young years, they gave me these, Stenio!" and she pointed to her feathers and her artificial roses. "Oh, I should like to crush them under my feet!" and she put out the neatest little slipper. The Duchess was great upon her wrongs, and paraded her blighted innocence to everyone who would feel interested by that piteous spectacle. The music here burst out more swiftly and melodiously than before; the pretty little feet forgot their desire to trample upon the world. She shrugged the lean little shoulders—"Eh!" said the Queen of Scots, "*dansons et oublions;*" and Stenio's arm once more surrounded her fairy waist (she called herself a fairy; other ladies called her a skeleton), and they whirled away in the waltz again; and presently she and Stenio came bumping up against the stalwart Lord Kew and the ponderous Mme. de Gumpelheim, as a wherry dashes against the oaken ribs of a steamer.

The little couple did not fall; they were struck on to a neighboring bench, luckily; but there was a laugh at the expense of Stenio and the Queen of Scots—and Lord Kew, settling his panting partner on to a seat, came up to make excuses for his awkwardness to the lady who had been its victim. At the laugh produced by the catastrophe, the Duchess' eyes gleamed with anger.

"M. de Castillonnes," she said to her partner, "have you had any quarrel with that Englishman?"

"With *ce milor?* But no," said Stenio. "He did it on purpose. There has been no day but his family has insulted me!" hissed out the Duchess, and at this moment Lord Kew came up to make his apologies. He asked a thousand pardons of Mme. la Duchesse for being so "*maladroit.*"

"*Maladroit! et très maladroit, monsieur,*" says Stenio, curling his mustache. "*C'est bien le mot, monsieur.*"

"Also, I make my excuses to Mme. la Duchesse, which I hope she will receive," said Lord Kew. The Duchess shrugged her shoulders and sunk her head.

"When one does not know how to dance, one ought not to dance," continued the Duchess' knight.

"Monsieur is very good to give me lessons in dancing," said Lord Kew.

"Any lessons which you please, *milor,*" cried Stenio; "and everywhere where you will them."

Lord Kew looked at the little man with surprise. He could not understand so much anger for so trifling an accident, which happens a dozen times in every crowded ball. He again bowed to the Duchess, and walked away.

"This is your Englishman—your Kew, whom you vaunt everywhere," said Stenio to M. le Florac, who was standing by and witnessed the scene. "Is he simply *bête*, or is he poltroon as well? I believe him to be both."

"Silence, Victor!" cried Florac, seizing his arm and drawing him away. "You know me, and that I am neither one nor the other. Believe my word, that my Lord Kew wants neither courage nor wit!"

"Will you be my witness, Florac?" continues the other.

"To make him your excuses? Yes. It is you who have insulted—"

"Yes, *parbleu*, I have insulted!" says the Gascon.

"A man who never willingly offended soul alive. A man full of heart, the most frank, the most loyal. I have seen him put to the proof, and believe me, he is all I say."

"Eh, so much the better for me!" cried the southron. "I shall have the honor of meeting a gallant man; and there will be two on the field."

"They are making a tool of you, my poor Gascon," said M. de Florac, who saw Mme. d'Ivry's eyes watching the couple. She presently took the arm of the noble Count de Punter, and went for fresh air into the adjoining apartment, where play was going on as usual; and Lord Kew and his friend Lord Rooster were pacing the room apart from the gamblers.

My Lord Rooster, at something which Kew said, looked puzzled, and said, "Pooh, stuff, damned little Frenchman! Confounded nonsense!"

"I was searching you, *milor!*" said Mme. d'Ivry, in a most winning tone, tripping behind him with her noiseless little feet. "Allow me a little word. Your arm! You used to give it me once, *mon filleul!* I hope you think nothing of the rudeness of M. de Castillonnes; he is a foolish Gascon; he must have been too often to the buffet this evening."

Lord Kew said, No, indeed, he thought nothing of M. de Castillonnes' rudeness.

"I am so glad! These heroes of the *salle d'armes* have not the commonest manners. These Gascons are always *flam-berge au vent*. What would the charming Miss Ethel say, if she heard of the dispute?"

"Indeed there is no reason why she should hear of it," said Lord Kew, "unless some obliging friend should communicate it to her."

"Communicate it to her—the poor dear! who would be so cruel as to give her pain?" asked the innocent Duchess. "Why do you look at me so, Frank?"

"Because I admire you," said her interlocutor, with a bow. "I have never seen Mme. la Duchesse to such advantage as to-day."

