

that leaky old brigantine is bobbing about. The dirty, surly capitan kicking and beating the hands from taffrail to bowsprit—particularly one great tall fellow, without a hat and with but a few dry thin hairs to shield his skull from the scorching sun; abusing him, as he puffs a cigarrito, for being the most idle scoundrel of a skulk on board! But he—the scoundrel—laughing with a hollow laugh up the sleeve of his filthy shirt, with never a dollar in his belt, or an extra pair of trousers in the fore-castle, with bare feet, and still, cold eyes, now turned to green—eating nasty jerked beef and drinking putrid water—never sleeping for vermin—kicked and cuffed about the decks!

But yet he smiled with a fiendish satisfaction, Paul, for he had escaped you, and was bound to St. Jago de Cuba! From there he would charter—steal, perhaps—a small boat, and run over to the Doce Leguas Keys, where there was ten thousand pounds in mildewed gold! If nobody had discovered it—which was not probable—and he—the scoundrel—would gather it up in bags, and slink away to some other part of the world!

You must be very quick, Captain Brand, for the leaky brigantine does not sail so fast as did the pirate schooner; and your ancient compadre, Don Ignacio, is just out of prison. His old, fat, bananawife is very sorry for it, but that's none of your business.

And you, Doctor Paul! Don't you pity that flying, dirty wretch, with his mutilated hand, and soul-beseeching gaze out of those greenish, frozen eyes, where a ray of mercy never entered, but whose icy lids fairly crack as your shadow stamps across them?

No! not a ray of pity or mercy for the infamous villain; not even a twitch of the little finger of his bloody, mutilated white hand! No! not the faintest hope of pity! He shall die in such torments as even a pirate never inflicted on a victim!

But you are worn out, Darcantel; your prey has escaped you. The people think you mad, as you are, for revenge; and though your stride is the same, and your frame still as noryous as a galvanised corpse, yet flesh and blood cannot stand it. Go on board the Monongahela and talk to that true friend whose counsel you have ever listened to since you were rocking in your cradle, or take that noble, gallant youth in your arms and console him—for he needs consolation—and think of the mouse who gnawed the net years and years ago.

Well, you will, Paul Darcantel; but before you do, you will step into that little jeweller's shop and buy a trifle for old Clinker there, out at Escandido. You want a ring, the finest gem that can be found on the island of Jamaica. There it is—its equal not to be bought in the whole West India Islands, or the East Indies either.

"I gave a military man an ounce for the setting alone, but the sapphire-looking stone may be glass. He was going to sail the next morning in a Spanish brigantine for St. Jago de Cuba, and wanted the money to pay his bill at the lodging-house adjoining. The señor might take it for any price he chose to put upon it."

What made that old dealer in precious stones and trinkets turn paler than his old topaz face as he yelled frantically for his older Creole wife? The señor had seized the ring as he broke his elbows through the glass case which contained the time-honoured jewellery, and dashed a yellow shower of heavy gold ounces over the floor of the little shop, smashing the glass door of that, too, in his exit! And when the little toddling fat woman appeared in the most disordered dress possible to conceive of, with scarcely time to light her paper cigar, she exclaimed—

"*Es tanático hombre! ay, demonio con oro! A crazy man—a demon with gold!*" And forthwith she picked up the pieces and looked at them critically, to be sure of their value. "*Son buenos, Campeche!* All right, old Deary; we'll have such a podrida to-day! Baked duck with garlic, too! So shut the door! There's the ounce you gave the officer man for the ring, and I'll guard the rest."

That old woman did, too, and that very night she won—in the most skilful way—from her shaky old topaz, in his tin spectacle setting, his last ounce, and looked all up in her own little brass-nailed trunk for a rainy season for them both, together with their daughter's picaninias.

Paul Darcantel whirled and spun round the corners and along the sandy streets till he reached the landing, moving like a water-spout and clearing everything from his track. There he sprang into the first boat he saw, seized the sculls, despite the shrieks and gesticulations of the old nigger whose property it was, and who jumped overboard with a howl as if a lobster had caught him by the toe, and

paddled into a neighbouring boat, where, with the assistance of another ancient crony, they both let off volley upon volley of shrieks which alarmed the harbour, while the boat went shooting like a javelin toward the man-of-war.

However, those old stump-tailed African baboons found a gold ounce in their boat after it had been set adrift from the American frigate. What a jolly snapping of teeth over a tough old goose stuffed with onions that night, with two respectable coloured ladies and a case bottle of rum beside them! You can almost sniff the fragrant odour as it arises, even at this distance. I do, and shall, mayhap, many a time again, in lands where stuffed geese and comely coloured ladies abound.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PARTING.

