

a prayer,—the words died in her utterance. Her thoughts of the Deity and of her children vanished from her mind, and were replaced by that of Alfred taunting her to destruction; and the sound of his last words again rung in her ears. Springing on her feet, she rushed to her dressing-table, and seizing a phial of opium, uttering aloud, “Alfred! my death be on your head!” she swallowed the contents. Her head soon became dizzy, every object swam around her, and falling senseless on the carpet, her sorrows and her guilt were buried in oblivion!

CHAPTER X.

AFTER the scene with Lady Catesby, Alfred sought the earliest opportunity of communicating his project to the Baroness, who had, he knew, considerable influence over Emily, and whom he found seated in her *boudoir*. As he approached, she exclaimed, “Oh! there you are, *Barbaro Tiranno, Crudel Vincitor!* why we have had Lady Catesby in fits, *grandissima scena*;—there was the *marito* in an agony with Eau de Cologne and æther, and the new Cavaliere, Lord Tauton, in tears. ‘*O quante lagrime snor’ versai!*’ and you, Sir, where were you? Oh, I am certain you have been playing the cruel! or else Sir Lawrence and the *prima donna* have been quarrelling. But tell me all about it;—there, sit down, and do not look so very good. Now for the *premier coup d’archet*.”

“Upon my word,” replied Alfred, as soon as the Baroness gave herself time to take breath, “indeed I am shocked to hear Lady Catesby has been taken ill, but I am completely ignorant of the cause; in fact, I have scarcely spoken to her twice during the whole day: and instead of quarrelling with Sir Lawrence, she appeared to have been seized with a sudden fit of conjugal tenderness. She scarcely left his side for a moment during the whole day; and, between ourselves, that was enough to have made any one ill.”

"Oh, but I think him excessively agreeable," rejoined the Baroness.

"No wonder," returned Alfred; "he is not your husband."

After a few more observations, Alfred succeeded in bringing the conversation round to his cousin, and then recounted all the particulars of Herbert's adventure at Lisbon: expressing, with every appearance of sincerity and feeling, not only his horror at the atrocious conduct of Perez, but his own distress at the idea of having recommended so great a villain to Herbert. His good-natured audistress listened with great attention and sympathy to the details of this affair, and merely interrupted him now and then by exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Alfred, it is too shocking! It would have been such a pity if he had been killed, he sings so well! Poor fellow! I am enchanted at his escape; I shall now have Moretti's last composition." And as soon as Alfred had brought his recital to a close, she added, "Poor dear Emily! what a state she must have been in when she heard the report. Oh, there she is! I must run to her, and tell her all about it. Let me see, you said seven briganti, and he had both his hands tied, and then the Spanish lady trying to hang him from jealousy, and his great poodle dog biting the rope.—Oh, I must get some poodle dogs!"

"I will give you mine," answered Alfred, laughing at the extraordinary confusion which the volatile Lady had made of his story.

"What, your beast *Poco-Curante*, I would rather be assassinated than admit him again into the house, he howls so dreadfully when the Baron accompanies me on the bassoon;—but I am enchanted to hear that poor Herbert is coming home, I was so dreadfully afraid about my music, and Emily—"

"Emily!" exclaimed Alfred, interrupting her; "what, in the world, has Miss Manby to do with your music?"

"Oh, my dear Sir," retorted the Baroness, "you confuse every thing; why, Emily is in love with Herbert to the death; her old Duenna, Mrs Walden, told it me as a great secret;—by-the-by, what a charming couple they would make; I wish we could bring them together, they

would improve so much by practising, their voices harmonize perfectly."

"That is the very subject I wished to consult you upon," was Alfred's reply.

When once upon the subject of music, of which the Baroness was passionately fond, nothing could avert her thoughts to any thing else, and she therefore now launched forth on her favourite topic.

"I am very glad you agree with me on this point," said she, "for I think some of her low notes equal to any thing I remember of Grassini: did you ever hear her in '*Parto, ti lascio addio!*' how delightfully they would sing that together! Ah, my dear Sir, with all your lessons from Tremmezani, you never will have such execution as Herbert: what a splendid tenor; his B flat is *impayable*. Ah, ah! you and Lady Cat. never will produce such an effect in your little duetts. In fact, we must bring them together."

"Why, my dear Baroness," exclaimed Alfred, "if you will but listen to me an instant, you will find that it only requires your mediation and influence to unite them at once; for I am more anxious than you can imagine, that Herbert, who has been attached to Miss Manby for years—"

"*Sempre fedele a te!*" exclaimed the Baroness; "but go on."

"Well," continued Alfred, "I am naturally most desirous that the poor *tenor* should not (against every operative rule) die of love, after having escaped all the dangers of his Lisbon adventure."

