



# The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG



## The ONLOOKER

By HENRY HOWLAND

## The GLORIES OF WINTER

**SYNOPSIS.**

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New Orleans, made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy under another name, at the age of ten would visit General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon first the boy's imagination with stories of his exploits. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a convict for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America asked Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. The general discovers Francois is a strange boy who proves to be friend Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alise, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between Alise and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through his plea, the general, Alise, and Pietro hear from Francois and plan his rescue. Francois as a guest of the Austrian governor of the castle prison inspects the interior of the wine cellar of the Zappis. Francois receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. Alise awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy."

lay quiet and wondered if heaven could be any improvement on this. So, on that long, bright, calm morning at sea Francois lay in the hammock and watched the million little waves glisten and break for unknown miles over the sunlit water, and listened to the voice he loved best in the world, as it told him of those others whom he loved also, and of the places dear to him; and he wondered that he had indeed come through the long nightmare of prison to this happiness. "Mr. Hampton has been talking to me about Virginia; it must be a beautiful country," said Alise. "I should love the free friendly life of those great domains. I believe I could leave France and Viqueux for such a country as that, where there are no political volcanoes on top of which one must live. With us it is always plotting and secrecy. Always a war to look back on or to look forward to. I should like to go to Virginia."

In a few minutes more, leaving the ship with his halting careful step, Francois saw him kiss her cousinly—yet it seemed not altogether cousinly—and with that he was saying a word about "My new friend, the Chevalier Beaupre," and the girl's quick hand-clasp and the warm welcome in her voice of honey, made Francois feel as if a place in her friendship had been waiting for him always.

Then, from back of her, from somewhere, towered suddenly a tall man, with large features, and first seized Harry Hampton's hand and then turned to the stranger with the same air of entire pleasure and hospitality. "My nephew's friend is welcome at Roanoke house," he said, and Francois, with his few words of English, understood enough to be warmed to the soul at his first contact with southern hospitality.

"It is my uncle, Colonel Hampton," Harry's voice was explaining. They would not hear of his going to Carnifax—not for days, not for a



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month; why should he go at all? Colonel Hampton asked. If he were to be only a year or two in Virginia, why trouble to set up housekeeping alone in that big house, when Roanoke house was here and in order, and only too glad to keep him. So Francois for a week or two stayed. And found himself, shortly, a notability. Harry Hampton, his boyish ambition for adventure and daring denied every personal outlet, because of that accident in babyhood which had started him in life hopelessly lame, was as proud of his prelude from the Austrian bird of prey as if Francois' record had been his own. Much more frankly proud, he could talk about it, and did. Alise had told him a great deal, and the episode of the heading rescue of the Prince Louis Napoleon, the capture and imprisonment and final theatrical escape, went like wild-fire about the countryside, and stirred all the romance of the warm-blooded southerners. Every house wanted the hero to break bread, and under young Harry's proud wing Francois went gladly to meet all these friends of his friend. As the general had said years ago, his simplicity struck the finest note of sophisticated high breeding; moreover, he had lived with high-bred people in more than one country; the aristocrat of Virginia were delighted with his young nobleman, as they thought him—with his charm of manner and his stirring history, with the lines of suffering still in his thin face and the broad look of gray—the badge of that suffering—in his dark hair; with the quaint foreign accent too, and the unexpectedness in the turns of his rapidly increasing English.

And now he had left Roanoke, and was living in the great old house on Pietro's land, the old house which had been lived in a hundred years before and the unexpectedness in the turns of his rapidly increasing English.

On a day the ship sailed into a splendid roadstead, big enough to hold the ships of half the world. Then into a wide flashing river, the James river, four or five miles wide down there at its mouth. And up and up and up the bright river, the narrowing river, between its low green banks, with now and again a glimpse of a large house and of gardens and lawns green with June, as one sailed past.

