

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER XI. CAPTIVATION.

The next morning when we met at breakfast Florence was silent and abstracted. She abstained alike from provoking retort and audacious assertion...

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belief is that Florence only needs the faith to rise far above the average. She is a good way off yet, though.

"Yes," said Grant; "but she is in the right way. We must get them to say a lot of rosaries for her at Glenleven."

CHAPTER XII. GLENLEVEN.

A drive of eighteen miles brought us to the outskirts of the moors among which Leven had planted his Christian colony. From that semi-mountainous district, topped with granite peaks, and girded by its forests, more than one river took its rise, and found its way through plains and valleys to the Southern Channel.

This was a lovely, unincumbered, unincumbered district, sufficiently far removed from uninhabited districts, sufficiently far removed from the hum of men to favor of the wilderness. How beautiful I felt it! and how my companion seemed to revel in the freedom and freshness of the mountain air and the solitude.

At an opening of the hills we came rather suddenly on the village, formed of well-built cottages, not boasting of any grandeur, but with a certain neatness and order. The houses were of granite, and the walls were all built of granite; it was the cheapest material because close at hand, and it gave a grand, solid, and somewhat ancient look to me, as we passed, the gaudy structure, from which swung the sign of the Leven Arms, the tavern, that is, where, as he said, "Nothing and nobody was licensed to be drunk on the premises."

A little out of the village, in a charming spot, we found a house, a small farm-house, containing six rooms, to which it was his custom to retire when he wanted rest and solitude. He entered it with the glee of a man who finds himself at home. Two sitting-rooms, and a couple of bedrooms, were on the first floor. That was all. The furniture was plain and solid, the bedrooms having the rural look of cottage neatness and poverty. Of the sitting-rooms, one was a dining parlor, the other his private study; it looked into a little garden, where grew some common flowers, stocks and wall-flowers, and roses, and huge beds of mignonette, "my mother's favorite flowers," as he said, the perfume from which was borne through the open window. I looked around; on the wall were one or two prints of devotion, in plain black frames, a book-case tolerably well-filled, and some plain, old-fashioned furniture. "Now this is a Paradise, old fellow," said Leven; "we'll have dinner first (no French cookery, you'll remember), and then go down to the manse."

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joined upon the breast. The tomb itself displayed no carving beyond the quatrefoil panels, and at one end the family arms; but a brass fillet ran round the upper surface, engraved with these words in old English character: "If they had been mindful of the country whence they came out, they had, doubtless, the time to return; but now they desire a better, that is, a heavenly one. Therefore, God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city." (Heb. xi. 15-16.)

I passed to the other tomb, and thought I recognized in the sweet, matronly features of her whose effigy reposed there, a likeness of my friend; then I read the inscription which bade me pray for the soul of John William, Marquis of Carstairs, and his wife, Eleanor; and kneeling together, Leven and I softly recited a De Profundis. As we arose from our knees, I observed a brass plate let into the floor in front of the two monuments. "My own resting-place," said Leven as I pointed to it. "Some day, perhaps not very far off, I shall be lying here by their feet."

We left the church, but his last words struck to my heart, and I looked at him earnestly. "All right, old fellow," he said, "don't spin cobwebs out of what I said just now. I meant nothing in particular."

"I sometimes fancy it is not all right," I replied. "You wear yourself out with many cares, and too little recreation."

"Well, this is recreation, anyhow," he said; "just look at the light behind those granite peaks! Let's go down to the river, it's just the hour for the others."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN EPISCOPAL FIX.

A certain worthy prelate, who was the Bishop of X, and gloried in the familiar patronymic of Smith, came up to London during Christmas week to meet his wife and daughter, who had been staying in the South of France. It was an act of devotion on his part, for he very rarely visited his tropic island, and he had just returned from a long absence. He was a quiet, mild, inoffensive old gentleman, of studious habits and retiring disposition. The only fault which his enemies could find in him was a decided tendency to penuriosities, and this was probably the reason why, having to spend a night in town, he elected to seek a bed at the house of a clerical friend, instead of locating himself comfortably in the palatial hotel annexed to the railway station at which he alighted.

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and apron, he looked exceedingly common place. He instinctively felt that it would be useless to stand upon his dignity, and regretted that he had revealed his identity to an unempathetic audience. He became painfully conscious of the absurdity of the situation and turned crimson with humiliation and confusion.

