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THE BIBLE

VOL. II

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THE MUMMY.

VOL. III.

THE MUMMY

A TALE

THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY

LONDON

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

VOL. III

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III

LONDON

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET

1821

London, Mrs. Jane (Webb)

THE MUMMY!
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OF

THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY.

“Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?”

I SAM., xxviii. 15.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1827.

THE MUMFORD
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THE SECOND CENTURY

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THE HISTORY OF THE
IN THREE VOLUMES

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1827

THE MUMMY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Roderick and Dr. Entwerfen returned to the camp, they found Edric most impatiently awaiting their arrival. He was too much agitated to speak; and the worthy doctor found all his troubles amply repaid by the interest his friends took in his welfare.

Whilst Dr. Entwerfen was employed in relating his adventures to Edric, Roderick was occupied by a task far more difficult and important than any he had yet undertaken, viz. that of organizing and of providing for the

disorderly multitude that had thronged into his camp from the city: their number was immense; men, women, and children, crowded round their deliverer, falling upon their knees, blessing him and kissing the edge of his garments. Roderick was affected even to tears: "For Heaven's sake, my good friends," said he, "spare me; I have done but my duty; I have been but an humble instrument in the hands of Providence; address your thanks to him: there they are due."

Roderick, however, was quite aware it was not enough to have saved these people: he knew he must do something to provide them with food and lodging; and that if he did not, when the first moment of enthusiasm should be passed, unpleasant scenes must inevitably take place. He accordingly made dispositions to this effect, with a prudence and sagacity that would have done credit to far more advanced years. Temporary huts were erected, till the streets of Seville could be cleared of the ruins that encumbered them, and the houses in some measure repaired. Shelter for the inhabitants

being thus provided, Roderick harangued the magistrates, directing them to take the people under their direction. These sapient ministers of justice gladly gave him possession of the town, which Roderick was too generous to assume without their permission, and acknowledged themselves and the garrison prisoners of war. The peasants, when they found the kindness with which the citizens had been treated, flocked in with provisions, and the camp of the Irish monarch soon resembled an immense fair.

Alexis had followed his master during the whole of these arrangements, and had frequently sighed deeply as they proceeded. "What is the matter with the boy?" said Roderick in one of these moments: "I cannot imagine why he looks so melancholy!"

The boy enthusiastically clasped his hands together, looking up to Heaven, as though murmuring an inward prayer.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Roderick with astonishment.

The boy took his master's hand, pressing

it first to his lips, and then vehemently to his heart, and knelt before him, reverentially bending his forehead to the earth. The next moment, however, officers entering for directions, the attention of Roderick was diverted and Alexis forgotten.

In the mean time, M. de Mallet and his daughter, who had been exceedingly agitated by the events of the day, thought not of repose, but sat in the tent prepared for them, conversing upon the merits of their deliverers.

“ I never saw a finer countenance,” said M. de Mallet, “ so noble, so animated, and yet so good.”

“ Good indeed,” ejaculated his daughter; “ surely if we could believe a superior spirit would ever descend upon earth, such would be the form he would assume !”

“ How kindly he spoke, and how considerately !” exclaimed the father.

“ How attentive he seemed, and how delicate !” rejoined the daughter.

“ Such a majestic figure !”

“ Such a graceful manner !”

"It is so rare to find such condescension in so great a monarch."

"Monarch!" cried Pauline: "were you speaking of Roderick, father?"

"And of whom were you speaking, child?" returned her father, turning quickly round, and fixing his eyes upon her.

"Of—of—Mr. Montagu, father," replied Pauline, casting down her eyes and deeply blushing.

"Pauline!" said M. de Mallet. She started at the sound of her father's voice, and looked timidly up in his face. "Pauline," repeated he, "my dear child, beware!"

At this moment a roar of cannon shook the tent; the sound echoed by the walls of the town, and leaping from hill to hill in lengthened peals, Pauline sunk upon her knees, hiding her face in her father's lap. "My child! my beloved child!" cried M. de Mallet, bending over her as though to shield her from danger, "Heaven defend thee!"

In this painful situation, the father and daughter continued till the cannonading ceased.

All was now still ; and awful was the calm that succeeded such a tumult. Pauline raised her head, and looked fearfully around. " Come, my child," said her father, " let us endeavour to ascertain who are victors."

Pauline rose from her knees, and, leaning upon her father's arm, accompanied him to the opening of the tent ; but she shrunk back, shuddering at the horrid scene that presented itself. Their tent was situated at the extreme edge of the camp, and commanded a view of the whole field of battle where the combat of the morning had taken place. The plain that stretched to their left, lay covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, whilst a multitude of horses broken loose, galloped over the field, plunging, snorting, and crushing beneath their hoofs, the bodies of their fallen riders.

In some places, the branches of half broken trees strewed the ground, whilst their mutilated trunks, perforated with shot, remained as melancholy relics of their former beauty. Swords and helmets, mingled with overturned waggons and military utensils of all kinds, were

scattered in wild disorder around. The earth, ploughed up by the cannon balls in deep furrows, save where the ridges had been beaten flat by the feet of the combatants, looked wild and uneven as the waves of the mighty ocean arrested in the moment of tempest. Blood lay in pools upon the ground; and clotted gore, mingled horribly with remnants of human bones and brains, hung to the still standing bushes, disfiguring the fair face of nature.

Pauline shuddered, and turned eagerly to the other side of the landscape, which commanded a view of the town. Here still, however, she found nothing but death and war. It was the moment when the explosion of the petard set fire to the wooden bulwark; and Roderick and Edric leaped through the flames upon the beach. The bright glare of the blazing bulwarks relieved strongly their dark figures, and Pauline distinctly saw and recognized them for a moment, though the next they were lost in a cloud of smoke. She screamed, and grasped her father's arm in convulsive agony. M. de Mallet was scarcely less agitated than herself;

and, as the smoke cleared away, they saw distinctly through its flaming volumes, Roderick and Edric upon the breach, opposed by a crowd of Spaniards, and fighting with inveterate fury. "Roderick is on his knees," cried M. de Mallet. "But see! he rises suddenly, and plunges the Spaniard, who had raised his sword to cut him down, into the flames." Pauline did not speak; but she gasped for breath, and held her father's arm yet more tightly than before. Edric was now seen grappling hand to hand with a Spaniard, when the fire and smoke closed upon him and hid him from their view. The next instant, a tremendous crash was heard, and loud shouts, followed by a rush of men; it was the sortie of the besieged.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Pauline, turning pale, and resting her head upon her father's shoulder, "war is a dreadful thing."

