

**THE
PROVOCATIONS OF
MADAME PALISAY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649178278

The provocations of Madame Palisay by Anne Manning

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ANNE MANNING

**THE
PROVOCATIONS OF
MADAME PALISAY**



[Handwritten: MARISSA, ANNE]

THE
PROVOCATIONS
OF
MADAME PALISSY.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

FOURTH



EDITION.

LONDON
VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., 1, AMEN CORNER,
Paternoster Row.

1863.

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The PROVOCATIONS of MADAME
PALISSY.

CHAPTER I.

“**M**Y dear Victorine!” said Bernard Palissy to his wife, who was sleeping soundly beside him, with her infant on her arm.

“What is it you say, Bernard Palissy?” returned his wife, sleepily.

“You told me, my love, you were very much in want of a new gown.”

“Certainly I did,” cried Madame Palissy, waking up at once; “and I mentioned to you that a grass-green camlet——”

“My dear Victorine,” interrupted Bernard, “I don’t want to hear anything about grass-green

camlets. What I was going to observe was, that I don't believe there is a gown of any imaginable colour or fabric in all France in which you will look half so pretty, in my eyes, as in your old one."

"Oh, you tiresome fellow!" cried she, immediately shutting her eyes again; "did you wake me up to hear *that*?"

"And the reason," pursued Palissy, giving her a little pinch, to prevent her falling fast asleep before he had said what he wanted to say,— "the reason, my beloved Victorine, that you will appear more lovely and charming to me in that old crimson serge, with the three rows of black worsted lace round the skirt, than you ever did when it was bran-new,—which was on your wedding-day, if you remember——"

"To be sure I remember," said Madame Palissy, peevishly. "But why, in the name of all the saints, need I remember it just now?"

"With regard to the saints," observed Palissy, without losing sight of his original subject, "you

know, my dear Victorine, that expletive of yours with me goes for nothing, because I regard the whole calendar of them in a very different light from what you do . . . but this by the way. To return to the red petticoat."

"I'm sure it *wants* re-turning," cries poor Victorine, "if I am to wear it any longer, though it has been turned once already, inside out, top side t'other way, hind part before, re-bound, darned, and scoured—I suppose I must turn the sides to the front and back now: and all for what?"

"All for this, my sweet angel," returned Bernard, in his most coaxing tone, which was a very coaxing one indeed—"that I may have the money which we talked of laying out on your new gown, to spend in something else which I most particularly want."

"Particularly want, indeed!" cries Madame Palissy, beginning to feel considerably exacerbated. "If I were to tell you, you tiresome fellow, of all the things I and your two sweet children particularly want, I should keep talking till daybreak."

“It is precisely that you and our dear infants may have all those things, my beloved Victorine, and a great many besides, even everything that can attract your eye and please your heart,—that I want this small sum of money for an immediate purpose.”

“What’s the immediate purpose?” returned she, very tersely.

“Why,” said he, colouring all over while he spoke, though it was in the dark, and he got no credit for the sign of grace—“it is,—just to buy—a little borax and palladium.”

Madame Palissy here thought it worth while to raise herself from her reclining posture for the sake of giving her husband a box on the ear; not in play, mind you, but a good hard cuff, in downright desperate earnest: the exertion of which, commoving her whole frame, not unnaturally set the baby crying. And she who bestowed this cuff was not a masculine, middle-aged virago, but a handsome, high-spirited young woman of about four-and-twenty years old.