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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

BARRY LYNDON
HOGGARTY DIAMOND
SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON
MEN'S WIVES

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THE MEMOIRS OF
BARRY LYNDON, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.
MY PEDIGREE AND FAMILY—UNDERGO THE INFLUENCE OF THE TENDER PASSION.

Since the days of Adam there has been hardly a mischief done in this world but a woman has been at the bottom of it. Ever since ours was a family (and that must be very near Adam's time, so old, noble, and illustrious are the Barrys, as everybody knows), women have played a mighty part with the destinies of our race.

I presume that there is no gentleman in Europe that has not heard of the house of Barry of Barryogue, of the kingdom of Ireland, than which a more famous name is not to be found in Gwillim or D'Hozier; and though, as a man of the world, I have learned to despise heartily the claims of some pretenders to high birth who have no more genealogy than the lackey who cleans my boots, and though I laugh to utter scorn the boasting of many of my countrymen, who are all for descending from kings of Ireland, and talk of a domain no bigger than would feed a pig as if it were a principality; yet truth compels me to assert that my family was the noblest of the island, and, perhaps, of the universal world; while their possessions, now insignificant, and torn from us by war, by treachery, by the loss of time, by ancestral extravagance, by adhesion to the old faith and monarch, were formerly prodigious, and embraced many counties, at a time when Ireland was vastly more prosperous than now. I would assume the Irish crown over my coat-of-arms, but that there are so many silly pretenders to that distinction, who bear it and render it common.

Who knows, but for the fault of a woman, I might have been wearing it now? You start with incredulity. I say, why not? Had there been a gallant chief to lead my countrymen, instead of puling knaves who bent the knee to King Richard II., they might have been freemen; had there been a resolute leader to meet the murderous ruffian Oliver Cromwell,
we should have shaken off the English forever. But there was no Barry in the field against the usurper; on the contrary my ancestor, Simon de Bary, came over with the first-named monarch, and married the daughter of the then King of Munster, whose sons in battle he pitilessly slew.

In Oliver's time it was too late for a chief of the name of Barry to lift up his war cry against that of the murderous brewer. We were princes of the land no longer; our unhappy race had lost its possessions a century previously, and by the most shameful treason. This I know to be the fact, for my mother has often told me the story, and besides had worked it in a worsted pedigree which hung up in the yellow saloon at Barryville where we lived.

That very estate which the Lyndons now possess in Ireland was once the property of my race. Rory Barry of Barryogue owned it in Elizabeth's time, and half Munster beside. The Barry was always in feud with the O'Mahonys in those times; and, as it happened, a certain English colonel passed through the former's country with a body of men-at-arms on the very day when the O'Mahonys had made an inroad upon our territories and carried off a frightful plunder of our flocks and herds.

This young Englishman, whose name was Roger Lyndon, Linden, or Lyndaine, having been most hospitably received by the Barry, and finding him just on the point of carrying an inroad into the O'Mahonys' land, offered the aid of himself and his lances, and behaved himself so well, as it appeared, that the O'Mahonys were entirely overcome, all the Barrys' property restored, and with it, says the old chronicle, twice as much of the O'Mahonys' goods and cattle.

It was the setting in of the winter season, and the young soldier was pressed by the Barry not to quit his house of Barryogue, and remained there during several months, his men being quartered with Barry's own gallovglasses, man by man in the cottages roundabout. They conducted themselves, as is their wont, with the most intolerable insolence toward the Irish; so much so that fights and murders continually ensued, and the people vowed to destroy them.

The Barry's son (from whom I descend) was as hostile to the English as any other man on his domain; and, as they would not go when bidden, he and his friends consulted together and determined on destroying these English to a man.

But they had let a woman into their plot, and this was the Barry's daughter. She was in love with the English Lyndon, and broke the whole secret to him; and the dastardly English
prevented the just massacre of themselves by falling upon the Irish, and destroying Phaudrig Barry, my ancestor, and many hundreds of his men. The cross at Barrycross near Carrignahioul is the spot where the odious butchery took place.

Lyndon married the daughter of Roderick Barry, and claimed the estate which he left; and though the descendants of Phaudrig were alive, as indeed they are in my person,* on appealing to the English courts, the estate was awarded to the Englishman, as has ever been the case where English and Irish were concerned.

Thus, had it not been for the weakness of a woman, I should have been born to the possession of those very estates which afterward came to me by merit, as you shall hear. But to proceed with my family history.

My father was well known to the best circles in this kingdom as in that of Ireland, under the name of Roaring Harry Barry. He was bred like many other young sons of genteel families to the profession of the law, being articled to a celebrated attorney of Sackville Street in the city of Dublin; and, from his great genius and aptitude for learning, there is no doubt he would have made an eminent figure in his profession, had not his social qualities, love of field sports, and extraordinary graces of manner marked him out for a higher sphere. While he was attorney's clerk he kept seven race horses, and hunted regularly both with the Kildare and Wicklow hunts; and rode on his gray horse Endymion that famous match against Captain Punter which is still remembered by lovers of the sport, and of which I caused a splendid picture to be made and hung over my dining-hall mantelpiece at Castle Lyndon. A year afterward he had the honor of riding that very horse Endymion before his late Majesty King George II. at Newmarket, and won the plate there and the attention of the august sovereign.

Although he was only the second son of our family, my dear father came naturally into the estate (now miserably reduced to £400 a year); for my grandfather's eldest son, Cornelius Barry (called the Chevalier Borgne, from a wound which he received in Germany), remained constant to the old religion in which our family was educated, and not only served abroad with credit but against his most sacred Majesty George II. in the unhappy Scotch disturbances in '45. We shall hear more of the Chevalier hereafter.

For the conversion of my father I have to thank my dear

*As we have never been able to find proofs of the marriage of my ancestor Phaudrig with his wife, I make no doubt that Lyndon destroyed the contract, and murdered the priest and witnesses of the marriage.—B. L.
mother, Miss Bell Brady, daughter of Ulysses Brady of Castle Brady, County Kerry, Esq. and J. P. She was the most beautiful women of her day in Dublin, and universally called the Dasher there. Seeing her at the assembly, my father became passionately attached to her; but her soul was above marrying a Papist or an attorney’s clerk; and so for the love of her, the good old laws being then in force, my dear father slipped into my uncle Cornelius’ shoes and took the family estate. Besides the force of my mother’s bright eyes, several persons, and of the genteelest society too, contributed to this happy change; and I have often heard my mother laughingly tell the story of my father’s recantation, which was solemnly pronounced at the tavern in the company of Sir Dick Ringwood, Lord Bagwig, Captain Punter, and two or three other young sparks of the town. Roaring Harry won three hundred pieces that very night at faro, and laid the necessary information the next morning against his brother; but his conversion caused a coolness between him and my uncle Corney, who joined the rebels in consequence.

This great difficulty being settled, my Lord Bagwig lent my father his own yacht, then lying at the Pigeon House, and the handsome Bell Brady was induced to run away with him to England, although her parents were against the match and her lovers (as I have heard her tell many thousands of times) were among the most numerous and the most wealthy in all the kingdom of Ireland. They were married at the Savoy, and my grandfather dying very soon, Harry Barry, Esq., took possession of his paternal property and supported our illustrious name with credit in London. He pined the famous Count Tiercelin behind Montague House, he was a member of White’s, and a frequenter of all the chocolate houses; and my mother, likewise, made no small figure. At length, after his great day of triumph before his sacred Majesty at Newmarket, Harry’s fortune was just on the point of being made, for the gracious monarch promised to provide for him. But alas! he was taken in charge by another monarch, whose will will have no delay or denial, by Death, namely, who seized upon my father at Chester races, leaving me a helpless orphan. Peace be to his ashes! He was not faultless, and dissipated all our princely family property; but he was as brave a fellow as ever tossed a bumper or called a main, and he drove his coach-and-six like a man of fashion.

I do not know whether his gracious Majesty was much affected by this sudden demise of my father, though my mother
says he shed some royal tears on the occasion. But they helped us to nothing; and all that was found in the house for the wife and creditors was a purse of ninety guineas, which my dear mother naturally took, with the family plate, and my father’s wardrobe and her own; and putting them into our great coach, drove off to Holyhead, whence she took shipping for Ireland. My father’s body accompanied us, in the finest hearse and plumes money could buy; for though the husband and wife had quarreled repeatedly in life, yet at my father’s death his high-spirited widow forgot all her differences, gave him the grandest funeral that had been seen for many a day, and erected a monument over his remains (for which I subsequently paid), which declared him to be the wisest, purest, and most affectionate of men.

In performing these sad duties over her deceased lord the widow spent almost every guinea she had, and, indeed, would have spent a great deal more, had she dispraged one-third of the demands which the ceremonies occasioned. But the people around our old house of Barryogone, although they did not like my father for his change of faith, yet stood by him at this moment, and were for exterminating the mutes sent by Mr. Plumer of London with the lamented remains. The monument and vault in the church were then, alas! all that remained of my vast possessions; for my father had sold every stick of the property to one Notley, an attorney, and we received but a cold welcome in his house—a miserable old tumbledown place it was.*

The splendor of the funeral did not fail to increase the widow Barry’s reputation as a woman of spirit and fashion; and when she wrote to her brother Michael Brady, that worthy gentleman immediately rode across the country to fling himself into her arms, and to invite her in his wife’s name to Castle Brady.

Mick and Barry had quarreled, as all men will, and very high words had passed between them during Barry’s courtship of Miss Bell. When he took her off, Brady swore he would never forgive Barry or Bell; but coming to London in the year ’46, he fell in once more with Roaring Harry, and lived in his fine house in Clerges Street, and lost a few pieces to him at play, and broke a watchman’s head or two in his company, all of which reminiscences endeared Bell and her son very much to the good-hearted gentleman, and he received us both with

* In another part of his memoir Mr. Barry will be found to describe this mansion as one of the most splendid palaces in Europe; but this practice is not unusual with his nation; and with respect to the Irish principality claimed by him, it is known that Mr. Barry’s grandfather was an attorney and maker of his own fortune.
open arms. Mrs. Barry did not, perhaps wisely, at first make known to her friends what was her condition; but arriving in a huge gilt coach with enormous armorial bearings, was taken by her sister-in-law and the rest of the country for a person of considerable property and distinction.

For a time, then, and as was right and proper, Mrs. Barry gave the law at Castle Brady. She ordered the servants to and fro, and taught them, what indeed they much wanted, a little London neatness; and 'English Redmond,' as I was called, was treated like a little lord, and had a maid and a footman to himself; and honest Mick paid their wages—which was much more than he was used to do for his own domestics,—doing all in his power to make his sister decently comfortable under her afflictions. Mamma, in return, determined that, when her affairs were arranged, she would make her kind brother a handsome allowance for her son's maintenance and her own; and promised to have her handsome furniture brought over from Clarges Street to adorn the somewhat dilapidated rooms of Castle Brady.

But it turned out that the rascally landlord seized upon every chair and table that ought by rights to have belonged to the widow. The estate to which I was heir was in the hands of rapacious creditors; and the only means of subsistence remaining to the widow and child was a rent-charge of £50 upon my Lord Bagwig's property, who had many turf-dealings with the deceased. And so my dear mother's liberal intentions toward her brother were of course never fulfilled.

It must be confessed, very much to the discredit of Mrs. Brady of Castle Brady, that when her sister-in-law's poverty was thus made manifest she forgot all the respect which she had been accustomed to pay her, instantly turned my maid and manservant out of doors, and told Mrs. Barry that she might follow them as soon as she chose. Mrs. Mick was of a low family and a sordid way of thinking; and after about a couple of years (during which she had saved almost all her little income) the widow complied with Madam Brady's desire. At the same time, giving way to a just, though prudently dissimulated resentment, she made a vow that she would never enter the gates of Castle Brady while the lady of the house remained alive within them.

She fitted up her new abode with much economy and considerable taste, and never, for all her poverty, abated a jot of the dignity which was her due, and which all the neighborhood awarded to her. How, indeed, could they refuse respect
to a lady who had lived in London, frequented the most fashionable society there, and had been presented (as she solemnly declared) at court? These advantages gave her a right which seems to be pretty unsparingly exercised in Ireland by those natives who have it—the right of looking down with scorn upon all persons who have not had the opportunity of quitting the mother-country and inhabiting England for a while. Thus, whenever Mme. Brady appeared abroad in a new dress, her sister-in-law would say ‘Poor creature! how can it be expected that she should know anything of the fashion?’ And though pleased to be called the handsome widow, as she was, Mrs. Barry was still better pleased to be called the English widow.

Mrs. Brady, for her part, was not slow to reply; she used to say that the defunct Barry was a bankrupt and a beggar; and as for the fashionable society which he saw, he saw it from my Lord Bagwig’s side table, whose flatterer and hanger on he was known to be. Regarding Mrs. Barry, the lady of Castle Brady would make insinuations still more painful. However, why should we allude to these charges, or rake up private scandal of a hundred years old? It was in the reign of George II. that the above named personages lived and quarreled; good or bad, handsome or ugly, rich or poor, they are all equal now; and do not the Sunday papers and the courts of law supply us every week with more novel and interesting slander?

At any rate, it must be allowed that Mrs. Barry, after her husband’s death and her retirement, lived in such a way as to defy slander. For whereas Bell Brady had been the gayest girl in the whole county of Wexford, with half the bachelors at her feet, and plenty of smiles and encouragement for every one of them, Bell Barry adopted a dignified reserve that almost amounted to pomposity, and was as starchy as any Quakeress. Many a man renewed his offers to the widow, who had been smitten by the charms of the spinster; but Mrs. Barry refused all offers of marriage, declaring that she lived now for her son only, and for the memory of her departed saint.

‘Saint forsooth!’ said ill-natured Mrs. Brady. ‘Harry Barry was as big a sinner as ever was known; and ’tis notorious that he and Bell hated each other. If she won’t marry now, depend on it, the artful woman has a husband in her eye for all that, and only waits until Lord Bagwig is a widower.’

And suppose she did, what then? Was not the widow of a Barry fit to marry with any lord of England? and was it not always said that a woman was to restore the fortunes of the Barry family? If my mother fancied that she was to be that
woman, I think it was a perfectly justifiable notion on her part; for the earl (my godfather) was always most attentive to her; I never knew how deeply this notion of advancing my interests in the world had taken possession of mamma's mind, until his lordship's marriage in the year '57 with Miss Goldmore, the Indian nabob's rich daughter.

Meanwhile we continued to reside at Barryville, and, considering the smallness of our income, kept up a wonderful state. Of the half dozen families that formed the congregation at Brady's Town, there was not a single person whose appearance was so respectable as that of the widow, who, though she always dressed in mourning, in memory of her deceased husband, took care that her garments should be made so as to set off her handsome person to the greatest advantage; and, indeed, I think, spent six hours out of every day in the week in cutting, trimming, and altering them to the fashion. She had the largest of hoops and the handsomest of furbelows, and once a mouth (under my Lord Bagwig's cover) would come a letter from London containing the newest accounts of the fashions there. Her complexion was so brilliant that she had no call to use rouge as was the mode in those days. No, she left red and white, she said (and hence the reader may imagine how the two ladies hated each other) to Madam Brady, whose yellow complexion no plaster could alter. In a word, she was so accomplished a beauty that all the women in the country took pattern by her, and the young fellows from ten miles round would ride over to Castle Brady church to have the sight of her.

But if (like every other woman that ever I saw or read of) she was proud of her beauty, to do her justice she was still more proud of her son, and has said a thousand times to me that I was the handsomest young fellow in the world. This is a matter of taste. A man of sixty may, however, say what he was at fourteen without much vanity, and I must say I think there was some cause for my mother's opinion. The good soul's pleasure was to dress me; and on Sundays and holidays I turned out in a velvet coat with a silver-hilted sword by my side and a gold garter at my knee, as fine as any lord in the land. My mother worked me several most splendid waistcoats, and I had plenty of lace for my ruffles, and a fresh ribbon to my hair, and as we walked to church on Sundays, even envious Mrs. Brady was found to allow that there was not a prettier pair in the kingdom.

Of course, too, the lady of Castle Brady used to sneer, because on these occasions a certain Tim, who used to be called
my valet, followed me and my mother to church, carrying a huge prayer book and a cane, and dressed in the livery of one of our own fine footmen from Clarges Street, which, as Tim was a bandy-shanked little fellow, did not exactly become him. But, though poor, we were gentlefolks, and not to be sneered out of these becoming appendages to our rank; and so would march up the aisle to our pew with as much state and gravity as the Lord Lieutenant’s lady and son might do. When there, my mother would give the responses and amens in a loud, dignified voice that was delightful to hear, and, besides, had a fine loud voice for singing, which art she had perfected in London under a fashionable teacher; and she would exercise her talent in such a way that you would hardly hear any other voice of the little congregation which chose to join in the psalm. In fact, my mother had great gifts in every way, and believed herself to be one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and meritorious persons in the world. Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbors regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her.

When we left Castle Brady we came to occupy a house in Brady’s Town, which mamma christened Barryville. I confess it was but a small place, but, indeed, we made the most of it. I have mentioned the family pedigree which hung up in the drawing room, which mamma called the yellow saloon, and my bedroom was called the pink bedroom, and hers the orange tawny apartment (how well I remember them all!); and at dinner-time Tim regularly rang a great bell, and we each had a silver tankard to drink from, and mother boasted with justice that I had as good a bottle of claret by my side as any squire of the land. So indeed I had, but I was not, of course, allowed at my tender years to drink any of the wine; which thus obtained a considerable age, even in the decanter.

Uncle Brady (in spite of the family quarrel) found out the above fact one day by calling at Barryville at dinner time, and unluckily tasting the liquor. You should have seen how he sputtered and made faces! But the honest gentleman was not particular about his wine, or the company in which he drank it. He would get drunk, indeed, with the parson or the priest indifferently; with the latter, much to my mother’s indignation, for, as a true blue Nassauite, she heartily despised all those of the old faith, and would scarcely sit down in the room with a benighted Papist. But the squire had no such scruples; he was, indeed, one of the easiest,idlest, and best-natured
fellows that ever lived, and many an hour would he pass with the lonely widow when he was tired of Madam Brady at home. He liked me, he said, as much as one of his own sons, and at length, after the widow had held out for a couple of years, she agreed to allow me to return to the castle; though, for herself, she resolutely kept the oath which she had made with regard to her sister-in-law.

The very first day I returned to Castle Brady my trials may be said, in a manner, to have begun. My cousin, Master Mick, a huge monster of nineteen (who hated me, and I promise you I returned the compliment), insulted me at dinner about my mother's poverty, and made all the girls of the family titter. So when we went to the stables, whither Mick always went for his pipe of tobacco after dinner, I told him a piece of my mind, and there was a fight for at least ten minutes, during which I stood to him like a man, and blacked his left eye, though I was myself only twelve years old at the time. Of course he beat me, but a beating makes only a small impression on a lad of that tender age, as I had proved many times in battles with the ragged Brady's Town boys before, not one of whom, at my time of life, was my match. My uncle was very much pleased when he heard of my gallantry; my cousin Nora brought brown paper and vinegar for my nose, and I went home that night with a pint of claret under my girdle, not a little proud, let me tell you, at having held my own against Mick so long.

And though he persisted in his bad treatment of me, and used to cane me whenever I fell in his way, yet I was very happy now at Castle Brady with the company there, and my cousins, or some of them, and the kindness of my uncle, with whom I became a prodigious favorite. He bought a colt for me and taught me to ride. He took me out coursing and fowling, and instructed me to shoot flying. And at length I was released from Mick's persecution, for his brother, Master Ulick, returning from Trinity College, and hating his elder brother, as is mostly the way in families of fashion, took me under his protection; and from that time, as Ulick was a deal bigger and stronger than Mick, I, 'English Redmond,' as I was called, was left alone; except when the former thought fit to thrash me, which he did whenever he thought proper.

Nor was my learning neglected in the ornamental parts, for I had an uncommon natural genius for many things, and soon topped in accomplishments most of the persons around me. I had a quick ear and a fine voice, which my mother cultivated
to the best of her power, and she taught me to step a minuet gravely and gracefully, and thus laid the foundation of my future success in life. The common dances I learned (as perhaps I ought not to confess) in the servants' hall, which, you may be sure, was never without a piper, and where I was considered unrivaled both at a hornpipe and a jig.

In the matter of book learning, I had always an uncommon taste for reading plays and novels, as the best part of a gentleman's polite education, and never let a peddler pass the village, if I had a penny, without having a ballad or two from him. As for your dull grammar, and Greek and Latin and stuff, I have always hated them from my youth upward, and said, very unmistakably, I would have none of them.

This I proved pretty clearly at the age of thirteen, when my aunt Biddy Brady's legacy of £100 came in to mamma, who thought to employ the sum on my education, and sent me to Dr. Tobias Tickler's famous academy at Ballywhacket—Backwhacket, as my uncle used to call it. But six weeks after I had been consigned to his reverence, I suddenly made my appearance again at Castle Brady, having walked forty miles from the odious place, and left the doctor in a state near upon apoplexy. The fact was, that at taw, prison-bars, or boxing I was at the head of the school, but could not be brought to excel in the classics; and after having been flogged seven times without its doing me the least good in my Latin, I refused to submit altogether (finding it useless) to an eighth application of the rod. 'Try some other way, sir,' said I, when he was for horsing me once more; but he wouldn't; whereon, and to defend myself, I flung a slate at him, and knocked down a Scotch usher with a leaden inkstand. All the lads huzzaed at this, and some of the servants wanted to stop me; but taking out a large elasp-knife that my cousin Nora had given me, I swore I would plunge it into the waistcoat of the first man who dared to balk me, and faith they let me pass on. I slept that night twenty miles off Ballywhacket, at the house of a cottier, who gave me potatoes and milk, and to whom I gave a hundred guineas after, when I came to visit Ireland in my days of greatness. I wish I had the money now. But what's the use of regret? I have had many a harder bed than that I shall sleep on to-night, and many a scantier meal than honest Phil Murphy gave me on the evening I ran away from school. So six weeks was all the schooling I ever got. And I say this to let parents know the value of it; for though I have met more learned bookworms in the world, especially a great hulking,
clumsy, bleary-eyed old doctor whom they call Johnson, and who lived in a court off Fleet Street, in London, yet I pretty soon silenced him in an argument (at Button’s Coffeehouse); and in that, and in poetry, and what I call natural philosophy, or the science of life, and in riding, music, leaping, the small-sword, the knowledge of a horse, or a main of cocks, and the manners of an accomplished gentleman and a man of fashion, I may say for myself that Redmond Barry has seldom found his equal.

‘Sir,’ said I to Mr. Johnson on the occasion I allude to—he was accompanied by a Mr. Buswell of Scotland, and I was presented to the club by a Mr. Goldsmith, a countryman of my own, ‘Sir,’ said I, in reply to the schoolmaster’s great thundering quotation in Greek, ‘you fancy you know a great deal more than me, because you quote your Aristotle and your Pluto, but can you tell me which horse will win at Epsom Downs next week? Can you run six miles without breathing? Can you shoot the ace of spades ten times without missing? If so, talk about Aristotle and Pluto to me.’

‘D’ye know who ye’re speaking to?’ roared out the Scotch gentleman, Mr. Buswell, at this.

‘Hold your tongue, Mr. Buswell,’ said the old schoolmaster. ‘I had no right to brag of my Greek to the gentleman, and he has answered me very well.’

‘Doctor,’ says I, looking waggishly at him, ‘do you know ever a rhyme for Aristotle?’

‘Port, if you plaise,’ says Mr. Goldsmith, laughing. And we had six rhymes for Aristotle before we left the coffeehouse that evening. It became a regular joke afterward when I told the story, and at White’s or the Cocoa tree you would hear the wags say, ‘Waiter, bring one of Captain Barry’s rhymes for Aristotle.’ Once, when I was in liquor at the latter place, young Dick Sheridan called me a great Staggerite, a joke which I could never understand. But I am wandering from my story, and must get back to home, and dear old Ireland again.

I have made acquaintance with the best in the land since, and my manners are such, I have said, as to make me the equal of them all; and, perhaps, you will wonder how a country boy, as I was, educated among Irish squires, and their dependents of the stable and farm, should arrive at possessing such elegant manners as I was indisputably allowed to have. I had, the fact is, a very valuable instructor in the person of an old gamekeeper, who had served the French king at Fontenoy, and who taught me the dances and customs, and a smattering of the language of that country, with the use of the sword both small
and broad. Many and many a long mile I have trudged by his side as a lad, he telling me wonderful stories of the French king, and the Irish brigade, and Marshal Saxe, and the opera dancers; he knew my uncle, too, the Chevalier Borgue, and indeed had a thousand accomplishments which he taught me in secret. I never knew a man like him for making or throwing a fly, for physicking a horse, or breaking or choosing one; he taught me manly sports, from birds-nesting upward, and I always shall consider Phil Purcell as the very best tutor I could have had. His fault was drink, but for that I have always had a blind eye; and he hated my cousin Mick like poison; but I could excuse him that too.

With Phil, and at the age of fifteen, I was a more accomplished man than either of my cousins; and I think Nature had been also more bountiful to me in the matter of person. Some of the Castle Brady girls (as you shall hear presently) adored me. At fairs and races many of the prettiest lasses present said they would like to have me for their bachelor; and yet somehow, it must be confessed, I was not popular.

In the first place everyone knew I was bitter poor; and I think, perhaps, it was my good mother’s fault that I was bitter proud too. I had a habit of boasting in company of my birth, and the splendor of my carriages, gardens, cellars, and domestics, and this before people who were perfectly aware of my real circumstances. If it was boys, and they ventured to sneer, I would beat them, or die for it; and many’s the time I’ve been brought home well-nigh killed by one or more of them, on what, when my mother asked me, I would say was ‘a family quarrel.’ ‘Support your name with your blood, Reddy, my boy,’ would that saint say, with the tears in her eyes; and so would she herself have done with her voice, ay, and her teeth and nails.

Thus, at fifteen, there was scarce a lad of twenty, for half a dozen miles round, that I had not beat for one cause or other. There were the vicar’s two sons of Castle Brady—in course I could not associate with such beggarly brats as them, and many a battle did we have as to who should take the wall in Brady’s Town; there was Pat Lurgan, the blacksmith’s son, who had the better of me four times before we came to the crowning fight, when I overcame him; and I could mention a score more of my deeds of prowess in that way, but that fisticuff facts are dull subjects to talk of, and to discuss before high bred gentlemen and ladies.

However, there is another subject, ladies, on which I must
discourse, and that is never out of place. Day and night you like to hear of it: young and old, you dream and think of it. Handsome and ugly (and, faith, before fifty I never saw such a thing as a plain woman), it’s the subject next to the hearts of all of you; and I think you guess my riddle without more trouble. Love! sure the word is formed on purpose out of the prettiest soft vowels and consonants in the language, and he or she who does not care to read about it is not worth a fig, to my thinking.

My uncle’s family consisted of ten children; who, as is the custom in such large families, were divided into two camps, or parties; the one siding with their mamma, the other taking the part of my uncle in all the numerous quarrels which arose between that gentleman and his lady. Mrs. Brady’s faction was headed by Mick, the eldest son, who hated me so, and disliked his father for keeping him out of his property; while Ulick, the second brother, was his father’s own boy; and, in revenge, Master Mick was desperately afraid of him. I need not mention the girls’ names; I had plague enough with them in after life, Heaven knows; and one of them was the cause of all my early troubles; this was (though to be sure all her sisters denied it) the belle of the family, Miss Honoria Brady by name.

She said she was only nineteen at the time; but I could read the fly-leaf in the family Bible as well as another (it was one of the three books which, with the backgammon board, formed my uncle’s library), and know that she was born in the year ’37, and christened by Dr. Swift, dean of St. Patrick’s, Dublin, hence she was three-and-twenty years old at the time she and I were so much together.

When I come to think about her now, I know she never could have been handsome; for her figure was rather of the fattest, and her mouth of the widest; she was freckled over like a partridge’s egg, and her hair was the color of a certain vegetable which we eat with boiled beef, to use the mildest term. Often and often would my dear mother make these remarks concerning her; but I did not believe them then, and somehow had gotten to think Honoria an angelical being, far above all the other angels of her sex.

And as we know very well that a lady who is skilled in dancing or singing never can perfect herself without a deal of study in private, and that the song or the minuet which is performed with so much graceful ease in the assembly room has not been acquired without vast labor and perseverance in private; so it is with the dear creatures who are skilled in coquetting.
Honoria, for instance, was always practicing, and she would
take poor me to rehearse her accomplishment upon; or the ex-
cesman, when he came his rounds, or the steward, or the poor
curate, or the young apothecary’s lad from Brady’s Town;
whom I recollect beating once for that very reason. If he is
alive now I make him my apologies. Poor fellow! as if it was
his fault that he should be a victim to the wiles of one of the
greatest coquettes (considering her obscure life and rustic
breeding) in the world.

If the truth must be told—and every word of this narrative
of my life is of the most sacred veracity—my passion for Nora
began in a very vulgar and unromantic way. I did not save
her life; on the contrary, I once very nearly killed her, as you
shall hear. I did not behold her by moonlight playing on the
guitar, or rescue her from the hands of ruffians, as Alfonso
does Lindamira in the novel; but one day after dinner at
Brady’s Town, in summer, going into the garden to pull goose-
berries for my desert, and thinking only of gooseberries, I
pledge my honor, I came upon Miss Nora and one of her sisters,
with whom she was friends at the time, who were both engaged
in the very same amusement.

‘What’s the Latin for gooseberry, Redmond?’ says she.
She was always ‘poking her fun,’ as the Irish phrase it.

‘I know the Latin for goose,’ says I.

‘And what’s that?’ cries Miss Mysie, as pert as a peacock.

‘Bo to you!’ says I (for I had never a want of wit); and so
we fell to work at the gooseberry bush, laughing and talking
as happy as might be. In the course of our diversion Nora
managed to scratch her arm, and it bled, and she screamed, and
it was mighty round and white, and I tied it up, and I believe
was permitted to kiss her hand; and though it was as big and
clumsy a hand as ever you saw, yet I thought the favor the
most ravishing one that was ever conferred upon me, and went
home in a rapture.

I was much too simple a fellow to disguise any sentiment I
chanced to feel in those days; and not one of the eight Castle
Brady girls but was soon aware of my passion, and joked and
complimented Nora about her bachelor.

The torments of jealousy the cruel coquette made me endure
were horrible. Sometimes she would treat me as a child, some-
times as a man. She would always leave me if ever there came
a stranger to the house.

‘For after all, Redmond,’ she would say, ‘you are but fif-
teen, and you haven’t a guinea in the world.’ At which I
would swear that I would become the greatest hero ever known out of Ireland, and vow that before I was twenty I would have money enough to purchase an estate six times as big as Castle Brady. All which vain promises, of course, I did not keep; but I make no doubt they influenced me in my very early life, and caused me to do those great actions for which I have been celebrated, and which shall be narrated presently in order.

I must tell one of them, just that my dear young lady readers may know what sort of a fellow Redmond Barry was, and what a courage and undaunted passion he had. I question whether any of the jenny-jessamines of the present day would do half as much in the face of danger.

About this time, it must be premised, the United Kingdom was in a state of great excitement from the threat generally credited of a French invasion. The Pretender was said to be in high favor at Versailles, a descent upon Ireland was especially looked to, and the noblemen and people of condition in that, and all other parts of the kingdom, showed their loyalty by raising regiments of horse and foot to resist the invaders. Brady's Town sent a company to join the Kilwangan regiment, of which Master Mick was the captain; and we had a letter from Master Ulick at Trinity College, stating that the university had also formed a regiment, in which he had the honor to be a corporal. How I envied them both! especially that odious Mick, as I saw him in his laced scarlet coat with a ribbon in his hat, march off at the head of his men. He, the poor spiritless creature, was a captain, and I nothing—I who felt I had as much courage as the Duke of Cumberland himself, and felt, too, that a red jacket would mightily become me! My mother said I was too young to join the new regiment; but the fact was, that it was she herself who was too poor, for the cost of a new uniform would have swallowed up half her year's income, and she would only have her boy appear in a way suitable to his birth, riding the finest of racers, dressed in the best of clothes, and keeping the genteelest of company.

Well, then, the whole country was alive with war's alarums, the three kingdoms ringing with military music, and every man of merit paying his devoirs at the court of Bellona, while poor I was obliged to stay at home in my fustian jacket, and sigh for fame in secret. Mr. Mick came to and fro from the regiment, and brought numerous of his comrades with him. Their costume and swaggering airs filled me with grief, and Miss Nora's unvarying attentions to them served to make me half wild. No one, however, thought of attributing this sad-
ness to the young lady’s score, but rather to my disappointment at not being allowed to join the military profession.

Once the officers of the Fencibles gave a grand ball at Kilwangan, to which, as a matter of course, all the ladies of Castle Brady (and a pretty ugly coachful they were) were invited. I knew to what tortures the odious little flirt of a Nora would put me with her eternal coquetries with the officers, and refused for a long time to be one of the party to the ball. But she had a way of conquering me, against which all resistance of mine was in vain. She vowed that riding in a coach always made her ill. ‘And how can I go to the ball,’ said she, ‘unless you take me on Daisy behind you on the pillion?’ Daisy was a good blood mare of my uncle’s, and to such a proposition I could not for my soul say no; so we rode in safety to Kilwangan, and I felt myself as proud as any prince when she promised to dance a country dance with me.

When the dance was ended, the little ungrateful flirt informed me that she had quite forgotten her engagement; she had actually danced the set with an Englishman! I have endured torments in my life, but none like that. She tried to make up for her neglect, but I would not. Some of the prettiest girls there offered to console me, for I was the best dancer in the room. I made one attempt, but was too wretched to continue, and so remained alone all night in a state of agony. I would have played, but I had no money; only the gold piece that my mother bade me always keep in my purse as a gentleman should. I did not care for drink, or know the dreadful comfort of it in those days; but I thought of killing myself and Nora, and most certainly of making away with Captain Quin!

At last, and at morning, the ball was over. The rest of our ladies went off in the lumbering, creaking old coach; Daisy was brought out, and Miss Nora took her place behind me, which I let her do without a word. But we were not half a mile out of town when she began to try with her coaxing and blandishments to dissipate my ill-humor.

‘Sure it’s a bitter night, Redmond, dear, and you’ll catch cold without a handkerchief to your neck.’ To this sympathetic remark from the pillion, the saddle made no reply.

‘Did you and Miss Clancy have a pleasant evening, Redmond? You were together, I saw, all night.’ To this the saddle only replied by grinding his teeth, and giving a lash to Daisy.

‘Oh, mercy! you’ll make Daisy rear and throw me, you careless creature you; and you know, Redmond, I’m so timid.’ The pillion had by this got her arm round the saddle’s waist,
and perhaps gave it the gentlest squeeze in the world. 'I hate Miss Clancy, you know I do!' answers the saddle; 'and I only danced with her because—because—the person with whom I intended to dance chose to be engaged the whole night."

'Sure there were my sisters,' said the pillion, now laughing outright in the pride of her conscious superiority; 'and for me, my dear, I had not been in the room five minutes before I was engaged for every single set.'

'Were you obliged to dance five times with Captain Quin?' said I; and oh, strange delicious charm of coquetry, I do believe Miss Nora Brady at twenty-three years of age felt a pang of delight in thinking that she had so much power over a guileless lad of fifteen.

Of course she replied that she did not care a fig for Captain Quin; that he danced prettily, to be sure, and was a pleasant rattle of a man; that he looked well in his regimentals too; and if he chose to ask her to dance, how could she refuse him?

'But you refused me, Nora.'

'Oh! I can dance with you any day,' answered Miss Nora, with a toss of her head; 'and to dance with your cousin at a ball looks as if you could find no other partner. Besides,' said Nora—and this was acerb, unkind cut, which showed what a power she had over me, and how mercilessly she used it, 'besides, Redmond, Captain Quin's a man, and you are only a boy!'

'If ever I meet him again,' I roared out with an oath, 'you shall see which is the best man of the two. I'll fight him with sword or with pistol, captain as he is. A man indeed! I'll fight any man—every man! Didn't I stand up to Mick Brady when I was eleven years old? Didn't I beat Tom Sullivan, the great hulking brute, who is nineteen? Didn't I do for the Scotch usher? O Nora, it's cruel of you to sneer at me so!'

But Nora was in the sneering mood that night, and pursued her sarcasms; she pointed out that Captain Quin was already known as a valiant soldier, famous as a man of fashion in London, and that it was mighty well of Redmond to talk and boast of beating ushers and farmers' boys, but to fight an Englishman was a very different matter.

Then she fell to talk of the invasion, and of military matters in general; of King Frederick (who was called, in those days, the Protestant hero), of M. Thurot and his fleet, of M. Conflans and his squadron, of Minorea, how it was attacked and where it was; we both agreed it must be in America, and hoped the French might be soundly beaten there.

I sighed after a while (for I was beginning to melt), and
said how much I longed to be a soldier; on which Nora re-
curred to her infallible, ‘Ah, now! would you leave me, then? But, sure, you’re not big enough for anything more than a little drummer.’ To which I replied by swearing that a soldier I would be, and a general too.

As we were chattering in this silly way, we came to a place that has ever since gone by the name of Redmond’s Leap Bridge. It was an old high bridge over a stream sufficiently deep and rocky, and as the mare Daisy with her double load was crossing this bridge Miss Nora, giving a loose to her imagination, and still harping on the military theme (I would lay a wager that she was thinking of Captain Quin)—Miss Nora said, ‘Suppose now, Redmond, you, who are such a hero, was passing over the bridge, and the immy on the other side?’

‘I’d draw my sword, and cut my way through them.’

‘What, with me on the pillion? Would you kill poor me?’ (This young lady was perpetually speaking of ‘poor me!’)

‘Well, then, I’ll tell you what I’d do. I’d jump Daisy into the river, and swim you both across, where no enemy could follow us.’

‘Jump twenty feet! you wouldn’t dare to do any such thing on Daisy. There’s the captain’s horse, Black George; I’ve heard say that Captain Qui——’

She never finished the word, for, maddened by the continual recurrence of that odious monosyllable, I shouted to her to ‘hold tight by my waist,’ and, giving Daisy the spur, in a minute sprung with Nora over the parapet into the deep water below. I don’t know why, now—whether it was I wanted to drown myself and Nora, or to perform an act that even Captain Quin should eranne at, or whether I fancied that the enemy actually was in front of us, I can’t tell now; but over I went. The horse sunk over his head, the girl screamed as she sunk and screamed as she rose, and I landed her, half fainting, on the shore, where we were soon found by my uncle’s people, who returned on hearing the screams. I went home, and was ill speedily of a fever, which kept me to my bed for six weeks; and I quitted my couch prodigiously increased in stature, and, at the same time, still more violently in love than I had been even before.

At the commencement of my illness Miss Nora had been pretty constant in her attendance at my bedside, forgetting, for the sake of me, the quarrel between my mother and her family; which my good mother was likewise pleased, in the most Christian manner, to forget. And, let me tell you, it
was no small mark of goodness in a woman of her haughty disposition, who, as a rule, never forgave anybody, for my sake to give up her hostility to Miss Brady, and to receive her kindly. For, like a mad boy as I was, it was Nora I was always raving about and asking for; I would only accept medicines from her hand, and would look rudely and sulily upon the good mother, who loved me better than anything else in the world, and gave up even her favorite habits, and proper and becoming jealousies, to make me happy.

As I got well, I saw that Nora's visits became daily more rare. 'Why don't she come?' I would say peevishly, a dozen times in the day; in reply to which query, Mrs. Barry would be obliged to make the best excuses she could find, such as that Nora had sprained her ankle, or that they had quarreled together, or some other answer to soothe me. And many a time has the good soul left me to go and break her heart in her own room alone, and come back with a smiling face, so that I should know nothing of her mortification. Nor, indeed, did I take much pains to ascertain it; nor should I, I fear, have been very much touched even had I discovered it; for the commencement of manhood, I think, is the period of our extremest selfishness. We get such a desire then to take wing and leave the parent nest that no tears, entreaties, or feelings of affection will counterbalance this overpowering longing after independence. She must have been very sad, that poor mother of mine—Heaven be good to her!—at that period of my life; and has often told me since what a pang of the heart it was to her to see all her care and affection of years forgotten by me in a minute, and for the sake of a little heartless jilt, who was only playing with me while she could get no better suitor. For the fact is that, during the last four weeks of my illness, no other than Captain Quin was staying at Castle Brady, and making love to Miss Nora in form. My mother did not dare to break this news to me, and you may be sure that Nora herself kept it a secret; it was only by chance that I discovered it.

Shall I tell you how? The minx had been to see me one day, as I sat up in my bed, convalescent; she was in such high spirits, and so gracious and kind to me, that my heart poured over with joy and gladness, and I had even for my poor mother a kind word and a kiss that morning. I felt myself so well that I ate up a whole chicken and promised my uncle, who had come to see me, to be ready against partridge-shooting, to accompany him, as my custom was.

The next day but one was a Sunday, and I had a project for
that day which I determined to realize, in spite of all the doctor's and my mother's injunctions; which were that I was on no account to leave the house, for the fresh air would be the death of me.

Well, I lay wondrous quiet, composing a copy of verses, the first I ever made in my life; and I give them here, spelt as I spelt them in those days when I knew no better. And though they are not so polished and elegant as 'Ardelia, ease a Love-sick Swain,' and 'When Sol bedecks the Daisied Mead,' and other lyrical effusions of mine which obtained me so much reputation in after life, I still think them pretty good for a humble lad of fifteen:

THE ROSE OF FLORA.

Sent by a Young Gentleman of Quality to Miss Br—dy, of Castle Brady.

On Brady's tower there grows a flower,  
It is the loveliest flower that blows,—
At Castle Brady there lives a lady,  
(And how I love her no one knows);
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora  
Presents her with this blooming rose.
'O Lady Nora,' says the goddess Flora,  
'I've many a rich and bright parterre:
In Brady's towers there's seven more flowers,  
But you're the fairest lady there:
Not all the county, nor Ireland's bounty,  
Can procure a treasure that's half so fair!'
What cheek is redder? sure roses fed her!  
Her hair is maregolds, and her eye of blew
Beneath her eyelid is like a viaet,  
That darkly glints with gentle jew!
The lily's nature is not surely whiter  
Than Nora's neck is,—and her arrums too.
'Come, gentle Nora,' says the goddess Flora,  
'My dearest creature, take my advice,
There is a poet, full well you know it,  
Who spends his life-time in heavy sighs,—
Young Redmond Barry, 'tis him you'll marry,  
If rhyme and raisin you'd choose likewise.'

On Sunday, no sooner was my mother gone to church than I summoned Phil the valet, and insisted upon his producing my best suit, in which I arrayed myself (although I found that I had shot up so in my illness that the old dress was woefully too small for me), and with my notable copy of verses in my hand, ran down toward Castle Brady, bent upon beholding my beauty. The air was so fresh and bright, and the birds sang so loud amid the green trees, that I felt more elated than I had been for months before, and sprung down the avenue (my uncle had cut down every stick of the trees, by the way) as brisk as a young fawn. My heart began to thump as I mounted the grass-grown steps of the terrace, and passed in by the rickety hall door. The master and mistress were at church,
Mr. Screw, the butler, told me (after giving a start back at seeing my altered appearance, and gaunt, lean figure), and so were six of the young ladies.

'Was Miss Nora one?' I asked.

'No, Miss Nora was not one,' said Mr. Screw, assuming a very puzzled, and yet knowing look.

'Where was she?' To this question he answered, or rather made believe to answer, with usual Irish ingenuity, and left me to settle whether she was gone to Kilwangan on the pillion behind her brother, or whether she and her sister had gone for a walk, or whether she was ill in her room; and while I was settling this query, Mr. Screw left me abruptly.

I rushed away to the back court, where the Castle Brady stables stand, and there I found a dragoon whistling the 'Roast Beef of Old England,' as he cleaned down a cavalry horse. 'Whose horse, fellow, is that?' cried I. 'Feller indeed!' replied the Englishman; 'the horse belongs to my captain, and he's a better feller nor you any day.'

I did not stop to break his bones, as I would on another occasion, for a horrible suspicion had come across me, and I made for the garden as quickly as I could.

I knew somehow what I should see there. I saw Captain Quin and Nora pacing the alley together. Her arm was under his, and the scoundrel was fondling and squeezing the hand which lay closely nestling against his odious waistcoat. Some distance beyond them was Captain Fagan of the Kilwangan regiment, who was paying court to Nora's sister Mysie.

I am not afraid of any man or ghost; but as I saw that sight my knees fell a-trembling violently under me, and such a sickness came over me that I was fain to sink down on the grass by a tree against which I leaned, and lost almost all consciousness for a minute or two; then I gathered myself up, and, advancing toward the couple on the walk, loosened the blade of the little silver-hilted hanger I always wore in its scabbard; for I was resolved to pass it through the bodies of the delinquents, and spit them like two pigeons. I don't tell what feelings else besides those of rage were passing through my mind; what bitter blank disappointment, what mad wild despair, what a sensation as if the whole world was tumbling from under me. I make no doubt that my reader hath been jilted by the ladies many times, and so bid him recall his own sensations when the shock first fell upon him.

'No, Norelia,' said the captain (for it was the fashion of those times for lovers to call themselves by the most romantic
names out of novels), 'except for you and four others, I vow, before all the gods, my heart has never felt the soft flame!'

'Ah! you men, you men! Eugenio!' said she (the beast's name was John), 'your passion is not equal to ours. We are like—like some plant I've read of—we bear but one flower and then wedie!'

'Do you mean you never felt an inclination for another?' said Captain Quin.

'Never, my Eugenio, but for thee! How can you ask a blushing nymph such a question?'

'Darling Norelia!' said he, raising her hand to his lips.

I had a knot of cherry-colored ribbons, which she had given me out of her breast, and which somehow I always wore upon me. I pulled these out of my bosom, and flung them in Captain Quin's face, and rushed out with my little sword drawn, shrieking, 'She's a liar—she's a liar, Captain Quin! Draw, sir, and defend yourself, if you are a man!' and with these words I leaped at the monster and collared him, while Nora made the air echo with her screams; at the sound of which the other captain and Mysie hastened up.

Although I sprung up like a weed in my illness, and was now nearly attained to my full growth of six feet, yet I was but a lath by the side of the enormous English captain, who had calves and shoulders such as no chairman at Bath ever boasted. He turned very red, and then exceedingly pale at my attack upon him, and slipped back and clutched at his sword—when Nora, in an agony of terror, flung herself round him, screaming, 'Eugenio! Captain Quin, for Heaven's sake spare the child—he is but an infant.'

'And ought to be whipped for his impudence,' said the captain; 'but never fear, Miss Brady, I shall not touch him; your favorite is safe from me.' So saying, he stooped down and picked up the bunch of ribbons which had fallen at Nora's feet, and handing it to her, said in a sarcastic tone, 'When ladies make presents to gentlemen, it is time for other gentlemen to retire.'

'Good Heavens, Quin!' cried the girl; 'he is but a boy.'

'I'm a man,' roared I, 'and will prove it.'

'And don't signify any more than my parrot or lap-dog. Mayn't I give a bit of ribbon to my own cousin?'

'You are perfectly welcome, miss,' continued the captain; 'as many yards as you like.'

'Monster!' exclaimed the dear girl; 'your father was a tailor, and you are always thinking of the shop. But I'll have my revenge, I will! Reddy, will you see me insulted?'
'Indeed, Miss Nora,' says I, 'I intend to have his blood as sure as my name's Redmond.'
'I'll send for the usher to cane you, little boy,' said the captain, regaining his self-possession; 'but as for you, miss, I have the honor to wish you a good day.'
He took off his hat with much ceremony, made a low congé, and was just walking off, when Mick, my cousin, came up, whose ear had likewise been caught by the scream.
'Hoity-toity! Jack Quin, what's the matter here?' says Mick. 'Nora in tears, Redmond's ghost here with his sword drawn, and you making a bow?'
'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Brady,' said the Englishman; 'I have had enough of Miss Nora, here, and your Irish ways. I aint used to 'em, sir.'
'Well, well! what is it?' said Mick, good-humoredly (for he owed Quin a great deal of money as it turned out); 'we'll make you used to our ways, or adopt English ones.'
'It's not the English way for ladies to have two lovers' (the 'Henglish way,' as the captain called it), 'and so, Mr. Brady, I'll thank you to pay me the sum you owe me, and I resign all claims to this young lady. If she has a fancy for school-boys, let her take 'em, sir.'
'Pooh, pooh! Quin, you are joking,' said Mick.
'I never was more in earnest,' replied the other.
'By Heaven, then, look to yourself!' shouted Mick. 'Infamous seducer! infernaldeceiver!—you come and wind your toils round this sufferingangel here—you win her heart and leave her—and fancy her brother won't defend her? Draw this minute, you slave! and let me cut the wicked heart out of your body!'
'This is regularassassination,' said Quin, starting back, 'there's two on 'em on me at once. Fagan, you won't let 'em murder me?'
'Faith!' said Captain Fagan, who seemed mightily amused, 'you may settle your own quarrel, Captain Quin,' and coming over to me, whispered, 'At him again, you little fellow.'
'As long as Mr. Quin withdraws his claim,' said I, 'I, of course, do not interfere.'
'I do, sir—I do,' said Mr. Quin, more and more flustered. 'Then defend yourself like a man, curse you!' cried Mick again. 'Mysie, lead this poor victim away. Redmond and Fagan will see fair play between us.'
'Well, now—I don't—give me time—I'm puzzled. I—I don't know which way to look.'
'Like the donkey betwixt the two bundles of hay,' said Mr. Fagan dryly, 'and there's pretty pickings on either side.'
CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH I SHOW MYSELF TO BE A MAN OF SPIRIT.

During this dispute my cousin Nora did the only thing that a lady, under such circumstances, could do, and fainted in due form. I was in hot altercation with Mick at the time, or I should have, of course, flown to her assistance, but Captain Fagan (a dry sort of fellow this Fagan was) prevented me, saying, 'I advise you to leave the young lady to herself, Master Redmond, and be sure she will come to.' And so indeed, after a while, she did, which has shown me since that Fagan knew the world pretty well, for many's the lady I've seen in after times recover in a similar manner. Quin did not offer to help her, you may be sure, for, in the midst of the diversion caused by her screaming, the faithless bully stole away.

'Which of us is Captain Quin to engage?' said I to Mick; for it was my first affair, and I was as proud of it as of a suit of laced velvet. 'Is it you or I, Cousin Mick, that is to have the honor of chastising this insolent Englishman?' And I held out my hand as I spoke, for my heart melted toward my cousin under the triumph of the moment.

But he rejected the proffered offer of friendship. 'You—you!' said he, in a towering passion; 'hang you for a meddlying brat; your hand is in everybody's pie. What business had you to come brawling and quarreling here, with a gentleman who has fifteen hundred a year?'

'Oh,' gasped Nora, from the stone bench, 'I shall die; I know I shall. I shall never leave this spot.'

'The captain's not gone yet,' whispered Fagan; on which Nora, giving him an indignant look, jumped up and walked toward the house.

'Meanwhile,' Mick continued, 'what business have you, you meddling rascal, to interfere with a daughter of this house?'

