

## OF THE WORLD—NOT WORLDLY.

SOME spirit of the air she seemed,  
When first her form I saw—  
Some fairy such as bards have dreamed  
And painters strive to draw.  
She stood amid the tender sheen  
Of gorgeous flowers and branches green.  
With golden sunshine poured between,  
And half in awe,  
My poor heart recognized its queen  
By passion's law.

But, ah! when later, unimproved,  
I clasped the darling to my breast,  
And heard her sweet lips lip "beloved,"  
The while her hand my cheek caressed,  
She was no spirit thou, I know,  
But my own love, so fair and true.  
Nearer my heart her form I drew,  
And closer pressed.  
Others may sprites and fays pursue—  
Dear woman's best!

I was of simple birth and state,  
For she was one of high degree.  
She left the wealthy and the great  
To share my modest lot with me!  
And now our days with bliss are rife.  
She is the sunshine of my life;  
The noblest friend and truest wife  
On earth is she!  
Far from all worldly care and strife,  
How blest are we!

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"  
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 108.

He was talking to Lady Castletowers, and she could scrutinise his features at her leisure.

"I do not think I shall make any such concession to your narrative powers," she said. "The more closely I look at him, the more convinced I am that we have not only met, but spoken—and not very long since either. Why, I recognise the very inflections of his voice."

"Nay, madam, I claim to be a Swiss," Saxon was saying. "I was born in Switzerland, and so were my father and grandfather before me."

"But Trefalden is not a Swiss name," said Lady Castletowers.

"No, Trefalden is a Cornish name. We are of Cornish descent."

The colour flew to Olympia Colonna's face at the discovery conveyed to her by these few words.

"I knew it was no accidental resemblance," she said, with a troubled look. "I remember all about him now, and he remembers me. I knew he did—I saw it in his face."

"Then you really have met before?"

"Yes, in Switzerland, a few weeks ago. I—I was so unobservant as to mistake him for an ordinary peasant, and I—that is to say, we—offended him cruelly. My father has forgotten all about it; but I shall tender him a formal apology by-and-by. I hope he will forgive me."

"Forgive you!" echoed the Earl, in a low, passionate tone.

But Miss Colonna did not seem to hear him.

Later in the evening, when the little party was dispersed about the drawing room, she turned to Saxon, who was inspecting some engravings on a side-table, and said:

"If it were not that oblivion and pardon are thought to go hand in hand, I should ask to be remembered by Mr. Trefalden. As it is, I can only hope that he has forgotten me."

Saxon bowed profoundly.

"I should be much concerned for my memory, madam," he replied, "if that were possible."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Is that a sarcasm," said she, "or a compliment?"

"I did not mean it for either."

"What is it, then?"

"A simple statement of a simple fact. Made-moiselle Colonna is associated in my memory

with the most eventful day of my life, and if I had tried ever so hard to forget that I had once had the honour of meeting her, it would not have been possible for me to do so. On that day, I first learned the change in my fortunes."

Miss Colonna smiled, and put out her hand.

"Then I insist on being forgiven," she said. "I will not consent to be the one disagreeable episode in so bright a story."

"But I can't forgive you twice over," replied Saxon, bashfully, scarcely daring to touch the tips of her delicate fingers.

"Which means, that you had done so already? Thank you. Now we must be friends; and you shall come and talk to my father, who is deeply interested in your free and beautiful country. Would that our own beloved Italy were half so happy!"

With this she took Saxon's arm, and they crossed over to where her father and Major Vaughan were sitting in earnest conversation.

In the meanwhile, Lord Castletowers was wishing himself in Saxon's place, and thinking how gladly he would have given the best hunter in his stables to be so wronged, and so solicited, by Olympia Colonna.

## CHAPTER XXVI. THE OCTAGON TURRET.

Giulio Colonna was never so immersed in political labours as during these eight weeks that he and his daughter had been staying at Castletowers. He sat all day, and sometimes more than half the night, at his desk, answering letters, drawing up declarations and addresses, and writing fiery pamphlets in Italian, French, and English. Olympia helped him for many hours each day, often rising at dawn to correct his proofs, and decipher his secret correspondence. Every now and then, a special messenger would come down from London by the mid-day express; or a batch of telegraphic despatches arrived, full of secret information in cypher, or so worded to be unintelligible to all save the receiver. And sometimes Lord Castletowers, after a hasty summons to the octagon turret, would order out his black mare, and, laden with messages, gallop over to the station as furiously as if the very lives of his guests depended on his speed.

Then Lady Castletowers would look after him with a little deprecating smile; and, turning to the morning visitor who might happen to be sitting with her at the time, would say something about her poor, dear friend, Signor Colonna, and those foolish intrigues in which he still persisted in taking so much interest; or would, perhaps, let fall a word of half-implied regret that her son, the Earl, whose English politics were so thoroughly unexceptionable, should yet suffer himself to be attracted by the romance of this so-called "Italian cause."

