

"Then I may expect you?"

"Without fail."

They were now within sight of the covered bridge and the twinkling lights in the village beyond. Mr. Trefalden paused for the second time.

"I must insist upon saying good-bye now," said he. "And, by the way, before we part, will you be kind enough to explain to me the real value of these coins?"

He took out a handful of loose money, and Saxon examined the pieces by the waning light.

"My charretier to-day would not take French francs," continued Mr. Trefalden, "but asked for Muntz money. When I offered him these Swiss francs he was satisfied. What is the difference in value between a French and a Swiss franc? What is Muntz money? How many of these pieces should I get for a Napoleon, or an English sovereign?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't know," said he, "I have not the least idea."

Mr. Trefalden thought he had been misunderstood.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This Muntz money—"

"Muntz money is Swiss money," interrupted Saxon.

"That is to say, the new uniform coinage voted by the Diet of 1850."

"Well, what is this Swiss franc worth?"

"A hundred rappen."

"Then a rapp is equivalent to a French centime?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"The rappen are issued instead of the old batzen," said he.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"We don't quite understand each other yet," he said, taking a Napoleon from the number. "What I want to know is simply how many Swiss francs I ought to receive for this?"

Saxon took the Napoleon between his finger and thumb, and examined it on both sides with some curiosity.

"I don't think it is worth anything at all here," he replied, as he gave it back. "What is it?"

"What is it? Why, a Napoleon! Do you mean to say that you never saw one before?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"But I know they are current here, for I changed one at Chur."

Saxon looked as if he could not comprehend his cousin's evident surprise.

"You may be right," said he. "I cannot tell; but I will ask my father when I go home. I dare say he can explain it to you."

Mr. Trefalden's amazement was so great that he took no pains to conceal it.

"But, my dear fellow, he said, "you cannot be unacquainted with the standard value of money—with the relative value of gold and silver?"

"I assure you I know nothing at all about it."

"But—out it is incomprehensible."

"Why so? It is a subject that has never come under my observation, and in which I take no interest?"

"Yet in the ordinary transactions of life—of farming life, for instance, such as your own—in the common buying and selling of every day—"

"I have nothing to do with that. My father manages all matters connected with the land."

"Well, then, if it were only as a guide to the expenditure of your own money, some such knowledge is necessary and valuable."

"But I have no money," replied Saxon, with the simplicity of a savage.

"No money? None whatever?"

"None?"

"Do you never have any?"

"Never."

"Have you never had any?"

"Never in my life."

Mr. Trefalden drew a long breath, and said no more.

"That seems to surprise you very much," said Saxon, laughingly.

"Well—it does."

"But it need not. What do I want with money? Of what use would it be to me? What should I do with it? What is money? Nothing. Nothing but a sign, the interpretation of which is food, clothing, firing, and other comforts and necessities of life. I have all these, and, having them, need no money. It is sufficiently plain."

"Ah, yes, it is plain—quite plain," rejoined the lawyer, abstractedly. "I see it all now. You are

perfectly right, Saxon. You would not know what to do with it, if you had it. Good night."

"Good night."

"Don't forget half-past eight to-morrow."

"No, no. Good night."

And so they shook hands and parted.

Mr. Trefalden was somewhat late that evening for his dinner; but the cook at the Adler was an expert artist, and not to be disconcerted by so common-place an emergency. It was a very recherche little dinner, and Mr. Trefalden was unusually well disposed to enjoy it. Never, surely, was the trout more fresh; never was Mayonnaise better flavoured; never had Lafitte a more delicate aroma. Mr. Trefalden dined deliberately, praised the cook with the grace of a connoisseur, and lingered luxuriously over his dessert. His meditations were pleasant, and the claret was excellent.

"A simple old pastor with a mania for archaeology," muttered he, as he sipped his curaçoa and watched the smoke of his cigar—"a simple old pastor with a mania for archaeology, and a young barbarian who reads Theocritus and never saw a Napoleon! What a delicious combination of circumstances! What a glorious field for enterprise! Verily, the days of El Dorado have come back again!"

#### CHAPTER VII. PASTOR MARTIN'S THEORY.

The pastor had spoken from his heart of hearts when he told Mr. Trefalden with what solicitude he had educated his brother's orphan; but he did not tell him all, or even half, of the zeal, humility, and devotion, with which he had fulfilled that heavy duty. Knowing the full extent of his responsibility, he had accepted it from the very hour of the boy's birth. He had lain awake night after night, while little Saxon was yet in his cradle, pondering, and praying, and asking himself how he should fortify this young soul against the temptations of the world. He had written out full a dozen elaborate schemes of education for him, before the child could babble an articulate word. He spent his leisure in studying the lives of great and virtuous men, that he might thence gather something of their tutelage; and, to this end, tolled patiently once again through all Plutarch's crabbed Greek, and Fuller's still more crabbed English. He compiled formidable lists of all kinds of instructive books for his pupil's future reading, long before his young ears had ever heard of the penances ending in "ology." He filled reams of sermon paper with unobjectionable extracts from the classic poets, and made easy abstracts of Euclid and Aristotle for his sole use and benefit. In short, he laid himself down before the wheels of this baby Juggernaut in a spirit of the uttermost self-devotion and love, giving up to him every moment upon which his pastoral duties held no claim, and sacrificing even the Etruscans for his dear sake.