THERE had been a small party on board the Monongahela the night before to bid the Commodore good-bye—all old friends of both parties. The Piron, Burns, Stewart, Stingo, and Jacob Blunt. Clinker was not there, for he never went where it was damp, and if he got musty it must be from mildew on shore. The Martha Blunt, under the careful management of young Binks, the mate, with Banou and all the baggage on board, was being towed by two of the frigate's boats down the harbour, with her yards mastedead all ready to sheet home the sails when the black pilot should say the land-wind would make, and that the passengers were to come on board.

The lights were twinkling from lattice and veranda in the upper and lower town, the lanterns of the French and English Admirals were shining from the tops of their flag-ships, and the revolving gleams from the beacon on the Pallisades Point flickered and dazzled over the gemmed star-lit surface of the water. The awning was still spread on the after deck of the Monongahela; and there, while the officer of the watch paced the forward part of the deck with the midshipmen to leeward, the sentries on the high platform outside and on the fore-castle, the party of ladies and gentlemen stood silently watching and thinking.

Softly, like the cool breath of a slumbering child, came a faint air from the land. The bell of the frigate, clanging in its brassy throat, struck for midnight. The sentinels on their posts cried, "All's well!" The old brig was letting fall her topsails; and the sound of the oars in the cutter's row-locks ceased.

"Cleveland!" said Piron, quietly, "while the ladies and our friends are getting into the barge, come down with me in your cabin. I wish to have a parting word with you."

So they go down.

"Now, my dear friend, you have seen as well as I how wildly those young people are in love with each other. So has my wife and her sister; and, indeed, my sweet Rosalie seems more in love with him than our niece. I have not had the heart to put a thorn in the path of their happiness, and God grant it may all come right. But, Cleveland, you know that we come from an old and noble stock, where the bar sinister has never crossed our escutcheon, and I cannot yet make up my mind to an immediate engagement. This our niece has consented to—Stop, Cleveland! hear me out. I do not, however, carry my prejudices to any absurd extent, nor have I spoken on this subject to the girl, and only to her mother and my wife; but I wish you to explain the way we feel, in your own kind manner, to your friend's son. Say to him what a trial it has been to us—how we all love him"—he pressed his handkerchief to his eyes—"and after he has learned all, if he still persists in urging his suit when the cruise is over, he shall have our consent and blessing. Time may work changes in them both; and meanwhile I shall not mention the matter to our little Rosalie, as we fear for the consequences."

"Spoken like a true father and a noble gentleman, my dear Piron! I have thought as you and your excellent wife do on this matter; but, like you, I have not had the courage to give even a hint of warning to Henry. I shall, however, break the matter gently to him, and send my coxswain for his father also, whom I have not seen for a week, and who, they tell me, has been raging about Kingston ever since he ran away from you at Escandido. His son loves him devotedly; and a word from him will do more than I could say in a lifetime."

"The ladies are in the barge, commodore," squeaked Midshipman Mouse, as he popped his tiny head into the cabin.

"Very well, sir. And tell Lieutenant Darcantel that I wish to see him to-morrow morning before church service. Come, Piron!"

On the lower grating of the accommodation ladder stood the commodore with his first lieutenant as the barge shoved off.

"I am heartily obliged to you, Commodore Cleveland," said Jacob Blunt, "for your kindness to me; and if Mr. Hardy will permit, I'll give the boats' crews a glass of grog for their trouble in towing the old brig."

Certainly! Jacob knew what was proper under the circumstances, and liked a moderate toss himself after a hard night's work as well as the lusty sailors in the boats, and the youngsters, Rat and Martin, who steered them.

So the barge shoved off, with no other words spoken, though there were white handkerchiefs wet with women's tears, and red bandanas, too, somewhat moist; while following in the barge's wake went a light whale-boat gig, pulled by four old tars, who could make her leap, when they had a mind, half out of water; for it was in those brawny old arms to do it. But now they merely dipped the long oar-blades in the water, and could not keep up with the barge.

They knew—those corrugated old salts—that their gallant, considerate young captain there in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes in his hands, who steered so wildly about the harbour, had something more yielding than white-laced rope in his flippers; and that the sweet little craft under white dimity, with her head throwing off the sparkling spray as she lay under his bows, was in no hurry to go to sea—not caring much, either, to what port she was bound, so long as she found good holding ground when she got in harbour with both bowers down, and cargo ready for another voyage—not she!