"You are faint, my child," replied M. de Mallet; "this is no fitting scene for you. Shall we go in?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Pauline feebly; "I cannot leave the spot." Here shouts of "Roderick!

Roderick for ever ! Roderick and glory !” rung in their ears. Pauline shuddered ; a faint sickness crept over her ; the scene seemed to swim before her eyes ; and she would have fallen, but for the supporting arm of her father. At this moment, some soldiers, carrying a bier, passed at a little distance from the tent. Upon it lay the body of an officer ; his head hung back, his long thick hair was matted with gore, and a ghastly wound gaped on his uncovered breast. Pauline could bear no more—she thought it was Edric, and she fell fainting into her father’s arms.

M. de Mallet bore her back into the tent, and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to enable him to think of any thing but herself, he dispatched one of the soldiers, appointed to attend them, to ascertain if the Irish monarch had escaped. The soldier did not return ; and M. de Mallet, too impatient to remain in his tent, sallied forth to learn the news himself. Scarcely was he gone, however, when the soldier’s wife, whom he had called to the assistance of Pauline, perceived the town was on fire. Pauline’s agitation now became excessive ; she

trembled in every limb, and listened till the sense of hearing seemed agony. She could not comprehend the cause of the noise and bustle made by the citizens, as they came crowding into the camp; she looked forth, but the throng of half naked men, women, and children, that came hurrying along, seemed inexplicable; she stopped a woman, who, half dressed, had her clothes tucked up in one hand, whilst with the other she led two half naked children—"What is the matter?" asked she. "Roderick," cried the woman bewildered in her grief, "God bless the noble Roderick!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Pauline of two young men, bearing between them a bed containing their sick father.

"Roderick!" shouted the pious Spaniards. "Heaven, in its mercy, bless Roderick!"

Pauline was proceeding in her inquiries, though without the smallest hope of receiving a direct reply, the hearts and minds of Spaniards being so full of Roderick, that no other name could find utterance from their lips, when she perceived her father.

“My dearest father!” cried she, running to him; “now I shall know all! What is the matter?”

“Roderick, the noble Roderick is safe!” repeated M. de Mallet. Pauline was chagrined—she longed to hear of Edric, and she envied, for his sake, the renown of the Irish hero. “Can you, too, speak of nothing but Roderick?” said she, somewhat reproachfully.

“And of whom else should I speak?” replied her father. “Who else deserves to be spoken of? for surely he is the bravest! the noblest of men!”

“I do not doubt it,” observed Pauline coldly. “Every tongue utters his praise—every breast swells with gratitude at his goodness—and every hand is raised to Heaven in prayers on his behalf.

“Have there been many persons killed?” asked Pauline.

“How can you ask so foolish a question?” replied her father. “Do you not see the ground heaped with slain?”

“But persons of note, I mean?”

“Let me see; I think they said there were

the Generals H— and M—, and Counts L—, P— and T—.”

“ Oh !” groaned Pauline, impatiently.

“ And besides, I think they say Mr. Montagu is seriously wounded.”

“ I feared so !” sighed Pauline, “ he is so brave.”

“ Yes—every one says he is brave, and implores blessings upon his name—for he saved the life of Roderick !”

Pauline’s countenance had beamed with triumph at the commencement of this sentence ; but it rather fell at the conclusion. She did not quite like her hero to owe his glory to any one but himself.

M. de Mallet continued: “ His bravery and nobleness of spirit were unequalled. Every one praises him. There is certainly something very extraordinary in the character of the English. Their daring tempers and love of adventure lead them to quit peace and riches in their native country, to seek glory and distinction elsewhere. This Mr. Montagu is really an exalted young man.”

Pauline's eyes flashed joy—she felt she loved her father better than ever—she could have embraced him as he spoke, for the praise of Edric sounded as the sweetest music in her ears. Strange that so slight an acquaintance should have produced so strong a passion! but such and so inexplicable is love.

Pauline had now patience to hear the explanation of her father respecting Roderick. She even felt pleasure in the repetition of his exploits, for he was the friend of Edric; and she retired to rest—happy in herself, and contented with all the world; having been first assured by her father that the surgeon confidently expected Edric would soon recover. Pauline, however, would have been very much puzzled to explain the cause of the excessive contentment that she felt. The situation of herself and father was as hopeless as ever. They were still prisoners in a strange land, without fortune, without friends; but so little does happiness depend upon external circumstances, that the breast of Pauline seemed to have been a stranger to it till now.

“ I thought your Majesty had been engaged.”

“ That is the very reason. If I had not, the case might have been different ; but as it was, I only just saw a great many people that tried to kill me, and a great many that I tried to kill, and the smoke hid all the rest.”

“ A very satisfactory account of a battle, upon my word,” cried M. de Mallet, smiling ; “ but other people saw more of your Majesty’s acts than you did yourself ; and they say, you performed prodigies of valour.”

“ It is very kind of them to say so,” said Roderick, “ for I am sure it is more than they know.”

“ Your Majesty’s modesty wishes to throw a veil over your valour,” observed Pauline, “ but luckily it cannot be concealed.”

“ Your praises, Madam, would make any man a coxcomb,” returned the Monarch : “ I own I have not the courage to refuse commendations from your lips.”

Pauline blushed—she fancied she had said too much, and now remained silent.