"You speak in enigmas! Come back with me to the ballroom. Come and dance with me once more. You used to dance with me. Let us have one waltz more, Kew. And then, and then, in a day or two I shall go back to M. le Duc, and tell him that his *filleul* is going to marry the fairest of all Englishwomen; and to turn hermit in the country, and orator in the Chamber of Peers. You have wit! ah, sir—you have wit!" And she led back Lord Kew, rather amazed himself at what he was doing, into the ballroom; so that the good-natured people who were there, and who beheld them dancing, could not refrain from clapping their hands at the sight of this couple.

The Duchess danced as if she was bitten by that Neapolitan spider which, according to the legend, is such a wonderful dance inciter. She would have the music quicker and quicker. She sank on Kew's arm, and clung on his support. She poured out all the light of her languishing eyes into his face. Their glances rather confused than charmed him. But the bystanders were pleased; they thought it so good-hearted of the Duchess, after the little quarrel, to make a public avowal of reconciliation!

Lord Rooster looking on, at the entrance of the dancing room, over M. de Florac's shoulder, said, "It's all right! She's a clipper to dance, the little Duchess."

"The viper!" said Florac, "how she writhes!"

"I suppose that business with the Frenchman is all over?" says Lord Rooster. "Confounded piece of nonsense!"

"You believe it finished? We shall see!" said Florac, who perhaps knew his fair cousin better. When the waltz was over, Kew led his partner to a seat, and bowed to her; but though she made room for him at her side, pointing to it and gathering up her rustling robes so that he might sit down, he moved away, his face full of gloom. He never wished to be near her again. There was something more odious to him in

her friendship than her hatred. He knew hers was the hand that had dealt that stab at him and Ethel in the morning. He went back and talked with his two friends in the doorway.

"Couch yourself, my little Kiou," said Florac. "You are all pale. You were best in bed, mon garçon!"

"She has made me promise to take her in to supper," Kew said, with a sigh.

"She will poison you," said the other. "Why have they abolished the roue chez nous? My word of honor, they should re-establish it for this woman."

"There is one in the next room," said Kew, with a laugh. "Come, Vicomte, let us try our fortune," and he walked back into the play room.

That was the last night on which Lord Kew ever played a gambling game. He won constantly. The double zero seemed to obey him, so that the croupiers wondered at his fortune. Florac backed it; saying, with the superstition of a gambler, "I am sure something goes to arrive to this boy." From time to time M. de Florac went back to the dancing room, leaving his *mise* under Kew's charge. He always found his heaps increased; indeed the worthy Vicomte wanted a turn of luck in his favor. On one occasion he returned with a grave face, saying to Lord Rooster, "She has the other one in hand. We're going to see."

"Trente-six encor! et rouge gagne," cried the croupier with his nasal tone.

M. de Florac's pockets overflowed with double Napoleons, and he stopped his play, luckily, for Kew, putting down his winnings once, twice, thrice, lost them all.

When Lord Kew had left the dancing room, Mme. d'Ivry saw Stenio following him with fierce looks, and called back that bearded bard. "You were going to pursue M. de Kew," she said, "I knew you were. Sit down here, sir," and she patted him down on her seat with her fan.

"Do you wish that I should call him back, madame?" said the poet, with the deepest tragic accents.

"I can bring him when I want him, Victor," said the lady.

"Let us hope others will be equally fortunate," the Gascon said, with one hand in his breast, the other stroking his mustache.

"Fie, monsieur, que vous sentez le tabac! Je vous le défends. Entendez-vous, monsieur?"

"Pourtant, I have seen the day when Mme. la Duchesse

did not disdain a cigar," said Victor. "If the odor incommodes, permit that I retire."

"And you also would quit me, Stenio? Do you think I did not mark your eyes toward Miss Newcome? your anger when she refused you to dance? Ah! we see all. A woman does not deceive herself, do you see? You send me beautiful verses, poet. You can write as well of a statue or a picture, of a rose or a sunset, as of the heart of a woman. You were angry just now because I danced with M. de Kew. Do you think in a woman's eyes jealousy is unpardonable?"

"You know how to provoke it, madame," continued the tragedian.

"Monsieur," replied the lady, with dignity, "am I to render you an account of all my actions, and ask your permission for a walk?"

"In fact, I am but the slave, madame," groaned the Gascon; "I am not the master."