Finally, old Jacob Blunt, master, again in full command of the brig Martha, with Mr. Binnacle Binks cutting the anchor forward! all sail made, sheets home, and everything ship-shape, with a fresh, steady land-wind, and a light gig towing astern, went steering out to sea, bound to New Orleans, by way of the Windward Passage.

At the first ray of sunrise the gig's line was cast off; and with the waves breaking over her, those four old sons of Daddy Neptune bared their tattooed arms—illustrative of ships, anchors, and maidens—and bent their bodies with a will toward the harbour.

"Take keer, sir, if it's the same to you, or we'll be on that ledge off the 'Postle's Battery.' It looks just like that 'ere reef in the Virgin's Passage as I was wunce nearly racked on, in the Smasher, sixteen-gun brig."

"No fear, Harry Greenfield."

"Beg your parding, Mr. Darcantel, but that 'ere vessel you is heading for is that old clump of a Spanish gun-boat; our craft is off here, under the quarter of the Monongahela."

"Oh yes, Charley; I see the Rosalie."

What made these old salts slow gravely round one to the other, as their sixteen-foot oars rattled with a regular jar in the brass rowlocks, and shut one eye tight, as if they enjoyed something themselves? Probably they were thinking of a strapping lass, in blue ribbons, who lived somewhere in a seaport town long years ago. But yet they loved that young slip of sea-weed, whose head was bent down to the buttons of his blue jacket, his epaulet lopped on his shoulder, his sword hilt downward, and his brown eyes tracing the lines of the ash grating where pretty feet had once rested, while he jerked the tiller ropes from side to side, and his gig went wild by reef and point toward the Rosalie.

When the gig's oars at last, in spite of her mending navigation by her abstracted helmsman, trailed alongside the schooner, and while her crew were cracking a few biscuits and jokes on deck, with the sun high up in the little craft's masts, her captain hurried down to his small cabin, and changed his rig for service on board the frigate.

(To be continued.)

FRANCIS II., KING OF NAPLES.

THE flight of the King of Naples is a circumstance for which the events of the last few months have prepared the public mind. It was a mere question of time how long this prince of the House of Bourbon could maintain his position on the throne; the ultimate result was for a long time apparent. He is gone, has ignominiously fled from his capital, deserted even by the partners of his guilt, the creatures of his will, the instruments of his base designs. He is gone, without one struggle for victory, without one effort to hold the throne of his ancestors, without even the semblance of resistance. He is gone



PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS II., KING OF NAPLES.

into retirement and exile, without a friend to console him; without the satisfaction of knowing that a few have remained faithful to his cause; without the hope of sympathy for his fallen greatness.

What has produced this result? What but a long series of oppressions and cruelties, begun of old by his ancestors of the Bourbon race, continued with increased audacity by his father, and consummated by himself? He has played the part of a fool as well as that of a tyrant, and flies in terror before the spirit which he has himself evoked.

Experience, the best though most expensive of teachers, has failed to make the Bourbons learn that a throne, to be stable, must be established in righteousness, broad-based on the people's affections and the people's will.

Experience has shown the princes of modern times that it is possible for the people to rise up against oppression and violence, and to hurl a tyrant from his throne. Crowned kings have lost their crowns and their heads also; and others have been permitted to escape, and thought themselves happy in finding security in exile. Princes of the Bourbon house have had such lessons to learn, but their descendants have forgotten them. The execution of Louis XVI., the banishment of Charles X., the flight of Louis Philippe, are warnings which oppression would do well to consider.

Experience, whose lessons have been disregarded by princes, have been improved by the people. They have learned their own strength. They have learned that revolutions, where union is cemented

by justice, can be effected without violent outrage and bloodshed; that it is possible to rid themselves of an obnoxious king without killing him; that there is little to move compassion, or arouse a spirit of loyalty, in the cause of a monarch who has fled from his people like a fraudulent bankrupt from his creditors, while people sympathise in the sufferings of a king on a scaffold. Louis XVI. at the guillotine in the Place Louis Quinze, Charles I. at the block at Whitehall, awaken very different emotions from those which James II. excites when flying from his palace at the approach of William III., or Louis Philippe in a hackney-coach escaping from Paris.

