

**TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD" : BEING  
THE MOST FAMOUS SERIES OF STORIES  
EVER PUBLISHED, ESPECIALLY SELECTED  
FROM THAT CELEBRATED ENGLISH  
PUBLICATION, SERIES II, VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649224661

Tales from "Blackwood" : being the most famous series of stories ever published, especially selected from that celebrated English publication, Series II, Vol. III by H. Chalmers Roberts

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)

**H. CHALMERS ROBERTS**

**TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD" : BEING  
THE MOST FAMOUS SERIES OF STORIES  
EVER PUBLISHED, ESPECIALLY SELECTED  
FROM THAT CELEBRATED ENGLISH  
PUBLICATION, SERIES II, VOL. III**



Tales from "Blackwood"

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES  
LIBRARY

TALES FROM  
"BLACKWOOD"

---

Being the most Famous Series  
of Stories ever Published  
Especially Selected from that  
Celebrated English Publication

*Selected by*

H. CHALMERS ROBERTS

---



---

NEW YORK  
Doubleday, Page & Company  
1905

STACK ANNEX

PR

1283

B56t

scr. 2

v. 3

## CONTENTS

*SERIES II*

VOLUME III

	PAGE
Bourgonef . . . . .	I
Thomas . . . . .	90
MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD	
The Brigand's Bride . . . . .	119
LAWRENCE OLIPHANT	
The Misogynist . . . . .	154
HENRY PROTHERO	
A Fetish City . . . . .	165
FREDERICK BOYLE	
The Gascon O'Driscoll . . . . .	184
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR"	

470870

## TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD."

---

### BOURGONEF.

---

#### CHAPTER I.

##### AT A TABLE D'HÔTE.

**A**T the close of February 1848 I was in Nuremberg. My original intention had been to pass a couple of days there, on my way to Munich; that being, I thought, as much time as could reasonably be spared for so small a city, beckoned as my footsteps were to the Bavarian Athens, of whose glories of ancient art and German Renaissance I had formed expectations the most exaggerated—expectations fatal to any perfect enjoyment, and certain to be disappointed, however great the actual merit of Munich might be. But after two days at Nuremberg, I was so deeply interested in its antique sequestered life,



the charms of which had not been deadened by previous anticipations, that I resolved to remain there until I had mastered every detail, and knew the place by heart.

I have a story to tell which will move amidst tragic circumstances of too engrossing a nature to be disturbed by archaeological interests, and shall not, therefore, minutely describe here what I observed at Nuremberg, although no adequate description of that wonderful city has yet fallen in my way. To readers unacquainted with this antique place, it will be enough to say that in it the old German life seems still to a great extent rescued from the all-devouring, all-equalising tendencies of European civilisation. The houses are either of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or are constructed after those ancient models. The citizens have preserved much of the simple manners and customs of their ancestors. The hurrying feet of commerce and curiosity pass rapidly by, leaving it sequestered from the agitations and the turmoils of metropolitan existence. It is as quiet as a village. During my stay there rose in its quiet streets the startled echoes of horror at a crime unparalleled in its annals, which, gathering increased horror from the very peacefulness and serenity of the scene, arrested the attention and the sympathy in a degree seldom experienced. Before narrating that, it will be necessary to go back a little, that my own connection with it may be intelligible, especially in the

fanciful weaving together of remote conjectures which strangely involved me in the story.

The *table d'hôte* at the Bayerischer Hof had about thirty visitors—all, with one exception, of that local commonplace which escapes remark. Indeed this may almost always be said of *tables d'hôte*; though there is a current belief, which I cannot share, of a *table d'hôte* being very delightful—of “one being certain to meet pleasant people there.” It may be so. For many years I believed it was so. The general verdict received my assent. I had never met those delightful people, but was always expecting to meet them. Hitherto they had been conspicuous by their absence. According to my experience in Spain, France, and Germany, such dinners had been dreary, or noisy and vapid. If the guests were English, they were chillingly silent, or surlily monosyllabic: to their neighbours they were frigid; amongst each other they spoke in low under-tones. And if the guests were foreigners, they were noisy, clattering, and chattering, foolish for the most part, and vivaciously commonplace. I don't know which made me feel most dreary. The predominance of my countrymen gave the dinner the gaiety of a funeral; the predominance of the Mossoo gave it the fatigue of got-up enthusiasm or trivial expansiveness. To hear strangers imparting the scraps of erudition and connoisseurship which they had that morning gathered from their *valets de place*

and guide-books, or describing the sights they had just seen, to you, who either saw them yesterday or would see them to-morrow, could not be permanently attractive. My mind refuses to pasture on such food with gusto. I cannot be made to care what the Herr Baron's sentiments about Albert Dürer or Lucas Cranach may be. I can digest my *rindfleisch* without the aid of the *commis voyageur's* criticisms on Gothic architecture. This may be my misfortune. In spite of the Italian blood which I inherit, I am a shy man—shy as the purest Briton. But, like other shy men, I make up in obstinacy what may be deficient in expansiveness. I can be frightened into silence, but I won't be dictated to. You might as well attempt the persuasive effect of your eloquence upon a snail who has withdrawn into his shell at your approach, and will not emerge till his confidence is restored. To be told that I *must* see this, and ought to go there, because my casual neighbour was *charmé*, has never presented itself to me as an adequate motive.

From this you readily gather that I am severely taciturn at a *table d'hôte*. I refrain from joining in the "delightful conversation" which flies across the table, and know that my reticence is attributed to "insular pride." It is really and truly nothing but impatience of commonplace. I thoroughly enjoy good talk; but, ask yourself, what are the probabilities of hearing that rare thing in the casual