'Rascal yourself!' roared I; 'call me another such name, Mick Brady, and I'll drive my hanger into your weazand. Recollect, I stood to you when I was eleven years old. I'm your match now, and, by Jove, provoke me, and I'll beat you like—like your younger brother always did.' That was a home cut, and I saw Mick turn blue with fury.

'This is a pretty way to recommend yourself to the family,' said Fagan, in a soothing tone.

'The girl's old enough to be his mother,' growled Mick.

'Old or not,' I replied; 'you listen to this, Mick Brady' (and
I swore a tremendous oath, that need not be put down here; 'the man that marries Nora Brady must first kill me—do you mind that?'

'Pooh, sir,' said Mick, turning away, 'kill you—flog you, you mean! I'll send for Nick the huntsman to do it'—and so he went off.

Captain Fagan now came up, and, taking me kindly by the hand, said I was a gallant lad, and he liked my spirit. 'But what Brady says is true,' continued he; 'it's a hard thing to give a lad counsel who is in such a far-gone state as you; but, believe me, I know the world, and if you will but follow my advice, you won't regret having taken it. Nora Brady has not a penny; you are not a whit richer. You are but fifteen, and she's four-and-twenty. In ten years, when you're old enough to marry, she will be an old woman; and, my poor boy, don't you see—though it's a hard matter to see—that she's a flirt, and does not care a pin for you or Quin either?'

But who in love (or in any other point, for the matter of that) listens to advice? I never did, and I told Captain Fagan fairly that Nora might love me or not, as she liked, but that Quin should fight me before he married her—that I swore.

'Faith,' says Fagan, 'I think you are a lad that's likely to keep your word;' and, looking hard at me for a second or two, he walked away likewise, humming a tune; and I saw he looked back at me as he went through the old gate out of the garden. When he was gone, and I was quite alone, I flung myself down on the bench where Nora had made believe to faint, and had left her handkerchief; and taking it up, hid my face in it, and burst into such a passion of tears as I would then have had nobody see for the world. The crumpled ribbon which I had flung at Quin lay in the walk, and I sat there for hours, as wretched as any man in Ireland, I believe, for the time being. But it's a changeable world! When we consider how great our sorrows seem, and how small they are; how we think we shall die of grief, and how quickly we forget, I think we ought to be ashamed of ourselves and our fickle-heartedness. For, after all, what business has Time to bring us consolation? I have not, perhaps, in the course of my multifarious adventures and experience, hit upon the right woman; and have forgotten, after a little, every single creature I adored; but I think, if I could but have lighted on the right one, I would have loved her forever.

I must have sat for some hours bemoaning myself on the garden bench, for it was morning when I came to Castle Brady,
and the dinner-bell clanged as usual at three o'clock, which wakened me up from my reverie. Presently I gathered up the handkerchief, and once more took the ribbon. As I passed through the offices I saw the captain's saddle was still hanging up at the stable-door, and saw his odious red-coated brute of a servant swaggering with the scullion girls and kitchen people. 'The Englishman's still there, Master Redmond,' said one of the maids to me (a sentimental black-eyed girl, who waited on the young ladies). 'He's there in the parlor, with the sweetest fillet of vale; go in, and don't let him brow-beat you, Master Redmond.'

And in I went, and took my place at the bottom of the big table, as usual, and my friend the butler speedily brought me a cover.

'Hallo, Reddy, my boy!' said my uncle, 'up and well? That's right.'

'He'd better be home with his mother,' growled my aunt.

'Don't mind her,' says Uncle Brady; 'it's the cold goose she ate at breakfast didn't agree with her. Take a glass of spirits, Mrs. Brady, to Redmond's health.' It was evident he did not know of what had happened, but Mick, who was at dinner too, and Ulick and almost all the girls, looked exceedingly black, and the captain foolish; and Miss Nora, who was again by his side, ready to cry. Captain Fagan sat smiling; and I looked on as cold as a stone. I thought the dinner would choke me; but I was determined to put a good face on it, and when the cloth was drawn, filled my glass with the rest; and we drank the King and the Church, as gentlemen should. My uncle was in high good humor, and especially always joking with Nora and the captain. It was, 'Nora, divide that merry-thought with the captain! see who'll be married first.' 'Jack Quin, my dear boy, never mind a clean glass for the claret, we're short of crystal at Castle Brady; take Nora's, and the wine will taste none the worse;' and so on. He was in the highest glee, I did not know why. Had there been a reconciliation between the faithless girl and her lover since they had come into the house?

I learned the truth very soon. At the third toast, it was always the custom for the ladies to withdraw; but my uncle stopped them this time, in spite of the remonstrances of Nora, who said, 'Oh, pa! do let us go!' and said, 'No, Mrs. Brady and ladies, if you please; this is a sort of toast that is drunk a great dale too seldom in my family, and you'll please to receive it with all the honors.' Here's Captain and Mrs. John
Quin, and long life to them. Kiss her, Jack, you rogue; for faith you've got a treasure!

'He has already——' I screeched out, springing up.

'Hold your tongue, you fool—hold your tongue!' said big Ulick, who sat by me; but I wouldn't hear.

'He has already,' I screamed, 'been slapped in the face this morning, Captain John Quin; he's already been called coward, Captain John Quin; and this is the way I'll drink his health. Here's your health, Captain John Quin!' And I flung a glass of claret into his face. I don't know how he looked after it, for the next moment I myself was under the table, tripped up by Ulick, who hit me a violent cuff on the head as I went down; and I had hardly leisure to hear the general screaming and skurrying that was taking place above me, being so fully occupied with kicks, and thumps, and curses, with which Ulick was belaboring me. 'You fool!' roared he—'you great blundering marplot—you silly beggarly brat' (a thump at each), 'hold your tongue!' These blows from Ulick, of course, I did not care for, for he had always been my friend, and had been in the habit of thrashing me all my life.

When I got up from under the table all the ladies were gone; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the captain's nose was bleeding, as mine was—*his* was cut across the bridge, and his beauty spoiled forever. Ulick shook himself, sat down quietly, filled a bumper, and pushed the bottle to me. 'There, you young donkey,' said he, 'sup that; and let's hear no more of your braying.'

'In Heaven's name, what does all the row mean?' says my uncle. 'Is the boy in the fever again?'

'It's all your fault,' said Mick sulkily; 'yours and those who brought him here.'

'Hold your noise, Mick!' says Ulick, turning on him; 'speak civil of my father and me, and don't let me be called upon to teach you manners.'

'It is your fault,' repeated Mick. 'What business has the vagabond here? If I had my will, I'd have him flogged and turned out.'

'And so he should be,' said Captain Quin.

'You'd best not try it, Quin,' said Ulick, who was always my champion, and turning to his father, 'the fact is, sir, that the young monkey has fallen in love with Nora, and finding her and the captain mighty sweet in the garden to-day, he was for murdering Jack Quin.'

'Gad, he's beginning young,' said my uncle, quite good-
humoredly. 'Faith, Fagan, that boy's a Brady, every inch of him.'

'And I'll tell you what, Mr. B.,' cried Quin, bristling up; 'I've been insulted grossly in this house. I ain't at all satisfied with these here ways of going on. I'm an Englishman, I am, and a man of property; and I—I—'

'If you're insulted, and not satisfied, remember there's two of us, Quin,' said Ulick gruffly. On which the captain fell to washing his nose in water, and answered never a word.

'Mr. Quin,' said I, in the most dignified tone I could assume, 'may also have satisfaction any time he pleases, by calling on Redmond Barry, Esq., of Barryville.' At which speech my uncle burst out a-laughing (as he did at everything); and in this laugh Captain Fagan, much to my mortification, joined. I turned rather smartly upon him, however, and bade him to understand that as for my cousin Ulick, who had been my best friend through life, I could put up with rough treatment from him; yet, though I was a boy, even that sort of treatment I would bear from him no longer; and any other person who ventured on the like would find me a man, to their cost. 'Mr. Quin,' I added, 'knows that fact very well; and if he's a man, he'll know where to find me.'

My uncle now observed that it was getting late, and that my mother would be anxious about me. 'One of you had better go home with him,' said he, turning to his sons, 'or the lad may be playing more pranks.' But Ulick said, with a nod to his brother, 'Both of us ride home with Quin here.'

'I'm not afraid of Freny's people,' said the captain, with a faint attempt at a laugh; 'my man is armed, and so am I.'

'You know the use of arms very well, Quin,' said Ulick; 'and no one can doubt your courage; but Mick and I will see you home for all that.'

'Why, you'll not be home till morning, boys. Kilwangan's a good ten mile from here.'

'We'll sleep at Quin's quarters,' replied Ulick; 'we're going to stop a week there.'

'Thank you,' says Quin, very faint; 'it's very kind of you.'

'You'll be lonely, you know, without us.'

'Oh, yes, very lonely!' says Quin.

'And in another week, my boy,' says Ulick (and here he whispered something in the captain's ear, in which I caught the words 'marriage,' 'parson,' and felt all my fury returning again).

'As you please,' whined out the captain; and the horses were quickly brought round, and the three gentlemen rode away.
Fagan stopped, and at my uncle's injunction walked across the old treeless park with me. He said that after the quarrel at dinner he thought I would scarcely want to see the ladies that night, in which opinion I concurred entirely; and so we went off without an adieu.

'A pretty day's work of it you have made, Master Redmond,' said he. 'What! you a friend to the Bradys, and knowing your uncle to be distressed for money, try and break off a match which will bring fifteen hundred a year into the family? Quin has promised to pay off the four thousand pounds which is bothering your uncle so. He takes a girl without a penny—a girl with no more beauty than yonder bullock. Well, well, don't look furious; let's say she is handsome—there's no accounting for tastes; a girl that has been flinging herself at the head of every man in these parts these ten years past, and missing them all. And you, as poor as herself, a boy of fifteen—well, sixteen, if you insist—and a boy who ought to be attached to your uncle as to your father—'

'And so I am,' said I.

'And this is the return you make him for his kindness! Didn't he harbor you in his house when you were an orphan, and hasn't he given you rent free your fine mansion of Barryville yonder? And now, when his affairs can be put into order, and a chance offers for his old age to be made comfortable, who flings himself in the way of him and competence? You, of all others; the man in the world most obliged to him. It's wicked, ungrateful, unnatural. From a lad of such spirit as you are, I expect a truer courage."

'I am not afraid of any man alive,' exclaimed I (for this latter part of the captain's argument had rather staggered me, and I wished, of course, to turn it—as one always should when the enemy's too strong); 'and it's I am the injured man, Captain Fagan. No man wasever, since the world began, treated so. Look here—look at this ribbon. I've worn it in my heart for six months. I've had it there all the time of the fever. Didn't Nora take it out of her own bosom and give it me? Didn't she kiss me when she gave it me, and call me her darling Redmond?'

'She was practicing,' replied Mr. Fagan, with a sneer. 'I know women, sir. Give them time, and let nobody else come to the house, and they'll fall in love with a chimney sweep. There was a young lady in Fermoy—'

'A young lady in flames,' roared I (but I used a still hotter word). 'Mark this; come what will of it, I swear I'll fight the man who pretends to the hand of Nora Brady. I'll follow
him, if it’s into the church, and meet him there. I’ll have his blood, or he shall have mine; and this ribbon shall be found dyed in it. Yes! and if I kill him, I’ll pin it on his breast, and then she may go and take back her token.’ This I said because I was very much excited at the time, and because I had not read novels and romantic plays for nothing.

‘Well,’ says Fagan, after a pause, ‘if it must be, it must. For a young fellow, you are the most bloodthirsty I ever saw. Quin’s a determined fellow, too.’

‘Will you take my message to him?’ said I, quite eagerly.

‘Hush!’ said Fagan; ‘your mother may be on the lookout. Here we are, close to Barryville.’

‘Mind! not a word to my mother,’ I said; and went into the house swelling with pride and exultation to think that I should have a chance against the Englishman I hated so.

Tim, my servant, had come up from Barryville on my mother’s return from church; for the good lady was rather alarmed at my absence, and anxious for my return. But he had seen me go in to dinner at the invitation of the sentimental lady’s maid; and when he had had his own share of the good things in the kitchen, which was always better furnished than ours at home, had walked back again to inform his mistress where I was, and, no doubt, to tell her, in his own fashion, of all the events that had happened at Castle Brady. In spite of my precautions to secrecy, then, I half suspected that my mother knew all, from the manner in which she embraced me on my arrival, and received our guest, Captain Fagan. The poor soul looked a little anxious and flushed, and every now and then gazed very hard in the captain’s face; but she said not a word about the quarrel, for she had a noble spirit, and would as lief have seen anyone of her kindred hanged as shirking from the field of honor. What has become of those gallant feelings nowadays? Sixty years ago a man was a man, in old Ireland, and the sword that was worn by his side was at the service of any gentleman’s gizzard, upon the slightest difference. But the good old times and usages are fast fading away. One scarcely ever hears of a fair meeting now, and the use of those cowardly pistols, in the place of the honorable and manly weapon of gentlemen, has introduced a deal of knavery into the practice of dueling, that cannot be sufficiently deplored.

When I arrived at home I felt that I was a man in earnest, and welcoming Captain Fagan to Barryville, and introducing him to my mother, in a majestic and dignified way, said the captain must be thirsty after his walk, and called upon Tim
to bring up a bottle of the yellow-sealed Bordeaux, and cakes and glasses immediately.

Tim looked at the mistress in great wonderment; and the fact is that six hours previous I would as soon have thought of burning the house down as calling for a bottle of claret on my own account; but I felt I was a man now, and had a right to command; and my mother felt this too, for she turned to the fellow and said sharply, 'Don't you hear, you rascal, what your master says! Go, get the wine, and the cakes and glasses directly.' Then (for you may be sure she did not give Tim the keys of our little cellar) she went and got the liquor herself; and Tim brought it in, on the silver tray, in due form. My dear mother poured out the wine, and drank the captain welcome; but I observed her hand shook very much as she performed this courteous duty, and the bottle went clink, clink, against the glass. When she had tasted her glass, she said she had a headache, and would go to bed; and so I asked her blessing, as becomes a dutiful son — the modern bloods have given up the respectful ceremonies which distinguished a gentleman in my time — and she left me and Captain Fagan to talk over our important business.

'Indeed,' said the captain, 'I see now no other way out of the scrape than a meeting. The fact is, there was a talk of it at Castle Brady, after your attack upon Quin this afternoon, and he vowed that he would cut you in pieces; but the tears and supplications of Miss Honoria induced him, though very unwillingly, to relent. Now, however, matters have gone too far. No officer, bearing his Majesty's commission, can receive a glass of wine on his nose — this claret of yours is very good, by the way, and by your leave we'll ring for another bottle — without resenting the affront. Fight you must; and Quin is a huge strong fellow.'

'He'll give the better mark,' said I; 'I am not afraid of him.'

'In faith,' said the captain, 'I believe you are not; for a lad, I never saw more game in my life.'

'Look at that sword, sir,' says I, pointing to an elegant silver-mounted one in a white shagreen case, that hung on the mantelpiece, under the picture of my father, Harry Barry. 'It was with that sword, sir, that my father pined Mohawk O'Driscol, in Dublin, in the year 1740; with that sword, sir, he met Sir Huddleston Fuddleston, the Hampshire baronet, and ran him through the neck. They met on horseback, with sword and pistol, on Hounsloew Heath, as I dare say you have heard tell of, and those are the pistols' (they hung on each side of the
picture) 'which the gallant Barry used. He was quite in the wrong, having insulted Lady Fuddlestone, when in liquor, at the Brentford assembly. But like a gentleman he scorned to apologize, and Sir Huddlestone received a ball through his hat, before they engaged with the sword. I am Harry Barry's son, sir, and will act as becomes my name and my quality.'

'Give me a kiss, my dear boy,' said Fagan, with tears in his eyes. 'You're after my own soul. As long as Jack Fagan lives you shall never want a friend or a second.'

Poor fellow! he was shot six months afterward, carrying orders to my Lord George Sackville, at Minden, and I lost thereby a kind friend. But we don't know what is in store for us, and that night was a merry one at least. We had a second bottle, and a third too (I could hear the poor mother going downstairs for each, but she never came into the parlor with them, and sent them in by the butler, Mr. Tim); and we parted at length, he engaging to arrange matters with Mr. Quin's second that night, and to bring me news in the morning as to the place where the meeting should take place. I have often thought since how different my fate might have been, had I not fallen in love with Nora at that early age; and had I not flung the wine in Quin's face, and so brought on the duel. I might have settled down in Ireland but for that (for Miss Quinlan was an heiress, within twenty miles of us, and Peter Burke, of Kilwangan, left his daughter Judy £700 a year, and I might have had either of them, had I waited a few years). But it was in my fate to be a wanderer, and that battle with Quin sent me on my travels at a very early age; as you shall hear anon.

I never slept sounder in my life, though I woke a little earlier than usual; and you may be sure my first thought was of the event of the day, for which I was fully prepared. I had ink and pen in my room—had I not been writing these verses to Nora but the day previous, like a poor wretched fool as I was? And now I sat down and wrote a couple of letters more; they might be the last, thought I, that I ever should write in my life. The first was to my mother.

Honored Madam [I wrote]: This will not be given you unless I fall by the hand of Captain Quin, whom I meet this day in the field of honor, with sword and pistol. If I die, it is as a good Christian and a gentleman; how should I be otherwise when educated by such a mother as you? I forgive all my enemies—I beg your blessing, as a dutiful son. I desire that my poor Nora, which my uncle gave me, and which I called after the most faithless of her sex, may be returned to Castle Brady, and beg you will give my silver-hilted hanger to Phil Purcell, the gamekeeper. Present my duty to my uncle and Ulick, and all the girls of my party there. And I remain your dutiful son,

Redmond Barry.

To Nora I wrote:

This letter will be found in my bosom along with the token you gave me. It will be dyed in my blood (unless I have Captain Quin's, whom I hate, but forgive), and will
be a pretty ornament for you on your marriage day. Wear it, and think of the poor boy to whom you gave it, and who died (as he was always ready to do) for your sake. Redmond.

These letters being written, and sealed with my father's great silver seal of the Barry arms, I went down to breakfast; where my mother was waiting for me, you may be sure. We did not say a single word about what was taking place; on the contrary, we talked of anything but that; about who was at church the day before, and about my wanting new clothes now I was grown so tall. She said I must have a suit against winter, if—if—she could afford it. She winced rather at the 'if,' Heaven bless her! I knew what was in her mind. And then she fell to telling me about the black pig that must be killed, and that she had found the speckled hen's nest that morning, whose eggs I liked so, and other such trifling talk. Some of these eggs were for breakfast, and I ate them with a good appetite; but in helping myself to salt I spilled it, on which she started up with a scream. 'Thank God!' said she, 'it's fallen toward me.' And then, her heart being too full, she left the room. Ah! they have their faults, those mothers; but are there any other women like them?

When she was gone I went to take down the sword with which my father had vanquished the Hampshire baronet, and would you believe it? the brave woman had tied a new ribbon to the hilt; for indeed she had the courage of a lioness and a Brady united. And then I took down the pistols, which were always kept bright and well oiled, and put some fresh flints I had into the focks, and got balls and powder ready against the captain should come. There was claret and a cold fowl put ready for him on the sideboard, and a case-bottle of old brandy too, with a couple of little glasses on the silver tray with the Barry arms emblazoned. In after life, and in the midst of my fortune and splendor, I paid thirty-five guineas, and almost as much more interest, to the London goldsmith who supplied my father with that very tray. A seomdrel pawnbroker would only give me sixteen for it afterward; so little can we trust the honor of rascally tradesmen!

At eleven o'clock Captain Fagan arrived, on horseback, with a mounted dragoon after him. He paid his compliments to the collation which my mother's care had provided for him, and then said, 'Look ye, Redmond, my boy; this is a silly business. The girl will marry Quin, mark my words; and as sure as she does you'll forget her. You are but a boy. Quin is willing to consider you as such. Dublin's a fine place, and if you have a mind to take a ride thither and see the town for a
month, here are twenty guineas at your service. Make Quin an apology, and be off.'

'A man of honor, Mr. Fagan,' says I, 'dies, but never apologizes. I'll see the captain hanged before I apologize.'

'Then there's nothing for it but a meeting,'

'My mare is saddled and ready,' says I; 'where's the meeting, and who's the captain's second?'

'Your cousins go out with him,' answered Mr. Fagan.

'I'll ring for my groom to bring my mare round,' I said, 'as soon as you have rested yourself.' Tim was accordingly dispatched for Nora, and I rode away, but I didn't take leave of Mrs. Barry. The curtains of her bedroom windows were down, and they didn't move as we mounted and trotted off... But two hours afterward you should have seen her as she came tottering downstairs, and heard the scream which she gave as she hugged her boy to her heart, quite unharmed and without a wound in his body.

What had taken place I may as well tell here. When we got to the ground, Ulick, Mick, and the captain were already there; Quin, flaming in red regimentals, as big a monster as ever led a grenadier company. The party were laughing together at some joke of one or the other; and I must say I thought this laughter very unbecoming in my cousins, who were met, perhaps, to see the death of one of their kindred.

'I hope to spoil this sport,' says I to Captain Fagan, in a great rage, 'and trust to see this sword of mine in yonder big bully's body.'

'Oh! it's with pistols we fight,' replied Mr. Fagan. 'You are no match for Quin with the sword.'

'I'll match any man with the sword,' said I.

'But swords are to-day impossible; Captain Quin is—is lame. He knocked his knee against the swinging park gate last night, as he was riding home, and can scarce move it now.'

'Not against Castle Brady gate,' says I; 'that has been off the hinges these ten years.' On which Fagan said it must have been some other gate, and repeated what he had said to Mr. Quin and my cousins, when, on alighting from our horses, we joined and saluted those gentlemen.

'Oh, yes! dead lame,' said Ulick, coming to shake me by the hand, while Captain Quin took off his hat and turned extremely red. 'And very lucky for you, Redmond, my boy,' continued Ulick; 'you were a dead man else; for he is a devil of a fellow—isn't he, Fagan?'
'A regular Turk,' answered Fagan, adding, 'I never yet knew the man who stood to Captain Quin.'

'Hang the business!' said Ulick; 'I hate it. I'm ashamed of it. Say you're sorry, Redmond; you can easily say that.'

'If the young feller will go to Dubling, as proposed,' here interposed Mr. Quin.

'I am not sorry—I'll not apologize—and I'll as soon go to Dubling as to —' said I, with a stamp of my foot.

'There's nothing else for it,' said Ulick, with a laugh, to Fagan. 'Take your ground, Fagan; twelve paces, I suppose?'

'Ten, sir,' said Mr. Quin, in a big voice; 'and make them short ones, do you hear, Captain Fagan?'

'Don't bully, Mr. Quin,' said Ulick surlily; 'here are the pistols.' And he added, with some emotion, to me, 'God bless you, my boy; and when I count three, fire.'

Mr. Fagan put my pistol into my hand; that is, not one of mine (which were to serve, if need were, for the next round) but one of Ulick's. 'They are all right,' said he. 'Never fear; and, Redmond, fire at his neck—it hit him there under the gorget. See how the fool shows himself open.'

Mick, who had never spoken a word, Ulick, and the captain retired to one side, and Ulick gave the signal. It was slowly given, and I had leisure to cover my man well. I saw him changing color and trembling as the numbers were given. At 'three,' both our pistols went off. I heard something whiz by me, and my antagonist, giving a most horrible groan, staggered backward and fell.

'He's down—he's down!' cried the seconds, running toward him. Ulick lifted him up—Mick took his head.

'He's hit here, in the neck,' said Mick; and laying open his coat, blood was seen gurgling from under his gorget, at the very spot at which I aimed.

'How is it with you?' said Ulick. 'Is he really hit?' said he, looking hard at him. The unfortunate man did not answer, but when the support of Ulick's arm was withdrawn from his back, groaned once more, and fell backward.

'The young fellow has begun well,' said Mick, with a scowl. 'You had better ride off, young sir, before the police are up. They had wind of the business before we left Kilwangan.'

'Is he quite dead?' said I.

'Quite dead,' answered Mick.

'Then the world's rid of a coward,' said Captain Fagan, giving the huge prostrate body a scornful kick with his foot. 'It's all over with him, Reddy—he doesn't stir.'
'We are not cowards, Fagan,' said Ulick roughly, 'whatever he was! Let's get the boy off as quick as we may. Your man shall go for a cart, and take away the body of this unhappy gentleman. This has been a sad day's work for our family, Redmond Barry; you have robbed us of £1500 a year. 'It was Nora did it,' said I; 'not I.' And I took the ribbon she gave me out of my waistcoat, and the letter, and flung them down on the body of Captain Quin. 'There!' says I—'take her those ribbons. She'll know what they mean; and that's all that's left to her of two lovers she had and ruined.'

I did not feel any horror or fear, young as I was, in seeing my enemy prostrate before me; for I knew that I had met and conquered him honorably in the field, as became a man of my name and blood.

'And now, in Heaven's name, get the youngster out of the way,' said Mick.

Ulick said he would ride with me, and off accordingly we galloped, never drawing bridle till we came to my mother's door. When there, Ulick told Tim to feed my mare, as I would have far to ride that day, and I was in the poor mother's arms in a minute.

I need not tell how great were her pride and exultation when she heard from Ulick's lips the account of my behavior at the duel. He urged, however, that I should go into hiding for a short time; and it was agreed between them that I should drop my name of Barry, and taking that of Redmond, go to Dublin, and there wait until matters were blown over. This arrangement was not come to without some discussion; for why should I not be as safe at Barryville, she said, as my cousin and Ulick at Castle Brady? bailiffs and duns never got near them; why should constables be enabled to come upon me? But Ulick persisted in the necessity of my instant departure; in which argument, as I was anxious to see the world, I must confess, I sided with him; and my mother was brought to see that in our small house at Barryville, in the midst of the village, and with the guard but of a couple of servants, escape would be impossible. So the kind soul was forced to yield to my cousin's entreaties, who promised her, however, that the affair would soon be arranged, and that I should be restored to her. Ah! how little did he know what fortune was in store for me!

My dear mother had some forebodings, I think, that our separation was to be a long one; for she told me that all night long she had been consulting the cards regarding my fate in the duel; and that all the signs betokened a separation; then,
taking out a stocking from her escritoire, the kind soul put twenty guineas in a purse for me (she had herself but twenty-five), and made up a little valise, to be placed at the back of my mare, in which were my clothes, linen, and a silver dressing case of my father's. She bade me, too, to keep the sword and the pistols I had known to use so like a man. She hurried my departure now (though her heart, I know, was full), and almost in half an hour after my arrival at home I was once more on the road again, with the wide world as it were before me. I need not tell how Tim and the cook cried at my departure; and, mayhap, I had a tear or two myself in my eyes; but no lad of sixteen is very sad who has liberty for the first time, and twenty guineas in his pocket; and I rode away, thinking I confess, not so much of the kind mother left alone, and of the home behind me, as of to-morrow, and all the wonders it would bring.

CHAPTER III.

I MAKE A FALSE START IN THE GENTEEL WORLD.

I rode that night as far as Carlow, where I lay at the best inn; and being asked what was my name by the landlord of the house, gave it as Mr. Redmond, according to my cousin's instructions, and said I was of the Redmonds of Waterford county, and was on my road to Trinity College, Dublin, to be educated there. Seeing my handsome appearance, silver-hilted sword, and well-filled valise, my landlord made free to send up a jug of claret without my asking; and charged, you may be sure, pretty handsomely for it in the bill. No gentleman in those good old days went to bed without a good share of liquor to set him sleeping, and on this my first day's entrance into the world, I made a point to act the fine gentleman completely; and, I assure you, succeeded in my part to admiration. The excitement of the events of the day, the quitting my home, the meeting with Captain Quin, were enough to set my brains in a whirl, without the claret; which served to finish me completely. I did not dream of the death of Quin, as some milksops, perhaps, would have done; indeed, I have never had any of that foolish remorse consequent upon any of my affairs of honor; always considering, from the first, that where a gentleman risks his own life in mainy combat, he is a fool to be ashamed because he wins. I slept at Carlow as sound as man could sleep; drank a tankard of small beer and a toast to my breakfast; and exchanged the first of my gold pieces to settle the bill, not forgetting to pay all the servants liberally, and as
a gentleman should. I began so the first day of my life, and so have continued. No man has been at greater straits than I, and has borne more pinching poverty and hardship; but nobody can say of me that, if I had a guinea, I was not free-handed with it, and did not spend it as well as a lord could do.

I had no doubts of the future; thinking that a man of my person, parts, and courage, could make his way anywhere. Besides, I had twenty gold guineas in my pocket; a sum which (although I was mistaken) I calculated would last me for four months at least, during which time something would be done toward the making of my fortune. So I rode on, singing to myself, or chatting with the passers-by; and all the girls along the road said God save me for a clever gentleman! As for Nora and Castle Brady, between to-day and yesterday there seemed to be a gap as of half a score of years. I vowed I would never re-enter the place but as a great man; and I kept my vow too, as you shall hear in due time.

There was much more liveliness and bustle on the king's highroad in those times than in these days of stage coaches, which carry you from one end of the kingdom to another in a few score hours. The gentry rode their own horses or drove in their own coaches, and spent three days on a journey which now occupies ten hours; so that there was no lack of company for a person traveling toward Dublin. I made part of the journey from Carlow toward Naas with a well-armed gentleman from Kilkenny, dressed in green and a gold cord with a patch on his eye, and riding a powerful mare. He asked me the question of the day, and whether I was bound, and whether my mother was not afraid on account of the highwaymen to let one so young as myself to travel? But I said, pulling out one of them from a holster, that I had a pair of good pistols that had already done execution, and were ready to do it again; and here, a pockmarked man coming up, he put spurs to his bay mare and left me. She was a much more powerful animal than mine; and, besides, I did not wish to fatigue my horse; wishing to enter Dublin that night, and in reputable condition.

As I rode toward Kilcullen, I saw a crowd of the peasant people assembled round a one-horse chair, and my friend in green, as I thought, making off half a mile up the hill. A footman was howling 'Stop thief!' at the top of his voice; but the country fellows were only laughing at his distress, and making all sorts of jokes at the adventure which had just befallen.

'Sure you might have kept him off with your blunderbush!' says one fellow.
'Oh, the coward! to let the captain bate you; and he only one eye!' cries another.

'The next time my lady travels, she'd better lave you at home!' said a third.

'What is this noise, fellows?' said I, riding up among them, and, seeing a lady in the carriage very pale and frightened, gave a slash of my whip, and bade the red-shanked ruffians keep off. 'What has happened, madam, to annoy your ladyship?' I said, pulling off my hat and bringing my mare up in a prance to the chair-window.

The lady explained. She was the wife of Captain Fitzsimons, and was hastening to join the captain at Dublin. Her chair had been stopped by a highwayman; the great oaf of a servant-man had fallen down on his knees, armed as he was; and though there were thirty people in the next field working when the ruffian attacked her, not one of them would help her; but on the contrary wished the captain, as they called the highwayman, good luck.

'Sure he's the friend of the poor,' said one fellow, 'and good luck to him!'

'Was it any business of ours?' asked another. And another told, grinning, that it was the famous Captain Freny, who, having bribed the jury to acquit him two days back at Kilkenny assizes, had mounted his horse at the jail door, and the very next day had robbed two barristers who were going the circuit.

I told this pack of rascals to be off to their work, or they should taste of my thong, and proceeded, as well as I could, to comfort Mrs. Fitzsimons under her misfortunes. 'Had she lost much?' 'Everything; her purse, containing upward of a hundred guineas; her jewels, snuff-boxes, watches, and a pair of diamond shoe-buckles of the captain's.' These mishaps I sincerely commiserated; and knowing her by her accent to be an Englishwoman, deplored the difference that existed between the two countries and said that in our country (meaning England) such atrocities were unknown.

'You, too, are an Englishman?' said she, with rather a tone of surprise. On which I said I was proud to be such; as, in fact, I was; and I never knew a true Tory gentleman of Ireland who did not wish he could say as much.

I rode by Mrs. Fitzsimons' chair all the way to Naas; and, as she had been robbed of her purse, asked permission to lend her a couple of pieces to pay her expenses at the inn; which sum she was graciously pleased to accept, and was, at the same time, kind enough to invite me to share her dinner. To the lady's questions regarding my birth and parentage I replied
that I was a young gentleman of large fortune (this was not true; but what is the use of crying bad fish? My dear mother instructed me early in this sort of prudence), and good family in the county of Waterford; that I was going to Dublin for my studies, and that my mother allowed me five hundred per annum. Mrs. Fitzsimons was equally communicative. She was the daughter of General Granby Somerset, of Worcestershire, of whom, of course, I had heard (and though I had not, of course I was too well bred to say so); and had made, as she must confess, a runaway match with Ensign Fitzgerald Fitzsimons. Had I been in Donegal? No! That was a pity. The captain’s father possesses a hundred thousand acres there, and Fitzsimonsburgh Castle’s the finest mansion in Ireland. Captain Fitzsimons is the eldest son; and, though he has quarreled with his father, must inherit the vast property. She went on to tell me about the balls at Dublin, the banquets at the Castle, the horse races at the Phœnix, the ridottos and routs, until I became quite eager to join in those pleasures; and I only felt grieved to think that my position would render secrecy necessary, and prevent me from being presented at the court, of which the Fitzsimonses were the most elegant ornaments. How different was her lively rattle to that of the vulgar wenches at the Kilwangan assemblies. In every sentence she mentioned a lord or a person of quality. She evidently spoke French and Italian, of the former of which languages I have said I knew a few words; and, as for her English accent, why, perhaps I was no judge of that, for, to say the truth, she was the first real English person I had ever met. She recommended me, farther, to be very cautious with regard to the company I should meet at Dublin, where rogues and adventurers of all countries abounded; and my delight and gratitude to her may be imagined, when, as our conversation grew more intimate (as we sat over our dessert), she kindly offered to accommodate me with lodgings in her own house, where her Fitzsimons, she said, would welcome with delight her gallant young preserver.

‘Indeed, madam,’ said I, ‘I have preserved nothing for you.’ Which was perfectly true; for had I not come up too late after the robbery to prevent the highwayman from carrying off her money and pearls?

‘And sure, ma’am, them wasn’t much,’ said Sullivan, the blundering servant, who had been so frightened at Freny’s approach, and was waiting on us at dinner. ‘Didn’t he return you the thirteenspence in copper, and the watch, saying it was only pinchbeck?’
But his lady rebuked him for a saucy varlet, and turned him out of the room at once, saying to me when he had gone, 'that the fool didn’t know what was the meaning of a hundred-pound bill, which was in the pocketbook that Freny took from her.'

Perhaps, had I been a little older in the world's experience, I should have begun to see that Madam Fitzsimons was not the person of fashion she pretended to be; but, as it was, I took all her stories for truth, and, when the landlord brought the bill for dinner, paid it with the air of a lord. Indeed, she made no motion to produce the two pieces I had lent to her; and so we rode on slowly toward Dublin, into which city we made our entrance at nightfall. The rattle and splendor of the coaches, the flare of the linkboys, the number and magnificence of the houses, struck me with the greatest wonder; though I was careful to disguise this feeling, according to my dear mother's directions, who told me that it was the mark of a man of fashion never to wonder at anything, and never to admit that any house, equipage, or company he saw, was more splendid or genteel than what he had been accustomed to at home.

We stopped, at length, at a house of rather mean appearance, and were let into a passage by no means so clean as that at Barryville, where there was a great smell of supper and punch. A stout, red-faced man, without a periwig, and in rather a tattered nightgown and cap, made his appearance from the parlor, and embraced his lady (for it was Captain Fitzsimons) with a great deal of cordiality. Indeed, when he saw that a stranger accompanied her, he embraced her more rapturously than ever. In introducing me, she persisted in saying that I was her preserver, and complimented my gallantry as much as if I had killed Freny, instead of coming up when the robbery was over. The captain said he knew the Redmonds of Waterford intimately well; which assertion alarmed me, as I knew nothing of the family to which I was stated to belong. But I posed him, by asking which of the Redmonds he knew, for I had never heard his name in our family. He said he knew the Redmond of Redmondstown. 'Oh,' says I, 'mine are the Redmonds of Castle Redmond;' and so I put him off the scent. I went to see my nag put up at a livery stable hard by, with the captain's horse and chair, and returned to my entertainer.

Although there were the relics of some mutton-chops and onions on a cracked dish before him, the captain said, 'My love, I wish I had known of your coming, for Bob Moriarty and I just finished the most delicious venison pasty which his grace the Lord Lieutenant sent us, with a flask of sillery from
his own cellar. You know the wine, my dear? But as by-
gones are bygones, and no help for them, what say ye to a
fine lobster and a bottle of as good claret as any in Ireland?
Betty, clear these things from the table, and make the mistress
and our young friend welcome to our home.'

Not having small change, Mr. Fitzsimons asked me to lend
him a tenpenny-piece to purchase the dish of lobsters; but his
lady, handing out one of the guineas I had given her, bade the
girl get the change for that, and procure the supper; which
she did presently, bringing back only a very few shillings out
of the guinea to her mistress, saying that the fishmonger had
kept the remainder for an old account. 'And the more great
big blundering fool you, for giving the gold piece to him,'
roared Mr. Fitzsimons. I forget how many hundred guineas
he said he had paid the fellow during the year.

Our supper was seasoned, if not by any great elegance, at
least by a plentiful store of anecdotes concerning the highest
personages of the city, with whom, according to himself, the
captain lived on terms of the utmost intimacy. Not to be be-
hindhand with him, I spoke of my own estate and property
as if I was as rich as a duke. I told all the stories of the
nobility I had ever heard from my mother, and some that,
perhaps, I had invented; and ought to have been aware that
my host was an impostor himself, as he did not find out my
own blunders and misstatements. But youth is ever too con-
fident. It was some time before I knew that I had made no
very desirable acquaintance in Captain Fitzsimons and his
lady; and, indeed, went to bed congratulating myself upon
my wonderful good luck in having, at the outset of my adven-
tures, fallen in with so distinguished a couple.

The appearance of the chamber I occupied might, indeed,
have led me to imagine that the heir of Fitzsimonsburgh Castle,
County Donegal, was not as yet reconciled with his wealthy
parents; and, had I been an English lad, probably my sus-
picion and distrust would have been aroused instantly. But
perhaps, as the reader knows, we are not so particular in Ire-
land on the score of neatness as people are in this precise
country; hence the disorder of my bedchamber did not strike
me so much. For were not all the windows broken and stuffed
with rags even at Castle Brady, my uncle's superb mansion?
Was there ever a lock to the doors there, or if a lock, a handle
to the lock, or a hasp to fasten it to? So, though my bedroom
boasted of these inconveniences, and a few more; though my
counterpane was evidently a greased brocade dress of Mrs.
Fitzsimons', and my cracked toilet glass was not much bigger than a half-crown, yet I was used to this sort of ways in Irish houses, and still thought myself in that of a man of fashion. There was no lock to the drawers, which, when they did open, were full of my hostess' rouge-pots, shoes, stays, and rags; so I allowed my wardrobe to remain in my valise, but set out my silver dressing-apparatus upon the ragged cloth on the drawers, where it shone to great advantage.

When Sullivan appeared in the morning, I asked him about my mare, which he informed me was doing well. I then bade him bring me hot shaving water, in a loud, dignified tone.

'Hot shaving water!' says he, bursting out laughing (and I confess not without reason). 'Is it yourself you're going to shave?' said he. 'And maybe when I bring you up the water I'll bring you up the cat too, and you can shave her.' I flung a boot at the scoundrel's head in reply to this impertinence, and was soon with my friends in the parlor for breakfast. There was a hearty welcome, and the same cloth that had been used the night before; as I recognized by the black mark of the Irish-stew dish and the stain left by a pot of porter at supper.

My host greeted me with great cordiality; Mrs Fitzsimons said I was an elegant figure for the Phoenix; and indeed without vanity, I may say of myself that there were worse-looking fellows in Dublin than I. I had not the powerful chest and muscular proportion which I have since attained (to be exchanged, alas! for gouty legs and chalk-stones in my fingers; but 'tis the way of mortality), but I had arrived at near my present growth of six feet, and with my hair in buckle, a handsome lace jabot and wristbands to my shirt, and a red plush waistcoat, barred with gold, looked the gentleman I was born. I wore my drab coat with plate buttons, that was grown too small for me, and quite agreed with Captain Fitzsimons that I must pay a visit to his tailor, in order to procure myself a coat more fitting my size.

'I needn't ask whether you had a comfortable bed,' said he. 'Young Fred Pimpleton (Lord Pimpleton's second son) slept in it for seven months, during which he did me the honor to stay with me, and if he was satisfied, I don't know who else wouldn't be.'

After breakfast we walked out to see the town, and Mr. Fitzsimons introduced me to several of his acquaintances whom we met, as his particular young friend Mr. Redmond, of Waterford county; he also presented me at his hatter's and tailor's as a gentleman of great expectations and large
property, and although I told the latter that I should not pay him ready cash for more than one coat, which fitted me to a nicety, yet he insisted upon making me several, which I did not care to refuse. The captain, also, who certainly wanted such a renewal of raiment, told the tailor to send him home a handsome military frock, which he selected.

Then we went home to Mrs. Fitzsimons, who drove out in her chair to the Phœnix Park, where a review was, and where numbers of the young gentry were round about her; to all of whom she presented me as her preserver of the day before. Indeed, such was her complimentary account of me that before half an hour I had got to considered as a young gentleman of the highest family in the land, related to all the principal nobilities, a cousin of Captain Fitzsimons, and heir to £10,000 a year. Fitzsimons said he had ridden over every inch of my estate; and faith, as he chose to tell these stories for me, I let him have his way—indeed was not a little pleased (as youth is) to be made much of, and to pass for a great personage. I had little notion then that I had got among a set of impostors—that Captain Fitzsimons was only an adventurer, and his lady a person of no credit; but such are the dangers to which youth is perpetually subject, and hence let young men take warning by me.

I purposely hurry over the description of my life in which the incidents were painful, of no great interest except to my unlucky self, and of which my companions were certainly not of a kind befitting my quality. The fact was, a young man could hardly have fallen into worse hands than those in which I now found myself. I have been to Donegal since, and have never seen the famous castle of Fitzsimonsburgh, which is, likewise, unknown to the oldest inhabitants of that country nor are the Granby Somersets much better known in Hampshire. The couple into whose hands I had fallen were of a sort much more common then than at present, for the vast wars of later days have rendered it very difficult for noblemen's footmen or hangers-on to procure commissions; and such, in fact, had been the original station of Captain Fitzsimons. Had I known his origin, of course I would have died rather than have associated with him; but in those simple days of youth I took his tales for truth, and fancied myself in high luck at being, in my outset into life, introduced into such a family. Alas! we are the sport of destiny. When I consider upon what small circumstances all the great events of my life have turned, I can hardly believe myself to have been anything
but a puppet in the hands of Fate; which has played its most fantastic tricks upon me.

The captain had been a gentleman's gentleman, and his lady of no higher rank. The society which this worthy pair kept was at a sort of ordinary which they held, and at which their friends were always welcome on payment of a certain moderate sum for their dinner. After dinner, you may be sure that cards were not wanting, and that the company who played did not play for love merely. To these parties persons of all sorts would come; young bloods from the regiments garrisoned in Dublin; young clerks from the Castle; horse-riding, wine-tipping, watchman-beating men of fashion about town, such as existed in Dublin in that day more than in any other city with which I am acquainted in Europe. I never knew young fellows make such a show, and upon such small means. I never knew young gentlemen with what I may call such a genius for idleness; and whereas an Englishman with fifty guineas a year is not able to do much more than to starve, and toil like a slave in a profession, a young Irish buck with the same sum will keep his horses, and drink his bottle, and live as lazy as a lord. Here was a doctor who never had a patient, check by jowl with an attorney who never had a client; neither had a guinea—each had a good horse to ride in the Park, and the best of clothes to his back. A sporting clergyman without a living, several young wine merchants, who consumed much more liquor than they had or sold; and men of similar character, formed the society at the house into which, by ill luck, I was thrown. What could happen to a man but misfortune from associating with such company? I have not mentioned the ladies of the society, who were, perhaps, no better than the males—and in a very, very short time I became their prey.

As for my poor twenty guineas, in three days I saw, with terror, that they had dwindled down to eight; theaters and taverns having already made such cruel inroads in my purse. At play I had lost, it is true, a couple of pieces; but seeing that everyone round about me played upon honor and gave their bills, I, of course, preferred that medium to the payment of ready money, and when I lost paid on account.

With the tailors, saddlers, and others, I employed similar means; and in so far Mr. Fitzsimons' representation did me good, for the tradesmen took him at his word regarding my fortune (I have since learned that the rascal pigeoned several other young men of property), and for a little time supplied me with any goods I might be pleased to order. At length,
my cash running low, I was compelled to pawn some of the
suits with which the tailor had provided me; for I did not
like to part with my mare, on which I daily rode in the Park,
and which I loved as the gift of my respected uncle. I raised
some little money, too, on a few trinkets which I had pur-
chased of a jeweler who pressed his credit upon me; and thus
was enabled to keep up appearances for yet a little time.
I asked at the post office repeatedly for letters for Mr. Red-
mond, but none such had arrived; and, indeed, I always felt
rather relieved when the answer of 'No' was given to me; for
I was not very anxious that my mother should know my pro-
ceedings in the extravagant life which I was leading at Dublin.
It could not last very long, however; for when my cash was
quite exhausted, and I paid a second visit to the tailor, request-
ing him to make me more clothes, the fellow hummed and ha'ed,
and had the impudence to ask payment for those already sup-
plied; on which, telling him I should withdraw my custom
from him, I abruptly left him. The goldsmith too (a rascal
Jew) declined to let me take a gold chain to which I had a
fancy; and I felt now, for the first time, in some perplexity.
To add to it, one of the young gentlemen who frequented
Mr. Fitzsimons' boarding house had received from me in the
way of play, an I O U for eighteen pounds (which I lost to
him at piquet), and which, owing Mr. Curbyn, the livery-
stable keeper, a bill, he passed into that person's hands.
Fancy my rage and astonishment then, on going for my mare,
to find that he positively refused to let me have her out of the
stable, except under payment of my promissory note! It was
in vain that I offered him his choice of four notes that I had
in my pocket—one of Fitzsimons' for £20, one of Counselor
Mulligan's, and so forth; the dealer, who was a Yorkshireman,
shook his head, and laughed at every one of them; and said,
'I tell you what, Master Redmond, you appear a young fellow
of birth and fortune, and let me whisper in your ear that you
have fallen into very bad hands—it's a regular gang of swin-
dlers; and a gentleman of your rank and quality should never
be seen in such company. Go home; pack up your valise, pay
the little trifle to me, mount your mare, and ride back again
to your parents—it's the very best thing you can do.'
In a pretty nest of villains, indeed, was I plunged! It seemed
as if all my misfortunes were to break on me at once; for on
going home and ascending to my bedroom in a disconsolate
way, I found the captain and his lady there before me, my
valise open, my wardrobe lying on the ground, and my keys
in the possession of the odious Fitzsimons.  'Whom have I been harboring in my house?' roared he, as I entered the apartment.  'Who are you, sirrah?'

'Sirrah! Sir,' said I, 'I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland.'

'You're an impostor, young man; a schemer, a deceiver!' shouted the captain.

'Repeat the words again and I will run you through the body,' replied I.

'Tut, tut! I can play at fencing as well as you, Mr. Redmond Barry.  Ah! you change color, do you—your secret is known, is it? You come like a viper into the bosom of innocent families; you represent yourself as the heir of my friends the Redmonds of Castle Redmond; I inthronjice you to the nobility and gentry of this methropolis' (the captain's brogue was large, and his words, by preference, long); 'I take you to my tradesmen, who give you credit, and what do I find? That you have pawned the goods which you took up at their houses.'

'I have given them my acceptances, sir,' said I with a dignified air.

'Under what name, unhappy boy—under what name?' screamed Mrs. Fitzsimons; and then, indeed, I remembered that I had signed the documents Barry Redmond instead of Redmond Barry; but what else could I do? Had not my mother desired me to take no other designation? After uttering a furious tirade against me, in which he spoke of the fatal discovery of my real name on my linen—of his misplaced confidence and affection, and the shame with which he should be obliged to meet his fashionable friends and confess that he had harbored a swindler, he gathered up the linen, clothes, silver toilet articles, and the rest of my gear, saying that he should step out that moment for an officer and give me up to the just revenge of the law.

During the first part of his speech, the thought of the imprudence of which I had been guilty, and the predicament in which I was plunged, had so puzzled and confounded me, that I had not uttered a word in reply to the fellow's abuse, but had stood quite dumb before him.  The sense of danger, however, at once roused me to action.  'Hark ye, Mr. Fitzsimons,' said I; 'I will tell you why I was obliged to alter my name; which is Barry, and the best name in Ireland.  I changed it, sir, because, on the day before I came to Dublin, I killed a man in deadly combat—an Englishman, sir, and a captain in his Majesty's service; and if you offer to let or hinder me in the slight-
est way, the same arm which destroyed him is ready to punish you; and by Heaven, sir, you or I don’t leave this room alive!’

So saying, I drew my sword like lightning, and giving a ‘ha! ha!’ and a stamp with my foot, lunged within an inch of Fitzsimons’ heart, who started back and turned deadly pale, while his wife, with a scream, flung herself between us.

‘Dearest Redmond,’ she cried, ‘be pacified. Fitzsimons, you don’t want the poor child’s blood. Let him escape—in Heaven’s name let him go.’

‘He may go hang for me,’ said Fitzsimons sulkily; ‘and he’d better be off quickly, too, for the jeweler and the tailor have called once, and will be here again before long. It was Moses the pawnbroker that peached; I had the news from him myself.’ By which I concluded that Mr. Fitzsimons had been with the new laced frock coat which he procured from the merchant tailor on the day when the latter first gave me credit.

What was the end of our conversation? Where was now a home for the descendant of the Barrys? Home was shut to me by my misfortune in the duel. I was expelled from Dublin by a persecution occasioned, I must confess, by my own imprudence. I had no time to wait and choose; no place of refuge to fly to. Fitzsimons, after his abuse of me, left the room growling, but not hostile; his wife insisted that we should shake hands, and he promised not to molest me. Indeed, I owed the fellow nothing; and, on the contrary, had his acceptance actually in my pocket for money lost at play. As for my friend Mrs. Fitzsimons, she sat down on the bed and fairly burst out crying. She had her faults, but her heart was kind; and though she possessed but three shillings in the world, and fourpence in copper, the poor soul made me take it before I left her—to go—whither? My mind was made up; there was a score of recruiting parties in the town beating up for men to join our gallant armies in America and Germany; I knew where to find one of these, having stood by the sergeant at a review in the Phoenix Park, where he pointed out to me characters on the field, for which I treated him to drink.

I gave one of my shillings to Sullivan, the butler of the Fitzsimonses, and, running into the street, hastened to the little alehouse at which my acquaintance was quartered, and before ten minutes had accepted his Majesty’s shilling. I told him frankly that I was a young gentleman in difficulties; that I had killed an officer in a duel, and was anxious to get out of the country. But I need not have troubled myself with any explanations; King George was too much in want of men then
to heed from whence they came, and a fellow of my inches, the sergeant said, was always welcome. Indeed, I could not, he said, have chosen my time better. A transport was lying at Dunleary, waiting for a wind, and on board that ship, to which I marched that night, I made some surprising discoveries which shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.
IN WHICH BARRY TAKES A NEAR VIEW OF MILITARY GLORY.