Harry Hampton told Francois who lived in them as they went by—Harrisons and Carters and Byrds and Randolphs—strange-sounding, difficult, English names in the ear of the Frenchman. Young Mr. Hampton knew them all; it seemed; many of them were his cousins; Francois listened, surprised, interested, to the word picture which the Virginian unconsciously drew, as he talked of every-day happenings, of a society and a way of living quite different from any the Frenchman had ever heard of.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

**The Sacrifice.**

Young Henry Hampton, thrilled to the core at this drama, bent over him, as Battista laid him on the deck, and looked up anxiously at Pietro.

"Is he living?" he asked.

He was living, though for an hour or two the devoted friends who cared for him doubted if he had not got him back only to lose him. But that last effort of the change to the ship being past, when consciousness came again he grew strong more rapidly.

"I thought—the Austrians—would nab me—as I came aboard," he whispered, smiling gaily as he gasped the words to Alise. "It was—firm in my mind."

And Alise laughed at him, and told him that they were far out on the Atlantic now, safe under the American flag, and the Austrians left two hundred miles behind.

"Even if they had nabbed me," whispered Francois, "those two days with you would have paid."

And Alise shuddered a little and told him to go to sleep and stop thinking of Austrians, for they were out of his life now forever.

"My seigneur," said Francois next day when the general took his turn at sitting by his bed, "may I ask a question?"

"Any question in the world, Francois, my son," the general growled at him, as if the tender words were a defiance to an enemy.

Francois hesitated. "About Alise and Pietro?"

The general shook his head. "Ah that! That I cannot tell you, Francois. Sometimes I believe that I have been mistaken, that—the general as he stopped looked oddly at Francois and smiled. "Sometimes I believe that even I, even Gaspard Gourgaud, might make a mistake in trying to play the good God, and arranging lives. That might be—yes. In any case I cannot tell."

Francois, thinking deeply, hazarded another question. "He loves her?"

"I believe so, indeed," said the general. "He cares most to be with us—"

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The General Shook His Head.

with her. Ah yes, I have no doubt that he loves her. But why it goes no farther—eh? It is beyond me—that! I would knock their foolish heads together, me—but that is not convenient."

"Does she love Pietro?"

"Mon dieu! How can a mere man say that? She is a woman. I do not know—not in the least," the general exploded at him.

"But Pietro loves her?" Francois asked again, his wistful smiling eyes searching the general's face.

"Yes—I am sure of it."

And Francois smiled.

"No one could help it," he said half to himself.

In a day more little Battista came into Francois' cabin and put clothes on him and wrapped him like a mummy in coats and rugs, and carried him in his arms up on deck, and there laid him in a hammock on the sunny side of the ship. And the salt air blew on his face and he gulped it in, and by and by Alise brought a chair and sat by him and read to him, and Francois

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With that they were in sight of Roanoke house—one might see the roofs of the buildings over the trees—Harry Hampton pointed it out with a touch of excitement in his grave manner. Then, as one slipped along the sparkling water, there was a sharp bend in the stream, and as they turned the large silvery green slope of the lawn lay before them, with its long wharf and barges lying at the water-side, and a ship unloading its return cargo from England.

"It is the Sea Lady" called young Hampton. "She is in before us—and she sailed so long after."

He made a quick movement forward with his pathetic broken step—for this only son of the Hampton family was a cripple. There were people gathering on the lawn, negroes drawn up in line; the women in bright-colored turbans, men and women both showing white teeth as they grinned with the pleasure and the excitement of watching the ship come in. Then a white light figure ran down the broad greenness, and a girl stood, golden curls on her shoulders, a straw hat with blue ribbons tying down some of the golden curls, but not all—stood and watched and waved an eager friendly hand.

**CHAPTER XXI.**

**The Storm.**

Through the storm the doctors hurried, weary from long lack of rest. Many a weeping mother vainly clasped dead babe to her breast; through the city Death went steady, striking down the young and old. And the gaunt cab horses shivered, they stood out in the cold.

I met her in a parlor, where she looked luxurious; "Ah," she said, "this is the season that brings greatest joy to me. How I love to hear the creaking of wheels on the snow; what a joy there is in living when Springtime brings its fragrant blossoms but I feel supreme delight when the wind blows from the north and the world is clothed in white."