“ I cannot describe how much I admire your Majesty’s leniency to the inhabitants of the city,” said M. de Mallet: “ it proves your benevolence is equal to your valour, though indeed it was sound policy to act as you have done; for by this you have conciliated the hearts of the Spaniards; whereas, if you had exercised any cruelty, they would have risen against you *en masse*; but this, I dare say, your Majesty considered.”

“ Indeed,” replied Roderick smiling, “ my Majesty considered no such thing; I only thought as a man: I did not like to see my fellow-creatures burnt to death, or poniarded if they attempted to escape; I should not have liked it at all, if I had been in a similar situation, and so I did all in my power to save them—that is all I know about the matter. But to change the subject, I have a great favour to beg of you, Mademoiselle de Mallet.”

“ What is it?” asked Pauline: “ your Majesty has only to speak to be obeyed.”

“ Oh! for Heaven’s sake do not talk of obedience—it is I who should obey—I only

ask a favour, and that is, that you will permit me to bring Dr. Entwerfen to kneel at your feet and kiss your fair hand, in token of his homage."

"I would not advise Pauline to let him kneel," said M. de Mallet laughing, "as I fear, if she does, there will be some difficulty in getting him up again."

"Your Majesty's commands,—" said Pauline.

"Do not talk of commands," interrupted Roderick; "I hate the word."

"Your Majesty's wishes, then," continued Pauline smiling, "shall be complied with."

"This evening, then," cried the gay monarch, "the doctor shall make his appearance. Till then, adieu!"

"Will your Majesty have the kindness to present my best wishes to Mr. Montagu for his recovery," requested M. de Mallet.

"Certainly," replied Roderick; "but am I to tell Edric that Mademoiselle de Mallet has no wishes for his welfare?"

"I wish—I hope—that is, I think——" stammered Pauline.

“My daughter means her sentiments are exactly similar to my own upon the subject,” said M. de Mallet gravely; for he was not at all pleased with the interpretation he thought the King might put upon the embarrassment of his daughter.

“Very well!” repeated Roderick provokingly: “I shall tell Edric, that M. de Mallet and his daughter think exactly alike of him.—That is it, is it not?”

M. de Mallet was about to reply, when the King, nodding and waving his hand, bade them adieu, and hurried away. “I don’t know what to make of the Irish hero,” said M. de Mallet, the moment he had left them. “With all his good qualities, there is something very strange about him: I don’t know what to make of him!”

Pauline sighed assent; though she did know what to make of him very well, for she fancied he saw, and ridiculed her partiality for Edric. This idea roused every spark of pride in her nature; she could not bear the thought of being supposed to give her love unsought, and she determined when she next

saw Roderick to show by her coldness and indifference, when Edric was mentioned, how completely he had been deceived.

When Roderick left the tent of M. de Mallet, he returned to Edric, whom he found pale and feeble.

“You are the happiest fellow in existence, Edric!” said he: “I would willingly give all my glory, and even my demoniacal renown, that the Spaniards talk so much about, to be able to call up such blushes to the cheek of beauty as your name can raise. Oh! if you had seen Pauline. By Heaven! she is the loveliest creature I ever beheld in my life!”

As he spoke, Alexis, the Greek page, who had been crouching rather than sitting at the foot of Edric’s couch, resting his head upon his hands, and looking absorbed in grief, uttered a faint cry, and rushed out of the tent.

“There is something very extraordinary about that boy,” said Roderick, looking after him.

“There is, indeed,” replied Edric, “and I have something that I wish to communicate

to you respecting him:" and in a few words he related what had passed the preceding night in the tent.

"Impossible!" cried Roderick, "you must have been dreaming, Edric! What communication would the boy hold with Alvarez? You know he is dumb. Besides, even if Alvarez were inclined to plot against me, he is too prudent and reserved to make a confidant of a beardless boy!"

"I simply relate the facts as they occurred," said Edric; "I do not pretend to explain them. But I can assure you, I was neither dreaming nor delirious."

"It is very strange!" repeated Roderick musing, "and it corresponds remarkably with what I have observed myself." For some moments he remained lost in thought; but it was not in his gay and joyous nature to suffer any thing to depress him long; and the next instant, Alexis was forgotten.

The fall of Seville, and the destruction of the army sent to defend it, produced a powerful effect upon the destinies of Spain. The

Cortes again sent ambassadors to negotiate with the Irish hero; but, taught by experience, he now received them haughtily, refusing to treat with them but as a conqueror; and to put his threats in execution he determined to advance immediately upon Madrid.

“We must follow up our victory,” said he to Edric, after he had somewhat contemptuously dismissed the deputies from the shattered remnant of their allied army, who came to sue humbly at his feet for peace. “These people are treacherous beyond description. They do not understand leniency, and they must be treated with sword in hand. I am thoroughly tired of them; their fickleness and uncertainty have quite disgusted me; I will therefore march to Madrid, establish Don Pedro as their sovereign, and take my leave of them for ever.”

“I am rejoiced to hear it!” exclaimed Edric. “You will then return to Ireland, and devote your time to your own subjects.”

“I will try to satisfy them as well as I can; but as perfection cannot be ex-

pected all at once, you must not be surprised if some day I should fly off in a tangent, and take it into my head to colonize the moon."

Edric laughed: "If you promise to wait till then," said he, "I shall be satisfied."

"You may not find my project so wild as it appears," rejoined Roderick. "The moon is a very pretty, mild, modest-looking planet, and I must own I should like amazingly to see what kind of inhabitants she contains; and if I should determine to go there, here is a gentleman who I am sure will be quite ready to accompany me." -

Dr. Entwerfen entered the tent as he spoke. "Of what was your Majesty speaking?" asked he.

"Of a voyage to the moon," said Roderick. "Will you go with me?"

"With all my heart," cried the little doctor, rubbing his hands and looking all glee at the thought.

"There, I told you so," said Roderick, laughing.

“ I should have thought the many adventures you have met with had cured your passion for travelling,” rejoined Edric.

“ Cured him ! Given him a zest for it, you mean,” replied Roderick. “ The appetite for travelling always grows with what it feeds upon ; and though the doctor may boast

‘ That he *has* fair Seville seen,
So *is* a traveller, I ween,’

yet I do not doubt but that he is just as eager to explore new places as ever.”