"I don't think that will quite do, sir," said the proprietor, noticing these signs. "You had better lock at them clothes again, and I fancy you'll find they are yours after all."

With this ironical speech the proprietor turned on his heel and walked off, glancing significantly at the bystanders as much as to say he had discerned an unscrupulous impostor. The bishop had not the heart to continue the discussion, but retired to his compartment and set down sadly on the couch, to reflect what he had better do. The obvious course appeared to be to send for the police and to dispatch a message to his friend to come and identify him. But this involved creating a disturbance and exposing himself, for a time at all events, to further indignity. Besides, he did not relish the idea of being discovered by his friend in a state of dejection, and he was not at all disposed to expose himself to a cheap Turkish bath under such ludicrous circumstances. On the whole he preferred to adopt the alternative of dressing himself in the thief's clothes, and driving to his friend's house in a cab. His attire would no doubt excite surprise, but he would be spared the humiliation of remaining an object of ridicule and suspicion.

Nevertheless, the bishop shuddered when he looked at the garments in which he proposed to array himself. They consisted of a suit of clothes of a loud pattern, very much the worse for wear, round hat—famously known as a "billycock"—and a massive ulster great coat of a strangely disparted and rickish appearance. After an inward struggle, the bishop swallowed his pride and his dignity at a gulp, and hastily proceeded to clothe himself with such articles as were absolutely necessary. Unfortunately, he could not dispense with the billycock hat, which was many sizes too small, which set his teeth on edge, and he was obliged to wear it in the crown of his head in a very ridiculous fashion. In like manner the stranger's boots cost him a bitter pang, for they were an advanced state of decomposition, and looked really disreputable. But he could not help himself, and though a glance at the mirror confirmed his worst apprehensions with regard to his aspect, he set his teeth firmly, and resolved not to be daunted.

There was an audible titter as he passed along the passage towards the entrance, and the proprietor who received him at the door, treated him with very scant civility. This was galling enough, but when he got outside into the street he was instantly pronounced upon by an individual who patted him playfully on the shoulder and thrust an ominous looking document into his hand.

"What is this?" inquired the bishop, stiffly. "You've only got to read it, and you'll find out all about it. Here's the original, if you want to see it," replied the man.

"But this—this is addressed to John Richards. You have evidently made a mistake," said the bishop, glancing at the paper. "Oh! no, I haven't—not this time. I watched you go in, matry. Considering I've been waiting here for you over three hours, you might stand a pint just to show you bear no malice," said the man, facetiously.

The bishop hastily put the paper in his pocket and walked on, swelling with indignation, but prudently smothering his wrath. It was clear he was honestly mistaken for the owner of the clothes he was wearing, and it would be useless to argue the point.

Before he had proceeded many steps he came upon a cheap hatter's shop, the sight of which sent a ray of hope through his breast. He would buy a hat, and likewise a respectable pair of boots, and, in short, purchase a fresh outfit, so as to arrive at his friend's house looking at least respectable. He accordingly walked into the shop selected a sober, broad brimmed hat that fitted him. There was nothing especially remarkable about it, but it was a great improvement on the obnoxious "billycock," which he freely bestowed on the shopman. But when he put his hand in his pocket to purchase, he realized, for the first time, the worst part of the mishap that had befallen him. His watch, and jewellery, and money had been carried off with his clothes by the thief, whose cast-off garments did not contain so much as a single penny piece.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said the bishop, breaking into a profuse perspiration; "but I have no money to pay for the hat, and I have no money to pay for the boots."

"Oh! indeed, sir," said the shopman, looking him up and down unpleasantly. "Yes; but I hope you will trust me with this hat. I pledge my honor you shall be paid," said the bishop, earnestly.

"We don't take no pledges of that sort at this establishment," returned the man. "When I tell you I am the bishop of X—"

"A bishop, eh?" interrupted the man, whisking the hat off the head of his would-be customer with remarkable dexterity, and restoring it to its place in the window. "I know our son. You look like a bishop, don't you? You'd better take yourself off, young fellow, or I shall have to send for the police."

For a moment the good bishop became apoplectic, but he mastered his indignation. It was not surprising, considering his appearance, that the man should mistrust him, and his lordship, therefore, took up his discarded headgear and stepped silently into the street.