"What! is he really and seriously in love?" quickly replied the Baroness; "then it is all settled. I will take upon myself to arrange every thing; I will propose for him at once to Emily; then we shall have '*Noce et Festin,*' and we will get up a little opera *d'occasion*, '*Le nozze dei Harmonici,*' and Lord Barriton shall arrange the music. By-the-by, I hope he will allow Morlachi, or Rossini, or Picini, to compose the *whole* of his next production; for the small portion of his own in his '*Morte de Eleopatra,*' made one suffer as much pain as the Queen herself."

"But, my dear Baroness, rejoined Alfred, "we must

first get up the marriage, before we think of arranging the opera."

"Why, where is the difficulty? She sings divinely, is rich, beautiful, and a very dear-good girl; he will have a splendid fortune, is one of the handsomest creatures in London, and they are in love—what more can be wanting to ensure their happiness?"

"There exist greater difficulties than you are aware of," answered Alfred: "in the first place, my uncle, from some unknown cause, entertains the greatest dislike to Miss Manby, and appears to have as great an enmity to her as he had to her foster-father; and I have reason to fear that he would at first object to their union."

"What fun," rejoined the Baroness, "it would be to make them run away,—an *enlèvement* would be delightful!"

"Well then," answered Alfred, "if you will undertake to persuade Emily to consent to such a measure, I will, on my part, engage that Herbert shall carry her off; and although Sir Herbert may be a little angry at first, yet I have grounds for asserting that he would quickly relent and forgive them; and then, my dear Baroness, you and I shall have the satisfaction of being instrumental to their happiness: it is the only means within my power to show my regard and affection for Herbert."

"Instrumental!" exclaimed the lady, "and vocal too! It will be charming—it will make such a delightful little opera. Testarossa shall write the poetry, Barriton bespeak the music, and the Baron shall design the costumes. Let me see; Herbert, as *primo tenor*, may introduce "*Solo per te ben mio!*" then Emily, *prima donna Cantante*, may sing "*Se il genitor mi toglie colei che m'innamora*" then the duet from "*Isolina and Tebaldo*," "*Che dici ah no,*" will suit them delightfully. Then that cross Mr. Rookby, as the *Crudel Padre*, will make an admirable *basso*; and for the underplot, you, as a kind of *Leporello*, may flirt a little in recitative with Lady Cat. as my *cameriera*; and I will be the Princess who unites the couple."

Here the Baroness was interrupted in her operatic *programmé* by Alfred, who said "Do, for heaven's sake! be serious for one moment, and tell me if I may rely upon your endeavours to obtain Emily's consent to marry

Herbert; I, for my part, will guarantee that Sir Herbert pardons them within a month."

"If you are confident, Alfred, that the old Rajah will relent, I will do all in my power to persuade Emily. But, dear girl!" added the Baroness, with more forethought than she was wont to consider these matters, "I should be sorry to urge her to take any step which might affect her future happiness. To be sure, she has no father, no relation to consult; she is her own mistress; but I know her so well, that she would not, I am convinced, gratify her own love for Herbert, at the expense of drawing his father's anger upon his head. But as you assure me this will not be the case, I will use all my influence to induce her to make my *tenor* happy."

"How kind of you, my dear Baroness!" replied Alfred; "how grateful Herbert will be! to your kind mediation he will be indebted for his happiness. The moment he arrives I shall set him to work, and I hope in the course of two or three months we may rehearse our opera."

"Here comes Lady Milton!" exclaimed the good-natured hostess: "I shall tell her of our plan; and as I know she doats upon Emily—"

"Not a word, my dear Baroness, to my aunt, as you value poor Herbert's success," here interposed Alfred, alarmed at his friend's suggestion.

"She ought not to be acquainted with the business; for, naturally, as she is aware of Sir Herbert's objections, she would interfere, and Herbert would never have courage to disobey her, though the certain happiness to himself and Emily was the result."

"Very true, very true!" replied the other, "we will arrange the whole matter between ourselves; and now I must go and congratulate your aunt on the *tenor's* fortunate escape."

The Baroness immediately ran towards Lady Milton, and poured forth a volume of compliments and congratulations, which were most pleasing to the latter; whose affection and pride in her son were augmented, if possible, by the details which had reached her of his gallant conduct upon the distressing occasion.

After conversing a few minutes with his aunt, Alfred

proceeded in search of Emily, and resolving to make an experiment to obtain her confidence, or at all events to show her that he was not ignorant of her attachment for Herbert. He no sooner saw her, than he said, "I rarely dance; but if Miss Manby will do me the honour of waltzing with me, I will endeavour to brush up my steps, were it only to celebrate, *par extraordinaire*, my cousin Herbert's fortunate escape."

Emily, who was on the point of rallying him upon this unusual exertion, was however completely silenced by the last words of his speech; and blushing deeply, she assented; and then taking his arm, placed herself in one of the circles.