I never had a taste for anything but genteel company, and hate all descriptions of low life. Hence my account of the society in which I at present found myself must of necessity be short; and, indeed, the recollection of it is profoundly disagreeable to me. Pah! the reminiscences of the horrid black hole of a place in which we soldiers were confined, of the wretched creatures with whom I was now forced to keep company, of the plowmen, poachers, pickpockets, who had taken refuge from poverty, or the law (as, in truth, I had done myself), is enough to make me ashamed even now, and it calls the blush into my old cheeks to think I was ever forced to keep such company. I should have fallen into despair, but that, luckily, events occurred to rouse my spirits, and in some measure to console me for my misfortunes.

The first of these consolations I had was a good quarrel, which took place on the day after my entrance into the transport ship, with a huge red-haired monster of a fellow—a chairman, who had enlisted to fly from a vixen of a wife, who, boxer as he was, had been more than a match for him. As soon as this fellow—Toole, I remember, was his name—got away from the arms of the washerwoman his lady, his natural courage and ferocity returned, and he became the tyrant of all round about him. All recruits, especially, were the object of the brute's insult and ill treatment.

I had no money, as I said, and was sitting very disconsolately over a platter of rancid bacon and moldy biscuit, which was served to us at mess, when it came to my turn to be helped to drink, and I was served, like the rest, with a dirty tin noggin, containing somewhat more than half a pint of rum-and-water. The beaker was so greasy and filthy that I could not help turning round to the messman and saying, 'Fellow, get me a glass!' At which all the wretches round about me burst into a roar of laughter, the very loudest among them being, of course, Mr. Toole. 'Get the gentleman a towel for his hands, and serve
him a basin of turtle soup,' roared the monster, who was sitting, or rather squatting, on the deck opposite me; and as he spoke he suddenly seized my beaker of grog and emptied it, in the midst of another burst of applause.

'If you want to vex him, ax him about his wife the washerwoman, who bates him,' here whispered in my ear another worthy, a retired linkboy, who, disgusted with his profession, had adopted the military life.

'Is it a towel of your wife's washing, Mr. Toole?' said I. 'I'm told she wiped your face often with one.'

'Ax him why he wouldn't see her yesterday, when she came to the ship,' continued the linkboy. And so I put to him some other foolish jokes about soap-suds, henpecking, and flat-irons, which set the man into a fury, and succeeded in raising a quarrel between us. We should have fallen-to at once, but a couple of grinning marines, who kept watch at the door, for fear we should repent of our bargain and have a fancy to escape, came forward and interposed between us with fixed bayonets; but the sergeant coming down the ladder and hearing the dispute, condescended to say that we might fight it out like men with fists if we chose, and that the fore-deck should be free to us for that purpose. But the use of fists, as the Englishman called them, was not then general in Ireland, and it was agreed that we should have a pair of cudgels; with one of which weapons I finished the fellow in four minutes, giving him a thump across his stupid scone which laid him lifeless on the deck, and not receiving myself a single hurt of consequence.

This victory over the coek of the vile dunghill obtained me respect among the wretches of whom I formed part, and served to set up my spirits, which otherwise were flagging; and my position was speedily made more bearable by the arrival on board our ship of an old friend. This was no other than my second in the fatal duel which had sent me thus early out into the world, Captain Fagan. There was a young nobleman who had a company in our regiment (Gale's Foot), and who, preferring the delights of the Mall and the clubs to the dangers of a rough campaign, had given Fagan the opportunity of an exchange; which, as the latter had no fortune but his sword, he was glad to make. The sergeant was putting us through our exercise on deck (the seamen and officers of the transport looking grinning on) when a boat came from the shore bringing our captain to the ship; and though I started and blushed red as he recognized me—a descendant of the Barrys—in this degrading posture, I promise you that the sight of Fagan's
face was most welcome to me, for it assured me that a friend was near me. Before that I was so melancholy that I would certainly have deserted had I found the means, and had not the inevitable marines kept a watch to prevent any such escapes. Fagan gave me a wink of recognition, but offered no public token of acquaintance. It was not until two days afterward, and when we had bidden adieu to old Ireland and were standing out to sea, that he called me into his cabin, and then, shaking hands with me cordially, gave me news, which I much wanted, of my family. 'I had news of you in Dublin,' he said. 'Faith, you've begun early, like your father's son; and I think you could not do better than as you have done. But why did you not write home to your poor mother? She has sent a half dozen letters to you at Dublin.'

I said I had asked for letters at the post office, but there were none for Mr. Redmond. I did not like to add that I had been ashamed, after the first week, to write to my mother.

'We must write to her by the pilot,' said he, 'who will leave us in two hours; and you can tell her that you are safe and married to Brown Bess.' I sighed when he talked about being married; on which he said, with a laugh, 'I see you are thinking of a certain young lady at Brady's Town.'

'Is Miss Brady well?' said I; and indeed, could hardly utter it, for I certainly was thinking about her; for, though I had forgotten her in the gayeties of Dublin, I have always found adversity makes man very affectionate.

'There's only seven Miss Bradys now,' answered Fagan, in a solemn voice. 'Poor Nora——'

'Good Heavens! what of her?' I thought grief had killed her.

'She took on so at your going away that she was obliged to console herself with a husband. She's now Mrs. John Quin.'

'Mrs. John Quin! Was there another Mr. John Quin?' asked I, quite wonder-stricken.

'No; the very same one, my boy. He recovered from his wound. The ball you hit him with was not likely to hurt him. It was only made of tow. Do you think the Bradys would let you kill fifteen hundred a year out of the family?' And then Fagan further told me that, in order to get me out of the way—for the cowardly Englishman could never be brought to marry from fear of me—the plan of the duel had been arranged. 'But hit him you certainly did, Redmond, and with a fine thick plug-get of tow; and the fellow was so frightened that he was an hour in coming to. We told your mother the story afterward, and a pretty scene she made; she dispatched a half score of letters
to Dublin after you, but I suppose addressed them to you in your real name, by which you never thought to ask for them.'

'The coward!' said I (though, I confess, my mind was considerably relieved at the thoughts of not having killed him). 'And did the Bradys of Castle Brady consent to admit a poltroon like that into one of the most ancient and honorable families of the world?'

'He has paid off your uncle's mortgage,' said Fagan; 'he gives Nora a coach-and-six; he is to sell out, and Lieutenant Ulick Brady of the militia is to purchase his company. That coward of a fellow has been the making of your uncle's family. Faith! the business was well done.' And then, laughing, he told me how Mick and Ulick had never let him out of their sight, although he was for deserting to England, until the marriage was completed and the happy couple off on their road to Dublin. 'Are you in want of cash, my boy?' continued the good-natured captain. 'You may draw upon me, for I got a couple of hundred out of Master Quin for my share, and while they last you shall never want.'

And so he bade me sit down and write a letter to my mother, which I did forthwith in very sincere and repentant terms, stating that I had been guilty of extravagances, that I had not known until that moment under what a fatal error I had been laboring, and that I had embarked for Germany as a volunteer. The letter was scarcely finished when the pilot sang out that he was going on shore; and he departed, taking with him, from many an anxious fellow besides myself, our adieux to friends in old Ireland.

Although I was called Captain Barry for many years of my life, and have been known as such by the first people of Europe, yet I may as well confess I had no more claim to the title than many a gentleman who assumes it, and never had a right to an epanlet, or to any military decoration higher than a corporal's stripe of worsted. I was made corporal by Fagan during our voyage to the Elbe, and my rank was confirmed on terra firma. I was promised a halbert, too, and afterward, perhaps, an ensigny, if I distinguished myself; but Fate did not intend that I should remain long an English soldier; as shall appear presently. Meanwhile, our passage was very favorable; my adventures were told by Fagan to his brother officers, who treated me with kindness; and my victory over the big chairman procured me respect from my comrades of the fore-deck. Encouraged and strongly exhorted by Fagan, I did my duty resolutely; but, though affable and good-humored with the
men, I never at first condescended to associate with such low fellows; and, indeed, was called generally among them 'my lord.' I believe it was the ex-linkboy, a facetious knave, who gave me the title; and I felt that I should become such a rank as well as any peer in the kingdom.

It would require a greater philosopher and historian than I am to explain the causes of the famous Seven Years' War in which Europe was engaged; and, indeed, its origin has always appeared to me to be so complicated, and the books written about it so amazingly hard to understand, that I have seldom been much wiser at the end of a chapter than at the beginning, and so shall not trouble my reader with any personal disquisitions concerning the matter. All I know is that, after his Majesty's love of his Hanoverian dominions had rendered him most unpopular in his English kingdom, with Mr. Pitt at the head of the anti-German war party, all of a sudden, Mr. Pitt becoming Minister, the rest of the empire applauded the war as much as they had hated it before. The victories of Dettingen and Crefeld were in everybody's mouth, and 'the Protestant hero,' as we used to call' the godless old Frederick of Prussia, was adored by us as a saint a very short time after we had been about to make war against him in alliance with the Empress queen. Now, somehow, we were on Frederick's side; the Empress, the French, the Swedes, and the Russians were leagued against us; and I remember, when the news of the battle of Lissa came even to our remote quarter of Ireland, we considered it as a triumph for the cause of Protestantism, and illuminated and bonfired, and had a sermon at church, and kept the Prussian king's birthday; on which my uncle would get drunk; as indeed on any other occasion. Most of the low fellows enlisted with myself were; of course, Papists (the English army was filled with such, out of that never-failing country of ours), and these, forsooth, were fighting the battles of Protestantism with Frederick; who was belaboring the Protestant Swedes and the Protestant Saxons as well as the Russians of the Greek Church, and the Papist troops of the Emperor and the King of France. It was against these latter that the English auxiliaries were employed, and we know that, be the quarrel what it may, an Englishman and a Frenchman are pretty willing to make a fight of it.

We landed at Cuxhaven, and before I had been a month in the Electorate I was transformed into a tall and proper young soldier, and having a natural aptitude for military exercise, was soon as accomplished at the drill as the oldest
sergeant in the regiment. It is well, however, to dream of glorious war in a snug armchair at home; ay, or to make it as an officer, surrounded by gentlemen, gorgeously dressed and cheered by chances of promotion. But those chances do not shine on poor fellows in worsted lace; the rough texture of our red coats made me ashamed when I saw an officer go by; my soul used to shudder when, on going the rounds, I would hear their voices as they sat jovially over the mess table; my pride revolted at being obliged to plaster my hair with flour and candle grease, instead of using the proper pomatum for a gentleman. Yes, my tastes have always been high and fashionable, and I loathed the horrid company in which I was fallen. What chances had I of promotion? None of my relatives had money to buy me a commission, and I became soon so low-spirited that I longed for a general action and a ball to finish me, and vowed that I would take some opportunity to desert.

When I think that I, the descendant of the kings of Ireland, was threatened with a caning by a young scoundrel who had just joined from Eton college—when I think that he offered to make me his footman, and that I did not, on either occasion, murder him? On the first occasion I burst into tears (I do not care to own it) and had serious thoughts of committing suicide, so great was my mortification. But my kind friend Fagan came to my aid in the circumstance, with some very timely consolation. ‘My poor boy,’ said he, ‘you must not take the matter to heart so. Caning is only a relative disgrace. Young Ensign Fakenham was flogged himself at Eton school only a month ago; I would lay a wager that his scars are not yet healed. You must cheer up, my boy; do your duty, be a gentleman, and no serious harm can fall on you.’ And I heard afterward that my champion had taken Mr. Fakenham very severely to task for this threat, and said to him that any such proceedings for the future he should consider as an insult to himself; whereon the young ensign was, for the moment, civil. As for the sergeants, I told one of them that if any man struck me, no matter who he might be, or what the penalty, I would take his life. And, faith! there was an air of sincerity in my speech which convinced the whole bevy of them; and as long as I remained in the English service no rattan was ever laid on the shoulders of Redmond Barry. Indeed, I was in that savage, moody state that my mind was quite made up to the point, and I looked to hear my own dead march played as sure as I was alive. When I was made a
corporal some of my evils were lessened; I messed with the sergeants by special favor, and used to treat them to drink, and lose money to the rascals at play; with which cash my good friend Mr. Fagan punctually supplied me.

Our regiment, which was quartered about Stade and Luneburg, speedily got orders to march southward toward the Rhine, for news came that our great general, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, had been defeated—no, not defeated, but foiled in his attack upon the French under the Duke of Broglio, at Bergen, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, and had been obliged to fall back. As the allies retreated, the French rushed forward, and made a bold push for the Electorate of our gracious monarch in Hanover, threatening that they would occupy it, as they had done before, when D'Estréées beat the hero of Culloden, the gallant Duke of Cumberland, and caused him to sign the capitulation of Closter Seven. An advance upon Hanover always caused a great agitation in the royal bosom of the King of England; more troops were sent to join us, convoys of treasure were passed over to our forces, and to our ally's the King of Prussia; and although, in spite of all assistance, the army under Prince Ferdinand was very much weaker than that of the invading enemy, yet we had the advantage of better supplies, one of the greatest generals in the world; and, I was going to add, of British valor, but the less we say about that the better. My Lord George Sackville did not exactly cover himself with laurels at Minden; otherwise there might have been won there one of the greatest victories of modern times.

Throwing himself between the French and the interior of the Electorate, Prince Ferdinand wisely took possession of the free town of Bremen, which he made his storehouse and place of arms; and round which he gathered all his troops, making ready to fight the famous battle of Minden.

Were these memoirs not characterized by truth, and did I deign to utter a single word for which my own personal experience did not give me the fullest authority, I might easily make myself the hero of some strange and popular adventures, and, after the fashion of novel writers, introduce my readers to the great characters of this remarkable time. These persons (I mean the romance writers), if they take a drummer or a dustman for a hero, somehow manage to bring him in contact with the greatest lords and most notorious personages of the empire; and I warrant me there's not one of them but, in describing the battle of Minden, would manage to bring Prince Ferdinand, and my Lord George Sackville, and my
Lord Granby, into presence. It would have been easy for me to have said I was present when the orders were brought to Lord George to charge with the cavalry and finish the rout of the Frenchmen, and when he refused to do so, and thereby spoiled the great victory. But the fact is, I was two miles off from the cavalry when his lordship's fatal hesitation took place, and none of us soldiers of the line knew of what had occurred until we came to talk about the fight over our kettles in the evening, and repose after the labors of a hard fought day. I saw no one of higher rank that day than my colonel and a couple of orderly officers riding by in the smoke—no one on our side, that is. A poor corporal (as I then had the disgrace of being) is not generally invited into the company of commanders and the great; but, in revenge, I saw, I promise you, some very good company on the French part, for their regiments of Lorraine and Royal Cravates were charging us all day; and in that sort of mêlée high and low are pretty equally received. I hate bragging, but I cannot help saying that I made a very close acquaintance with the colonel of the Cravates; for I drove my bayonet into his body, and finished off a poor little ensign, so young, slender, and small, that a blow from my pigtail would have dispatched him, I think, in place of the butt of my musket, with which I clubbed him down. I killed, besides, four more officers and men, and in the poor ensign's pocket found a purse of fourteen louis-d'or, and a silver box of sugarplums; of which the former present was very agreeable to me. If people would tell their stories of battles in this simple way, I think the cause of truth would not suffer by it. All I know of this famous fight of Minden (except from books) is told here above. The ensign's silver bonbon box and his purse of gold; the livid face of the poor fellow as he fell; the huzzas of the men of my company as I went out under a smart fire and rifled him; their shouts and curses as we came hand in hand with the Frenchmen—these are, in truth, not very dignified recollections, and had best be passed over briefly. When my kind friend Fagan was shot, a brother captain, and his very good friend, turned to Lieutenant Rawson and said, 'Fagan's down; Rawson, there's your company.' It was all the epitaph my brave patron got. 'I should have left you a hundred guineas, Redmond,' were his last words to me, 'but for a cursed run of ill luck last night at faro.' And he gave me a faint squeeze of the hand; then, as the word was given to advance, I left him. When we came back to our old ground, which we presently did, he was
lying there still, but he was dead. Some of our people had already torn off his epaulets, and, no doubt, had rifled his purse. Such knaves and ruffians do men in war become! It is well for gentlemen to talk of the age of chivalry; but remember the starving brutes whom they lead—men nursed in poverty, entirely ignorant, made to take a pride in deeds of blood—men who can have no amusement but in drunkenness, debauch, and plunder. It is with these shocking instruments that your great warriors and kings have been doing their murderous work in the world; and while, for instance, we are at the present moment admiring the 'Great Frederick,' as we call him, and his philosophy, and his liberality, and his military genius, I, who have served him, and been, as it were, behind the scenes of which that great spectacle is composed, can only look at it with horror. What a number of items of human crime, misery, slavery, go to form that sum total of glory! I can recollect a certain day, about three weeks after the battle of Minden, and a farmhouse in which some of us entered; and how the old woman and her daughters served us, trembling, to wine; and how we got drunk over the wine and the house was in a flame presently; and woe betide the wretched fellow afterward who came home to look for his house and his children!

CHAPTER V.
IN WHICH BARRY TRIES TO REMOVE AS FAR FROM MILITARY GLORY AS POSSIBLE.

After the death of my protector, Captain Fagan, I am forced to confess that I fell into the very worst of courses and company. Being a rough soldier of fortune himself, he had never been a favorite with the officers of his regiment; who had a contempt for Irishmen, as Englishmen sometimes will have, and used to mock his brogue, and his blunt uncouth manners. I had been insolent to one or two of them, and had only been screened from punishment by his intercession; especially his successor, Mr. Rawson, had no liking for me, and put another man into the sergeant's place vacant in his company after the battle of Minden. This act of injustice rendered my service very disagreeable to me; and, instead of seeking to conquer the dislike of my superiors, and win their good will by good behavior, I only sought for means to make my situation easier to me, and grasped at all the amusements in my power. In a foreign country, with the enemy before us, and the people continually under contribution from one side or the
other, numberless irregularities were permitted to the troops which would not have been allowed in more peaceable times. I descended gradually to mix with the sergeants, and to share their amusements; drinking and gambling were, I am sorry to say, our principal pastimes; and I fell so readily into their ways that, though only a young lad of seventeen, I was the master of them all in daring wickedness; though there were some among them, who, I promise you, were far advanced in the science of every kind of profligacy. I should have been under the provost marshal’s hands, for a dead certainty, had I continued much longer in the army; but an accident occurred which took me out of the English service in rather a singular manner.

The year in which George II. died, our regiment had the honor to be present at the battle of Warburg (where the Marquis of Granby and his horse fully retrieved the discrediting which had fallen upon the cavalry since Lord George Sackville’s defalcation at Minden), and where Prince Ferdinand once more completely defeated the Frenchmen. During the action my lieutenant, Mr. Fakenham of Fakenham, the gentleman who had threatened me, it may be remembered, with the caning, was struck by a musket-ball in the side. He had shown no want of courage in this or any other occasion where he had been called upon to act against the French; but this was his first wound, and the young gentleman was exceedingly frightened by it. He offered five guineas to be carried into the town, which was hard by; and I and another man, taking him up in a cloak, managed to transport him into a place of decent appearance, where we put him to bed, and where a young surgeon (who desired nothing better than to take himself out of the fire of the musketry) went presently to dress his wound.

In order to get into the house, we had been obliged, it must be confessed, to fire into the locks with our pieces; which summons brought an inhabitant of the house to the door, a very pretty and black-eyed young woman, who lived there with her old half blind father, a retired Jagd-meister of the Duke of Cassel, hard by. When the French were in the town, meinherr’s house had suffered like those of his neighbors; and he was at first exceedingly unwilling to accommodate his guests. But the first knocking at the door had the effect of bringing a speedy answer; and Mr. Fakenham, taking a couple of guineas out of a very full purse, speedily convinced the people that they had only to deal with a person of honor.

Leaving the doctor (who was very glad to stop) with his patient, who paid me the stipulated reward, I was returning to
my regiment with my other comrade—after having paid, in my German jargon, some deserved compliments to the black-eyed beauty of Warburg, and thinking, with no small envy, how comfortable it would be to be billeted there—when the private who was with me cut short my reveries, by suggesting that we should divide the five guineas the lieutenant had given me.

'There is your share,' said I, giving the fellow one piece; which was plenty, as I was the leader of the expedition. But he swore a dreadful oath that he would have half; and, when I told him to go to a quarter which I shall not name, the fellow, lifting his musket, hit me a blow with the butt-end of it, which sent me lifeless to the ground; when I awoke from my trance, I found myself bleeding with a large wound in the head, and had barely time to stagger back to the house where I had left the lieutenant, when I again fell fainting at the door.

Here I must have been discovered by the surgeon on his issuing out; for when I awoke a second time I found myself in the ground-floor room of the house, supported by the black-eyed girl, while the surgeon was copiously bleeding me at the arm. There was another bed in the room where the lieutenant had been laid—it was that occupied by Gretel, the servant; while Lischen, as my fair one was called, had, till now, slept in the couch where the wounded officer lay.

'Who are you putting into that bed?' said he languidly, in German; for the ball had been extracted from his side with much pain and loss of blood.

They told him it was the corporal who had brought him.

'A corporal?' said he, in English; 'turn him out.' And you may be sure I felt highly complimented by the words. But we were both too faint to compliment or to abuse each other much, and I was put to bed carefully; and, on being undressed, had an opportunity to find that my pockets had been rifled by the English soldier after he had knocked me down. However, I was in good quarters; the young lady who sheltered me presently brought me a refreshing drink; and, as I took it, I could not help pressing the kind hand that gave it me; nor, in truth, did this token of my gratitude seem unwelcome.

This intimacy did not decrease with further acquaintance. I found Lischen the tenderest of nurses. Whenever any delicacy was to be provided for the wounded lieutenant, a share was always sent to the bed opposite his, and to the avaricious man's no small annoyance. His illness was long. On the second day the fever declared itself; for some nights he was delirious; and I remember it was when a commanding
office was inspecting our quarters, with an intention, very likely, of billeting himself on the house, that the howling and mad words of the patient overhead struck him, and he retired rather frightened. I had been sitting up very comfortably in the lower apartment, for my hurt was quite subsided; and it was only when the officer asked me with a rough voice why I was not at my regiment, that I began to reflect how pleasant my quarters were to me, and that I was much better here than crawling under an odious tent with a parcel of tipsy soldiers, or going the night rounds or rising long before daybreak for drill.

The delirium of Mr. Fakenham gave me a hint and I determined forthwith to go mad. There was a poor fellow about Brady’s Town called ‘Wandering Billy,’ whose insane pranks I had often mimicked as a lad, and I again put them in practice. That night I made an attempt upon Lischen, saluting her with a yell and a grin which frightened her almost out of her wits; and when anybody came I was raving. The blow on the head had disordered my brain; the doctor was ready to vouch for this fact. One night I whispered to him that I was Julius Cæsar, and considered him to be my affianced wife Queen Cleopatra, which convinced him of my insanity. Indeed, if her Majesty had been like my Æsculapius, she must have had a caroty beard such as is rare in Egypt.

A movement on the part of the French speedily caused an advance on our part. The town was evacuated, except by a few Prussian troops, whose surgeons were to visit the wounded in the place; and, when we were well, we were to be drafted to our regiments. I determined that I never would join mine again; my intention was to make for Holland, almost the only neutral country of Europe in these times, and thence to get a passage somehow to England, and home to dear old Brady’s Town.

If Mr. Fakenham is now alive I here tender my apologies for my conduct to him. He was very rich; he used me very ill. I managed to frighten away his servant who came to attend him after the affair at Warburg, and from that time would sometimes condescend to wait upon the patient, who always treated me with scorn; but it was my object to have him alone, and I bore his brutality with the utmost civility and mildness, meditating in my own mind a very pretty return for all his favors to me. Nor was I the only person in the house to whom the worthy gentleman was uncivil. He ordered the fair Lischen hither and thither, made impertinent love to her, abused her soups, quarreled with her omelettes, and grudged the money
which was laid out for his maintenance; so that our hostess detested him as much as, I think, without vanity, she regarded me.

For, if the truth must be told, I had made a very deep love to her during my stay under her roof; as is always my way with women, of whatever age or degree of beauty. To a man who has to make his way in the world, these dear girls can always be useful in one fashion or another; never mind, if they repel your passion; at any rate, they are not offended with your declaration of it, and only look upon you with more favorable eyes in consequence of your misfortune. As for Lischen, I told her such a pathetic story of my life (a tale a great deal more romantic than that here narrated, for I did not restrict myself to the exact truth in that history, as in these pages I am bound to do) that I won the poor girl’s heart entirely, and, besides, made considerable progress in the German language under her instruction. Do not think me very cruel and heartless, ladies; this heart of Lischen’s was like many a town in the neighborhood in which she dwelt, and had been stormed and occupied several times before I came to invest it; now mounting French colors, now green-and-yellow Saxon, now black-and-white Prussian, as the case may be. A lady who sets her heart upon a lad in uniform must prepare to change lovers pretty quickly, or her life will be but a sad one.

The German surgeon who attended us after the departure of the English only condescended to pay our house a visit twice during my residence; and I took care, for a reason I had, to receive him in a darkened room, much to the annoyance of Mr. Fakenham, who lay there; but I said the light affected my eyes dreadfully since my blow on the head; and so I covered up my head with clothes when the doctor came, and told him that I was an Egyptian mummy, or talked to him some insane nonsense, in order to keep up my character.

‘What is that nonsense you were talking about an Egyptian mummy, fellow?’ asked Mr. Fakenham peevishly.

‘Oh! you’ll know soon, sir,’ said I.

The next time that I expected the doctor to come, instead of receiving him in a darkened room, with handkerchiefs muffled, I took care to be in the lower room, and was having a game at cards with Lischen as the surgeon entered. I had taken possession of a dressing jacket of the lieutenant’s, and some other articles of his wardrobe, which fitted me pretty well, and, I flatter myself, was no ungentlemanlike figure.

‘Good-morrow, corporal,’ said the doctor, rather gruffly, in reply to my smiling salute.
‘Corporal! Lieutenant, if you please,’ answered I, giving an arch look at Lischen, whom I had not yet instructed in my plot. ‘How lieutenant?’ asked the surgeon. ‘I thought the lieutenant was——’

‘Upon my word, you do me great honor,’ cried I, laughing; ‘you mistook me for the mad corporal upstairs. The fellow has once or twice pretended to be an officer, but my kind host-ess here can answer which is which.’

‘Yesterday he fancied he was Prince Ferdinand,’ said Lischen; ‘the day you came he said he was an Egyptian mummy.’

‘So he did,’ said the doctor; ‘I remember; but, ha! ha! do you know, lieutenant, I have in my notes made a mistake in you two?’

‘Don’t talk to me about his malady; he is calm now.’

Lischen and I laughed at this error as at the most ridiculous thing in the world; and, when the surgeon went up to examine his patient, I cautioned him not to talk to him about the subject of his malady, for he was in a very excited state.

The reader will be able to gather from the above conversation what my design really was. I was determined to escape under the character of Lieutenant Fakenham; taking it from him to his face, as it were, and making use of it to meet my imperious necessity. It was forgery and robbery, if you like; for I took all his money and clothes, I don’t care to conceal it; but the need was so urgent that I would do so again; and I knew I could not effect my escape without his purse as well as his name. Hence it became my duty to take possession of one and the other.

As the lieutenant lay still in bed upstairs, I did not hesitate at all about assuming his uniform, especially after taking care to inform myself from the doctor whether any men of ours who might know me were in the town. But there were none that I could hear of; and so I calmly took my walks with Mme. Lischen, dressed in the lieutenant’s uniform, made inquiries as to a horse that I wanted to purchase, reported myself to the commandant of the place as Lieutenant Fakenham, of Gale’s English regiment of foot, convalescent, and was asked to dine with the officers of the Prussian regiment at a very sorry mess they had. How Fakenham would have stormed and raged, had he known the use I was making of his name!

Whenever that worthy used to inquire about his clothes, which he did with many oaths and curses that he would have me caned at the regiment for inattention, I, with a most respectable air, informed him that they were put away in perfect
safety below; and, in fact, had them very neatly packed, and ready for the day when I proposed to depart. His papers and money, however, he kept under his pillow; and, as I had purchased a horse, it became necessary to pay for it.

At a certain hour, then, I ordered the animal to be brought round, when I would pay the dealer for him—I shall pass over my adieux with my kind hostess, which were very tearful indeed—and then, making up my mind to the great action, walked upstairs to Fakenham's room attired in his full regimentals, and with his hat cocked over my left eye.

'You great scoundrel!' said he, with a multiplicity of oaths; 'you mutinous dog! what do you mean by dressing yourself in my regimentals? As sure as my name's Fakenham, when we get back to the regiment, I'll have your soul cut out of your body.'

'I'm promoted, lieutenant,' said I, with a sneer. 'I'm come to take my leave of you; and then going up to his bed I said, 'I intend to have your papers and purse.' With this I put my hand under his pillow; at which he gave a scream that might have called the whole garrison about my ears. 'Hark ye, sir!' said I, 'no more noise, or you are a dead man!' and taking a handkerchief, I bound it tight around his mouth so as well-nigh to throttle him, and, pulling forward the sleeves of his shirt, tied them in a knot together, and so left him; removing the papers and the purse, you may be sure, and wishing him politely a good-day.

'It is the mad corporal,' said I to the people down below, who were attracted by the noise from the sick man's chamber; and so taking leave of the old blind Jagd-meister, and an adieu (I will not say how tender) of his daughter, I mounted my newly purchased animal; and, as I pranced away, and the sentinels presented arms to me at the town gates, felt once more that I was in my proper sphere, and determined never again to fall from the rank of a gentleman.

I took at first the way toward Bremen, where our army was, and gave out that I was bringing reports and letters from the Prussian commandant of Warburg to headquarters; but, as soon as I got out of sight of the advanced sentinels, I turned bridle and rode into the Hesse-Cassel territory, which is luckily not very far from Warburg; and I promise you I was very glad to see the blue-and-red stripes on the barriers, which showed me that I was out of the land occupied by our countrymen. I rode to Hof, and the next day to Cassel, giving out that I was the bearer of dispatches to Prince Henry, then on
the Lower Rhine, and put up at the best hotel of the place, where the field officers of the garrison had their ordinary. These gentlemen I treated to the best wines that the house afforded, for I was determined to keep up the character of the English gentleman, and I talked to them about my English estates with a fluency that almost made me believe in the stories which I invented. I was even asked to an assembly at Wilhelmshöhe, the Elector's palace, and danced a minuet there with the Hofmarshal's lovely daughter, and lost a few pieces to his excellency the first huntmaster of his Highness.

At our table at the inn there was a Prussian officer, who treated me with great civility and asked me a thousand questions about England; which I answered as best I might. But this best, I am bound to say, was bad enough. I knew nothing about England, and the court, and the noble families there; but, led away by the vaingloriousness of youth (and a propensity which I possessed in my early days, but of which I have long since corrected myself, to boast and talk in a manner not altogether consonant with truth), I invented a thousand stories which I told him; described the King and the Ministers to him, said the British ambassador at Berlin was my uncle, and promised my acquaintance a letter of recommendation to him. When the officer asked me my uncle's name, I was not able to give him the real name, and so said his name was O'Grady; it is as good a name as any other, and those of Kilballyowen, County Cork, are as good a family as any in the world, as I have heard. As for stories about my regiment, of these, of course, I had no lack. I wish my other histories had been equally authentic.

On the morning I left Cassel, my Prussian friend came to me with an open smiling countenance, and said he, too, was bound for Düsseldorf, whither I said my route lay; and so laying our horses' heads together we jogged on. The country was desolate beyond description. The prince in whose dominions we were was known to be the most ruthless seller of men in Germany. He would sell to any bidder, and during the five years which the war (afterward called the Seven Years' War) had now lasted, had so exhausted the males of his principality that the fields remained untilled; even the children of twelve years old were driven off to the war, and I saw herds of these wretches marching forward, attended by a few troopers, now under the guidance of a red-coated Hanoverian sergeant, now with a Prussian sub-officer accompanying them; with some of whom my companion exchanged signs of recognition.
'It hurts my feelings,' said he, 'to be obliged to commune with such wretches; but the stern necessities of war demand men continually, and hence these recruiters whom you see market in human flesh. They get five-and-twenty dollars a man from our government for every man they bring in. For fine men—for men like you,' he added, laughing, 'we would go as high as a hundred. In the old king's time we would have given a thousand for you, when he had his giant regiment that our present monarch disbanded.'

'I knew one of them,' said I, 'who served with you; we used to call him Morgan Prussia.'

'Indeed! and who was this Morgan Prussia?'

'Why, a huge grenadier of ours, who was somehow snapped up in Hanover by some of your recruiters.'

'The rascals!' said my friend, 'and did they dare take an Englishman?'

'Faith this was an Irishman, and a great deal too sharp for them, as you shall hear. Morgan was taken, then, and drafted into the giant guard, and was the biggest man almost among all the giants there. Many of these monsters used to complain of their life, and their caning, and their long drills, and their small pay; but Morgan was not one of the grumblers. It's a deal better,' said he, 'to get fat here in Berlin than to starve in rags in Tipperary!' "

'Where is Tipperary?' asked my companion.

'That is exactly what Morgan's friends asked him. It is a beautiful district in Ireland, the capital of which is the magnificent city of Clonmel; a city, let me tell you, sir, only inferior to Dublin and London, and far more sumptuous than any on the Continent. Well, Morgan said that his birthplace was near that city, and the only thing which caused him unhappiness, in his present situation, was the thought that his brothers were still starving at home, when they might be so much better off in his Majesty's service.

"Faith," says Morgan to the sergeant, to whom he imparted the information, 'it's my brother Bin that would make the fine sergeant of the guards, entirely!'

"Is Ben as tall as you are?" asked the sergeant.

"As tall as me, it is? Why, man, I'm the shortest of my family! There's six more of us, but Bin's the biggest of all. Oh! out and out the biggest. Seven feet in his stocking, flat, as sure as my name's Morgan!"

"Can't we send and fetch them over, these brothers of yours?"
"Not you. Ever since I was seduced by one of you gentlemen of the cane, they've a mortal aversion to all sergeants," answered Morgan; "but it's a pity they cannot come too. What a monster Bin would be in a grenadier's cap!"

He said nothing more at the time regarding his brothers, but only sighed as if lamenting their hard fate. However, the story was told by the sergeant to the officers, and by the officers to the king himself; and his Majesty was so inflamed by curiosity that he actually consented to let Morgan go home in order to bring back with him his seven enormous brothers.'

'And were they as big as Morgan pretended?' asked my comrade. I could not help laughing at his simplicity.

'Do you suppose,' cried I, 'that Morgan ever came back? No, no; once free, he was too wise for that. He has bought a snug farm in Tipperary with the money that was given him to secure his brothers; and I fancy few men of the guards ever profited so much by it.'

The Prussian captain laughed exceedingly at this story, said that the English were the cleverest nation in the world, and, on my setting him right, agreed that the Irish were even more so. We rode on very well pleased with each other; for he had a thousand stories of the war to tell, of the skill and gallantry of Frederick, and the thousand escapes, and victories, and defeats scarcely less glorious than victories, through which the king had passed. Now that I was a gentleman, I could listen with admiration to these tales; and yet the sentiment recorded at the end of the last chapter was uppermost in my mind but three weeks back, when I remembered that it was the great general got the glory, and the poor soldier only insult and the cane.

'By the way, to whom are you taking dispatches?' asked the officer.

It was another ugly question, which I determined to answer at haphazard; and so said, 'To General Rolls.' I had seen the general a year before, and gave the first name in my head. My friend was quite satisfied with it, and we continued our ride until evening came on; and our horses being weary it was agreed that we should come to a halt.

'There is a very good inn,' said the captain, as we rode up to what appeared to me a very lonely looking place.

'This may be a very good inn for Germany,' said I, 'but it would not pass in old Ireland. Corbach is only a league off; let us push on for Corbach.'

'Do you want to see the loveliest woman in Europe?' said the officer. 'Ah! you sly rogue, I see that will influence you;'
and, truth to say, such a proposal was always welcome to me, as I don't care to own. 'The people are great farmers,' said the captain, 'as well as inn-keepers;' and, indeed, the place seemed more a farm than an inn-yard. We entered by a great gate into a court walled round, and at one end of which was the building, a dingy, ruinous place. A couple of covered wagons were in the court, their horses were littered under a shed hard by, and lounging about the place were some men, and a pair of sergeants in the Prussian uniform, who both touched their hats to my friend the captain. This customary formality struck me as nothing extraordinary; but the aspect of the inn had something exceedingly chilling and forbidding in it, and I observed the men shut to the great yard-gates as soon as we were entered. Parties of French horsemen, the captain said, were about the country, and one could not take too many precautions against such villains.

We went in to supper, after the two sergeants had taken charge of our horses; the captain also ordering one of them to take my valise to my bedroom. I promised the worthy fellow a glass of schnapps for his pains.

A dish of fried eggs and bacon was ordered from a hideous old wench that came to serve us, in place of the lovely creature I had expected to see; and the captain, laughing, said, 'Well, our meal's a frugal one, but a soldier has many a time a worse;' and, taking off his hat, sword-belt, and gloves, with great ceremony, he sat down to eat. I would not be behindhand with him in politeness, and put my weapon securely on the old chest of drawers where his was laid.

The hideous old woman before mentioned brought us in a pot of very sour wine, at which and at her ugliness I felt a considerable ill humor.

'Where's the beauty you promised me?' said I, as soon as the old hag had left the room.

'Bah!' said he, laughing, and looking hard at me; 'it was my joke. I was tired, and did not care to go farther. There's no prettier woman here than that. If she won't suit your fancy, my friend, you must wait a while.'

This increased my ill humor.

'Upon my word, sir,' said I sternly, 'I think you have acted very coolly!'

'I have acted as I think fit!' replied the captain.

'Sir,' said I, 'I'm a British officer!' 'It's a lie!' roared the other, 'you're a deserter! You're an impostor, sir; I have known you for such these three hours.
I suspected you yesterday. My men heard of a man escaping from Warburg, and I thought you were the man. Your lies and folly have confirmed me. You pretend to carry dispatches to a general who has been dead these ten months; you have an uncle who is an ambassador, and whose name forsooth you don't know. Will you join and take the bounty, sir, or will you be given up?

'Neither!' said I, springing at him like a tiger. But, agile as I was, he was equally on his guard. He took two pistols out of his pocket, fired one off, and said, from the other end of the table where he stood dodging me, as it were:

'Advance a step, and I send this bullet into your brains!' In another minute the door was flung open, and the two sergeants entered, armed with musket and bayonet to aid their comrade.

The game was up. I flung down a knife with which I had armed myself; for the old hag, on bringing in the wine, had removed my sword.

'I volunteer,' said I.

'That's my good fellow. What name shall I put on my list?'

'Write Redmond Barry of Bally Barry,' said I haughtily; 'a descendant of the Irish kings!'

'I was once with the Irish brigade, Roche's,' said the recruiter, sneering, 'trying if I could get any likely fellows among the few countrymen of yours that are in the brigade, and there was scarcely one of them that was not descended from the kings of Ireland.'

'Sir,' said I, 'king or not, I am a gentleman, as you can see.'

'Oh! you will find plenty more in our corps,' answered the captain, still in the sneering mood. 'Give up your papers, Mr. Gentleman, and let us see who you really are.'

As my pocketbook contained some banknotes as well as papers of Mr. Fakenham's, I was not willing to give up my property; suspecting very rightly that it was but a scheme on the part of the captain to get and keep it.

'It can matter very little to you,' said I, 'what my private papers are; I am enlisted under the name of Redmond Barry.'

'Give it up, sirrah!' said the captain, seizing his cane.

'I will not give it up!' answered I.

'Hound! do you mutiny?' screamed he, and, at the same time, gave me a lash across the face with the cane, which had the anticipated effect of producing a struggle. I dashed forward to grapple with him, the two sergeants flung themselves on me, I was thrown to the ground and stunned again; being hit on my former wound in the head. It was bleeding severely when
I came to myself, my laced coat was already torn off my back, my purse and papers gone, and my hands tied behind my back.

The great and illustrious Frederick had scores of these white slave dealers all round the frontiers of his kingdom, debauching troops or kidnapping peasants, and hesitating at no crime to supply those brilliant regiments of his with food for powder; and I cannot help telling here, with some satisfaction, the fate which ultimately befell the atrocious scoundrel who, violating all the rights of friendship and good-fellowship, had just succeeded in entrapping me. This individual was a person of high family and known talents and courage, but who had a propensity to gambling and extravagance, and found his calling as a recruit-decoy far more profitable to him than his pay of second captain in the line. The sovereign, too, probably found his services more useful in the former capacity. His name was M. de Galgenstein, and he was one of the most successful of the practicers of his rascally trade. He spoke all languages, and knew all countries, and hence had no difficulty in finding out the simple bragadocio of a young lad like me.

About 1765, however, he came to his justly merited end. He was at this time living at Kehl, opposite Strasburg, and used to take his walk upon the bridge there, and get into conversation with the French advanced sentinels; to whom he was in the habit of promising 'mountains and marvels,' as the French say, if they would take service in Prussia. One day there was on the bridge a superb grenadier, whom Galgenstein accosted, and to whom he promised a company, at least, if he would enlist under Frederick.

'Ask my comrade yonder,' said the grenadier; 'I can do nothing without him. We were born and bred together, we are of the same company, sleep in the same room, and always go in pairs. If he will go, and you will give him a captaincy, I will go too.'

'Bring your comrade over to Kehl,' said Galgenstein, delighted. 'I will give you the best of dinners, and can promise to satisfy both of you.'

'Had you not better speak to him on the bridge?' said the grenadier. 'I dare not leave my post; but you have but to pass, and talk over the matter.'

Galgenstein, after a little parley, passed the sentinel; but presently a panic took him, and he retraced his steps. But the grenadier brought his bayonet to the Prussian's breast and bade him stand; that he was his prisoner.

The Prussian, however, seeing his danger, made a bound
across the bridge and into the Rhine; whither, flinging aside his musket, the intrepid sentry followed him. The Frenchman was the better swimmer of the two, seized upon the recruiter, and bore him to the Strasburg side of the stream, where he gave him up.

‘You deserve to be shot,’ said the general to him, ‘for abandoning your post and arms; but you merit reward for an act of courage and daring. The king prefers to reward you,’ and the man received money and promotion.

As for Galgenstein, he declared his quality as a nobleman and a captain in the Prussian service, and applications were made to Berlin to know if his representations were true. But the king, though he employed men of his stamp (officers to seduce the subjects of his allies), could not acknowledge his own shame. Letters were written back from Berlin to say that such a family existed in the kingdom, but that the person representing himself to belong to it must be an impostor, for every officer of the name was at his regiment and his post. It was Galgenstein’s death warrant, and he was hanged as a spy in Strasburg.

‘Turn him into the cart with the rest,’ said he, as soon as I awoke from my trance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRIMP WAGON—MILITARY EPISODES.

The covered wagon to which I was ordered to march was standing, as I have said, in the courtyard of the farm, with another dismal vehicle of the same kind hard by it. Each was pretty well filled with a crew of men, whom the atrocious crimp who had seized upon me had enlisted under the banners of the glorious Frederick; and I could see by the lanterns of the sentinels, as they thrust me into the straw, a dozen dark figures huddled together in the horrible moving prison where I was now to be confined. A scream and a curse from my opposite neighbor showed me that he was most likely wounded, as I myself was; and, during the whole of the wretched night, the moans and sobs of the poor fellows in similar captivity kept up a continual painful chorus, which effectually prevented my getting any relief from my ills in sleep. At midnight (as far as I could judge) the horses were put to the wagons, and the creaking, lumbering machines were put in motion. A couple of soldiers, strongly armed, sat on the outer bench of the cart, and their grim faces peered in with their lanterns
every now and then through the canvas curtains, that they might count the number of their prisoners. The brutes were half drunk, and were singing love and war songs, such as ‘O Gretchen mein Taubchen, mein Herzenstrompet, mein Kanon, mein Heerpaak und meine Musket,’ ‘Prinz Eugen der edle Ritter,’ and the like; their wild whoops and jodels making doleful discord with the groans of us captives within the wagons. Many a time afterward have I heard these ditties sung on the march, or in the barrack room, or round the fires as we lay out at night.

I was not near so unhappy, in spite of all, as I had been on my first enlisting in Ireland. At least, thought I, if I am degraded to be a private soldier, there will be no one of my acquaintance who will witness my shame; and that is the point which I have always cared for most. There will be no one to say, ‘There is young Redmond Barry, the descendant of the Barrys, the fashionable young blood of Dublin, pipeclaying his belt and carrying his brown Bess.’ Indeed, but for that opinion of the world, with which it is necessary that every man of spirit should keep upon equal terms, I, for my part, would have always been contented with the humblest portion. Now here, to all intents and purposes, one was as far removed from the world as in the wilds of Siberia, or in Robinson Crusoe’s island. And I reasoned with myself thus: ‘Now you are caught, there is no use in repining; make the best of your situation, and get all the pleasure you can out of it. There are a thousand opportunities of plunder, etc., offered to the soldier in war time, out of which he can get both pleasure and profit; make use of these, and be happy. Besides, you are extraordinarily brave, handsome, and clever; and who knows but you may procure advancement in your new service?’

In this philosophical way I looked at my misfortunes, determining not to be cast down by them; and bore my woes and my broken head with perfect magnanimity. The latter was, for the moment, an evil against which it required no small powers of endurance to contend; for the jolts of the wagon were dreadful, and every shake caused a throb in my brain which I thought would have split my skull. As the morning dawned, I saw that the man next me, a gaunt, yellow-haired creature, in black, had a cushion of straw under his head.

‘Are you wounded, comrade?’ said I.

‘Praised be the Lord,’ said he, ‘I am sore hurt in spirit and body, and bruised in many members; wounded, however, am I not. And you, poor youth?’
'I am wounded in the head,' said I, 'and I want your pillow; give it me—I've a clasp-knife in my pocket!' and with this I gave him a terrible look, meaning to say (and mean it I did, for look you, à la guerre c'est à la guerre, and I am none of your milk-sops), that, unless he yielded me the accommodation, I would give him a taste of my steel.

'I would give it thee without any threat, friend,' said the yellow-haired man meekly, and handed me over his little sack of straw.

He then leaned himself back as comfortably as he could against the cart, and began repeating 'Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott,' by which I concluded that I had got into the company of a parson. With the jolts of the wagon, and accidents of the journey, various more exclamations and movements of the passengers showed what a motley company we were. Every now and then a countryman would burst into tears; a French voice would be heard to say, 'O mon Dieu! mon Dieu!' a couple more of the same nation were jabbering oaths and chattering incessantly; and a certain allusion to his own and everybody else's eyes, which came from a stalwart figure at the far corner, told me that there was certainly an Englishman in our crew.

But I was spared soon the tedium and discomforts of the journey. In spite of the clergyman's cushion, my head, which was throbbing with pain, was brought abruptly in contact with the side of the wagon; it began to bleed afresh; I became almost light-headed. I only recollect having a draught of water here and there; once stopping at a fortified town, where an officer counted us; all the rest of the journey was passed in a drowsy stupor, from which, when I awoke, I found myself lying in a hospital bed, with a nun in a white hood watching over me.

'They are in sad spiritual darkness,' said a voice from the bed next to me, when the nun had finished her kind offices and retired; 'they are in the night of error, and yet there is the light of faith in those poor creatures.'

It was my comrade of the crimp wagon, his huge broad face looming out from under a white night cap, and ensconced in the bed beside.

'What! you there, Herr Pastor?' said I.

'Only a candidate, sir,' answered the white night cap. 'But praised be Heaven! you have come to. You have had a wild time of it. You have been talking in the English language (with which I am acquainted) of Ireland, and a young lady, and Mick, and of another young lady, and of a house on fire,
and of the British Grenadiers, concerning whom you sung us parts of a ballad, and a number of other matters appertaining, no doubt, to your personal history.'

"It has been a very strange one," said I; "and, perhaps, there is no man in the world, of my birth, whose misfortunes can at all be compared to mine."

I do not object to own that I am disposed to brag of my birth and other acquirements; for I have always found that if a man does not give himself a good word, his friends will not do it for him.

"Well," said my fellow patient, "I have no doubt yours is a strange tale, and shall be glad to hear it anon; but at present you must not be permitted to speak much, for your fever has been long, and your exhaustion great."

"Where are we?" I asked; and the candidate informed me that we were in the bishopric and town of Fulda, at present occupied by Prince Henry's troops. There had been a skirmish with an out party of French near the town, in which, a shot entering the wagon, the poor candidate had been wounded.

As the reader knows already my history, I will not take the trouble to repeat it here, or to give the additions with which I favored my comrade in misfortune. But I confess that I told him ours was the greatest family and finest palace in Ireland, that we were enormously wealthy, related to all the peerage, descended from the ancient kings, etc.; and, to my surprise, in the course of our conversation, I found that my interlocutor knew a great deal more about Ireland than I did. When, for instance, I spoke of my descent—

"From which race of kings?" said he.

"Oh!" said I (for my memory for dates was never very accurate), "from the old ancient kings of all."

"What! can you trace your origin to the sons of Japhet?" said he.

"Faith, I can," answered I, "and farther too—to Nebuchadnezzar, if you like."

"I see," said the candidate, smiling, "that you look upon those legends with incredulity. These Partholans and Nemedians, of whom your writers fondly make mention, cannot be authentically vouched for in history. Nor do I believe that we have any more foundation for the tales concerning them, than for the legends relative to Joseph of Arimathea and King Brute, which prevailed two centuries back in the sister island."

And then he began a discourse about the Phœnicians, the Seyths or Goths, the Tuath de Danans, Tacitus, and King
MacNeil; which was, to say the truth, the very first news I had heard of those personages. As for English, he spoke it as well as I, and had seven more languages, he said, equally at his command; for, on my quoting the only Latin line that I knew, that out of the poet Homer, which says:

As in presenti perfectum fumant in avi,

he began to speak to me in the Roman tongue; on which I was fain to tell that we pronounced it in a different way in Ireland, and so got off the conversation.

My honest friend's history was a curious one, and it may be told here in order to show of what motley materials our levies were composed.

'I am,' said he, 'a Saxon by birth, my father being pastor of the village of Pfannkuchen, where I imbibed the first rudiments of knowledge. At sixteen (I am now twenty-three), having mastered the Greek and Latin tongues, with the French, English, Arabic, and Hebrew; and, having come into possession of a legacy of a hundred rix-dalers, a sum amply sufficient to defray my university courses, I went to the famous academy of Göttingen, where I devoted four years to the exact sciences and theology. Also, I learned what worldly accomplishments I could command; taking a dancing tutor at the expense of a groschen a lesson, a course of fencing from a French practitioner, and attending lectures on the great horse and the equestrian science at the hippodrome of a celebrated cavalry professor. My opinion is that a man should know everything as far as in his power lies; that he should complete his cycle of experience; and, one science being as necessary as another, it behoves him, according to his means, to acquaint himself with all. For many branches of personal knowledge (as distinguished from spiritual; though I am not prepared to say that the distinction is a correct one), I confess I have found myself inapt. I attempted tight-rope dancing, with a Bohemian artist who appeared at our academy; but in this I failed, lamentably breaking my nose in the fall which I had. I also essayed to drive a coach-and-four, which an English student, Herr Graff Lord von Martingale, drove at the university. In this, too, I failed; oversetting the chariot at the postern, opposite the Berliner gate, with his lordship's friend, Fräulein Miss Kitty Coddlins within. I had been instructing the young lord in the German language when the above accident took place, and was dismissed by him in consequence. My means did not permit me further to pursue this curriculum (you will pardon me the joke), otherwise, I have no doubt, I should have
been able to take a place in any hippodrome in the world, and to handle the ribbons (as the high well-born lord used to say) to perfection.

