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**VARIOUS**

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### EDITOR'S NOTICES.

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# The City of London School Magazine.

VOL. VI.]

MAY 25, 1882.

[No. 38.]

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

(Continued from Page 38.)

## CHAPTER XIV.

### FROM NIGHT TO MORNING.

**A**T the moment of the collision with the *Torricelli's* boom, the Grand Duke had descended from the upper deck, strongly against the advice of his companions, and was firmly clutching the railing beside one of the forward boats. The last wave that struck the yacht swept round his ankles and proved that the danger was a reality. As he was about to struggle once more to the steps, the whole vessel was lifted violently, the explosion flooded the bows, sweeping away the boats and railing, and for a moment he believed himself to be in the sea itself. Something held him, however; it was Dubrovin, who had been quietly working in the steam-launch till matters seemed becoming critical.

The pseudo-engineer had with one hand grasped the brass-work of a cabin door. With the other he kept the Grand Duke upon his feet and drew him also from the rush of waters. But it was clear that the deck sank beneath them.

"Is it you?" said Dubrovin; "hold on here a moment. We must work towards the stern."

Hand over hand, clinging to the rails, the door-handles, any projecting object, they tried to drag themselves into safety. The waves that now beat against their knees were no flood finding its way overboard; they were the sea rollers forcing their way on board.

brimmed, such as Swiss peasants wear, giving by its irregular lines the last touch to his romantic figure. Behind him was his horse, unharnessed from a light open carriage, wrapped in steam and well-nigh exhausted.

"Come," said César, "I want your horses to go on with."

"And you just down from Ulrichen?"

"From Andermatt," answered César.

"Good Heavens!" cried the old man, "has anything happened?"

"No, no; I'll tell you some day. Have you any wine, or milk, or something? Never mind now; we'll get the horses first."

He almost dragged Hetzel towards his stable.

"You will find them all right," said the owner, who, like his friend Heiden, kept carriages for hire; "but one will carry you forward."

"Not at my rate," said Heiden, already busy with the harness. "When did your abominable bridge break down?"

"Only yesterday; there was a waggon full of shot and shell going over. Did that keep you back?"

"Why, man, I should have been here at midnight. How many horses did they have with the diligence?"

"Four, I suppose." Then a look almost of terror flashed across his face, contorting the wrinkles like an antique mask. "You don't mean to say," he ejaculated, "that—that—you're going to catch 'em up?"

"I mean to," said César grimly.

"Not with my horses!" said old Hetzel, *clutching one by the mane* as if to assert his rights.

"Oh, yes," answered Heiden, "they are very good stout little beasts. I shall always be grateful; just as grateful as you were when we got you out of the snowdrift."

"Truly," said Hetzel, as he let him go on harnessing, "there is much I would do for my young César; but they will be ruined for days, perhaps for life. That means money, that means money."

"Never fear, grandfather; I am a poor fellow, but will forty francs do?" He had fastened in the animals, one lean and dark, the other fat and yellow-brown; they made a strange group as he mounted, reins in hand.

The old man remained silent.

"Come," César went on, "there are not many money-matters between you and me. We do not know how to bargain. Besides, I cannot wait a minute."

"Sixty francs would be little," murmured Hetzel. But suddenly a high voice called out of the window, "Take the horses, César Heiden, and bring us yourself back to-night. Money indeed! You are insulting my husband! Get along with you and your jokes!"

"All right, Mother Hetzel," cried César, as he saluted with a superb action; "I'm off—the sooner to see you! Many thanks, many thanks!"

"Yes," said the old man, "you insult me, do you hear, you insult me. She is always right. But, none the less, you will be very kind to the little beasts?"

But there was a clatter upon the rough stones as he spoke, for the horses sprang forward along the street of Brieg. A number of villagers were astir, and even the proprietor of the *Hôtel de la Poste* greeted César as he passed. To some he nodded; to the great man he bowed gravely; and in answer to the shouted questions he merely waved his hand. There, above and far beyond, lay the road of the Simplon Pass. In two minutes he had begun the long ascent.

Truly, he was thinking to himself, it was a very urgent case. He had to walk by the horses for miles as he led them up the gigantic windings of the road, now running north, now south, always among the silent pines, still dripping with the cold night mist. Snow lay in patches everywhere; but that was nothing after Andermatt. And what was she doing there, some forty miles away, in the little village of the meadows, meadows now one white plain? Was she, Bertha Rosli, thinking of her Italian lover, or of César who had gone on this mad errand? "Bah!" thought César, shrugging his shoulders, "shall I let him go now after all?"

This is what had happened. The Roslis kept an inn at Andermatt, whither one summer an Italian author came. The season was bad, but he stayed long; the autumn snow fell, but he still wrote articles from there. His *Essays from the Alps* had three editions, and the name of Alberto Loro became known beyond the weekly press. At the same time all Andermatt knew it, and joined it rightly enough with that of Bertha Rosli.

It was a year since the formal betrothal, the dancing, the festal congratulations; and through that year, as indeed for years before, young César Heiden had frequently rested at the inn. He had met the clever handsome Italian, casually and without wishing to know more; he far preferred him to be absent, as had been the case now for so many months, and then he would enjoy his quiet evenings with



the Rossli, and—what harm could there be?—would think Bertha as simple and as charming as any girl-friend of his might be. And sometimes, sitting there, his fine bronzed face reddening in the fire-light, he would find himself looking into her eyes and wondering why they seemed so beautiful; for Lisa down at Ulrichen was surely lovely as an angel, and was accounted far cleverer than a Rossli. And sometimes, too, he remembered poetry he had read, and got up and walked about, and went away abruptly to look after his horses; so that the father and mother smiled half-pityingly, and said, "Some pretty girl has turned César's head."

