

untrussed. He leaned back in the *calèche* with the air of a man who had subscribed to the Peace of Europe, and dined well on top of it. He criticised the fortifications with a wave of his tooth-pick, and discoursed derisively and at large on the Emperor's abdication, on the treachery of the Duke of Ragusa, on the prospects of the Bourbons, and on the character of M. Talleyrand, with anecdotes which made up in raciness for what they lacked in authenticity.

We were bowling through La Chapelle, when he pulled out his snuff-box and proffered it.

"You are silent, Mr. Anne."

"I was waiting for the chorus," said I. "Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves: and Britain never, never, never—Come, out with it!"

"Well," he retorted; "and I hope the tune will come natural to you before long."

"Oh, give me time, my dear sir! I have seen the Cossacks enter Paris, and the Parisians decorate their poodles with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. I have seen them hoist a wretch on the Vendôme column, to smite the bronze face of the man of Austerlitz. I have seen the *salle* of the Opera rise to applaud a blatant fat fellow singing the praises of the Prussian—and to the tune of *Vive Henri Quatre!* I have seen, in my cousin Alain, of what the best blood in France is capable. Also, I have seen peasant boys—unripe crops of the later levies—mown down by grape-shot—raise themselves on their elbows, to cheer for France and the little man in grey. In time, Mr. Romaine, no doubt my memory will confuse these lads with their betters, and their mothers with the ladies of the *salle de l'Opéra*: just as in time, no doubt, I shall find myself Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant of the shire of Buckingham. I am changing my country, as you remind me: and, on my faith, she has no place for me. But, for the sake of her, I have explored and found the best of her—in my new country's prisons. And I repeat, you must give me time."