

The following is the translation of a song which the Bonapartists are distributing in celebration of the Prince Imperial's coming of age:

MARCH 16, 1874.

Our enemies cried in their folly and madness,
"The Empire is dead—we have nothing to fear!"
But Fate has deceived their hopes and their gladness;
They forgot all about the child that was near.
Ye people of France, that child's now a man
Who will render your future triumphant and gay,
And Paris shall outshine old Rome in the van—
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

Young Emperor come, be our guide and our friend;
The people are starving—they ask to be fed;
Thou alone canst their sufferings bring to an end—
Young Emperor, come, and give us some bread.
Thy father he loved the tool and the plough,
The workman and peasant remember his way;
His goodness has fallen upon thy young brow—
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

Think not, my dear friends, he's too young to reign;
Put your faith in his star and remember his cry,
When saluting the tri-colour borne o'er the main.
"It's all for the people and by them, say I."
At the tomb of his father, in exile and sorrow,
He has learnt the great truths which never decay,
From that tomb will the light issue forth on the morrow—
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

His arm it is strong—his heart it is bold,
May God bless his courage; so precocious and warm;
Misfortune has taught him her lessons to hold,
And, like a young pilot, he'll weather the storm.
Son of our Caesar, he alone has the power
To lead us again into victory's way,
And riches and glory will return in a shower—
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

Already the sound of the trumpets I hear—
The sixteenth of March is a day of delight:
Let us shake off the dust from the flag that's so dear,
Napoleon is henceforth a man by right.
By the people alone does he hope to reign,
The eagle revives in Spring's genial ray,
Like a phoenix he rises from his ashes again—
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

J. M.

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LXI.

Edmund's strong arm clasped Sylvia closer to his breast. "My dearest, what need of alarm?" he whispered, "I am yours to the end of life."

Then turning to Shadrack Bain he exclaimed angrily, "Pray Sir—what is the meaning of this most unwarrantable intrusion."

"Unwarrantable, perhaps. Though, if I had been inclined that way, I might have come with a magistrate's warrant and a detective officer. You have reason to thank me for this intrusion, Mr. Standen, and to thank Providence that I am here in time to prevent your marriage with that lady."

"That you will never do, sir, let your audacity go as far as it may. Stand away from that door, if you please, Mr. Bain, and let us pass into the church."

"If you value your future peace you had better hear what I have to say first," said Shadrack Bain, with undisturbed coolness. "Perhaps this gentleman," glancing at the incumbent, "and Mr. Carew would be good enough to leave us three alone together. Unless Lady Perriam would like me to speak out before everyone."

"What can you have to say?" asked Sylvia, looking up at him. Great heaven, what a blanched deathlike face she lifted from the shelter of her lover's breast; from brow to lip white as her bridal veil.

"Cannot you guess, Lady Perriam?" demanded Mr. Bain with a threatening significance in his tones. "Before Mr. Standen makes you his wife and takes the burden of your innumerable on his shoulders, I should like, for his sake—his father was a good friend to my father, and I've a natural interest in his welfare on that account—before the knot is tied, I should like to ask you a few questions about the brother-in-law you shut up in a madhouse the other day."

Sylvia stretched out her hands with entreating gesture, as if to stop that awful accuser, who confronted her with a countenance of stone. She had cheated and disappointed him, and Mr. Bain had no mercy for people who did either. He was implacable against the woman who had done both.

"Pray sir, go," she cried in piteous appeal to the clergyman. "Father, go, leave us with this man. Let him say what he pleases against me. It is only a tissue of lies. But I don't want everybody to hear me insulted. Edmund can defend me. Edmund will stand by me. Yes. Till death. Leave me alone with him and my accuser." She said this with an air of defiance that was almost noble. She flung herself again upon her lover's breast, as if that were her strong rock.

The clergyman and Mr. Carew withdrew to the church, bewildered.

"I fear there will be no wedding to-day," said the incumbent.