'At the university I delivered a thesis on the quadrature of the circle, which I think would interest you; and held a disputation in Arabic against Professor Strumpff, in which I was said to have the advantage. The languages of Southern Europe of course I acquired; and, to a person well grounded in Sanscrit, the Northern idioms offer no difficulty. If you have ever attempted the Russian you will find it child's play; and it will always be a source of regret to me that I have been enabled to get no knowledge (to speak of) of Chinese; and, but for the present dilemma, I had intended to pass over into England for that purpose, and get a passage in one of the English company's ships to Canton.

'I am not of a saving turn, hence my little fortune of a hundred rixdaler, which has served to keep many a prudent man for a score of years, barely sufficed for five years' studies; after which my studies were interrupted, my pupils fell off, and I was obliged to devote much time to shoe-binding in order to save money, and, at a future period, resume my academic course. During this period I contracted an attachment' (here the candidate sighed a little) 'with a person, who, though not beautiful, and forty years of age, is yet likely to sympathize with my existence; and, a month since, my kind friend and patron, university prorector, Dr. Nasenbrumm, having informed me that the Pfarrer of Rumpelwitz was dead, asked whether I would like to have my name placed upon the candidate list, and if I were minded to preach a trial sermon? As the gaining of this living would further my union with my Amalia, I joyously consented, and prepared a discourse.

'If you like I will recite it to you—no? Well, I will give you extracts from it upon our line of march. To proceed, then, with my biographical sketch, which is now very near a conclusion; or, as I should more correctly say, which has very nearly brought me to the present period of time; I preached that sermon at Rumpelwitz, in which I hope that the Babylonian question was pretty satisfactorily set at rest. I preached it before the Herr Baron and his noble family, and some officers of distinction who were staying at his castle. Mr. Dr. Moser of Halle followed me in the evening discourse; but, though his exercise was learned, and he disposed of a passage of Ignatius, which he proved to be a manifest interpolation, I do not think his sermon had the effect which mine
produced, and that the Rumpelwitzers much relished it. After the sermon, all the candidates walked out of church together, and supped lovingly at the Blue Stag in Rumpelwitz.

"While so occupied, a waiter came in and said that a person without wished to speak to one of the reverend candidates, "the tall one." This could only mean me, for I was a head and shoulders higher than any other reverend gentleman present. I issued out to see who was the person desiring to hold converse with me, and found a man whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as one of the Jewish persuasion.

""Sir," said this Hebrew, "I have heard from a friend, who was in your church to-day, the heads of the admirable discourse you pronounced there. It has affected me deeply, most deeply. There are only one or two points on which I am yet in doubt, and if your honor could but condescend to enlighten me on these, I think—I think Solomon Hirsch would be a convert to your eloquence."

"What are these points, my good friend?" said I; and I pointed out to him the twenty-four heads of my sermon, asking him in which of these his doubts lay.

We had been walking up and down before the inn while our conversation took place, but the windows being open, and my comrades having heard the discourse in the morning, requested me, rather peevishly, not to resume it at that period. I, therefore, moved on with my disciple, and, at his request, began at once the sermon; for my memory is good for anything, and I can repeat any book I have read thrice.

"I poured out, then, under the trees, and in the calm moonlight, that discourse which I had pronounced under the blazing sun of noon. My Israelite only interrupted me by exclamations indicative of surprise, assent, admiration, and increasing conviction. "Prodigious!" said he. "Wunderschön!" would he remark at the conclusion of some eloquent passage; in a word he exhausted the complimentary interjections of our language; and to compliments what man is averse? I think we must have walked two miles when I got to my third head, and my companion begged I would enter his house, which we now neared, and partake of a glass of beer; to which I was never averse.

"That house, sir, was the inn at which you, too, if I judge aright, were taken. No sooner was I in the place than three crimps rushed upon me, told me I was a deserter and their prisoner, and called upon me to deliver up my money and papers; which I did, with a solemn protest as to my sacred character. They consisted of my sermon in MS., Proreector
Nasenbrumm's recommendatory letter, proving my identity, and three groschen four pfennigs in bullion. I had already been in the cart twenty hours when you reached the house. The French officer, who lay opposite you (he who screamed when you trod on his foot, for he was wounded), was brought in shortly before your arrival. He had been taken with his epaulets and regimentals, and declared his quality and rank; but he was alone (I believe it was some affair of love with a Hessian lady which caused him to be unattended); and as the persons into whose hands he fell will make more profit of him as a recruit than as a prisoner, he is made to share our fate. He is not the first by many scores so captured. One of M. de Soubise's cooks, and three actors out of a troop in the French camp, several deserters from your English troops (the men are led away by being told that there is no flogging in the Prussian service), and three Dutchmen were taken besides.'

'And you,' said I—'you who were just on the point of getting a valuable living, you who have so much learning, are you not indignant at the outrage?'

'I am a Saxon,' said the candidate, 'and there is no use in indignation. Our government is crushed under Frederick's heel these five years, and I might as well hope for mercy from the Grand Mogul. Nor am I, in truth, discontented with my lot; I have lived on a penny bread for so many years that a soldier's ration will be a luxury to me. I do not care about more or less blows of a cane; all such evils are passing, and therefore endurable. I will never, God willing, slay a man in combat; but I am not unanxious to experience on myself the effect of the war passion, which has had so great an influence on the human race. It was for the same reason that I determined to marry Amalia, for a man is not a complete Mensch until he is the father of a family; to be which is a condition of his existence, and therefore a duty of his education. Amalia must wait; she is out of the reach of want, being, indeed, cook to the Frau Prorectorinn Nasenbrumm, my worthy patron's lady. I have one or two books with me, which no one is likely to take from me, and one in my heart which is the best of all. If it shall please Heaven to finish my existence here, before I can prosecute my studies further, what cause have I to repine? I pray God I may not be mistaken, but I think I have wronged no man, and committed no mortal sin. If I have, I know where to look for forgiveness; and if I die, as I have said, without knowing all that I would desire to learn, shall I not be in a situation to learn everything, and what can human soul ask for more?'
‘Pardon me for putting so many ts in my discourse,’ said the candidate, ‘but when a man is talking of himself, ’tis the briefest and simplest way of talking.’

In which, perhaps, though I hate egotism, I think my friend was right. Although he acknowledged himself to be a mean-spirited fellow, with no more ambition than to know the contents of a few musty books, I think the man had some good in him; especially in the resolution with which he bore his calamities. Many a gallant man of the highest honor is often not proof against these, and has been known to despair over a bad dinner, or to be cast down at a ragged-elbowed coat. My maxim is to bear all, to put up with water if you cannot get burgundy, and if you have no velvet, to be content with frieze. But burgundy and velvet are the best, bien entendu, and the man is a fool who will not seize the best when the scramble is open.

The heads of the sermon which my friend the theologian intended to impart to me, were, however, never told; for after our coming out of the hospital, he was drafted into a regiment quartered as far as possible from his native country, in Pomerania; while I was put into the Bülow regiment, of which the ordinary headquarters were Berlin. The Prussian regiments seldom change their garrisons as ours do, for the fear of desertion is so great that it becomes necessary to know the face of every individual in the service; and, in time of peace, men live and die in the same town. This does not add, as may be imagined, to the amusements of the soldier’s life. It is lest any young gentleman like myself should take a fancy to a military career, and fancy that of a private soldier a tolerable one, that I am giving these, I hope, moral descriptions of what we poor fellows in the ranks really suffered.

As soon as we recovered we were dismissed from the nuns and the hospital to the town prison of Fulda, where we were kept like slaves and criminals, with artillermen with lighted matches at the doors of the court-yards, and the huge black dormitory where some hundreds of us lay; until we were dispatched to our different destinations. It was soon seen by the exercise which were the old soldiers among us, and which the recruits; and for the former, while we lay in prison, there was a little more leisure; though, if possible, a still more strict watch kept than over the broken-spirited yokels who had been forced or coaxed into the service. To describe the characters here assembled would require Mr. Gillray’s own pencil. There were men of all nations and callings. The Englishmen boxed
and bullied; the Frenchmen played cards and danced and fencèd; the heavy Germans smoked their pipes and drank beer, if they could manage to purchase it. Those who had anything to risk gambled, and at this sport I was pretty lucky, for, not having a penny when I entered the depot (having been robbed of every farthing of my property by the rascally crimps), I won near a dollar in my very first game at cards with one of the Frenchmen, who did not think of asking whether I could pay or not upon losing. Such, at least, is the advantage of having a gentlemanlike appearance; it has saved me many a time since by procuring me credit when my fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

Among the Frenchmen there was a splendid man and soldier, whose real name we never knew, but whose ultimate history created no small sensation, when it came to be known in the Prussian army. If beauty and courage are proofs of nobility, as (although I have seen some of the ugliest dogs and the greatest cowards in the world in the noblesse) I have no doubt courage and beauty are, this Frenchman must have been of the highest families in France, so grand and noble was his manner, so superb his person. He was not quite so tall as myself, fair, while I am dark, and, if possible, rather broader in the shoulders. He was the only man I ever met who could master me with the small-sword; with which he would pink me four times to my three. As for the saber, I could knock him to pieces with it; and I could leap farther and carry more than he could. This, however, is mere egotism. This Frenchman, with whom I became pretty intimate—for we were the two cocks, as it were, of the depot, and neither had any feeling of low jealousy—was called, for want of a better name, Le Blondin, on account of his complexion. He was not a deserter but had come in from the lower Rhine and the bishoprics, as I fancy; fortune having proved unfavorable to him at play probably, and other means of existence being denied him. I suspect that the Bastille was waiting for him in his own country, had he taken a fancy to return thither.

He was passionately fond of play and liquor, and thus we had a considerable sympathy together; when excited by one or the other, he became frightful. I, for my part, can bear, without winceing, both ill luck and wine; hence my advantage over him was considerable in our bouts, and I won enough money from him to make my position tenable. He had a wife outside (who, I take it, was the cause of his misfortunes and separation from his family), and she used to be admitted to see him twice
or thrice a week, and never came empty-handed—a little brown, bright-eyed creature, whose ogles had made the greatest impression upon all the world.

This man was drafted into a regiment that was quartered at Neiss in Silesia, which is only at a short distance from the Austrian frontier; he maintained always the same character for daring and skill, and was, in the secret republic of the regiment which always exists as well as the regular military hierarchy, the acknowledged leader. He was an admirable soldier, as I have said; but haughty, dissolute, and a drunkard. A man of this mark, unless he takes care to coax and flatter his officers (which I always did), is sure to fall out with them. Le Blondin's captain was his sworn enemy, and his punishments were frequent and severe.

His wife and the women of the regiment (this was after the peace) used to carry on a little commerce of smuggling across the Austrian frontier, where their dealings were winked at by both parties; and, in obedience to the instructions of her husband, this woman, from every one of her excursions, would bring in a little powder and ball; commodities which are not to be procured by the Prussian soldier, and which were stowed away in secret till wanted. They were to be wanted, and that soon.

Le Blondin had organized a great and extraordinary conspiracy. We don't know how far it went, how many hundreds or thousands it embraced; but strange were the stories told about the plot among us privates; for the news was spread from garrison to garrison, and talked of by the army, in spite of all the Government efforts to hush it up—hush it up indeed! I have been of the people myself; I have seen the Irish rebellion, and I know what is the freemasonry of the poor.

He made himself the head of the plot. There were no writings nor papers. No single one of the conspirators communicated with any other but the Frenchman; but personally he gave his orders to them all. He had arranged matters for a general rising of the garrison, at twelve o'clock on a certain day; the guardhouses in the town were to be seized, the sentinels cut down, and—who knows the rest? Some of our people used to say that the conspiracy was spread through all Silesia, and that Le Blondin was to be made a general in the Austrian service.

At twelve o'clock, and opposite the guardhouse by the Böhmer-Thor of Neiss, some thirty men were lounging about in their undress, and the Frenchman stood near the sentinel of the guardhouse, sharpening a wood-hatchet on a stone. At the stroke of twelve he got up, split open the sentinel's head
with a blow of his ax, and the thirty men, rushing into the guardhouse, took possession of the arms there, and marched at once to the gate. The sentry there tried to drop the bar, but the Frenchman rushed up to him, and with another blow of the ax cut off his right hand with which he held the chain. Seeing the men rushing out armed, the guard without the gate drew up across the road to prevent their passage; but the Frenchman’s thirty gave them a volley, charged them with the bayonet, and brought down several, and the rest flying, the thirty rushed on. The frontier is only a league from Neiss, and they made rapidly toward it.

But the alarm was given in the town, and what saved it was that the clock by which the Frenchman went was a quarter of an hour faster than any of the clocks in the town. The générale was beat, the troops called to arms, and thus the men who were to have attacked the other guardhouses were obliged to fall into the ranks, and their project was defeated. This, however, likewise rendered the discovery of the conspirators impossible, for no man could betray his comrade, nor, of course, would he criminate himself.

Cavalry was sent in pursuit of the Frenchman and his thirty fugitives, who were, by this time, far on their way to the Bohemian frontier. When the horse came up with them, they turned, received them with a volley and the bayonet, and drove them back. The Austrians were out at the barriers, looking eagerly on at the conflict. The women, who were on the lookout too, brought more ammunition to these intrepid deserters, and they engaged and drove back the dragoons several times. But in these gallant and fruitless combats much time was lost, and a battalion presently came up, and surrounded the brave thirty; when the fate of the poor fellows was decided. They fought with the fury of despair; not one of them asked for quarter. When their ammunition failed, they fought with the steel, and were shot down or bayonetted where they stood. The Frenchman was the very last man who was hit. He received a bullet in the thigh, and fell, and in this state was overpowered, killing the officer who first advanced to seize him.

He and the very few of his comrades who survived were carried back to Neiss, and immediately, as the ringleader, he was brought before a council of war. He refused all interrogations which were made as to his real name and family. ‘What matters who I am?’ said he; ‘you have me and will shoot me. My name would not save me, were it ever so famous.’ In the same way he declined to make a single discovery re-
garding the plot. 'It was all my doing,' he said; 'each man engaged in it only knew me, and is ignorant of every one of his comrades. The secret is mine alone, and the secret shall die with me.' When the officers asked him what was the reason which induced him to meditate a crime so horrible? 'It was your infernal brutality and tyranny,' he said. 'You are all butchers, ruffians, tigers, and you owe it to the cowardice of your men that you were not murdered long ago.'

At this his captain burst into the most furious exclamations against the wounded man, and rushing up to him struck him a blow with his fist. But Le Blondin, wounded as he was, as quick as thought seized the bayonet of one of the soldiers who supported him, and plunged it into the officer's breast. Scoundrel and monster,' said he, 'I shall have the consolation of sending you out of the world before I die.' He was shot that day. He offered to write to the king, if the officers would agree to let his letter go sealed into the hands of the postmaster; but they feared, no doubt, that something might be said to inculpate themselves, and refused him the permission. At the next review Frederick treated them, it is said, with great severity, and rebuked them for not having granted the Frenchman his request. However, it was the king's interest to conceal the matter, and so it was, as I have said before, hushed up—so well hushed up, that a hundred thousand soldiers in the army knew it; and many's the one of us that has drunk to the Frenchman's memory over our wine, as a martyr for the cause of the soldier. I shall have, doubtless, some readers who will cry out at this that I am encouraging insubordination and advocating murder. If these men had served as privates in the Prussian army from 1760 to 1765, they would not be so apt to take objection. This man destroyed two sentinels to get his liberty; how many hundreds of thousands of his own and the Austrian people did King Frederick kill because he took a fancy to Silesia? It was the accursed tyranny of the system that sharpened the ax which brained the two sentinels of Neiss; and so let officers take warning, and think twice ere they visit poor fellows with the cane.

I could tell many more stories about the army; but as, from having been a soldier myself, all my sympathies are in the ranks, no doubt my tales would be pronounced to be of an immoral tendency, and I had best, therefore, be brief. Fancy my surprise while in this depot, when one day a well-known voice saluted my ear, and I heard a meager young gentleman, who was brought in by a couple of troopers and received a few
cuts across the shoulders from one of them, say in the best English, 'You infernal varlet, I'll be avenged for this. I'll write to my ambassador, as sure as my name's Fakenham of Fakenham.' I burst out laughing at this; it was my old acquaintance in my corporal's coat. Lischen had sworn stoutly that he was really and truly the private, and the poor fellow had been drafted off, and was to be made one of us. But I bear no malice, and having made the whole room roar with the story of the way in which I had tricked the poor lad, I gave him a piece of advice, which procured him his liberty. 'Go to the inspecting officer,' said I; 'if they once get you into Prussia it is all over with you, and they will never give you up. Go now to the commandant of the depot, promise him a hundred—five hundred guineas to set you free; say that the crimping captain has your papers and portfolio (this was true); above all, show him that you have the means of paying him the promised money, and I will warrant you are set free.' He did as I advised, and when we were put on the march Mr. Fakenham found means to be allowed to go into hospital, and while in hospital the matter was arranged as I had recommended. He had nearly, however, missed his freedom by his own stinginess in bargaining for it, and never showed the least gratitude toward me his benefactor.

I am not going to give any romantic narrative of the Seven Years' War. At the close of it the Prussian army, so renowned for its disciplined valor, was officered and under-officered by native Prussians, it is true; but was composed for the most part of men hired or stolen, like myself, from almost every nation in Europe. The deserting to and fro was prodigious. In my regiment (Bülow's) alone, before the war, there had been no less than six hundred Frenchmen, and as they marched out of Berlin for the campaign, one of the fellows had an old fiddle on which he was playing a French tune, and his comrades danced almost, rather than walked, after him, singing, 'Nous allons en France.' Two years after, when they returned to Berlin, there were only six of these men left; the rest had fled or were killed in action. The life the private soldier led was a frightful one to any but men of iron courage and endurance. There was a corporal to every three men, marching behind them, and pitilessly using the cane; so much so that it used to be said that in action there was a front rank of privates and a second rank of sergeants and corporals to drive them on. Many men would give way to the most frightful acts of despair under these incessant persecutions and tor-
tures; and among several regiments of the army a horrible practice had sprung up, which for some time caused the greatest alarm to the government. This was a strange, frightful custom of child murder. The men used to say that life was unbearable, that suicide was a crime; in order to avert which, and to finish with the intolerable misery of their position, the best plan was to kill a young child, which was innocent, and therefore secure of heaven, and then to deliver themselves up as guilty of the murder. The king himself—the hero, sage, and philosopher, the prince who had always liberality on his lips, and who affected a horror of capital punishment—was frightened at this dreadful protest, on the part of the wretches whom he had kidnapped, against his monstrous tyranny; but his only means of remedying the evil was strictly to forbid that such criminals should be attended by any ecclesiastic whatever, and denied all religious consolation.

The punishment was incessant. Every officer had the liberty to inflict it, and in peace it was more cruel than in war. For when peace came the king turned adrift such of his officers as were not noble; whatever their services might have been. He would call a captain to the front of his company and say, 'He is not noble, let him go.' We were afraid of him somehow, and were cowed before him like wild beasts before their keeper. I have seen the bravest men of the army cry like children at a cut of the cane; I have seen a little ensign of fifteen call out a man of fifty from the ranks, a man who had been in a hundred battles, and he has stood presenting arms, and sobbing and howling like a baby, while the young wretch lashed him over the arms and thighs with the stick. In a day of action this man would dare anything. A button might be awry then and nobody touched him; but when they had made the brute fight, then they lashed him again into subordination. Almost all of us yielded to the spell—scarcely one could break it. The French officer I have spoken of as taken along with me, was in my company and caned like a dog. I met him at Versailles twenty years afterward, and he turned quite pale and sick when I spoke to him of old days. 'For God's sake,' said he, 'don't talk of that time; I wake up from my sleep trembling and crying even now.'

As for me, after a very brief time (in which it must be confessed I tasted, like my comrades, of the cane) and after I had found opportunities to show myself to be a brave and dexterous soldier, I took the means I had adopted in the English army to prevent any further personal degradation. I wore a
bullet around my neck, which I did not take the pains to conceal, and I gave out that it should be for the man or officer who caused me to be chastised. And there was something in my character which made my superiors believe me; for that bullet had already served me to kill an Austrian colonel, and I would have given it to a Prussian with as little remorse. For what cared I for their quarrels, or whether the eagle under which I marched had one head or two? All I said was, 'No man shall find me tripping in my duty, but no man shall ever lay a hand upon me.' And by this maxim I abided as long as I remained in the service.

I do not intend to make a history of battles in the Prussian any more than in the English service. I did my duty in them as well as another, and by the time that my mustache had grown to a decent length, which it did when I was twenty years of age, there was not a braver, cleverer, handsomer, and, I must own, wickeder soldier in the Prussian army. I had formed myself to the condition of the proper fighting beast; on a day of action I was savage and happy; out of the field I took all the pleasure I could get, and was by no means delicate as to its quality or the manner of procuring it. The truth is, however, that there was among our men a much higher tone of society than among the clumsy louts in the English army, and our service was generally so strict that we had little time for doing mischief. I am very dark and swarthy in complexion, and was called by our fellows the 'Black Englander,' the 'Schwartzter Englander,' or the English Devil. If any service was to be done, I was sure to be put upon it. I got frequent gratifications of money, but no promotion; and it was on the day after I had killed the Austrian colonel (a great officer of Uhlans, whom I engaged singly and on foot) that General Bülow, my colonel, gave me two Frederies-d'or in front of the regiment, and said, 'I reward thee now; but I fear I shall have to hang thee one day or other.' I spent the money, and that I had taken from the colonel's body, every groschen, that night with some jovial companions; but as long as war lasted was never without a dollar in my purse.

CHAPTER VII.

BARRY LEADS A GARRISON LIFE AND FINDS MANY FRIENDS THERE.

After the war our regiment was garrisoned in the capital, the least dull, perhaps, of all the towns of Prussia; but that does not say much for its gayety. Our service, which was
always severe, still left many hours of the day disengaged, in
which we might take our pleasure, had we the means of pay-
ing for the same. Many of our mess got leave to work in
trades; but I had been brought up to none; and besides my
honor forbade me; for, as a gentleman, I could not soil my
fingers by a manual occupation. But our pay was barely
enough to keep us from starving; and as I have always been
fond of pleasure, and as the position in which we now were, in
the midst of the capital, prevented us from resorting to those
means of levying contributions which are always pretty feas-
ible in war time, I was obliged to adopt the only means left me
of providing for my expenses; and, in a word, became the
*Ordonnanz*, or confidential military gentleman of my captain.
I spurned the office four years previously, when it was made to
me in the English service; but the position is very different
in a foreign country; besides, to tell the truth, after five years
in the ranks, a man's pride will submit to many rebuffs which
would be intolerable to him in an independent condition.

The captain was a young man and had distinguished him-
self during the war, or he would never have been advanced to
rank so early. He was, moreover, the nephew and heir of
the Minister of Police, M. de Potzdorff, a relationship which
no doubt aided in the young gentleman's promotion. Captain
de Potzdorff was a severe officer enough on parade or in barr-
racks, but he was a person easily led by flattery. I won his
heart in the first place by my manner of tying my hair in cue
(indeed it was more neatly dressed than that of any man in
the regiment), and subsequently gained his confidence by a
thousand little arts and compliments, which as a gentleman my-
self I knew how to employ. He was a man of pleasure, which
he pursued more openly than most men in the stern court of
the king; he was generous and careless with his purse, and
he had a great affection for Rhine wine; in all which qualities
I sincerely sympathized with him; and from which I, of
course, had my profit. He was disliked in the regiment, be-
because he was supposed to have too intimate relations with his
uncle the Police Minister; to whom, it was hinted, he carried
the news of the corps.

Before long I had ingratiated myself considerably with my
officer, and knew most of his affairs. Thus I was relieved
from many drills and parades, which would otherwise have
fallen to my lot, and came in for a number of perquisites;
which enabled me to support a genteel figure and to appear
with some éclat in a certain, though it must be confessed very
humble society in Berlin. Among the ladies I was always an especial favorite, and so polished was my behavior among them that they could not understand how I should have obtained my frightful nickname of the Black Devil in the regiment. 'He is not so black as he is painted,' I laughingly would say; and most of the ladies agreed that the private was quite as well bred as the captain; as indeed how should it be otherwise, considering my education and birth? When I was sufficiently ingratiated with him, I asked leave to address a letter to my poor mother in Ireland, to whom I had not given any news of myself for many, many years; for the letters of the foreign soldiers were never admitted to the post, for fear of appeals or disturbances on the part of their parents abroad. My captain agreed to find means to forward the letter, and as I knew that he would open it, I took care to give it him sealed; thus showing my confidence in him. But the letter was, as you may imagine, written so that the writer should come to no harm were it intercepted. I begged my honored mother's forgiveness for having fled from her; I said that my extravagance and folly in my own country I knew rendered my return thither impossible; but that she would, at least, be glad to know that I was well and happy in the service of the greatest monarch in the world, and that the soldier's life was most agreeable to me; and, I added, that I had found a kind protector and patron, who I hoped would some day provide for me as I knew it was out of her power to do. I offered remembrances to all the girls at Castle Brady, naming them from Biddy to Becky downward, and signed myself, as in truth I was, her affectionate son, Redmond Barry, in Captain Potzdorff's company of the Bülowisch regiment of foot in garrison at Berlin. Also I told her a pleasant story about the king kicking the chancellor and three judges downstairs, as he had done one day when I was on guard at Potsdam, and said I hoped for another war soon, when I might rise to be an officer. In fact, you might have imagined my letter to be that of the happiest fellow in the world, and I was not on this head at all sorry to mislead my kind parent. I was sure my letter was read, for Captain Potzdorff began asking me some days afterward about my family, and I told him the circumstances pretty truly, all things considered. I was a cadet of a good family, but my mother was almost ruined and had barely enough to support her eight daughters, whom I named. I had been to study for the law at Dublin, where I had got into debt and bad companies, had killed a man in a duel,
and would be hanged or imprisoned by his powerful friends if I returned. I had enlisted in the English service, where an opportunity for escape presented itself to me such as I could not resist; and hereupon I told the story of Mr. Fakenham of Fakenham in such a way as made my patron to be convulsed with laughter, and he told me afterward that he had repeated the story at Mme. de Kameke’s evening assembly, where all the world was anxious to have a sight of the young Engander.

‘Was the British ambassador there?’ I asked, in a tone of the greatest alarm, and added ‘For Heaven’s sake, sir, do not tell my name to him, or he might ask to have me delivered up; and I have no fancy to go to be hanged in my dear native country.’ Potzdorff, laughing, said he would take care that I should remain where I was, on which I swore eternal gratitude to him.

Some days afterward, and with rather a grave face, he said to me, ‘Redmond, I have been talking to our colonel about you, and as I wondered that a fellow of your courage and talents had not been advanced during the war, the general said they had had their eye upon you; that you were a gallant soldier, and had evidently come of a good stock; that no man in the regiment had had less fault found with him; but that no man merited promotion less. You were idle, dissolute, and unprincipled; you had done a deal of harm to the men; and, for all your talents and bravery, he was sure would come to no good.’

‘Sir!’ said I, quite astonished that any mortal man should have formed such an opinion of me, ‘I hope General Bülow is mistaken regarding my character. I have fallen into bad company, it is true; but I have only done as other soldiers have done; and, above all, I have never had a kind friend and protector before, to whom I might show that I was worthy of better things. The general may say I am a ruined lad, and send me to the d—l; but be sure of this, I would go to the d—l to serve you.’ This speech I saw pleased my patron very much; and, as I was very discreet and useful in a thousand delicate ways to him, he soon came to have a sincere attachment for me. One day, or rather night, when he was tête-à-tête with the lady of the Tabaks Rath Von Dose for instance, I—but there is no use in telling affairs which concern nobody now.

Four months after my letter to my mother, I got, under cover to the captain, a reply, which created in my mind a yearning after home, and a melancholy which I cannot describe. I had not seen the dear soul’s writing for five years. All the old days, and the fresh happy sunshine of the old green fields in Ireland, and her love, and my uncle, and Phil Purcell, and
everything that I had done and thought, came back to me as I read the letter; and when I was alone I cried over it, as I hadn't done since the day when Nora jilted me. I took care not to show my feelings to the regiment or my captain; but that night, when I was to have taken tea at the Garden house outside Brandenburg Gate, with Fräulein Lottchen (the Tabaks Räthinn's gentlewoman of company), I somehow had not the courage to go, but begged to be excused, and went early to bed in barracks, out of which I went and came now almost as I willed, and passed a long night weeping and thinking about dear Ireland.

Next day, my spirits rose again, and I got a ten-guinea bill cashed, which my mother sent in the letter, and gave a handsome treat to some of my acquaintance. The poor soul's letter was blotted all over with tears, full of texts, and written in the wildest, incoherent way. She said she was delighted to think I was under a Protestant prince, though she feared he was not in the right way; that right way, she said, she had the blessing to find under the guidance of the Rev. Joshua Jowls, whom she sat under. She said he was a precious, chosen vessel; a sweet ointment and precious box of spikenard; and made use of a great number more phrases that I could not understand; but one thing was clear in the midst of all this jargon, that the good soul loved her son still, and thought and prayed day and night for her wild Redmond. Has it not come across many a poor fellow, in a solitary night's watch, or in sorrow, sickness, or captivity, that at the very minute, most likely, his mother is praying for him? I often have had these thoughts; but they are none of the gayest, and it's quite as well that they don't come to you in company; for where would be a set of jolly fellows then?—as mute as undertakers at a funeral, I promise you. I drank my mother's health that night in a bumper, and lived like a gentleman while the money lasted. She pinched herself to give it me, as she told me afterward, and Mr. Jowls was very wroth with her.

Although the good soul's money was pretty quickly spent, I was not long in getting more; for I had a hundred ways of getting it, and became a universal favorite with the captain and his friends. Now it was Mme. von Dose who gave me a Frederic-do'r for bringing her a bouquet or a letter from the captain; now it was, on the contrary, the old Privy Councillor who treated me with a bottle of Rhenish, and slipped into my hand a dollar or two, in order that I might give him some information regarding the liaison between my captain and his lady. But though I was not such a fool as not to take
his money, you may be sure I was not dishonorable enough to betray my benefactor; and he got very little out of me. When
the captain and the lady fell out, and he began to pay his ad-
dress to the rich daughter of the Dutch Minister, I don't know
how many more letters and guineas the unfortunate Tabaks
Räthinn handed over to me, that I might get her lover back
again. But such returns are rare in love, and the captain used
only to laugh at her stale sighs and entreaties. In the house
of Mynheer Van Guldensack I made myself so pleasant to
high and low that I came to be quite intimate there; and got
the knowledge of a state secret or two, which surprised and
pleased my captain very much. These little hints he carried
to his uncle, the Minister of Police, who, no doubt, made his
advantage of them; and thus I began to be received quite in
a confidential light by the Potzdorff family, and became a mere
nominal soldier, being allowed to appear in plain clothes (which
were, I warrant you, of a neat fashion) and to enjoy myself
in a hundred ways, which the poor fellows my comrades en-
vied. As for the sergeants, they were as civil to me as to an
officer; it was as much as their stripes were worth to offend
a person who had the ear of the Minister's nephew. There
was in my company a young fellow by the name of Kurz, who
was six feet high in spite of his name, and whose life I had
saved in some affair of the war. What does this lad do, after
I had recounted to him one of my adventures, but call me a
spy and informer, and beg me not to call him du any more, as
is the fashion with young men when they are very intimate.
I had nothing for it but to call him out; but I owed him no
grudge. I disarmed him in a twinkling; and as I sent sword
flying over his head, said to him, 'Kurz, did ever you know
a man guilty of a mean action who can do as I do now?' This
silenced the rest of the grumblers; and no man ever sneered
at me after that.

No man can suppose that to a person of my fashion the
waiting in antechambers, the conversation of footmen and
hangers-on, was pleasant. But it was not more degrading
than the barrack-room, of which I need not say I was heartily
sick. My protestations of liking for the army were all intended
to throw dust into the eyes of my employer. I sighed to be
out of slavery. I knew I was born to make a figure in the
world. Had I been one of the Neiss garrison, I would have
cut my way to freedom by the side of the gallant Frenchman;
but here I had only artifice to enable me to attain my end,
and was not I justified in employing it? My plan was this:
I may make myself so necessary to M. de Potzdorff that he will obtain my freedom. Once free, with my fine person and good family, I will do what ten thousand Irish gentlemen have done before, and will marry a lady of fortune and condition. And the proof that I was, if not disinterested, at least actuated by a noble ambition, is this. There was a fat grocer's widow in Berlin with six hundred thalers of rent, and a good business, who gave me to understand that she would purchase my discharge if I would marry her; but I frankly told her that I was not made to be a grocer, and thus absolutely flung away a chance of freedom which she offered me.

And I was grateful to my employers; more grateful than they to me. The captain was in debt, and had dealings with the Jews, to whom he gave notes of hand payable on his uncle's death. The old Herr von Potzdorff, seeing the confidence his nephew had in me, offered to bribe me to know what the young man's affairs really were. But what did I do? I informed M. George von Potzdorff of the fact; and we made out, in concert, a list of little debts, so moderate that they actually appeased the old uncle instead of irritating, and he paid them, being glad to get off so cheap.

And a pretty return I got for this fidelity. One morning, the old gentleman being closeted with his nephew (he used to come to get any news stirring as to what the young officers of the regiments were doing; whether this or that gambled; who intrigued, and with whom; who was at the ridotto on such a night; who was in debt, and what not; for the king liked to know the business of every officer in his army), I was sent with a letter to the Marquis d'Argens (that afterward married Mlle. Cochois the actress), and, meeting the marquis at a few paces off in the street, gave my message, and returned to the captain's lodging. He and his worthy uncle were making my unworthy self the subject of conversation.

'He is noble,' said the captain.

'Bah!' replied the uncle (whom I could have throttled for his insolence). 'All the beggarly Irish who ever enlisted tell the same story.'

'He was kidnapped by Galgenstein,' resumed the other.

'A kidnapped deserter,' said M. Potzdorff; 'la belle affaire!'

'Well, I promised the lad I would ask for his discharge; and I am sure you can make him useful.'

'You have asked his discharge,' answered the elder, laughing. 'Bon Dieu! You are a model of probity! You'll never succeed to my place, George, if you are no wiser than you are
just now. Make the fellow as useful to you as you please. He has a good manner and a frank countenance. He can lie with an assurance that I never saw surpassed, and fight, you say, on a pinch. The scoundrel does not want for good qualities; but he is vain, a spendthrift, and a bavard. As long as you have the regiment in terrorem over him you can do as you like with him. Once let him loose, and the lad is likely to give you the slip. Keep on promising him; promise to make him a general, if you like. What the deuce do I care? There are spies enough to be had in this town without him.

It was thus that the services I rendered to M. Potzdorff were qualified by that ungrateful old gentleman; and I stole away from the room extremely troubled in spirit, to think that another of my fond dreams was thus dispelled; and that my hopes of getting out of the army, by being useful to the captain, were entirely vain. For some time my despair was such that I thought of marrying the widow; but the marriages of privates are never allowed without the direct permission of the king; and it was a matter of very great doubt whether his Majesty would allow a young fellow of twenty-two, the handsomest man of his army, to be coupled to a pimple-faced old widow of sixty, who was quite beyond the age when her marriage would be likely to multiply the subjects of his Majesty. This hope of liberty was therefore vain; nor could I hope to purchase my discharge, unless any charitable soul would lend me a large sum of money; for though I made a good deal, as I have said, yet I have always had through life an incorrigible knack of spending, and (such is my generosity of disposition) have been in debt ever since I was born.

My captain, the sly rascal! gave me a very different version of his conversation with his uncle to that which I knew to be the true one; and said smilingly to me, 'Redmond, I have spoken to the Minister regarding thy services,* and thy fortune is made. We shall get thee out of the army, appoint thee to the police bureau, and procure for thee an inspectorship of customs; and, in fine, allow thee to move in a better sphere than that in which fortune has hitherto placed thee.'

Although I did not believe a word of this speech, I affected

* The service about which Mr. Barry here speaks has, and we suspect purposely, been described by him in very dubious terms. It is most probable that he was employed to wait at the table of strangers in Berlin, and to bring to the Police Minister any news concerning them which might at all interest the government. The great Frederic never received a guest without taking these hospitable precautions; and as for the duels which Mr. Barry fights, may we be allowed to hint a doubt as to a great number of these combats? It will be observed, in one or two other parts of his Memoirs, that whenever he is in an awkward pass, or does what the world does not usually consider respectable, a duel, in which he is victorious, is sure to ensue; from which he argues that he is a man of undoubted honor.
to be very much moved by it, and of course swore eternal gratitude to the captain for his kindness to the poor Irish castaway.

'Your service at the Dutch Minister's has pleased me very well. There is another occasion on which you may make yourself useful to us; and if you succeed, depend on it your reward will be secure.'

'What is the service, sir?' said I; 'I will do anything for so kind a master.'

'There is lately come to Berlin,' said the captain, 'a gentleman in the service of the Empress-queen, who calls himself the Chevalier de Balibari, and wears the red ribbon and star of the Pope's order of the Spur. He speaks Italian or French indifferently; but we have some reason to fancy this M. de Balibari is a native of your country of Ireland. Did you ever hear such a name as Balibari in Ireland?'

'Balibari! Balibari!'—? A sudden thought flashed across me. 'No, sir,' said I, 'never heard the name.'

'You must go into his service. Of course you will not know a word of English; and if the chevalier asks to the particularity of your accent, say you are a Hungarian. The servant who came with him will be turned away to-day, and the person to whom he has applied for a faithful fellow will recommend you. You are a Hungarian; you served in the Seven Years' War. You left the army on account of weakness of the loins. You served M. De Quellenberg two years; he is now with the army in Silesia, but there is your certificate signed by him. You afterward lived with Dr. Mopsius, who will give you a character, if need be; and the landlord of the Star will, of course, certify that you are an honest fellow; but his certificate goes for nothing. As for the rest of your story, you can fashion that as you will, and make it as romantic or as ludicrous as your fancy dictates. Try, however, to win the chevalier's confidence by provoking his compassion. He gambles a great deal, and wins. Do you know the cards well?'

'Only a very little, as soldiers do.'

'I had thought you more expert. You must find out if the chevalier cheats; if he does, we have him. He sees the English and Austrian envoys continually, and the young men of either Ministry sup repeatedly at his house. Find out what they talk of; for how much each plays, especially if any of them play on parole; if you once read his private letters, of course you will; though about those which go to the post you need not trouble yourself; we look at them there. But never see him write a note without finding out to whom it goes, and
by what channel or messenger. He sleeps with the keys of his dispatch box on a string round his neck. Twenty Frederics, if you get an impression of the keys. You will, of course, go in plain clothes. You had best brush the powder out of your hair, and tie it with a ribbon simply; your mustache you must of course shave off.'

With these instructions, and a very small gratuity, the captain left me. When I again saw him, he was amused at the change in my appearance. I had, not without a pang (for they were as black as jet, and curled elegantly), shaved off my mustaches; had removed the odious grease and flour, which I always abominated, out of my hair; had mounted a demure French gray coat, black satin breeches, and a maroon plush waistcoat, and a hat without a cockade. I looked as meek and humble as any servant out of place could possibly appear; and I think not my own regiment, which was now at the review at Potsdam, would have known me. Thus accoutered, I went to the Star Hotel where this stranger was, my heart beating with anxiety, and something telling me that this Chevalier de Balibari was no other than Barry, of Ballybarry, my father's eldest brother, who had given up his estate in consequence of his obstinate adherence to the Romish superstition. Before I went in to present myself, I went to look in the remises at his carriage. Had he the Barry arms? Yes, there they were: argent, a bend gules, with four escallops of the field—the ancient coat of my house. They were painted in a shield about as big as my hat, on a smart chariot handsomely gilded, surmounted with a coronet, and supported by eight or nine cupids, cornucopias, and flower baskets, according to the queer heraldic fashion of those days. It must be he! I felt quite faint as I went up the stairs. I was going to present myself before my uncle in the character of a servant!

'You are the young man whom M. de Seebach recommended?'

I bowed and handed him a letter from that gentleman, with which my captain had taken care to provide me. As he looked at it I had leisure to examine him. My uncle was a man of sixty years of age, dressed superbly in a coat and breeches of apricot-colored velvet, a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold like the coat. Across his breast went the purple ribbon of his order of the Spur; and the star of the order, an enormous one, sparkled on his breast. He had rings on his fingers, a couple of watches in his fobs, a rich diamond solitaire in the black ribbon round his neck, and fastened to the bag of his wig; his ruffles and frills were decorated with a profusion
of the richest lace. He had pink silk stockings rolled over the knee and tied with gold garters, and enormous diamond buckles to his red-heeled shoes. A sword mounted in gold, in a white fish-skin scabbard; and a hat richly laced, and lined with white feathers, which were lying on a table beside him, completed the costume of this splendid gentleman. In height he was about my size, that is, six feet and half an inch; his cast of features singularly like mine, and extremely distinguished. One of his eyes was closed with a black patch, however; he wore a little white and red paint, by no means an unusual ornament in those days; and a pair of mustaches, which fell over his lip and hid a mouth that I afterward found had rather a disagreeable expression. When his beard was removed the upper teeth appeared to project very much; and his countenance wore a ghastly fixed smile, by no means pleasant.

It was very imprudent of me; but when I saw the splendor of his appearance, the nobleness of his manner, I felt it impossible to keep disguise with him; and when he said, 'Ah, you are a Hungarian, I see!' I could hold no longer.

'Sir,' said I, 'I am an Irishman, and my name is Redmond Barry, of Ballybarry.' As I spoke, I burst into tears; I can't tell why; but I had seen none of my kith or kin for six years, and my heart longed for someone.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARRY BIDS ADIEU TO THE MILITARY PROFESSION.

You who have never been out of your country know little what it is to hear a friendly voice in captivity; and there's many a man that will not understand the cause of the burst of feeling which I have confessed took place on my seeing my uncle. He never for a minute thought to question the truth of what I said. 'Mother of God!' cried he, 'it's my brother Harry's son.' And I think in my heart he was as much affected as I was at thus suddenly finding one of his kindred; for he, too, was an exile from home, and a friendly voice, a look, brought the old country back to his memory again, and the old days of his boyhood. 'I'd give five years of my life to see them again,' said he, after caressing me very warmly. 'What?' asked I. 'Why,' replied he, 'the green fields, and the river, and the old round tower, and the burying place at Ballybarry. 'Twas a shame for your father to part with the land, Redmond, that went so long with the name.'

He then began to ask me concerning myself, and I gave him
my history at some length; at which the worthy gentleman laughed many times, saying that I was a Barry all over. In the middle of my story he would stop me, to make me stand back to back, and measure with him (by which I ascertained that our heights were the same, and that my uncle had a stiff knee, moreover, which made him walk in a peculiar way), and uttered, during the course of the narrative, a hundred exclamations of pity and kindness and sympathy. It was 'Holy saints!' and 'Mother of Heaven!' and 'Blessed Mary!' continually; by which, and with justice, I concluded that he was still devotedly attached to the ancient faith of our family.

It was with some difficulty that I came to explain to him the last part of my history, viz., that I was put into his service as a watch upon his actions, of which I was to give information in a certain quarter. When I told him (with a great deal of hesitation) of this fact, he burst out laughing, and enjoyed the joke amazingly. The rascals!' said he; 'they think to catch me, do they? Why, Redmond, my chief conspiracy is a faro bank. But the king is so jealous, that he will see a spy in every person that comes to his miserable capital in the great sandy desert here. Ah, my boy, I must show you Paris and Vienna!'

I said there was nothing I longed for more than to see any city but Berlin, and should be delighted to be free of the odious military service. Indeed, I thought from his splendor of appearance, the knickknocks about the room, the gilded carriage in the remise, that my uncle was a man of vast property; and that he would purchase a dozen, nay, a whole regiment of substitutes, in order to restore me to freedom.

But I was mistaken in my calculations regarding him, as his history of himself speedily showed me. 'I have been beaten about the world,' said he, 'ever since the year 1742, when my brother, your father (and Heaven forgive him), cut my family estate from under my heels, turning heretic, in order to marry that scold of a mother of yours. Well, let bygones be bygones. 'Tis probable that I should have run through the little property, as he did in my place, and I should have had to begin a year or two later the life I have been leading ever since I was compelled to leave Ireland. My lad, I have been in every service; and between ourselves, owe money in every capital in Europe. I made a campaign or two with the Pandours under Austrian Trenck. I was captain in the Guard of his Holiness the Pope. I made the campaign of Scotland with the Prince of Wales—a bad fellow, my dear, caring more for his mistress and his brandy-bottle than for the crowns of the
three kingdoms. I have served in Spain and in Piedmont; but I have been a rolling stone, my good fellow. Play—play has been my ruin! that and beauty' (here he gave a leer which made him, I must confess, look anything but handsome; besides his rouged cheeks were all beslobbered with the tears which he had shed on receiving me). The women have made a fool of me, my dear Redmond. I am a soft-hearted creature, and this minute, at sixty-two, have no more command of myself than when Peggy O'Dwyer made a fool of me at sixteen.'

'Faith, sir,' said I, laughing, 'I think it runs in the family!' and described to him, much to his amusement, my romantic passion for my cousin, Nora Brady. He resumed his narrative.

'The cards now are my only livelihood. Sometimes I am in luck, and then I lay out my money in these trinkets you see. It's property, look you, Redmond; and the only way I have found of keeping a little about me. When the luck goes against me, why, my dear, my diamonds go to the pawnbrokers, and I wear paste. Friend Moses the goldsmith will pay me a visit this very day; for the chances have been against me all the week past, and I must raise money for the bank to-night. Do you understand the cards?'

I replied that I could play as soldiers do, but had no great skill. 'We will practice in the morning, my boy,' said he, 'and I'll put you up to a thing or two worth knowing.'

Of course I was glad to have such an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and professed myself delighted to receive my uncle's instruction.

The chevalier's account of himself rather disagreeably affected me. All his show was on his back, as he said. His carriage, with the fine gilding, was a part of his stock in trade. He had a sort of mission from the Austrian court; it was to discover whether a certain quantity of alloyed ducats which had been traced to Berlin were from the king's treasure. But the real end of M. de Balibari was play. There was a young attaché of the English embassy, my Lord Deneceae, afterward Viscount and Earl of Crabs in the English peerage, who was playing high; and it was after hearing of the passion of this young English nobleman that my uncle, then at Prague, determined to visit Berlin and engage him. For there is a sort of chivalry among the knights of the dice box; the fame of great players is known all over Europe. I have known the Chevalier de Casanova, for instance, to travel six hundred miles, from Paris to Turin, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Charles Fox, then only my Lord Holland's dashing son, afterward the greatest of European orators and statesmen.
It was agreed that I should keep my character of valet; that in the presence of strangers I should not know a word of English; that I should keep a good lookout on the trumps when I was serving the champagne and punch about; and having a remarkably fine eyesight and a great natural aptitude, I was speedily able to give my dear uncle much assistance against his opponents at the green table. Some prudish persons may affect indignation at the frankness of these confessions, but Heaven pity them! Do you suppose that any man who has lost or won a hundred thousand pounds at play will not take the advantages which his neighbor enjoys? They are all the same. But it is only the clumsy fool who cheats; who resorts to the vulgar expedients of cogged dice and cut cards. Such a man is sure to go wrong some time or other, and is not fit to play in the society of gallant gentlemen; and my advice to people who see such a vulgar person at his prank is, of course, to back him while he plays, but never—never to have anything to do with him. Play grandly, honorably. Be not, of course, cast down at losing; but above all, be not eager at winning, as mean souls are. And, indeed, with all one's skill and advantages winning is often problematical; I have seen a sheer ignoramus that knows no more of play than of Hebrew, blunder you out of five thousand pounds in a few turns of the cards. I have seen a gentleman and his confederate play against another and his confederate. One never is secure in these cases; and when one considers the time and labor spent, the genius, the anxiety, the outlay of money required, the multiplicity of bad debts that one meets with (for dishonorable rascals are to be found at the play table, as everywhere else in the world), I say, for my part, the profession is a bad one; and, indeed, have scarcely ever met a man who, in the end, profited by it. I am writing now with the experience of a man of the world. At the time I speak of I was a lad, dazzled by the idea of wealth, and respecting, certainly too much, my uncle's superior age and station in life.

There is no need to particularize here the little arrangements made between us; the play-men of the present day want no instruction, I take it, and the public have little interest in the matter. But simplicity was our secret. Everything successful is simple. If, for instance, I wiped the dust off a chair with my napkin, it was to show that the enemy was strong in diamonds; if I pushed it, he had ace, king; if I said, 'Punch or wine, my lord?' hearts were meant; if 'Wine or punch?' clubs. If I blew my nose, it was to indicate that there was
another confederate employed by the adversary; and then, I warrant you, some pretty trials of skill would take place. My Lord Deuceace, although so young, had a very great skill and cleverness with the cards in every way; and it was only from hearing Frank Punter, who came with him, yawn three times when the Chevalier had the ace of trumps, that I knew we were Greek to Greek, as it were.

My assumed dullness was perfect; and I used to make M. de Potzdorff laugh with it, when I carried my little reports to him at the Garden house outside the town where he gave me rendezvous. These reports, of course, were arranged between me and my uncle beforehand. I was instructed (and it is always far the best way) to tell as much truth as my story would possibly bear. When, for instance, he would ask me, 'What does the Chevalier do of a morning?'

'He goes to church regularly' (he was very religious), 'and after hearing mass comes home to breakfast. Then he takes an airing in his chariot till dinner, which is served at noon. After dinner he writes his letters, if he have any letters to write; but he has very little to do in this way. His letters are to the Austrian envoy, with whom he corresponds, but who does not acknowledge him, and being written in English, of course I look over his shoulder. He generally writes for money. He says he wants it to bribe the secretaries of the Treasury, in order to find out really where the alloyed ducats come from, but, in fact, he wants to play of evenings, when he makes his party with Calsabigi, the lottery-contractor, the Russian attachés, two from the English embassy, my Lords Deuceace and Punter, who play a jeu d'enfer, and a few more. The same set meet every night at supper; there are seldom any ladies; those who come are chiefly French ladies, members of the corps de ballet. He wins often, but not always. Lord Deuceace is a very fine player. The Chevalier Elliot, the English Minister, sometimes comes, on which occasion the secretaries do not play. M. de Balibari dines at the missions, but en petit comité, not on grand days of reception. Calsabigi, I think, is his confederate at play. He has won lately; but the week before last he pledged his solitaire for four hundred ducats.'

'Do he and the English attachés talk together in their own language?'

'Yes; he and the envoy spoke yesterday for half an hour about the new dansense and the American troubles; chiefly about the new dansense.'
It will be seen that the information I gave was very minute and accurate, though not very important. But such as it was, it was carried to the ears of that famous hero and warrior the Philosopher of Sans Souci; and there was not a stranger who entered the capital, but his actions were similarly spied and related to Frederick the Great.

