

slung him out of the room into the hands of the archers, who were waiting outside the door.

"Captain," cried the wretched man, whose impudence and audacity had by this time completely disappeared—"captain, I implore you, with joined hands, let me speak with monseigneur."

"Remove this knave!" said De Maurevert.

The Chief of the Apostles was dragged away by the archers.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE JUDGE AND THE MAN.

Half an hour later, Sforzi seated in the place of honor, having on his right President Harlal, and on his left the Marquis de Canilhac, took part in a magnificent supper prepared for the Royal Commissioners. The supper ended, the company passed into the vast reception-rooms of the Governor's house, where the principal ladies and gentlemen of the higher nobility of the province were already assembled.

There was actual rivalry among these feudal nobles as to which of them should show most respect for the terrible deputies of the king; their obsequiousness proving how vulnerable most of these gentlemen felt themselves to be. It was to be remarked, however, that, relatively speaking, few of the most culpable had joined the assembly at the "Government."

The excitement and astonishment of all present was extreme, therefore, when a valet threw open the folding doors of the principal room and announced Monsieur le Marquis de la Tremblais, and almost instantly the proud and haughty chateau entered the drawing-room.

"Death!" whispered De Maurevert in Raoul's ear, "this audacity pleases me! Dear companion, if you do not take advantage of this occasion—which will never be repeated—to make sure of his person, I shall hold you for the most foolish gentleman on earth!"

On seeing the marquis appear, Sforzi turned as pale as death, and lightnings flashed from his eyes. It was with a voice at once grave and calm, however, that he answered De Maurevert.

"Captain, I have sworn to the king to accomplish faithfully the mission he has deigned to confide to me; I shall not perjure my oath. Since the citation has not yet been issued against Monsieur le Marquis de la Tremblais, I am bound to respect his liberty."

"Thousand legions of devils!" muttered the captain, biting his moustache furiously, "if Raoul begins by falling into legality, he will come to no good. The Grand Turk strangle me if I trouble myself with anything but my own interests while the Commission is sitting."

The excitement caused by the audacious and unexpected apparition of the Marquis de la Tremblais was the greater for not one of those present being ignorant of his past treatment of the Chevalier Sforzi. The excitement was still further increased when he was seen, before saluting the Governor, to make his way towards Raoul. A dead silence took the place of the noise and animation which had filled the room—every one expected the occurrence of some grave event.

Sforzi stood with crossed arms, fixed look, and unmoved visage, and, for the extraordinary paleness of his face, it might have been supposed that he did not recognize his disloyal enemy and would-be executioner.

"Monsieur Sforzi," said the marquis, bowing slightly, "allow me to express at once my gratification and surprise at your return to our province. It is reported that you have preserved an unpleasant recollection of your first sojourn in Auvergne; your presence in Clermont strikingly contradicts this idle rumor. It appears, Monsieur Sforzi, that King Henry III. has sent you to ascertain, judge, and punish the crimes of the nobility. Death of my life!—you have undertaken a delicate mission! What do you consider to be the crimes of the nobility?—is it to wear a sword and pay no taxes?—to fight for the defence of the kingdom, and the glory of the king? Is it his Majesty's pleasure that we should bare our backs to the cudgels of our vassals, that we should make ourselves the vassals of our domestics, the slaves of our servants? If such are the intentions of Henry of Valois, I tell you plainly, Monsieur Sforzi, you will find some trouble in converting me to his majesty's way of thinking. I respect the person of his majesty infinitely, but may I be spat upon and shamed by the lowest groom if ever I suffer his Envoys and Commissioners to penetrate my castle. I await your answer, Monsieur Sforzi."

Though Raoul had not once attempted to interrupt his audacious and impudent interlocutor, and though his countenance remained cold and unmoved, De Maurevert saw, by an almost imperceptible contraction of the brows, that the young man, at the end of his patience, was on the point of giving himself up to a transport of rage, of falling into one of his terrible fits of ungovernable fury.

"By Minerva!" he muttered to himself, "De la Tremblais must feel very sure of his security to venture to brave Sforzi in this manner. Perhaps it is part of a plan to provoke a scene of violence. Ah, my cunning marquis, if that is so, you have counted without the perspicacity of a certain Captain De Maurevert. Nothing so quickly excites in me suspicion as seeing a pal-broon insult a man of courage. It is an invariable sign that treason is at work. Ha! the veins of Raoul's forehead are beginning to swell. It is time to act!"

