

sent, I could promote the object of your journey!"

The stranger smiled as he replied that in the hope of such a result, he would communicate not only the name of his employer, but his own. "I am called," he continued "Hypolite Bastide, and the message which I bear is—"

"And you are Bastide," interrupted Murat, hastily advancing and grasping the hand of the stranger with a warm pressure: "You are Bastide, the faithful and untiring, to whom I already owe so much. The end of your journey is reached, for I am Louis Debac—or rather, for there is no need of concealment here, I am the king of Naples!"

Many hours were passed after this avowal in consultation between the dethroned monarch and the trusty agent of his friends in Toulon, whom he had not before seen, but in whose fidelity, sagacity, and prudence, he had been instructed to place the utmost confidence; and as soon as their conference was ended, Bastide, accompanied by the old man set out for Toulon, there to make arrangements for another and more successful effort at escape.

They had been gone scarcely an hour, and Murat, with a characteristic forgetfulness of the perils which surrounded him, was amusing himself and his hostess by narrating some of the most brilliant passages in his adventurous career, and repeating anecdotes of his imperial brother-in-law, when they were alarmed by a distant sound, like that of horsemen rapidly approaching; and the fugitive had barely time to escape through the back-door, and conceal himself in a small pit that had been dug in the garden, where the old woman covered him with brushwood and vine-branches collected for fuel, when a party of some fifty or sixty dragoons rode up to the door, and dismounting, proceeded to ransack the house, and the ground adjoining it. A number of them searched the garden, spreading themselves among the vines, and passing, more than once, within stabbing distance of their prey; while others endeavoured, but in vain, by alternate threats and tempting offers, to extract from the old woman the information she could so easily have given. At one time the suspicions which had led them to the cottage were almost converted to certainty, by the presence of the great-coat and cap which the king had worn when he reached the cottage; and Murat, who could hear all that passed, was on the point of starting from his lair to save his hostess from the cruelties with which she was

menaced, when his generous purpose was prevented by the evident success of her plausible well-sustained assurances, that it was her husband's pardonable fancy still to wear the military garb, although long since discharged, in which he had so often marched to victory with the eagles of the emperor. The dragoons had also sought beneath those eagles, although now they served the Bourbon, and the whim of the "vieux moustache" found an echo in their rude bosoms; they desisted from their threats, and soon after mounted and rode off, perhaps not altogether regretting the failure of their purpose.

The security of the dethroned monarch was not again disturbed, and, before morning of the next day, his host returned with Bastide, and announced the successful issue of their mission. A skiff was engaged to convey the unfortunate Murat to Corsica, and the following night—the twenty-second of August was the time appointed for his embarkation.

But little more than a month had elapsed, and Joachim Murat was a captive at Pizzo, on the coast of Calabria—in the power of his enemies, and doomed to die, although as yet he knew it not, upon the morrow. The events which led to this disastrous termination of his career are chronicled in history, and need not therefore be repeated here. It is enough to say that the fervour with which he was received at Corsica inspiring him with brilliant but fallacious hopes of a like success in Naples, he there embarked on the twenty-eighth of September, with six small vessels for his fleet, some two hundred and fifty adventurous followers for his army, and a treasury containing eleven thousand francs, and jewels worth perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand more—madly believing, that, with this small force, aided by the affection of his quondam subjects, he could replace himself upon the throne; that treachery and cowardice had reduced his armament to a single vessel and thirty followers, when he reached Pizzo, where his reception was a shower of bullets from the muskets of the Austrian garrison; and that, abandoned by the traitor Barbaro, the commander of the little squadron with which he had embarked at Corsica, who hoisted sail and bore away the moment he had landed, after a brief but desperate struggle in which he displayed most signally the daring bravery that had always distinguished him in battle, Murat was taken prisoner, stripped of his purse, his jewels, his passports, and hurried like a thief to the common prison, with the few of his devoted adherents who survived, and whom he laboured