After a few turns, Alfred ventured to ask Emily if she had heard all the particulars of the Lisbon adventure; and then, without waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded to recount the whole affair, interspersed with his own observations.

During this recital, Alfred watched most intently the effect produced on his countenance: her cheeks were alternately blanched with terror, or crimsoned with pleasure as the narrator either dwelt on the imminent danger to which Herbert had been exposed, or described the uncommon courage and self-possession which he had evinced during the whole of the perilous scene: nor was the involuntary "thank God!" which escaped her lips unnoticed, as he concluded by saying, that the report of the surgeons was most favourable, and that his cousin might be expected in London in the course of a few weeks. Alfred did not require any proofs of Miss Manby's attachment to Herbert; his object in thus exciting her mind at present, was merely to draw her into some unguarded expression, of which he might take advantage to open the subject at once to her, and to insinuate that his influence over Sir Herbert rendered it easy for him to obtain his forgiveness, though his previous assent would probably be withheld.

Seizing the moment when Emily had almost involuntarily uttered her expression of thankfulness for his safety, Alfred observed, "I fear Miss Manby will think me more than impertinent, if I dare to remark, that were my cousin

a witness to the interest she appears to take in his fate, he would, I am sure, willingly undergo a much more perilous adventure, could he meet with the reward so dear to him, as your sympathy."

Emily blushed more deeply than before: she, however, summoned courage to make an effort to parry this direct attack, by replying, "Surely it is most natural, Mr. Milton, that the relation of such a dreadful occurrence, attended with such horrid marks of treachery and revenge, should excite the interest of the most indifferent person; those who are not acquainted with Colonel Milton must feel—"

"Not quite so much, Miss Manby, as those who are well acquainted with him; while those to whom he is any thing but indifferent, must much more naturally feel as you do."

Poor Emily, who saw that she had only committed herself more deeply by her last feeble attempt at defence, instantly replied, "You are quite right, Mr. Milton: I do not hesitate to say, that I do feel great interest in the welfare of your cousin; I should be most ungrateful, if ever I were to forget his humanity and tenderness at the most heart-rendering and painful period of my existence: and," added Emily, as the tears rushed into her eyes, "that kindness has, I am not ashamed to avow, made a deeper impression when contrasted with the fatal and cruel animosity of Sir Herbert Milton, and which, if I am to believe all I hear, has not ended even with the grave."

"I may take upon myself to assert," rejoined Alfred, "that you have been misinformed respecting my uncle's animosity to yourself; he is neither unreasonable nor unjust:—as to Herbert, all I shall say, is, that the impressions you have made upon his heart have been proved by absence and temptations of every kind;—do not be angry, I entreat you, but I will boldly affirm, that, for your sake, he has turned a deaf ear to the most splendid matrimonial alliances, and, in short, that the misery or the happiness of his future life is in your hands."

Emily's agitation during this speech was excessive, and she vainly endeavoured to make any answer to her tormentor, who continued, with an air of great apparent

feeling and sensibility ; " I love my cousin as my brother, Miss Manby ; his happiness is paramount in my heart to every other consideration ; and although I risk both your displeasure and his, by thus venturing to anticipate his own declaration, yet I shall think myself amply rewarded, if hereafter I should have been instrumental in facilitating his views, or in removing from your mind those doubts which his delicacy, and the reports of the world respecting Lord Henry Thursby, prevented his clearing up before his departure."

" One word more, and I have done. My influence with my uncle is perhaps greater than that of any other human being ; fear nothing on that head : his enmity, if any exist, shall end with his arrival in England. But I see you are offended ; I perceive that my affection for Herbert has led me too far : forgive me, Miss Manby, but if he returns to England to meet with the destruction of his dearest hopes, 'twere better that I should write to him at once, and distinctly state the truth ; and he can yet return to the army, ere it be too late to retrieve himself."

Poor Emily, who was nearly fainting from emotion, merely replied in a half whisper ; " I am not angry, Mr. Milton ; do not write, do not prevent his return." Before, however, her tormentor could continue his attacks, they were joined by Sidney, who came to claim her promise of dancing with him. Happy to escape from Alfred, she gladly accepted Sidney's arm, and without any farther remark proceeded with him into another room. Sidney easily perceived the extreme agitation of his lovely partner, and attributed it to the effect of the intelligence of Herbert's adventure, which he had himself only heard from Alfred, his own letters not having arrived. With great good-nature, he merely said, " Do not let us dance, I see you are fatigued ; suppose we sit down and discuss the people as they pass." Emily accepted this offer, and was soon after joined by Mrs. Walden. She was however again destined to be tormented ; as every one knowing Sidney's intimacy with Colonel Milton, either came to congratulate him on his friend's escape, or wished to ascertain the particulars of the affair. Among others, he was accosted by Mrs. Dunsten, a lady who was a native

of Flanders, and had married an English merchant of great wealth. In consequence of some important services which her family had rendered to the members of three or four illustrious families who were detained by Bonaparte, she received letters of introduction to some potent patronesses in London, and by dint of giving a number of balls, to which, for the first two or three years, her kind patroness did not permit her to ask any of her own company, this trouble being taken off her hands by these condescending personages, who were even for some time in doubt whether they would allow more than one daughter to make her appearance, whilst they strongly recommended Mr. Dunsten to be taken ill on these occasions. In short, by dint of this kind of *surveillance* on the part of her friends, and by a perpetual series of dinners, Mrs. Dunsten "*née van Hoog van der Boompen*," contrived to have all the best people in London at her house, and in return she found herself as generally invited by all those personages who are not of the ultra select committees.