De Maurevert sprang between the two enemies, and smiling amicably on the Marquis, said:

"Allow me, marquis, to present to you my

most friendly civilities. I cannot express the delight this wholly unexpected meeting causes me. How well you are looking—you are positively growing fat! The air of Paris has evidently agreed with you. Yet how singular!—while your body has grown in bulk, your face remains as thin as ever. Ah, it does not require the genius of Monsieur Esculapius to account for this phenomena!—your pourpoint covers a coat of Milan steel! You are on some expedition, then, this evening, marquis? By the mass, if Huguenots are in the case, you have only to speak, and I am your man!"

The Marquis de la Tremblais, who at first appeared to be greatly irritated by the captain's intervention, could not hide his rage at these last words.

"Monsieur," he replied, in a haughty and almost aggressive tone, "our friendship has never, that I know of, been so great as to warrant your addressing me with such familiarity. Whatever expedition I may be bound on, is no business of yours; and I have no need of your service."

"Ah, marquis!" cried De Maurevert, whom this impertinent response left quite calm and cool, "this is a villanous way of thanking the devotion I am showing to your interests. For fear, Marquis de la Tremblais, you should take a fancy to push your insults still further, I retire. I feel sure that, as soon as you are cooler, you will regret your injustice."

The departure of the captain appeared to disturb the marquis considerably, and, after a short hesitation, he hurriedly left the room. A quarter of an hour passed, and the excitement caused by the audacity of the marquis had not yet subsided, when De Maurevert re-entered the ball-room.

"Dear Raoul," he said, approaching Sforzi and lowering his voice to a whisper, "it was lucky I took to playing the fox instead of the lion. That ingenious marquis was accompanied by four hundred horsemen, posted in the neighborhood of the Government. The Commissioners have had a narrow escape. If the marquis had succeeded in picking a quarrel, there would have been a great row, and heaven knows how we might have come off. Though the streets are filled with peasants shouting 'Long Live the Commissioners!' the wretches would take flight like a cloud of rooks at the sight of a sportsman, without thinking of defending us."

"I begin to think that no good will come to us from the accomplishment of our mission. The lower people and small traders are with us, it is true; but what assistance would such allies give us against the three hundred feudal nobles of the province? Nothing will make me believe that we shall not come to a pitched battle with cannon. I shall, henceforth, take my precautions against treason or surprise. The gates of Clermont shall be guarded as if the city were in a state of siege, and all armed persons found in the street shall be immediately hung or shot. Good-bye Raoul; when shall I see you again?"

"In an hour, captain."

"Where?"

"In my chamber."

Such was the fear inspired by the Marquis de la Tremblais—in spite of the presence of the king's Commissioners—that, during the rest of the evening, a vague uneasiness reigned in the drawing-rooms of Monsieur de Canilhac; and it was with significant slowness that, as soon as the hour of departure arrived, every one hurried from the Governor's house.

Sforzi had retired to his room when faithful to his promise, De Maurevert presented himself before him. Freed from the curiosity of the crowd and from all other restraints Raoul allowed the storm, which the appearance of the marquis had aroused within him, to burst forth.

"Death of my life!" he cried, his hands clenched and his lips quivering; "I have had to endure a hard struggle to prevent the judge disappearing in the man. If I have to go through another such ordeal as that through which I have passed this evening, I feel that it will be beyond my strength. I shall succumb to temptation and assassinate the marquis. What audacity he has. I know not how I succeeded in restraining myself from springing upon him and compelling him to tell me what he had done with Diane! I swear to God that, though I may afterwards weep away all the tears in my body in regrets and die of remorse, I will not shrink from any means of assuring me vengeance!—as a gentleman, I will pursue him with my sword; as a judge, with the law; as a lover, with the poignard! De Maurevert I count on your assistance; I pledge you my word to accept the responsibility of all you may attempt; your acts shall be mine, and—I give you unlimited power—what you determine on doing shall be done."

After pronouncing these words, Sforzi fell back exhausted into his chair, great tears rolling down his cheeks. De Maurevert seized the young man's hands, and in tones of real emotion said:

"My dear friend, though the cause of your distress seems to me to be unreasonable, I none the less feel for your suffering. I am glad to see you decide on using, for your own personal interests, the powers confided to you by the king. Count on me as on yourself; I make your interests mine. I only require that you shall ask of me no explanation of the means I shall employ to attain our object. You must rest content with saying to yourself, 'De Maurevert had his reasons for what he did; let me not trouble myself as to his combinations.' In return for this confidence on your part, dear Raoul, I will get you back your Diane."