During these months letters came from Loro; he was in Paris, in Strassburg, in Geneva once; always writing hard for his paper, the *Rivista di Torino*. But he hinted that the Austrians were becoming frantic; for those were headstrong days, and he wrote his mind about Italian independence.

Somehow or other the Austrian Governor of Milan identified this Loro beyond a doubt with the ringleader of two years back. The rising had been put down, and the culprits shot or imprisoned without definite term. Loro, who had published scandalous philippics against the Governor, escaped and left Milan for Turin. There again he threatened by his articles to rupture the "friendly relations" between Austria and Savoy. In brief, his surrender was demanded, and a weakened ministry yielded. By a diplomatic masterstroke, his editor was bribed to recall him to Italian soil.

So Loro wrote—Bertha had waited long—"I shall cross the Simplon on the 29th. I do not know when I shall get to see you, but you will trust me, will you not? I shall let you hear again from Italy. Your own  
ALBERTO."

Bertha was disappointed; but then he was so busy. Soon after this, on the 28th itself, news came, by a waggoner whom every one knew and who knew every one, of unexpected action on the frontier.

He had been talking on the Italian side at Iselle—so he told Innkeeper Rossli—to a soldier, a very jolly fellow; and they had had wine, and he had asked him why he was up there; and the man said it was quite a secret, but it might be newspaper business.

"Of course," added the shrewd well-read waggoner, "I knew what that meant. So I thought a bit and said—trying to find out you see—'That Mainardi is a very wild man, I've heard.' But he didn't seem to know Mainardi at all. So presently I tried again, and I hit

for fun on your young friend. 'Talking of these newspapers,' I said, 'I met Mr. Loro down below here to-day.' 'Loro? Loro?' cries the soldier; 'you are making a fool of me!' 'Oh,' say I, 'what did you want with Loro?' 'Why,' he answers, 'if we've missed him—.' 'Never fear,' say I, 'perhaps I was a bit mistaken.' So, Mr. Rosli, as I was coming this way, I thought you might counsel that young man. If he gets down into Italy, there's someone else's chance with little Bertha. Come, come now; you'll ask me in to drink her health? And here's César Heiden loafing about. We haven't met this month!"

So they went in together and told Bertha; and all agreed that it was a bad business. Every one knew the Austrian prisons; five, ten, twenty years, perhaps, in a cell from whose window one could not even see the sky, and separated from one's gaolers, no longer by the privacy of iron-bound doors, but by a lattice-work of wood and glass.

"Like diamonds open to the day," writes Maroncelli. Say rather, like wild beasts.

"You must send to Brieg, little one," said the waggoner.

"But," answered Bertha, "he crosses to-morrow. Why did you not come sooner—a few hours only!"

"True, true," said the waggoner; "who can stop him now?"

"I," said César Heiden.

He spoke from the doorway. They had scarcely noticed him, but he had been outside and his light carriage stood there ready. "Good-bye, Bertha," said he; "he will not leave before the diligence, and I shall be there by midnight."

"It will be bad in the dark," said Rosli; "but—"

"Bah!" answered César, "I shall be well over the Furka, and in time for a long rest at Ulrichen. Shall I bring Loro back as my prisoner?"

Bertha stood before him, in front of the rest. She held out both her hands. "God bless you, César."

He was bareheaded in an instant; but he said nothing. Perhaps he could not trust himself. The next moment he had flung himself into his seat and, never glancing back, was whirling his whip and shouting to the horse as he fled from Andermatt towards the snows.

We know what happened. Delayed by the broken bridge, he rushed to the Diligence Office on at last entering Brieg. Four seats had been taken in the name of Loro.

"He has friends with him," thought César Heiden.

And now, grim, determined, he was climbing the four thousand feet that brings one to the summit of the Pass. Once over, there would indeed be a terrible race; but the diligence would wait an hour at Simplon. It was here that he had hoped to gain.

At Berisal, perched high among the woods, he had finished his ninth mile, forcing forward the horses so as to keep pace with his own stride. He halted a few minutes of necessity.

"When did the diligence go through?" he asked.

"What's that to you, César, my lad?" said the man who kept the Refuge House. "Come in and cheer us up a bit."

"Another time. How long back was it?"

"About an hour and three quarters. Why did you look so fierce?"

"Because it's hard work. I wish it were a good keen frost."

"There's no hurry, is there? You've no one with you?"

"No," said César; "but I'm going to fetch some one."

"Where from?"

"From the diligence."

The man laughed. "That won't do," he said.

"A good enough answer," said Heiden, also laughing—nervously. He started again, still walking at the side. He had gained something; he would gain still more before the summit.

On the road went, winding and struggling upwards, until the avalanche galleries came in sight. Here César mounted and carried these tunnels at full speed. He stood up and gazed across the valley to where the Hospice rose among the snow. On his left was Monte Leone, white from the roadway to the cloud-capped summit. The torrents roared down wildly, and two thousand feet below some great boulder had cleared a passage through the pines. The sun, however, shone clearly now. "If I could but see them!" thought César. At the Sixth Refuge, a little white house, he had to pull up again.

"The diligence?" he asked.

"Gone a good hour and a half."

"All right. Just put that strap straight, Franz."

"Something's wrong to-day, César?"

"No. Not yet."