National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889. VOL. VIII—NO. 52—WHOLE NO. 416.

W. J. Carlton 436 West Grand st C

The Boy Duke:

A Tale of the 10th Century.

THE GATHERING STORM.

Guy de Briancourt Makes Friends with the Count of Rouen.

THE KING'S MEN ON GUARD

Rouen Aroused and the King's Life Threatened.

BY FRANCES WILSON ("FANNIE WILLIAMS"), Author of "Harry Redfearn, the Young Machinist"; "Anthony Blake, a Boy of the Period"; "Dick Leslie's Life in Texas," "The Boys of Brythewaite School," "Rob and Bob," "Prince Olaf," "The Land Beyond the Golden Cave," "Lizabel, the Child of the Storm," etc.

[COPYRIGHTED.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GATHERING STORM.

JUST as the minstrel boy was murmuring his low-voiced snatch of song—for Osmond's benefit—the Count of Rouen re-entered the hall, alone, looking disappointed and a little angered. Richard inquired, as he approached:

"What is the matter, Count? Could you not find the Baron of Briancourt?"

Bernard replied indignantly:

"My Lord, I found him, but I could not get speech with him. He closed his door against me, and I heard him say to his page that he was not coming forth like a beaten child at the Count of Rouen's bidding!"

"Ah, Count, he knows the dignity of a Norman liegeman!" said the Boy Duke, laughing. "I suspected that you would not so easily induce him to forget the blessing that you gave him—and no wonder, poor fellow! But he cannot be permitted to repulse your advances in this way. Galeran, go you to your cousin, and command him in my name to come and make friends with Count Bernard."

"And say to him, Galeran, that I am sorry I spoke to him so harshly," said the Count. "I was incensed out of measure to see him show the Stags of Briancourt thus boldly; but I did not know his motive, and since I have heard it set forth so nobly in Berenger's song, I honor him—ay, and I will honor his bearing too, as much as any man, when he hath made it honorable."

Galeran de Meulan bowed, and departed on this errand.

He very soon returned, accompanied by his cousin, Guy; who looked as if the pleasure of knowing that he might display his father's coat-of-arms without reproach hereafter, had by no means wholly conquered his resentment against the Count of Rouen.

Saluting Richard with a gesture of submission, he turned to the Count, and said at once—but in the haughtiest and most formal tone which could possibly be employed on such an occasion:

"My Lord of Rouen, I am come at the bidding of my Duke, whose mandate is my law, to acknowledge the proffered honor of your friendship, and to accept it, as befits the son of Bois de Briancourt, with humble thanks."

"By Our Lady, there is little of humility or friendship in thy look or in thy voice," exclaimed Count Bernard, bluntly. "But here's my hand, boy, and I regret with all my heart that I have given thee such offense."

GUY FLUSHED AND HESITATED,

bit his lip and glanced uneasily at Richard, and finally put out his hand and barely touched the Count's. It was evident enough that he was simply obeying Richard's orders, and would much rather have turned his back upon the Count of Rouen's hand. He had prepared himself, as he believed, in the first enthusiasm of his chivalrous purpose, to face the coldness and even the contempt of Richard's liegemen, without shrinking, until he could win their respect for his dishonored bearing; but his proud resolve had by no means included the idea of enduring insult meekly, and the Count had grievously insulted him.

In this case there was no tie of mutual tenderness—like the strong affection for Galeran which had led him to be reconciled with his uncle, Guy de Meulan—to overcome his bitter feeling toward the Count; unless the devotion which they both felt for Richard, their Duke, might indeed be such a tie, unheeded in his present angry mood, and only to be recognized when, at some future time, their loyalty and love for Richard might place them side by side in his defense, and make them friends for his sake.

Guy did not think of this; on the contrary, it seemed to him at that moment that nothing could ever induce him to accept a friendly kindness at the hands of Count Bernard de Harcourt. It was a proof of his complete devotion to his Boy Lord that he forced himself to make even this ungracious and unwilling show of the formal amity which at least must be preserved between true Norman liegemen; and Richard, though he realized the value of such obedience, was far from pleased with this new evidence of the unforgiving, implacable nature of his youthful vassal.

