

he would have been glad to administer to the appetites of three times as many, still it was very much better than having his catables left on his hands, unconsumed and unpaid for. "One more for good luck," muttered Beppo, "and I'll lay out a couple of crazies in oil for the lamp of my patron St. Joseph, over the way; and more for good luck, and the odd number."

His petition was heard; no more just at this moment entered the room, and taking his seat, called for a glass of red water, a bowl of pea-soup *a la pure pomme de terre au matric d'hotel*, and a large dish of *biguets de pommes*, or, as we should call them in English, plum apple fritters, which, be it observed, they cook in Rome to perfection. He was a young man of fair complexion, well dressed, but with nothing remarkable in his appearance, and was at once set down by the landlord, as well as the other guests, for an Englishman on his travels. His method of speaking Italian went far to confirm this suspicion.

During the few minutes that elapsed between the issuing of his directions and their fulfillment, the newcomer had glanced over the persons of all his companions in eating, and smiled at the chance that had brought it together men of so many nations as he supposed them to represent. The veteran he set down as a Prussian; the old man and the youth as natives of France; the man with the mustaches and red waistcoat as a Spaniard or Portuguese; he with a beard and bald head as a Maltese Jew; and the drinker of gin as a Swiss or German. He was proceeding to speculate on their several occupations, when his reverie was cut short by the entrance of four waiters, each bringing one of the four objects, the which together made up his dinner.

The important business of eating proceeded for some time in grave and respectful silence, and at length was completed. Beppo was busy in one end of the room at his little desk, making out the respective accounts, and the seven strangers were meditating, probably where they should go or what they should do next, when a ponderous carriage stopped at the door, drawn by four handsome fat horses with coachmen and footmen all in the Pope's gorgeous livery. Beppo rushed like a madman from the room to ascertain the meaning of this phenomenon, and in a few moments returned walking backward, and bowing at every step to the ground, before an officer of the papal court, evidently of high rank, if one might judge from the splendor of his dress and decorations. The massive gold chain around his neck, to which was suspended a large golden key, and the white wand in his hand, proclaimed him at once to those familiar with Roman dignities, no less a personage than the chamberlain of the pontifical household.

The moment he entered the room, his velvet cap was removed from his head, and, advancing with three low bows to the elderly Frenchman, he placed before him a letter bearing a broad purple seal, which he drew from a magnificent box of crystal, inlaid with gold, and blazing with jewels. The stranger perused it, and then gave it into the hand of his youthful companion, who did the same. A few words in French were exchanged between them, and then the elder, addressing the papal officer, said in Italian:—

"Be pleased to convey our acknowledgements to his holiness, and will gladly avail ourselves of his kindness; we will, in person, express ourselves more at large for his courtesy!"

With another profound bow the chamberlain received this brief and ceremonious communication, and only replied by saying:

"The carriage will attend your majesty's pleasure."

He then gathered up his robes and backed him self out of their presence, preceded by Beppo, who stared like a conjurer, and bowed lower than ever.

The eyes of all the other five strangers were now fixed on the Frenchman and his companion, and all were smiling except the water-drinking supposed Englishman. His gaze was earnest and colourless, but very respectful. The silence that ensued was broken, after the lapse of a few minutes, by the bald-headed man with the beard and the red slippers, who rose from his seat, and, waddling across the room, followed by his dog, planted himself in front of the old man so strangely addressed with the talk of monarchs, and said, with a queer twinkle of his laughing black eyes:

"By the tail of the holy camel! by the golden shoes of the prophet's mule! here is a friend of mine come to light! Inshallah! what dirt is this! You are a king, then; a king of France, I suppose; a right royal infidel! I should be glad to know, if your majesty pleases, what you have done with my little kingdom, and why you took it away from me? By the soul of my father, but this is good; here is a man that has robbed me of his crown, and yet couldn't take care of his own!"

"Your kingdom! your crown!" said the person-

ago thus addressed, with a look of the most unbounded surprise.