Sforzi was about to reply but the Grand Prévôt went on, without giving him time to speak:

"And now, beloved companion," he said, "let me advise you to commence the sittings of the Commissioners as quickly as possible. If you give the noblesse time to reconnoitre and recover from their bewilderment, it is to be feared that they will organize a league, and take to arms."

"Fear nothing on that head, captain," cried Raoul. "Every minute that delays the hour of my vengeance will appear like a year added to my torment. I am eager to begin the struggle. The day after to-morrow the first case will be dealt with."

"What will the first case be—do you know, Raoul?"

"It will prove," cried Sforzi, energetically, "that his Majesty's delegates do not hesitate to attack the most culpable, however powerful they may be. The crimes of the Marquis de la Tremblais have scandalized and terrified the Province of Auvergne. It is the Marquis de la Tremblais, therefore, who will first take his place on the bench of the accused!"

De Maurevert shook his head in sign of doubt; then, after a slight pause, said:

"If you would take my advice, Raoul, you would, on the contrary, keep the cause of the Marquis de la Tremblais for the last sitting of the Commission."

"You are jesting, surely, captain?"

"Not in the least, my dear friend—far from it. The man who possesses an almost impregnable stronghold, with four hundred men-at-arms, and munitions in abundance, will not be so obliging as to come politely at your summons, and take his seat on the bench of the accused."

"Do you think the marquis will dare to resist the orders of the king?"

"By Momus—that is a question worthy of Maître Sibillot, dear Raoul. To count on the submission of the marquis is simple madness."

"Let him resist," cried Raoul, hoarsely; "it is the warmest of my wishes. I have my revenge to take for the fatal and abominable night of the surprise of Taive—to avenge myself as a gentleman, sword and dagger in hand! Oh, it will be only too great a happiness!"

(To be continued.)

HERALDIC CANTING.

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, M. A.

A canting man or woman we know all about. Such people are not common, not even so common as they used to be; but when they do appear upon the everyday stage, and are described as "that canting Mrs. Fitz-Pharisee," or "those canting young Roundabouts," nobody thinks of asking, "What is the meaning of 'canting,' pray?" The term "canting," in its moral and social bearings, implies such a suspicion and likelihood of hypocrisy that no vocal peculiarity, no whine or sing-song of the mere voice, justifies its use. As one may be a hypocrite without being a canting hypocrite, so one may have an unhappy nasal whine without being a necessary hypocrite. The word "canting" has not, however, quite made up his mind as yet whether it shall go beyond the mere suspicion of hypocrisy. A "cant" is not a matter-of-course hypocrite, so far. But the two words live very near together, and on very good terms.

About "Heraldic Canting" there is no doubt or question at all. It is as certainly straightforward as the social canting is uncertainly crooked. And yet we do not know so much about a canting crest, a canting motto, or canting arms, as we do about a canting man or woman.

Before explaining by illustration the significance and drift of these heraldic expressions, it should be remarked that heraldry has a language of its own, or at least a terminology of its own, as distinct as the "Romany" of the gipsies, or the nomenclature of the botanists. The color which ordinary mortals look upon as red is called "gules" in this heraldic language, gold color is "or," and silver white is "argent." Many of the people who pay two guineas a year for the privilege of having their handsome coat-of-arms borne upon the panels of their carriages, know no more about how to describe them in good set phrase, than inexperienced ritualists know the correct names and titles which appertain to the modern science and art of severe ritualism.

On this principle, if principle it be, the term "punning," which everybody knows, becomes "canting" the moment it is applied to a crest or motto. The crest of Nicholas Breakspare, the only Englishman who ever became Pope (as Andrian IV), was a broken spear, for example; the motto of the Seton family is "Set on," and the Oxford city arms are an ox crossing a ford. Heraldry does not call these punning, but it calls them canting devices and fancies—why canting I cannot tell. The French term, *armes parlantes*, or "speaking shields," may be explanatory, as suggesting that "canting arms" are "singing arms," arms that "speak" or "chant" their meaning, and softly sing their punning suggestions and allusions. I can think of no other derivational explanation.

Some of these canting fancies are striking, and most of them are remarkable, only a very few being silly or trifling, and those few probably not of ancient date or illustrious origin. The

canting is not always English canting, but sometimes French or Latin. Sometimes an English name cants out its motto in Latin or French; sometimes the cant or pun is but the family name cut in halves, and sometimes the allusion is more or less obscure. There are not many names which would not suffer, even if they did not suggest, canting arms, or crests, or mottoes.