A hard task indeed was Richard's if he hoped to reconcile the elements of discord which had arisen so suddenly among his hitherto united liegemen, and prevent the breaking of the storm which he felt was in the air.

A Norman Lord was the very proudest human being that ever existed on this mundane sphere—and Bernard de Harcourt, Count of Rouen, was the chief of Norman Lords. Having lowered his pride so far as to acknowledge in plain words the regret which he sincerely felt, for the wound he had inflicted upon Guy, he considered that he had done enough; and now, if the boy did not want his friendship, Count Bernard was not the man to urge it on him. With a frown, he turned away; and Guy, like one who was relieved at the conclusion of a disagreeable duty, rejoined his cousin.

Galeran, however, received him with a countenance of the gravest disapproval, saying:

"You are behaving in a churlish manner, Guy, it seems to me. What can you mean by treating the Count of Rouen in such a fashion—and he offered you his friendship!

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BERNARD THE DANE!"

"Let him keep his friendship for them that seek it!" answered Guy, in a voice of wrath and scorn. But he never spoke to Galeran without a certain deference of manner; and he added, more gently: "You did not hear what he said to me this morning, Galeran."

"No matter what he said, since he regrets it now, and tells you so in frankness," Galeran rejoined.

"He called me a viper! He called me the son of a robber and a rebel—and so I am!" said Guy, bitterly. "But my Duke has pardoned that. As for Bernard de Harcourt, the people of Rouen are calling him by a worse name, if rumor tells the truth!"

"The people of Rouen?" repeated Galeran. "What do you mean? Count Bernard is their idol."

"He has been, but they have turned against him; that is what I am told."

"And who has told you so?"

"Alfred, the Armorer; Dagonet, my groom, and half a dozen others," answered Guy. "In truth, it is the common talk outside. Alfred says the city is almost in a state of insurrection. He told me what they are saying in the streets—that Bernard de Harcourt is no longer faithful to the Duke! They say that he has made some bargain with King Louis and Hugh the White, and surrendered Richard's rights; they say he is a traitor!"

Galeran turned pale.

"You do not believe it, Guy?" he whispered.

Before his cousin could reply, the Boy Duke, who had been speaking with Count Bernard, turned and beckoned to him. The young Baron's downcast look, as he stepped forward in compliance with the sign, showed that he expected a further reproof for his incivility to Bernard; but Richard said to him, very pleasantly:

"Baron Guy, it gives me pleasure to see that you will have no more trouble on account of your heraldic bearing; Berenger's explanation of your reasons for retaining it has gained you friends on every hand. Sir Hugh, the Count of Paris, wishes to see you; and my Lord the King has expressed the same desire. This harper has nearly finished his song—a tiresome fellow, after Berenger," said Richard, glancing at the poor minstrel who was now endeavoring vainly to arouse the inattentive audience. "When he has done,

COUNT BERNARD WILL PRESENT YOU TO HIS MAJESTY."

Guy, on hearing this announcement, looked extremely disconcerted.

"If you insist, my Lord," he faltered, "I suppose it must be so!"

Richard, much displeased, exclaimed:

"You seem to be in a very bad humor, Guy! After all that you have said, now that I have so concerned myself in your behalf, and Berenger has taken so much pains to help you—now that everyone regards you with a friendly feeling—you are not satisfied! Am I to understand that you decline the honor of being presented to the King of France?"

"I cannot decline, my Lord, if you command," said Guy, in a low voice, and growing rather pale.

"'SIEUR, YOU CANNOT PASS!"

"Oh, please yourself!" said Richard, indignantly. "I will not force you, though it was the King's request. But I do not comprehend the meaning of your behavior."

