

**A PRODIGY: A TALE
OF MUSIC. IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

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A prodigy: a tale of music. In three volumes. Vol. III by Henry Fothergill Chorley

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HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY

**A PRODIGY: A TALE
OF MUSIC. IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

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A PRODIGY.

A Tale of Music.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

"MODERN GERMAN MUSIC," "ROCCABELLA," &c. &c

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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A PRODIGY.



PART THE FIFTH.

(CONTINUED.)

THE RAPIDS.



CHAPTER VI.

A GHOSTLY COUNSELLOR.

“GET up, Quillsey! your chair is wanted!” cried the voluble Countess Baltakis in her shrillest tones of triumph—“Lady Caldermere!—Doctor Mondor wishes expressly to be presented to you. Every one has heard of his wonderful cures. I have had the Burlington watched night and day, that I might be the first to get hold of him—and here he is! But you must not keep him long. Every-

body is dying to be introduced to him; so, I assure you, you may take it as a real compliment to be first—though of course you were entitled to expect it.—Lady Load, you shall have him next,—not” (with an audible *aside* to a friend) “that he can make *her* look young again.—Doctor, I can and will only spare you to Lady Caldermere for ten minutes”—and Madame Baltakis flounced away somewhere else.

“One must give way, of course!” said the discomfited Mr. Quillsey, rising with a shrug and a sigh and a smile of secret intelligence—“for who does not wish to be presented to Lady Caldermere?—But she *is* a good creature—the Countess Baltakis!”—and so, unnoted, and unheard, the displaced decorator crept away to simmer his taste and tact into other ears.

She sat in a dumb terror of expectation.—The person was now close upon her.

“I wished particularly to be presented to you, my Lady,” said the gentleman, sitting down, and speaking in French with a strong

foreign accent, "as my Lord, I have ascertained, is not in London."

That head and that ear Lady Caldermere thought had sat by her once before—at Baden-Baden.

"I beg your pardon," said she, absently—forcing herself to look the stranger full in the face. . . . The deep scar on his forehead, by distorting the eyebrows, had given to the upper part of the countenance a peculiarly unpleasant expression. Or was it the motion of his lips?—She waited breathlessly to hear him speak again.

"Ah!" said he, politely smiling, "I can see that I remind *you*, too, of some one you have known.—I am used to the thing. It is perpetually happening to me—though it would be an odd chance if there were two such disfigured faces as mine.—But with a man it does not matter, save as making an ugly puzzle. When I think of such a young, beautiful woman, as a patient of mine, the Princess Chenzikoff, — with her face dis-