
squadron on the staff of the King, and when the cause collapsed came to London. His uncle tried to induce him to settle down to some steady employment in the City. Leader expressed himself satisfied to make an experiment at desk-work.

“It was useless,” said Leader with a hearty crow as he related the story to me. “The friend who had promised to create a vacancy for me in his office ordered his chief clerk to lock the safe and send for the police when he heard of my antecedents. He invited me to dinner, but candidly told me that a rifle was more in my line than a quill.”

And yet it was in the service of the quill the young soldier ended his days. He got an appointment as an auxiliary correspondent to a great London daily paper during the Russo-Turkish war. He was elate; the road to fame and fortune now lay open before him. The next I heard of him was that he had succumbed to typhoid fever at Philippopolis.

A Scotch *spadassin* arrived in our midst about this period. He was most anxious to draw a blade for Don Carlos, but he had a decided objection to serve in any capacity but that of command. He

did not appreciate the fun of losing the number of his mess as an obscure hero of the rank and file, though he would not mind sacrificing an arm, I do think, at the head of a charging column, provided that he had a showy uniform on, and that the fact of his valour was properly advertised in the despatches. He had an idea that would commend itself to Belcha's bushwhackers, but it was not entertained. It was to take passage with a few trusty men on the tug for San Sebastian when she was reported to be conveying specie for the payment of the Spanish Republican troops, to drive the voyagers down the hold, throttle the skipper, intimidate the crew, take the wheel and turn her head to the coast, seize and land the money under Carlist protection, and then scuttle her. The least recompense, he calculated, which could be awarded to him for that exploit by his Majesty Charles VII. was the Order of the Golden Fleece; and a very appropriate order too.

There was a set of Carlist sympathizers known to the fighting-men as "ojaladeros," or warriors with much decoration in the shape of polished buttons.

Their depôt was at Biarritz, an aristocratic watering-place born under the second French Empire, and not ignorant of some of the vices of the Byzantine Empire. There are healthful breezes there, but they do not quite sweep away the scent of frangipani. Warlike, with a proviso, the Scot might have been designated, but he was not to be compared with these ojaladeros; he would fight if he had a lime-lit stage to posture upon; they would not fight at all, but they moved about mysteriously, as if their bosoms were big with the fate of dynasties, held hugger-mugger caucus, and were the oracles of boudoirs.

At Bayonne there was a better class of Carlist sympathizers; such of them as were of the fighting age were there in the intervals of duty. To a job-master's in the city by the Adour I was recommended as the most likely place to procure a steed. At the Hôtel St. Etienne, where I stopped, I was gratified by an unexpected encounter with the genial captain* (Ronald Campbell), who had

* Now Colonel the Baron Craignish, Equerry to his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

brought a juicy leg of mutton at his saddle-skirts to the relief of my household after the siege of Paris. He went with me to the job-master's—it is as well to have a friend with you when you do a horse-deal. I had no choice but Hobson's. The job-master was desolated, but he had sold three animals the day before to an English milord, a very big gentleman, and his party. He had just one horse, but it was a beauty. The horse was trotted out. It was well groomed—they always are, and arsenic does impart a nice gloss to the hide—and looked imposing, a tall three-quarter-bred bay gelding.

“You'll have to take it,” said the captain, “though I fear it will not be a great catch for mountain-work. Seems to me that it stumbles—that lie-back of the ears is vicious—ha! rears too—and by Jove! it has been fired. No matter. Where needs must, you know, there's no alternative. Buy it by all means.”

I closed with the bargain, got a loan of a saddle, bought a pair of jack-boots, and ordered my purchase to be brought round to the door of the

hotel within half-an-hour. I am no rough-rider, and I had not counted on the high mettle of this, which was literally a "fiery, untamed steed." It had been fed for the market, and had had no exercise for two days previous. I meant to try its paces to St. Jean de Luz, and show off before the damsels of Biarritz; but, lack-a-day! what a declension was in store for me. It had best be given in the words of a letter to my kindly compatriot, written while defeat was fresh in my mind. Thus the epistle runs:

"DEAR CAMPBELL,

"My first essay on my eight hundred francs' worth of horse-power was a sight to see.

"*Imprimis*, the stirrup-leathers were long enough for you.