"Yes, my kingdom, my crown!" repeated the fat man with the beard; "I had a kingdom once as well as yourself, and six dozen wives besides. Now I have only mine. I couldn't afford to maintain them all; and the insolent people at Naples wouldn't allow me to tie them up, each in a sack, and throw them into the Bay; so they all went off and got married. I am, or rather was, the Dey of Algiers, at your service."

"My good friend," answered the French deposed monarch, "you shouldn't blame me. I knew nothing about it. I had my hands full in taking care of my soul."

"Oh well, it's no matter now. We won't quarrel about it, since you are as badly off as myself, thanks be to Allah!"

"Very true," answered Charles; "it certainly is not worth while to quarrel about it now. But I hope you are comfortable in other respects. Allow me to introduce my young grandson, Henry the Fifth."

The Don-doone bowed gracefully, and the Dey, shaking him heartily by the hand, wished he might live for the next thousand years. Then drawing a chair, and seating himself between them, he turned to the Royal Charles, and continued:

"Comfortable! Oh yes, by the blessing of Allah, I do very well, all things considered. I have my nine wives still, a good appetite, and some diamonds left. The eating is very fine here in Rome, and also at Naples; and I am delighted with Punch in the puppet show."

At this juncture, the man with the mustaches stepped up to the trio, and offering his hand with a grin to the ex-monarch of France, grumbled out, in very bad French:

"Odd enough, royal brother of France, that here should be four sovereigns without crowns or subjects, meeting by chance at an eating-house. I was a king 'oo, in my day. You didn't acknowledge my right, I believe, but if it had not been for those rascally Englishmen, I should still sit on the throne of Portugal."

"Don Miguel!" exclaimed the tenth Charles;—"My dear young friend, I'm happy to make your acquaintance. This is a very unlooked for pleasure. Dey, be friends with my royal cousin, the ex-king of Portugal."

The Dey shook hands with the Don who also seated himself at the other side of the table; Charles called for three more bottles of champagne, and Miguel produced a roll of delicate little segars, which he affirmed were made purposely for his own use, of the very best Cuba tobacco. He offered them round to his companions, but they were all too well bred to smoke in a public dining room; so the Don put them into his pocket again, with a sheepish look, like a man caught in a breach of good manners.

In the mean time the remaining three parties, present at this somewhat remarkable meeting, having finished their meal, were diversely occupied. The water drinker was evidently engrossed with what was passing before him; the casual meeting of four deposed kings was for him a most pregnant subject for study and speculation. He sipped his red-water, and pretended to look over a memorandum book which he had drawn from his pocket, but his ears were attentive to what took place at the other side of the room, and his eyes often wandered furtively in the same direction. The German took huge punches of Strasburg, h-mmed scatches of air from the Freyschutz, and mixed glass after glass of strong gin and water and sugar. The old soldier rested his head on his hand, the elbow propped on the table, and seemed lost in thought of no very cheerful description.

The conversation between the four grew lively and mirthful. Charles relaxed from his habitual sadness, and now and then perpetrated a joke at the expense of his lucky successor and cousin, Louis Philippe. Henry gave full way to the natural cheerfulness of his age and temperament. Don Miguel laughed like a clown at a fair, and the Mussulman told some very queer stories with a delightful gravity. The champagne was renewed, and the whole party were fast advancing to a state of excellent good humour with the world, themselves, and each other.

But all this seemed to afflict the German very annoyingly. He grew more and more sidgety, plunged his fingers into his snuff-box every half minute, vaped about with his meershaum, and put less and less water to his gin, at each replenishment of his tumbler. It was evident from his wishful looks that he was dying to join the merry and royal party. At length with a doubtful look, half foolishness and half fun, he rose from his seat, and, gravely advancing to the four ex-monarchs, bluntly asked leave to make one at their repast. His reception was characteristic.