Guy stood silent, for indeed he was in a quandary. To explain his actual meaning would be certainly to bring down Richard's wrath upon him like a hurricane; but after a moment, he said, with a sort of desperation:

"My Lord, I know what you have done for me; and Berenger," he added, glancing at the Breton minstrel boy with grateful eyes—"I thank you, Berenger. But in truth, 't would bring a worse dishonor on my name, if Bernard de Harcourt should present me to King Louis, and if he should seem to favor me for such a cause—for wearing the rebel bearing of Briancourt! I know what would be said of me, my Lord; I know what they are saying now——"

He checked himself, biting his lip to keep the words back—for he dared not say to Richard what he had said to Galeran de Meulan. Count Bernard gazed at him sternly, but suddenly turning to Richard, exclaimed:

"This boy is no fool! I blame him not for wishing to escape King Louis's notice; and perhaps he is quite as wise in declining any attention of mine just now. My Lord may not understand you, Baron Guy, but I do. By the saints, you are too worldly-wise for one so young! And yet I cannot blame you. Let him go, my Lord. The King will think no more about the matter. He has forgotten it by this time."

"Well, Bernard, be it so," said the Boy Duke, and dismissed the young Baron by a wave of his hand, much to his relief.

The Count, who saw that Hugh of Paris had not forgotten his desire to behold the hero of Berenger's lay, if King Louis had, made haste to speak with him aside, and turn the matter off as lightly as he could. Richard, in the meantime, became very thoughtful, and had no more to say to his boy companions; for he was troubled to per-

BERENGER'S LEAP.

ceive that no display of loyalty on his part could remove or even lessen the deep distrust which existed in the minds of his liegemen toward his Lord the King.

All this time the King was listening to the harpers and jongleurs, who made their bows before him in succession; or pretending to listen, if they did not interest him, unconscious of the incidents occurring in Richard's corner of the dais, and which did not at all disturb the progress of the evening's entertainment. Still less did he imagine what was going on outside the castle gates.

At last, the minstrel show being ended and the hour drawing toward midnight, King Louis signified his wish to retire for the remainder of the night, and

RICHARD, WITH DUE CEREMONY,

conducted him to the grand apartments, occupying one whole side of the castle, which had been carefully made ready for his use.

The Boy Duke's sleeping-room was in the old Tower of Rollo, on the side next to the river, and far removed from the quarters of the royal guest; and when he repaired to it, accompanied by his Esquire and two or three pages, he found Sir Ivo of Belesme already stationed at his door. He sent them away, however, to seek their rest in a more comfortable manner than lying in the corridor, as they had purposed.

The Count of Rouen had his own house in another part of the city; but this was merely his official residence, for he really lived at the castle, and his rooms adjoined the chamber of his Boy Lord. Bernard was a bachelor, and so little inclined to make himself agreeable in the estimation of the fair, that he was not supposed to have the most remote intention of ever seeking any gentle dame to share the honor of his name, and become the chatelaine of his noble castle at Harcourt. Richard having once suggested that he ought to take a wife, the Count had grimly answered:

"I have enough to worry me now, my Lord! And what should I want with a wife? I care naught for more gold in my coffers, and I have no lack of lands; and as for fighting men, if I wanted more, I could get them by the shipload from Denmark; and good stout fellows, too."

This was Bernard's idea of matrimony—an affair of lands and gold, and the alliance of feudal powers, with a high-born maiden, or, perhaps, a high-born widow, merely thrown in. As for love, though he was not a mirthful man, he would have laughed long and loud if any lunatic had prophesied that he would ever yield his warrior heart before the magic of a maiden's eyes—and yet his time was coming!

The next morning, Richard, who was an early riser, awoke before the dawn. He was about to quit his chamber without disturbing Osmond, who still slept; but his footstep, light as it was, aroused the faithful Squire, who started up, exclaiming:

"Are you risen, my Lord? Why do not you throw something at me when I sleep so like a log! But on my faith, 'tis early yet."

"Too early for you, lazy-bones? You can go to sleep again if you like," said Richard, in boy fashion; for he was ever more boy than Lord when alone with his foster-brother. "I am only going out for a walk on the ramparts, in the morning air," he said, to "freshen up my wits before I meet my Lord the King."

"I wish your Lord the King had stayed in France!" muttered Osmond, as he pulled on his boots and prepared to follow his Duke. "He has turned the whole castle up-side down, so Bertrand the Seneschal says; and Averil, the butler, says the very old Lucifer is to pay in his department!"

Richard remarked, rather sharply:

"AVERIL MAKES TOO FREE,

if he talks in that manner; and if the entertainment of my royal guest is too great a task for him, I shall do well to put another in his place."