It was obvious that he must present himself at his friend's house as he was. He hesitated a moment whether to return to the station and claim the portmanteau he had left there. But it contained nothing that would materially improve his outward attire, as he had only come to town for one night, and besides, having learnt wisdom from bitter experience, he doubted whether it would be given up to him. The ticket was in the pocket of his clothes, and, possibly by this time the thief had made use of it. He, therefore, halted a cab, and directed the driver to take him to his friend's address. He naturally felt very awkward and embarrassed when he reached his destination. He was a sensitive old gentleman, and knowing too well that he cut an extremely ridiculous figure, he dreaded the ordeal of facing his friend. At the same time, it was a relief to him that he had arrived at the end of his perplexities, for he would be able to borrow from his friend's wardrobe, and procure a fresh outfit befitting his rank before meeting his wife. He was obliged to tell the cabman to wait, as he had to borrow the money to pay him, and as he stood on the doorstep at his friend's house he was fully conscious that the driver had misgivings about receiving his fare.

To his great disappointment, the neat maid-servant who came to the door in answer to his knock, stated that her master was away from home. "Will he be back soon?" inquired the bishop eagerly, with his heart in his mouth. "Not for a day or two," returned the girl, eyeing the visitor with a puzzled glance.

"Dear, dear, me!" exclaimed the bishop in consternation. "That is extremely unlucky. Is your mistress at home?" "Yes, my good girl; yes," said the bishop blushing crimson at her unaffected astonishment. He made a movement to enter the hall as he spoke, but before he could do so the door was slammed in his face. The bishop raised his hand to the knocker with a furious gesture, but restrained himself by an effort. It was but the first time his appearance had caused mistrust, and, humiliating as the experience was, he reflected that the girl had only done her duty to her employers by making him wait on the doorstep instead of permitting him to enter the house. His patience was speedily rewarded, for a few moments later the door was again opened, and the servant's friend, followed by a lady who was evidently his friend's wife. The bishop made a polite bow, and took off his billycock hat.

"Mrs.—, I presume," he said mentioning her name. "Yes, What is it, my man?" returned the lady, in a brisk, patronizing tone. "I haven't the pleasure of knowing you," began the bishop. "No, you haven't," interrupted his friend's wife with a decision. "But I know your husband. I am the Bishop of X," said he reddening slightly. "May I come in and speak to you?" he added humbly. "No. Certainly not! The Bishop of X, indeed!" scoffed his friend's wife.

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"Of course, if you don't believe me," interposed the bishop, for the first time losing his temper. "Come! No impertinence, my man," said the lady, exclaiming him up sharply. "Shut the door, Maria; he is going to use bad language."

The unfortunate bishop wiped the perspiration from his brow with the cuff of his coat, and gasped for breath. Things were gradually looking blacker than ever, for as his friend was away he did not know who else to apply to. To make matters worse, he was already in debt to the cabman, and had no means of paying him. The poor bishop was seized with a kind of frenzied nervousness, which did not improve his reasoning power. In fact, his agitation was so great that he could not, at the moment, recall to mind the address of a single person in town. The truth was he knew scarcely anybody, though, had he been calmer, he might possibly have thought of more than one source whence relief could be obtained. The only expedient, however, which occurred to him was to drive to a celebrated club of which he had been a country member for many years, though he had hardly ever entered its doors. He thought it possible that the hall porter might remember him.

Here again, unfortunately, he was doomed to disappointment, for the hall porter's acquaintance had been dead half a dozen years. Driven by sheer desperation to rack his brains severely, the bishop evolved two imaginary addresses of friends, and spent another hour or two in seeking them. Meanwhile, the cabman was getting surly and suspicious, and on being finally ordered to drive towards the city he growled through the trap in the roof his fervent desire to see the colour of his fare's money. The bishop took no notice of this impertinence, and started his white steed, and he was fairly at his wife's end, and had only bidden the man to drive him eastward because he did not know what else to do. Aburd and ridiculous as the situation may appear, it was serious enough in all conscience. For a respectable, steady going prelate to find himself drifted aimlessly about the metropolis in a cab which he could not discharge, friends, hungry, overcome with fatigue and agitation, and attired in a cheap tailor's suit belonging to somebody else, which made him