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out acquiring a halo which adheres afterward; it was fairly certain that a military company, originating with the Chevalier Beaupre, would succeed. And it succeeded. Three days later it was started with the cordial sanction of the fathers and the enthusiasm of the sons. Francois was, of course, the moving spirit and the responsible head, and Francois was hard at work calling back the old lore of his school-days at Saint-Cyr and reading books on tactics and all military subjects.

"Henry," said Colonel Hampton one morning after breakfast at Roanoke House, "I want to speak to you a moment in my study."

Harry went calmly into the dim, pleasant, old room, with its paneled walls and portraits set into the paneling; he had no fear of what his uncle might say, for he was not merely the young nephew and ward living in his uncle's house—he was the owner of most of the acres which made the plantation a great one. Colonel Hampton considered that in his treatment of Harry, and Harry knew it well enough. Moreover, it was an unspoken secret that Harry or Lucy had the right of strength over weakness in dealing with the head of the house. Obstinacy combined sometimes with weakness, it is true, but yet the two youngsters understood clearly that the colonel was the head only by a graceful fiction. So young Henry Hampton felt no alarm at the quality of his uncle's tone. The colonel sat down in the biggest chair, a chair throne-like in its dignity; he faced the lad and pulled importantly at the end of his mustache.

"This troop of cavalry about organized?" he demanded.

"Well, that's rather a big name for it, Uncle Henry, but it is going like a streak," answered Harry, junior. "We meet again today, and tomorrow I think we shall begin business."

"I approve of it," Colonel Hampton stated.

Harry bowed his head gravely. The colonel went on.

"It is a well-bred and appropriate method of amusement. A gentleman should know something of military affairs. But—ah—the ranking and—ah—arrangements? Such—details are not unlike with gentlemen of the first families, as you all are—except one—to crystallize into a—later importance. The man who has been the leader of this company of very young men will not unlike be the man thought of as a leader in—affairs of greater moment to come. May I inquire who is the captain?"

Henry Hampton looked troubled, impatient.

"Why, nobody yet, Uncle Henry. We have not got to that. But, of course, the Chevalier."

Colonel Hampton interrupted him. "Exactly. I thought so. That is what I wish to avoid. The Chevalier must not be the captain."

The boy caught up the words hotly. "Uncle Henry, he has done it all. We all want him."

"Exactly. But you must not have him. I am surprised at you, Henry! Do you remember that this man is peasant-born? Do you want to be led into battle by a person whose rank is not above that of our own servants?"

"Led into battle!" Young Henry laughed shortly. "Led into a corn field is more like it." And then his glance fixed. "Moreover, Uncle Henry, if there were battle in the case, we should all count ourselves lucky to be led by—a hero."

"A hero!" Colonel Hampton sniffed. "A mere French peasant by his own account. Of course, I have—received him, because of your infatuation for him. And—the young man has qualities. I will not deny. I am quite surprised by his success. But when it comes to putting him in a position above men of birth, my blood revolts. I request you, Henry, to use your influence against this. I can not endure to have him give you commands. You should be the captain, because your social position has made the enterprise possible. But, yet, if—your misfortune—if some other seems more fit—" A painful color darkened the boy's face and his brows gathered. The colonel went on. "I should make no objection to that. But," again he pulled at the corners of his mustache with solemnity—"I must request you to use your influence absolutely to prevent this parvenu from being placed over you."

Harry Hampton put his hand on the table beside him and lifting himself with that aid stood before his uncle, leaning a little on the table as his lame foot made it necessary, but yet a figure full of decision and dignity.

"And I must refuse absolutely, Uncle Henry, to do anything of the kind. I am not in question. As you say, I have—a misfortune. I shall use that influence I have to see that the Chevalier Beaupre is made captain of the company he has organized and is to educate. This is fitting. I am proud to call him my friend, and I am glad that I am large-minded enough to realize that as large a mind as his is not to be measured by petty standards. If he is a prince or if he is a peasant is quite immaterial, because he is first a very great thing—himself."

He turned from the astonished colonel, and with his halting step was gone.