Mrs. Dunsten's principal object in life was, if possible, to marry one or two of her daughters to men of rank; fortune was a secondary consideration, as her husband's great wealth rendered all thoughts of money quite unnecessary; but hitherto neither the charms of Miss Ulrica Carolina Georgina Dunsten, nor the seductions of her sister, Miss Alexandrina Frederica Wilhelmine Dunsten, (who, as well as her brother, George Francis Paul Louis Ferdinand Dunsten van Hoog van der Boompen, were christened after sundry reigning potentates,) had yet elevated them to the peerage, or even opened the road to the every-day business of a Milady of the Bath, Guelph, or Tower and Sword. The two young ladies were not quite so vulgar as their mamma: they were half blue from education, and half black from a noble indifference to Mr. Sims's real Windsor; they spoke about ten languages, played upon a dozen instruments, and weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupoise each, and in short, were overpoweringly accomplished and tiresome. All these accomplishments were however a mere matter of report, as their conversation consisted of nothing but an endless string of unmeaning questions.

"How d'ye do, Koptin Sidney," exclaimed the Brabant lady, as she approached; "I am fery hoppy to koncratoolate you on your friend's escabe; he iss a fery lucky tog."—You mean he was very lucky to have a dog," rejoined Sidney, smiling at his own joke.—"No, no! he is fery lucky yonk gentlemans," replied the lady, "for I onsterstant he shall be morried de moment ven he kombs bock, vat you tink?"—"I think nothing more probable," rejoined Sidney; while poor Emily blushed, and looked as much confused as if her name were forthcoming. "I think nothing half so probable, but I have not an idea who is the happy person, unless it is one of the Miss Dunstens."

"Oh, goede God!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunsten, not displeased at the supposition, "I do not tink my tachtters never gif him no encouragement, do he is a very noice yonk chentelmans, and he will pe a baronet, into the parguin."

"Well, then, I cannot conceive who it can be," answered Sidney; "and I must say, I feel somewhat interested, as he may, perhaps, have chosen some person who may stipulate that his wild friend Sidney shall be treated like the friends of a prince when he comes to the throne."

"Oh, dat is all a fun of yours, Koptin Sidney; you know all die woorld says he shall morry Lady Zoosin Bossville, and dat vill make a very noize motch. She has got all die fashions and dee ronk, and den he has got all dee fortunes."

"I wonder whether she has taken the little précaution of asking Herbert's consent," rejoined Sidney.

"O dat iss not naccassary," replied Mrs. Dunsten; "Lady Dossington is fery intimate, she iss on die pest foot mit Lady Milton, and I do not suppose dat any yonk chentelmans would refuse a motch mit sich a fashionable yonk ladys."

"Do you not?" replied Sidney; "why, I declare, Mrs. Dunsten, had I not a penny in the world, and had Lady Susan my property, I would sooner pass the rest of my life in all the pauperism of celibacy, than marry such a regular London Miss, as artificial as Maradan's flowers, and as hollow as one of Ude's *soufflets*."

"Oh Koptin Seedney, you are so trectfully sargostick," replied the lady. "Vell, I dink dey are fery noice yonk ladies; dey all always comes to all my palls, and pring who dey like."

"If that be a criterion of merit," rejoined Sidney, "it depends but on your good-nature to render all London delightful; for who is there who does not covet the honour of being invited to a house, where the hostess and her accomplished daughters are a sufficient attraction, independent of the delightful accessions which are showered upon one! Ah, Lord Marcus is a happy man."

"Ach! you are fery fell pred, indeed," answered Mrs. Dunsten, grinning at the compliment, and catching the last word; "if you are not enkached next Sondag, vill you doo us die pleasure to dine mit oos; I will sent you a cart to remind to-morrow morning, and den I vill infite Lord Morcoos to meed you." Sidney bowed, accepted the invitation with great gravity, though he meant to send an excuse if any thing more agreeable presented itself during the week; as he afterwards confessed to Mrs. Walden, he never dined in Bruton-street, but as a *pis aller*; it made him really ill to see the whole herd of large and small van Boompens, throwing down spades-full of caviare, Russian cucumber, and *fromage de Roquefort*; besides, their wines always appear as if they had just arrived from a journey across the desert, and their soups as if they had passed a winter on Mont-Blanc.