"*En suite*, I gave the dear gelding his head because he took it, and he incontinently faced a post of the French army at the Porte d'Espagne. The sentry came to the charge and cried, *On ne passe pas ici*. The blood-horse went at him, the sentry funk'd, and then, as if satisfied with his

demonstration, the blood-horse—the bit always in his mouth—made a *demi-tour*, and faced a post of douaniers. This also was sacred ground, it appears, but the douaniers let the blood-horse pass, not even making the feint to prod his inside for contraband. The scene now changes to the Place de la Comédie (there's something in a name), where by virtue of vigorous tugging at curb and snaffle I just succeeded in keeping my gallant gelding off the cobble-stones. He went a burster over the bridge by a short turn down a street and to the door of his stable, and there he positively stopped, and I swear I felt his sides shaking with laughter. I called the groom; said I thought it would rain; besides, I did not know the road. On the whole, I had reconsidered the matter, and would go to St. Jean de Luz by train. The groom was awfully polite, pretended to believe me, and provided a man to take forward my eight—oh, hang it! we shan't think of the price.

“Humiliation! you will say. Yes, sir, and I feel it; but that horse will feel it too. When I get him somewhere that none can see, and where sentries,

douaniers, and stables of refuge don't abound, I shall ask him to try how long he can keep up a gallop; but, by the body of the Claimant, I shall have sixteen stone on his back.

“Yours with knees unwearied and soul unsubdued.”

At St. Jean de Luz I learned at the principal hotel that the English milord was Captain Frederick Burnaby of “the Queen of England’s Blue Guards.” He was supposed to have some secret official mission to Don Carlos, to whose headquarters he had directed his steps, and I at once took measures to follow in his tracks.

THE END.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROMANTIC SPAIN."

**AN IRON-BOUND CITY; or, Five Months
of Peril and Privation. 2 vols. 21s.**

"A story of peril, adventure, privation,
Is told, in two vols., to your great delectation,
With shrewd common sense and uncommon sensation!
Here's the painful account of Parisians defeated:
And Paris besieged is most 'specially' treated:
Like a trusty Tapleyan, bright, hopeful, and witty,
O'Shea tells the tale of 'AN IRON-BOUND CITY.'"—*Punch*.

"We can listen with unjaded interest to the oft-told tale of the fall of Paris when it is told by so genial and sunny-minded an historian."—*Saturday Review*.

**LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENT. 2 vols. 21s.**

"The great charm of his pages is the entire absence of dulness, and the evidence they afford of a delicate sense of humour, considerable powers of observation, a store of apposite and racy anecdote, and a keen enjoyment of life."—*Standard*.

"Redolent of stories throughout, told with such a cheery spirit, in so genial a manner, that even those they sometimes hit hard cannot, when they read, refrain from laughing, for Mr. O'Shea is a modern Democritus; and yet there runs a vein of sadness, as if, like Figaro, he made haste to laugh lest he should have to weep."—*Society*.

"Delightful reading. . . . A most enjoyable book. . . . It is kinder to readers to leave them to find out the good things for themselves. They will find material for amusement and instruction on every page; and if the lesson is sometimes in its way as melancholy as the moral of Firmin Maillard's 'Les Derniers Bohèmes,' it is conveyed after a fashion that recalls the light-hearted gaiety of Paul de Kock's 'Damoiselle du Cinquième' and the varied pathos and humour of Henri Murger."—*Whitehall Review*.

WARD AND DOWNEY, PUBLISHERS, LONDON.

3

THE NEW NOVELS.

B. L. Farjeon's "TRAGEDY OF FEATHERSTONE."
3 vols.

W. O. Tristram's "A STRANGE AFFAIR." 3 vols.

James Grant's "PLAYING WITH FIRE." 3 vols.

Frank Barrett's "FOUND GUILTY." 3 vols.

Mrs. Macquoid's "SIR JAMES APPLEBY." 3 vols.

Blanche Roosevelt's "THE COPPER QUEEN." 3 vols.

"Basil's" "A SHADOWED LIFE." 3 vols.

G. Manville Fenn's "MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES."
3 vols.

F. C. Philips' "JACK AND THREE JILLS." 2 vols.

Richard Dowling's "FATAL BONDS."

William Westall's "TWO PINCHES OF SNUFF."
3 vols.

E. Downey's "IN ONE TOWN." 2 vols.

4

WARD AND DOWNEY, PUBLISHERS, LONDON.