As long as the play was confined to the young men of the different embassies, his Majesty did not care to prevent it; nay, he encouraged play at all the missions, knowing full well that a man in difficulties can be made to speak, and that a timely rouleau of Frederics would often get him a secret worth many thousands. He got some papers from the French house in this way; and I have no doubt that my Lord Deuceace would have supplied him with information at a similar rate, had his chief not known the young nobleman’s character pretty well, and had (as is usually the case) the work of the mission performed by a steady roturier, while the young brilliant bloods of the suite sported their embroidery at the balls, or shook their Mechlin ruffles over the green tables at faro. I have seen many scores of these young sprigs since, of these and their principals, and mon Dieu! what fools they are! What dullards, what fripperies, what addle-headed simple ooxcombs! This is one of the lies of the world, this diplomacy; or how could we suppose that, were the profession as difficult as the solemn red-box and tapemen would have us believe, they would invariably choose for it little pink-faced boys from school, with no other claim than mamma’s title, and able at most to judge of a carriole, a new dance, or a neat boot?

When it became known, however, to the officers of the garrison that there was a faro table in town, they were wild to be admitted to the sport; and, in spite of my entreaties to the contrary, my uncle was not averse to allow the young gentlemen their fling, and once or twice cleared a handsome sum out of their purses. It was in vain I told him that I must carry the news to my captain, before whom his comrades would not fail to talk, and who would thus know of the intrigue even without my information.

‘Tell him,’ said my uncle.

‘They will send you away,’ said I; ‘then what is to become of me?’

‘Make your mind easy,’ said the latter, with a smile; ‘you shall not be left behind, I warrant you. Go take a last look at your barracks, make your mind easy; say a farewell to your friends in Berlin. The dear souls, how they will weep when
they hear you are out of the country; and, as sure as my name is Barry, out of it you shall go!

'But how, sir?' said I.

'Recollect Mr. Fakenham of Fakenham,' said he knowingly.

'Tis you yourself taught me how. Go get me one of my wigs. Open my dispatch-box yonder, where the great secrets of the Austrian chancery lie; put your hair back off your forehead; clap me on this patch and these mustaches, and now look in the glass!'

'The Chevalier de Balibari,' said I, bursting with laughter, and began walking the room in his manner with his stiff knee.

The next day, when I went to make my report to M. de Potzdorff, I told him of the young Prussian officers that had been of late gambling; and he replied, as I expected, that the king had determined to send the chevalier out of the country.

'He is a stingy curmudgeon,' I replied; 'I have had but three Frederics from him in two months, and I hope you will remember your promise to advance me!'

'Why, three Frederics were too much for the news you have picked up,' said the captain, sneering.

'It is not my fault that there has been no more,' I replied.

'When is he to go, sir?'

'The day after to-morrow. You say he drives after breakfast and before dinner. When he comes out to his carriage, a couple of gendarmes will mount the box, and the coachman will get his orders to move on.'

'And his baggage, sir?' said I.

'Oh! that will be sent after him. I have a fancy to look into that red box which contains his papers, you say, and at noon, after parade, shall be at the inn. You will not say a word to anyone there regarding the affair, and will wait for me at the chevalier's rooms until my arrival. We must force that box. You are a clumsy hound, or you would have got the key long ago!'

I begged the captain to remember me, and so took my leave of him. The next night I placed a couple of pistols under the carriage seat; and I think the adventures of the following day are quite worthy of the honors of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

I APPEAR IN A MANNER BECOMING MY NAME AND LINEAGE.

Fortune smiling at parting upon M. de Balibari, enabled him to win a handsome sum with his faro bank.
At ten o'clock the next morning, the carriage of the Chevalier de Balibari drew up as usual at the door of his hotel; and the chevalier, who was at his window, seeing the chariot arrive, came down the stairs in his usual stately manner.

'Where is my rascal Ambrose?' said he, looking around and not finding his servant to open the door.

'I will let down the steps for your honor,' said a gendarme, who was standing by the carriage; and no sooner had the chevalier entered, than the officer jumped in after him, another mounted the box by the coachman, and the latter began to drive.

'Good gracious!' said the chevalier, 'what is this?'

'You are going to drive to the frontier,' said the gendarme, touching his hat.

'It is shameful—infamous! I insist upon being put down at the Austrian ambassador's house!'

'I have orders to gag your honor if you cry out,' said the gendarme.

'All Europe shall hear of this!' said the chevalier, in a fury.

'As you please,' answered the officer, and they both relapsed into silence.

The silence was not broken between Berlin and Potsdam, through which place the chevalier passed as His Majesty was reviewing his guards there, and the regiments of Bülow, Zitzwitz, and Henkel de Donnersmark. As the chevalier passed his Majesty, the king raised his hat and said, 'Qu'il ne descende pas; je lui souhaite un bon voyage.' The Chevalier de Balibari acknowledged this courtesy by a profound bow.

They had not got far beyond Potsdam, when boom! the alarm cannon began to roar.

'It is a deserter!' said the officer.

'Is it possible!' said the chevalier, and sunk back into his carriage again.

Hearing the sound of the guns, the common people came out along the road with fowling-pieces and pitchforks, in hopes to catch the truant. The gendarmes looked very anxious to be on the lookout for him too. The price of a deserter was fifty crowns to those who brought him in.

'Confess, sir,' said the chevalier to the police officer in the carriage with him, 'that you long to be rid of me, from whom you can get nothing, and to be on the lookout for the deserter who may bring you in fifty crowns? Why not tell the postilion to push on? You may land me at the frontier and get back to your hunt all the sooner.' The officer told the
postilion to get on; but the way seemed intolerably long to the chevalier. Once or twice he thought he heard the noise of horses galloping behind; his own horses did not seem to go two miles an hour; but they did go. The black and white barriers came in view at last, hard by Brück, and opposite them the green and yellow of Saxony. The Saxon custom-house officers came out.

'I have no luggage,' said the chevalier.

'The gentleman has nothing contraband,' said the Prussian officers, grinning, and took their leave of their prisoner with much respect.

The Chevalier de Balibari gave them a Frederic apiece.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I wish you a good-day. Will you please to go to the house whence we set out from this morning, and tell my man there to send on my baggage to the Three Kings at Dresden?'

Then ordering fresh horses, the chevalier set off on his journey for the capital. I need not tell you that I was the chevalier.

From the Chevalier de Balibari to Redmond Barry, Esquire, Gentilhomme Anglais, a l'Hotel des 3 Couronnes, a Dresden en Saxe.

Nephew Redmond: This comes to you by a sure hand, no other than Mr. Lumpit of the English Mission, who is acquainted, as all Berlin will be directly, with our wonderful story. They only know half as yet; they only know that a deserter went off in my clothes, and all are in admiration of your cleverness and valor.

I confess that for two hours after your departure I lay in bed in no small trepidation, thinking whether his Majesty might have a fancy to send me to Spaniard for the freak of which we had both been guilty. But in that case I had taken my precautions: I had written a statement of the case to my chief, the Austrian Minister, with the full and true story how you had been set to spy upon me, how you turned out to be my very near relative, how you had been kidnapped yourself into the service, and how we both had determined to effect your escape. The laugh would have been so much against the king that he never would have dared to lay a finger upon me. What would M. de Voltaire have said to such an act of tyranny!

But it was a lucky day, and everything has turned out to my wish. As I lay in my bed two and a half hours after your departure, in comes your ex-Captain Potzdorf. 'Redmont!' says he, in his imperious Dutch way, 'are you there?' No answer. 'The rogue is gone out,' said he; and straightway makes for my red box, where I keep my love letters, my glass eye which I used to wear, my favorite lucky dice with which I threw the thirteen mains at Prague, my two sets of Paris teeth, and my other private matters that you know of.

He first tried a bunch of keys, but none of them would fit the little English lock. Then his gentleman takes out of his pocket a chisel and hammer, and fails to work like a professional burglar, actually breaking open my little box!

No sooner was the key turned, than his gentleman advised him to get out all the baggage, and to advance to the place in the immense water jug. I come noiselessly up to him just as he had broken the box, and with all my might I deal him such a blow over the head as smash the water jug to atoms, and sends my captain with a shout lifeless to the ground. I thought I had killed him.

Then I ring all the bells in the house, and shout and swear, and scream, 'Thieves! thieves! landlord! murder! fire!' until the whole household came tumbling up the stairs. 'Where is my servant?' roars I. 'Who dares to rob me in open day?' Look at the villain whom I find in the act of breaking my chest open! Send for the police, send for his Excellency the Austrian Minister! All Europe 'hall know of this insult!'

'Dear Heaven!' says the landlord, 'we saw you go away three hours ago!'

'He?,' says I; 'why, man, I have been in bed all the morning. I am ill—I have taken physic—I have not left the house this morning! Where is that scoundrel Ambrose? But stop! where are my clothes and wig?' for I was standing before them in my chambergown and stockings with my nightcap on.
"I have it—I have it!" says a little chambermaid; 'Ambrose is off in your honor's dress.'

'And my money—my money!' says I. 'Where is my purse with forty-eight Frederics in it? But we have one of the villains left. Officer, seize him?'

'It's the young Herr von Potzdorff!' says the landlord, more and more astonished.

'What! a gentleman breaking open my trunk with hammer and chisel—impossible!'

Herr von Potzdorff was returning to life by this time, with a swelling on his skull as big as a saucepan; and the officers carried him off, and the judge who was sent for dressed a proces verbal of the matter, and I demanded a copy of it, which I sent forthwith to my ambassador.

I was kept a prisoner to my room the next day, and a judge, a general, and a host of lawyers, officers, and officials were set upon me to bully, perplex, threaten, and cajole me. I said it was true you had told me that you had been kidnapped into the service; that I thought you were released from it, and that I had you with the best recommendations. I appealed to my minister, who was bound to come to my aid; and, to make a long story short, poor Potzdorff is now on his way to Spandau; and his uncle, the elder Potzdorff, has brought me five hundred louis with a humble request that I would leave Berlin forthwith, and hush up this painful matter.

I shall be with you at the Three Crowns the day after you receive this. Ask Mr. Lumpit to dinner. Do not spare your money— you are my son. Everybody in Dresden knows your loving uncle,

The Chevalier de Balibari.

And by these wonderful circumstances I was once more free again; and I kept my resolution then made, never to fall more into the hands of any recruiter, and thenceforth and forever to be a gentleman.

With this sum of money, and a good run of luck which ensued presently, we were enabled to make no ungenteel figure. My uncle speedily joined me at the inn at Dresden, where, under pretense of illness, I had kept quiet until his arrival; and, as the Chevalier de Balibari was in particular good odor at the court of Dresden (having been an intimate acquaintance of the late monarch, the Elector, King of Poland, the most dissolute and agreeable of European princes), I was speedily in the very best society of the Saxon capital; where I may say that my own person and manners, and the singularity of the adventures in which I had been a hero, made me especially welcome. There was not a party of the nobility to which the two gentlemen of Balibari were not invited. I had the honor of kissing hands and being graciously received at court by the Elector, and I wrote home to my mother such a flaming description of my prosperity, that the good soul very nearly forgot her celestial welfare and her confessor, the Rev. Joshua Jowls, in order to come after me to Germany; but traveling was very difficult in those days, and so we were spared the arrival of the good lady.

I think the soul of Harry Barry, my father, who was always so genteel in his turn of mind, must have rejoiced to see the position which I now occupied: all the women anxious to receive me, all the men in a fury; hobnobbing with dukes and counts at supper, dancing minuets with high well-born baronessies (as they absurdly call themselves in Germany), with
lovely excellencies, nay, with highnesses and transparencies themselves, who could complete with the gallant young Irish noble? who would suppose that seven weeks before I had been a common—bah! I am ashamed to think of it! One of the pleasantest moments of my life was at a grand gala at the Electoral Palace, where I had the honor of walking a polonaise with no other than the Margravine of Bayreuth, old Fritz's own sister, old Fritz's, whose hateful blue-baize livery I had worn, whose belts I had pipe-clayed, and whose abominable rations of small beer and sauerkraut I had swallowed for five years.

Having won an English chariot from an Italian gentleman at play, my uncle had our arms painted on the panels in a more splendid way than ever, surmounted (as we were descended from the ancient kings) with an Irish crown of the most splendid size and gilding. I had this crown in lieu of a coronet engraved on a large amethyst signet-ring worn on my forefinger; and I don't mind confessing that I used to say the jewel had been in my family for several thousand years, having originally belonged to my direct ancestor, his late Majesty King Brian 'Born, or Barry.' I warrant the legends of the Heralds' College are not more authentic than mine was.

At first the Minister and the gentlemen at the English hotel used to be rather shy of us two Irish noblemen, and questioned our pretensions to rank. The Minister was a lord's son, it is true, but he was likewise a grocer's grandson; and so I told him at Count Lobkowitz's masquerade. My uncle, like a noble gentleman as he was, knew the pedigree of every considerable family in Europe. He said it was the only knowledge befitting a gentleman; and when we were not at cards, we would pass hoursover Gwillim or D'Hozier, reading the genealogies, learning the blazons, and making ourselves acquainted with the relationships of our class. Alas! the noble science is going into disrepute now; so are cards, without which studies and pastimes I can hardly conceive how a man of honor can exist.

My first affair of honor with a man of undoubted fashion was on the score of my nobility, with young Sir Rumford Bumford of the English embassy; my uncle at the same time sending a cartel to the Minister, who declined to come. I shot Sir Rumford in the leg, amid the tears of joy of my uncle, who accompanied me to the ground; and I promise you that none of the young gentlemen questioned the authenticity of my pedigree, or laughed at my Irish crown again.

What a delightful life did we now lead! I knew I was born a gentleman, from the kindly way in which I took to the busi-
ness; as business it certainly is. For though it seems all pleasure, yet I assure any low-bred persons who may chance to read this, that we, their betters, have to work as well as they; though I did not rise until noon, yet had I not been up at play until long past midnight? Many a time have we come home to bed as the troops were marching out to early parade; and oh! it did my heart good to hear the bugles blowing the *rehevillé* before daybreak, or to see the regiments marching out to exercise, and think that I was no longer bound to that disgusting discipline, but restored to my natural station.

I came into it at once, and as if I had never done anything else all my life. I had a gentleman to wait upon me, a French *friseur* to dress my hair of a morning; I knew the taste of chocolate as by intuition almost, and could distinguish between the right Spanish and the French before I had been a week in my new position; I had rings on all my fingers, watches in both my fobs, canes, trinkets, and snuffboxes of all sorts, and each outvying the other in elegance. I had the finest natural taste for lace and china of any man I ever knew; I could judge a horse as well as any Jew dealer in Germany; in shooting and athletic exercise I was unrivaled; I could not spell, but I could speak German and French cleverly. I had at the least twelve suits of clothes; three richly embroidered with gold, two laced with silver, a garnet-colored velvet pelisse lined with sable; one of French gray, silver-laced and lined with chinchilla. I had damask morning-robes. I took lessons on the guitar, and sang French catches exquisitely. Where, in fact, was there a more accomplished gentleman than Redmond de Balibari?

All the luxuries becoming my station could not, of course, be purchased without credit and money; to procure which, as our patrimony had been wasted by our ancestors, and we were above the vulgarity and slow returns and doubtful chances of trade, my uncle kept a faro bank. We were in partnership with a Florentine, well known in all the courts of Europe, the Count Alessandro Pippi, as skillful a player as ever was seen; but he turned out a sad knave latterly, and I have discovered that his countship was a mere imposture. My uncle was maimed, as I have said; Pippi, like all impostors, was a coward; it was my unrivaled skill with the sword, and readiness to use it, that maintained the reputation of the firm, so to speak, and silenced many a timid gambler who might have hesitated to pay his losings. We always played on parole with anybody; any person, that is, of honor and noble lineage. We never pressed for our winnings or declined to
receive promissory notes in lieu of gold. But woe to the man
who did not pay when the note became due! Redmond de
Balibari was sure to wait upon him with his bill, and I prom-
ise you there were very few bad debts; on the contrary,
gentlemen were grateful to us for our forbearance, and our
character for honor stood unimpeached. In later times, a
vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the
character of men of honor engaged in the profession of play;
but I speak of the good old days in Europe, before the coward-
lice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful Revolution,
which served them right) brought discredit and ruin upon our
order. They cry fie now upon men engaged in play; but I
should like to know how much more honorable their modes of
livelihood are than ours. The broker of the Exchange who
bulls and bears, and buys and sells, and dabbles with lying
loans, and trades on state secrets, what is he but a gamester?
The merchant who deals in teas and tallow, is he any better?
His bales of dirty indigo are his dice, his cards come up every
year instead of every ten minutes, and the sea is his green
table. You call the profession of the law an honorable one,
where a man will lie for any bidder; lie down poverty for the
sake of a fee from wealth, lie down right because wrong is in
his brief. You call a doctor an honorable man, a swindling
quack, who does not believe in the nostrums which he pre-
scribes, and takes your guinea for whispering in your ear that
it is a fine morning; and yet, forsooth, a gallant man who sits
him down before the baize and challenges all comers, his money
against theirs, his fortune against theirs, is proscribed by your
modern moral world. It is a conspiracy of the middle classes
against gentlemen; it is only the shopkeeper cant which is to
go down nowadays. I say that play was an institution of
chivalry; it has been wrecked, along with other privileges of
men of birth. When Seingalt engaged a man for six-and-
thirty hours without leaving the table, do you think he showed
no courage? How have we had the best blood, and the bright-
est eyes, too, of Europe throbbing round the table, as I and
my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terri-
bile player, who was matching some thousands out of his mil-
lions against our all which was there on the baize! When
we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven
thousand louis in a single coup, had we lost, we should have
been beggars the next day; when he lost, he was only a village
and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. When at Toep-
litz, the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lackeys, each
with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask? 'Sir,' said we, 'we have but 80,000 florins in bank, or 200,000 at three months. If your highness' bags do not contain more than 80,000, we will meet you.' And we did, and after eleven hours' play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to 203 ducats, we won 17,000 florins of him. Is this not something like boldness? does this profession not require skill, and perseverance, and bravery? Four crowned heads looked on at the game, and an imperial princess, when I turned up the ace of hearts and made Paroli, burst into tears. No man on the European continent held a higher position than Redmond Barry then; and when the Duke of Courland lost, he was pleased to say that we had won nobly; and so we had, and spent nobly what we won.

At this period my uncle, who attended mass every day regularly, always put ten florins into the box. Wherever we went, the tavern keepers made us more welcome than royal princes. We used to give away the broken meat from our suppers and dinners to scores of beggars who blessed us. Every man who held my horse or cleaned my boots got a ducat for his pains. I was, I may say, the author of our common good fortune, by putting boldness into our play. Pippi was a faint-hearted fellow, who was always cowardly when he began to win. My uncle (I speak with great respect of him) was too much of a devotee, and too much of a martinet at play even to win greatly. His moral courage was unquestionable, but his daring was not sufficient. Both of these my seniors very soon acknowledged me to be their chief, and hence the style of splendor I have described.

I have mentioned H. I. II. the Princess Frederica Amelia, who was affected by my success, and shall always think with gratitude of the protection with which that exalted lady honored me. She was passionately fond of play, as indeed were the ladies of almost all the courts in Europe in those days, and hence would often arise no small trouble to us; for the truth must be told, that ladies love to play, certainly, but not to pay. The point of honor is not understood by the charming sex; and it was with the greatest difficulty, in our peregrinations to the various courts of Northern Europe, that we could keep them from the table, could get their money if they lost, or, if they paid, prevent them from using the most furious and extraordinary means of revenge. In those great days of our fortune, I calculate that we lost no less than fourteen thousand louis by such failures of payment. A princess
of a ducal house gave us paste instead of diamonds, which she had solemnly pledged to us; another organized a robbery of the crown jewels, and would have charged the theft upon us, but for Pippi's caution, who had kept back a note of hand 'her High Transparency' gave us, and sent it to his ambassador; by which precaution I do believe our necks were saved. A third lady of high (but not princely) rank, after I had won a considerable sum in diamonds and pearls from her, sent her lover with a band of cutthroats to waylay me, and it was only by extraordinary courage, skill, and good luck, that I escaped from these villains wounded myself, but leaving the chief aggressor dead on the ground; my sword entered his eye and broke there, and the villains who were with him fled, seeing their chief fall. They might have finished me else, for I had no weapon of defense.

Thus it will be seen that our life, for all its splendor, was one of extreme danger and difficulty, requiring high talents and courage for success; and often, when we were in a full vein of success, we were suddenly driven from our ground on account of some freak of a reigning prince, some intrigue of a disappointed mistress, or some quarrel with the police minister. If the latter personage were not bribed or won over, nothing was more common than for us to receive a sudden order of departure; and so, perforce, we lived a wandering and desultory life.

Though the gains of such a life are, as I have said, very great, yet the expenses are enormous. Our appearance and retinue was too splendid for the narrow mind of Pippi, who was always crying out at my extravagance, though clogged to own that his own meanness and parsimony would never have achieved the great victories which my generosity had won. With all our success, our capital was not very great. That speech to the Duke of Courland, for instance, was a mere boast as far as the two hundred thousand florins at three months were concerned. We had no credit, and no money beyond that on our table, and should have been forced to fly if his highness had won and accepted our bills. Sometimes, too, we were hit very hard. A bank is a certainty, almost; but now and then a bad day will come; and men who have the courage of good fortune, at least, ought to meet bad luck well; the former, believe me, is the harder task of the two.

One of these evil chances befell us in the Duke of Baden's territory, at Mannheim. Pippi, who was always on the look-out for business, offered to make a bank at the inn where we
put up, and where the officers of the duke's cuirassiers supped; and some small play accordingly took place, and some wretched crowns and louis changed hands; I trust, rather to the advantage of these poor gentlemen of the army, who were surely the poorest of all devils under the sun.

But, as ill luck would have it, a couple of young students from the neighboring University of Heidelberg, who had come to Mannheim for their quarter's revenue, and so had some hundred of dollars between them, were introduced to the table, and, having never played before, began to win (as is always the case). As ill luck would have it, too, they were tipsy, and against tipsiness I have often found the best calculations of play fail entirely. They played in the most perfectly insane way, and yet won always. Every card they backed turned up in their favor. They had won a hundred louis from us in ten minutes; and, seeing that Pippi was growing angry and the luck against us, I was for shutting up the bank for the night, saying the play was only meant for a joke, and that now we had had enough.

But Pippi, who had quarreled with me that day, was determined to proceed, and the upshot was that the students played and won more; then they lent money to the officers, who had begun to win, too; and in this ignoble way, in a tavern room thick with tobacco smoke, across a deal table besmeared with beer and liquor, and to a parcel of hungry subalterns and a pair of beardless students, three of the most skillful and renowned players in Europe lost 1700 louis! I blush now when I think of it. It was like Charles XII. or Richard Cœur de Lion falling before a petty fortress and an unknown hand (as my friend Mr. Johnson wrote), and was, in fact, a most shameful defeat.

Nor was this the only defeat. When our poor conquerors had gone off, bewildered with the treasure which fortune had flung in their way (one of these students was called the Baron de Clootz, perhaps he who afterward lost his head at Paris), Pippi resumed the quarrel of the morning, and some exceedingly high words passed between us. Among other things I recollect I knocked him down with a stool, and was for flinging him out of the window; but my uncle, who was cool, and had been keeping Lent with his usual solemnity, interposed between us, and a reconciliation took place, Pippi apologizing and confessing he had been wrong.

I ought to have doubted, however, the sincerity of the treacherous Italian; indeed, as I never before believed a word
that he said in his life, I know not why I was so foolish as to credit him now, and go to bed, leaving the keys of our cashbox with him. It contained, after our loss to the cuirassiers, in bills and money, near upon £8000 sterling. Pippi insisted that our reconciliation should be ratified over a bowl of hot wine, and I have no doubt put some soporific drug into the liquor; for my uncle and I both slept till very late the next morning; and woke with violent headaches and fever; we did not quit our beds till noon. He had been gone twelve hours, leaving our treasury empty; and behind him a sort of calculation, by which he strove to make out that this was his share of the profits, and that all the losses had been incurred without his consent.

Thus, after eighteen months, we had to begin the world again. But was I cast down? No. Our wardrobes still were worth a very large sum of money; for gentlemen did not dress like parish clerks in those days, and a person of fashion would often wear a suit of clothes and a set of ornaments that would be a shop-boy's fortune; so, without repining for one single minute, or saying a single angry word (my uncle's temper in this respect was admirable), or allowing the secret of our loss to be known to a mortal soul, we pawned three-fourths of our jewels and clothes to Moses Löwe the banker, and with the produce of the sale, and our private pocket-money, amounting in all to something less than 800 lous, we took the field again.

CHAPTER X.
MORE RUNS OF LUCK.

I am not going to entertain my readers with an account of my professional career as a gamester, any more than I did with anecdotcs of my life as a military man. I might fill volumes with tales of this kind were I so minded; but at this rate, my recital would not be brought to a conclusion for years, and who knows how soon I may be called upon to stop? I have gout, rheumatism, gravel, and a disordered liver. I have two or three wounds in my body, which break out every now and then, and give me intolerable pain, and a hundred more signs of breaking up. Such are the effects of time, illness, and free living upon one of the strongest constitutions and finest forms the world ever saw. Ah! I suffered from none of these ills in the year '66, when there was no man in Europe more gay in spirits, more splendid in personal accomplishments, than young Redmond Barry.
Before the treachery of the scoundrel Pippi I had visited many of the best courts of Europe; especially the smaller ones, where play was patronized, and the professors of that science always welcome. Among the ecclesiastical principalities of the Rhine we were particularly well received. I never knew finer or gayer courts than those of the Electors of Treves and Cologne, where there was more splendor and gayety than at Vienna; far more than in the wretched barrack court of Berlin. The court of the Archduchess-Governess of the Netherlands was, likewise, a royal place for us knights of the dice box and gallant votaries of fortune; whereas in the stingy Dutch, or the beggarly Swiss republic, it was impossible for a gentleman to gain a livelihood unmolested.

After our mishap at Mannheim, my uncle and I made for the Duchy of X. The reader may find out the place easily enough; but I do not chose to print at full the names of some illustrious persons in whose society I then fell, and among whom I was made the sharer in a very strange and tragical adventure.

There was no court in Europe at which strangers were more welcome than at that of the noble Duke of X.; none where pleasure was more eagerly sought after, and more splendidly enjoyed. The prince did not inhabit his capital of S., but, imitating in every respect the ceremonial of the court of Versailles, built himself a magnificent palace at a few leagues from his chief city, and round about his palace a superb aristocratic town, inhabited entirely by his nobles and the officers of his sumptuous court. The people were rather hardly pressed, to be sure, in order to keep up this splendor; for his highness' dominions were small, and so he wisely lived in a sort of awful retirement from them, seldom showing his face in his capital, or seeing any countenances but those of his faithful domestics and officers. His palace and gardens of Ludwigslust were exactly on the French model. Twice a week there were court receptions, and grand court galas twice a month. There was the finest opera out of France, and a ballet unrivaled in splendor; on which his Highness, a great lover of music and dancing, expended prodigious sums. It may be because I was then young, but I think I never saw such an assemblage of brilliant beauty as used to figure there on the stage of the court theater, in the grand mythological ballets which were then the mode, and in which you saw Mars in red-heeled pumps and a periwig, and Venus in patches and a hoop. They say the costume was incorrect, and have changed it since; but for my part, I have never seen a Venus more lovely than
the Coralie, who was the chief dancer, and found no fault with the attendant nymphs, in their trains and lappets and powder. These operas used to take place twice a week, after which some great officer of the court would have his evening, and his brilliant supper, and the dice box rattled everywhere, and all the world played. I have seen seventy play tables set out in the grand gallery of Ludwigslust, besides the faro bank; where the duke himself would graciously come and play, and win or lose with a truly royal splendor.

It was hither we came after the Mannheim misfortune. The nobility of the court were pleased to say our reputation had preceded us, and the two Irish gentlemen were made welcome. The very first night at court we lost 740 of our 800 louis; the next evening, at the Court Marshal's table, I won them back, with 1300 more. You may be sure we allowed no one to know how near we were to ruin on the first evening; but, on the contrary, I endeared everyone to me by my gay manner of losing, and the Finance Minister himself cashed a note for 400 ducats, drawn by me upon my steward of Ballybarry Castle in the kingdom of Ireland, which very note I won from his Excellency the next day, along with a considerable sum in ready cash. In that noble court everybody was a gambler. You would see the lackeys in the ducal ante-rooms at work with their dirty packs of cards; the coach and chairmen playing in the court, while their masters were punting in the saloons above; the very cook-maids and scullions. I was told, had a bank, where one of them, an Italian confectioner, made a handsome fortune; he purchased afterward a Roman marquisate, and his son has figured as one of the most fashionable of the illustrious foreigners in London. The poor devils of soldiers played away their pay when they got it, which was seldom; and I don't believe there was an officer in any one of the guard regiments but had his cards in his pouch, and no more forgot his dice than his sword-knot. Among such fellows it was diamond cut diamond. What you call fair play would have been a folly. The gentlemen of Ballybarry would have been fools indeed, to appear as pigeons in such a hawk's nest. None but men of courage and genius could live and prosper in a society where everyone was bold and clever; and here my uncle and I held our own; ay, and more than our own.

His highness the duke was a widower, or rather, since the death of the reigning duchess, had contracted a morganatic marriage with a lady whom he had ennobled, and who considered it a compliment (such was the morality of those days)
to be called the Northern Dubarry. He had been married
very young, and his son, the hereditary prince, may be said to
have been the political sovereign of the state; for the reign-
ing duke was fonder of pleasure than of politics, and loved to
talk a great deal more with his grand huntsman, or the direc-
tor of his opera, than with ministers and ambassadors.

The hereditary prince, whom I shall call Prince Victor,
was of a very different character from his august father. He
had made the Wars of the Succession and Seven Years with
great credit in the Empress' service, was of a stern character,
seldom appeared at court, except when ceremony called him,
but lived almost alone in his wing of the palace, where he de-
ved himself to the severest studies, being a great astronomer
and chemist. He shared in the rage, then common throughout
Europe, of hunting for the philosopher's stone; and my uncle
often regretted that he had no smattering of chemistry, like
Balsamo (who called himself Cagliostro), St. Germain, and
other individuals, who had obtained very great sums from Duke
Victor by aiding him in his search after the great secret. His
amusements were hunting and reviewing the troops; but for
him, and if his good-natured father had not had his aid, the
army would have been playing at cards all day, and so it was
well that the prudent prince was left to govern.

Duke Victor was fifty years of age, and his princess, the
Princess Olivia, was scarce three-and-twenty. They had been
married seven years, and in the first years of their union the
princess had borne him a son and a daughter. The stern
morals and manners, the dark and ungainly appearance, of the
husband, were little likely to please the brilliant and fascina-
ting young woman, who had been educated in the south (she
was connected with the ducal house of S.), who had passed
two years at Paris under the guardianship of Mesdames the
dughters of his Most Christian Majesty, and who was the
life and soul of the court of X., the gayest of the gay,
the idol of her august father-in-law, and, indeed, of the whole
court. She was not beautiful, but charming; not witty, but
charming, too, in her conversation as in her person. She was
extravagant beyond all measure; so false that you could not
trust her; but her very weaknesses were more winning than
the virtues of other women, her selfishness more delightful
than others' generosity. I never knew a woman whose faults
made her so attractive. She used to ruin people, and yet they
all loved her. My old uncle has seen her cheating at ombre,
and let her win 400 louis without resisting in the least. Her
caprices with the officers and ladies of her household were ceaseless; but they adored her. She was the only one of the reigning family whom the people worshiped. She never went abroad but they followed her carriage with shouts of acclamation; and, to be generous to them, she would borrow the last penny from one of her poor maids of honor, whom she would never pay. In the early days her husband was as much fascinated by her as all the rest of the world was; but her caprices had caused frightful outbreaks of temper on his part, and an estrangement which, though interrupted by almost mad returns of love, was still general. I speak of her royal highness with perfect candor and admiration, although I might be pardoned for judging her more severely, considering her opinion of myself. She said the elder M. de Balibari was a finished old gentleman, and the younger one had the manners of a courier. The world has given a different opinion, and I can afford to chronicle this almost single sentence against me. Besides, she had a reason for her dislike to me, which you shall hear.

Five years in the army, long experience of the world, had ere now dispelled any of those romantic notions regarding love with which I commenced life; and I had determined, as is proper with gentlemen (it is only your low people who marry for mere affection), to consolidate my fortunes by marriage. In the course of our peregrinations, my uncle and I had made several attempts to carry this object into effect; but numerous disappointments had occurred, which are not worth mentioning here, and had prevented me hitherto from making such a match as I thought was worthy of a man of my birth, abilities, and personal appearance. Ladies are not in the habit of running away on the Continent, as is the custom in England (a custom whereby many honorable gentlemen of my country have much benefited); guardians, and ceremonies, and difficulties of all kinds intervene; true love is not allowed to have its course, and poor women cannot give away their honest hearts to the gallant fellows who have won them. Now it was settlements that were asked for; now it was my pedigree and title-deeds that were not satisfactory; though I had a plan and rent roll of the Ballybarry estates, and the genealogy of the family up to King Brian Boru or Barry, most handsomely designed on paper; now it was a young lady who was whisked off to a convent just as she was ready to fall into my arms; on another occasion, when a rich widow of the Low Countries was about to make me lord of a noble estate in Flanders, comes an order of the police which drives me out of Brussels at an hour's
notice, and consigns my mourner to her château. But at X. I had an opportunity of playing a great game; and had won it too, but for the dreadful catastrophe which upset my fortune.

In the household of the hereditary princess, there was a lady nineteen years of age, and possessor of the greatest fortune in the whole duchy. The Countess Ida, such was her name, was daughter of a late Minister and favorite of his Highness the Duke of X. and his Duchess, who had done her the honor to be her sponsors at birth, and who, at the father's death, had taken her under their august guardianship and protection. At sixteen she was brought from her castle, where, up to that period, she had been permitted to reside, and had been placed with the Princess Olivia, as one of her highness' maids of honor.

The aunt of the Countess Ida, who presided over her house during her minority, had foolishly allowed her to contract an attachment for her cousin-german, a penniless sub-lieutenant in one of the duke's foot regiments, who had flattered himself to be able to carry off this rich prize; and if he had not been a blundering, silly idiot, indeed, with the advantage of seeing her constantly, of having no rival near him, and the intimacy attendant upon close kinsmanship, might easily, by a private marriage, have secured the young countess and her possessions. But he managed matters so foolishly that he allowed her to leave her retirement, to come to court for a year, and take her place in the Princess Olivia's household; and then what does my young gentleman do but appear at the duke's levée one day, in his tarnished epaulet and threadbare coat, and make an application in due form to his highness, as the young lady's guardian, for the hand of the richest heiress in his dominions!

The weakness of the good-natured prince was such that, as the Countess Ida herself was quite as eager for the match as her silly cousin, his highness might have been induced to allow the match, had not the Princess Olivia been induced to interpose, and to procure from the duke a peremptory veto to the hopes of the young man. The cause of this refusal was as yet unknown; no other suitor for the young lady's hand was mentioned, and the lovers continued to correspond, hoping that time might effect a change in his highness's resolutions; when of a sudden, the lieutenant was drafted into one of the regiments which the prince was in the habit of selling to the great powers then at war (this military commerce was a principal part of his highness' and other princes' revenues in those days), and their connection was thus abruptly broken off.
It was strange that the Princess Olivia should have taken this part against a young lady who had been her favorite; for, at first, with those romantic and sentimental notions which almost every woman has, she had somewhat encouraged the Countess Ida and her penniless lover, but now suddenly turned against them; and, from loving the countess, as she previously had done, pursued her with every manner of hatred which a woman knows how to inflict; there was no end to the ingenuity of her tortures, the venom of her tongue, the bitterness of her sarcasm and scorn. When I first came to court at X., the young fellows there had nicknamed the young lady the Durnme Gräfin, the stupid countess. She was generally silent, handsome, but pale, stolid-looking, and awkward; taking no interest in the amusements of the place, and appearing in the midst of the feasts as ghastly as the death’s-head which, they say, the Romans used to have at their tables.

It was rumored that a young gentleman of French extraction, the Chevalier de Magny, equerry to the hereditary prince, and present at Paris when the Princess Olivia was married to him by proxy there, was the intended of the rich Countess Ida; but no official declaration of the kind was yet made, and there were whispers of a dark intrigue; which, subsequently, received frightful confirmation.

This Chevalier de Magny was the grandson of an old general officer in the duke’s service, the Baron de Magny. The baron’s father had quitted France at the expulsion of Protestants, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and taken service in X., where he died. The son succeeded him, and quite unlike most French gentlemen of birth whom I have known, was a stern and cold Calvinist, rigid in the performance of his duty, retiring in his manners, mingling little with the court, and a close friend and favorite of Duke Victor, whom he resembled in disposition.

The chevalier his grandson was a true Frenchman; he had been born in France, where his father held a diplomatic appointment in the duke’s service. He had mingled in the gay society of the most brilliant court in the world, and had endless stories to tell us of the pleasures of the petites maisons, of the secrets of the Parc aux Cerfs, and of the wild gayeties of Richelieu and his companions. He had been almost ruined at play, as his father had been before him; for, out of the reach of the stern old baron in Germany, both son and grandson had led the most reckless of lives. He came back from Paris soon after the embassy which had been dispatched thither on the
occasion of the marriage of the princess, was received sternly by his old grandfather; who, however, paid his debts once more, and procured him the post in the duke’s household. The Chevalier de Magny rendered himself a great favorite of his august master; he brought with him the modes and the gayeties of Paris; he was the devisor of all masquerades and balls, the recruiter of the ballet dancers, and by far the most brilliant and splendid young gentleman of the court.

After we had been a few weeks at Ludwigslust, the old Baron de Magny endeavored to have us dismissed from the duchy; but his voice was not strong enough to overcome that of the general public, and the Chevalier de Magny especially stood our friend with his highness when the question was debated before him. The chevalier’s love of play had not deserted him. He was a regular frequenter of our bank, where he played for some time with pretty good luck; and where, when he began to lose, he paid with a regularity surprising to all those who knew the smallness of his means and the splendor of his appearance.

Her highness the Princess Olivia was also very fond of play. On half a dozen occasions when we held a bank at court, I could see her passion for the game. I could see—that is, my cool-headed old uncle could see—much more. There was an intelligence between M. de Magny and this illustrious lady. ‘If her highness be not in love with the little Frenchman,’ my uncle said to me one night after play, ‘may I lose sight of my last eye?’

‘And what then, sir?’ said I.

‘What then?’ said my uncle, looking me hard in the face. ‘Are you so green as not to know what then? Your fortune is to be made, if you choose to back it now; and we may have back the Barry estates in two years, my boy.’

‘How is that?’ asked I, still at a loss.

My uncle dryly said, ‘Get Magny to play; never mind his paying; take his notes of hand. The more he owes the better; but, above all, make him play.’

‘He can’t pay a shilling,’ answered I. ‘The Jews will not discount his notes at cent. per cent.’

‘So much the better. You shall see we will make use of them,’ answered the old gentleman. And I must confess that the plan he laid was a gallant, clever, and fair one.

I was to make Magny play; in this there was no great difficulty. We had an intimacy together, for he was a good sportsman as well as myself, and we came to have a pretty consider-
able friendship for one another; if he saw a dice box it was impossible to prevent him from handling it; but he took to it as natural as a child does to sweetmeats.

At first he won of me; then he began to lose; then I played him money against some jewels that he brought; family trinkets, he said, and indeed of considerable value. He begged me, however, not to dispose of them in the duchy, and I gave and kept my word to him to this effect. From jewels he got to playing upon promissory notes; and as they would not allow him to play at the court tables and in public upon credit, he was very glad to have an opportunity of indulging his favorite passion in private. I have had him for hours at my pavilion (which I had fitted up in the Eastern manner, very splendid) rattling the dice till it became time to go to his service at court, and we would spend day after day in this manner. He brought me more jewels, a pearl necklace, an antique emerald breast ornament, and other trinkets, as a set-off against these losses; for I need not say that I should not have played with him all this time had he been winning; but, after about a week, the luck set in against him, and he became my debtor in a prodigious sum. I do not care to mention the extent of it; it was such as I never thought the young man could pay.

Why, then, did I play for it? Why waste days in private play with a mere bankrupt, when business seemingly much more profitable was to be done elsewhere? My reason I boldly confess. I wanted to win from M. de Magny, not his money, but his intended wife, the Countess Ida. Who can say that I had not a right to use any stratagem in this matter of love? Or, why say love? I wanted the wealth of the lady. I loved her quite as much as Magny did; I loved her quite as much as yonder blushing virgin of seventeen does who marries an old lord of seventy. I followed the practice of the world in this; having resolved that marriage should achieve my fortune.

I used to make Magny, after his losses, give me a friendly letter of acknowledgement to some such effect as this:

My Dear Monsieur de Balibari: I acknowledge to have lost to you this day at lansquenet [or piquet, or hazard, as the case may be: I was master of him at any game that is played] the sum of three hundred ducats, and shall hold it as a great kindness on your part if you will allow the debt to stand over until a future day, when you shall receive payment from your very grateful humble servant.

With the jewels he brought me I also took the precaution (but this was my uncle’s idea, and a very good one) to have a sort of invoice, and a letter begging me to receive the trinkets as so much part payment of a sum of money he owed me.

When I had put him in such a position as I deemed favor-
able to my intentions, I spoke to him candidly, and without any reserve, as one man of the world should speak to another. 'I will not, my dear fellow,' said I, 'pay you so bad a compliment as to suppose that you expect we are to go on playing at this rate much longer, and that there is any satisfaction to me in possessing more or less sheets of paper bearing your signature, and a series of notes of hand which I know you never can pay. Don't look fierce or angry, for you know Redmond Barry is your master at the sword; besides, I would not be such a fool as to fight a man who owes me so much money; but hear calmly what I have to propose.

'You have been very confidential to me during our intimacy of the last month; and I know all your personal affairs completely. You have given your word of honor to your grandfather never to play upon parole, and you know how you have kept it, and that he will disinherit you if he hears the truth. Nay, suppose he dies to-morrow, his estate is not sufficient to pay the sum in which you are indebted to me; and, were you to yield me up all, you would be a beggar, and a bankrupt too.

'Her highness the Princess Olivia denies you nothing. I shall not ask why; but give me leave to say, I was aware of the fact when we began to play together.'

'Will you be made baron—chamberlain, with the grand cordon of the order?' gasped the poor fellow. 'The princess can do anything with the duke.'

'I shall have no objection, said I, 'to the yellow ribbon and the gold key; though a gentleman of the house of Ballybarry cares little for the titles of the German nobility. But this is not what I want. My good chevalier, you have hid no secrets from me. You have told me with what difficulty you have induced the Princess Olivia to consent to the project of your union with the Gräfinn Ida, whom you don't love. I know whom you love very well.'

'M. de Balibari!' said the discomfited chevalier; he could get out no more. The truth began to dawn upon him.

'You begin to understand,' continued I. 'Her highness the Princess' (I said this in a sarcastic way) 'will not be very angry, believe me, if you break off your connection with the stupid countess. I am no more an admirer of that lady than you are; but I want her estate. I played you for that estate, and have won it; and I will give you your bills and five thousand ducats on the day I am married to it.'

'The day I am married to the countess,' answered the chevalier, thinking to have me, 'I will be able to raise money to
pay your claim ten times over (this was true, for the countess' property may have been valued at near half a million of our money); 'and then I will discharge my obligations to you. Meanwhile, if you annoy me by threats, or insult me again as you have done, I will use that influence, which, as you say, I possess, and have you turned out of the duchy, as you were out of the Netherlands last year.'

I rang the bell quite quietly. 'Zamor,' said I to a tall negro fellow habited like a Turk, that used to wait upon me, 'when you hear the bell ring a second time, you will take this packet to the Marshal of the Court, this to his Excellency the General de Magny, and this you will place in the hands of one of the equerries of his highness the hereditary prince. Wait in the anteroom, and do not go with the parcels until I ring again.'

The black having retired, I turned to M. de Magny and said, 'Chevalier, the first packet contains a letter from you to me, declaring your solvency, and solemnly promising payment of the sums you owe me; it is accompanied by a document from myself (for I expected some resistance on your part), stating that my honor has been called in question, and begging that the paper may be laid before your august master, his highness. The second packet is for your grandfather, inclosing the letter from you in which you state yourself to be his heir, and begging for a confirmation of the fact. The last parcel, for his highness the hereditary duke,' added I, looking most sternly, 'contains the Gustavus Adolphus emerald, which he gave to his princess, and which you pledged to me as a family jewel of your own. Your influence with her highness must be great indeed,' I concluded, 'when you could extort from her such a jewel as that, and when you could make her, in order to pay your playdebits, give up a secret upon which both your heads depend.'

'Villain!' said the Frenchman, quite aghast with fury and terror, 'would you implicate the princess?'

'M. de Magny,' I answered, with a sneer, 'no; I will say you stole the jewel.' It was my belief he did, and that the unhappy and infatuated princess was never privy to the theft until long after it had been committed. How we came to know the history of the emerald is simple enough. As we wanted money (for my occupation with Magny caused our bank to be much neglected), my uncle had carried Magny's trinkets to Mannheim to pawn. The Jew who lent upon them knew the history of the stone in question; and when he asked how her highness came to part with it, my uncle very cleverly took up the story where he found it, said that the princess was very
fond of play, that it was not always convenient to her to pay, and hence the emerald had come into our hands. He brought it wisely back with him to S.; and, as regards the other jewels which the chevalier pawned to us, they were of no particular mark; no inquiries have ever been made about them to this day; and I did not only not know then that they came from her highness, but have only my conjectures upon the matter now.

The unfortunate young gentleman must have had a cowardly spirit, when I charged him with the theft, not to make use of my two pistols that were lying by chance before him, and to send out of the world his accuser and his own ruined self. With such imprudence and miserable recklessness on his part and that of the unhappy lady who had forgotten herself for this poor villain, he must have known that discovery was inevitable. But it was written that his dreadful destiny should be accomplished: instead of ending like a man, he now cowed before me quite spirit-broken, and, flinging himself down on the sofa, burst into tears, calling wildly upon all the saints to help him; as if they could be interested in the fate of such a wretch as him!

I saw that I had nothing to fear from him; and, calling back Zamor, my black, said I would myself carry the parcels, which I returned to my escriitoire; and, my point being thus gained, I acted, as I always do, generously toward him. I said that, for security’s sake, I should send the emerald out of the country, but that I pledged my honor to restore it to the duchess, without any pecuniary consideration, on the day when she should procure the sovereign’s consent to my union with the Countess Ida.

This will explain pretty clearly, I flatter myself, the game I was playing; and, though some rigid moralist may object to its propriety, I say that anything is fair in love, and that men so poor as myself can’t afford to be squeamish about their means of getting on in life. The great and rich are welcomed, smiling, up the grand staircase of the world; the poor but aspiring must clamber up the wall, or push and struggle up the back stair, or, pardi, crawl through any of the conduits of the house, never mind how foul and narrow, that leads to the top. The unambitious sluggard pretends that the eminence is not worth attaining, declines altogether the struggle, and calls himself a philosopher. I say he is a poor-spirited coward. What is life good for but for honor? and that is so indispensable that we should attain it any how.

The manner to be adopted for Magny’s retreat was proposed by myself, and was arranged so as to consult the feelings of
delicacy of both parties. I made Magny take the Countess Ida aside, and say to her, 'Madam, though I have never declared myself your admirer, you and the count have had sufficient proof of my regard for you; and my demand would, I know, have been backed by his highness, your august guardian. I know the duke's gracious wish is that my attentions should be received favorably, but, as time has not appeared to alter your attachment elsewhere, and as I have too much spirit to force a lady of your name and rank to be united to me against your will, the best plan is, that I should make you, for form's sake, a proposal unauthorized by his highness; that you should reply, as I am sorry to think your heart dictates to you, in the negative; on which I also will formally withdraw from my pursuit of you, stating that, after a refusal, nothing, not even the duke's desire, should induce me to persist in my suit.'

The Countess Ida almost wept at hearing these words from M. de Magny, and tears came into her eyes, he said, as she took his hand for the first time, and thanked him for the delicacy of the proposal. She little knew that the Frenchman was incapable of that sort of delicacy, and that the graceful manner in which he withdrew his addresses was of my invention.

As soon as he withdrew, it became my business to step forward; but cautiously and gently, so as not to alarm the lady, and yet firmly, so as to convince her of the hopelessness of her design of uniting herself with her shabby lover, the sub-lieutenant. The Princess Olivia was good enough to perform this necessary part of the plan in my favor, and solemnly to warn the Countess Ida, that though M. de Magny had retired from paying his addresses, his highness her guardian would still marry her as he thought fit, and that she must forever forget her out-at-elbow adorer. In fact, I can't conceive how such a shabby rogue as that could ever have had the audacity to propose for her; his birth was certainly good; but what other qualifications had he?

When the Chevalier de Magny withdrew, numbers of other suitors, you may be sure, presented themselves; and among these your very humble servant, the cadet of Ballybarry. There was a carrousel, or tournament, held at this period, in imitation of the antique meetings of chivalry, in which the chevaliers tilted at each other, or at the ring; and on this occasion I was habited in a splendid Roman dress (viz., a silver helmet, a flowing periwig, a cuirass of gilt leather richly embroidered, a light blue velvet mantle, and crimson morocco half boots) and in this habit I rode my bay horse Brian, carried
off three rings, and won the prize over all the duke's gentry, and the nobility of surrounding countries who had come to the show. A wreath of gilded laurel was to be the prize of the victor, and it was to be awarded by the lady he selected. So I rode up to the gallery where the Countess Ida was seated behind the hereditary princess, and, calling her name loudly, yet gracefully, begged to be allowed to be crowned by her, and thus proclaimed myself to the face of all Germany, as it were, her suitor. She turned very pale, and the princess red, I observed; but the Countess Ida ended by crowning me; after which, putting spurs into my horse, I galloped round the ring, saluting his highness the duke at the opposite end, and performing the most wonderful exercises with my bay.

My success did not, as you may imagine, increase my popularity with the young gentry. They called me adventurer, bully, dice-loader, impostor, and a hundred pretty names; but I had a way of silencing these gentry. I took the Count de Schemetterling, the richest and bravest of the young men who seemed to have a hankering for the Countess Ida, and publicly insulted him at the ridotto; flinging my cards into his face. The next day I rode thirty-five miles into the territory of the Elector of B., and met M. de Schmetterling, and passed my sword twice through his body; then rode back with my second, the Chevalier de Magny, and presented myself at the duchess' whist that evening. Magny was very unwilling to accompany me at first; but I insisted upon his support, and that he should countenance my quarrel. Directly after paying my homage to her highness, I went up to the Countess Ida, and made her a marked and low obeisance, gazing at her steadily in the face until she grew crimson red; and then staring round at every man who formed her circle, until ma foi, I stared them all away. I instructed Magny to say, everywhere, that the countess was madly in love with me; which commission, along with many others of mine, the poor devil was obliged to perform. He made rather a sotte figure, as the French say, acting pioneer for me, praising me everywhere, accompanying me always! he who had been the pink of the mode, until my arrival; he who thought his pedigree of beggarly Barons of Magny was superior to the race of the great Irish kings from which I descended; who had sneered at me a hundred times as a spadassin, a deserter, and had called me a vulgar Irish upstart. Now I had my revenge of the gentleman, and took it too.