Another lesson of experience which the princes of the Bourbon house have failed to learn is, that perjury is punishable even in a king, and that lying lips, even though they be those of royalty, bring disaster and ruin on any cause. To meet a popular demand, backed by sufficient strength to make it forcible, with bland words and ample concessions, and to forswear those words, revoke those concessions, and punish with vindictive cruelty all who were associated with the demand, is the policy which the Bourbons have adopted from the beginning.

But the people have been taught by experience, and have learned not to put their trust in princes. With the lesson of 1848 in their remembrance, the Neapolitans have refused to be misled, and the failure of the last *ruse* has accelerated the flight of Francis II.

When Ferdinand II., father of the fugitive king of Naples, ascended the throne, the excitement induced by the French revolution was producing a not unsalutary effect on the arbitrary governments of Europe. He exhibited some liberal tendencies, advocated some measures of reform, amnestied political exiles, introduced some measures of economy, but the traditional policy of his family was soon revived. From 1832 to 1848 a long series of oppressions prepared the Neapolitan mind for revolt, and when the revolution broke out again in Paris, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies was infected by the contagion, and a revolt took place, as we all know, which obliged the king to meet the popular demand with full and ample concessions: he swore to the new constitution—but his oath was empty breath; and as soon as the opportunity occurred, he dealt out double vengeance on the Liberals. Naples and Sicily became the scenes of frightful tragedies, surpassed, however, by the cruel malignity exhibited in the prosecution and punishment of offenders. To bombard towns, to level fair cities with the earth, to bury their inhabitants beneath their ruins, to give up whole districts to be sacked, and to let loose a brutal soldiery and lazzaroni, was not so bad as the civil proceedings subsequently instituted. These prosecutions crowded the prisons with the best men of the land, filled the galleys with senators, and sent half a parliament to expiate the offence of believing the oath of a crowned king, in chains or in exile. Against the outrages committed, Lord Palmerston appealed in the name of humanity to the consti-



THE PALAZZO REALE (ROYAL PALACE), NAPLES.

tutional Powers, but appealed in vain; and Gladstone denounced with honest energy the foul malignity of the Neapolitan authorities. But the King of Naples steadily carried on the oppressions which he had begun, and made it his policy to reduce his subjects to poverty and misery; to keep them in ignorance, and overawe them by unjust judges, hireling soldiers, and priests unworthy of any sacred profession. He died as he had lived—hard of heart, suspicious of those in whom he most confided, and anticipating treachery on every hand—dreading poison even in the sacramental cup!

The Italian campaign, the defeat of the Austrians, the cession of Lombardy, the flight of the Archdukes, aroused the slumbering fires of patriotism in the breasts of the Neapolitans; and when Francis II. succeeded, he found the people yearning for liberty, and undismayed by an overwhelming military force, exhibiting unmistakable signs of revolt. Moderation, conciliatory measures, the redress of old wrongs, might have averted, for a time, at all events, the revolution which has driven him from his throne. But the young king was insensible to his danger, and true to the traditions of his house. He "bettered the example" of his sire's cruelty, and replied, in the spirit of Rehoboam, to all protests and entreaties, "My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions; my little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins." He ascended the throne on the 23rd of May, 1859, at the very time when popular enthusiasm had been excited to the pitch of hero worship for General Garibaldi, who, with his free volunteer corps of Italians, was doing good work on the shores of Lake Como. Distrust, confusion, and disorder prevailed throughout Naples and Sicily, and demonstrations were being made in honour of the French and Sardinians.

The news of the battle of Solferino spread like wildfire through Naples; crowds paraded the streets, and, though not a word was uttered, every face beamed with intelligence and joy. An address from the people to King Francis II. got into his majesty's hands, by the *ruse* of presenting it as a petition to the king, while riding in his carriage. The effect on the young king may be readily imagined, when we recall the words of the address:—

"The thrones of the peninsula are ceasing to be anything more than a memory. Some have fallen, never again to be raised up. Yours trembles beneath your feet. It has, however, a support, not in the abhorred Cæsar of the North, but in our desires, stronger than thousands of Croats. The restoration of the constitution, sworn at the foot of the altar of the Avenging Deity by your deceased father, this is the only plank remaining in so tempestuous a sea of fraternal blood. Will you seal your ears to the thunders of the voices of the people? Woe to kings that sleep on cannon! Thus let us relate the history of your house. The knife of the country struck Henry IV., Louis XVI., the Duc de Berri, Philip of Orleans, the Duke of Parma, and your father. Is the seed of Ravallac and of Milano destroyed? Far be from you these evil omens; but how often do these become history? The constitution restored; a ministry not immoral nor oppressive; a police, vigilant but not arbitrarily despotic; a national army, generous, patriotic; such are the infallible means of establishing your dynasty. Consider! Decide!"

