

# **THE VILLAGE INNKEEPER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649729609

The Village Innkeeper by Hope Inslow

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**HOPE INSLOW**

**THE VILLAGE  
INNKEEPER**



THE  
VILLAGE INNKEEPER.



" Her father's voice was heard before the door ; she saw him bowing and making polite gestures to three young men in sporting dress."

FRONTISPICE.—Page 38.

THE  
VILLAGE INNKEEPER.

BY  
HOPE INSLOW,  
AUTHOR OF "THE MISER," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED.*

LONDON:  
BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., 11, BOUVERIE ST.  
1871.

250. 9. 16.

LONDON:  
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THE  
VILLAGE INNKEEPER.

---

INTRODUCTION.

IN a village in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, between Hoogstraten and Calmpthout, dwelt Peter Gansendonck, the landlord of the inn St. Sebastian. I knew him in the year 1830, at which time I was a soldier. However, I do not remember much about him then, except that he could not endure soldiers or peasants, and above everything, delighted in being concerned with officers. He was very angry with the burgomaster, because he had taken the captain of the company into his own house, lodged the other three officers with the baron, the lawyer, and the doctor, and had only left him, Peter Gansendonck, to entertain the sergeant-major, your very humble servant.

I remember that I often passed my leisure hours in making all kinds of playthings for little Lisa, the innkeeper's daughter, who was nearly five years old. The child was delicate, and seemed likely to die of consumption, but her face, though pale, was so bewitching, her silvery voice had such sweet tones, that I felt a sort of happiness in comforting and amusing the little invalid with games, songs, or tales.

I remember, too, what sorrowful cries burst from Lisa, what bitter tears bathed her cheeks when the drums beat the farewell call, and her kind friend was standing with his knapsack on his back, ready to leave her for ever.

But such impressions are so quickly effaced in the young. I soon thought no more about little Lisa, and no doubt the child completely forgot me.

A little time ago, my chance rambles in the neighbourhood of Antwerp brought me back, for the first time, into the same village. I entered it without a presentiment, without the least expectation.

However, no sooner had I recovered from the depths of my memory the image of the church, houses, and trees, than a happy smile of surprise brightened my face, and my breast swelled with joyous emotion. The sight of the old sign at the inn especially made my heart beat; I hung my head and stood still for an instant, to follow the course of youthful memories, which swept over my mind like a warm and perfumed wave.

How much of love and power there must be in the soul in our youthful days, to enable it to comprehend for ever within itself, everything which surrounds it, and to envelope all with affection like an imperishable veil. Men, trees, houses, words, all—animate or inanimate—all become a part of our being: to each object we attach a remembrance as beautiful, as sweet as our youth itself. The mind overflows with vigour, it throws out the sparks and reflections of its life over all creation, and whilst we greet, with a joyous and ceaseless hymn, the happiness which, for us children or young people, smiles