"Vell," said Mrs. Dunsten, "I am very glod Coloneel Meelton is komink bock, dem ogly Spanish wars, she run away mit all die yonk chentlemans, dat is vy dere is soch a little morriges going on. I do not regollekt any seazin, vere dere was so little toing. All die yonk chentlemens vot is left at home, she comes to your ouze, she eats your soopers, she takes your deaners, and she borrows your opera dickys, but she does not take up mit your tachtters. Oh, dere iss no morriges, whatever, koing on in dee fashionable woorld;" and then addressing Sidney, she added, "Kom, Koptin Seedney, ven would you bi morried; kom, you are reech, fy don't you put up mit a yonk lady?"

"Who, I?" answered Sidney; "oh, I am too deeply occupied with my engagements with the Derby, to think of any thing else at present."

"O, enkached mit die Darby," rejoined Mrs. Dunsten, with some degree of respect, "I suppose one of die grand-tachters; vell, datt iss a fery noice konnections, dat is a fery noice yonk ladies: I fish you vel, mit my heart; ven is it to take place?"

"Not before next spring," replied Sidney, with great gravity; "but, apropos, Mrs. Dunsten, when are we to congratulate you? the world says Mrs. Dunsten,"—and he then looked significantly towards Lord Marcus Maltby.

"Och!" replied Mrs. Dunsten, putting up her glass and laughing; "you are sich a yonk chentelmans for chokes; but do you know? it is fery stranche, dere is Lord Marcoos tancens mit my tachter Olaxondreena. Och! die world she will talk, but I assoore you, Kopten Seedney, I do not fish to marry my tachters until she shall have seen die world."

"You are quite right, my dear madam," rejoined Sidney; "they have it in their power to select whom they please, and they have not been out above four or five seasons."

"Fery true, dey have plenty of time, and coot fortunes, and den, you know, dey are fery aggomplished yonk ladies, and dey speaks all manner of lankuaches;" and then begging Sidney not to forget the dinner on Sunday, she went off to superintend the evolutions of Miss Alexandrina Frederica, who was playing off the whole force of her massive battery of charms, accomplishments, and Poliglott lore on the slippery young nobleman; who, with the whites of his eyes inverted, expressed in his countenance all the agony he felt at being obliged to dance with Miss Dunsten,—an operation which his Lordship felt himself bound to undergo now and then, by way of paying off endless dinners, opera tickets, and balls; not to mention frequent presents of bulbs from Haarlem, bou-taraga from Odessa, pies from Strashourg, and herrings from Antwerp: though he asserted that the balance was considerably against himself, as he lost more in one waltz by his efforts to make Miss Alexandrina revolve on her ponderous axis, than he gained by twenty of her papa's Anglo-Flemish repasts. Indeed the operation was no contemptible undertaking, and was much better calculated for the

propelling genius of Messrs. Bolton and Watts, than that of a very slender young nobleman.

Emily and Mrs. Walden, who had with difficulty restrained their mirth during Mrs. Dunsten's dialogue with Sidney, now gladly gave way to their gayety, though both attacked Sidney for having ventured to quiz the good-natured lady even to her face. They were now joined by Sir Harry Sneerwell, who immediately congratulated Sidney upon his marriage.

"So," said Sir Harry, "we are to lose you at Newmarket, Sidney; Mrs. Dunsten has just told me you are going to be married: I am sorry for it. It will be a sad loss to the Derby."

"Mrs. Dunsten's an old fool!" rejoined Sidney: "pray did she tell you to contradict the report of Lord Marcus being engaged to her daughter?"

"No; but she asked me to meet him at dinner on Sunday, as if her dinners were not quite bad enough, without such an *hors-d'œuvre* as his Lordship."

"Come, Sneerwell," rejoined Sidney, "have some mercy upon her."

"Never, until she gets another cook, and dines out with all her family, when she invites me."

Emily now asked Sir Harry the name of a tall, plain, and heavy-looking man, who was talking to one of the princes of the royal family, his left arm occupied by that of a gaunt, dissatisfied, and singularly plain woman; while his right hand was employed in twisting and twirling what Emily mistook for an immense seal, suspended to an enormously broad watch-ribbon, which peeped from beneath the breast of his coat: on which coat was embroidered a star, quadruple the magnitude of these decorations usually worn by others; having in the centre enamelled a gray horse, which might have served as a park hack for the heaviest Miss Dunsten.

"That," said Sir Harry,—"that is a particular friend of mine, the Prince Stolz-zopf-Winters-graben N° 43. I think him very pleasant, but the world is so ill-natured."

"What, is he here upon a tower?" demanded Mrs. Walden.