"Oh, that is not the trouble; it is quite the other way, my Lord. The King will have none of his entertainment," answered Osmond. "He has put his own cooks and pantlers into the kitchen, with orders to prepare his meals in the French fashion, and to let no others touch a hand to them. Averil does not like that."

Neither did Richard like it; but he said nothing, and Osmond, after a pause, continued:

"His Majesty will have no friends among your house-retainers, Richard, if things go on as they have begun. You took no note of these matters last night, being so much engaged, I know; but some of us observed how sulky and displeased all the serving-people seemed to be, and I questioned Averil and one or two of the boys to learn the cause of their ill-humor. It seems the King took you at your word, my Lord, and made himself master of the castle with a vengeance! His own men were posted everywhere on guard; his own servants were put in charge of everything, and our people were set aside as if they were not competent to cater for his glorious Majesty of France. And by the saints, I did not wonder they were angered!"

Richard looked serious; but after a moment he said, in his gentle, dispassionate voice:

"Nay, Osmond, if his Majesty prefers to be served by his own people and guarded by his own soldiers, I can find no fault with him for that. I well know that we Normans have not the French ways in the ordering of our manners and our living."

"I should hope we had not!" the Squire exclaimed, contemptuously. "Why, they say that King Louis has glass windows to his chamber, like the windows of a church; ay, and carries them about with him when he removes from one of his castles to another, lest the wind should blow upon him when he slept! I wonder that he did not bring them hither."

Now this was a fact, but it did not seem credible to Richard.

"Nonsense, Osmond; that is only a silly rumor that a man should fear the fresh air of heaven!" said he. "You must not credit every foolish tale you hear."

While conversing thus they had traversed the corridor which gave access to Richard's tower-chamber; and passing through a door at the end, they entered a gallery that led to the ramparts above the River Seine. At the first turn there was a door—or rather an opening arched with stone and closed, when desirable, by an iron grating—which afforded one way of reaching that part of the castle where the French guests were quartered; and here they found a couple of King Louis's men-at-arms on guard.

Richard spoke to them pleasantly, and would have passed on; but the guards both presented their lances and barred his way.

"Sieur," said one of them, "you cannot pass. The King's orders are strict that no one goes this way."

Osmond of Centoville turned white with rage, and snatched his sword from its scabbard, exclaiming furiously:

"You dare to stop my Lord! Get out of the way, idiot, or I will run you through the body!"

RICHARD CAUGHT HIS ARM.

"Hold, Osmond! They do not know me. I am the Duke of Normandy," he said to the guards.

The men looked at each other in trepidation, but they stood their ground. The spokesman said, respectfully:

"We pray your pardon, my Lord; but the King's command was absolute, and we dare not disobey. We can let *no one* pass."

Osmond was fairly beside himself at this, but the Boy Duke held his wrist and forcibly restrained him. In the passageway, beyond the guards, Richard saw a page of his own household, who seemed also to have been stopped in coming from the opposite direction. Raising his voice, but speaking without excitement, he said:

"I desire you to bear a message to my Lord the King, Edouard."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Say to his Majesty that I ask an audience with him as soon as will accord with his convenience. If it please him, I will wait upon him at once. You understand?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bring me his Majesty's answer promptly," added Richard. "You will find me in the apartments of the Sieur Galeran de Meulan."

The page hurried off with his message,

COUNT BERNARD AND THE SENTRY.

and Richard, still keeping a hold on Osmond's arm, turned back and took his way toward Galeran's chamber. He was very silent, but when the Esquire broke forth in a torrent of fierce invective against the King and all his following, he said, with quiet firmness:

"Osmond, say no more. I am sorry to perceive that his Majesty is not entirely assured of his perfect safety under my roof. He makes a mistake, as I shall represent to him in proper terms; but you must remember that he is my Liege Lord, and speak of him with due respect, or be silent."

"Then, my Lord, I will be silent!" retorted Osmond, angrily, and said no more. But the storm was raging in his breast, which filled the air with premonitions of its gathering fury; its thunder-clouds grew darker every hour.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORM BELLS OF ROUEN—"HA RO! HA RO!"