I used to call him, in the choicest societies, by his Chris-
tian name of Maxime. I would say, 'Bon jour, Maxime; comment was tu?' in the princess' hearing, and could see him bite his lips for fury and vexation. But I had him under my thumb, and her highness too—I, poor private of Bülow's regiment. And this is a proof of what genius and perseverance can do, and should act as a warning to great people never to have secrets—if they can help it.

I knew the princess hated me; but what did I care? She knew I knew all; and indeed, I believe, so strong was her prejudice against me that she thought I was an indelicate villain, capable of betraying a lady, which I would scorn to do; so that she trembled before me as a child before its schoolmaster. She would, in her woman's way, too, make all sorts of jokes and sneers at me on reception days; ask about my palace in Ireland, and the kings my ancestors, and whether, when I was a private in Bülow's foot, my royal relatives had interposed to rescue me, and whether the cane was smartly administered there—anything to mortify me. But Heaven bless you! I can make allowances for people, and used to laugh in her face. While her jibes and jeers were continuing, it was my pleasure to look at poor Magny and see how he bore them. The poor devil was trembling lest I should break out under the princess' sarcasm and tell all; but my revenge was, when the princess attacked me, to say something bitter to him—to pass it on, as boys do at school. And that was the thing which used to make her highness feel. She would wince just as much when I attacked Magny as if I had been saying anything rude to herself. And, though she hated me, she used to beg my pardon in private, and though her pride would often get the better of her, yet her prudence obliged this magnificent princess to humble herself to the poor penniless Irish boy.

As soon as Magny had formally withdrawn from the Countess Ida, the princess took the young lady into favor again, and pretended to be very fond of her. To do them justice, I don't know which of the two disliked me most—the princess, who was all eagerness, and fire, and coquetry, or the countess, who was all state and splendor. The latter, especially, pretended to be disgusted by me; and yet, after all, I have pleased her betters; was once one of the handsomest men in Europe, and would defy any hayduke of the court to measure a chest or a leg with me; but I did not care for any of her silly prejudices, and determined to win her and wear her in spite of herself. Was it on account of her personal charms or qualities? No. She was quite white, thin, short-sighted,
tall, and awkward, and my taste is quite the contrary; and as for her mind, no wonder that a poor creature who had a hankering after a wretched, ragged ensign could never appreciate me. It was her estate I made love to; as for herself, it would be a reflection on my taste as a man of fashion to own that I liked her.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES AGAINST BARRY.

My hopes of obtaining the hand of one of the richest heiresses in Germany were now, as far as all human probability went, and as far as my own merits and prudence could secure my fortune, pretty certain of completion. I was admitted whenever I presented myself at the princess’ apartments, and had as frequent opportunities as I desired of seeing the Countess Ida there. I cannot say that she received me with any particular favor; the silly young creature’s affections were, as I have said, engaged ignobly elsewhere; and, however captivating my own person and manners may have been, it was not to be expected that she should all of a sudden forget her lover for the sake of the young Irish gentleman who was paying his addresses to her. But such little rebuffs as I got were far from discouraging me. I had very powerful friends, who were to aid me in my undertaking; and knew that, sooner or later, the victory must be mine. In fact, I only waited my time to press my suit. Who could tell the dreadful stroke of fortune which was impending over my illustrious protectress, and which was to involve me partially in her ruin?

All things seemed for a while quite prosperous to my wishes; and, in spite of the Countess Ida’s disinclination, it was much easier to bring her to her senses than, perhaps, may be supposed in a silly, constitutional country like England, where people are brought up with those wholesome sentiments of obedience to royalty which were customary in Europe at the time when I was a young man.

I have stated how, through Magny, I had the princess, as it were, at my feet. Her highness had only to press the match upon the old duke, over whom her influence was unbounded, and to secure the good will of the Countess of Liliengarten (which was the romantic title of his highness’ morganatic spouse), and the easy old man would give an order for the marriage, which his ward would perforce obey. Mme. de Liliengarten was, too, from her position, extremely anxious to oblige the Princess Olivia; who might be called upon any
day to occupy the throne. The old duke was tottering, apoplectic, and exceedingly fond of good living. When he was gone, his relict would find the patronage of the Duchess Olivia most necessary to her. Hence there was a close mutual understanding between the two ladies; and the world said that the hereditary princess was already indebted to the favorite for help on various occasions. Her highness had obtained, through the countess, several large grants of money for the payment of her multifarious debts; and she was now good enough to exert her gracious influence over Mme. de Liliengarten in order to obtain for me the object so near my heart. It is not to be supposed that my end was to be obtained without continual unwillingness and refusals on Magny's part; but I pushed my point resolutely, and had means in my hands of overcoming the stubbornness of that feeble young gentleman. Also, I may say, without vanity, that if the high and mighty princess detested me, the countess (though she was of extremely low origin, it is said), had better taste and admired me. She often did as the honor to go partners with us in one of our faro banks, and declared that I was the handsomest man in the duchy. All I was required to prove was my nobility, and I got at Vienna such a pedigree as would satisfy the most greedy in that way. In fact, what had a man descended from the Barrys and the Bradys to fear before any von in Germany? By way of making assurances doubly sure, I promised Mme. de Liliengarten 10,000 louis on the day of my marriage, and she knew that as a play-man I had never failed in my word; and I vow, that had I paid fifty per cent. for it, I would have got the money.

Thus by my talents, honesty, and acuteness, I had, considering I was a poor patronless outcast, raised for myself very powerful protectors. Even his highness the Duke Victor was favorably inclined to me; for his favorite charger falling ill of the staggers, I gave him a ball such as my uncle Brady used to administer, and cured the horse; after which his highness was pleased to notice me frequently. He invited me to his hunting and shooting parties, where I showed myself to be a good sportsman; and once or twice he condescended to talk to me about my prospects in life, lamenting that I had taken to gambling, and that I had not adopted a more regular means of advancement. 'Sir,' said I, 'if you will allow me to speak frankly to your highness, play with me is only a means to an end. Where should I have been without it? A private still in King Frederick's grenadiers. I come of a race which gave
princes to my country; but persecutions have deprived them of their vast possessions. My uncle's adherence to his ancient faith drove him from our country. I too resolved to seek advancement in the military service; but the insolence and ill treatment which I received at the hands of the English were not bearable by a high-born gentleman, and I fled their service. It was only to fall into another bondage to all appearance still more hopeless; when my good star sent a preserver to me in my uncle, and my spirit and gallantry enabled me to take advantage of the means of escape afforded me. Since then we have lived, I do not disguise it, by play; but who can say I have done him a wrong? Yet, if I could find myself in an honorable post and with an assured maintenance, I would never, except for amusement, such as every gentleman must have, touch a card again. I beseech your highness to inquire of your resident at Berlin if I did not on every occasion act as a gallant soldier. I feel that I have talents of a higher order, and should be proud to have occasion to exert them; if, as I do not doubt, my fortune shall bring them into play.'

The candor of this statement struck his highness greatly, and impressed him in my favor, and he was pleased to say that he believed me, and would be glad to stand my friend.

Having thus the two dukes, the duchess, and the reigning favorite enlisted on my side, the chances certainly were that I should carry off the great prize; and I ought, according to all common calculations, to have been a prince of the empire at this present writing, but that my ill luck pursued me in a matter in which I was not the least to blame—the unhappy duchess' attachment to the weak, silly, cowardly Frenchman. The display of this love was painful to witness, as its end was frightful to think of. The princess made no disguise of it. If Magny spoke a word to a lady of her household, she would be jealous, and attack with all the fury of her tongue the unlucky offender. She would send him a half dozen of notes in the day; at his arrival to join her circle of the courts which she held, she would brighten up, so that all might perceive. It was a wonder that her husband had not long ere this been made aware of her faithlessness; but the Prince Victor was himself of so high and stern a nature that he could not believe in her stooping so far from her rank as to forget her virtue; and have heard say, that when hints were given to him of the evident partiality which the princess showed for the equerry, his answer was a stern command never more to be troubled on the subject. 'The princess is light-minded,' he said; 'she was
brought up at a frivolous court; but her folly goes not beyond coquetry; crime is impossible; she has her birth, and my name, and her children, to defend her.' And he would ride off to his military inspections and be absent for weeks, or retire to his suite of apartments, and remain closeted there whole days; only appearing to make a bow at her highness' levee, or to give her his hand at the court galas, where ceremony required that he should appear. He was a man of vulgar tastes, and I have seen him in the private garden, with his great ungainly figure, running races or playing at ball with his little son and daughter, whom he would find a dozen pretexts daily for visiting. The serene children were brought to their mother every morning at her toilet; but she received them very indifferently; except on one occasion, when the young Duke Luwig got his little uniform as colonel of hussars, being presented with a regiment by his godfather, the Emperor Leopold. Then, for a day or two, the Duchess Olivia was charmed with the little boy; but she grew tired of him speedily, as a child does of a toy. 'I remember one day, in the morning circle, some of the princess' rouge came off on the arm of her son's little white military jacket; on which she slapped the poor child's face, and sent him sobbing away. Oh, the woes that have been worked by women in this world! the misery into which men have lightly stepped with smiling faces; often not even with the excuse of passion, but from mere foppery, vanity, bravado! Men play with these dreadful two-edged tools, as if no harm could come to them. I, who have seen more of life than most men, if I had a son, would go on my knees to him and beg him to avoid woman, who is worse than poison. Once intrigue, and your whole life is endangered; you never know when the evil may fall upon you; and the woe of whole families, and the ruin of innocent people perfectly dear to you may be caused by a moment of your folly.

When I saw how entirely lost the unlucky M. de Magny seemed to be, in spite of all the claims I had against him, I urged him to fly. He had rooms in the palace, in the garrets over the princess' quarters (the building was a huge one, and accommodated almost a city of noble retainers of the family); but the infatuated young fool would not budge, although he had not even the excuse of love for staying. 'How she squints,' he would say of the princess, 'and how crooked she is! She thinks no one can perceive her deformity. She writes me verses out of Gresse- set or Crébillon, and fancies I believe them to be original. Bah! they are no more her own than her hair is!' It was in this way
that the wretched lad was dancing over the ruin that was yawning under him. I do believe that his chief pleasure in making love to the princess was that he might write about his victories to his friends of the *petites maisons* at Paris, where he longed to be considered as a wit and a *vainqueur de dames*.

Seeing the young man’s recklessness, and the danger of his position, I became very anxious that *my* little scheme should be brought to a satisfactory end, and pressed him warmly on the matter.

My solicitations with him were, I need not say, from the nature of the connection between us, generally pretty successful; and, in fact, the poor fellow could *refuse me nothing*; as I used often laughingly to say to him, very little to his liking. But I used more than threats, or the legitimate influence I had over him. I used delicacy and generosity; as a proof of which I may mention that I promised to give back to the princess the family emerald, which I mentioned in the last chapter that I had won from her unprincipled admirer at play.

This was done by my uncle’s consent, and was one of the usual acts of prudence and foresight which distinguish that clever man. ‘Press the matter now, Redmond, my boy,’ he would urge. ‘This affair between her highness and Magny must end ill for both of them, and that soon; and where will be your chance to win the countess then? Now is your time! win her and wear her before the month is over, and we will give up the punting business, and go live like noblemen at our castle in Swabia. Get rid of that emerald, too,’ he added; ‘should an accident happen, it will be an ugly deposit found in our hand.’ This it was that made me agree to forego the possession of the trinket; which, I must confess, I was loth to part with. It was lucky for us both that I did; as you shall presently hear.

Meanwhile, then, I urged Magny; I myself spoke strongly to the Countess of Liliengarten, who promised formally to back my claim with his highness the reigning duke; and M. de Magny was instructed to induce the Princess Olivia to make a similar application to the old sovereign in my behalf. It was done. The two ladies urged the prince; his highness (at a supper of oysters and champagne) was brought to consent, and her highness the hereditary princess did me the honor of notifying personally to the Countess Ida that it was the prince’s will that she should marry the young Irish nobleman, the Chevalier Redmond de Balibari. The notification was made in my presence; and though the young countess said ‘Never!’ and fell down in a swoon at her lady’s feet, I was, you may be
sure, entirely unconcerned at this little display of mawkish sensibility, and felt, indeed, now that my prize was secure.

That evening I gave the Chevalier de Magny the emerald, which he promised to restore to the princess; and now the only difficulty in my way lay with the hereditary prince, of whom his father, his wife, and the favorite, were alike afraid. He might not be disposed to allow the richest heiress in his duchy to be carried off by a noble, though not a wealthy, foreigner. Time was necessary in order to break the matter to Prince Victor. The princess must find him at some moment of good humor. He had days of infatuation still, when he could refuse his wife nothing; and our plan was to wait for one of these, or for any other chance which might occur.

But it was destined that the princess should never see her husband at her feet, as often as he had been. Fate was preparing a terrible ending to her follies, and my own hope. In spite of his promises to me, Magny never restored the emerald to the Princess Olivia.

He had heard, in casual intercourse with me, that my uncle and I had been beholden to Mr. Moses Löwe, the banker of Heidelberg, who had given us a good price for our valuables; and the infatuated young man took a pretext to go thither, and offered the jewel for pawn. Moses Löwe recognized the emerald at once, gave Magny the sum the latter demanded, which the chevalier lost at play; never, you may be sure, acquainting us with the means by which he had made himself master of so much capital. We, for our parts, supposed that he had been supplied by his usual banker, the princess; and many rouleaux of his gold pieces found their way into our treasury, when at the court galas, at our own lodgings, or at the apartments of Mme. de Liliengarten (who on these occasions did us the honor to go halves with us) we held our bank of faro.

Thus Magny's money was very soon gone. But though the Jew held his jewel, of thrice the value no doubt of the sums he had lent upon it, that was not all the profit which he intended to have from his unhappy creditor; over whom he began speedily to exercise his authority. His Hebrew connections at X., money brokers, bankers, horse traders, about the court there, must have told their Heidelberg brother what Magny's relations with the princess were, and the rascal determined to take advantage of these, and to press to the utmost both victims. My uncle and I were, meanwhile, swimming upon the high tide of fortune, prospering with our cards, and with the still greater matrimonial game which we were playing; and we were quite unaware of the mine under our feet.
Before a month was passed, the Jew began to pester Magny. He presented himself at X., and asked for further interest—hush money; otherwise he must sell the emerald. Magny got money for him; the princess again befriended her das-
tardly lover. The success of the first demand only rendered
the second more exorbitant. I know not how much money was
extorted and paid on this unlucky emerald; but it was the
cause of the ruin of us all.

One night we were keeping our table as usual at the Count-
ess of Liliengarten's, and Magny being in cash somehow kept
drawing out rouleau after rouleau, and playing with his com-
mon ill success. In the middle of the play a note was brought in
to him, which he read, and turned very pale on perusing; but
the luck was against him, and looking up rather anxiously at
the clock, he waited for a few more turns of the cards, when
having, I suppose, lost his last rouleau, he got up with a wild
oath that scared some of the polite company assembled, and
left the room. A great trampling of horses was heard with-
out; but we were too much engaged with our business to heed
the noise, and continued our play.

Presently someone came into the playroom and said to the
countess, 'Here is a strange story! A Jew has been murdered
in the Kaiserwald. Magny was arrested when he went out of
the room.' All the party broke up on hearing this strange
news, and we shut up our bank for the night. Magny had
been sitting by me during the play (my uncle dealt and I paid
and took the money), and, looking under the chair, there was a
crumpled paper, which I took up and read. It was that which
had been delivered to him, and ran thus:

If you have done it, take the orderly's horse who brings this. It is the best of my
stable. There are a hundred Louis in each holster, and the pistols are loaded. Either
course lies open to you; you know what I mean. In a quarter of an hour I shall know
our fate—whether I am to be dishonored and survive you, whether you are guilty and a
coward, or whether you are still worthy of the name of

M.

This was in the handwriting of the old General de Magny;
and my uncle and I, as we walked home at night, having made
and divided with the Countess Liliengarten no inconsiderable
profits that night, felt our triumphs greatly dashed by the pe-

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rights that night, felt our triumphs greatly dashed by the per-
uosal of the letter. 'Has Magny,' we asked, 'robbed the Jew,
or has his intrigue been discovered?' In either case, my claims
on the Countess Ida were likely to meet with serious draw-
backs; and I began to feel that my 'great card' was played
and perhaps lost.

Well, it was lost; though I say, to this day, it was well and
gallantly played. After supper (which we never for fear of
consequences took during play) I became so agitated in my mind as to what was occurring that I determined to sally out about midnight into the town, and inquire what was the real motive of Magny's apprehension. A sentry was at the door, and signified to me that I and my uncle were under arrest.

We were left in our quarters for six weeks, so closely watched that escape was impossible had we desired it; but, as innocent men, we had nothing to fear. Our course of life was open to all, and we desired and courted inquiry. Great and tragical events happened during those six weeks; of which, though we heard the outline, as all Europe did, when we were released from our captivity, we were yet far from understanding all the particulars, which were not much known to me for many years after. Here they are, as they were told me by the lady who of all the world perhaps was most likely to know them. But the narrative had best form the contents of another chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTAINS THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS OF X.

More than twenty years after the events described in the past chapters, I was walking with my Lady Lyndon, in the Rotaunda at Ranelagh. It was in the year 1790; the emigration from France had already commenced, the old counts and marquises were thronging to our shores; not starving and miserable, as one saw them a few years afterward, but unmolested as yet, and bringing with them some token of their national splendor. I was walking with Lady Lyndon, who, proverbially jealous and always anxious to annoy me, spied out a foreign lady who was evidently remarking me, and of course asked who was the hideous fat Dutchwoman who was leering at me so? I knew her not in the least. I felt I had seen the lady's face somewhere (it was now, as my wife said, enormously fat and bloated); but I did not recognize in the bearer of that face one who had been among the most beautiful women in Germany in her day.

It was no other than Mme. de Liliengarten, the mistress, or as some said the morganatic wife, of the old Duke of X., Duke Victor's father. She had left X. a few months after the elder Duke's demise, had gone to Paris, as I heard, where some unprincipled adventurer had married her for her money; but, however, had always retained her quasi-royal title, and pretended, amid the great laughter of the Parisians who frequented her house, to the honors and ceremonial of a sovereign's widow. She had a throne erected in her stateroom, and was
styled by her servants and those who wished to pay court to her, or borrow money from her, 'Altesse.' Report said she drank rather copiously—certainly her face bore every mark of that habit, and had lost the rosy, frank, good-humored beauty which had charmed the sovereign who had ennobled her.

Although she did not address me in the circle at Ranelagh, I was at this period as well known as the Prince of Wales, and she had no difficulty in finding my house in Berkeley Square; whither a note was next morning dispatched to me. 'An old friend of M. de Balibari,' it stated (in extremely bad French), 'is anxious to see the chevalier again, and to talk over old happy times. Rosina de Liliengarten (can it be that Redmond Balibari has forgotten her?) will be at her house in Leicester Fields all the morning, looking for one who would never have passed her by twenty years ago.'

Rosina of Liliengarten it was, indeed—such a full-blown Rosina I have seldom seen. I found her in a decent first floor in Leicester Fields (the poor soul fell much lower afterward) drinking tea, which had somehow a very strong smell of brandy in it; and after salutations, which would be more tedious to recount than they were to perform, and after further straggling conversation, she gave me briefly the following narrative of the events in X., which I may well entitle the 'Princess' Tragedy.'

'You remember M. de Geldern, the Police Minister. He was of Dutch extraction, and, what is more, of a family of Dutch Jews. Although everybody was aware of this blot in his escutcheon, he was mortally angry if ever his origin was suspected; and made up for his father's errors by outrageous professions of religion, and the most austere practices of devotion. He visited church every morning, confessed once a week, and hated Jews and Protestants as much as an inquisitor could do. He never lost an opportunity of proving his sincerity, by persecuting one or the other whenever occasion fell in his way.

'He hated the princess mortally; for her highness in some whim had insulted him with his origin, caused pork to be removed from before him at table, or injured him in some such silly way; and he had a violent animosity to the old Baron de Magny, both in his capacity of Protestant, and because the latter in some haughty mood had publicly turned his back upon him as a sharper and a spy. Perpetual quarrels were taking place between them in council, where it was only the presence of his august masters that restrained the baron from publicly and frequently expressing the contempt which he felt for the officer of police.
'Thus Geldern had hatred as one reason for ruining the princess, and it is my belief he had a stronger motive still—interest. You remember whom the duke married, after the death of his first wife? a princess of the house of F. Geldern built his fine palace two years after, and, as I feel convinced, with the money which was paid to him by the F. family for forwarding the match.

'To go to Prince Victor, and report to his highness a case which everybody knew, was not by any means Geldern's desire. He knew the man would be ruined forever in the prince's estimation, who carried him intelligence so disastrous. His aim, therefore, was, to leave the matter to explain itself to his highness; and, when the time was ripe, he cast about for a means of carrying his point. He had spies in the houses of the elder and younger Magny; but this you know, of course, from your experience of Continental customs. We had all spies over each other. Your black (Zamour, I think, was his name) used to give me reports every morning; and I used to entertain the dear old duke with stories of you and your uncle practicing piquet and dice in the morning, and with your quarrels and intrigues. We levied similar contributions on everybody in X., to amuse the dear old man. M. de Magny's valet used to report both to me and M. de Geldern.

'I knew of the fact of the emerald being in pawn; and it was out of my exchequer that the poor princess drew the funds which were spent upon the odious Löwe, and the still more worthless young chevalier. How the princess could trust the latter as she persisted in doing, is beyond my comprehension; but there is no infatuation like that of a woman in love; and you will remark, my dear M. de Balibari, that our sex generally fix upon a bad man.'

'Not always, madam,' I interposed; 'your humble servant has created many such attachments.'

'I do not see that that affects the truth of the proposition,' said the old lady dryly, and continued her narrative. 'The Jew who held the emerald had had many dealings with the princess, and at last was offered a bribe of such magnitude that he determined to give up the pledge. He committed the inconceivable imprudence of bringing the emerald with him to X., and waited on Magny, who was provided by the princess with the money to redeem the pledge, and was actually ready to pay it.

'Their interview took place in Magny's own apartments, when his valet overheard every word of their conversation. The young man, who was always utterly careless of money
when it was in his possession, was so easy in offering it that Löwe rose in his demands, and had the conscience to ask double the sum for which he had previously stipulated.

'At this the chevalier lost all patience, fell on the wretch, and was for killing him; when the opportune valet rushed in and saved him. The man had heard every word of the conversation between the disputants, and the Jew ran flying with terror into his arms; and Magny, a quick and passionate, but not a violent man, bade the servant lead the villain downstairs, and thought no more of him.

'Perhaps he was not sorry to be rid of him, and to have in his possession a large sum of money, four thousand ducats, with which he could tempt fortune once more; as you know he did at your table that night.'

'Your ladyship went halves, madam,' said I; 'and you know how little I was the better for my winnings.'

'The man conducted the trembling Israelite out of the palace, and no sooner had seen him lodged at the house of one of his brethren, where he was accustomed to put up, than he went away to the office of his Excellency the Minister of Police, and narrated every word of the conversation which had taken place between the Jew and his master.

'Geldern expressed the greatest satisfaction at his spy's prudence and fidelity. He gave him a purse of twenty ducats, and promised to provide for him handsomely; as great men do sometimes promise to reward their instruments; but you, M.de Balibari, know how seldom those promises are kept. "Now, go and find out," said M. de Geldern, "at what time the Israelite proposes to return home again, or whether he will repent and take the money." The man went on this errand. Meanwhile, to make matters sure, Geldern arranged a play party at my house, inviting you thither with your bank, as you may remember; and finding means, at the same time, to let Maxime de Magny know that there was to be faro at Mme. de Liliengarten's. It was an invitation the poor fellow never neglected.'

I remembered the facts, and listened on, amazed at the artifice of the infernal Minister of Police.

'The spy came back from his message to Löwe, and stated that he had made inquiries among the servants of the house where the Heidelberg banker lodged, and that it was the latter's intention to leave X. that afternoon. He traveled by himself, riding an old horse, exceedingly humbly attired, after the manner of his people.

"Johann," said the Minister, clapping the pleased spy
upon the shoulder, "I am more and more pleased with you. I have been thinking, since you left me, of your intelligence, and the faithful manner in which you have served me; and shall soon find an occasion to place you according to your merits. Which way does this Israelitish scoundrel take?"

"He goes to R. to-night."

"And must pass by the Kaiserwald. Are you a man of courage, Johann Kerner?"

"Will your Excellency try me?" said the man, his eyes glittering; "I served through the Seven Years' War, and was never known to fail there."

"Now, listen. The emerald must be taken from that Jew; in the very keeping it the scoundrel has committed high treason. To the man who brings me that emerald I swear I will give five hundred louis. You understand why it is necessary that it should be restored to her highness. I need say no more."

"You shall have it to-night, sir," said the man. "Of course your Excellency will hold me harmless in case of accident."

"Psha!" answered the Minister; "I will pay you half the money beforehand; such is my confidence in you. Accident's impossible, if you take your measures properly. There are four leagues of wood, the Jew rides slowly. It will be night before he can reach, let us say, the old Powder Mill in the wood. What's to prevent you from putting a rope across the road, and dealing with him there? Be back with me this evening at supper. If you meet any of the patrol, say 'foxes are loose'—that's the word for to-night. They will let you pass them without questions."

The man went off quite charmed with his commission; and when Magny was losing his money at our faro table, his servant waylaid the Jew at the spot named the Powder Mill, in the Kaiserwald. The Jew's horse stumbled over the rope which had been placed across the road, and as the rider fell groaning to the ground, Johann Kerner rushed out on him, masked, and pistol in hand, and demanded his money. He had no wish to kill the Jew, I believe, unless his resistance should render extreme measures necessary.

Nor did he commit any such murder; for, as the yelling Jew roared for mercy, and his assailant menaced him with a pistol, a squad of patrol came up, and laid hold of the robber and the wounded man.

Kerner swore an oath. "You have come too soon," said he to the sergeant of the police. "Foxes are loose." "Some are caught," said the sergeant, quite unconcerned; and bound the fellow's hands with the rope which he had stretched across
the road to entrap the Jew. He was placed behind a police-
man on a horse; Löwe was similarly accommodated, and the
party thus came back into the town as the night fell.

They were taken forthwith to the police quarter; and, as
the chief happened to be there, they were examined by his Ex-
cellency in person. Both were rigorously searched; the Jew’s
papers and cases taken from him; the jewel was found in a
private pocket. As for the spy, the Minister, looking at him
angrily, said, “Why, this is the servant of the Chevalier de
Magny, one of her highness’ equerries!’” and, without hear-
ing a word in exculpation from the poor frightened wretch,
ordered him into close confinement.

Calling for his horse, he then rode to the prince’s apart-
ments at the palace, and asked for an instant audience. When
admitted, he produced the emerald. “This jewel,” said he,
“has been found on the person of a Heidelberg Jew, who has
been here repeatedly of late, and has had many dealings with
her highness’ equerry, the Chevalier de Magny. This after-
noon the chevalier’s servant came from his master’s lodgings,
accompanied by the Hebrew; was heard to make inquiries as
to the route the man intended to take on his way homeward;
followed him, or preceded him rather, and was found in the
act of rifling his victim by my police in the Kaiserwald. The
man will confess nothing; but, on being searched, a large sum
in gold was found on his person; and though it is with the
utmost pain that I can bring myself to entertain such an opinion,
and to implicate a gentleman of the character and name of M.
de Magny, I do submit that our duty is to have the chevalier ex-
amined relative to the affair. As M. de Magny is in her highness’
private service, and in her confidence, I have heard, I would not
venture to apprehend him without your highness’ permission.’’

The prince’s master of the horse, a friend of the old Baron
de Magny, who was present at the interview, no sooner heard
the strange intelligence than he hastened away to the old gen-
eral with the dreadful news of his grandson’s supposed crime.
Perhaps his highness himself was not unwilling that his old
friend and tutor in arms should have the chance of saving his
family from disgrace; at all events, M. de Hengst, the master
of the horse, was permitted to go off to the baron undisturbed,
and break to him the intelligence of the accusation pending
over the unfortunate chevalier.

It is possible that he expected some such dreadful catastro-
phe, for, after hearing Hengst’s narrative (as the latter after-
ward told me), he only said, “Heaven’s will be done!” for
some time refused to stir a step in the matter, and then only by the solicitation of his friend was induced to write the letter which Maxime de Magny received at our play table.

'While he was there, squandering the princess' money, a police visit was paid to his apartments, and a hundred proofs, not of his guilt with respect to the robbery, but of his guilty connection with the princess, were discovered there, tokens of her giving, passionate letters from her, copies of his own correspondence to his young friends at Paris, all of which the Police Minister perused, and carefully put together under seal for his highness, Prince Victor. I have no doubt he perused them, for, on delivering them to the hereditary prince, Geldern said that, *in obedience to his highness' orders*, he had collected the chevalier's papers; but he need not say that, on his honor, he (Geldern) himself had never examined the documents. His difference with MM. de Magny was known; he begged his highness to employ any other official person in the judgment of the accusation brought against the young chevalier.

'All these things were going on while the chevalier was at play. A run of luck—you had great luck in those days, M. de Balibari—was against him. He stayed and lost his four thousand ducats. He received his uncle's note, and, such was the infatuation of the wretched gambler, that, on receipt of it, he went down to the courtyard, where the horse was in waiting, absolutely took the money which the poor old gentleman had placed in the saddle holsters, brought it upstairs, played it, and lost it; and when he issued from the room to fly it was too late; he was placed in arrest at the bottom of my staircase, as you were upon entering your own home.

'Even when he came in under the charge of the soldiery sent to arrest him, the old general, who was waiting, was overjoyed to see him, and flung himself into the lad's arms, and embraced him; it was said, for the first time in many years. "He is here, gentlemen," he sobbed out, "thank God he is not guilty of the robbery!"' and then sank back in a chair in a burst of emotion; painful, it was said by those present, to witness on the part of a man so brave, and known to be so cold and stern.

'"Robbery!" said the young man. "I swear before Heaven I am guilty of none!" and a scene of almost touching reconciliation passed between them, before the unhappy young man was led from the guardhouse into the prison which he was destined never to quit.

'That night the duke looked over the papers which Geldern
had brought to him. It was at a very early stage of the perse-
ual, no doubt, that he gave orders for your arrest; for you
were taken at midnight, Magny at ten o'clock; after which time
the old Baron de Magny had seen his highness, protesting of
his grandson's innocence, and the prince had received him most
graciously and kindly. His highness said he had no doubt the
young man was innocent; his birth and his blood rendered such
a crime impossible; but suspicion was too strong against him;
he was known to have been that day closeted with the Jew; to
have received a very large sum of money which he had squan-
dered at play, and of which the Hebrew had, doubtless, been
the lender, to have dispatched his servant after him, who in-
quired the hour of the Jew's departure, lay in wait for him, and
rifled him. Suspicion was so strong against the chevalier that
common justice required his arrest; and, meanwhile, until he
cleared himself, he should be kept in not dishonorable durance,
and every regard had for his name and the services of his
honorable grandfather. With this assurance, and with a warm
grasp of the hand, the prince left old General de Magny that
night; and the veteran retired to rest, almost consoled and
confident in Maxime's eventual and immediate release.
'But in the morning, before daybreak, the prince, who had
been reading papers all night, wildly called to the page, who
slept in the next room across the door, bade him get horses,
which were always kept in readiness in the stables, and, fling-
ing a parcel of letters into a box, told the page to follow him
on horseback with these. The young man (M. de Weissen-
born) told this to a young lady who was then of my house-
hold, and who is now Mme. de Weissenborn, and a mother of
a score of children.
'The page described that never was such a change seen as in
his august master in the course of that single night. His eyes
were bloodshot, his face livid, his clothes were hanging loose
about him, and he who had always made his appearance on
parade as precisely dressed as any sergeant of his troops, might
have been seen galloping through the lonely streets at early
dawn without a hat, his unpowdered hair streaming behind
him, like a madman.
'The page, with the box of papers, clattered after his master
—it was no easy task to follow him; and they rode from the
palace to the town, and through it to the general's quarter.
The sentinels at the door were scared at the strange figure
that rushed up to the general's gate, and, not knowing him,
crossed bayonets, and refused him admission. "Fools," said
Weissenborn, "it is the prince!" And, jangling at the bell as if for an alarm of fire, the door was at length opened by the porter, and his highness ran up to the general's bedchamber, followed by the page with the box.

"Magny—Magny," roared the prince, thundering at the closed door, "get up!" And to the queries of the old man from within, answered, "It is I—Victor—the prince! get up!" And presently the door was opened by the general in his robe de chambre, and the prince entered. The page brought in the box, and was bidden to wait without, which he did; but there led from M. de Magny's bedroom into his antechamber two doors, the great one which formed the entrance into his room, and a smaller one which led, as the fashion is with our houses abroad, into the closet which communicates with the alcove where the bed is. The door of this was found by M. de Weissenborn to be open, and the young man was thus enabled to hear and see everything which occurred within the apartment.

The general, somewhat nervously, asked what was the reason of so early a visit from his highness; to which the prince did not for a while reply, farther than by staring at him rather wildly, and pacing up and down the room.

At last he said, "Here is the cause!" dashing his fist on the box; and, as he had forgotten to bring the key with him, he went to the door for a moment, saying, "Weissenborn perhaps has it"; but, seeing over the stove one of the general's couteaux de chasse, he took it down, and said "That will do," and fell to work to burst the red trunk open with the blade of the forest knife. The point broke, and he gave an oath, but continued haggling on with the broken blade, which was better suited to his purpose than the long, pointed knife, and finally succeeded in wrenching open the lid of the chest.

"What is the matter?" said he, laughing. "Here's the matter; read that! here's more matter, read that! here's more—no, not that; that's somebody else's picture—but here's hers! Do you know that, Magny? My wife's—the princess?! Why did you and your cursed race ever come out of France, to plant your infernal wickedness wherever your feet fell, and to ruin honest German homes? What have you and yours ever had from my family but confidence and kindness? We gave you a home when you had none, and here's our reward!" and he flung a parcel of papers down before the old general; who saw the truth at once—he had known it long before, probably, and sunk down on his chair, covering his face.

The prince went on gesticulating, and shrieking almost.
“If a man injured you so, Magny, before you begot the father of that gambling, lying villain yonder, you would have known how to revenge yourself. You would have killed him! Yes, would have killed him. But who’s to help me to my revenge? I’ve no equal. I can’t meet that dog of a Frenchman, that pimp from Versailles, and kill him, as if he had played the traitor to one of his own degree.”

“'The blood of Maxime de Magny,’ said the old gentleman proudly, ‘is as good as that of any prince in Christendom.’

‘Can I take it?’ cried the prince; ‘you know I can’t. I can’t have the privilege of any other gentleman of Europe. What am I to do? Look here, Magny; I was wild when I came here; I didn’t know what to do. You’ve served me for thirty years; you’ve saved my life twice; they are all knaves and harlots about my poor old father here—no honest men or women—you are the only one—you saved my life; tell me what am I to do?’ Thus, from insulting M. de Magny, the poor distracted prince fell to supplicating him; and, at last, fairly flung himself down, and burst out in an agony of tears.

Old Magny, one of the most rigid and cold of men on common occasions, when he saw this outbreak of passion on the prince’s part, became, as my informant has described to me, as much affected as his master. The old man, from being cold and high, suddenly fell, as it were, into the whimpering querulousness of extreme old age. He lost all sense of dignity; he went down on his knees, and broke out into all sorts of wild, incoherent attempts at consolation; so much so that Weissenborn said he could not bear to look at the scene, and actually turned away from the contemplation of it.

‘But from what followed in a few days, we may guess the results of the long interview. The prince, when he came away from the conversation with his old servant, forgot his fatal box of papers and sent the page back for them. The general was on his knees praying in the room when the young man entered, and only stirred and looked round wildly as the other removed the packet. The prince rode away to his hunting lodge at three leagues from X., and three days after that Maxime de Magny died in prison; having made a confession that he was engaged in an attempt to rob the Jew, and that he had made away with himself, ashamed of his dishonor.

‘But it is not known that it was the general himself who took his grandson poison; it was said even that he shot him in the prison. This, however, was not the case. General de Magny carried his grandson the draught which was to carry him out
of the world; represented to the wretched youth that his fate
was inevitable; that it would be public and disgraceful unless
he chose to anticipate the punishment, and so left him. But
it was not of his own accord, and not until he had used every
means of escape, as you shall hear, that the unfortunate be-
ing's life was brought to an end.

"As for General de Magny, he quite fell into imbecility a
short time after his nephew's death and my honored duke's de-
mise. After his highness the prince married the Princess Mary
of F., as they were walking in the English park together, they
once met old Magny riding in the sun in the easy-chair in which
he was carried commonly abroad after his paralytic fits. "This
is my wife, Magny," said the prince affectionately, taking the
veteran's hand; and he added, turning to his princess, "Gen-
eral de Magny saved my life during the Seven Years' War."

"What, you've taken her back again?" said the old man.
"I wish you'd send me back my poor Maxime." He had quite
forgotten the death of the poor Princess Olivia, and the prince,
looking very dark indeed, passed away.

'And now,' said Mme. de Liliengarten, 'I have only one
more gloomy story to relate to you—the death of the Princess
Olivia. It is even more horrible than the tale I have just told
you.' With which preface the old lady resumed her narrative.

'The kind, weak princess' fate was hastened, if not occa-
sioned, by the cowardice of Magny. He found means to com-
nunicate with her from his prison, and her highness, who was
not in open disgrace yet (for the duke, out of regard to the
family, persisted in charging Magny with only robbery), made
the most desperate efforts to relieve him, and to bribe the jail-
ers to effect his escape. She was so wild that she lost all pa-
tience and prudence in the conduct of any scheme she may have
had for Magny's liberation; for her husband was inexorable,
and caused the chevalier's prison to be too strictly guarded for
escape to be possible. She offered the state jewels in pawn to
the court banker; who of course was obliged to decline the
transaction. She fell down on her knees, it is said, to Geldern,
the Police Minister, and offered him Heaven knows what as a
bribe. Finally, she came screaming to my poor dear duke, who,
with his age, diseases, and easy habits, was quite unfit for
scenes of so violent a nature; and who, in consequence of the
excitement created in his august bosom by her frantic violence
and grief, had a fit in which I very nigh lost him. That his
dear life was brought to an untimely end by these transac-
tions I have not the slightest doubt; for the Strasbourg pie, of which
they said he died, never, I am sure, could have injured him, but for the injury which his dear gentle heart received from the unusual occurrences in which he was forced to take a share.

‘All her highness’ movements were carefully, though not ostensibly, watched by her husband, Prince Victor; who waiting upon his anguish father, sternly signified to him that if his highness (my duke) should dare to aid the princess in her efforts to release Magny, he, Prince Victor, would publicly accuse the princess and her paramour of high treason and take measures with the Diet for removing his father from the throne, as incapacitated to reign. Hence interposition on our part was vain, and Magny was left to his fate.

‘It came, as you are aware, very suddenly. Geldern, Police Minister, Hengst, Master of the Horse, and the colonel of the prince’s guard, waited upon the young man in his prison two days after his grandfather had visited him there and left behind him the vial of poison which the criminal had not the courage to use. And Geldern signified to the young man that unless he took of his own accord the laurel water provided by the elder Magny, more violent means of death would be instantly employed upon him, and that a file of grenadiers was in waiting in the courtyard to dispatch him. Seeing this, Magny, with the most dreadful self-abasement, after dragging himself round the room on his knees from one officer to another, weeping and screaming with terror, at last desperately drank off the potion, and was a corpse in a few minutes. Thus ended this wretched young man.

‘His death was made public in the Court Gazette two days after, the paragraph stating that M. de M., struck with remorse for having attempted the murder of the Jew, had put himself to death by poison in prison; and a warning was added to all young noblemen of the duchy to avoid the dreadful sin of gambling, which had been the cause of the young man’s ruin, and had brought upon the gray hairs of one of the noblest and mosthonorable of the servants of the duke irretrievable sorrow.

‘The funeral was conducted with decent privacy, the General de Magny attending it. The carriage of the two dukes and all the first people of the court made their calls upon the general afterward. He attended parade as usual the next day on the Arsenal Place, and Duke Victor, who had been inspecting the building, came out of it leaning on the brave old warrior’s arm. He was particularly gracious to the old man, and told his officers the oft-repeated story how at Rosbach, when the X. contingent served with the troops of the unlucky Soubise, the
general had thrown himself in the way of a French dragoon who was pressing hard upon his highness in the rout, had received the blow intended for his master, and killed the assailant. And he alluded to the family motto of "Magny sans tâche," and said "It had been always so with his gallant friend and tutor in arms." This speech affected all present very much; with the exception of the old general, who only bowed and did not speak; but when he went home he was heard muttering "Magny sans tâche, Magny sans tâche!" and was attacked with paralysis that night, from which he never more than partially recovered.

"The news of Maxime's death had somehow been kept from the princess until now, a Gazette even being printed without the paragraph containing the account of his suicide; but it was at length, I know not how, made known to her. And when she heard it, her ladies tell me, she screamed and fell, as if struck dead; then sat up wildly and raved like a madwoman, and was then carried to her bed, where her physician attended her, and where she lay of a brain fever. All this while the prince used to send to make inquiries concerning her; and from his giving orders that his Castle of Schlangenfels should be prepared and furnished, I make no doubt it was his intention to send her into confinement thither; as had been done with the unhappy sister of his Britannic Majesty at Zell.

"She sent repeatedly to demand an interview with his highness; which the latter declined, saying that he would communicate with her highness when her health was sufficiently recovered. To one of her passionate letters he sent back for reply a packet, which, when opened, was found to contain the emerald that had been the cause round which all this dark intrigue moved.

"Her highness at this time became quite frantic; vowed in the presence of all her ladies that one lock of her darling Maxime's hair was more precious to her than all the jewels in the world, rang for her carriage, and said she would go and kiss his tomb; proclaimed the murdered martyr's innocence, and called down the punishment of Heaven, the wrath of her family, upon his assassin. The prince, on hearing these speeches (they were all, of course, regularly brought to him), is said to have given one of his dreadful looks (which I remember now), and to have said, "This cannot last much longer."

"All that day and the next the Princess Olivia passed in dictating the most passionate letters to the prince her father, to the Kings of France, Naples, and Spain, her kinsmen, and
to all other branches of her family, calling upon them in the most incoherent terms to protect her against the butcher and assassin her husband, assailing his person in the maddest terms of reproach, and at the same time confessing her love for the murdered Magny. It was in vain that those ladies who were faithful to her pointed out to her the inutility of these letters, the dangerous folly of the confessions which they made; she insisted upon writing them, and used to give them to her second robe woman, a Frenchwoman (her highness always affectioned persons of that nation), who had the key of her cassette, and carried every one of these epistles to Geldern.

With the exception that no public receptions were held, the ceremony of the princess' establishment went on as before. Her ladies were allowed to wait upon her and perform their usual duties about her person. The only men admitted were, however, her servants, her physician, and chaplain; and one day when she wished to go into the garden, a heydue, who kept the door, intimated to her highness that the prince's orders were that she should keep her apartments.

They abut, as you remember, upon the landing of the marble staircase of Schloss X., the entrance to Prince Victor's suite of rooms being opposite the princess' on the same landing. This space is large, filled with sofas and benches, and the gentlemen and officers who waited upon the duke used to make a sort of antechamber of the landing place, and pay their court to his highness there, as he passed out, at eleven o'clock, to parade. At such a time, the heydues within the princess' suite of rooms used to turn out with their halberts and present to Prince Victor—the same ceremony being performed on his own side, when pages came out and announced the approach of his highness. The pages used to come out and say, "The prince, gentlemen!" and the drums beat in the hall, and the gentlemen rose, who were waiting on the benches that ran along the balustrade.

As if fate impelled her to her death, one day the princess, as her guards turned out, and she was aware that the prince was standing, as was his wont, on the landing, conversing with his gentlemen (in the old days he used to cross to the princess' apartment and kiss her hand)—the princess, who had been anxious all the morning, complaining of heat, insisting that all the doors of the apartments should be left open and giving tokens of an insanity which I think was now evident, rushed wildly at the doors when the guards passed out, flung them open, and before a word could be said, or her ladies could follow
her, was in the presence of Duke Victor, who was talking as usual on the landing; placing herself between him and the stair, she began apostrophizing him with frantic vehemence:

"Take notice, gentlemen!" she screamed out, "that this man is a murderer and a liar; that he lays plots for honorable gentlemen, and kills them in prison! Take notice that I too am in prison, and fear the same fate; the same butcher who killed Maxime de Magny may, any night, put the knife to my throat. I appeal to you, and to all the kings of Europe, my royal kinsmen. I demand to be set free from this tyrant and villain, this liar and traitor! I adjure you all, as gentlemen of honor, to carry these letters to my relatives, and say from whom you had them!" and with this the unhappy lady began scattering letters about among the astonished crowd.

"Let no man stoop!" cried the prince, in a voice of thunder. "Mme. de Gleim, you should have watched your patient better. Call the princess' physicians; her highness' brain is affected. Gentlemen, have the goodness to retire." And the prince stood on the landing as the gentlemen went down the stairs, saying fiercely to the guard, "Soldier, if she moves, strike with your halbert!" on which the man brought the point of his weapon to the princess' breast; and the lady, frightened, shrunk back, and re-entered her apartments. "Now, M. de Weissenborn," said the prince, "pick up all those papers;" and the prince went into his own apartments, preceded by his pages, and never quitted them until he had seen every one of the papers burnt.

The next day the Court Gazette contained a bulletin signed by the three physicians, stating that "Her highness the hereditary princess labored under inflammation of the brain, and had passed a restless and disturbed night." Similar notices were issued day after day. The services of all her ladies, except two, were dispensed with. Guards were placed within and without her doors; her windows were secured so that escape from them was impossible; and you know what took place, ten days after. The church-bells were ringing all night, and the prayers of the faithful asked for a person in extremis. A Gazette appeared in the morning, edged with black, and stating that the high and mighty Princess Olivia Maria Ferdinanda, consort of His Serene Highness Victor Louis Emanuel, Hereditary Prince of X., had died in the evening of the 24th of January, 1769.

But do you know how she died, sir? That, too, is a mystery. Weissenborn, the page, was concerned in this dark
tragedy; and the secret was so dreadful, that never, believe me, till Prince Victor's death did I reveal it.

"After the fatal esclandre which the princess had made, the prince sent for Weissenborn, and binding him by the most solemn adjuration to secrecy (he only broke it to his wife many years after; indeed there is no secret in the word that women cannot know if they will), dispatched him on the following mysterious commission.

"There lives," said his highness, "on the Kehl side of the river, opposite to Strasburg, a man whose residence you will easily find out from his name, which is M. de Strasburg. You will make your inquiries concerning him quietly, and without occasioning any remark; perhaps you had better go into Strasburg for the purpose, where the person is quite well known. You will take with you any comrade on whom you can perfectly rely; the lives of both, remember, depend on your secrecy. You will find out some period when M. de Strasburg is alone, or only in company of the domestic who lives with him. I myself visited the man by accident on my return from Paris five years since, and hence am induced to send for him now, in my present emergency. You will have your carriage waiting at his door at night; and you and your comrade will enter his house, masked, and present him with a purse of a hundred louis; promising him double that sum on his return from his expedition. If he refuse, you must use force and bring him; menacing him with instant death should he decline to follow you. You will place him in the carriage with the blinds drawn, one or other of you never losing sight of him the whole way, and threatening him with death if he discover himself or cry out. You will lodge him in the old Tower here, where a room shall be prepared for him; and his work being done, you will restore him to his home in the same speed and secrecy with which you brought him from it."

"Such were the mysterious orders Prince Victor gave his page; and Weissenborn, selecting for his comrade in the expedition Lieutenant Bartenstein, set out on his strange journey.

"All this while the palace was hushed, as if in mourning; the bulletins in the Court Gazette appeared, announcing the continuance of the princess' malady; and, though she had but few attendants, strange and circumstantial stories were told regarding the progress of her complaint. She was quite wild. She had tried to kill herself. She had fancied herself to be I don't know how many different characters. Expresses were sent to her family informing them of her state, and
couriers dispatched *publicly* to Vienna and Paris to procure the attendance of physicians skilled in treating diseases of the brain. That pretended anxiety was all a feint; it was never intended that the princess should recover.

'The day on which Weissenborn and Bartenstein returned from their expedition, it was announced that her highness the princess was much worse; that night the report through the town was that she was at the agony; and that night the unfortunate creature was endeavoring to make her escape.

'She had unlimited confidence in the French chamber-woman who attended her, and between her and this woman the plan of escape was arranged. The princess took her jewels in a casket; a private door, opening from one of her rooms and leading into the outer gate, it was said, of the palace, was discovered for her; and a letter was brought to her, purporting to be from the duke her father-in-law, and stating that a carriage and horses had been provided, and would take her to B.; the territory where she might communicate with her family and be safe.

'The unhappy lady, confiding in her guardian, set out on the expedition. The passages wound through the walls of the modern part of the palace and abutted in effect at the Old Owl Tower, as it was called, on the outer wall; the tower was pulled down afterward, and for good reason.

'At a certain place the candle, which the chamber-woman was carrying, went out; and the princess would have screamed with terror, but her hand was seized, and a voice cried, "Hush!" The next minute a man in a mask (it was the duke himself) rushed forward, gagged her with a handkerchief, her hands and legs were bound, and she was carried swooning with terror into a vaulted room, where she was placed by a person there waiting, and tied in an armchair. The same mask who had gagged her, came and bared her neck and said, "It had best be done now she has fainted."

'Perhaps it would have been as well; for though she recovered from her swoon, and her confessor, who was present, came forward and endeavored to prepare her for the awful deed which was about to be done upon her, and for the state into which she was about to enter, when she came to herself it was only to scream like a maniac, to curse the duke as a butcher and tyrant, and to call upon Magny, her dear Magny.

'At this the duke said, quite calmly, "May God have mercy on her sinful soul!" He, the confessor, and Geldern, who was present, went down on their knees; and, as his highness dropped his handkerchief, Weissenborn fell down in a faint-
ing fit; while M. de Strasbourg, taking the back hair in his hand, separated the shrieking head of Olivia from the miserable, sinful body. May Heaven have mercy upon her soul!

This was the story told by Mme. de Liliengarten, and the reader will have no difficulty in drawing from it that part which affected myself and my uncle; who, after six weeks of arrest, were set at liberty, but with orders to quit the duchy immediately; indeed, with an escort of dragoons to conduct us to the frontier. What property we had we were allowed to sell and realize in money; but none of our play debts were paid to us; and all my hopes of the Countess Ida were thus at an end.

When Duke Victor came to the throne, which he did when six months after, apoplexy carried off the old sovereign, his father, all the good old usages of X. were given up; play forbidden; the opera and ballet sent to the right-about; and the regiments which the old duke had sold recalled from their foreign service; with them came my countess' beggarly cousin the ensign, and he married her. I don't know whether they were happy or not. It is certain that a woman of such a poor spirit did not merit any very high degree of pleasure.