"Pshaw, my dear sir—a mere passing cloud. I know something of this man—the late Sir Aubrey Perriam's land steward, a self-seeking fellow who was allowed to exercise a great deal too much power during my son-in-law's life. I always suspected him to be a scoundrel." Thus spoke Mr. Carew, with a mind ill at ease. Mr. Bain was too prudent a man to make a disturbance of this kind without being tolerably sure of his ground. And Sylvia's white face had been a mute confession of guilt. What it might all mean James Carew felt powerless even to conjecture; but he feared it must mean something

bad. An intrigue, perhaps, or a broken promise of marriage.

The vestry door was shut, and those three were alone. Mr. Bain had left his satellite, John Sadgrove, in the church porch, ready to be of use in the event of his being wanted.

"Well, sir," said Edmund sternly, "we are alone. What have you to say to us, and pray what do you mean by asserting that this lady's brother-in-law has been shut up in a madhouse at her instigation?"

No gossip from Monkhampton had reached Edmund since his departure. His letters from the bank had been of a purely business character. His mother had written to him only once, a letter full of anger and bitterness, in which she renounced all kindred with him. He knew nothing, therefore, of Mordred's removal from Perriam Place, an event which had been sufficiently discussed within a forty miles radius of Monkhampton.

"I state the simple truth—that Mordred Perriam was removed from the house in which he had lived a harmless irreproachable life for the last thirty years—removed at an hour's warning, by this lady—and confined in a private lunatic asylum."

"Sylvia," exclaimed Edmund, "Look up and tell me that this fellow is a liar."

"Does she look like denying it," sneered Mr. Bain, pointing to the pallid face, with its half-closed eyelids and agonised lips, which was slowly turned to the light of day.

"It is true that Mordred is in a private asylum," said Sylvia, "I did not like to tell you, Edmund—it was such a dreadful calamity to speak about, and it might have set you against me. But it was at that man's advice I had Mordred removed from Perriam. He is a liar if he denies that."

"I do deny that I ever directly advised you to incarcerate Mordred Perriam," returned Mr. Bain, unflinchingly. "I told you what people said about him; I told you that people wanted to know why he had been kept a prisoner in his own rooms, hardly permitted to breathe the air of heaven, ever since his brother's death. I warned you of the scandals that were circulating against you. And I asked you, for your own sake, to let me see Mordred Perriam, and assure myself that he was not shut up in his rooms at Perriam Place, under watch and ward of a nurse, against his will, that he was not imprisoned to serve any purpose of yours. Let me be sure of this, I said to you, and I will give the lie to anyone who dare to traduce you, I will be your champion and defender! What was your answer to my request. Lady Perriam? An eminently practical one. The day after I said this to you, Mordred Perriam was taken away from the home of his ancestors, in the keeping of a madhouse doctor—without an hour's pause for consideration of advice. Without help or council from any living creature, you smuggled your dead husband's brother into an obscure asylum."

"Sylvia, is there one word of truth in this man's charge against you?" cried Edmund, looking down at that terror-stricken face, whose awful pallor pent a thrill of terror to his heart, only by some indication of guilt in herself could he believe her guilty. The words of her accuser would have seemed to him idle as the faint breathings of the summer wind, but for that dreadful look in her changed face, which betrayed so abject a terror in the heart whose wild beating he felt against his breast.

"Speak, Sylvia," he entreated, "speak, my love, and give this fellow the lie. Tell him that your brother-in-law was not smuggled into an asylum; that there was no undue haste, no secrecy; that you were fully justified in all you did."

"I was justified," she answered, meeting her lover's searching look with a gaze as steadfast, with eyes that would have looked in the face of death just as calmly. Her terror was vanquished now. Ruin was before her, perhaps, but the nervous force, the indomitable courage which had sustained her so long had returned to her once more. Every vestige of youthful bloom had faded from lip and cheek, her face had aged by ten years in hue and expression; but her eyes shone their brightest, and her pallid lips were firmly set, defying misery and shame.