The page, Edouard de Bracy, a young lad who had lately been received into Richard's household, and who worshiped the Boy Lord of the castle as the noblest and greatest of all great and noble beings, hastened to do his bidding, much excited as he wondered what would happen to those two French vassals who had been so insane as to stand in the way of the Duke. He could not imagine that they would be allowed to live another hour. On his way to King Louis's apartments, however, he was halted by another guard.

There was no civility or ceremony in the soldier's manner toward a boy whose dress and bearing showed that he was only a page in rank, however noble his birth might be. He was roughly ordered to go back, and told that he had no business in that part of the castle.

"But I have!" he cried. "I have a message for the King."

"His Majesty is not awake at this barbarous hour. Get along with you!"

"I tell you I must see the King," insisted Edouard. "I am sent by the Duke—by Richard himself!"

The soldier laughed contemptuously. "Edouard must be a fool," he said, "if he thought the King's Majesty was going to be disturbed and broken of his rest by nonsensical messages from that Norman boy."

"Your Duke is nothing but the King's vassal, and he must wait the King's pleasure. If you do not take yourself off now," said the soldier, fiercely, "I will knock you down with my halberd!"

This, to the young scion of Norman loyalty and blue blood, was simply a thunderbolt. The Duke's orders defied, his authority laughed at, his liberty restricted, in his own castle! "After that, the deluge!"

Edouard moved slowly away, despairing and bewildered. What was he to do? He could not go to the Duke with such an answer to his message; that would never do. If he sought the Count of Rouen, he felt sure that he would find some more French guards in the way. Down in the hall, he knew, there were scores of the Frenchmen sleeping; out in the court French hostlers were grooming the French King's horses; Frenchmen were posted at the gates; they were in the cook-rooms and the corridors—they were everywhere. He knew not where to look for help, and yet help must be found from some quarter. Somebody must do something!

The frightened little fellow, with tears rolling down his cheeks and his heart beating like a trip-hammer, was stumbling along a dark passage, when he ran against the

BRETON MINSTREL, BERENGER OF NANTES.

"Who are you, and what are you about?" cried Berenger. "Cannot you see where you are going, boy? What! Edouard of Bracy? St. Malo! What's the matter? Are you crying?"

"Berenger! Oh, Berenger, what shall we do!" sobbed Edouard. "The Duke—the Duke——"

Berenger caught his breath, and echoed:

"The Duke—Richard! Oh, what has happened to him?"

Edouard answered, in a broken voice:

"King Louis's guards are treating him like a prisoner! They will not let him go where he likes—our own Duke, Berenger! They say that he is nothing but a vassal of the King. They will not let me obey his orders—and oh, I dare not go and tell him such a thing! Berenger, what can I do!"

"You are crazy, Edouard! It cannot be as you say!" murmured Berenger.

Edouard returned, vehemently:

"It is true! I tell you it is true! The Duke sent me with a message to King Louis, and they will not permit me to deliver it! They will not let me go near the King. They say that Richard must wait his Majesty's good pleasure!"

The minstrel boy could only gasp, in speechless indignation.

"But that is not the worst," continued Edouard. "I saw the Duke try to go by the French guards, and they stopped him with their lances. They put the points almost against his breast. I saw it, Berenger! Osmond of Centoville was going to kill them, but the Duke held his hand."

Berenger ground his teeth and raged like a tornado, forgetting all about his customary affectation of sangfroid.

"Oh, to think our noble Richard pays homage to this craven, lying Louis!" he exclaimed. "And I wearing his filthy bauble!"

He tore the King's clasp of rubies from his vest as he uttered these passionate words, and dashed it on the stone floor, stamped upon it madly, and kicked the broken fragments in every direction. Then, having relieved his feelings, he said, with recovered calmness:

"Tell me the whole story, Edouard."

Poor Edouard thereupon gave him a version of the matter as it seemed to his excited, boyish fancy, wild with grief and terror for his Duke. It was enough for Berenger, however, to hear that Richard's freedom of action had been hindered in the slightest degree. Pale with passion, he said:

"We will see about this. King Louis shall find that our Lord is our Lord, though he be the vassal of France—more's the pity.

