

nald, guard the honoured remains from the camp-spoiler and the plunderer." So saying he withdrew; and Reginald, stooping over the prostrate form before him, stretched it decently, closed the eyes, and throwing a mantle over the splendid uniform, sat down to indulge in the serious meditations inspired by the scene.

"He soon aroused from them by the poor fellow whom he had dragged forth, who said to him, " "I yield myself your prisoner."

"And who are you, my friend?"

"I was courier, valet, and cook to M. de Vaireuil, aide-de-camp to the General Marceau; both lie dead together before you."

"And what is your name, my good fellow?"

"Gustave Adolphe Montmorenci Perrot."

"A fair string of names, indeed," said Reginald, smiling. "But pray, Monsieur Perrot, how came you here? are you a soldier as well as a courier?"

"Monsieur does me too much honour," said the other, shrugging his shoulders. "I only came from the baggage-train with a message to my master, and your avant-garde peppered us so hotly that I could not get back again. I am not fond of fighting; but somehow, when I saw poor Monsieur de Vaireuil in so sad a plight, I did not wish to leave him."

Reginald looked at the speaker, and thought he had never seen in one face such a compound of slyness and honesty, drollery and sadness. He did not, however, reply, and relapsed into his meditation. Before five minutes had passed, Monsieur Perrot, as if struck by a sudden idea, fell on his knees before Reginald, and said,

"Monsieur has saved my life—will he grant me yet one favour?"

"If within my power," said Reginald, good-humouredly.

"Will Monsieur take me into his service? I have travelled over all Europe; I have lived long in Paris, London, Vienna; I may be of use to Monsieur; but I have no home now."

"Nay, but Monsieur Perrot, I want no servant; I am only a volunteer with the army."

"I see what Monsieur is," said Perrot, archly, "in spite of the dust and blood with which he is disfigured. I will ask no salary; I will share your black bread, if you are poor, and will live in your pantry if you are rich: I only want to serve you."

Monsieur Perrot's importunity overruled all the objections that Reginald could raise; and he at last consented to the arrangement, provided the former, after due reflection, should adhere to his wish.

Ethelston meanwhile returned with the party sent by the Archduke to pay the last token of respect to the remains of the youthful General. They were interred with all the military honours due to an officer whose reputation was, considering his years, second to none in France, save that of Napoleon himself.

After the ceremony, Monsieur Perrot, now on parole not to bear arms against Austria, obtained leave to return to the French camp for a week, in order to "arrange his affairs," at the expiration of which he promised to rejoin his new master. Ethelston blamed Reginald for his thoughtlessness in engaging this untied attendant. The latter, however, laughed at his friend, and said, "Though he is such a droll-

looking creature, I think there is good in him; at all events, rest assured I will not trust him far without trial."

A few weeks after these events, General Moreau having effected his retreat into Switzerland, an armistice was concluded on the Rhine between the contending armies; and Reginald could no longer resist the imperative commands of his Uncle to return to Shirley Hall. Monsieur Gustave Adolphe Montmorenci Perrot had joined his new master, with a valise admirably stocked, and wearing a peruke of a most fashionable cut. Ethelston shrewdly suspected that these had formed part of poor Monsieur de Vaireuil's wardrobe, and his dislike of Reginald's foppish valet was not thereby diminished.

On the route to Hamburg the friends passed through many places where the luxuries, and even the necessities, of life had been rendered scarce by the late campaign. Here Perrot was in his element; fatigue seemed to be unknown to him; he was always ready, active, useful as a courier, and unequalled as a cook and a caterer; so that Ethelston was compelled to confess that if he only proved honest, Reginald had indeed found a treasure.

At Hamburg the two friends took an affectionate farewell, promising to meet each other in the course of the following year on the banks of the Ohio. Reginald returned to his Uncle, who stormed dreadfully when he learned that he had brought with him a French valet, and remained implacable in spite of the circumstances under which he had been engaged; until one morning, when a footman threw down the tray on which he was carrying up the Squire's breakfast of beefsteaks and stewed kidneys, half an hour before "the meet" at his best cover-side. What could now be done? The cook was sulky, and sent word that there were no more steaks or kidneys to be had. The Squire was wrath and hungry. Reginald laughed, and said, "Uncle, send for Perrot."

"Perrot be d—d!" cried the Squire. "Does the boy think I want some pomatum? What else could that coxcomb give me?"

"May I try him, Uncle!" said Reginald, still laughing.

"You may try him: but if he plays any of his jackanapes pranks, I'll tan his hide for him, I promise you!"

Reginald having rung for Perrot, pointed to the remains of the good things which a servant was still gathering up, and said to him, "Send up breakfast for Mr. Shirley and myself in one quarter of an hour from this minute: you are permitted to use what you find in the larder; but be punctual."

Perrot bowed, and, without speaking, disappeared.

"The devil take the fellow! he has some sense," said the angry Squire; "he can receive an order without talking; one of my hulking knaves would have stood there five minutes out of the fifteen, saying, 'Yes, sir; I'll see what can be done;' or, 'I'll ask Mr. Alltripe,' or some other infernal stuff. Come, Reginald, look at your watch. Let us stroll to the stable; we'll be back to a minute; and if that fellow plays any of his French tricks upon me, I'll give it him." So saying, the jolly Squire cut the head off one of his gardener's favourite plants,