“ Yes,” returned the doctor, “ I certainly did see Seville.”

“ Every part of it, my dear fellow, from its palaces to its dungeons,” resumed Roderick ; “ nay, I believe you were very near being indulged with a view of its ropes.”

The doctor did not quite relish this raillery. “ I can assure your Majesty—”

“ *Apropos de bottes*,” cried Roderick, interrupting him, “ I had entirely forgotten I promised to introduce you to Mademoiselle de Mallet. We will go now. Will you accompany us, Edric ? I am sorry to ask you to do

any thing so disagreeable ; but I think it will be but decent to kiss hands, take leave, and all that sort of thing, before we set out for Madrid : besides, it may be as well to make some kind of provision as to what is to become of them in our absence."

" Then you will not take them with you ?" said Edric, despondingly.

" Who ever heard of such a thing ?" cried Roderick ; " How could I possibly ask the lovely Pauline to endure the inconveniences of travelling with a camp ? I really have not the assurance to attempt it."

Edric sighed deeply ; and his countenance assumed an expression of so much melancholy that Roderick laughed immoderately : " I could not have believed it possible," cried he, " that you could ever become such a sighing Strephon ; the thing 's incredible !"

" The pain of my wounds," said Edric, blushing ; for even philosophers don't like to be laughed at.

" The pain in your heart !" repeated Roderick, mimicking him. " But, come ! come !

I can pity you. I have been in love at least fifty times myself—so I know what it is.”

“But I am not in love,” remonstrated Edric.

“Denial is one of the most dangerous symptoms,” resumed Roderick, gravely. “Experienced physicians rarely think their patients really ill, till they are not conscious of it themselves. Let me feel your pulse.”

“Psha,” said Edric, impatiently.

“Will you go then!” asked Roderick, laughing; and to avoid being farther tormented by his raillery, Edric hastily rose from his couch, and declared himself ready to attend him. The injuries he had received, having been only flesh wounds inflicted with a sabre, had now nearly healed; and the only change they had produced in his appearance, had been to make him look more pale and interesting, one arm being supported by a sling, and a bandeau bound round his forehead. Pauline’s eyes sparkled when she saw him, in spite of her intended indifference; and she could not command her voice so entirely, but that its tremulous tone betrayed her inward agitation.

Edric's eyes also involuntarily expressed his pleasure; whilst the gay laugh and arch look of Roderick told that he was perfectly aware of what was passing in the mind of each. Doctor Entwerfen, however, saw nothing of the kind, his mind being quite absorbed in the delightful contemplation of his own glory. He had been presented to M. de Mallet by Roderick, as "his friend and counsellor, the learned and justly celebrated Dr. Entwerfen;" and that moment seemed a sufficient reward for a whole life of misery, the doctor's ecstasy upon the occasion being so unbounded, that he neither knew what he did nor what he said. Whilst Roderick had been speaking, indeed, he had been in perfect agony; stretching himself out on tiptoe, opening his hands and closing them again with every sentence, as though bursting with impatience to speak, that he might by his eloquence confirm the monarch's eulogium, yet trembling every instant lest he should interrupt it.

M. de Mallet had been a dabbler in scientific experiments in his youth, and, pleased to

find a person who could talk to him, and understand his ideas upon the subject, he soon drew the doctor on one side, leaving his younger friends to be entertained by his daughter.

“ I am glad, very glad, to see you so soon recovered,” said Pauline, addressing Edric in a gentle tone; “ I feared, that is, my father feared, your wounds were more serious.”

“ You see, Edric,” cried Roderick archly, “ it is as I said—Mademoiselle de Mallet feels for you exactly the same interest as her father does.”

“ I should be flattered by exciting any interest in so gentle a bosom,” sighed Edric, looking at her tenderly.

Pauline sighed too—involuntarily, but remained silent.

“ Do you then feel no interest in my behalf?” continued Edric; “ not even the cold, chilling feeling sanctioned by your father?”

“ Oh! call not the interest my father feels for you cold or chilling!” exclaimed Pauline with energy, “ I am sure—that is, I think—”

and here, fearing she had said too much, she stopped abruptly, totally unable to proceed.

“ Oh, go on !” exclaimed Edric, gazing earnestly upon her blushing face—“ go on, I could listen to you for ever !”

Pauline trembled, blushed, and hesitated. “ I—I—I think I had better go to my father,” stammered she after a short pause.

Roderick smiled : “ By all means !” said he. “ Don’t you think so, Edric ?”

Edric did not reply ; for in fact he did not hear the question ; whilst poor Pauline’s agitation increased, and her colour changed rapidly every moment : she dreaded Roderick’s raillery, and trembled so violently that she could scarcely stand.

At this moment her father returned ; he looked at his daughter with some surprise, and then, turning to his guests, he apologized for her abstraction. “ My daughter is unused to camps,” said he, “ and the scenes she has lately gone through have been too much for her nerves.”

“ She will now have an opportunity of reco-

vering herself," replied Roderick; "my army will move forward to-morrow, and if you will accept the post, I will leave you governor of this city, with a sufficient garrison to keep it on my behalf."

Pauline turned deathly pale as he spoke, and every hope of happiness seemed to fly from her breast for ever.

M. de Mallet, however, was not at all aware of his daughter's anguish; and, thanking the king gratefully for the high honour conferred upon him, his fancy began to revel by anticipation in the delights of governorship; and in ten minutes he had arranged in his mind as many improvements and alterations as it would take fifty years to accomplish.

"Farewell," continued Roderick, "I trust we shall meet again, if not here, at least in another and a better world. Permit me, lady!" continued he, slightly touching with his lips the pallid cheek of Pauline. "To-morrow with the dawn we advance, and we have so much to do ere then, that we must deny ourselves the pleasure of again enjoying your society. Fare-

well, Governor, you will find the necessary papers to install you here," (giving him a packet) "and the soldiers have orders to obey you as myself. Come, Edric."