"You are a very rebellious slave, monsieur," continues the lady, with a pretty *moue*, and a glance of the large eyes artfully brightened by her rouge. "Suppose—suppose I danced with M. de Kew, not for his sake—Heaven knows to dance with him is not a pleasure—but for yours; suppose I do not want a foolish quarrel to proceed; suppose I know that he is ni sot ni poltron, as you pretend. I overheard you, sir, talking with one of the basest of men, my good cousin, M. de Florac, but it is not of him I speak. Suppose I know the Comte de Kew to be a man, cold and insolent, ill-bred and grossier, as the men of his nation are—but one who lacks no courage—one who is terrible when roused; might I have no occasion to fear, not for him, but——"

"But for me? Ah, Marie! Ah, madame! Believe you that a man of my blood will yield a foot to any Englishman? Do you know the story of my race? do you know that since my childhood I have vowed hatred to that nation? Tenez, madame; this M. Jones who frequents your salon, it was but respect for you that has enabled me to keep my patience with this stupid islander. This Captain Blackball, whom you distinguish, who certainly shoots well, who mounts well to horse. I have always thought his manners were those of the marker of a billiard. But I respect him because he has made war with Don Carlos against the English. But this young M. de Kew, his laugh crisps me in the nerves; his insolent air makes me bound; in beholding him I said to myself, I hate you; think

whether I love him better after having seen him as I did but now, madame!" Also, but this Victor did not say, he thought Kew had laughed at him at the beginning of the evening, when the *Blanche Mees* had refused to dance with him.

"Ah, Victor, it is not him, but you that I would save," said the Duchess. And the people round about, and the Duchess herself afterward said, yes, certainly, she had a good heart. She entreated Lord Kew; she implored M. Victor; she did everything in her power to appease the quarrel between him and the Englishman.

After the ball came the supper, which was laid at separate little tables, where parties of half a dozen enjoyed themselves. Lord Kew was of the Duchess' party, where our Gascon friend had not a seat. But being one of the managers of the entertainment, his lordship went about from table to table, seeing that the guests at each lacked nothing. He supposed, too, that the dispute with the Gascon had possibly come to an end; at any rate, disagreeable as the other's speech had been, he had resolved to put up with it, not having the least inclination to drink the Frenchman's blood, or to part with his own on so absurd a quarrel. He asked people, in his good-natured way, to drink wine with him; and catching M. Victor's eyes scowling at him from a distant table, he sent a waiter with a champagne bottle to his late opponent, and lifted his glass as a friendly challenge. The waiter carried the message to M. Victor, who, when he heard it, turned up his glass, and folded his arms in a stately manner. "M. de Castillonnes dit qu'il refuse, milor," said the waiter, rather scared. "He charged me to bring that message to milor." Florac ran across to the angry Gascon. It was not while at Mme. d'Ivry's table that Lord Kew sent his challenge and received his reply; his duties as steward had carried him away from that pretty early.

Meanwhile the glimmering dawn peered into the windows of the refreshment room, and behold, the sun broke in and scared the revelers. The ladies scurried away like so many ghosts at cock-crow, some of them not caring to face that detective luminary. Cigars had been lighted ere this; the men remained smoking them, with those sleepless German waiters still bringing fresh supplies of drink. Lord Kew gave the Duchesse d'Ivry his arm, and was leading her out; M. de Castillonnes stood scowling directly in their way, upon which, with rather an abrupt turn of the shoulder, and a "Pardon, monsieur," Lord Kew pushed by, and conducted the Duchess

to her carriage. She did not in the least see what had happened between the two gentlemen in the passage; she ogled, and nodded, and kissed her hands quite affectionately to Kew as the fly drove away.

Florac, in the meanwhile, had seized his compatriot, who had drunk champagne copiously with others, if not with Kew, and was in vain endeavoring to make him hear reason. The Gascon was furious; he vowed that Lord Kew had struck him. "By the tomb of my mother," he bellowed, "I swear I will have his blood!" Lord Rooster was bawling out, "D— him, carry him to bed, and shut him up;" which remarks Victor did not understand, or two victims would doubtless have been sacrificed on his mamma's mausoleum.

When Kew came back (as he was only too sure to do), the little Gascon rushed forward with a glove in his hand, and having an audience of smokers round about him, made a furious speech about England, leopards, cowardice, insolent islanders, and Napoleon at St. Helena; and demanded reason for Kew's conduct during the night. As he spoke, he advanced toward Lord Kew, glove in hand, and lifted it as if he was actually going to strike.

"There is no need for further words," said Lord Kew, taking his cigar out of his mouth. "If you don't drop that glove upon my word I will pitch you out of the window. Ha! . . . Pick the man up, somebody. You'll bear witness, gentlemen, I couldn't help myself. If he wants me in the morning, he knows where to find me."