But the appeal was made in vain. The exactions and cruelties became more and more oppressive, and a few days later some of the Swiss troops mutinied, and were only driven from the palace, against which they immediately advanced, by the prompt action of chasseurs and hussars. General Nunziante gave orders to fire on the mutineers, and seventy-five were killed and 233 wounded. Francis II., heedless of the warning, pursued his reckless course; trusting implicitly to the Argus eyes of his police and the steel of his soldiers. Previous to the festival of Corpus Christi, when some popular outbreak was expected, a considerable number of persons were arrested, and liberal rewards offered to political informers.

As time went on, the conduct of the young king became more and more oppressive. The *corps d'armée* on the frontiers was increased until it amounted to 30,000 men; the greatest activity prevailed in the arsenals; and the whole army was gradually placed on a war footing. Insurrectionary movements in various parts of the kingdom, though professedly regarded as trifling, were, in reality, most alarming to the king, whose only trust was in

the strength of his army and the vigilance of his police. As the Liberals began to manifest themselves more openly in Sicily, political arrests became more numerous, and the excesses of the police more outrageous. Women were openly insulted and beaten; political prisoners were put to the torture, under which some of them died; persons of the highest distinction were arrested; no one was safe, and the king seemed desirous of repeating the atrocities of that emperor who, eighteen hundred years ago, distinguished himself as an actor at Naples.

This state of things could not last. Garibaldi, as we all know, invaded Sicily and triumphed. Francis II. dispatched messengers to all the courts of Europe, to enlist their good offices in saving his continental dominions. He succeeded in obtaining the moral support of only Russia and Spain; priestly influence triumphed over the Queen of Spain, and Russia owed a debt of gratitude to the late father of the King of Naples for assisting Nicholas during the war. But a change became absolutely essential. Francis II. looked around in vain for any material help, and as a last resource, weak and crafty as he was cruel and treacherous, this tyrant king, this Bourbon of Bourbons, declared himself on the popular side! The people's demands should be satisfied! they should have—yea, whether they would or no—a constitutional government; a general amnesty should be granted; a total change of ministry take place; an Italian alliance be formed with Piedmont; the Italian flag with the arms of Naples adopted! The Bourbon felt himself helpless: he would do anything, everything to hold possession of his throne.

The concession came too late. Concession had been made twelve years before, and a perjured king had dealt out vengeance with a prodigal hand when his hour arrived. Who would trust the oath of a Bourbon Prince? The people knew too well the man with whom they had to deal, that he was ready to muster a brigand band, unfit for any work but that of massacre and plunder, and let them loose so soon as the occasion served. The sight of victorious Sicily, the magnanimous example of Piedmont, the powerful voice of Garibaldi, inspired the people with courage. "Let Vesuvius respond to Etna:" so wrote the revolutionary committee; "rise, Neapolitans, like the flames of your volcano!"

At length the landing of Garibaldi in Calabria hastened the approach of the struggle. The king prepared for flight. Openly it was shown that the Neapolitans were prepared to carry on the revolution. There was a performance at the San Carlo in behalf of those who had returned from exile. All the performers were decorated with tricolour ribbons; there was a national hymn sung, and money freely given, and though none of the royal family were present, the king sent £340. But nothing could avail him—no show of generosity, no profession of liberal principles—vindictive and obstinate, with power in his hands, he was weak and pusillanimous without it. Beggars in the streets were claiming their penny for the sake of Garibaldi, and expressing their thanks by saying, "May Victor Emmanuel repay you twenty-fold!" The daily papers published the decrees of Garibaldi under the very eyes of the ministry, and wrote up on the occasion of the battle of Melazzo, "Great Victory! Defeat of the Neapolitans!" Everywhere the question was being asked, "How soon will Garibaldi be here?" and impatience was manifested for his coming. As the hour drew near, and it was known that the hero was rapidly approaching, speculation was excited as to what Francis II. would do—whether he would attempt a resistance—whether he would give the town up to sack and pillage, or whether he would fly. He chose the last: what else could he do to insure his own personal safety? With councillors destitute of intelligence or good faith, with soldiers without patriotism or loyalty, with priests and policemen only too anxious to secure themselves, what remained for him but flight? He and his race had sown, and the harvest was ripe; no wonder that this last of the Bourbons should fly before the reapers.