"Shall we try to let Count Bernard know the condition of affairs?" asked Edouard, taking some courage from Berenger's tone. But the minstrel answered, sternly:

"No! I heard Guy de Briancourt say last night that Bernard was a traitor, or that the people called him so. We will appeal for help to them that are more powerful than he."

"What mean you, Berenger? Who is more powerful than the Count of Rouen?" exclaimed the wondering page.

Berenger answered:

"THE PEOPLE OF ROUEN."

"Ah! But the castle gates are guarded by King Louis's men. They would not let us out, I am sure," said the page, disconsolately." We cannot reach the people."

"I can," said Berenger, between his teeth. "I will have the whole city ringing with this tale before an hour is past."

"Can you, Berenger? Oh, if you could, I am sure the burghers would do something to aid our Duke!"

"Yes," said Berenger, dryly, "I think they would—I think they will!"

He started toward the east end of the passage, where an embrasured loophole window looked out upon the Seine. The faint glow of early dawn was lighting up the sky, and far below the river washed against the castle walls.

Berenger threw off his surcoat, cap and shoes, and seizing hold of the narrow casement, he drew himself up to the loophole. The page exclaimed, in afright:

"Berenger! What are you going to do? Surely, you do not mean——"

"Of course I do," said Berenger, coolly. "I am going to drop into the river, swim ashore, and raise the city! Just wait a little, and you will see what that means, Edouard. St. Malo! These French intruders will find out what they have done when they have waked up the city of Rouen!"

"But you will be drowned, Berenger! You will be dashed to death against the stones!" wailed Edouard.

"Not I; you cannot drown a Breton," answered Berenger; "and I should hope I had spring enough in me to clear the castle wall."

Nevertheless, he knew the peril of his venture quite as well as did the trembling little page. He muttered a hasty prayer to his patron saint, as he pushed himself, feet foremost, through the narrow opening—it was barely wide enough to admit the passage of his supple and slender form—gave his body a strong outward impulse and disappeared. A faint splash as he struck the water was all the sound that could be heard, though Edouard strained his ears to listen, clasping his hands and whispering devoutly:

"Oh, Blessed Lady of Heaven, I hope he is safe!"

Berenger was safe. A little later this Breton Prince, half-clad and dripping wet, was flying through the streets of Rouen with a tale which to the already excited populace was absolutely maddening—that Richard, Lord of Normandy, and idol of their hearts, was a prisoner in his own castle, insulted by the King, repulsed and browbeaten by the King's retainers, and that Bernard, Count of Rouen, had made no move and raised no voice in opposition to these indignities!

Had Berenger possessed the gift of second sight he might have exercised it to some purpose, and seen good cause to retract the statement in regard to Bernard; for in point of fact the Count was even then—if we may introduce a modern figure of speech—

"RAISING CAIN" WITH KING LOUIS.

At about the moment when the minstrel boy was lanching himself into the Seine Count Bernard arose from his slumbers, looked into Richard's chamber, and finding it vacant, concluded that the young Duke had gone to pay his dutiful respects to his Lord the King. The Count, therefore, turned his own steps in the same direction, and presently encountered one of the King's men standing guard over the approach to his Majesty's apartments—the same one who had so rudely repulsed poor Edouard de Bracy.

A page of 10 years and Count Bernard the Dane were two very different individuals; and the man-at-arms, though he stood in the Count's path, addressed him in respectful tones, and made him aware in the humblest manner possible that all persons were forbidden to pass that point, by order of the King.

Count Bernard merely gave the man a haughty look and made a move to pass. Instinctively the guard presented his lance, whereupon the Count drew back and with one blow of his great fist stretched the stalwart soldier senseless at his feet, kicked him out of the way and stormed into the King's bedroom like a roaring lion.

Richard in the meantime had betaken himself to Galeran de Meulan's room, where he found Guy de Briancourt, the young Baron having passed the night with his cousin. As Edouard the page did not present himself with any message from the King, he concluded that his royal guest must still be sleeping, and supposed the boy to be waiting for the moment when his Majesty should wake. He soon lost sight of his late annoyance in the company of Guy and Galeran, and they were breakfasting together with great enjoyment—attended by Dame Astrida, who petted all the boys in the castle, from Richard the Duke down to little Edouard, as if they had been her own—while the Breton Berenger was gone to "raise the city," as he said; in other words, to set an avalanche in motion.