"Yes," rejoined Sneerwell; "but they say that his *tour*

is *passé*; however, he is *envoyé* from a whole almanack of German courts, Plenipotentiary from half the mediatorial Princes of the Confederation, and Grand Piqueur of the Holy Alliance."

"By-the-by," said Emily, "I have heard much of the Holy Alliance; I wish you could tell me what it means, or for what purpose it was formed."

"For the protection of the Grand Signor, for the furtherance of civil and religious slavery, for the re-establishment of the Inquisition, the destruction of mutual instruction, the propagation of ignorance, and the better learning by heart of 'God save the King,' translated into modern Greek, out of compliment to the Grand Signor," answered the Baronet.

"We are not a bit the wiser," replied Sidney, "for your liberal explanation."

"Answer for yourself, Sidney," rejoined Sneerwell; "if ignorance is bliss, then indeed you are a most fortunate fellow."

"One thing, at least, is wanting to complete my happiness," retorted Sidney, "on that score; which is, by unfortunately knowing you, I know too much."

Emily, who feared this sparring might lead to a quarrel, as she was not acquainted with those little changes of civility which generally passed between the Cynic and his friend, now begged Sir Harry would tell her who the lady was with the prince.

"That is his wife, who is daughter of one of the sixty little potentates whom my good friend represents. I like her, but they tell me she is very disagreeable, proud, imperious, and as dull as a dinner at Boodles; what you took just now for a watch-ribbon, is the cordon of the order of St. Hubert, of which both his highness, and my tailor purchased the grand-crosses together: the one on the delusive anticipation of Sidney paying his bill; and the other, with his little gleanings from the fiscal '*caisse*,' the key of which, and not of his watch, attracted your observation."

"You are rather severe upon your friend, I think," replied Emily; "for, although I do not know him, I have heard him spoken of as a man of talent, firmly attached

to this country, though perhaps having more than the usual portion of German hereditary pride."

"I think he is precisely what you say," rejoined Sir Harry; "but people are so ill-natured as to assert that his great merit consists in having persuaded our ministers that he was a man of talent, which, at least, proves him wiser than they: and then nothing can be more natural than his partiality for this country,—he finds the climate agree so well with his chest. In short, he will never quit it so long as he can derive any benefit from it."

"If you wish to have a specimen of his pride," said Sidney, "watch him when he bows: he is literally too proud to stoop; he bows backwards, instead of forwards."

"He has not had the advantage of a Newmarket education," retorted the Baronet, who never liked any body to say an ill-natured word but himself; "he has not acquired the pretty bend, which one learns by stooping half one's life over the mane of a horse."

"Come, come, Sneerwell! I take him to be a better jockey than you choose to allow: he is first favourite for the King's plate, and has a good chance for the Grand Duke's stakes."

"I really do not understand what you mean," observed Emily; "I have always heard his disinterestedness, and the sacrifice he made for this country, spoken of in high terms."

"And very justly, I believe," rejoined Sir Harry. "He gave up a landed property of about a thousand acres of very profitable morass, and one of the finest specimens of a ruined baronial castle in the world, to follow the orders of his sovereign; and, poor fellow! he has met with no other reward than a paltry pension of six thousand a-year for himself and heirs, a few thousand acres of land, that will not produce an ounce of peat, a *chasse* where the game destroys the harvest, a few hundred peasants, and a modern built house, well furnished and of vast size,—but not to be compared to his former castle, either for its picturesque beauties, the serenity of its position in the middle of a bog, or the hereditary *souvenirs* attached to the place, which are naturally so dear to a man of his ancient family!"

"He is, indeed, a very ill-used man!" rejoined Sidney.

laughing. "At the same time, if he has been unmindful of his own interest, he has not forgotten that of his family, —even unto the fourth or fifth generation; why there is not a Stolz-zopf from the Tyrol to the German Ocean who is not on the list of pensions!"

"What can be a better proof of the goodness of his heart?" rejoined the Baronet. "I admire him for the care he has taken of his relations; and the world is excessively ill-natured when they abuse him for having set aside so many meritorious officers who bled and toiled during the war, and having omitted them in the distribution of the decorations, honours, and rewards, to which they laid claim."

"Yes," rejoined Sidney, "and these very stars, crosses, pensions, and places, were showered upon the Stolz-zopfs; who during this time were snugly established with Jerome at Cassel. And indeed many of them had absolutely fought against their legitimate sovereign."

"My dear Sidney," rejoined the Baronet, "it would have been impossible for the Prince to act otherwise without great injustice to his heart and principles, which, of course, are those of the *Sainte Alliance*, whose great maxim is to support the '*pacte de famille*.' Then," added Sir Henry, "I have heard some ill-natured people accuse him of having been the original adviser of the expedition to Walcheren."

"Then I shall hate him for ever!" exclaimed Emily, while the colour mounted in her face at this expression of Sir Harry: "if he advised that measure, he can neither be a man of sense or political knowledge!"