"I was justified," she repeated. "The doctor to whom I confided Mr. Perriam was a doctor recommended by that man. Two medical men certified his insanity—everything was done fairly and openly—yes, openly. I was not bound to give Mr. Bain notice of my intention. He is not my master."

"Tell me why you took this sudden resolve of sending Mr. Perriam to a madhouse," asked Edmund, somewhat reassured by her bolder manner, but still feeling that there was some deeper meaning in her agitation than a woman's shrinking from a false charge. "Had he become suddenly violent?"

"Shall I tell you why Lady Perriam had him smuggled into a madhouse, Mr. Standen?" asked Shadrack Bain.

"No, sir, I ask no questions of you. I seek no information from you. I address my enquiry to the lady who will presently be my wife."

"You had better save yourself the trouble," said the agent, with a short laugh. "You'll never get Lady Perriam to answer that question. I'll tell you why she put poor harmless Mordred out of the way—a man who was no more demented than I am—she did it because he knew her secret, knew that her husband, Sir Aubrey, came to an untimely death at her hands."

Sylvia gave a shriek, and fell to the ground at her lover's feet, with her arms extended above her head in adjuration.

"As surely as there is a God whose justice I have offended, that is a black and bitter lie," she cried, her eyes gazing solemnly upward, as if she would indeed invoke Divinity to witness her truth, "I am guiltless of my husband's blood."

"If you did not murder him you planned his murder," said Shadrack Bain. "I dare say you were too dainty a lady to do the business yourself, so you got your tool and sycophant, Mrs. Carter, to take the dirty work off your hands."

"It is false, all false," cried Sylvia, still on the ground.

Edmund raised her to her feet, held her as he had held her before, encircled and defended by her lover's strong arm.

"If we were not in a church, Mr. Bain, I should knock you down," he said coolly; "as it is I'll only ask you to walk out of this room a little quicker than you came into it, for fear I should be tempted to forget that the place is sacred."

"Shall I go away, Mr. Standen, and leave you to marry this lady—would it not be just as well to put her to the test first? Postpone your wedding till to-morrow, and come with me to unearth Mr. Perriam. The place where my lady has sent him is only an hour's journey from London. See Sir Aubrey's brother for yourself. If there is no secret—if there has been no foul play, I'll make the most profound apology to that lady for having done her so deep a wrong. But at the worst there will not be much harm done. The postponement of the cere-

mony intended for to-day can be of very little consequence, if you are but in the same mind to-morrow."

"Let it be so," said Edmund, decisively, after a moment's thought. "We will delay our marriage till to-morrow, Sylvia, and I will devote to-day to the proof of this man's calumny."

"You will not go with him," cried Sylvia, the old look of terror coming back to her face. "You will not go with him, Edmund—to do that is to acknowledge your belief in his slander. You cannot surely believe—"

"I believe nothing against you, dearest. But there is only one way of crushing such a scandal as this, and that is to unearth its falsehood. I will go to the asylum with Mr. Bain. I will see and speak with your supposed victim, and I will demonstrate your innocence from any wrong towards him, before I come back to you."

"Edmund," pleaded Sylvia, desperately, slipping from her lover's breast to his feet, where she knelt, a piteous spectacle of self-abasement. "Edmund, if you ever loved me, do not go."

"I love you too well to suffer your good name to rest under a cloud that I can dispel. Contemptible as the slander may be, the lie must be made manifest."

"You are going, then?" she asked, despairingly.

"I am going, Sylvia—release me," as she clung about his knees. "My dearest love, your humiliation is more painful to me than this man's accusation."

He freed himself from that despairing clasp, opened the door, and beckoned Mr. Carew, who was waiting with an anxious face not far from the entrance to the vestry.

"Take care of your daughter, Mr. Carew," he said. "Take her home immediately, and let no one intrude upon her till my return. There will be no wedding to-day. I shall be back in a few hours to explain everything."