The elder Bourbon crew himself up with a look of haucure; Henry started up with a flushed cheek, and an expression of countenance that intimated a disposition to kick the intruder out of the room; Miguel

scowled, and poured out for himself another glass of champagne; and the Mussulman, whose perceptions were now somewhat affected by his potatoes, stroked his black beard, and, with a suspicious twinkle of his still blacker eye, gave voice to his cogitation:

"By the tail of the prophet's mule, illustrious stranger—hem—you're a very respectable person, no doubt—hiccup—but you see, friend, such tittle as this—(Allah forgive me if it's wine!) is fit only for kings—hiccup—and deys—and sultans—you understand; and although you're a very respectable person, as I said before—hiccup—and excellent company for your equals, excuse me for saying—hiccup—that you had better stick to your own drink, whatever it is—hiccup—and leave us to ourselves, you know—hiccup. Another glass, most royal of infidels, and I'll drink with you, in the name of the prophet, although you did steal my crown and drive me out of my kingdom."

The latter branch of this sage discourse was addressed to the ex-king of France, between whom and the merry Mehometan, there seemed to be an excellent good understanding, despite of bigotry on the one side, and the remembrance of injury on the other. The reply of the gin-drinking gentleman soon put a new face on the whole matter:

"Yah, yah, my good friend, what you say is quite right, strafe mich hael. Der champagne is only fit for kings, and if I were no more than a beggarly merchant or mister, or even one of the barons or counts that swarm all over this pitiful country, I should think shame to intrude on your good company. But I am a sovereign too; or at least I was, not long ago; before my rebellious subjects, der angel confound them, got up and burnt my palace about my ears, and drove me out of my dominions. Six months ago I was Duke Charles of Brunswick and Lunenburgh!"

The four boon companions at this announcement shook hands with the duke, and made room for him at their table; and Henry the Fifth of France rang the bell, and ordered another glass and another flask of champagne.

As the wine circulated, the five deposed sovereigns grew more and more jovial. Duke Charles volunteered a German song with a droll chorus, at which the Dey laughed himself almost into convulsions, although not understanding a word of it. Young Henry pleased at seeing his father so much beguiled of his melancholy, exerted himself to increase the pleasure and harmony of the meeting, with excellent tact and success. His wit was gay and sparkling, and his demeanor a graceful compound of elegance, and active politeness, beautifully tempered with the modesty becoming his age, and the respect due to his elder brethren in misfortune. Don Miguel grinned and said nothing, but drank like a fish; and as to the poor Dey, the unaccustomed liquor was fast making inroads upon his powers, mental and bodily.

At length, when the song was finished, the younger Bourbon, after exchanging a few words in a low voice with his grandfather, rose from his chair, and crossing over to where the veteran still sat absorbed in reflection, addressed him in French, and to this purport:

"Mon comarade—for I too am a soldier, though a young and untried one—will you not do us the favor to join our party, and help us to empty a bottle of this very excellent wine? You have heard our conversation, no doubt, and learned that we are all princes in exile and misfortune. An old soldier is worthy to be the companion of kings upon whom no cloud has fallen, and our misfortunes have not made us proud. Will you not join our company?"

The veteran had raised his face and fastened his eyes on the blooming and ingenuous countenance of the speaker; he now rose to his feet, and, placing his hand with a solemn and touching dignity upon the young man's head, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"My son, the blessings of an old man, full of years and sorrows, be upon you. I will gladly and gratefully accept your invitation. The voice of kindness is not so familiar to my heart as to make it unwelcome, even from a stranger. The old soldier thanks and blesses you. But before I take my seat among your friends; know that their misfortunes and your own are nothing compared with mine. They have fallen from no greater height, and to no such depth of poverty and wretchedness as an unkind fate has singled out for me. Return to your friends, and say to them that the exiled and lonely Colonel Gustafson is happy to forget his sorrows for a time in their good company."

At that name all rose to their feet, except the Dey, who was scarcely able to sit upright. The sad and stately Charles, the half-witted Brunswick, and even the brutal Miguel, paid willing homage to the sorrows of one not less exalted in birthright than themselves; and deep was the respect with which they received and welcomed the poor, deposed, and time-worn king, Gustafus of Sweden. It seemed that another errand of politeness and benevolence, not unmingled, perhaps, with curiosity, now presented itself to the mind of the young Bourbon.—The water drinker was now the only solitary stranger in the room, and he had risen to