"I declare that my Lord Kew has acted with great forbearance, and under the most brutal provocation—the most brutal provocation, entendez-vous, M. Cabasse?" cried out M. de Florac, rushing forward to the Gascon, who had now risen; "Monsieur's conduct has been unworthy of a Frenchman and a galant homme."

"D— it, he has had it on his nob, though," said Lord Viscount Rooster laconically.

"Ah, Roosterre! ceci n'est pas pour rire," Florac cried sadly, as they both walked away with Lord Kew; "I wish that first blood was all that was to be shed in this quarrel."

"Gaw! how he did go down!" cried Rooster, convulsed with laughter.

"I am very sorry for it," said Kew, quite seriously; "I couldn't help it. God forgive me." And he hung down his head. He thought of the past, and its levities, and punish-

ment coming after him *pede claudo*. It was with all his heart the contrite young man said "God forgive me." He would take what was to follow as the penalty of what had gone before.

"Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, mon pauvre Kiou," said his French friend. And Lord Rooster, whose classical education had been much neglected, turned round and said, "Hullo, mate, what ship's that?"

Viscount Rooster had not been two hours in bed, when the Count de Punter (formerly of the Black Jägers), waited upon him upon the part of M. de Castellonnes and the Earl of Kew, who had referred him to the Viscount to arrange matters for a meeting between them. As the meeting must take place out of the Baden territory, and they ought to move before the police prevented them, the Count proposed that they should at once make for France, where, as it was an affair of honor, they would assuredly be let to enter without passports.

Lady Ann and Lady Kew heard that the gentlemen, after the ball, had all gone out on a hunting party, and were not alarmed for four-and-twenty hours at least. On the next day none of them returned; and on the day after, the family heard that Lord Kew had met with rather a dangerous accident; but all the town knew that he had been shot by M. de Castellonnes on one of the islands on the Rhine, opposite Kehl, where he was now lying.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ACROSS THE ALPS.

Our discursive muse must now take her place in the little britzska in which Clive Newcome and his companions are traveling, and across the Alps in that vehicle, beholding the snows on St. Gothard, and the beautiful region through which the Ticino rushes on its way to the Lombard lakes, and the great corn-covered plains of the Milanese; and that royal city, with the cathedral for its glittering crown, only less magnificent than the imperial dome at Rome. I have some long letters from Mr. Clive, written during this youthful tour, every step of which, from the departure at Baden, to the gate of Milan, he describes as beautiful; and doubtless, the delight-

ful scenes through which the young man went, had their effect in soothing any private annoyances with which his journey commenced. The aspect of nature, in that fortunate route which he took, is so noble and cheering that our private affairs and troubles shrink away abashed before that serene splendor. Oh, sweet, peaceful scene of azure lake and snow-crowned mountain, so wonderfully lovely in your aspect that it seems like heaven almost, and as if grief and care could not enter it! What young Clive's private cares were I knew not as yet in those days; and he kept them out of his letters; it was only in the intimacy of future life that some of these pains were revealed to me.

Some three months after taking leave of Miss Ethel, our young gentleman found himself at Rome, with his friend Ridley still for a companion. Many of us, young or middle-aged, have felt that delightful shock which the first sight of the great city inspires. There is one other place of which the view strikes one with an emotion even greater than that with which we look at Rome, where Augustus was reigning when He saw the day, whose birth-place is separated but by a hill or two from the awful gates of Jerusalem. Who that has beheld both can forget the first aspect of either? At the end of years the emotion occasioned by the sight still thrills in your memory, and it smites you as at the moment when you first viewed it.

The business of the present novel, however, lies neither with priest nor pagan, but with Mr. Clive Newcome, and his affairs, and his companions at this period of his life. Nor, if the gracious reader expects to hear of cardinals in scarlet, and noble Roman princes and princesses, will he find such in this history. The only noble Roman into whose mansion our friend got admission was the Prince Polonia, whose footmen wear the liveries of the English royal family, who gives gentlemen and even painters cash upon good letters of credit; and, once or twice in a season, opens his Transtiberine palace and treats his customers to a ball. Our friend Clive used jocularly to say he believed there were no Romans. There were priests in portentous hats; there were friars with shaven crowns; there were the sham peasantry, who dressed themselves out in masquerade costumes, with bagpipe and goat-skin, with crossed leggings and scarlet petticoats, who let themselves out to artists at so many pauls per sitting; but he never passed a Roman's door except to buy a cigar or to purchase a handkerchief. Thither as elsewhere, we carry our