

**THE KING'S MEN; A
TALE OF
TO-MORROW**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649285556

The king's men; a tale of to-morrow by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**THE KING'S MEN; A
TALE OF
TO-MORROW**

THE KING'S MEN.

THE KING'S MEN

A TALE OF TO-MORROW

BY

ROBERT GRANT
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY
J. S. OF DALE AND
JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT

*"All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty up again."*

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1884

1-2
5-6-7-8
75

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY
ROBERT GRANT.

26-7
ditto copy

Ex. from
C. F. Libbey & Co.
Apr. 20, 1892

LIBRARY OF THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
CITY OF BOSTON
APR 20 1892

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. RIPON HOUSE,	1
II. RICHARD LINCOLN,	8
III. MY LADY'S CHAMBER,	19
IV. JARLEY JAWKINS,	32
V. "JAWKINS'S JOLLITIES,"	46
VI. THE ROYALISTS,	67
VII. A FOUR-IN-HAND AND ONE IN THE BUSH,	85
VIII. SPRETÆ INJURIA FORMÆ,	97
IX. "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE,"	110
X. KING GEORGE THE FIFTH,	124
XI. THE RAISING OF THE FLAG,	147
XII. IN THE LION'S MOUTH,	161
XIII. AN UNFINISHED TASK,	174
XIV. THE LAST ROYALIST,	189
XV. LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS,	193
XVI. MRS. CAREY'S HUSBAND,	215
XVII. AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES,	225
XVIII. TWO CARDS PLAYED,	243
XIX. A WOMAN'S END,	252
XX. "FROM CHAIN TO CHAIN,"	258
XXI. NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM,	265

THE KING'S MEN.

CHAPTER I.

RIPON HOUSE.

THERE are few Americans who went to England before the late wars but will remember Ripon House. The curious student of history—a study, perhaps, too little in vogue with us—could find no better example of the palace of an old feudal lord. Dating almost from the time of the first George—and some even say it was built by the same Wren who designed that St. Paul's Cathedral whose ruins we may still see to the east of London—it frowned upon the miles of private park surrounding it, a marble memorial of feudal monopoly and man's selfish greed. The very land about it, to an extent of almost half a county, was owned by the owners of the castle, and by them rented out upon an annual payment to such farmers as they chose to favor with a chance to earn their bread.

In an ancient room of a still older house which stands some two miles from the castle, and had formerly been merely the gatekeeper's lodge (though large enough for

several families), a young man was sitting, one late afternoon in early November. The room was warmed by a fire, in the old fashion ; and the young man was gloomily plunging the poker into the coals, breaking them into oily flakes which sent out fierce flickerings as they burned away. He was dressed in a rough shooting suit of blue velveteen, and his heavy American shoes were crusted with mud. His handsome, boyish face wore an expression of deep anxiety ; and his hands seemed to minister to the troubles of his meditation by tumbling his hair about the contracted forehead, while his lips closed about a short brier-wood pipe of a kind only used by men. The pipe had gone out, unnoticed by the smoker ; and he did not seem to mind the fierce heat thrown out by the broken coals. Above the mantel was the portrait of a gentleman in the quaint costume of the latter Victorian age ; the absurd starched collar and shirt, the insignificant cravat, the trousers reaching to the ankles, and the coat and waistcoat of black cloth and fantastic cut, familiar to the readers of the London *Punch*. This antedated worthy looked out from the canvas upon the room as if he owned it ; and the mullioned windows and carved oak wainscoting justified his claim, even to the very books in the bookcases, which showed an antiquarian taste. Here were the strange old-fashioned satires of Thackeray and the more modern romances of the humorist Dickens ; the crude speculations of the philosopher Spencer, and the one-sided, aristocratic economies of Malthus and Mill ; with the feeble rhymes of Lord Tennyson d'Eyncourt, which men, in a time-serving age, called poetry.

Geoffrey Ripon had come to his last legs. And he was one of the few aristocrats of his generation who had ever

(metaphorically speaking) had any legs worth considering. When O'Donovan Rourke had been President of the British Republic, that good-natured Irishman, who had been at school with Ripon's father, had given him a position in the legation at Paris; but when the Radicals overthrew Rourke's government, Ripon lost his place. And Ripon could not but think it hard that he, Geoffrey Ripon, by all right and law Earl of Brompton, Viscount Mapledurham in the peerage of Ireland, etc., etc., should that afternoon have been fined ten shillings and costs for poaching on what had been his own domain.

His great-uncle looked down upon him with that exasperating equanimity that only a canvas immortality can give—his great-uncle who fell on the field of Tel-el-Kebir, dead as if the Arab bullet had sped from a worthier foe, in the days when England had a foreign policy and could spare her soldiers from the coast defence. And his grandfather, who smirked from another coroneted frame behind him, had been a great leader in the Liberal party under Gladstone, Lord Liverpool, the grand old man who stole Beaconsfield's thunder to guard the Suez Canal, that road to India which he, like another Moses, had made for their proud legions through the Red Sea.

And now Ripon was living in his porter's lodge, all that was still his of the great Ripon estates, with his empty title left him, minus the robes and coronet no longer worn; and his King, George the Fifth, an exile, wandering with his semblance of a court in foreign lands.

The world moves quickly as it grows older, with an accelerated velocity, like that of a falling stone; and it is hard for us of the present day to picture the England of King Albert Edward. The restlessness and poverty of the