Francis II. carried with him all the available property which lay within his reach, and went on board a Spanish ship but a few hours before the arrival of Garibaldi. The direction of his flight was at first uncertain. He was invited to take up his abode in Spain; it was also intimated that Baden, near Vienna, would be the place of his exile. To Gaeta, however, the king fled in the first instance, and thence he has retreated on board a Spanish frigate to Seville, in Spain. The end has surely come, and Francis II. is uncrowned for ever.

The portrait, which we give as a good specimen of the saturnine type of face, is from a photograph taken only a few days before the king's flight. The royal palace, represented in our engraving, is also after a photograph. This palace (*palazzo reale*) is situated near the quay, at the south extremity of the Strada di Toledo. The original design—like our own Whitehall Palace—was never finished, and it is only a portion that has been completed. It is of considerable size, three storeys in height, with three interior courts; the first storey is of the Doric, the second of the Ionic, and the third of the Corinthian order. The interior is gorgeously fitted up, and contains some excellent paintings.

AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE AT THE PYRAMIDS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "BARCHESTER TOWERS," &c. &c.

Concluded from page 300.

OUR party, whom we left on their road, had now reached the very foot of the Pyramids, and proceeded to dismount from their donkeys. Their intention was first to ascend to the top, then to come down to their banquet, and after that to penetrate into the interior. And all this would seem to be easy of performance. The Pyramid is undoubtedly high, but it is so constructed as to admit of climbing without difficulty. A lady mounting it would undoubtedly need some assistance, but any man possessed of moderate activity would require no aid at all.

But our friends were at once alarmed at the tremendous nature of the task before them. A sheikh of the Arabs came forth, who communicated with them through Abdallah. The work could be done, no doubt, he said; but a great many men would be wanted to assist. Each lady must have four Arabs, and each gentleman three; and then, seeing that the work would be peculiarly severe on this special day, each of these numerous Arabs must be remunerated by some very large number of piastres.

Mr. Damer, who was by no means a close man in his money dealings, opened his eyes with surprise, and mildly expostulated; M. de la Bordeau, who was rather a close man in his reckonings, imme-

diately buttoned up his breeches pocket, and declared that he should decline to mount the Pyramid at all at that price; and then Mr. Ingram descended to the combat.

The protestations of the men were fearful. They declared, with loud voices, eager actions, and manifold English oaths, that an attempt was being made to rob them. They had a right to demand the sums which they were charging, and it was a shame that English gentlemen should come and take the bread out of their mouths. And so they screeched, gesticulated, and swore, and frightened poor Mrs. Damer almost into fits.

But at last it was settled, and away they started, the sheikh declaring that the bargain had been made at so low a rate as to leave him not one piastre for himself. Each man had an Arab on each side of him, and Miss Dawkins and Miss Damer had each in addition one behind. Mrs. Damer was so frightened as altogether to have lost all ambition to ascend. She sat below on a fragment of stone, with the three dragomans standing around her as guards; but even with the three dragomans the attacks on her were frequent; and as she declared afterwards, she was so bewildered, that she never had time to remember that she had come there from England to see the Pyramids, and that she was now immediately under them.

The boys, utterly ignoring their guides, scrambled up quicker than the Arabs could follow them. Mr. Damer started off at a pace which soon brought him to the end of his tether, and from that point was dragged up by the sheer strength of his assistants; thereby accomplishing the wishes of the men, who induce their victims to start as rapidly as possible, in order that they may soon find themselves helpless from want of wind. Mr. Ingram endeavoured to attach himself to Fanny, and she would have been nothing loth to have had him at her right hand, instead of the hideous brown, shrieking, one-eyed Arab who took hold of her. But it was soon found that any such arrangement was impossible. Each guide felt that if he lost his own peculiar hold he would lose his prey, and held on, therefore, with invincible tenacity. Miss Dawkins looked, too, as though she ought to be attended to by some Christian cavalier, but no Christian cavalier was forthcoming. M. de la Bordeau was the wisest, for he took the matter quietly, did as he was bid, and allowed the guides nearly to carry him to the top of the edifice.

"Ha! so this is the top of the Pyramid, is it?" said Mr. Damer, bringing out his words one by one, being terribly out of breath. "Very wonderful, very wonderful indeed!"

"It is wonderful!" said Miss Dawkins, whose breath had not failed her in the least, "very wonderful indeed! Only think, Mr. Damer, you might travel on for days and days, till days became months, through those interminable sands, and yet you would never come to the end of them! Is it not quite stupendous?"