"That is precisely what the world says of him," replied the Baronet, unmindful of the tender chord on which he had touched. "The fact is, it might have been more prudent to have despatched the expedition to the Weser, or still farther north,—where the Prince's enemies declare the country was ripe for revolt: but then, you know, no man who loves his country, would like to see it become the theatre of war, or exposed to all the inconveniences and exactions of military occupation; and I think it very natural that he should rather have wished to see a whole British army perish, than that his own country should suffer by the natural consequences of war."

"God deliver me from my friends!" exclaimed Sidney.
"I only accused him of being a fool; you wish to make him out a knave."

"Not in the least," replied Sir Harry; "but I should like much to know, if you had a pet preserve of pheasants, if you would not rather my hounds should draw any other man's cover than your's?"

"That may be," rejoined Sidney; "but I should not feel myself warranted in advising my friend to put his best hunters into a glandered stable at an inn, to preserve myself from giving them a few feeds of corn at my own house."

"Who is that man," demanded Mrs. Walden, glad to divert the subject, "who never leaves the Prince's side but to eat or drink? I have watched him devouring every thing within his reach."

"That," said Sir Harry, "is a great friend of mine—at least, he offers to dine with me whenever he fancies I am not engaged elsewhere."

"But who is he? And what is his occupation besides eating?"

"It is the Baron Von Maklzich," answered the Baronet:—"a very useful personage to my friend Stolz-zopf, by whom he is employed in sundry negotiations, where the latter thinks it imprudent to appear in person. Moreover, he assists the prince in laying out, at a comfortable interest, some of those sums which he contrives to economize even in this dear land, or undertakes to sell the diamonds which His Highness receives on his diplomatic snuff-boxes, and supplies their places with paste."

"Well, but is he a Jew, a diplomatist, or a soldier?"

"Nothing of the last; not much of the second, but much of the first," replied Sir Harry: "no, indeed, he is so extremely antipugnacious, he has such a horror for all blood, that I believe he would rather pay a double letter than receive an epistle with Post Paid stamped in red letters."

"Oh dear, it must be the man who we heard was so distinguished at Vienna—"

"For his temperance and abstemiousness at home," exclaimed Sir Harry, interrupting her, "and for his vo-

racity *en ville*; he never was yet known to have given or refused an invitation to dinner. I once had the honour of meeting him at a table of an illustrious individual in this country, and you may judge of his host's surprise at seeing his German guest (of whose voracious appetite he had formed a very indistinct idea) place his plate upon a wine-cooler."

"What, in the world, did he do that for?" demanded Emily; "how very ill-bred."

"Why the answer he made to the question, which was put to him by his illustrious host, was, '*Ah, Monseigneur, l'appetit est grand, le diner court, le chemin longue; et comme je n'ai pas l'avantage de faire si bonne chaire tous les jours, je fais l'impossible d'abrevier la distance entre l'assiette et ma bouche.*'"

"Oh, what an ogre he must be! but what did Monseigneur say,—was he not shocked?"

"On the contrary," replied Sir Harry, "he was enchanted with Mahlzeit's *naïveté*; and instead of directing him to be turned into the kennel with the hounds, he was frequently ordered to come and exhibit his masticatory powers before the same illustrious Amphytrion."

"But I heard that he was not only remarkable for his penury and appetite, but for lending his money to his friends."

"Then," said Emily, smiling, "surely they cannot grudge him a few dinners, if he is so liberal, poor man!"

"The poor man, as you call him," answered Sir Harry, "takes good care to be as well paid for the loan of his money, as he does for his domestic starvation when he dines out. You may judge by the following anecdote to which I was witness. During my stay at Vienna, I was invited to dine with a nobleman of high rank; among the guests were the Baron and a Count Taschenleer; during dinner, the *maître d'hôtel* extinguished two or three candles in endeavouring to snuff them with a pair of snuffers of which the spring was out of order. 'Send to my hotel,' exclaimed the count to our host, 'for some of my English snuffers; I can let you have five thousand florins' worth, cheap; contraband, it is true, but real Sheffield, warranted by Baron Mahlzeit.' The Baron looked very foolish, but

pretending to take no notice of this speech, continued eating with his usual avidity. 'What!' exclaimed the host, 'have you been speculating in English contraband goods, my dear Count?' 'No,' replied the other; 'but being in want of forty thousand florins, and knowing that my friend, the Baron, was always happy to assist his friends, I applied to him, and he good naturedly consented to advance me this sum, on condition that I paid twelve per cent. and received a third of the amount in British commodities: and as I was getting into the carriage to come here, a cart arrived at my hotel, loaded with snuffers, tea-trays, knitting-needles, and razors!' You may judge," added Sir Harry, "of the roar of laughter which burst forth upon this discovery of the Baron's double capacity of usurer and diplomatist—of his being purveyor of politics and patent pins."

