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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

They stayed for an hour at the saw-mill, and Michel, in spite of all that he had said about tobacco, smoked another pipe. While they were there, George, though his mind was full of other matter, continued to give his father practical advice about the business;—how a new wheel should be supplied here, and a lately invented improvement introduced there. Each of them at the moment was care-laden with special thoughts of their own, but nevertheless, as men of business, they knew that the hour was precious and used it. To saunter into the woods and do nothing was not at all in accordance with Michel's usual mode of life, and though he hummed and bawled, and doubted and grumbled, he made a note of all his son said, and was quite of a mind to make use of his son's wit.

"I shall be over at Epinal the day after to-morrow," he said as they left the mill, "and I'll see if I can get the new crank there."

"They'll be sure to have it at Heinman's," said George, as they began to descend the hill. From the spot on which they had been standing the walk down to Granpere would take them more than an hour. It might well be that they might make it an affair of two or three hours, if they went up to other timber cuttings on their route; but George was sure that as soon as he began to tell his story his father would make his way straight for home. He would be too much moved to think of his timber, and too angry to desire to remain a minute longer than he could help in company with his son. Looking at all the circumstances as carefully as he could, George thought that he had better begin at once. "As you feel Marie's going so much," he said, "I wonder that you are so anxious to send her away."

"That's a poor argument, George, and one that I should not have expected from you. Am I to keep her here all her life, doing no good for herself, simply because I like to have her here? It is in the course of things that she should be married, and it is my duty to see that she marries well."

"That is quite true, father."

"Then why do you talk to me about sending her away? I don't send her away. Urmand comes and takes her away. I did the same when I was young. Now I'm old, and I have to be left behind. It's the way of nature."

"But she doesn't want to be taken away," said George, rushing at once at his subject.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say, father. She consents to be taken away, but she does not wish it."

"I don't know what you mean. Has she been talking to you? Has she been complaining?"

"I have been talking to her. I came over from Colmar when I heard of this marriage on purpose that I might talk to her. I had at any rate a right to do that."

"Right to do what? I don't know that you have any right. If you have been trying to do mischief in my house, George, I will never forgive you;—never."

"I will tell you the whole truth, father; and then you shall say yourself whether I have been trying to do mischief, and shall say also whether you will forgive me. You will remember when you told me that I was not to think of Marie Broumar for myself."

"I do remember."

"Well;—I had thought of her. If you wanted to prevent that, you were too late."

"You were boys and girls together;—that is all."

"Let me tell my story, father, and then you shall judge. Before you had spoken to me at all, Marie had given me her troth."

"Nonsense!"

"Let me at least tell my story. She had done so, and I had given her mine, and when you told me to go I went, not quite knowing then what it might be best that we should do, but feeling very sure that she would at least be true to me."

"Truth to any such folly as that would be very wicked."

"At any rate I did nothing. I remained there month after month; meaning to do something when this was settled;—meaning to do something when that was settled; and then there came a sort of rumour to me that Marie was to be Urmand's wife. I did not believe it, but I thought that I would come and see."

"It was true."

"No;—it was not true then. I came over and was very angry because she was cold to me. She would not promise that there should be no such engagement; but there was none then. You see I will tell you everything as it occurred."

"She is at any rate engaged to Adrian Urmand now, and for all our sakes you are bound not to interfere."

"But yet I must tell my story. I went back to Colmar, and then, after a while, there came tidings, true tidings, that she was engaged to this man. I came over again, yesterday, determined;—you may blame me if you will, but listen to me;—determined to throw her falsehood in her teeth."

"Then I will protect her from you," said Michel Voss, turning upon his son as though he meant to strike him with his staff.

"Ah, father," said George, pausing and standing opposite to the innkeeper, "but who is to protect her from you? If I had found that that which you are doing was making her happy, I would have spoken my mind indeed; I would have shown her once, and once only, what she had done to me; how she had destroyed me;—and then I would have gone and troubled none of you any more."

"You had better go now, and bring us no more trouble. You are all trouble."

"But her worst trouble will still cling to her. I have found that it is so. She has taken this man not because she loves him; but because you have hidden her."

"She has taken him and she shall marry him."

"I cannot say that she has been right, father; but she deserves no such punishment as that. Would you make her a wretched woman for ever, because she has done wrong in striving to obey you?"

"She has not done wrong in striving to obey me. She has done right. I do not believe a word of this."

"You can ask her yourself."

"I will ask her nothing,—except that she shall not speak to you any further about it. You have come here wilfully minded to disturb us all."

"Father, that is unjust."

"I say it is true. She was contented and happy before you came. She loves the man, and is ready to marry him on the day fixed. Of course she will marry him. You would not have us go back from our word now?"

"Certainly I would. If he be a man, and she tells him that she repents,—if she tells him all the truth, of course he will give her back her troth. I would do so to any woman that only hinted that she wished it."