"Ah, yes, quite,"—puff, puff—said Mr. Damer, striving to regain his breath.

Mr. Damer was now at her disposal—weak, and worn with toil and travel, out of breath, and with half his manhood gone; if ever she might prevail over him so as to procure from his mouth an assent to that Nile proposition, it would be now. And after all, that Nile proposition was the best one now before her. She did not quite like the idea of starting off across the Great Desert without any lady, and was not sure that she was prepared to be fallen in love with by M. de la Bordeau, even if there should ultimately be any readiness on the part of that gentleman to perform the *role* of lover. With Mr. Ingram the matter was different; nor was she so diffident of her own charms as to think it altogether impossible that she might succeed, in the teeth of that little chit, Fanny Damer. That Mr. Ingram would join the party up the Nile she had very little doubt; and then there would be one place left for her. She would thus, at any rate, become commingled with a most respectable family, who might be of material service to her.

Thus actuated, she commenced an earnest attack upon Mr. Damer.

"Stupendous!" she said again, for she was fond of repeating favourite words. "What a wonderful race must have been those Egyptian kings of old!"

"I dare say they were," said Mr. Damer, wiping his brow as he sat upon a large loose stone, a fragment lying on the flat top of the Pyramid, one of those stones with which the complete apex was once made, or was once about to be made.

"A magnificent race! so gigantic in their conceptions! Their ideas altogether overwhelm us, poor,

insignificant, latter-day mortals. They built these vast Pyramids; but for us, it is task enough to climb to their top."

"Quite enough," ejaculated Mr. Damer.

But Mr. Damer would not always remain weak and out of breath, and it was absolutely necessary for Miss Dawkins to hurry away from Cheops and his tomb, to Thebes and Karnac.

"After seeing this it is impossible for any one, with a spark of imagination, to leave Egypt without going further a-field."

Mr. Damer merely wiped his brow and grunted. This Miss Dawkins took as a signal of weakness, and went on with her task perseveringly.

"For myself, I have resolved to go up, at any rate, as far as Asouan and the first cataract. I had thought of acceding to the wishes of a party who are going across the Great Desert by Mount Sinai to Jerusalem; but the kindness of yourself and Mrs. Damer is so great, and the prospect of joining in your boat is so pleasurable, that I have made up my mind to accept your very kind offer."

This, it will be acknowledged, was bold on the part of Miss Dawkins; but what will not audacity effect? To use the slang of modern language, cheek carries everything now-a-days. And whatever may have been Miss Dawkins's deficiencies, in this virtue she was not deficient.

"I have made up my mind to accept your very kind offer," she said, shining on Mr. Damer with her blandest smile.

What was a stout, breathless, perspiring, middle-aged gentleman to do under such circumstances? Mr. Damer was a man who, in most matters, had his own way. That his wife should have given such an invitation without consulting him, was, he knew, quite impossible. She would as soon have thought of asking all those Arab guides to accompany them. Nor was it to be thought of, that he should allow himself to be kidnapped into such an arrangement by the impudence of any Miss Dawkins. But there was, he felt, a difficulty in answering such a proposition from a young lady with a direct negative, especially while he was so scant of breath. So he wiped his brow again, and looked at her.

"But I can only agree to this on one understanding," continued Miss Dawkins, "and that is, that I am allowed to defray my own full share of the expense of the journey."

Upon hearing this Mr. Damer thought that he saw his way out of the wood. "Wherever I go, Miss Dawkins, I am always the paymaster myself," and this he contrived to say with some sternness, palpitating though he still was; and the sternness which was deficient in his voice he endeavoured to put into his countenance.

But he did not know Miss Dawkins. "Oh, Mr. Damer," she said—and as she spoke her smile became almost blander than it was before—"oh, Mr. Damer, I could not think of suffering you to be so liberal; I could not, indeed. But I shall be quite content that you should pay everything, and let me settle with you in one sum afterwards."

Mr. Damer's breath was now rather more under his own command. "I am afraid, Miss Dawkins," he said, "that Mrs. Damer's weak state of health will not admit of such an arrangement."

"What, about the paying?"

"Not only as to that, but we are a family party, Miss Dawkins; and great as would be the benefit to all of us of your society, in Mrs. Damer's present state of health, I am afraid—in short, you would not find it agreeable. And therefore"—this he added, seeing that she was still about to persevere—"I fear that we must forego the advantage you offer."