Edric advanced, and bowing, took the hand of Pauline and pressed it respectfully to his lips;—his heart was too full to speak. Pauline could scarcely restrain her tears, and shaking hands with the doctor, she hastily retired to a part of the tent enclosed for her use.

"My daughter is not well," said M. de Mallet, "these scenes of blood and war are too much for her nerves; but she will soon recover when you have left us."

"I doubt that," murmured Roderick in a half whisper; and soon after the friends retired. Edric was not insensible to Pauline's emotion; and as he more than suspected the cause, a pleasure, unknown before, throbbed in his bosom. His eyes sparkled, and his whole appearance presented so complete a contrast to his usual depression, that Roderick could not resist the temptation of again rallying him most unmercifully upon it. "Talk of

medicine," cried he, "there is no elixir like the magic of a pair of bright eyes. All the physicians in my camp can effect nothing like it. Nay, you need not blush so, Edric! I did not imagine you were so far gone as that."

"I do not blush, that I am aware of," returned Edric, somewhat peevishly; for he did not relish being teased; "at least, I am sure I have no occasion for blushing."

"Well, then, don't look so like a bashful maiden, disavowing her first attachment, with a 'La, Pa! how can you think so!'—I did not suppose you were capable of such affectation."

"I am not aware that I have been guilty of any."

"Come, then, own the truth candidly—you love Mademoiselle de Mallet?"

"How can you think so?" replied Edric, blushing deeply in spite of his efforts to look composed.

"You are indifferent to her, then? Dear me, I had no idea of it, I never was more completely deceived in my life! Well, if that's the case, I will resume my first design of trying my own fortune."

“How can you be so provoking?”

“Why it is very hard, if you are not in love with her yourself, that you should wish to prevent every one else from being so.”

“Your Majesty’s rank, I should think, would prevent your even thinking of Mademoiselle de Mallet.”

“Why should my rank prevent the possibility of my being happy?”

“Your Majesty’s rank prevents the possibility of your marrying Pauline; and I should hope you would not dare to entertain dishonourable views respecting her.”

“Dare! dishonour! Do you remember whom you are speaking to, Edric?”

“Perfectly; for I have not forgotten Roderick, though he appears to have forgotten himself.”

“Edric! But I won’t be angry with you. When people are in love, they never mean what they say; in fact, they very seldom know what they are talking about. I remember once when I was in love myself—”

Alexis, who had waited at the entrance of the tent during the visit his master had paid to M. de Mallet, and was now following them, sighed heavily at this remark. Roderick heard him;—"What is the matter with the boy?" said he: "Were you ever in love, Alexis?"

The page sighed yet more deeply than before, and, crossing his arms upon his breast, bent his head in token of assent.

"It is to be much lamented you cannot tell us all about it," continued Roderick; "for you could never choose a more fitting moment for such a tale; as you may depend upon the sympathy of Mr. Montagu, even if I should be so barbarous as to refuse you mine:—

'We pity faults to which we feel inclined,
And to our proper failings can be kind;'

as one of your own poets says. Eh, Edric! Don't you think he's right?"

"I think you are very provoking."

"That is because I am touching upon a string that happens to be not quite in tune; so

no wonder it jars a little. Do you not remember the old proverb—

‘ Touch a man whose skin is sound,
He will stand, and fear no wound :
Touch a man when he is sore,
He will start, and bear no more.’ ”

“ How can you condescend to repeat such nonsense ? ” cried Edric, indignantly. “ It is unworthy the poorest beggar in your dominions ! ”

“ And how can you condescend to be moved at such nonsense, Edric ? ” replied Roderick, laughing. “ Come, come ! own the truth, for it is useless to attempt any longer to deny it. Say, candidly, that you are in love with Mademoiselle de Mallet, and I will tease you no longer.”

“ In love is too strong a term. I admire, esteem, and respect Mademoiselle de Mallet. I even think her possessed of a thousand charms and a thousand virtues ; but as to being in love——”

“ Well, well ! we will not quarrel about

words. I do not think you will ever make a romantic lover. You Englishmen are too reasoning and prudent ever to fall violently in love. Your blood is as cold as your climate. Now we take the thing quite differently; with us love is a devouring flame! a fire that absorbs our whole being—a stream that sweeps every thing before it—a madness—a delirium! In short, I don't know what it is!"

"I think not," said Edric, drily.

"Psha, psha!" continued Roderick; "if it could be described, it would not be worth feeling. It is all spirit! all soul! if you tie it down to rules, it evaporates. Don't you think so in Greece, Alexis?"

The page bowed, and shaking his head, pressed his finger upon his lips.

"True," returned his master; "I had forgotten: but if you cannot speak, you can write. Take these tablets, I should like to know your opinion."

The page took the tablets, and wrote with astonishing rapidity—"Since your Majesty

condescends to ask my opinion, I think that the love which can stay to reason, or hesitates to sacrifice every thing to the beloved object, does not deserve the name."

"Bravo, my little hero!" cried Roderick, tapping him upon the shoulder; "spoken like a true Greek. An Irishman, however, would have said nearly the same."

The boy's slender figure trembled in every nerve at his master's touch, and his cheeks were flushed with unwonted passion, though his eyes remained fixed upon the ground, from which indeed he rarely raised them. Roderick gazed upon him a few minutes in silence, as though he wished to read his inmost soul. Then turning abruptly to Dr. Entwerfen, who had taken no part in the last conversation, he demanded gaily what he was thinking of.

"I was thinking, your Majesty," said the doctor, gravely, "that it is a long way from hence to Madrid, and that it will be very fatiguing for your men to march so far."

"Upon my word, doctor," said Roderick, laughing, "you have really made a most sub-

lime discovery, and I perfectly agree with you in the justice of your conclusions."

"That being granted," continued the doctor, "if any means could be devised by which your army could be transported to the gates of the city without the trouble of walking there, it would be a good thing."

"Certainly," said the King; "the fact does not admit of a dispute."

"The only difficulty is to contrive how it is to be done," resumed the doctor, musing.