Presently, however, they became aware of some unusual movement in the courtyard; the call of a distant clarion reached their ears; there was a strange booming noise in the air, and sounds of rushing to and fro throughout the castle. Fru Astrida looked alarmed, and Richard exclaimed:

"I wonder what is going on! Osmond, go and see."

Osmond went out, with some curiosity; and shortly rushed in again, tremendously excited.

"What if the matter?" cried Richard.

"My Lord, my Lord, all Rouen is thundering at the castle gates! The city has risen as one man to storm the castle and take you from King Louis's hands! The Lords are gathering in force—Count Robert of Argenton has just arrived, they say, with all his following, in battle array! The storm-bells are ringing—the people are wild! Hark, my Lord!"

There was no need to harken—the deaf might hear that sound, for it shook the earth as thunder shakes the air. The roar of 10,000 angry voices, the tramp of 10,000 iron-shod feet upon the stones of Rouen; the booming of the storm bells, only tolled in time of mortal terror; the voice of a great city

"RISEN AS ONE MAN"—

for Rouen, even then, was a great city—this was the sound that Richard heard, like which there is no other sound on earth, and none, perhaps, more terrible. It was the noise of a mighty human torrent, rolling on to sweep away the paltry barriers raised by overweening royalty, and work the people's will.

Before that force, when once aroused in all its fearful might, the power of Kings must fail—has ever failed; and Louis King of France, cowering and trembling in his chamber as he heard those thundering bells and roaring voices, and those tramping feet, knew that he must yield up to the people of Rouen whatsoever they had come to take, and only hoped they might not take his life.

Richard looked out upon the court, and saw a surging multitude, citizens and soldiers mixed in one indistinguishable throng, but led by the stately figure of a noble whose face he knew—Count Robert of Argenton.

A young man, with streaming yellow locks and eyes of Norman blue, sitting his war-horse like a Centaur, sword in hand—such at 20 years of age was Robert of Argenton, the hero of many a bloody battlefield and many a daring escalade; a brilliant figure in the annals of that wild and warlike period. Where the maddest and most reckless deeds of bravery were done—where the fiercest war was waged and no quarter asked or given—there was Robert, Count of Argenton. A more relentless enemy to those who injured or defied him, even those annals of revenge and warfare cannot show; yet a truer heart to those who placed their trust in him never beat in the breast of mortal man. At this time, in the flush of gallant youth, Lord of a great fief and leader of a strong following, he was a friend to be desired, a foe to be dreaded, and a vassal to be treated with respect.

Following Count Robert's lead, pouring in through the wide-flung castle gates, filling the great courtyard and surging up the steps into the castle-hall, came the maddened Rouenese, with shouts and battle-cries that made their Boy Lord shiver as he listened, though he knew that all this fury was aroused by love and fear for him.

"Down with the false King! Down with Louis!"

"Gardez le Duc!"

"Richard! Richard!"

"Ha Ro! Ha Ro! *A l'aide mon Prince!*"

"Dex aie! Dex aie! (God help! God help!")

And then there rose a cry that chilled the blood in Richard's veins:

"Death to the traitor Bernard! *A bas le Danois!* (Down with the Dane!")

Beyond the gates, a band of Argenton's retainers, clad all in glittering steel—a goodly company, but crowded and swept onward like a handful of children among the burghers, who outnumbered them by thousands—as they caught that cry, shook spears and halberds in the air, and roared:

"A bas le Danois! Ha Ro! Ha Ro! Ha Ro!"

(To be continued.)

The Name of Iowa.