And then, looking into his face, Miss Dawkins did perceive that even her audacity would not prevail.

"Oh, very well," she said, and moving from the stone on which she had been sitting, she walked off, carrying her head very high, to a corner of the Pyramid from which she could look forth alone towards the sands of Lybia.

In the meantime another little overture was being made at the top of the same Pyramid—an overture which was not received quite in the same spirit. While Mr. Damer was recovering his breath for the sake of answering Miss Dawkins, Miss Damer had walked to the further corner of the square platform on which they were placed, and there sat herself down with her face turned towards Cairo. Perhaps it was not singular that Mr. Ingram should have followed her.

This would have been very well if a dozen Arabs had not also followed them. But as this was the case, Mr. Ingram had to play his game under some difficulty. He had no sooner seated himself beside



MARIA SOPHIA AMELIA, QUEEN OF NAPLES, CONSORT OF FRANCIS II.

fallen, for I will not affect to misunderstand you. I have long since told you that your son and myself are only good friends, and the event I come to announce will at last convince you that I am right."

Mr. Linden grew perceptibly paler, and his blue eyes emitted a sudden flash of anger—so sharp, so keen, that it resembled the bright glare of forked lightning. He kept his searching glance fixed upon the shrinking girl before him, as he slowly said—

"And is it *you* who have taken it on yourself to announce to me the marriage of the man who should have been your own husband; who you know loved you above all created beings? Ellinor Graham, did you cast my boy off at last, or, if it is not so, may the malediction of the father, whose name he has dishonoured—"

Ellinor started up and deprecatingly clasped his hands.

"Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Linden, pause before that terrible denunciation is completed. Ernest, for three years past, has been as free as air, to woo or win whom he pleased. I gave him back his troth before we parted; see, I am calm—I voluntarily took upon myself the task of revealing his marriage to you. Could I have done this, if my own hopes had been disappointed?"

The old man was still trembling with excitement, but after a pause of some length, he said—

"I am bound to believe you, Nelly, for you have always seemed to me the very incarnation of truth; but you have wronged both myself and my son. I wished to have you for my daughter; you alone should have been the wife of Ernest. Ah! my dear, who can ever fill your place to either of us?"

"His new bride will doubtless be able to do so. See—here is his letter to you—read it, and see how glowingly he describes her. When she comes to your home, she will soon rival your poor Nelly, even in your heart."

"Never, child. Don't talk nonsense; no one else can ever come so near my own children, as you have contrived to do. Break the seal of my letter, and get me my glasses; or, better still, Nelly, do you read what he says, for this unexpected announcement has unsettled my nerves."

She gently suggested—

"This letter was designed for your eye alone; had you not better read it yourself, sir? I scarcely think Ernest would wish me to be the first to look on its contents."

"Who cares what he wishes?" replied the old gentleman, testily. "There can be nothing in it that you cannot see, and the wandering vagabond may be glad that I will permit it to be read at all, in my presence. What do I care who he may have picked up in his travels, and given our name to, since he would not give me the only daughter I ever desired him to bring me? Read it, child, I bid you, for I am getting out of patience."

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE flight of Francis II. from Naples, and his ineffectual effort subsequently to approach his capital, excite no other feeling but that of general satisfaction. The popular voice denounces the man who so

unworthily exercised the regal power with which he was invested—who was so utterly regardless of the prosperity of his subjects, and so completely opposed to every ameliorative measure which prudence, if not generosity, might have suggested; and the uncrowned king will sink into obscurity without the consolation of knowing that a single heart retains for him any spark of loyalty or affection.

But we cannot fail to feel some sympathy for the unfortunate princess, whose unhappy lot it was first to be united to a man whose principles were so repugnant to everything that is noble and generous; and, secondly, to be cast from her throne, driven from the royal home, an uncrowned exile, before the completion of her twentieth year.

Maria Sophia Amelia, wife of Francis II., titular king of Naples—or as it is called in connection with Sicily, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—was born on the 4th of October, 1841. She is the daughter of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and is a duchess in her own right. This youthful and accomplished queen was married by proxy on the 8th of January, 1859, and afterwards by Francis in person on the 3rd of February of the same year. She possesses considerable personal attractions, which, united to an amiable disposition and to goodness of heart, caused her to be a general favourite at Naples. She was said to be favourable to liberal reform, and till the moment of her departure seemed to be well received wherever she made her appearance, but is now scarcely mentioned. When circumstances necessitated the departure of the king from Naples, she returned to her father, in Bavaria.