"Ay, there's the rub," cried Roderick, laughing immoderately; "however, if any one can do it, I'm sure you can, my dear doctor. So rally your energies and consider the best means of commencing operations: I am sure, if you exert yourself, you cannot fail of success."

"Your Majesty does me honour, and I will endeavour to prove I am not undeserving of the confidence you repose in me," said the little doctor, drawing up himself to his full height, and puffing out his cheeks as he walked on absorbed in meditation. "I have it," cried he, suddenly stopping short; "what

does your Majesty think of an immense raft?"

"Excellent, my dear doctor! I see but three objections to making one large enough to convey the whole army:—First, that we have no timber to make it of;—secondly, we have no horses to draw it;—and thirdly, the roads are not wide enough to admit it."

"Balloons would do, but we have them not," resumed the doctor, still profoundly cogitating, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hands in his breeches-pockets.

"What think you of packing the soldiers up in bombs, and shooting them out of mortars?" asked Roderick.

"Your Majesty is pleased to jest," observed the doctor, gravely; "but ridicule is not argument."

"Certainly not," replied the King; "and you mistake me greatly if you thought I meant to ridicule your plan. I only wished to remark that I feared it would be rather difficult to put it in execution."

"That which can be accomplished without

difficulty," said the doctor, solemnly, "is scarcely worth the trouble of undertaking, and quite below the consideration of a man of genius. Difficulties to a man of science are but incentives to action."

"Most sensibly observed, my dear doctor," cried Roderick; "however, as we have now reached our tent, I must leave you to contrive some plan to bring us back from Madrid, as I am afraid we cannot wait now to put your designs in practice to enable us to get there: we must march with the dawn. Of course you will accompany us."

"Certainly!" returned the doctor, still musing; then muttering to himself—"I don't much like the plan of shooting off the soldiers, it would take such large mortars and so much gunpowder:—however, there is no knowing what might be done: I will think of it:"—he retired to his tent, though no sleep visited his eyes that night, so completely had the idea of packing up the soldiers in bombs taken possession of his imagination.

Roderick's arrangements were soon made,

for Nature had certainly intended him for a general. His intelligent mind foresaw every thing, and provided against every contingency. Brave in the field, and prudent in council, the only fault of Roderick as a soldier was that he sometimes suffered himself to be carried away by his ardour when it would have been wiser to delay. But this very impetuosity had its charms in the eyes of his soldiers, as he never hesitated to expose himself to the same dangers or to undergo the same privations as themselves, and they would all have followed him willingly into the very jaws of destruction.

After arranging every thing for the morning's march, the Irish hero snatched a few hours of repose. With the dawn, however, the drums beat the reveillée, and the Irish army left Andalusia to advance by rapid marches upon Madrid.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST these scenes were taking place in Spain, Elvira was beginning to discover, in England, that it was not quite so delightful to be a Queen as she had previously imagined. The contending parties in the state had been roused into action by the late struggle, and party spirit is of all others the most difficult to conquer. Besides this, the choice of Elvira having been rather a matter of feeling than of judgment, men felt dissatisfied at having suffered themselves to be hurried away by their passions, and, as is usual in such cases, they were disposed to vent the ill-humour they felt at their own conduct upon every thing which chanced to fall in their way. Thus, even the

best measures of Elvira's government were warmly criticised; and as she unfortunately altered some of her laws in consequence of these objections, the critics were encouraged to proceed; and fancying her plans to be the result of weakness, when they were in fact only produced by her natural candour and love of justice, the people became more outrageous and troublesome with every concession that was made to them.

Elvira's intentions were excellent, but by unfortunately wishing to please every one, she destroyed their effect. This made her councils vacillating, and her measures uncertain: nothing indeed but the strength of mind and commanding genius of Edmund, joined to his complete devotion to her cause, could have prevented the ruin of her government almost in the moment of its formation. From a mistaken motive of generosity, she had retained in her council those lords who had most vehemently opposed her, though, in compliance with the wishes of Edmund, they were shorn of their beams. This was a fatal error; half

measures are always dangerous: the lords in question should have been discarded altogether, or retained in their former seats; as it was, Elvira had made them enemies, and yet left them the power to sting her.

The emissaries of Rosaballa were also very active, and the ferment of the public mind excessive. The taste the people had just enjoyed of power, had only been enough to make them long for more. They had only just begun to relish its sweets, when the dish was snatched away from them, with which, if it had been left them to devour, they would have soon been cloyed. Discontents became general, disturbances arose, which were no sooner quelled in one quarter than they broke out in another, and these petty insurrections, though almost too trivial to mention, were excessively annoying. For trifling inconveniences, like a host of flies buzzing round a nervous man on a sultry day, are often more irritating to the temper, than serious grievances; and the noble mind of Edmund was wearied by subduing such paltry enemies.

“ They want employment,” said he one day to the Queen, after reading a dispatch containing an account of one of the most vexatious of these tumults; “ you must build bridges and cut canals to amuse them.”

The active mind of Elvira caught eagerly at the idea, and she vainly fancied her name would be handed down to posterity as one of the greatest of Queens, who, though in the bloom of youth and pride of beauty, did not hesitate to sacrifice herself for the good of her people, and to devote that time to their welfare and the improvement of her kingdom, which others of her age and rank wasted in mere amusements.

Delighted with the thought, Elvira did not delay a moment before she prepared to put it in practice; and she was found for several days together constantly surrounded by her counsellors, and seated at a table absolutely loaded with papers, which she was busily employed in inspecting and arranging.

Plans for the erection of public buildings, for hospitals, bridges, museums, and churches, schemes for new manufactories, hints for new

establishments conducive to the public good, and sketches of new discoveries, lay in heaps before her; mixed with addresses of compliments, votes of thanks, complaints of grievances, petitions, secret informations; and in short all that multifarious collection of paper, with which a monarch is sure to be surrounded who is said to be anxious to ameliorate the condition of his people, or who is unhappily reported to possess a genius for improvement.

