

valet?' Tom was wise enough to see that the road to fortune was open before him, and gladly acceded to the proposal, behaving so modestly and wisely in his new sphere that in 1836 he was appointed chief confidential servant to the Duke, constantly attached to his person.

In the summer of 1838 the Duke set out on a round of travels, taking Ward with him. First he went to the coronation of the King of Lombardy, and after that ceremony he proceeded to England on a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. Ward went too, of course. That *was* a coming home. Fifteen years ago he left England a mere stable-boy, now he returned the faithful friend and valued servant of a royal duke. It was enough to turn the man's head. But Yorkshire heads are tough and strong, and Ward took no liberties, in spite of being lifted out of his station.

He returned to Lucca with his master, as much devoted to his interests as ever.

It must not be supposed, however, that in all these years he had forgotten his relatives in Yorkshire—far from it. He had paid them many a visit when sent to England by his master on horse-buying errands; no matter how busy he was, he always made time to see his father and the dear old grandfather at Howden, bringing them presents and money, and telling them of his Viennese wife, a nice young woman, and his comfortable little home near the Palace in the foreign city.

In the year 1843 Ward rose some steps higher. The duchy of Lucca was in trouble—money matters going wrong. How had this happened? The Duke fell ill with worry, the Duchess was at her wits' end. Ruin stared them in the face. She thought of Ward, the shrewd, faithful attendant, and went to consult him. Ward told her what she and her husband had half guessed, that one of the ministers was acting treacherously, and he ought to be dismissed. The poor worried Duke was afraid to do this, so Ward was sent by the Duchess to Galizia to fetch her uncle, the Archduke Ferdinand, to advise with them.

This was a difficult matter to arrange,

but Ward got off at last, carrying no papers or instructions, for fear of being robbed. When he was safely across the frontier he set to work and prepared a clear statement of the Duke's affairs written in German, a language he now knew very well. The Archduke complimented him on his ability and talked over the matter with him, promising to visit the Duke of Lucca very shortly. This he did, assisting him to put his affairs to rights and dismiss the unfaithful minister, so that the duchy was saved.

Now, in an outburst of gratitude to Ward, the Duke insisted on his taking the place of the deposed man, and becoming Minister of Finance!

Ward strongly objected. 'I am only an uneducated English groom,' he said, 'quite unfit for so high a post.'

The Duke was firm, however; he was attached to Ward, the Lucchese people trusted him and liked him, and at last Ward was obliged to give in, to accept the post, and to become Baron Ward.

The Duke now set to work to make him a coat-of-arms, such as nobles show. The Silver Cross of Savoy with the Golden Lilies of France he was to have. Ward humbly begged to be allowed something English about it, some 'John Bulls.' 'Well,' said the Duke, 'then you shall have two bulls regardant for your supporters.' And so it was to be. And now Ward became in deed, if not in name, the Duke's prime minister. He arranged treaties, raised loans, and took in hand the business of the State, always with the view of serving effectively his royal master.

Orders, decorations, and honours were showered upon him. Ward was surprised at his good fortune. 'For why,' he writes to his father, 'do all make such a fuss of me? Invitations on all sides, all admiring a wonderful talent that I know nothing of.'

In 1847 the Duke of Lucca became Duke of Parma, and now political troubles began, and in a very short time the Duke had to fly from his capital and hide himself. Ward accompanied him, both dis-