"No such hint shall be given. I will hear nothing of it. I shall not speak to Marie on the subject,—except to desire her to have no further converse with you. Nor will I speak of it again to yourself; unless you wish me to bid you go from me altogether, you will not mention the matter again." So saying, Michel Voss strode on, and would not even turn his eyes in the direction of his son. He strode on, making his way down the hill at the fastest pace that he could achieve, every now and then raising his hat and wiping the perspiration from his brow. Though he had spoken of Marie's departure as a loss that would be very hard to bear, the very idea that anything should be allowed to interfere with the marriage which he had planned was unendurable. What;—after all that had been said and done, consent that there should be no marriage between his niece and the rich young merchant! Never. He did not stop for a moment to think how much of truth there might be in his son's statement. He would not even allow himself to remember that he had forced Adrian Urmand as a suitor upon his niece. He had had his qualms of conscience upon that matter,—and it was possible that they might return to him. But he would not stop now to look at that side of the question. The young people were betrothed. The marriage was a thing settled, and it should be celebrated. He had never broken his faith to any man, and he would not break it to Adrian Urmand. He strode on down the mountain, and there was not a word more said between him and his son till they reached the inn doors. "You understand me," he said then. "Not a word more to Marie." After that he went up at once to his wife's chamber, and desired that Marie might be sent to him there. During his rapid walk home he had made up his mind as to what he would do. He would not be severe to his niece. He would simply ask her one question.

"My dear," he said, striving to be calm, but telling her by his countenance as plainly as words could have done all that had passed between him and his son—"Marie, my dear, I take it for granted—there is nothing to—to—to interrupt our plans."

"In what way, uncle?" she asked, merely wanting to gain a moment for thought.

"In any way. In no way. Just say that there is nothing wrong, and that will be sufficient."

She stood silent, not having a word to say to him.

"You know what I mean, Marie. You intend to marry Adrian Urmand?"

"I suppose so," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"Look here, Marie,—if there be any doubt about it, we will part,—and for ever. You shall never look upon my face again. My honour is pledged,—and yours."

Then he hurried out of the room, down into the kitchen, and, without staying there a moment, went out into the yard and walked through to the stables. His passion had been so strong and uncontrollable, that he had been unable to remain with his niece and exact a promise from her.

George, when he saw his father go to the stables, entered the house. He had already made up his mind that he would return at once to Colmar, without waiting to have more angry words. Such words would not serve him at all. But he must if possible see Marie, and he must also tell his step-mother that he was about to depart. He found them both together, and at once, very abruptly, declared that he was to start immediately.

"You have quarrelled with your father, George," said Madame Voss.

"I hope not. I hope that he has not quarrelled with me. But it is better that I should go."

"What is it, George? I hope it is nothing serious." Madame Voss as she said this looked at Marie, but Marie had turned her face away. George also looked at her, but could not see her countenance. He did not dare to ask her to give him an interview alone; nor had he quite determined what he would say to her if they were together.

"Marie," said Madame Voss, "do you know what this is about?"

"I wish I had died," said Marie, "before I had come into this house. I have made hatred and bitterness between those who should love each other better than all the world." Then Madame Voss was able to guess what had been the cause of the quarrel.

"Marie," said George, very slowly, "if you will only ask your own heart what you ought to do, and be true to what it tells you, there is no reason even yet that you should be sorry that you came to Granpere. But if you marry a man whom you do not love, you will sin against him, and against me, and against yourself, and against God." Then he took up his hat and went out.

In the courtyard he met his father.

"Where are you going now, George?" said his father.

"To Colmar. It is better that I should go at once. Good-bye, father," and he offered his hand to his parent.

"Have you spoken to Marie?"

"My mother will tell you what I have said. I have spoken nothing in private."

"Have you said anything about her marriage?"

"Yes. I have told her that she could not honestly marry the man she did not love."

"What right have you, sir," said Michel, nearly choked with wrath, "to interfere in the affairs of my household? You had better go, and go at once. If you return again before they are married, I will tell the servants to put you off the place."

George Voss made no answer, but having found his horse and his gig, drove himself off to Colmar.

(To be continued.)

A Southern newspaper gets very indignant because a Northern writer has said that the women of the South are indolent, and then concedes the whole case by declaring that "they have done nothing" to deserve such an accusation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDIA RUBBER CARRIAGES.—A company is putting up a large factory in Fairfield, Ct., and will shortly engage in the building of carriages made entirely of India rubber, except in axles and tires. A decided superiority is claimed for the material over wood.

OLD SHIPS.—There is a ship now sailing from Holland, built in 1598, when the Prince of Orange was fighting Philip II. of Spain, then at the zenith of his power. A few weeks since, in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, there was a notice that the whale-ship "Rousseau" (one of Stephen Girard's ships, built at Philadelphia in 1801) was then undergoing repairs at New Bedford. Her planking is being removed, the first time for seventy years. The live oak timbers underneath are reported to be as sound as they were the day they were first put together.