"Are you really going, Edmund?" asked Sylvia.

She stood by the door, marble-pale, but with the calm of spent passion. Her breath came faintly and thickly, and that was the only token of her agitation.

"Yes, dear love, I am going to vindicate your honour."

"Kiss me once more, Edmund, before we part." He was quick to obey the behest. He clasped her to his heart, and kissed lips and brow.

"Do you remember our parting kiss in Hedingham churchyard, Edmund? A Judas kiss you thought it afterwards, for it heralded your betrayal. Kiss me once again—trust me once again, if only for an hour. This is a bitterer farewell to me. Now go."

She put him from her with a firm gesture, and went to her father's side, once more mistress of herself.

"Let us go home, Papa," she said, taking Mr. Carew's arm.

"Good-bye, dearest," whispered Edmund—"remember it is only for a few hours. I shall return to tell you that I have exploded this senseless slander."

"Or not return at all," she answered, in a slow sad voice, with the dull quiet of utter despair. "Go, Edmund—we have loved each other very dearly, but fate has been against us."

He looked at her wonderingly, as if half fearing that her mind had lost its balance, and then tore himself away. She had spoken the truth. This was indeed a more painful parting than their first farewell, even though he thought to come back to her before the day was done—thought that his wedding was only put off for twenty-four hours.

"Now, sir," he said to Shadrack Bain, "I am ready."

"I've a cab waiting outside," returned that gentleman coolly. "We shall catch the twelve o'clock train at the Great Northern."

CHAPTER LXII.

"ANYWHERE, ANYWHERE, OUT OF THE WORLD."

Mr. Carew took his daughter back to the carriage, sorely disturbed in mind, and in profoundest darkness of spirit as to the cause of this disturbance. The incumbent accompanied them to the carriage, which waited at a side-door opening from the chancel, blandly sympathising with Lady Perriam under these unpleasant circumstances.

A small sprinkling of nursemaids with perambulators, and a fringe of street boys had gathered on the pavement between church door and carriage, having scented out a wedding despite the privacy which had attended Lady Perriam's arrangements. The young women stared their hardest at the bride as she emerged from the chancel door, with her veil gathered across her face. Sylvia's death-like pallor showed conspicuously through that transparent tissue, and there were murmurs of wondering compassion at the whiteness of her face. The small boys in the crowd commented freely on the bride's death-like countenance, and opined that she had been married to that "skinny old bloke," meaning Mr. Carew, against her will.

Not a word did Sylvia utter during the brief drive to Wiltonghy Crescent. She alighted without the help of her father's arm, passed with a quick firm step into the hall, and ran upstairs. Mr. Carew followed her, and arrived breathless at the door of her boudoir just as she had reached it.

She turned and confronted him, with angry eyes.

"Why do you follow me?" she exclaimed. "I want nothing except to be left alone."

"But Sylvia, for mercy's sake tell me the meaning of all this unhappiness. What brought that man Bain to the vestry?"

"You will know soon enough. Cannot you leave me in peace for a few hours? Your wish has been gratified—my marriage is postponed."

"I should be glad of that if there were no trouble for you involved in the postponement. Why cannot you trust me—your own father?"

"Because you never acted a father's part towards me," answered Lady Perriam. "I would sooner appeal to strangers for mercy or for aid than to you. Leave me to myself."

Mr. Carew groaned faintly, drew back from the door, which was shut in his face a moment afterwards. Shut and locked. He heard the turning of the key.

But even after having excluded her father Lady Perriam was not destined to be alone. As she locked the door opening on the landing, Céline emerged from the door of communication with the dressing-room, where she had been engaged in her daily labours of tidying wardrobes and drawers.

"But great heaven, Madame, how you are pale," exclaimed the girl, struck by the change in the face which had been so fair an hour ago.

"Don't trouble yourself about my looks, but take off these things as quickly as you can."

The girl, who knew nothing of the interrupted wedding, obeyed, wondering not a little, but afraid to question. She