Unfortunate is the man possessed of power, of whom such reports are current. He is directly surrounded by projectors, each presenting a scheme more futile than that of his predecessor; and discontented dependants, each bringing a long list of grievances, half of which are imaginary, but which have been conjured up by the complainants that they may not lose the precious right they enjoy of complaining.

Unhappy he whose fate obliges him to decide between the rival claimants! certain alike to be blamed, if he give or refuse; if he accept, or if he reject!

Elvira had not yet found the evils of power; but she now tasted of its sweets, and was enchanted. It seemed to her the most delightful thing in the world to hold in her hands the destinies of thousands of her fellow-creatures; and she thought not of the heavy responsibility it entailed, nor how often her path would be followed by curses instead of blessings. Some one has said that every time a sovereign confers a favour, he makes one ungrateful subject and nine discontented ones; but Elvira and Edmund as yet had not discovered the truth of this maxim. Since their present plan had been suggested, every thing with them had been the *couleur de rose*. I say, then, for Edmund was associated with Elvira in all these gigantic schemes of improvement; and as he had conceived the first idea of them, so it was he only who could carry them into execution. His active mind required something to employ it; and the same strong feelings which had formerly been devoted to love and glory, were now turned into another channel.

The energies of Elvira's mind had also been

awakened by the struggle for the crown, and the passion awakened in her breast by the youthful stranger; and she now felt that she could not quietly return again to the commonplace stillness of every-day life. The passions when once roused from their dormant state, must have something to occupy them, or they will prey upon themselves. Thus we generally see great warriors, or statesmen, or in fact any class of men who have passed their lives in activity, wither away when forced to the dullness of an obscure retirement: their minds and bodies decay alike from want of stimulants to call them into action.

The improvement of her people supplied this stimulus to the mind of Elyira,—but alas! she entered upon it rather with passion than judgment, and had not patience to wait to see her plans gradually carried into effect:—No—no—she could not endure any thing slow: with her every thing must be done by a *coup de main*; and as the people and the buildings were so stupid as not to be made perfect by the first attempt, she was continually disappointed

and discouraged. In fact, by attempting to do too much, she did nothing.

When Elvira ascended the throne, she determined no public act should take place without the approbation of her council; and these noble lords were one day debating upon the propriety of a new road, that was proposed to intersect the entire kingdom at right angles, when Lord Gustavus de Montfort rose to oppose it, upon the ground of the injury it would do to private property if carried into effect.

Elvira could not endure Lord Gustavus: his cold, prudent, calculating manner, without a single spark of imagination, disgusted her beyond description; and the only good quality he possessed, that of being indefatigable in following up his point, completed her abhorrence. Wit and eloquence were quite thrown away upon him, for he understood neither the one nor the other; and when any new or brilliant scheme crossed Elvira's imagination, and she described it to her council with all the fire of genius and animation, there he sat with his

calm, cold unvarying countenance, ready to damp it with a doubt. Lord Maysworth also was her aversion; his narrow mind, which could only take in such trifles as escape the observation of men of genius; his mean and paltry spirit, and his grovelling ambition, were all her detestation; whilst Lord Noodle and Lord Doodle, who, though ciphers in themselves, yet, like their prototypes, prodigiously increased the weight of the figures placed before them, completed the group.

Much, however, as Elvira disliked these members of her council, she felt unequal to resist their combined influence; and she was just upon the point of being teased into their opinions contrary to her own judgment, when Lord Edmund entered the room. Indescribable was the effect produced by his presence; for indeed his commanding talents swayed all before them; and Elvira could not help smiling when she saw her counsellors of state shake their wise heads, and imagine they were assisting the debate with their wisdom, whilst, in fact, they were mere tools in his powerful hands. It is

true they were the agents that produced the intended effect ; but his was the master spirit that set them in motion, and taught them where to go. His powerful intellect caught in an instant the comparative merits and disadvantages of the plan now in discussion, and his nod decided its fate.

The council, however, though they implicitly obeyed his will, had not the least idea that they were doing so ; as he had the address so to form his opinions as to let each person imagine them the suggestions of his own breast.

Whilst the principal personages in the cabinet, fancying they were leading, were thus blindly led, the nonentities of course followed in their train, and our old friends the lords of ancient family were perfectly astonished when they heard the magnificent plans and sagacious councils attributed to them, and sate quite lost in admiration of their own wisdom, whilst their little heads and enormous perriwigs kept bobbing with at least threefold their accustomed rapidity.

Elvira's accession to the throne had induced both her father and Sir Ambrose to leave the country; the duke inhabiting his former palace, and Sir Ambrose taking possession of a moveable house in one of the streets upon the banks of the Thames. Here the worthy Baronet found himself perfectly happy in the society of his niece Clara, (whom her parents permitted to keep his house,) and that of his old friend the duke.

"I begin to repent that my daughter is a Queen," said the duke to Sir Ambrose, one night after supper, when the whole party were sitting cosily round the fire in Sir Ambrose's library. "I have not half the enjoyments I used to have when I could have more of her society. Now when I see her, it is but for an instant, and she can scarcely stay to ask me how I do, before she flies off to some of her new plans of improvement."

"The face of the country will be quite changed in a few years, if all the plans of the Queen prosper," said Father Morris in his usual smooth hypocritical manner.

"I hope not!" cried Sir Ambrose; "I hope it's no treason, duke—but I must confess I wish your daughter had never been Queen, if she can't leave things as they are."

"They are such wildgoose schemes too that she takes into her head," said the duke piteously. "Only imagine, Sir Ambrose, she showed me this morning a plan for making aerial bridges to convey heavy weights from one steeple to another; a machine for stamping shoes and boots at one blow out of a solid piece of leather; a steam-engine for milking cows; and an elastic summer-house that might be folded up so as to be put into a man's pocket!"

"It is really provoking; and Edward is quite as scheming and visionary. I absolutely think, if we were both to die, they would not feel more than a temporary uneasiness at our loss, their minds are so completely occupied in these gigantic projects."