The now reigning Duke of X. himself married four years after his first wife's demise, and Geldern, though no longer Police Minister, built the grand house of which Mme. de Liliengarten spoke. What became of the minor actors in the great tragedy, who knows? Only M. de Strasbourg was restored to his duties. Of the rest—the Jew, the chamberwoman, the spy on Magny—I know nothing. Those sharp tools with which great people cut out their enterprises are generally broken in the using; nor did I ever hear that their employers had much regard for them in their ruin.

CHAPTER XIII.

I CONTINUE MY CAREER AS A MAN OF FASHION.

I find I have already filled up many scores of pages, and yet a vast deal of the most interesting portion of my history remains to be told, viz., that which describes my sojourn in the kingdoms of England and Ireland, and the great part I played there; moving among the most illustrious of the land, myself not the least distinguished of the brilliant circle. In order to give due justice to this portion of my memoirs, then,—which is more important than my foreign adventures can be (though I could fill volumes with interesting descriptions
of the latter)—I shall cut short the account of my travels in Europe, and of my success at the Continental courts, in order to speak of what befell me at home. Suffice it to say that there is not a capital in Europe, except the beggarly one of Berlin, where the young Chevalier de Balibari was not known and admired; and where he has not made the brave, the high-born, and the beautiful, talk of him. I won eighty thousand rubles from Potemkin at the Winter Palace at Petersburg, which the scoundrelly favorite never paid me; I have had the honor of seeing his Royal Highness the Chevalier Charles Edward as drunk as any porter, at Rome; my uncle played several matches at billiards against the celebrated Lord C., at Spa, and I promise you did not come off a loser. In fact, by a neat stratagem of ours, we raised the laugh against his lordship, and something a great deal more substantial. My lord did not know that the Chevalier Barry had a useless eye; and when, one day, my uncle playfully bet him odds at billiards that he would play him with a patch over one eye, the noble lord, thinking to bite us (he was one of the most desperate gamblers that ever lived), accepted the bet, and we won a very considerable amount of him.

Nor need I mention my successes among the fairer portion of the creation. One of the most accomplished, the tallest, the most athletic, and the handsomest gentlemen of Europe, as I was then, a young fellow of my figure could not fail of having advantages which a person of my spirit knew very well how to use. But upon these subjects I am dumb. Charming Schuvaloff, black-eyed Sezotarska, dark Valdez, tender Hegenheim, brilliant Langeac!—ye gentle hearts that knew how to beat in old times for the warm young Irish gentleman, where are ye now? Though my hair has grown gray now, and my sight dim, and my heart cold with years and ennui, and disappointment and the treachery of friends, yet I have but to lean back in my armchair and think, and those sweet figures come rising up before me out of the past, with their smiles, and their kindnesses, and their bright tender eyes! There are no women like them now—no manners like theirs! Look you at a bevy of women at the prince’s, stitched up in tight white satin sacks, with their waists under their arms, and compare them to the graceful figures of the old time! Why, when I danced with Coralie de Langeac at the fêtes on the birth of the first dauphin at Versailles, her hoop was eighteen feet in circumference, and the heels of her lovely little mules were three inches from the ground; the lace of my jabot was worth
a thousand crowns and the buttons of my amaranth velvet coat alone cost eighty thousand livres. Look at the difference now! The gentlemen are dressed like boxers, quakers, or hackney-coachmen; and the ladies are not dressed at all. There is no elegance, no refinement; none of the chivalry of the old world of which I form a portion. Think of the fashion of London being led by a Brummell,* a nobody’s son; a low creature, who can no more dance a minuet than I can talk Cherokee; who cannot even crack a bottle like a gentleman; who never showed himself to be a man, with his sword in his hand; as we used to approve ourselves in the good old times, before that vulgar Corsican upset the gentry of the world! Oh, to see the Valdez once again, as on that day I met her first driving in state, with her eight mules and her retinue of gentlemen, by the side of yellow Manécanares! Oh, for another drive with Hegenheim, in the gilded sledge, over the Saxon snow! False as Schuvaloff was, ’twas better to be jilted by her than to be adored by any other woman. I can’t think of any one of them without tenderness. I have ringlets of all their hair in my poor little museum of recollections. Do you keep mine, you dear souls that survive the turmoils and troubles of near half a hundred years? How changed its color is now, since the day Sezotarska wore it round her neck, after my duel with Count Bjernaski, at Warsaw!

I never kept any beggarly books of accounts in those days. I had no debts. I paid royally for everything I took; and I took everything I wanted. My income must have been very large. My entertainments and equipages were those of a gentleman of the highest distinction; nor let any scoundrel presume to sneer because I carried off and married my Lady Lyndon (as you shall presently hear), and call me an adventurer, or say I was penniless, or the match unequal. Penniless! I had the wealth of Europe at my command. Adventurer! So is a meritorious lawyer or a gallant soldier; so is every man who makes his own fortune an adventurer. My profession was play; in which I was then unrivaled. No man could play with me through Europe, on the square; and my income was just as certain (during health and the exercise of my profession) as that of a man who draws on his three per cents., or any fat squire whose acres bring him revenue. Harvest is not more certain than the effect of skill is; a crop is a chance, as much as a game of cards greatly played by a fine player; there

* This manuscript must have been written at the time when Mr. Brummell was the leader of the London fashion.
may be a drought, or a frost, or a hailstorm, and your stake is lost; but one man is just as much an adventurer as another.

In evoking the recollection of these kind and fair creatures I have nothing but pleasure. I would I could say as much of the memory of another lady, who will henceforth play a considerable part in the drama of my life—I mean the Countess of Lyndon; whose fatal acquaintance I made at Spa, very soon after the events described in the last chapter had caused me to quit Germany.

Honoria, Countess of Lyndon, Viscountess Bullingdon in England, Baroness Castle Lyndon of the kingdom of Ireland, was so well known to the great world in her day that I have little need to enter into her family history; which is to be had in any Peerage that the reader may lay his hand on. She was, as I need not say, a countess, viscountess, and baroness in her own right. Her estates in Devon and Cornwall were among the most extensive in those parts; her Irish possessions not less magnificent; and they have been alluded to, in a very early part of these memoirs, as lying near to my own paternal property in the kingdom of Ireland; indeed, unjust confiscations in the time of Elizabeth and her father went to diminish my acres, while they added to the already vast possessions of the Lyndon family.

The countess, when I first saw her at the assembly at Spa, was the wife of her cousin, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Reginald Lyndon, Knight of the Bath, and Minister to George II. and George III. at several of the smaller courts of Europe. Sir Charles Lyndon was celebrated as a wit and bon vivant; he could write love verses against Hanbury Williams and make jokes with George Selwyn; he was a man of vertu, like Horry Walpole, with whom and Mr. Grey he had made a part of the grand tour; and was cited, in a word, as one of the most elegant and accomplished men of his time.

I made this gentleman's acquaintance as usual at the play table, of which he was a constant frequenter. Indeed, one could not but admire the spirit and gallantry with which he pursued his favorite pastime; for, though worn out by gout and a myriad of diseases, a cripple wheeled about in a chair, and suffering pangs of agony, yet you would see him every morning and every evening at his post behind the delightful green cloth; and if, as it would often happen, his own hands were too feeble or inflamed to hold the box, he would call the mains, nevertheless, and have his valet or a friend to throw for him. I like this courageous spirit in a man; the greatest successes in life have been won by such indomitable perseverance.
I was by this time one of the best-known characters in Europe; and the fame of my exploits, my duels, my courage at play, would bring crowds around me in any public society where I appeared. I could show reams of scented paper, to prove that this eagerness to make my acquaintance was not confined to the gentlemen only, but that I hate boasting, and only talk of myself in so far as it is necessary to relate myself's adventures; the most singular of any man's in Europe. Well, Sir Charles Lyndon's first acquaintance with me originated in the right honorable knight's winning seven hundred pieces of me at piquet (for which he was almost my match); and I lost them with much good humor, and paid them; and paid then, you may be sure, punctually. Indeed, I will say this for myself, that losing money at play never in the least put me out of good humor with the winner, and that wherever I found a superior, I was always ready to acknowledge and hail him.

Lyndon was very proud of winning from so celebrated a person, and we contracted a kind of intimacy; which, however, did not for a while go beyond pump-room attentions, and conversations over the supper table at play; but which gradually increased, until I was admitted into his more private friendship. He was a very free-spoken man—the gentry of those days were much prouder than at present—and used to say to me in his haughty, easy way, 'Hang it, Mr. Barry, you have no more manners than a barber, and I think my black footman has been better educated than you; but you are a young fellow of originality and pluck, and I like you, sir, because you seem determined to go to the deuce by a way of your own.' I would thank him laughingly for this compliment, and say that, as he was bound to the next world much sooner than I was, I would be obliged to him to get comfortable quarters arranged there for me. He used also to be immensely amused with my stories about the splendor of my family and the magnificence of Castle Brady; he would never tire of listening or laughing at those histories.

'Stick to the trumps, however, my lad,' he would say, when I told him of my misfortunes in the conjugal line, and how near I had been winning the greatest fortune in Germany. 'Do anything but marry, my artless Irish rustic? (he called me by a multiplicity of queer names). 'Cultivate your great talents in the gambling line; but mind this, that a woman will beat you.'

That I denied; mentioning several instances in which I had conquered the most intractable tempers among the sex.
'They will beat you in the long run, my Tipperary Ale- biades. As soon as you are married, take my word of it, you are conquered. Look at me. I married my cousin, the noblest and greatest heiress in England—married her in spite of her- self almost [here a dark shade passed over Sir Charles Lyndon's countenance]. She is a weak woman. You shall see her, sir, how weak she is; but she is my mistress. She has emb- bitted my whole life. She is a fool; but she has got the better of one of the best heads in Christendom. She is enor- mously rich; but somehow I have never been so poor as since I married her. I thought to better myself; and she has made me miserable, and killed me. And she will do as much for my successor, when I am gone.'

'Has her ladyship a very large income?' said I. At which Sir Charles burst out into a yello laugh, and made me blush not a little at my gaucherie; for the fact is, seeing him in the condition in which he was, I could not help speculating upon the chance a man of spirit might have with his widow.

'No, no!' said he, laughing. 'Waugh hawk, Mr. Barry; don't think, if you value your peace of mind, to stand in my shoes when they are vacant. Besides, I don't think my Lady Lyndon would quite condescend to marry a—'

'Marry a what, sir?' said I, in a rage.

'Never mind what; but the man who gets her will rue it, take my word on't. A plague on her! had it not been for my father's ambition and mine (he was her uncle and guardian, and we wouldn't let such a prize out of the family), I might have died peaceably, at least; carried my gout down to my grave in quiet, lived in my modest tenement in May Fair, had every house in England open to me; and now, now I have six of my own, and every one of them is a hell to me. Beware of great- ness, Mr. Barry. Take warning by me. Ever since I have been married and have been rich, I have been the most miser- able wretch in the world. Look at me. I am dying a worn- out cripple at the age of fifty. Marriage has added forty years to my life. When I took off Lady Lyndon, there was no man my years who looked so young as myself. Fool that I was! I had enough with my pensions, perfect freedom, the best society in Europe; and I gave up all these, and married, and was miserable. Take a warning by me, Captain Barry, and stick to the trumps.'

Though my intimacy with the knight was considerable, for a long time I never penetrated into any other apartments of his hotel but those which he himself occupied. His lady lived
entirely apart from him; and it is only curious how they came
to travel together at all. She was a goddaughter of old Mary
Wortley Montague; and, like that famous old woman of the
last century, made considerable pretensions to be a blue-stock-
ing and a *bel esprit*. Lady Lyndon wrote poems in English
and Italian, which still may be read by the curious in the
pages of the magazines of the day. She entertained a corre-
spondence with several of the European *savants* upon history,
science, and ancient languages, and especially theology. Her
pleasure was to dispute controversial points with abbés and
bishops; and her flatterers said she rivaled Mme. Dacier in
learning. Every adventurier who had a discovery in chemistry,
a new antique bust, or a plan for discovering the philosopher’s
stone, was sure to find a patroness in her. She had number-
less works dedicated to her, and sonnets without end addressed
to her by all the poctasters of Europe, under the name of Lin-
donira or Calista. Her rooms were crowded with hideous
China magots, and all sorts of objects of *vertu*.

No woman piqued herself more upon her principles, or al-
lowed love to be made to her more profusely. There was a
habit of courtship practiced by the fine gentlemen of those days
which is little understood in our coarse, downright times; and
young and old fellows would pour out floods of compliments
in letters and madrigals, such as would make a sober lady
stare were they addressed to her nowadays; so entirely has
the gallantry of the last century disappeared out of our manners.

Lady Lyndon moved about with a little court of her own.
She had half a dozen carriages in her progresses. In her own
she would travel with her companion (some shabby lady of
quality), her birds and poodles, and the favorite *savant* for the
time being. In another would be her female secretary and her
waiting-women; who, in spite of their care, never could make
their mistress look much better than a slattern. Sir Charles
Lyndon had his own chariot, and the domestics of the estab-
ishment would follow in other vehicles.

Also must be mentioned the carriage in which rode her lady-
ship’s chaplain, Mr. Runt, who acted in capacity of governor
to her son, the little Viscount Bullingdon, a melancholy, de-
serted little boy, about whom his father was more than in-
different, and whom his mother never saw, except for two
minutes at her levee, when she would put to him a few ques-
tions of history or Latin grammar; after which he was con-
signed to his own amusements, or the care of his governor,
for the rest of the day.
The notion of such a Minerva as this, whom I saw in the public places now and then, surrounded by swarms of needy abbés and schoolmasters, who flattered her, frightened me for some time, and I had not the least desire to make her acquaintance. I had no desire to be one of the beggarly adorers in the great lady's train—fellows, half friend, half lackey—who made verses, and wrote letters, and ran errands, content to be paid by a seat in her ladyship's box at the comedy, or a cover at her dinner table at noon. 'Don't be afraid,' Sir Charles Lyndon would say, whose great subject of conversation and abuse was his lady; 'my Lindonira will have nothing to do with you. She likes the Tuscan brogue, not that of Kerry. She says you smell too much of the stable to be admitted to ladies' society; and last Sunday fortnight, when she did me the honor to speak to me last, said, 'I wonder, Sir Charles Lyndon, a gentleman who has been the King's ambassador can demean himself by gambling and boozing with low Irish blacklegs!' Don't fly in a fury! I'm a cripple, and it was Lindonira said it, not I.'

This piqued me, and I resolved to become acquainted with Lady Lyndon; if it were but to show her ladyship that the descendant of those Barrys, whose property she unjustly held, was not an unworthy companion for any lady, were she ever so high. Besides, my friend the knight was dying; his widow would be the richest prize in the three kingdoms. Why should I not win her, and with her the means of making in the world that figure which my genius and inclination desired? I felt I was equal in blood and breeding to any Lyndon in Christendom, and determined to bend this haughty lady. When I determine, I look upon the thing as done.

My uncle and I talked the matter over, and speedily settled upon a method for making our approaches upon this stately lady of Castle Lyndon. Mr. Runt, young Lord Bullingdon's governor, was fond of pleasure, of a glass of Rhenish in the garden houses in the summer evenings, and of a sly throw of the dice when the occasion offered; and I took care to make friends with this person, who, being a college tutor and an Englishman, was ready to go on his knees to anyone who resembled a man of fashion. Seeing me with my retinue of servants, my vis-à-vis and chariots, my valets, my hussar, and horses, dressed in gold and velvet and sables, saluting the greatest people in Europe as we met on the course, or at the Spas, Runt was dazzled by my advances, and was mine by a beckoning of the finger. I shall never forget the poor wretch's
astonishment when I asked him to dine, with two counts, off
gold plate, at the little room in the casino; he was made happy
by being allowed to win a few pieces of us, became exceedingly
tipsy, sung Cambridge songs, and re-created the company by
telling us, in his horrid Yorkshire French, stories about the
gyps, and all the lords that had ever been in his college. I
encouraged him to come and see me oftener and bring with
him his little viscount; for whom, though the boy always
detested me, I took care to have a good stock of sweetmeats,
toys, and picture books when he came.

I then began to enter into a controversy with Mr. Runt,
and confided to him some doubts which I had, and a very,
very earnest leaning toward the Church of Rome. I made a
certain abbe whom I knew write me letters upon transubstan-
tiation, etc., which the honest tutor was rather puzzled to an-
swer. I knew that they would be communicated to his lady,
as they were; for, asking leave to attend the English service
which was celebrated in her apartments, and frequented by
the best English then at the Spa, on the second Sunday she
condescended to look at me; on the third she was pleased to
reply to my profound bow, by a courtesy; the next day I fol-
lowed up the acquaintance by another obeisance in the public
walk; and, to make a long story short, her ladyship and I were
in full correspondence on transubstantiation before six weeks
were over. My lady came to the aid of her chaplain; and then I
began to see the prodigious weight of his arguments; as was to
be expected. The progress of this harmless little intrigue need
not be detailed. I make no doubt every one of my readers has
practiced similar stratagems when a fair lady was in the case.

I shall never forget the astonishment of Sir Charles Lyndon
when, on one summer evening, as he was issuing out, to the
play table in his sedan chair, according to his wont, her lady-
ship's barouche and four, with her outriders in the tawny
livery of the Lyndon family, came driving into the courtyard
of the house which they inhabited; and in that carriage, by
her ladyship's side, sat no other than 'the vulgar Irish adven-
turer,' as she was pleased to call him; I mean Redmond Barry,
Esquire. He made the most courtly of his bows, and grinned
and waved his hat in as graceful a manner as the gout per-
mitted; and her ladyship and I replied to the salutation with
the utmost politeness and elegance on our parts.

I could not go to the play table for some time afterward,
for Lady Lyndon and I had an argument on transubstantia-
tion, which lasted for three hours; in which she was, as usual,
victorious, and in which her companion, the Hon. Miss Flint Skinner, fell asleep; but when, at last, I joined Sir Charles at the casino, he received me with a yell of laughter, as his wont was, and introduced me to all the company as Lady Lyndon's interesting young convert. This was his way. He laughed and sneered at everything. He laughed when he was in a paroxysm of pain; he laughed when he won money, or when he lost it; his laugh was not jovial or agreeable, but rather painful and sardonic.

"Gentlemen," said he to Punter, Colonel Loder, Count du Carreau, and several jovial fellows with whom he used to discuss a flask of champagne and a Rhenish trout or two after play, 'see this amiable youth! He has been troubled by religious scruples, and has flown for refuge to my chaplain, Mr. Runt, who has asked for advice from my wife, Lady Lyndon; and, between them both, they are confirming my ingenious young friend in his faith. Did you ever hear of such doctors, and such a disciple?'

"Faith, sir," said I, 'if I want to learn good principles, it's surely better I should apply for them to your lady and your chaplain than to you!'

"He wants to step into my shoes!" continued the knight.

"The man would be happy who did so," responded I, 'provided there were no chalkstones included!' At which reply Sir Charles was not very well pleased, and went on with increased rancor. He was always free-spoken in his cups; and to say the truth, he was in his cups many more times in a week than his doctors allowed.

"Is it not a pleasure, gentlemen," said he, 'for me, as I am drawing near the goal, to find my home such a happy one; my wife so fond of me that she is even now thinking of appointing a successor? (I don't mean you precisely, Mr. Barry; you are only taking your chance with a score of others whom I could mention.) Isn't it a comfort to see her, like a prudent housewife, getting everything ready for her husband's departure?"

"I hope you are not thinking of leaving us soon, knight?" said I, with perfect sincerity; for I liked him, as a most amusing companion.

"Not so soon, my dear, as you may fancy, perhaps," continued he. "Why, man, I have been given over any time these four years; and there was always a candidate or two waiting to apply for the situation. Who knows how long I may keep you waiting?" and he did keep me waiting some little time longer than at that period there was any reason to suspect.
As I declared myself pretty openly, according to my usual way, and authors are accustomed to describe the persons of the ladies with whom their heroes fall in love; in compliance with this fashion, I perhaps should say a word or two respecting the charms of my Lady Lyndon. But though I celebrated them in many copies of verses, of my own and other persons' writing; and though I filled reams of paper in the passionate style of those days with compliments to every one of her beauties and smiles, in which I compared her to every flower, goddess, or famous heroine ever heard of; truth compels me to say that there was nothing divine about her at all. She was very well; but no more. Her shape was fine, her hair dark, her eyes good, and exceedingly active; she loved singing, but performed it as so great a lady should, very much out of tune. She had a smattering of half a dozen modern languages, and, as I have said before, of many more sciences than I even knew the name of. She piqued herself on knowing Greek and Latin; but the truth is that Mr. Runt used to supply her with the quotations which she introduced into her voluminous correspondence. She had as much love of admiration, as strong, uneasy a vanity, and as little heart, as any woman I ever knew. Otherwise, when her son, Lord Bullington, on account of his differences with me, ran—but that matter shall be told in its proper time. Finally, my Lady Lyndon was about a year older than myself; though, of course, she would take her Bible oath that she was three years younger.

Few men are so honest as I am; for few will own to their real motives, and I don't care a button about confessing mine. What Sir Charles Lyndon said was perfectly true. I made the acquaintance of Lady Lyndon with ulterior views. 'Sir,' said I to him, when, after the scene described and the jokes he made upon me, we met alone, 'let those laugh that win. You were very pleasant upon me a few nights since, and on my intentions regarding your lady. Well, if they are what you think they are—if I do wish to step into your shoes, what then? I have no other intentions than you had yourself. I'll be sworn to muster just as much regard for my Lady Lyndon as you ever showed her; and if I win her and wear her when you are dead and gone, corsieu, knight, do you think it will be the fear of your ghost will deter me?'

Lyndon laughed as usual; but somewhat disconcertedly; indeed I had clearly the best of him in the argument, and had just as much right to hunt my fortune as he had.

But one day he said, 'If you marry such a woman as my
Lady Lyndon, mark my words, you will regret it. You will pine after the liberty you once enjoyed. 'By George! Captain Barry,' he added with a sigh, 'the thing that I regret most in life—perhaps it is because I am old, blasé, and dying—is that I never had a virtuous attachment.'

'Ha! ha! a milkmaid's daughter!' said I, laughing at the absurdity.

'Well, why not a milkmaid's daughter? My good fellow, I was in love in youth, as most gentlemen are, with my tutor's daughter, Helena, a bouncing girl; of course older than myself, (this made me remember my own little love passages with Nora Brady in the days of my early life), 'and do you know, sir, I heartily regret I didn't marry her? There's nothing like having a virtuous drudge at home, sir; depend upon that. It gives a zest to one's enjoyments in the world, take my word for it. No man of sense need restrict himself, or deny himself a single amusement for his wife's sake; on the contrary, if he select the animal properly, he will choose such a one as shall be no bar to his pleasure, but a comfort in his hours of annoyance. For instance, I have got the gout; who tends me? A hired valet, who robs me whenever he has the power. My wife never comes near me. What friend have I? None in the wide world. Men of the world, as you and I are, don't make friends; and we are fools for our pains. Get a friend, sir, and that friend a woman—a good household drudge, who loves you. That is the most precious sort of friendship; for the expense of it is all on the woman's side. The man needn't contribute anything. If he's a rogue, she'll vow he's an angel; if he's a brute, she will like him all the better for his ill-treatment of her. They like it, sir, these women. They are born to be our greatest comforts and conveniences; our—our moral bootjacks, as it were; and to men in your way of life, believe me such a person would be invaluable. I am only speaking for your bodily and mental comfort's sake, mind. Why didn't I marry poor Helena Flower, the curate's daughter?'

I thought these speeches the remarks of a weakly, disappointed man; although since, perhaps, I have had reason to find the truth of Sir Charles Lyndon's statements. The fact is, in my opinion, that we often buy money very much too dear. 'To purchase a few thousands a year at the expense of an odious wife is very bad economy for a young fellow of any talent and spirit; and there have been moments of my life when, in the midst of my greatest splendor and opulence, with half a dozen lords at my levée, with the finest horses in
my stables, the grandest house over my head, with unlimited credit at my banker's—and Lady Lyndon to boot—I have wished myself back a private of Bülow's, or anything, so as to get rid of her. To return, however, to the story. Sir Charles, with his complication of ills, was dying before us by inches; and I've no doubt it could not have been very pleasant to him to see a young handsome fellow paying court to his widow before his own face as it were. After I once got into the house on the transubstantiation dispute, I found a dozen more occasions to improve my intimacy, and was scarcely ever out of her ladyship's doors. The world talked and blustered; but what cared I? The men cried fie upon the shameless Irish adventurer; but I have told my way of silencing such envious people; and my sword had by this time got such a reputation through Europe that few people cared to encounter it. If I can once get my hold of a place, I keep it. Many's the house I have been to where I have seen the men avoid me. 'Faugh! the low Irishman,' they would say. 'Bah! the coarse adventurer!' 'Out on the unsufferable blackleg and puppy!' and so forth. This hatred has been of no inconsiderable service to me in the world, for when I fasten on a man, nothing can induce me to release my hold; and I am left to myself, which is all the better. As I told Lady Lyndon in those days, with perfect sincerity, 'Calista' (I used to call her Calista in my correspondence)—'Calista, I swear to thee, by the spotlessness of thy own soul, by the brilliancy of thy immitigable eyes, by everything pure and chaste in heaven and in thy own heart, that I will never cease from following thee! Scorn I can bear, and have borne at thy hands. Indifference I can surmount; 'tis a rock which my energy will climb over, a magnet which attracts the dauntless iron of my soul!' And it was true, I wouldn't have left her—no, though they had kicked me downstairs every day I presented myself at her door.

That is my way of fascinating women. Let the man who has to make his fortune in life remember this maxim. Attracting is his only secret. Dare, and the world always yields; or, if it beat you sometimes, dare again, and it will succumb. In those days my spirit was so great that, if I had set my heart upon marrying a princess of the blood, I would have had her!

I told Calista my story, and altered very, very little of the truth. My object was to frighten her; to show her that what I wanted, that I dared; that what I dared, that I won; and there were striking passages enough in my history to convince her of my iron will and indomitable courage. 'Never hope
to escape me, madam,' I would say; 'offer to marry another man, and he dies upon this sword, which never yet met its master. Fly from me, and I will follow you, though it were to the gates of Hades.' I promise you this was very different language to that she had been in the habit of hearing from her jemmy jessamy adorers. You should have seen how I scared the fellows from her!

When I said in this energetic way that I would follow Lady Lyndon across the Styx if necessary, of course I meant that I would do so, provided nothing more suitable presented itself in the interim. If Lyndon would not die, where was the use of my pursuing the countess? And somehow, toward the end of the Spa season, very much to my mortification do I confess, the knight made another rally; it seemed as if nothing would kill him. 'I am sorry for you, Captain Barry,' he would say, laughing as usual. 'I'm grieved to keep you, or any gentleman, waiting. Had you not better arrange with my doctor, or get the cook to flavor my omelette with arsenic? What are the odds, gentlemen,' he would add, 'that I don't live to see Captain Barry hanged yet?'

In fact the doctors tinkered him up for a year. 'It's my usual luck,' I could not help saying to my uncle, who was my confidential and most excellent adviser in all matters of the heart. 'I've been wasting the treasures of my affections upon that flirt of a countess, and here's her husband restored to health and likely to live I don't know how many years!' And as if to add to my mortification, there came just at this period to Spa, an English tallow-chandler's heiress, with a plum to her fortune; and Mme. Cornu, the widow of a Norman cattle-dealer and farmer-general with a dropsy and two hundred thousand livres a year.

'What's the use of my following the Lyndons to England,' says I, 'if the knight won't die?'

'Don't follow them, my dear simple child,' replied my uncle. 'Stop here and pay court to the new arrivals.'

'Yes, and lose Calista forever, and the greatest estate in all England.'

'Pooh, pooh! youths like you easily fire and easily despond. Keep up a correspondence with Lady Lyndon. You know there's nothing she likes so much. There's the Irish abbé who will write you the most charming letters for a crown apiece. Let her go; write to her, and meanwhile look out for anything else which may turn up. Who knows? you might marry the Norman widow, bury her, take her money, and be ready for the countess against the knight's death.'
And so, with vows of the most profound respectful attachment, and, having given twenty louis to Lady Lyndon’s waiting-woman for a lock of her hair (of which fact, of course, the woman informed her mistress), I took leave of the countess, when it became necessary for her to return to her estates in England; swearing I would follow her as soon as an affair of honor I had in my hands could be brought to an end.

I shall pass over the events of the year that ensued before I again saw her. She wrote me according to promise; with much regularity at first, with somewhat less frequency afterward. My affairs, meanwhile, at the play table went on not prosperously, and I was just on the point of marrying the widow Cornu (we were at Brussels by this time, and the poor soul was madly in love with me), when the London Gazette was put into my hands, and I read the following announcement:

Died at Castle Lyndon, in the kingdom of Ireland, the Right Honorable Sir Charles Lyndon, Knight of the Bath, Member of Parliament for Lyndon in Devonshire, and many years his Majesty’s representative at various European courts. He hath left behind him a name which is endeared to all his friends for his manifold virtues and talents, a reputation justly acquired in the service of his Majesty, and an inconsolable widow to deplore his loss. Her ladyship, the bereaved Countess of Lyndon, was at the Bath when the horrid intelligence reached her of her husband’s demise, and hastened to Ireland immediately in order to pay her last sad duties to her beloved remains.

That very night I ordered my chariot and posted to Ostend, whence I freighted a vessel to Dover, and traveling rapidly into the West reached Bristol; from which port I embarked for Waterford, and found myself, after an absence of eleven years, in my native country.

CHAPTER XIV.

I RETURN TO IRELAND, AND EXHIBIT MY SPLENDOR AND GENEROSITY IN THAT KINGDOM.

How were times changed with me now! I had left my country a poor penniless boy—a private soldier in a miserable marching regiment. I returned an accomplished man, with property to the amount of five thousand guineas in my possession, with a splendid wardrobe and jewel case worth two thousand more; having mingled in all the scenes of life, a not undistinguished actor in them; having shared in war and in love; having by my own genius and energy won my way from poverty and obscurity to competence and splendor. As I looked out from my chariot windows as it rolled along over the bleak, bare roads, by the miserable cabins of the peasantry, who came out in their rags to stare as the splendid equipage passed, and huzzaed for his lordship’s honor as they saw
the magnificent stranger in the superb gilded vehicle, my huge body servant Fritz lolling behind with curling mustaches and long cue, his green livery barred with silver lace, I could not help thinking of myself with considerable complacency, and thanking my stars that had endowed me with so many good qualities. But for my own merits I should have been a raw Irish squireen such as those I saw swaggering about the wretched towns through which my chariot passed on its road to Dublin. I might have married Nora Brady (and though, thank Heaven, I did not, I have never thought of that girl but with kindness, and even remember the bitterness of losing her more clearly at this moment than any other incident of my life); I might have been the father of ten children by this time, or a farmer on my own account, or an agent to a squire, or a ganger or an attorney; and here I was one of the most famous gentlemen of Europe! I bade my fellow get a bag of copper money and throw it among the crowd as we changed horses; and I warrant me there was as much shouting set up in praise of my honor as if my Lord Townsend, the Lord Lieutenant himself, had been passing.

My second day's journey—for the Irish roads were rough in those days, and the progress of a gentleman's chariot terribly slow—brought me to Carlow, where I put up at the very inn which I had used eleven years back, when flying from home after the supposed murder of Quin in the duel. How well I remember every moment of the scene! The old landlord was gone who had served me; the inn that I then thought so comfortable looked wretched and dismantled; but the claret was as good as in the old days, and I had the host to partake of a jug of it and hear the news of the country.

He was as communicative as hosts usually are; the crops and the markets, the price of beasts at last Castle Dermot fair, the last story about the vicar, and the last joke of Father Hogan the priest; how the Whiteboys had burned Squire Scanlan's ricks, and the highwaymen had been beaten off in their attack upon Sir Thomas' house; who was to hunt the Kilkenny hounds next season, and the wonderful run entirely they had last March; what troops were in the town, and how Miss Biddy Toole had run off with Ensign Mullins; all the news of sport, assize, and quarter sessions were detailed by this worthy chronicler of small-beer, who wondered that my honor hadn't heard of them in England, or in foreign parts, where he seemed to think the world was as interested as he was about the doings of Kilkenny and Carlow. I listened to
these tales with, I own, a considerable pleasure; for every now and then a name would come up in the conversation which I remembered in old days, and bring with it a hundred associations connected with them.

I had received many letters from my mother, which informed me of the doings of the Brady’s Town family. My uncle was dead, and Mick, his eldest son, had followed him too to the grave. The Brady girls had separated from their paternal roof as soon as their elder brother came to rule over it. Some were married, some gone to settle with their odious old mother in out of the way watering places. Ulick, though he had succeeded to the estate, had come in for a bankrupt property, and Castle Brady was now inhabited only by the bats and owls, and the old gamekeeper. My mother, Mrs. Harry Barry, had gone to live at Bray, to sit under Mr. Jowls, her favorite preacher, who had a chapel there; and, finally, the landlord told me that Mrs. Barry’s son had gone to foreign parts, enlisted in the Prussian service, and had been shot there as a deserter.

I don’t care to own that I hired a stout nag from the landlord’s stable after dinner, and rode back at nightfall twenty miles to my old home. My heart beat to see it. Barryville had got a pestle and mortar over the door, and was called The Esculapian Repository, by Dr. Maeshane; a red-headed lad was spreading a plaster in the old parlor; the little window of my room, once so neat and bright, was cracked in many places, and stuffed with rags here and there; the flowers had disappeared from the trim garden-beds which my good orderly mother tended. In the churchyard there were two more names put into the stone over the family vault of the Bradys; they were those of my cousin, for whom my regard was small, and my uncle, whom I had always loved. I asked my old companion the blacksmith, who had beaten me so often in old days, to give my horse a feed and a litter; he was a worn, weary-looking man now, with a dozen dirty ragged children paddling about his smithy, and had no recollection of the fine gentleman who stood before him. I did not seek to recall myself to his memory till the next day, when I put ten guineas into his hand, and bade him drink the health of English Redmond.

As for Castle Brady, the gates of the park were still there; but the old trees were cut down in the avenue, a black stump jutting out here and there, and casting long shadows as I passed in the moonlight over the worn, grass-grown old road. A few cows were at pasture there. The garden gate was gone, and the place a tangled wilderness. I sat down on the old bench,
where I had sat on the day when Nora jilted me; and I do believe my feelings were as strong then as they had been when I was a boy, eleven years before; and I caught myself almost crying again, to think that Nora Brady had deserted me. I believe a man forgets nothing. I've seen a flower, or heard some trivial word or two, which have awakened recollections that somehow had lain dormant for scores of years; and when I entered the house in Clarges Street, where I was born (it was used as a gambling house when I first visited London), all of a sudden the memory of my childhood came back to me—of my actual infancy; I recollected my father in green and gold, holding me up to look at a gilt coach which stood at the door, and my mother in a flowered sack, with patches on her face. Some day, I wonder, will everything we have seen and thought and done come and flash across our minds in this way? I had rather not. I felt so as I sat upon the bench at Castle Brady, and thought of the bygone times.

The hall door was open—it was always so at that house; the moon was flaring in at the long old windows, and throwing ghastly checkers upon the floors; and the stars were looking in on the other side, in the blue of the yawning window over the great stair; from it you could see the old stable clock, with the letters glistening on it still. There had been jolly horses in those stables once; and I could see my uncle's honest face, and hear him talking to his dogs as they came jumping and whining and barking roundabout him of a gay winter morning. We used to mount there; and the girls looked out at us from the hall window, where I stood and looked at the sad, moldy, lonely old place. There was a red light shining through the crevices of a door at one corner of the building, and a dog presently came out baying loudly, and a limping man followed with a fowling-piece.

'Who's there?' said the old man.

'Phil Purcell, don't you know me?' shouted I; 'it's Redmond Barry.'

I thought the old man would have fired his piece at me at first, for he pointed it at the window; but I called to him to hold his hand, and came down and embraced him... Psha! I don't care to tell the rest; Phil and I had a long night, and talked over a thousand foolish old things that have no interest for any soul alive now; for what soul is there alive that cares for Barry Lyndon?

I settled a hundred guineas on the old man when I got to Dublin, and made him an annuity which enabled him to pass his old days in comfort.
Poor Phil Purcell was amusing himself at a game of exceedingly dirty cards with an old acquaintance of mine, no other than Tim, who was called my 'valet' in the days of yore, and whom the reader may remember as clad in my father's old liveries. They used to hang about him in those times and lap over his wrists and down to his heels; but Tim, though he protested he had nigh killed himself with grief when I went away, had managed to grow enormously fat in my absence, and would have fitted almost into Daniel Lambert's coat, or that of the vicar of Castle Brady, whom he served in the capacity of clerk. I would have engaged the fellow in my service but for his monstrous size, whichrendered him quite unfit to be the attendant of any gentleman of condition; and so I presented him with a handsome gratuity, and promised to stand godfather to his next child; the eleventh since my absence. There is no country in the world where the work of multiplying is carried on so prosperously as in my native island. Mr. Tim had married the girls' waiting-maid, who had been a kind friend of mine in the early times; and I had to go salute poor Molly next day, and found her a slatternly wench in a mud hut, surrounded by a brood of children almost as ragged as those of my friend the blacksmith.

From Tim and Phil Purcell, thus met fortuitously together, I got the very last news respecting my family. My mother was well.

'Faith, sir,' says Tim, 'and you're come in time, mayhap, for preventing an addition to your family.'

'Sir!' exclaimed I, in a fit of indignation.

'In the shape of father-in-law, I mane, sir,' says Tim; 'the misthress is going to take on with Mr. Jowls the preacher.'

Poor Nora, he added, had made many additions to the illustrious race of Quin; and my cousin Ulick was in Dublin, coming to little good, both my informants feared, and having managed to run through the small available remains of property which my good old uncle had left behind him.

I saw I should have no small family to provide for; and then, to conclude the evening, Phil, Tim, and I had a bottle of usquebaugh, the taste of which I had remembered for eleven good years, and did not part except with the warmest terms of fellowship, and until the sun had been some time in the sky. I am exceedingly affable; that has always been one of my characteristics. I have no false pride, as many men of high lineage like my own have, and, in default of better company, will hob and nob with a plowboy or a private soldier just as readily as with the first noble in the land.
I went back to the village in the morning, and found a pretext for visiting Barryville under a device of purchasing drugs. The hooks were still in the wall where my silver-hilted sword used to hang; a blister was lying on the window-sill, where my mother's 'Whole Duty of Man' had its place; and the odious Dr. Macshane had found out who I was (my countrymen find out everything, and a great deal more besides), and sniggering asked me how I left the King of Prussia, and whether my friend the Emperor Joseph was as much liked as the Empress Maria Theresa had been. The bell-ringers would have had a ring of bells for me, but there was but one, Tim, who was too fat to pull; and I rode off before the vicar, Dr. Bolter (who had succeeded old Mr. Texter, who had the living in my time), had time to come out to compliment me; but the rapscallions of the beggarly village had assembled in a dirty army to welcome me, and cheered 'Hurrah for Masther Redmond!' as I rode away.

My people were not a little anxious regarding me by the time I returned to Carlow, and the landlord was very much afraid, he said, that the highwaymen had gotten hold of me. There, too, my name and station had been learned from my servant Fritz; who had not spared his praises of his master, and had invented some magnificent histories concerning me. He said it was the truth that I was intimate with half the sovereigns of Europe, and the prime favorite with most of them. Indeed I had made my uncle's Order of the Spur hereditary, and traveled under the name of the Chevalier Barry, chamberlain to the Duke of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen.

They gave me the best horses the stable possessed to carry me on my road to Dublin, and the strongest ropes for harness; and we got on pretty well, and there was no rencontre between the highwaymen and the pistols with which Fritz and I were provided. We lay that night at Kileullen, and the next day I made my entry into the city of Dublin, with four horses to my carriage, five thousand guineas in my purse, and one of the most brilliant reputations in Europe, having quitted the city a beggarly boy, eleven years before.

The citizens of Dublin have as great and laudable a desire for knowing their neighbors' concerns as the country people have; and it is impossible for a gentleman, however modest his desires may be (and such mine have notoriously been through life), to enter the capital without having his name printed in every newspaper and mentioned in a number of societies. My name and titles were all over the town the day after my arrival. A great number of polite persons did me
the honor to call at my lodgings, when I selected them; and this was a point very necessarily of immediate care, for the hotels in the town were but vulgar holes, unfit for a nobleman of my fashion and elegance. I had been informed of the fact by travelers on the Continent; and determining to fix on a lodging at once, I bade the drivers go slowly up and down the streets with my chariot until I had selected a place suitable to my rank. This proceeding, and the uncouth questions and behavior of my German Fritz, who was instructed to make inquiries at the different houses until convenient apartments could be lighted upon, brought an immense mob round my coach; and by the time the rooms were chosen you might have supposed I was the new General of the Forces, so great was the multitude following us.

I fixed at length upon a handsome suite of apartments in Capel Street, paid the ragged postilions who had driven me a splendid gratuity, and establishing myself in the rooms with my baggage and Fritz, desired the landlord to engage me a second fellow to wear my liveries, a couple of stout reputable chairmen and their machine, and a coachman who had handsome job-horses to hire for my chariot, and serviceable riding horses to sell. I gave him a handsome sum in advance; and I promise you the effect of my advertisement was such that next day I had a regular levée in my antechamber; rooms, valets, and maîtres d'hôtel offered themselves without number; I had proposals for the purchase of horses sufficient to mount a regiment, both from dealers and gentlemen of the first fashion. Sir Lawler Gawler came to propose to me the most elegant bay mare ever stepped; my Lord Dundoodle had a team of four that wouldn't disgrace my friend the Emperor; and the Marquis of Ballyragget sent his gentleman and his compliments, stating that if I would step up to his stables, or do him the honor of breakfasting with him previously, he would show me the two finest grays in Europe. I determined to accept the invitations of Dundoodle and Ballyragget, but to purchase my horses from the dealers. It is always the best way. Besides, in those days, in Ireland, if a gentleman warranted his horse, and it was not sound, or a dispute rose, the remedy you had was the offer of a bullet in your waistcoat. I had played at the bullet game too much in earnest to make use of it heedlessly; and I may say proudly for myself that I never engaged in a duel unless I had a real, available, and prudent reason for it.

There was a simplicity about this Irish gentry which amused and made me wonder. 'If they tell more fibs than their down-
right neighbors across the water, on the other hand they believe more; and I made myself in a single week such a reputation in Dublin as would take a man ten years and a mint of money to acquire in London. I had won £500,000 at play; I was the favorite of the Empress Catherine of Russia; the confidential agent of Frederick of Prussia; it was I won the battle of Hochkirchen; I was the cousin of Mme. Du Barry, the French king’s favorite, and a thousand things beside. Indeed, to tell the truth, I hinted a number of these stories to my kind friends Ballyragget and Gawler; and they were not slow to improve the hints I gave them.

After having witnessed the splendors of civilized life abroad the sight of Dublin in the year 1771, when I returned thither, struck me with anything but respect. It was as savage as Warsaw almost, without the regal grandeur of the latter city. The people looked more ragged than any race I have ever seen, except the gypsy hordes along the banks of the Danube. There was, as I have said, not an inn in the town fit for a gentleman of condition to dwell in. Those luckless fellows who could not keep a carriage, and walked the streets at night, ran imminent risks of the knives of the women and ruffians who lay in wait there—of a set of ragged, savage villains, who neither knew the use of shoe nor razor; and as a gentleman entered his chair or his chariot, to be carried to his evening rout or the play, the flambeaux of the footmen would light up such a set of wild gibbering Milesian faces as would frighten a genteel person of average nerves. I was luckily endowed with strong ones; besides, had seen my amiable countrymen before.

I know this description of them will excite anger among some Irish patriots, who don’t like to have the nakedness of our land abused and are angry if the whole truth be told concerning it. But bah! it was a poor provincial place, Dublin, in the old days of which I speak; and many a tenth-rate German residence is more genteel. There were, it is true, near three hundred resident Peers at the period; and a house of Commons; and my Lord Mayor and his corporation; and a roystering, noisy university, whereof the students made no small disturbances nightly, patronized the roundhouse, ducked obnoxious printers and tradesmen, and gave the law at the Crow Street Theater. But I had seen too much of the first society of Europe to be much tempted by the society of these noisy gentry, and was a little too much of a gentleman to mingle with the disputes and politics of my Lord Mayor and his Aldermen. In the House of Commons there were some
dozen of right pleasant fellows. I never heard in the English Parliament better speeches than from Flood, and Daly, of Galway. Dick Sheridan, though not a well-bred person, was as amusing and ingenious a table companion as ever I met; and though during Mr. Edmund Burke's interminable speeches in the English House I used always to go to sleep, I yet have heard from well-informed parties that Mr. Burke was a person of considerable abilities, and even reputed to be eloquent in his more favorable moments.

I soon began to enjoy to the full extent the pleasures that the wretched place affords, and which were within a gentleman's reach: Ranelagh and the Ridotto; Mr. Mossop, at Crow Street; my Lord Lieutenant's parties, where there was a great deal too much boozing, and too little play, to suit a person of my elegant and refined habits; Daly's Coffeehouse and the houses of the nobility were soon open to me; and I remarked with astonishment in the higher circles what I had experienced in the lower on my first unhappy visit to Dublin, an extraordinary want of money, and a preposterous deal of promissory notes flying about, for which I was quite unwilling to stake my guineas. The ladies, too, were mad for play; but exceeding unwilling to pay when they lost. Thus, when the old Countess of Trumpington lost ten pieces to me at quadrille, she gave me, instead of the money, her ladyship's note of hand on her agent in Galway; which I put, with a great deal of politeness, into the candle. But when the countess made me a second proposition to play, I said that, as soon as her ladyship's remittances were arrived, I would be the readiest person to meet her; but till then was her very humble servant. And I maintained this resolution and singular character throughout the Dublin society; giving out at Daly's that I was ready to play any man for any sum, at any game; or to fence with him, or to ride with him (regard being had to our weight), or to shoot flying or at a mark; and in this latter accomplishment, especially if the mark be a live one, Irish gentlemen of that day had no ordinary skill.

Of course I dispatched a courier in my liveries to Castle Lyndon with a private letter for Runt, demanding from him full particulars of the Countess of Lyndon's state of health and mind; and a touching and eloquent letter to her ladyship, in which I bade her remember ancient days, which I tied up with a single hair from the lock which I had purchased from her woman, and in which I told her that Sylvander remembered his oath, and could never forget his Calista. The
answer I received from her was exceedingly unsatisfactory and inexplicit; that from Mr. Runt explicit enough, but not at all pleasant in its contents. My Lord George Poynings, the Marquess of Tiptoff's younger son, was paying very marked addresses to the widow; being a kinsman of the family, and having been called to Ireland relative to the will of the deceased Sir Charles Lyndon.

Now, there was a sort of rough-and-ready law in Ireland in those days, which was of great convenience to persons desirous of expeditious justice; and of which the newspapers of the time contain a hundred proofs. Fellows with the nicknames of Captain Fireball, Lieutenant Buffcoat, and Ensign Steele were repeatedly sending warning letters to landlords, and murdering them if the notes were unattended to. The celebrated Captain Thunder ruled in the southern counties, and his business seemed to be to procure wives for gentlemen who had not sufficient means to please the parents of the young ladies; or, perhaps, had not time for a long and intricate courtship.

I had found my cousin Ulick at Dublin, grown very fat and very poor; hunted up by Jews and creditors; dwelling in all sorts of queer corners, from which he issued at nightfall to the Castle, or to his card party at his tavern; but he was always the courageous fellow; and I hinted to him the state of my affections regarding Lady Lyndon.

'The Countess of Lyndon!' said poor Ulick; 'well, that is a wonder. I myself have been mightily sweet upon a young lady, one of the Kiljoys of Ballyhack, who has £10,000 to her fortune, and to whom her ladyship is guardian; but how is a poor fellow without a coat to his back to get on with an heiress in such company as that? I might as well propose for the countess myself.'

'You had better not,' said I, laughing; 'the man who tries runs a chance of going out of the world first.' And I explained to him my own intention regarding Lady Lyndon. Honest Ulick, whose respect for me was prodigious when he saw how splendid my appearance was, and heard how wonderful my adventures and great my experience of fashionable life had been, was lost in admiration of my daring and energy when I confided to him my intention of marrying the greatest heiress in England.

I bade Ulick go out of town on any pretext he chose, and put a letter into a post office near Castle Lyndon, which I prepared in a feigned hand, and in which I gave a solemn warning to Lord George Poynings to quit the country; saying that
the great prize was never meant for the likes of him, and that there were heiresses enough in England, without coming to rob them out of the domains of Captain Fireball. The letter was written on a dirty piece of paper, in the worst of spelling; it came to my lord by the post conveyance, and, being a high-spirited young man, he of course laughed at it.

As ill luck would have it for him, he appeared in Dublin a very short time afterward; was introduced to the Chevalier Redmond Barry, at the Lord Lieutenant's table; adjourned with him and several other gentlemen to the club at Daly's, and there, in a dispute about the pedigree of a horse, in which everybody said I was in the right, words arose, and a meeting was the consequence. I had had no affair in Dublin since my arrival, and people were anxious to see whether I was equal to my reputation. I make no boast about these matters, but always do them when the time comes; and poor Lord George, who had a neat hand and a quick eye enough, but was bred in the clumsy English school, only stood before my point until I had determined where I should hit him.

My sword went in under his guard, and came out at his back. When he fell, he good-naturedly extended his hand to me, and said, 'Mr. Barry, I was wrong!' I felt not very well at ease when the poor fellow made this confession; for the dispute had been of my making; and, to tell the truth, I had never intended it should end in any other way than a meeting.

He lay on his bed for four months with the effects of that wound; and the same post which conveyed to Lady Lyndon the news of the duel carried her a message from Captain Fireball to say, 'This is number one!'

'You, Ulick,' said I, 'shall be number two.'

'Faith,' said my cousin, 'one's enough!' But I had my plan regarding him, and determined at once to benefit this honest fellow and to forward my own designs upon the widow.

CHAPTER XV.

I PAY COURT TO MY LADY LYNDON.

As my uncle's attainder was not reversed for being out with the Pretender in 1745, it would have been inconvenient for him to accompany his nephew to the land of our ancestors; where, if not hanging, at least a tedious process of imprisonment, and a doubtful pardon, would have awaited the good old gentleman. In any important crisis of my life his advice was always of importance to me, and I did not fail to seek it
at this juncture, and to implore his counsel as regarded my pursuit of the widow. I told him the situation of her heart, as I have described it in the last chapter; of the progress that young Poyning had made in her affections, and of her forgetfulness of her old admirer; and I got a letter, in reply, full of excellent suggestions, by which I did not fail to profit.

The kind chevalier prefaced it by saying that he was for the present boarding in the Minorite convent at Brussels; that he had thoughts of making his salut there, and retiring forever from the world, devoting himself to the severest practices of religion. Meanwhile he wrote with regard to the lovely widow; it was natural that a person of her vast wealth and not disagreeable person should have many adorers about her; and that, as in her husband's lifetime she had shown herself not at all disinclined to receive my addresses, I must make no manner of doubt I was not the first person whom she had so favored; nor was I likely to be the last.