Shortly the young master's horse was ordered and he had left word with Ebenezer, the butler, as he went out, that he would not be home till bedtime, and was off toward Carnifax.

"Francois," he began, finding his friend busy over his papers in that same library, at that same carved mahogany desk, where today lie the packages of old letters—"Francois, I want to speak to you—about something—before our meeting."

"What then? The boy is out of breath. You have been running Black

Hawk again, my Henry—that horse will complain of you soon, the strong beast. What is it you are in such a hurry to say that one must race across country so of a good hour of the morning?"

But Henry was too intent to talk nothings. "It is important," he said briefly. "We must have a captain for the company at once, and it must be you."

"Sabre de bois!" smiled Francois rapidly. "The good idea! I can not imagine a fellow more beautiful to be a captain than I. Can you?"

But Henry was altogether serious-minded. "You will consent then?" he threw at him. "I did not think of it till this morning, but I see it should be done at once. We shall all want you, of course, and want nobody else."

Now Henry Hampton, not having thought of the question till this morning, had no right to make this statement in a full round voice of certainty. Yet he knew every man in the company, and he felt in himself the force to answer for them. He answered for them without a hesitation. And with that Francois' laughing face grew grave. He pushed the letters from him and got up and came across to the boy and bent and put his arm around his shoulder as he sat still and stiff. These French ways of his friend pleased Henry immensely, but they also petrified him with embarrassment. Francois was not in the least embarrassed. He patted the broad young shoulder affectionately.

"My good Henry," he said gently. "What a loyal heart—and what a reckless one! How then can you answer for all those messieurs?"

Harry hung up his head and began. "They will—if they do not I shall make them"—but Francois stopped the bold words.

"No," he said quietly—yet with a tone of finality which the other recognized. "That will not be necessary. And the messieurs are my good friends; they will treat me with honor; they will be better to me than I deserve. I know that well. There were so few people in the world who did not to Francois, seem his good friends. "But, my Henry, I will not be the captain. I have thought of that, if you have not. Look here."

He swung to the desk and slipped out a drawer, and had a long folded paper in his hands. He flapped it open before Harry's eyes. It was a formal notice to Mr. Henry Hampton, junior, that the Jefferson troop of Virginia had elected him as its captain.

Harry flushed violently and his mouth quivered with pleasure, with nervousness, with unhappiness. The other watched him eagerly. All this affair of the troop he had done to give pleasure to Harry Hampton, his friend. It was the only way in which the lame boy could be on equal terms with the other boys, and Francois had determined from the first that every joy which could be gleaned out of it he should have. To be the captain ought to be a joy.

"I," Harry cried and then was silent—and then spoke sorrowfully. "But—it can not be!"

"Why not?" demanded Francois.

There was a moment's silence and with a painful effort the words came. "My—misfortune. I am lame."

And Francois cried out, "Henry—all that is nonsense! What of it? It is a thing you do as well as the best—riding. Who has such a seat, such hands as you? Why not then, I demand?" And went on. "It is settled. I have talked to them all—see the signatures. You are the captain, my Henry—and I am your right hand and your left hand—yes and your feet, too, whenever you need me."

"But," said Harry, dazed, "it is really your place; don't you want to be captain?" he shot at the other boyishly.

And with that Francois' arm was about his shoulder again as the two

stood together, and Francois was laughing. "But yes," he said. "I should like it. That is a secret." His face was brilliant with laughter. "You only may know, my Henry, that I am vain—ah, very vain," he repeated sadly. "Never tell it. I love titles and honors and importance. I like to be called Chevalier—though indeed that is my right," he added with a quick touch of dignity. "And I should like very much to be captain of this company of fine young men, the flowers—does one say?—of the South. But it is not best." He held up his forefinger and looked enormously worldly-wise. "No. You would not mind; the young messieurs would not mind, perhaps—the fathers—ah, the fathers!" He threw back his head and gazed at the ceiling with eyes of horror. Then with a start and a hand flung out, "And the mothers! Mon Dieu! But the mothers, Henry! They would make—what you call it—a—h—i of a time, is it not?"

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