The best known of all canting mottoes is that of the Vernon. There is a bit of Latin, known to schoolboys, which says, "Ver non semper viret;" or, Spring not always flourishes; join together the two first words and the bit of Latin becomes "Vernon semper viret;" or, Vernon always flourishes; a play upon words which is really neat and witty. Another motto is associated with the sturdy old Cromwellian Fairfaxes and is also Latin, viz., "Fare fac;" Say and do; or, Preach and practise; or (freely), A word and a blow. Pronunciation is taken great liberties with in these canting mottoes, "fare fac" being treated as if it were two syllables, whereas (unlike Fairfax) it really is three; and two-syllabled "cave," Latin for beware, being the motto of the one-syllabled English Cave family. Again, the Pierponts have "Pie repon te," which reads in its Piereponete form as if it were a two-syllabled exhortation instead of being, what it really is, a direction made up of three Latin words and six Latin syllables; but what of that? It looks like Pierpoint, it has got a meaning, if not a very clear or forcible meaning, and so it does its duty by the family who have adopted it as well as does many another motto. Its meaning is authoritatively given as "Repose with pious confidence," which is as free a translation as can often be found. In the Onslow motto, a Latin proverb, "Festina lente," which signifies Advance slowly, or, On slow, conveys the pun with considerable aptness, grammar being no obstacle, adjectives being usable for adverbs, and *vice versa*, in the manufacture or adoption of canting mottoes. I remember, years ago, hearing a poetical puzzle, as it was called, out of which you were to find the names of trees; and in looking into the heraldic question of canting mottoes, I am strongly reminded of that not very cryptographic poem. "The tree that invites you to travel" was orange, "the tree where ships may be" was the bay, and "the tree that is nearest the sea" was — need I say? — the beech. That was really a kind of botanical, or arboricultural cant, which strongly resembles the heraldic.

The canting crests and arms are as clever as the canting mottoes. The crest of the Woods is an oak; a sheaf of cummin is borne by a branch of the Comyns; the Trotter family bear a horse; the Harthills, a heart on a hill; the Cranstons, some cranes; the Frasers, some *frutes*, or strawberry-flowers; the Castletons, a castle or two, and the like. Some families, taking extra pains to avow that they are not ashamed of their name and its significations, and not content with either canting crest or canting motto, show both; as, for example, the ancient Lockharts, who carry hearts and fetter-locks on their shield, and whose noble motto is, "I open locked hearts," done into Latin, and in this case into correct and non-barbaric Latin.

One of the most singular canting mottoes I have discovered cants indirectly, and by means of the initial letter of its four component words. It is "Kynd kyn knawne keppe," or, Keep your own kin kind, don't indulge in family quarrels, and this is the motto of the Kaye family, I think the Lister-Kaye family. Those four initials K's are the evidently *parlante* part of the fancy, and I cannot recall any other motto that puns upon a letter, doubtless because such names as Hay (A), Kew (L), and Ough (O), are if they exist, not soon found. Of the rhyming as well as canting motto of the Doyles, "Do no yll (no ill or noll), quoth Doyle," I have treated elsewhere; as also of the Nevilles, "Ne vile volis;" of the Fanes, "Ne vile fano;" and of the Cavendishes, "Cavendo tutus." The Bompases, "Un bon pas," the Maynards, "Manus justa nardus," the Veres, "Vero nil verius;" and a score of others, are both curious and interesting. In heraldry, and in this feature of heraldry, there is much food for thought and much opportunity for research. The links that bind us to the past are worth preservation, be they ancient manuscripts, venerable tombstones, heraldic bearings, or what they may. If crests and mottoes have given occasion to some folly and pretentiousness, they have also shed a lustre upon many an historic page, cleared up many an archaeological difficulty, and preserved many a noble tradition. This may be said, not of course especially, but exclusively, of canting crests, *armes parlantes*, and punning mottoes.

SUBSTITUTES FOR TEA. — The American Agricultural Bureau brings maté under attention, and by comparative analysis proves that yupon, maté, and tea and coffee all contain the same active principle—thein. Maté, says the *Philadelphia Medical Reporter*, is a Peruvian weed, largely indulged in by Indians and half-breeds. It is concocted in a small silver porringer, with a tight lid and a small spout, which spout goes the round of the blackened mouths of the maté-sucking circle. It is a great breach of etiquette in Peru to refuse to take maté on such conditions. The last proposition is to supplant tea and coffee by "yupon," and the proposition also, says the *British Medical Journal*, comes from the National Department of Agriculture. "Yupon" is an Indian word, and the plant itself is the casine yupon, the *lex cassina* a diuretic, and in large quantities emetic. It was used by the aborigines and also by the "poor white folks" in former days.