BLUE GLASS FOR GREENHOUSES.—We find that Robert Buist, senr., indorses the use of blue glass in greenhouses and other structures, for forcing plants, &c. In a communication to *Tilton's Journal of Horticulture* he says:—I applied a coating of Prussian-blue paint, six inches wide, up the centre of each row of panes; the result was electric, and in a few days the plants assumed their beautiful green colour, and the trusses of bloom came to maturity. The greenhouse had been used to grow geraniums for bedding purposes, but they had lost their colour every year about the first of April. The plants were completely rejuvenated by the blue glass.

A NOVEL ADDITION TO THE DINNER TABLE.—The *Brewer's Gazette* says, and it ought to know, that we are to have a revolution, it appears, in wine glasses. London porter requires pewter, and hock a green glass, and it has now been discovered that sherry is not sherry unless drunk out of wood, so that we shall shortly have our dining-tables laid out with tiny carved cups, instead of the orthodox wine glass with which we have been long familiar. At present the idea is only in its infancy, awaiting the artists who have under consideration the design of the new sherry cups. We may, however, mention that they will be larger than the present wine glass, more like the old port glasses which our grandfathers used.

SEC-SYSTEM OF NOTATION.—Dr. Lehmann, of Leipzig, according to the *Mechanics Magazine*, proposes a new system of notation with 6 as a basis, counting and reckoning with half dozens instead of tens. To avoid confusion, the name *sec* may be changed to *see*, so that we would count one, two, three, four, five, *sec*. The higher figures might be called *twos*, *threes*, *four*, *five*, *sec*, *sec*, *sec*, or *sees*. This latter would be equivalent to 36, but would be written 1 and 2 *nights*. It is further proposed to change the type so as to suit the new system. Among the advantages noted is the reduction of the extent of the multiplication table so tremendous now to school-boys and others. The following shows the extent of the tables under the *sec*-system. In making use of the ordinary type, it must be borne in mind that 10 is equivalent to 6:

2x2= 4	3x2= 10	4x2= 12	5x2= 14
2x3= 10	3x3= 13	4x3= 20	5x3= 23
2x4= 12	3x4= 20	4x4= 24	5x4= 32
2x5= 14	3x5= 23	4x5= 32	5x5= 41

The greater ease of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division would guarantee the decrease of errors in arithmetical calculations, etc., etc.

The Paris *Liberté* assures "chroniclers, reporters, and journalists," that the true secret of the man in the iron mask is at length about to be revealed, though it has been declared with much show of probability that an ex-Minister of Louis XIV., M. de Chamillart, who lived to a very advanced age, was the last person capable of clearing up the mystery, and he died refusing to betray the confidence reposed in him.

The unfathomable mystery (says the *Liberté*) which has eluded the grasp of so many historians and bookworms is in the hands of the Princes of Orleans. The tale goes that when the Bastille was taken a document fell into the hands of Philippe Egalité, which showed that after having been barren for twenty-three years, Anne of Austria at length gave birth to a daughter, but Louis XIII. had a boy substituted for his real child. The next year, as we know, the Queen was brought to bed with a second son, afterwards known as Philippe Duke of Orleans, the founder of the present house. It is therefore asserted that Louis XIV. and his descendants are usurpers, and that the Princes of Orleans are the legitimate heirs to the crown of France. In 1782 Philippe Egalité had a pamphlet printed and circulated in the provinces, in which this mystery was divulged, but it is doubted whether any copies are now in existence.

The following account of the project for the restoration of Sebastopol is given by the *Moscow Gazette*.—Towards the end of last month a special meeting of Ministers and other officials was held, under the presidency of the Grand Duke Constantine, for the purpose of considering the plans which had been prepared for their inspection with respect to the proposed alterations in the Crimean harbours. The result was that the Government has determined to found a great ship-building establishment at Nicolaef, but to give Sebastopol a commercial significance, without, however, losing sight of the advantages it offers for the harbouring of a fleet. It is proposed "to concentrate in Sebastopol the means of fitting out and supplying ships of war," and a dock, magazines, and manufactories will be built there for that purpose. The South Bay will probably be devoted to the reception of vessels both of war and of commerce. The eastern side, with the exception of the Korabelnaya Bay, will belong to the naval board, while the west side will be made over to the commercial authorities. As regards the fortification of the port, the following plans are proposed: 1. Land batteries are to be constructed upon the headlands on both sides of the harbour, in order to keep a hostile fleet at a distance; 2. Isolated forts with shore batteries are to be built facing the Cossack, Kamiesch, and Stryelet Bays, and at Balachava; and the Sassun-Gora position is to be strengthened by separate fortifications and batteries from Balachava to the end of the Great Bay; and 3. For the security of the north side, and in view of a possible debarkation along the river Kacha or at Eupatoria, it is proposed to throw out two forts, disposing them so that they will command the mouths of the river Belbek.