[*Mr. Justice Miller in Harper's Magazine.*]

The State derives its name from the tribe known as the Iowa tribe. Much learning, or at least research, has been wasted in the attempt to show the orthography and definition of this word among the Indians themselves. While Washington Irving, with the license allowable to an imaginative writer, states that the meaning of the word is "beautiful," and recounts the incident by which that phrase was first applied to the country, saying that the tribe who in their wanderings arrived at the highest point in the Iowa prairies, looking over the vast expanse of country uninterrupted by hills or swamps, involuntarily uttered the word "Iowa," meaning "beautiful." But probably a better authority for the meaning of the word was Mr. Antoine LeClaire, a half-breed of the "Sac" and "Fox" nations, who always asserted humorously that he was the first white man born in Iowa, though his mother was an Indian. He was employed for many years by the United States as an interpreter in their dealings with the various Indian tribes. His definition of the word was, "Here is the spot—this is the place—to dwell in peace." It is very certain, however, that the name of the State, and the name of one of its secondary rivers, running through a large part of the center of the State, is derived from the name of the tribe.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

Different Drills to which Heavy Artillery were Subjected.

HONEST ABE'S SHOTGUN.

The Artillery Inspected by President Lincoln.

RED vs. BLUE STRIPES.

The Signal Officer Gives the Wrong Countersign.

Being Chapter V of Lieut. Kirk's History of the 4th N. Y. H. A., now being published.

[PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT.]

HEAVY artillerymen, it is safe to say, were subjected to more kinds of drill than the volunteers of any other branch of the military service. While at Staten Island a portion of the 4th N. Y. H. A. were drilled in infantry movements and the use of muskets; the Enfield rifle being the gun used. Across the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, at Anacostia, the companies were required to drill two hours a day as artillery and two as infantry, having a battalion drill of the whole regiment at Fort Carroll every Friday. Belgian rifles were used in the infantry drill and the artillery work was chiefly done with 8-inch siege-guns mounted on barbet-carriages.

"WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS, SIR?"

Fort Woodbury, where Co. A was located, south of the Potomac, mounted two 24-pound smoothbore guns on siege-carriages; two guns of the same caliber on barbet-carriages, and one on a casemate-carriage; also four 6-pound rifled guns, three 30-pound Parrots and one siege-mortar.

Co. B, at Fort De Kalb, had to drill on 24-pound siege-guns, of which there were four mounted on siege-carriages, one on a barbet-carriage, two on casemate-carriages; also one 24-pound brass field-howitzer, four 30-pound Parrots, one 6-pound field-gun and two 10-inch siege-mortars.

Co. H, at Fort Haggerty, were limited to four 24-pound smoothbores mounted on barbet-carriages.

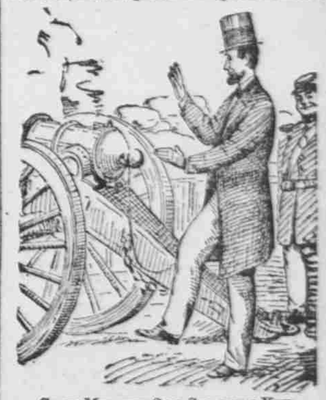
Co. F, at Fort Bennett, had the benefit of practice on two 8-inch seacoast-howitzers and three 24-pound smoothbores.

The other companies at Fort Corcoran had two 8-inch seacoast-howitzers and three 3-inch rifled Parrots to try their skill upon.

May 5, Co. E came from headquarters at Fort Corcoran and joined Co. B at Fort De Kalb (Fort Strong).

As soon as the weather became settled, infantry drill and artillery practice on both light and heavy pieces was resumed by all the companies. Targets made of heavy timber were put up at various ranges of from 200 to 2,000 yards, and not infrequently broken up on practice day.

Some rivalry was developed among the Drill Sergeants and cannoneers on these occasions. Gen. Whipple, in command of the Division, made a personal inspection on sev-



GIVE ME THE OLD SHOTGUN YET.

eral practice days of the work; inspections, in fact, came to be numerous.

One afternoon at Fort Woodbury, where Co. A was stationed, the command had been given,

"CANNONEERS TO YOUR POSTS—MARCH!"

and the several detachments had reached their guns, when there was quite a little excitement developed among the men by the sudden arrival of a volunteer Inspecting Officer. He belonged to the infantry service, and did not seem in the best of humor, for some reason unknown to the subjects of his inspection. The nearest detachment had halted in the rear of a 30-pound Parrot.