At this moment, a tall, meagre-looking man came up to Sidney, and, extending his hand, showed great pleasure at meeting the young officer.

"Who was that?" said Emily, as soon as the gentleman had quitted them; "he looks like a foreigner."

"He is indeed a foreigner, and in every land," rejoined Sidney: "I do not pretend to be very sentimental, but there is something in that man's fate which gave me a better lesson than all the sermons of my tutor for a dozen years."

"Has he taught you how to make a good book for the next meeting, or shown you how to turn up a king at *ecarté*?" exclaimed Sir Harry.

"No," replied Sidney; "he proved to me how the king could be beat by a knave, and that it is often better to play the one than hold the other."

"Well, who is he?" demanded Emily, "by his manner he does not look like an adventurer."

"A short time past," answered Sidney, "he was really a king."

"Of spades, I should think," said Sir Harry, "for he looks mighty like a grave-digger."

"Now do not be so absurd, Sir Henry," exclaimed Emily; "pray allow Mr. Sidney to go on with his story."

"In fact," continued the latter, "he was once the

ruler of a mighty and warlike nation ; representative of a long and valiant race of princes ; legitimate descendant of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. but he is now without a house to afford him shelter, without a servant to perform for him the most menial offices, banished from his native land, exiled from the throne of his ancestors, his rights usurped by the son of an obscure Gascon, under the immediate sanction and protection of that Alliance."

"*Faites nous grace!*" here exclaimed Sir Harry, "of the rest of your tirade against that respectable and worthy body, and say at once that it is Colonel Gustroson."

"How did you become acquainted with him?" demanded Emily.

"On my way through Germany," replied Sidney.—"The morning subsequent to my arrival at Frankfort, my servant, an old soldier, entered my room, and without farther preface exclaimed, 'Well, Sir, I would rather be a Chelsea pensioner than the biggest king among them all!'—'What has happened now, Wadding?' said I to the man; 'I conclude, like a true Englishman, you are grumbling because your beefsteak and porter is not ready.' 'Why,' replied Wadding, 'I should like to know what you would say, Sir, if you saw our King drive up to the Black Bear in Piccadilly, on the outside of a Bristol van, (for their Diligences here are no better), without a top-coat, his fingers bitten by the frost, and his whiskers frozen like icicles hanging from a hayrick; and then, Sir, what would you think of his turning-to, to clean his own boots?'—'Why, I should say you were mad for inventing such a story,' was my answer.—'That's what they say of him, poor fellow!' rejoined the honest Wadding; 'and i'cod enough to make a man like a raving bedlamite: why, it's bad enough to be reduced from pay-sergeant to the ranks; but to be one day a king and then reduced to a private the next, and that without a fair court-martial.' 'What nonsense have you been picking up?' said I; 'I really believe your old wound in your head has affected your brain.'—'Why,' answered he, 'here's the old King of Sweden down in the shoehole a-cleaning his boots with your blacking.'—'Nonsense,' said I; 'they have been

laughing at you, Wadding.'—'Have they,' replied he; 'well, all I know, they told me he was a king, not General Blarnedoyt, but Colonel Custardson, or some such name; what your honour was presented to when we were at Stockholm, on the Baltic expedition, and he's just as proud now as if he was on the throne; for it went against my heart, Sir, to see a king-like with a blacking-brush in his hand, and so says I to him, says I, Here, please your Majesty, Lord bless you! give us hold of the brush, you'll never bring a polish on 'em, at that fashion. Well, instead of saying thank you, i'cod he looked as if he were the commanding officer, and said something about 'paw raw,' so as he called me such names, I left him to clean 'em himself."

"Really," said Emily, "I do not know which is the worst, you or Sir Henry. Mrs. Dunsten was quite right in saying you are too fond of a joke."

"Indeed I never was more serious," replied the other; "all my servant told me, I found perfectly true; and upon my subsequent acquaintance I found, that in consequence of his having refused the pension offered to him by Bernadotte, he was reduced to support himself by the sale of the few jewels which he had rescued from his private property."

It was now getting late, and Emily was preparing to order her carriage, anxious to arrive at home, where she might indulge in all the delight she felt at the certainty of being beloved by Herbert. She had, it is true, felt annoyed at the boldness with which Alfred had entered upon the subject; but his words had left a deep impression on her heart, and she felt fully inclined to forgive the liberty he had taken, in favour of the intelligence he had communicated. The hope of Sir Herbert Milton's opposition being speedily overcome, relieved her heart from a load not less oppressive than the uncertainty she had been in respecting Herbert's sentiments towards herself. As she was about to leave the rooms, to which the whole of the party had retired from the gardens, they were joined by Mr. Ouncedale, who, with his glass at his eye, and his face more than usually long, appeared if he also had been driven from his possessions. The *Tic-douloureux*, for so