Whilst these two old men were sitting comfortably over the fire, commenting on the

glorious days when they were young, and when all went right, or, what was nearly the same thing, when all appeared to them to do so (quite forgetting that age has other eyes than youth, and that the change was in themselves, not the times), Clara was at a splendid party given by Elvira, and Father Morris soon left the duke's library to join her.

It was a ball; and the splendid court of Claudia seemed yet more brilliant under the reign of her successor. It was the first time Clara had ever been at court, and the effect the gorgeous magnificence of the scene had upon her was powerful in the extreme. She forgot her cares, her sadness, and her love—all seemed enchantment; and the old lady, who acted as her chaperone, was quite horrified at her *gaucherie*.

Brilliant as all was, however, the lovely goddess of the temple far exceeded even the splendour of the shrine; and the beholders gazed upon her with indescribable rapture. Beautiful as the fairy image of a dream; kind,

affable, and condescending to all, Elvira glided through the crowd, followed by her suite to the concert-room. Here, all that the imagination of man could devise of harmony, enchanted the ears. But harsh was every other sound to that which stole upon the senses when Elvira was induced to forget her rank and mingle her voice with the music.

Elvira's singing was perfection: "clear as a trumpet with a silver sound;" the round full notes now swelled upon the ear in liquid melody, and then died away, soft and sweet, yet distinct even in their faintest strains. Prince Ferdinand was at her side, and his ardent gaze bespoke the intenseness of his admiration. Elvira had not before seen him since the night when her conversation with him had so powerfully excited the jealousy of Edmund; and as she now observed his manner had again attracted Edmund's attention, she blushed yet more deeply than before.

Edmund saw her blushes; and, stung al-

most to madness by the sight, rushed violently out of the room.

The night was cold and damp, a drizzling mist fell fast, and that peculiar chill that marks the first approaches of winter, hung in the air; but Lord Edmund thought not of the weather, and he strode bareheaded through the palace-gardens with hurried steps and the actions of a maniac; whilst the thick gloom that pervaded the sky, contrasted fearfully with the brilliantly illuminated apartment he had just quitted. The gloominess of the scene, however, harmonized well with Edmund's feelings; he felt soothed insensibly; and though he still stalked moodily backwards and forwards, he became gradually more calm.

“Ungrateful woman,” thought he, “to treat me thus! Does she not owe every thing to me? I could bear her coldness; I could resign her to a throne; but the idea of her loving another drives me to distraction!—Curses on that fiend! It must be by his infernal arts that Ferdinand has triumphed. The cold, the chaste Elvira

could never give her love thus—thus almost unsolicited, and at first sight if it were not the work of magic. By Heaven, I would risk my soul for vengeance on that demon !”

As he spoke, his eyes fell upon a thicket near him, and he fancied he saw the figure of a man, half obscured however by the mist, emerge from its gloomy recesses. He gazed intently, and the figure glided slowly on with cat-like, creeping steps. The mind of Edmund was worked up to frenzy—he almost fancied a demon had appeared obedient to his wish, to receive his pledge, and work his bidding. “ Speak !” cried he, in a voice that sounded fearfully amidst the surrounding stillness—“ Speak ! art thou a demon, or a mortal ?”

All was silent: the figure glided on; and Lord Edmund, oppressed by supernatural terrors, and shuddering at the sound of his own voice, could bear no more; he darted upon the figure, and grasping it roughly, he exclaimed, “ Man or devil, I fear thee not, and thus will I grapple with thee.”

“ Gently, my son,” replied the well-known

voice of Father Morris; "in what have I offended you?"

"Pardon, holy father," returned Edmund "I knew you not—I knew not what I did—my passion blinded me."

"And what has caused this passion? The mind of Edmund is too noble to be lightly moved."

"Oh! talk not of the nobleness of my mind, father; I feel I am but a poor weak worm. Nobleness belongs to God alone; 'tis blasphemy to apply the term to man."

"Tell me your grievances. They must, I am sure, be great, or they would not thus affect you. It is my holy office to console affliction. Speak then, my son; for, remember, that though joy is doubled by being partaken, grief is lessened by being shared—and woe robbed of half its bitterness."

"I have little to confess, father. I was weak and foolish; but Elvira—"

"And are you astonished at a woman's fickleness? Light as the eider down, and unstable as the changing wind, inconstancy is natural to

the sex—they crave incessantly for novelty;—and as vanity is their only real passion, if that be gratified they ask no more.”

“And has not Elvira’s vanity been gratified even to satiety? Have I not idolized, worshipped her? Was it not my power that made her what she is? And is this my reward? To be scorned, deserted, laughed at, and for what? A stranger!—a boy!—my prisoner!”

“Whom do you mean?” asked the friar.

“Prince Ferdinand,” returned Edmund.

“Impossible!” cried Father Morris, starting with well-feigned astonishment. “Elvira cannot, surely, love Prince Ferdinand! And yet, now I recollect, I saw her talking to him, even now, with an appearance of deep interest, when I passed through her splendid chambers.”

“Damnation!” exclaimed Lord Edmund vehemently, driven to distraction by this speech; for, strange to tell, though we may be certain of the reality of our own sufferings, they always seem to come with double poignancy when we hear them related by another.

“Calm yourself, my son,” said Father Morris in his silky tones, eyeing him with about as much compassion as an angler feels for the writhing of a worm upon his hook. “These bursts of passion are unworthy of you.”

“Oh, father!” cried Edmund, softened almost into tears, “you know not how I loved that woman. Your grave, serious feelings, disciplined by the restraint of a cloister, mortified by your renunciation of all earthly pleasures, can form no idea of the depth and fierceness of mine. Your passions, father, are dead within you; subdued by holy penitence to calmness; but mine rage with the fury of a volcano, and destroy me! O that my fond attachment, my long devoted services, my adoration, should be thus rewarded. Yes—my adoration, for I have adored her, father! I worshipped her like a goddess; and though I doted on her charms, and would have endured unheard-of torments to have been blest with their possession, yet, did I not sacrifice my hopes?—did I not relinquish the treasure when just within my grasp, because her happiness was dearer to me than my own? And