The boy's education may almost be said to have dated from the day on which he first began to laugh and put out his little arms at the sight of those he loved. Uncle Martin, in spite of some maternal opposition, took care of that. He asserted his position at once; and quietly, but firmly, maintained it. He it was who taught the child his first utterance—who guided his first feeble steps upon the eastward out of doors—who trained his tongue to stammer its first prayer. He taught him that God had made the sun, and the stars, and the green trees. He led him to see use and beauty in all created things—even in the most unlovely. He brought him up to fear the darkness no more than the light; to admire all that was beautiful; to reverence all that was noble; to love every thing that had life. He would not even let him have a toy that was not in some way suggestive of gracefulness or service.

When little Saxon was but two years old, his mother died; and the good pastor pursued his labour henceforth without even a semblance of opposition. Saxon the elder believed in his brother as of old, and deferred to him in everything. Martin did not, perhaps, believe quite so implicitly in himself; but, as he told his cousin, he prayed for light, and only strove to know his duty, that he might perform it.

As time went on, that duty became daily of more extensive operation. The boy grew portentously both in ideas and inches. He developed an alarming appetite for books, as well as bread-and-butter. His curiosity became insatiable, and his industry indefatigable. In short, he perplexed his tutor sorely, and unconsciously raised up a host of difficulties which had been left quite unprovided for in the good pastor's theories.

For Martin Trefalden had theories—very strange,

unworldly, eccentric theories, indeed, which looked wonderfully well upon paper, and had been proved by him to his brother over and over again as they sat smoking together by their fireside o' nights; but which had various disagreeable ways of tripping him up, and leaving him in the lurch, now that they came to be put into practice.

Chief and foremost among these was his grand theory about the Trefalden legacy.

Having persuaded his brother to marry, and having, as it were, compelled Saxon the younger to enter on this stage of mortal life, it obviously behoved him, above all other things, to arm that little Christian against the peculiar dangers and temptations to which his singular destiny exposed him. He must be trained in habits of innocence, frugality, charity, and self-denial. He must be taught to prize only the simplest pleasures. He must be doubly and trebly fortified against pride, avarice, prodigality, self-indulgence, and every other sin of which wealth is fruitful. Above all, argued the pastor, he must not love money. Nay more, he must be wholly indifferent to it. He must regard it as a mere sign—an expedient—a medium of exchange—a thing valueless in itself, and desirable only because it is convenient. His childish hand must never be sullied by it. His innocent thoughts must never entertain it. He shall be as pure from the taint of gold as the first dwellers in Paradise.

"But when he grows up, brother Martin," suggested the father one evening, while they sat talking it over, as usual, in the chimney-corner, "when he grows up, you know, and the money really falls due—what then?"

"What do you mean, Sax?"

"He won't know what to do with it."

"But you will," replied the pastor, sharply, "and, after all, 'tis you are the heir—not he. You never seem to remember that, brother Sax."

The farmer made no reply.

"And by that time, too," continued Martin, "the boy will be old enough to understand the right uses of wealth."

"You'll teach him those, brother Martin," said the farmer.

"You and I together."

Saxon the elder smoked on in silence for a moment or two; then, laying his hand gently on the pastor's sleeve, "Brother Martin," he said, "thou'rt younger than I, as I have reminded thee once or twice before. I don't believe that I have a very long life before me. I don't feel as if I should ever inherit that fortune, or see my boy with a beard upon his chin."

He was right. He died, as we know, twelve years before the century expired, and Martin Trefalden continued to bring up his nephew in his own way. He could ride his hobby now at any pace he pleased, without even the interruption of a meek question by the way; so he ambled on year after year with his eyes shut, and refused to recognise the fact that Saxon was no longer a boy. He made himself wilfully blind both to his moustache and his inches. He would not believe that the time was already come for discussing the forbidden subject. He could not endure to tell his young Spartan that he must one day be rich; and so, as it were, he the first to raise his hand against that fabric of unworldliness which it had been the labour of his life to erect.

Of late, however, he had "had misgivings." He had begun to wonder whether perfect ignorance of life was really the best preparation for a career of usefulness, and whether the college at Geneva might not have proved a better school for his nephew than the solitude of Domleschg.

Thus matters stood when William Trefalden, Esquire, of Chancery-lane, London, made his appearance at the Chateau Rotzberg; and thus it happened that his cousin Saxon, the heir to four millions and a half of funded property, had no notion of the value of a Napoleon.

#### CHAPTER VIII. MR. TREFALDEN MEETS ACQUAINTANCES BY THE WAY.

Punctual as the minute-hand of the quaint little Swiss timepiece on the mantelshelf was Saxon to his appointment. The first metallic chime of the half-hour was just striking as he reached the inn door, and the rapid smiling of his iron heel on the paved corridor leading to the salon drowned the vibrations of the second. He found the breakfast-table laid beside an open window looking upon the garden and the mountains, and his cousin turning over the leaves of a large book at the further end of the room.