But the intrigues went on nevertheless; and her ladyship, who was quite satisfied if Signor Colonna showed himself at the dinner-table, and Olympia spent her evenings in the drawing-room, little dreamed that that room in the octagon turret was the focus of a fast-moving revolution. Fearful things—things that would have frozen the bluest blood in her ladyship's veins—were being done daily under her very roof. Strategic operations were mapped out, and military proclamations translated, by the hand of her own son. Subscriptions to the cause poured in by every post. Revolutionary commissions in embryo, revolutionary regiments were countersigned by Colonna, and despatched in her ladyship's own post-bag, under cover to all kinds of mysterious Smiths and Browns in different quarters of London; and as for musket-money, it was a marvel that the very cheques which accumulated in her house did not explode, and reduce the place to ashes.

A great storm was really brewing, and the heaven of resistance was at work among the masses of Southern Italy. An insurrection had already broken out at Palermo; but it had hitherto attracted no very serious notice in London or Paris. Honourable members attended to it but slightly, as a mere formidable riot, or a salutary warning to sovereigns who misgoverned their subjects and neglected the advice of their neighbours. But Giulio Colonna, in his little room at Castletowers, knew well enough how

to interpret the first faint mutterings of that distant thunder. He knew where it would break out next, and where the first shaft of the lightning would fall. His own pen was the conductor—his own breath the wind by which the storm-clouds were driven.

Yet Colonna was no soldier. A braver man never lived; but the sword was not his weapon. A student in his youth, a delicate man at his prime, he was born for the cabinet, and not the camp. Bodies need brains as much, and sometimes more, than they need hands; and Colonna was the brain of his party. He was never more useful to his friends, he was never more formidable to his enemies, than when bending over his desk, pale and sleepless, and never weary.

The Earl of Castletowers had described his friend rightly when he spoke of him as a man of antique virtue. His virtues were precisely of the antique type—so precisely that his detractors ranked some of them but little above vices. In his creed, as in the creed of the Roman citizen during the great days of the Republic, the love of country held the highest place. Italy was his god. To serve her, he thankfully accepted privation, contumely, personal danger, banishment, and oppression. To serve her, he stooped to beg, to dissimulate, to mask hatred with smiles, and contempt with courtesy. To say that he was ready at any moment to lay down his own life for Italian liberty was to say nothing. He was ready to sacrifice his daughter, like Jephtha; or his dearest friends; or his good reputation; if innocent blood were the indispensable condition of success. These were indeed antique virtues—virtues that had nothing in common with the spirit of Christian chivalry. His worst enemies could not deny that Giulio Colonna was a hero, and a patriot. His bitterest slanderers never hinted a doubt of his sincerity. But it was a significant fact, that his blindest worshippers, ready as they were to compare him with every hero that made the glory of classic Greece and Rome, never dreamed of linking his name with that of Bruce or Bayard, Washington or La Rochefoucauld. He was, in very truth, more Pagan than Christian.

Giulio Colonna was a great man, a noble man, an heroic man, after his kind; a man of vast intellectual powers, of untiring steadfastness, of inexhaustible energy and devotion; but a man wholly dominated by a single idea, and unable to recognise any but his own arbitrary standard of right and wrong.

On the morning after Saxon's arrival at Castletowers, the three young men went out with their guns and dogs, and the Colonnas were busy together in their quiet study in the octagon turret. It was a very small room—a mere closet—with one deep mullioned window, overlooking a formal walled garden. A few prints on the walls, a few books on the shelves, a bureau, a table heaped with letters and papers, three or four chairs, and a davenport in the recess of the window, were all the furniture it contained. At the davenport sat Olympia, copying a long list of memoranda, while her father was busy with his morning's correspondence at the larger table. He had received a budget of some forty letters by that post, and was going through them rapidly and methodically, endorsing some for future reference, selecting others for immediate reply, and flinging the rest into a waste-paper basket beside his chair. When the last was disposed of, his daughter lifted up her head, and said:

"What news to-day, padre mio?"

The Italian sighed wearily.

"None," he replied. "None of any value. A few lines from Bertaldi; but he has nothing new to tell. Things remain about the same in Sicily. Garibaldi wants money. Nothing can be done without money—nothing worth doing."

"Better to attempt nothing, than make a useless demonstration," said Olympia, quickly.

"Ay—far better."

"Is that all from Italy?"

"All."

"And from London? I thought I saw Lord Barmouth's handwriting."

"Yes—he sends a cheque for twelve pounds; and here are three or four others, and a sub-