'I would, my dear child,' he added, 'that the ugly attainder round my neck, and the resolution I have formed of retiring from a world of sin and vanity altogether, did not prevent me from coming personally to your aid in this delicate crisis of your affairs; for to lead them to a good end, it requires not only the indomitable courage, swagger, and audacity which you possess beyond any young man I have ever known' (as for the 'swagger,' as the chevalier calls it, I deny it in toto, being always most modest in my demeanor); 'but though you have the vigor to execute, you have not the ingenuity to suggest plans of conduct for the following out of a scheme that is likely to be long and difficult of execution. Would you have ever thought of the brilliant scheme of the Countess Ida, which so nearly made you the greatest fortune in Europe, but for the advice and experience of a poor old man, now making up his accounts with the world, and about to retire from it for good and all?

'Well, with regard to the Countess of Lyndon, your manner of winning her is quite en l'air at present to me; nor can I advise day by day, as I would I could, according to circumstances as they arise. But your general scheme should be this. If I remember the letters you used to have from her during the period of the correspondence which the silly woman entertained you with, much high-flown sentiment passed between you; and especially was written by her ladyship herself; she is a blue- stocking, and fond of writing; she used to make her griefs with her husband the continual theme of her
correspondence (as women will do). I recollect several passages in her letters bitterly deploring her fate in being united to one so unworthy of her.

'Surely, in the mass of billets you possess from her, there must be enough to compromise her.' Look them well over, select passages, and threaten to do so. Write to her at first in the undoubting tone of a lover who has every claim upon her. Then, if she is silent, remonstrate, alluding to former promises from her; producing proofs of her former regard for you; vowing despair, destruction, revenge, if she prove unfaithful. Frighten her—astonish her by some daring feat, which will let her see your indomitable resolution; you are the man to do it. Your sword has a reputation in Europe, and you have a character for boldness; which was the first thing that caused my Lady Lyndon to turn her eyes upon you. Make the people talk about you at Dublin. Be as splendid, and as brave, and as odd as possible. How I wish I were near you! You have no imagination to invent such a character as I would make for you—but why speak; have I not had enough of the world and its vanities?'

There was much practical good sense in this advice; which I quote, unaccompanied with the lengthened description of his mortifications and devotions which my uncle indulged in, finishing his letter, as usual, with earnest prayers for my conversion to the true faith. But he was constant to his form of worship; and I, as a man of honor and principle, was resolute to mine; and have no doubt that the one, in this respect, will be as acceptable as the other.

Under these directions it was, then, I wrote to Lady Lyndon to ask on my arrival when the most respectful of her admirers might be permitted to intrude upon her grief? Then, as her ladyship was silent, I demanded, Had she forgotten old times, and one whom she had favored with her intimacy at a very happy period? Had Calista forgotten Eugenio? At the same time I sent down by my servant with this letter a present of a little sword for Lord Bullingdon, and a private note to his governor; whose note of hand, by the way, I possessed for a sum—I forget what—but such as the poor fellow would have been very unwilling to pay. To this an answer came from her ladyship's amanuensis, stating that Lady Lyndon was too much disturbed by grief at her recent dreadful calamity to see anyone but her own relations; and advices from my friend, the boy's governor, stating that my Lord George Poyningings was the young kinsman who was about to console her.
This caused the quarrel between me and the young nobleman; whom I took care to challenge on his first arrival at Dublin.

When the news of the duel was brought to the widow at Castle Lyndon, my informant wrote me that Lady Lyndon shrieked and flung down the journal, and said, 'The horrible monster! He would not shrink from murder, I believe;' and little Lord Bullingdon, drawing his sword—the sword I had given him, the rascal—declared he would kill with it the man who had hurt cousin George. On Mr. Runt telling him that I was the donor of the weapon, the little rogue still vowed that he would kill me all the same! Indeed, in spite of my kindness to him, that boy always seemed to detest me.

Her ladyship sent up daily couriers to inquire after the health of Lord George; and, thinking to myself that she would probably be induced to come to Dublin if she were to hear that he was in danger, I managed to have her informed that he was in a precarious state; that he grew worse; that Redmond Barry had fled in consequence; of this flight I caused the Mercury newspaper to give notice also, but indeed it did not carry me beyond the town of Bray, where my poor mother dwelt; and where, under the difficulties of a duel, I might be sure of having a welcome.

Those readers who have the sentiment of filial duty strong in their mind will wonder that I have not yet described my interview with that kind mother whose sacrifices for me in youth had been so considerable, and for whom a man of my warm and affectionate nature could not but feel the most enduring and sincere regard.

But a man moving in the exalted sphere of society in which I now stood has his public duties to perform before he consults his private affections; and so upon my first arrival I dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Barry, stating my arrival, conveying to her my sentiments of respect and duty, and promising to pay them to her personally so soon as my business in Dublin would leave me free.

This, I need not say, was very considerable. I had my horses to buy, my establishment to arrange, my entrée into the genteel world to make; and, having announced my intention to purchase horses and live in a genteel style, was in a couple of days so pestered by visits of the nobility and gentry, and so hampered by invitations to dinners and suppers, that it became exceedingly difficult for me during some days to manage my anxiously desired visit to Mrs. Barry.
It appears that the good soul provided an entertainment as soon as she heard of my arrival, and invited all her humble acquaintances of Bray to be present; but I was engaged subsequently to my Lord Ballyragget on the day appointed, and was, of course, obliged to break the promise that I had made to Mrs. Barry to attend her humble festival.

I endeavored to sweeten the disappointment by sending my mother a handsome satin sack and velvet robe, which I purchased for her at the best mercer’s in Dublin (and indeed told her I had brought from Paris expressly for her); but the messenger whom I dispatched with the presents brought back the parcels, with the piece of satin torn halfway up the middle; and I did not need his descriptions to be aware that something had offended the good lady; who came out, he said, and abused him at the door, and would have boxed his ears but that she was restrained by a gentleman in black; who, I concluded, with justice, was her clerical friend Mr. Jowls.

This reception of my presents made me rather dread than hope for an interview with Mrs. Barry, and delayed my visit to her for some days further. I wrote her a dutiful and soothing letter, to which there was no answer returned; although I mentioned that on my way to the capital I had been at Barryville, and revisited the old haunts of my youth.

I don’t care to own that she is the only human being whom I am afraid to face. I can recollect her fits of anger as a child, and the reconciliations, which used to be still more violent and painful; and so, instead of going myself, I sent my factotum, Ulick Brady, to her; who rode back, saying that he had met with a reception he would not again undergo for twenty guineas; that he had been dismissed the house, with strict injunctions to inform me that my mother disowned me forever. This parental anathema, as it were, affected me much, for I was always the most dutiful of sons; and I determined to go as soon as possible, and brave what I knew must be an inevitable scene of reproach and anger, for the sake, as I hoped, of as certain a reconciliation.

I had been giving one night an entertainment to some of the genteeelest company in Dublin, and was showing my lord marquis downstairs with a pair of wax tapers, when I found a woman in a gray coat seated at my door-steps; to whom, taking her for a beggar, I tendered a piece of money, and whom my noble friends, who were rather hot with wine, began to joke, as my door closed and I bade them all good-night.

I was rather surprised and affected to find afterward that the
hooded woman was no other than my mother; whose pride had made her vow that she would not enter my doors, but whose natural maternal yearnings had made her long to see her son’s face once again, and who had thus planted herself in disguise at my gate. Indeed, I have found in my experience that these are the only women who never deceive a man, and whose affection remains constant through all trials. Think of the hours that the kind soul must have passed, lonely in the street, listening to the din and merriment within my apartments, the clinking of the glasses, the laughing, the choruses, and the cheering!

When my affair with Lord George happened, and it became necessary to me, for the reasons I have stated, to be out of the way; now, thought I, is the time to make my peace with my good mother; she will never refuse me an asylum now that I seem in distress. So sending to her a notice that I was coming, that I had had a duel which had brought me into trouble, and required I should go into hiding, I followed my messenger half an hour afterward; and, I warrant me, there was no want of a good reception, for presently, being introduced into an empty room by the barefooted maid who waited upon Mrs. Barry, the door was opened, and the poor mother flung herself into my arms with a scream, and with transports of joy which I shall not attempt to describe—they are but to be comprehended by women who have held in their arms an only child after a twelve years’ absence from him.

The Rev. Mr. Jowls, my mother’s director, was the only person to whom the door of her habitation was opened during my sojourn; and he would take no denial. He mixed for himself a glass of rum punch, which he seemed in the habit of drinking at my good mother’s charge, groaned aloud, and forthwith began reading me a lecture upon the sinfulness of my past courses, and especially of the last horrible action I had been committing.

‘Sinful!’ said my mother, bristling up when her son was attacked; ‘sure we’re all sinners; and it’s you, Mr. Jowls, who have given me the inexpressible blessing to let me know that. But how else would you have had the poor child behave?’

‘I would have had the gentleman avoid the drink, and the quarrel, and this wicked duel altogether,’ answered the clergyman.

But my mother cut him short by saying such sort of conduct might be very well in a person of his cloth and his birth, but it neither became a Brady nor a Barry. In fact, she was quite delighted with the thought that I had pimed an English marquis’s son in a duel; and so, to console her, I told her of a score
more in which I had been engaged, and of some of which I have already informed the reader.

As my late antagonist was in no sort of danger when I spread that report of his perilous situation, there was no particular call that my hiding should be very close. But the widow did not know the fact as well as I did; and caused her house to be barricaded, and Becky, her barefooted serving-wench, to be a perpetual sentinel to give alarm, lest the officers should be in search of me.

The only person I expected, however, was my cousin Ulick, who was to bring me the welcome intelligence of Lady Lyndon's arrival; and I own, after two days' close confinement at Bray, in which I narrated all the adventures of my life to my mother, and succeeded in making her accept the dresses she had formerly refused, and a considerable addition to her income which I was glad to make, I was very glad when I saw that reprobate Ulick Brady, as my mother called him, ride up to the door in my carriage with the welcome intelligence for my mother that the young lord was out of danger, and for me that the Countess of Lyndon had arrived in Dublin.

'And I wish, Redmond, that the young gentleman had been in danger a little longer,' said the widow, her eyes filling with tears, 'and you'd have stayed so much the more with your poor old mother.' But I dried her tears, embracing her warmly, and promised to see her often; and hinted I would have, mayhap, a house of my own and a noble daughter to welcome her.

'Who is she, Redmond, dear?' said the old lady.

'One of the noblest and richest women in the empire, mother,' answered I. 'No mere Brady this time,' I added, laughing; with which hopes I left Mrs. Barry in the best of tempers.

No man can bear less malice than I do; and, when I have once carried my point, I am one of the most placable creatures in the world. I was a week in Dublin before I thought it necessary to quit that capital. I had become quite reconciled to my rival in that time; made a point of calling at his lodgings, and speedily became an intimate consoler of his bedside. He had a gentleman, to whom I did not neglect to be civil, and toward whom I ordered my people to be particular in their attentions; for I was naturally anxious to learn what my Lord George's position with the lady of Castle Lyndon had really been, whether other suitors were about the widow, and how she would bear the news of his wound.

The young nobleman himself enlightened me somewhat upon the subjects I was most desirous to inquire into.
'Chevalier,' said he to me, one morning when I went to pay him my compliments, 'I find you are an old acquaintance with my kinswoman, the Countess of Lyndon. She writes me a page of abuse of you in a letter here; and the strange part of the story is this, that one day when there was talk about you at Castle Lyndon, and the splendid equipage you were exhibiting in Dublin, the fair widow vowed and protested she never had heard of you.

"Oh, yes, mamma," said the little Bullingdon, "the tall dark man at Spa with the cast in his eye, who used to make my governor tipsy and sent me the sword; his name is Mr. Barry."'

'But my lady ordered the boy out of the room, and persisted in knowing nothing about you.'

'And are you a kinsman and acquaintance of my Lady Lyndon, my lord?' said I, in a tone of grave surprise.

'Yes, indeed,' answered the young gentleman. 'I left her house but to get this ugly wound from you. And it came at a most unlucky time too.'

'Why more unlucky now than at another moment?'

'Why, look you, chevalier. I think the widow was not impartial to me. I think I might have induced her to make our connection a little closer; and faith, though she is older than I am, she is the richest party now in England.'

'My Lord George,' said I, 'will you let me ask you a frank but an odd question? will you show me her letters?'

'Indeed I'll do no such thing,' replied he, in a rage.

'Nay, don't be angry. If I show you letters of Lady Lyndon's to me, will you let me see hers to you?'

'What, in Heaven's name, do you mean, Mr. Barry?' said the young nobleman.

'I mean that I passionately loved Lady Lyndon. I mean that I am a—that I rather was not indifferent to her. I mean that I love her to distraction at this present moment, and will die myself or kill the man who possesses her before me.'

'You marry the greatest heiress and the noblest blood in England?' said Lord George haughtily.

'There's no nobler blood in Europe than mine,' answered I; 'and I tell you I don't know whether to hope or not. But this I know, that there were days in which, poor as I am, the great heiress did not disdain to look down upon my poverty; and that any man who marries her passes over my dead body to do it. It's lucky for you,' I added gloomily, 'that on the occasion of my engagement with you, I did not know what were your views regarding my Lady Lyndon. My poor boy, you
are a lad of courage, and I love you. Mine is the first sword in Europe, and you would have been lying in a narrower bed than that you now occupy.'

'Boy!' said Lord George; 'I am not four years younger than you are.'

'You are forty years younger than I am in experience. I have passed through every grade of life. With my own skill and daring I have made my own fortune. I have been in fourteen pitched battles as a private soldier, and have been twenty-three times on the ground, and never was touched but once; and that was by the sword of a French maître-d'armes, whom I killed. I started in life at seventeen, a beggar, and am now at seven-and-twenty, with twenty thousand guineas. Do you suppose a man of my courage and energy can't attain anything that he dares, and that having claims upon the widow, I will not press them?'

This speech was not exactly true to the letter (for I had multiplied my pitched battles, my duels, and my wealth somewhat); but I saw that it made the impression I desired to effect upon the young gentleman's mind, who listened to my statement with peculiar seriousness, and whom I presently left to digest it.

A couple of days afterward I called to see him again, when I brought with me some of the letters that had passed between me and my Lady Lyndon. 'Here,' said I, 'look—I show it you in confidence—it is a lock of her ladyship's hair; here are her letters signed Calista, and addressed to Eugenio. Here is a poem, "When Sol bedecks the mead with light, And pallid Cynthia sheds her ray," addressed by her ladyship to your humble servant.'

"'Calista!" "Eugenio!" "Sol bedecks the mead with light?" cried the young lord. 'Am I dreaming? Why, my dear Barry, the widow has sent me the very poem herself! "Rejoicing in the sunshine bright, Or musing in the evening gray."'

I could not help laughing as he made the quotation. They were, in fact, the very words my Calista had addressed to me. And we found, upon comparing letters, that whole passages of eloquence figured in the one correspondence which appeared in the other. See what it is to be a blue-stocking and have a love of letter-writing!

The young man put down the papers in great perturbation. 'Well, thank Heaven!' said he, after a pause of some duration—'thank Heaven for a good riddance! Ah, Mr. Barry, what a woman I might have married had these lucky papers not come in my way! I thought my Lady Lyndon had a heart,
sir, I must confess, though not a very warm one; and that, at least, one could trust her. But marry her now! I would as lief send my servant into the street to get me a wife, as put up with such an Ephesian matron as that.'

'My Lord George,' said I, 'you little know the world. Remember what a bad husband Lady Lyndon had, and don't be astonished that she, on her side, should be indifferent. Nor has she, I will dare to wager, ever passed beyond the bounds of harmless gallantry, or sinned beyond the composing of a sonnet or a billet-doux.'

'My wife,' said the little lord, 'shall write no sonnets or billets-doux; and I'm heartily glad to think I have obtained in good time a knowledge of the heartless vixen with whom I thought myself for a moment in love.'

The wounded young nobleman was either, as I have said, very young and green in matters of the world,—for to suppose that a man would give up forty thousand a year, because, forsooth, the lady connected with it had written a few sentimental letters to a young fellow, is too absurd,—or, as I am inclined to believe, he was glad of an excuse to quit the field altogether, being by no means anxious to meet the victorious sword of Redmond Barry a second time.

When the idea of Poynings' danger, or the reproaches probably addressed by him to the widow regarding myself, had brought this exceedingly weak and feeble woman up to Dublin, as I expected, and my worthy Ulick had informed me of her arrival, I quitted my good mother, who was quite reconciled to me,—indeed the duel had done that,—and found the disconsolate Calista was in the habit of paying visits to the wounded swain; much to the annoyance, the servants told me, of that gentleman. The English are often absurdly high and haughty upon a point of punctilio; and, after his kinswoman's conduct, Lord Poynings swore he would have no more to do with her.

I had this information from his lordship's gentleman; with whom, as I have said, I took particular care to be friends; nor was I denied admission by his porter, when I chose to call, as before.

Her ladyship had most likely bribed that person, as I had; for she had found her way up, though denied admission; and, in fact, I had watched her from her own house to Lord George Poynings' lodgings, and seen her descend from her chair there and enter, before I myself followed her. I proposed to await her quietly in the anteroom, to make a scene there, and reproach her with infidelity, if necessary; but matters were, as
it happened, arranged much more conveniently for me, and walking, unannounced, into the outer room of his lordship’s apartments, I had the felicity of hearing in the next chamber, of which the door was partially open, the voice of my Calista. She was in full cry, appealing to the poor patient, as he lay confined in his bed, and speaking in the most passionate manner. ‘What can lead you, George,’ she said, ‘to doubt of my faith? How can you break my heart by casting me off in this monstrous manner? Do you wish to drive your poor Calista to the grave? Well, well, I shall join there the dear departed angel.’

‘Who entered it three months since,’ said Lord George, with a sneer. ‘It’s a wonder you have survived so long.’

‘Don’t treat your poor Calista in this cruel, cruel manner, Antonio!’ cried the widow.

‘Bah!’ said Lord George, ‘my wound is bad. My doctors forbid me much talk. Suppose your Antonio tired, my dear. Can’t you console yourself with somebody else?’

‘Heavens, Lord George! Antonio!’

‘Console yourself with Eugenio,’ said the young nobleman bitterly, and began ringing his bell; on which his valet, who was in an inner room, came out, and he bade him show her ladyship downstairs.

Lady Lyndon issued from the room in the greatest flurry. She was dressed in deep weeds, with a veil over her face, and did not recognize the person waiting in the outer apartment. As she went down the stairs I stepped lightly after her, and as her chairman opened her door sprung forward, and took her hand to place her in the vehicle. ‘Dearest widow,’ said I, ‘his lordship spoke correctly. Console yourself with Eugenio!’ She was too frightened even to scream, as her chairman carried her away. She was set down at her house, and you may be sure that I was at the chair door, as before, to help her out.

‘Monstrous man!’ said she, ‘I desire you to leave me.’

‘Madam, it would be against my oath,’ replied I; ‘recollect the vow Eugenio sent to Calista.’

‘If you do not quit me, I will call for the domestics to turn you from the door.’

‘What! when I am come with my Calista’s letters in my pocket, to return them mayhap? You can soothe, madam, but you cannot frighten Redmond Barry.’

‘What is it you would have of me, sir?’ said the widow, rather agitated.

‘Let me come upstairs, and I will tell you all,’ I replied;
and she condescended to give me her hand and to permit me to lead her from her chair to her drawing room.

When we were alone I opened my mind honorably to her. 'Dearest madam,' said I, 'do not let your cruelty drive a desperate slave to fatal measures. I adore you. In former days you allowed me to whisper my passion to you unrestrained; at present you drive me from your door, leave my letters unanswered, and prefer another to me. My flesh and blood cannot bear such treatment. Look upon the punishment I have been obliged in inflict; tremble at that which I may be compelled to administer to that unfortunate young man; so sure as he marries you, madam, he dies.'

'I do not recognize,' said the widow, 'the least right you have to give the law to the Countess of Lyndon; I do not in the least understand your threats, or heed them. What has passed between me and an Irish adventurer that should authorize this impertinent intrusion?'

'These have passed, madam,' said I; 'Calista's letters to Eugenio. They may have been very innocent; but will the world believe it? You may have only intended to play with the heart of the poor artless Irish gentleman who adored and confided in you. But who will believe the stories of your innocence against the irrefragable testimony of your own handwriting? Who will believe that you could write these letters in the mere wantonness of coquetry, and not under the influence of affection?'

'Villain!' cried my Lady Lyndon, 'could you dare to construe out of those idle letters of mine any other meaning than that which they really bear?'

'I will construe anything out of them,' said I; 'such is the passion which animates me toward you. I have sworn it—you must and shall be mine! Did you ever know me promise to accomplish a thing and fail? Which will you prefer to have from me—a love such as woman never knew from man before, or a hatred to which there exists no parallel?'

'A woman of my rank, sir, can fear nothing from the hatred of an adventurer like yourself,' replied the lady, drawing up stately.

'Look at your Poynings—was he of your rank? You are the cause of that young man's wound, madam; and, but that the instrument of your savage cruelty relented, would have been the author of his murder—yes, of his murder; for, if a wife is faithless, does not she arm the husband who punishes the seducer? And I look upon you, Honoria Lyndon, as my wife.'
‘Husband! wife, sir!’ cried the widow, quite astonished.

‘Yes, wife! husband! I am not one of those poor souls with whom coquettes can play, and who may afterward throw them aside. You would forget what passed between us at Spa; Calista would forget Eugenio; but I will not let you forget me. You thought to trifle with my heart, did you? When once moved, Honoria, it is moved forever. I love you—love as passionately now as I did when my passion was hopeless; and, now that I can win you, do you think I will forego you? Cruel, cruel Calista! you little know the power of your own charms if you think their effect is so easily obliterated—you little know the constancy of this pure and noble heart if you think that, having once loved, it can ever cease to adore you. No! I swear by your cruelty that I will revenge it; by your wonderful beauty that I will win it and be worthy to win it. Lovely, fascinating; fickle, cruel woman! you shall be mine—I swear it! Your wealth may be great; but am I not of a generous nature enough to use it worthily? Your rank is lofty; but not so lofty as my ambition. You threw yourself away once on a cold and spiritless debauchee; give yourself now, Honoria, to a man; and one who, however lofty your rank may be, will enhance it and become it!

As I poured words to this effect out on the astonished widow, I stood over her, and fascinated her with the glance of my eye; saw her turn red and pale with fear and wonder; saw that my praise of her charms and the exposition of my passion were not unwelcome to her, and witnessed with triumphant composure the mastery I was gaining over her. Terror, be sure of that, is not a bad ingredient of love. A man who wills fiercely to win the heart of a weak and vaporish woman must succeed, if he have opportunity enough.

‘Terrible man!’ said Lady Lyndon, shrinking from me as soon as I had done speaking (indeed, I was at a loss for words, and thinking of another speech to make to her)—‘terrible man! leave me.’

I saw that I had made an impression on her, from those very words. ‘If she lets me into the house to-morrow,’ said I, ‘she is mine.’

As I went downstairs I put ten guineas into the hand of the hall porter, who looked quite astonished at such a gift.

‘It is to repay you for the trouble of opening the door to me,’ said I; ‘you will have to do so often.’
CHAPTER XVI.

I PROVIDE NOBLY FOR MY FAMILY AND ATTAIN THE HEIGHT OF MY (SEEMING) GOODFortune.

The next day when I went back, my fears were realized; the door was refused to me—my lady was not at home. This I knew to be false; I had watched the door the whole morning from a lodging I took at a house opposite.

'Your lady is not out,' said I; 'she has denied me, and I can't, of course, force my way to her. But listen; you are an Englishman?'

'That I am,' said the fellow, with an air of the utmost superiority. 'Your honor could tell that by my hacent.'

I knew he was, and might therefore offer him a bribe. An Irish family servant in rags, and though his wages were never paid him, would probably fling the money in your face.

'Listen, then,' said I. 'Your lady's letters pass through your hands, don't they? A crown for every one that you bring me to read. There is a whisky shop in the next street; bring them there when you go to drink, and call for me by the name of Dermot.'

'I recollect your honor at Spar,' says the fellow, grinning; 'seven's the main, heh?' and, not being exceedingly proud of this reminiscence, I bade my inferior adieu.

I do not defend this practice of letter-opening in private life, except in cases of the most urgent necessity; when we must follow the examples of our betters, the statesmen of all Europe, and, for the sake of a great good, infringe a little matter of ceremony. My Lady Lyndon's letters were none the worse for being opened and I was a great deal the better; the knowledge obtained from the perusal of some of her multifarious epistles enabling me to become intimate with her character in a hundred ways, and obtain a power over her by which I was not slow to profit. By the aid of the letters and of my English friend, whom I always regaled with the best of liquor, and satisfied with presents of money (still more agreeable (I used to put on a livery in order to meet him, and a red wig, in which it was impossible to know the dashing and elegant Redmond Barry), I got such an insight into the widow's movements as astonished her. I knew beforehand to what public places she would go; they were, on account of her widowhood, but few; and wherever she appeared, at church or in the park, I was always ready to offer her her book, or to canter on horseback by the side of her chariot.
Many of her ladyship's letters were the most whimsical rodomontades that ever blue-stocking penned. She was a woman who took up and threw off a greater number of dear friends than anyone I ever knew. To some of these female darlings she began presently to write about my unworthy self, and it was with a sentiment of extreme satisfaction I found at length that the widow was growing dreadfully afraid of me; calling me her bête noire, her dark spirit, her murderous adorer, and a thousand other names indicative of her extreme disquietude and terror. It was: 'The wretch has been dogging my chariot through the park,' or 'my fate pursued me at church,' and 'my inevitable adorer handed me out of my chair at the mercer's,' or what not. My wish was to increase this sentiment of awe in her bosom, and to make her believe that I was a person from whom escape was impossible.

To this end I bribed a fortune-teller, whom she consulted along with a number of the most foolish and distinguished people of Dublin, in those days; and who, although she went dressed like one of her waiting-women, did not fail to recognize her real rank, and to describe as her future husband her persevering adorer Redmond Barry, Esq. This incident disturbed her very much. She wrote about it in terms of great wonder and terror to her female correspondents. 'Can this monster,' she wrote, 'indeed do as he boasts, and bend even Fate to his will? can he make me marry him though I cordially detest him, and bring me a slave to his feet? The horrid look of his black serpent-like eyes fascinates and frightens me; it seems to follow me everywhere, and even when I close my own eyes, the dreadful gaze penetrates the lids, and is still upon me.'

When a woman begins to talk of a man in this way, he is an ass who does not win her; and, for my part, I used to follow her about, and put myself in an attitude opposite her, 'and fascinate her with my glance,' as she said, most assiduously. Lord George Poynings, her former admirer, was meanwhile keeping his room with his wound, and had seemed determined to give up all claims to her favor; for he denied her admittance when she called, sent no answer to her multiplied correspondence, and contented himself by saying, generally, that the surgeon had forbidden him to receive visitors or to answer letters. Thus, while he went into the background, I came forward, and took good care that no other rivals should present themselves with any chance of success; for as soon as I heard of one, I had a quarrel fastened on him, and, in this way, pinked
two more, besides my first victim, Lord George. I always took another pretext for quarreling with them than the real one of attention to Lady Lyndon, so that no scandal or hurt to her ladyship’s feeling might arise in consequence; but she very well knew what was the meaning of these duels; and the young fellows of Dublin, too, by laying two and two together, began to perceive that there was a certain dragon in watch for the wealthy heiress, and that the dragon must be subdued first before they could get at the lady. I warrant that, after the first three, not many champions were found to address the lady; and have often laughed (in my sleeve) to see many of the young Dublin beaux riding by the side of her carriage scamper off as soon as my bay mare and green liveries made their appearance.

I wanted to impress her with some great and awful instance of my power, and to this end had determined to confer a great benefit upon my honest cousin Ulick, and carry off for him the fair object of his affections, Miss Kiljoy, under the very eyes of her guardian and friend, Lady Lyndon; and in the teeth of the squires, the young lady’s brothers, who passed the season at Dublin, and made as much swagger and to do about their sister’s £10,000 Irish, as if she had had a plum to her fortune. The girl was by no means averse to Mr. Brady; and it only shows how faint-spirited some men are, and how a superior genius can instantly overcome difficulties which, to common minds, seem insuperable, that he never had thought for running off with her; as I at once and boldly did. Miss Kiljoy had been a ward in Chancery until she attained her majority (before which period it would have been a dangerous matter for me to put in execution the scheme concerning her); but, though now free to marry whom she liked, she was a young lady of timid disposition, and as much under fear of her brothers and relatives as though she had not been independent of them. They had some friend of their own in view for the young lady, and had scornfully rejected the proposal of Ulick Brady, the ruined gentleman; who was quite unworthy, as these rustic bucks thought, of the hand of such a prodigiously wealthy heiress as their sister.

Finding herself lonely in her great house in Dublin, the Countess of Lyndon invited her friend Miss Amelia to pass the season with her at Dublin; and, in a fit of maternal fondness, also sent for her son, the little Bullingdon, and my old acquaintance his governor, to come to the capital and bear her company. A family coach brought the boy, the heiress, and the tutor from Castle Lyndon; and I determined to take the first opportunity of putting my plan in execution.
For this chance I had not very long to wait. I have said, in a former chapter of my biography, that the kingdom of Ireland was at this period ravaged by various parties of banditti; who under the name of Whiteboys, Oakboys, Steelboys, with captains at their head, killed proctors, fired stacks, houghed and maimed cattle, and took the law into their own hands. One of these bands, or several of them for what I know, was commanded by a mysterious personage called Captain Thunder, whose business seemed to be that of marrying people with or without their own consent, or that of their parents. The Dublin Gazettes and Mercuries of that period (the year 1772) teem with proclamations from the Lord Lieutenant, offering rewards for the apprehension of this dreadful Captain Thunder and his gang, and describing at length various exploits of the savage aid-de-camp of Hymen. I determined to make use, if not of the services, at any rate of the name of Captain Thunder, and put my cousin Ulick in possession of his lady and her £10,000. She was no great beauty, and, I presume, it was the money he loved rather than the owner of it.

On account of her widowhood Lady Lyndon could not as yet frequent the balls and routs which the hospitable nobility of Dublin were in the custom of giving; but her friend Miss Kiljoy had no such cause for retirement, and was glad to attend any parties to which she might be invited. I made Ulick Brady a present of a couple of handsome suits of velvet, and by my influence procured him an invitation to many of the most elegant of these assemblies. But he had not had my advantages or experience of the manners of court; was as shy with ladies as a young colt, and could no more dance a minuet than a donkey. He made very little way in the polite world in his mistress’ heart; in fact, I could see that she preferred several other young gentlemen to him, who were more at home in the ballroom than poor Ulick; he had made his first impression upon the heiress, and felt his first flame for her, in her father’s house of Ballykiljoy, where he used to hunt and get drunk with the old gentleman.

‘I could do thin, too, well enough anyhow,’ Ulick would say, heaving a sigh; ‘and if it’s drinking or riding across country would do it, there’s no man in Ireland would have a better chance with Amalia.’

‘Never fear, Ulick,’ was my reply; ‘you shall have your Amalia, or my name is not Redmond Barry.’

My Lord Charlemont—who was one of the most elegant and accomplished noblemen in Ireland in those days, a fine
scholar and wit, a gentleman who had traveled much abroad, where I had the honor of knowing him—gave a magnificent masquerade at his house of Marino, some few miles from Dublin, on the Dunleary road. And it was at this entertainment that I was determined that Ulick should be made happy for life. Miss Kiljoy was invited to the masquerade, and the little Lord Bullingdon, who longed to witness such a scene; and it was agreed that he was to go under the guardianship of his governor, my old friend the Rev. Mr. Runt. I learned what was the equipage in which the party were to be conveyed to the ball, and took my measures accordingly.

Ulick Brady was not present; his fortune and quality were not sufficient to procure him an invitation to so distinguished a place, and I had it given out three days previous that he had been arrested for debt; a rumor which surprised nobody who knew him.

I appeared that night in a character with which I was very familiar, that of a private soldier in the King of Prussia's guard. I had a grotesque mask made, with an immense nose and mustaches, talked a jumble of broken English and German, in which the latter greatly predominated; and had crowds round me laughing at my droll accent, and whose curiosity was increased by a knowledge of my previous history. Miss Kiljoy was attired as an antique princess, with little Bullingdon as a page of the times of chivalry; his hair was in powder, his doublet rose-color and pea-green and silver, and he looked very handsome and saucy as he strutted about with my sword by his side. As for Mr. Runt, he walked about very demurely in a domino, and perpetually paid his respects to the buffet, and ate enough cold chicken and drank enough punch and champagne to satisfy a company of grenadiers.

The Lord Lieutenant came and went in state—the ball was magnificent. Miss Kiljoy had partners in plenty, among whom was myself, who walked a minuet with her (if the clumsy waddling of the Irish heiress may be called by such a name); and I took occasion to plead my passion for Lady Lyndon in the most pathetic terms, and to beg her friend's interference in my favor.

It was three hours past midnight when the party from Lyndon House went away. Little Bullingdon had long since been asleep in one of Lady Charlemont's china closets. Mr. Runt was exceedingly husky in talk and unsteady in gait. A young lady of the present day would be alarmed to see a gentleman in such a condition; but it was a common sight in those jolly
old times, when a gentleman was thought a milksop unless he was occasionally tipsy. I saw Miss Kiljoy to her carriage, with several other gentlemen; and, peering through the crowd of ragged linkboys, drivers, beggars, drunken men and women, who used invariably to wait round great men’s doors when festivities were going on, saw the carriage drive off, with a hurrah from the mob; then came back presently to the supper room, where I talked German, favored the three or four topers still there with a High-Dutch chorus, and attacked the dishes and wine with great resolution.

‘How can you drink aisy with that big nose on?’ said one gentleman.

‘Go an’ be hangt!’ said I, in the true accent, applying myself again to the wine; with which the others laughed, and I pursued my supper in silence.

There was a gentleman present who had seen the Lyndon party go off, with whom I had made a bet, which I lost; and the next morning I called upon him and paid it him. All which particulars the reader will be surprised at hearing enumerated; but the fact is that it was not I who went back to the party, but my late German valet, who was of my size, and, dressed in my mask, could perfectly pass for me. We changed clothes in a hackney coach that stood near Lady Lyndon’s chariot, and driving after it, speedily overtook it.

The fated vehicle which bore the lovely object of Ulick Brady’s affections had not advanced very far, when, in the midst of a deep rut in the road, it came suddenly to with a jolt; the footman, springing off the back, cried ‘Stop!’ to the coachman, warning him that a wheel was off, and that it would be dangerous to proceed with only three. Wheel-caps had not been invented in those days, as they have since by the ingenious builders of Long Acre. And how the linehpin of the wheel had come out I do not pretend to say; but it possibly may have been extracted by some rogues among the crowd before Lord Charlemont’s gate.

Miss Kiljoy thrust her head out of the window, screaming as ladies do; Mr. Runt, the chaplain, woke up from his boozy slumbers; and little Bullingdon, starting up and drawing his little sword, said, ‘Don’t be afraid, Miss Amelia; if it’s footpads, I am armed.’ The young rascal had the spirit of a lion, that’s the truth; as I must acknowledge, in spite of all my after quarrels with him.

The hackney coach which had been following Lady Lyndon’s chariot by this time came up, and the coachman seeing
the disaster, stepped down from his box, and politely requested her ladyship's honor to enter his vehicle; which was as clean and elegant as any person of tiptop quality might desire. This invitation was, after a minute or two, accepted by the passengers of the chariot; the hackney coachman promising to drive them to Dublin 'in a hurry.' Thady, the valet, proposed to accompany his young master and the young lady; and the coachman, who had a friend seemingly drunk by his side on the box, with a grin told Thady to get up behind. However, as the footboard was covered with spikes, as a defense against the streetboys, who love a ride gratis, Thady's fidelity would not induce him to brave these; and he was persuaded to remain by the wounded chariot, for which he and the coachman manufactured a linchpin out of a neighboring hedge.

Meanwhile, although the hackney coachman drove on rapidly, yet the party within seemed to consider it was a long distance from Dublin; and what was Miss Kiljoy's astonishment, on looking out of the window at length, to see around her a lonely heath, with no signs of buildings or city. She began forthwith to scream out to the coachman to stop; but the man only whipped the horses the faster for her noise, and bade her ladyship 'hould on—'twas a short cut he was taking.' Miss Kiljoy continued screaming, the coachman flogging, the horses galloping, until two or three men appeared suddenly from a hedge, to whom the fair one cried for assistance; and the young Bullingdon opening the coach door, jumped gallantly out, toppling over head and heels as he fell; but jumping up in an instant, he drew his little sword, and, running toward the carriage, exclaimed, 'This way, gentlemen! stop the rascal!'

'Stop!' cried the men; at which the coachman pulled up with extraordinary obedience. Runt all the while lay tipsy in the carriage, having only a dreamy half-consciousness of all that was going on.

The newly arrived champions of female distress now held a consultation, in which they looked at the young lord and laughed considerably.

'Do not be alarmed,' said their leader, coming up to the door; 'one of my people shall mount the box by the side of that treacherous rascal, and, with your ladyship's leave, I and my companion will get in and see you home. We are well armed, and can defend you in case of danger.'

With this, and without more ado, he jumped into the carriage, his companion following him.
‘Know your place, fellow!’ cried out little Bullingdon indignantly; ‘and give place to the Lord Viscount Bullingdon!’ and put himself before the huge person of the newcomer who was about to enter the hackney coach.

‘Get out of that, my lord,’ said the man, in a broad brogue, and shoving him aside. On which the boy, crying ‘Thieves! thieves!’ drew out his little hanger, and ran at the man, and would have wounded him (for a small sword will wound as well as a great one); but his opponent, who was armed with a long stick, struck the weapon luckily out of the lad’s hands; it went flying over his head, and left him aghast and mortified at his discomfiture.

He then pulled off his hat, making his lordship a low bow, and entered the carriage; the door of which was shut upon him by his confederate, who was to mount the box. Miss Kiljoy might have screamed; but I presume her shrieks were stopped by the sight of an enormous horse pistol which one of her champions produced, who said, ‘No harm is intended you, ma’am, but if you cry out, we must gag you;’ on which she suddenly became as mute as a fish.

All these events took place in an exceedingly short space of time; and when the three invaders had taken possession of the carriage, the poor little Bullingdon being left bewildered and astonished on the heath, one of them putting his head out of the window, said:

‘My lord, a word with you.’

‘What is it?’ said the boy, beginning to whimper; he was but eleven years old, and his courage had been excellent hitherto.

‘You are only two miles from Marino. Walk back till you come to a big stone, there turn to the right, and keep on straight till you get to the highroad, when you will easily find your way back. And when you see her ladyship your mamma, give Captain Thunder’s compliments, and say Miss Amelia Kiljoy is going to be married.’

‘O Heavens!’ sighed out that young lady.

The carriage drove swiftly on, and the poor little nobleman was left alone on the heath, just as the morning began to break. He was fairly frightened; and no wonder. He thought of running after the coach; but his courage and his little legs failed him, so he sat down upon a stone and cried for vexation.

It was in this way that Ulick Brady made what I call a Sabine marriage. When he halted with his two groomsmen at the cottage where the ceremony was to be performed, Mr.
Runt, the chaplain, at first declined to perform it. But a pistol was held at the head of that unfortunate preceptor, and he was told, with dreadful oaths, that his miserable brains would be blown out; when he consented to read the service. The lovely Amelia had, very likely, a similar inducement held out to her, but of that I know nothing; for I drove back to town with the coachman as soon as we had set the bridal party down, and had the satisfaction of finding Fritz, my German, arrived before me; he had come back in my carriage in my dress, having left the masquerade undiscovered, and done everything there according to my orders.

Poor Runt came back the next day in a piteous plight, keeping silence as to his share in the occurrences of the evening, and with a dismal story of having been drunk, of having been waylaid and bound, of having been left on the road and picked up by a Wicklow cart, which was coming in with provisions to Dublin, and found him helpless on the road. There was no possible means of fixing any share of the conspiracy on him. Little Bullingdon, who, too, found his way home, was unable in any way to indentify me. But Lady Lyndon knew that I was concerned in the plot, for I met her hurrying the next day to the Castle; all the town being up about the enlèvement. And I saluted her with a smile so diabolical that I knew she was aware that I had been concerned in the daring and ingenious scheme.

Thus it was that I repaid Ulick Brady's kindness to me in early days; and had the satisfaction of restoring the fallen fortunes of a deserving branch of my family. He took his bride into Wicklow, where he lived with her in the strictest seclusion until the affair was blown over; the Kiljoys striving everywhere in vain to discover his retreat. They did not for a while even know who was the lucky man who had carried off the heiress; nor was it until she wrote a letter some weeks afterward, signed Amelia Brady, and expressing her perfect happiness in her new condition, and stating that she had been married by Lady Lyndon's chaplain, Mr. Runt, that the truth was known, and my worthy friend confessed his share of the transaction. As his good-natured mistress did not dismiss him from his post in consequence, everybody persisted in supposing that poor Lady Lyndon was privy to the plot; and the story of her ladyship's passionate attachment for me gained more and more credit.

I was not slow, you may be sure, in profiting by these rumors. Everyone thought I had a share in the Brady mar-
riage, though no one could prove it. Everyone thought I was well with the widowed countess; though no one could show that I said so. But there is a way of proving a thing even while you contradict it, and I used to laugh and joke so à propos that all men began to wish me joy of my great fortune, and look up to me as the affianced husband of the greatest heiress in the kingdom. The papers took up the matter; the female friends of Lady Lyndon remonstrated with her and cried 'Fie!' Even the English journals and magazines, which in those days were very scandalous, talked of the matter; and whispered that a beautiful and accomplished widow, with a title and the largest possessions in the two kingdoms, was about to bestow her hand upon a young gentleman of high birth and fashion, who had distinguished himself in the service of his M—y the K— of Pr—. I won't say who was the author of these paragraphs; or how two pictures, one representing myself under the title of 'The Prussian Irishman' and the other Lady Lyndon, as 'The Countess of Ephesus,' actually appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine*, published at London, and containing the fashionable tittle-tattle of the day.

Lady Lyndon was so perplexed and terrified by this continual hold upon her that she determined to leave the country. Well, she did; and who was the first to receive her on landing at Holyhead? Your humble servant, Redmond Barry, Esq. And to crown all, the *Dublin Mercury*, which announced her ladyship's departure, announced mine the day before. There was not a soul but thought she had followed me to England; whereas she was only flying me. Vain hope! a man of my resolution was not thus to be balked in pursuit. Had she fled to the antipodes, I would have been there; ay, and would have followed her as far as Orpheus did Eurydice!

Her ladyship had a house in Berkeley Square, London, more splendid than that which she possessed in Dublin; and, knowing that she would come thither, I preceded her to the English capital and took handsome apartments in Hill Street, hard by. I had the same intelligence in her London house which I had procured in Dublin. The same faithful porter was there to give me all the information I required. I promised to treble his wages as soon as a certain event should happen. I won over Lady Lyndon's companion by a present of one hundred guineas down, and a promise of two thousand when I should be married, and gained the favor of her favorite lady's-maid by a bribe of similar magnitude. My reputation had so far preceded me in London that, on my arrival, numbers of the
genteel were eager to receive me at their routs. We have no idea in this humdrum age what a gay and splendid place London was then; what a passion for play there was among young and old, male and female; what thousands were lost and won in a night; what beauties there were—how brilliant, gay, and dashing! Everybody was delightfully wicked; the royal Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland set the example; the nobles followed close behind. Running away was the fashion. Ah! it was a pleasant time; and lucky was he who had fire and youth and money, and could live in it! I had all these; and the old frequenters of White's, Wattier's, and Goosetree's could tell stories of the gallantry, spirit, and high fashion of Captain Barry.

The progress of a love story is tedious to all those who are not concerned, and I leave such themes to the hack novel writers, and the young boarding-school misses for whom they write. It is not my intention to follow, step by step, the incidents of my courtship, or to narrate all the difficulties I had to contend with, and my triumphant manner of surmounting them. Suffice it to say, I did overcome these difficulties. I am of opinion, with my friend the late ingenious Mr. Wilkes, that such impediments are nothing in the way of a man of spirit; and that he can convert indifference and aversion into love, if he have perseverance and cleverness sufficient. By the time the countess' widowhood was expired, I had found means to be received into her house; I had her women perpetually talking in my favor, vaunting my powers, expatiating upon my reputation, and boasting of my success and popularity in the fashionable world.

Also the best friends I had in the prosecution of my tender suit were the countess' noble relatives; who were far from knowing the service that they did me, and to whom I beg leave to tender my heartfelt thanks for the abuse with which they then loaded me; and to whom I fling my utter contempt for the calumny and hatred with which they have subsequently pursued me.

The chief of these amiable persons was the Marchioness of Tiptoff, mother of the young gentleman whose audacity I had punished at Dublin. This old harridan, on the countess' first arrival in London, waited upon her, and favored her with such a storm of abuse for her encouragement of me that I do believe she advanced my cause more than six months' courtship could have done, or the pinking of a half-dozen of rivals. It was in vain that poor Lady Lyndon pleaded her entire innocence, and vowed she had never encouraged me. 'Never
encouraged him!' screamed out the old fury; 'didn't you encourage the wretch at Spa, during Sir Charles' own life? Didn't you marry a dependent of yours to one of this profligate's bankrupt cousins? When he set off for England, didn't you follow him like a madwoman the very next day? Didn't he take lodgings at your very door almost—and do you call this no encouragement? For shame, madam, shame! You might have married my son—my dear and noble George; but that he did not choose to interfere with your shameful passion for the beggarly upstart whom you caused to assassinate him; and the only counsel I have to give your ladyship is this, to legitimize the ties which you have contracted with this shameless adventurer; to make that connection legal which, real as it is now, is against both decency and religion; and to spare your family and your son the shame of your present line of life.'

With this the old fury of a marchioness left the room, and Lady Lyndon in tears; I had the whole particulars of the conversation from her ladyship's companion, and augured the best result from it in my favor.

Thus by the sage influence of my Lady Tiptoff, the Countess of Lyndon's natural friends and family were kept from her society. Even when Lady Lyndon went to court, the most august lady in the realm received her with such marked coldness that the unfortunate widow came home and took to her bed with vexation. And thus I may say that royalty itself became an agent in advancing my suit, and helping the plans of the poor Irish soldier of fortune. So it is that fate works with agents, great and small; and by means over which they have no control the destinies of men and women are accomplished.

I shall always consider the conduct of Mrs. Bridget (Lady Lyndon's favorite maid at this juncture) as a masterpiece of ingenuity; and, indeed, had such an opinion of her diplomatic skill that the very instant I became master of the Lyndon estates, and paid her the promised sum—I am a man of honor, and rather than not keep my word with the woman, I raised the money of the Jews at an exorbitant interest—as soon, I say, as I achieved my triumph, I took Mrs. Bridget by the hand, and said, 'Madam, you have shown such unexampled fidelity in my service that I am glad to reward you, according to my promise; but you have given proofs of such extraordinary cleverness and dissimulation that I must decline keeping you in Lady Lyndon's establishment, and beg you will leave it this very day;' which she did, and went over to the Tiptoff faction, and has abused me ever since.
But I must tell you what she did which was so clever. Why, it was the simplest thing in the world, as all masterstrokes are. When Lady Lyndon lamented her fate and my—as she was pleased to call it—shameful treatment of her, Mrs. Bridget said, 'Why should not your ladyship write this young gentleman word of the evil which he is causing you?' Appeal to his feelings (which, I have heard say, are very good indeed—the whole town is ringing with accounts of his spirit and generosity), and beg him to desist from a pursuit which causes the best of ladies so much pain? Do, my lady, write; I know your style is so elegant that I, for my part, have many a time burst into tears in reading your charming letters, and I have no doubt Mr. Barry will sacrifice anything rather than hurt your feelings.' And, of course, the abigail swore to the fact.

'Do you think so, Bridget?' said her ladyship. And my mistress forthwith penned me a letter, in her most fascinating and winning manner:

Why, sir [wrote she], will you pursue me? why environ me in a web of intrigue so frightful that my spirit sinks under it, seeing escape is hopeless, from your frightful, your diabolical art? They say you are generous to others—be so to me. I know your bravery but too well: exercise it on men who can meet your sword, not on a poor feeble woman, who cannot resist you. Remember the friendship you once professed for me. And now, I beseech you, I implore you, to give a proof of it. Contradict the calumnies which you have spread against me, and repair, if you can, and if you have a spark of honor left, the miseries which you have caused to the heart-broken

H. LYNDON.

What was this letter meant for but that I should answer it in person? My excellent ally told me where I should meet Lady Lyndon, and accordingly I followed, and found her at the Pantheon. I repeated the scene at Dublin over again; showed her how prodigious my power was, humble as I was, and that my energy was still untired. 'But,' I added, 'I am as great in good as I am in evil; as fond and faithful as a friend as I am terrible as an enemy. I will do everything,' I said, 'which you ask of me, except when you bid me not to love you. That is beyond my power; and while my heart has a pulse I must follow you. It is my fate; your fate. Cease to battle against it, and be mine. Loveliest of your sex! with life alone can end my passion for you; and, indeed, it is only by dying at your command that I can be brought to obey you. Do you wish me to die?'

She said, laughing (for she was a woman of a lively, humorous turn), that she did not wish me to commit self-murder; and I felt from that moment that she was mine.

A year from that day, on the 15th of May, in the year 1773, I had the honor and happiness to lead to the altar Honoria,
Countess of Lyndon, widow of the late Right Hon. Sir Charles Lyndon, K. B. The ceremony was performed at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Samuel Runt, her ladyship's chaplain. A magnificent supper and ball was given at our house in Berkeley Square, and the next morning I had a duke, four earls, three generals, and a crowd of the most distinguished people in London at my levee. Walpole made a lampoon about the marriage, and Selwyn cut jokes at the Cocoa-tree. Old Lady Tiptoff, although she had recommended it, was ready to bite off her fingers with vexation; and as for young Bullingdon, who was grown a tall lad of fourteen, when called upon by the countess to embrace his papa, he shook his fist in my face and said, 'He my father! I would as soon call one of your ladyship's footmen papa!'

But I could afford to laugh at the rage of the boy and the old woman, and at the jokes of the wits of St. James'. I sent off a flaming account of our nuptials to my mother and my uncle, the good chevalier; and now, arrived at the pitch of prosperity, and having, at thirty years of age, by my own merits and energy, raised myself to one of the highest social positions that any man in England could occupy, I determined to enjoy myself as became a man of quality for the remainder of my life.

After we had received the congratulations of our friends in London—for in those days people were not ashamed of being married, as they seem to be now—I and Honoria (who was all complacency, and a most handsome, sprightly, and agreeable companion) set off to visit our estates in the west of England, where I had never as yet set foot. We left London in three chariots, each with four horses; and my uncle would have been pleased could he have seen painted on their panels the Irish crown and the ancient coat of the Barrys, beside the countess' coronet and the noble cognizance of the noble family of Lyndon.

Before quitting London I procured his Majesty's gracious permission to add the name of my lovely lady to my own; and henceforward assumed the style and title of Barry Lyndon, as I have written it in this autobiography.

CHAPTER XVII.

I APPEAR AS AN ORNAMENT OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

All the journey down to Hackton Castle, the largest and most ancient of our ancestral seats in Devonshire, was performed with the slow and sober state becoming people of the first quality in the realm. An outrider in my livery went on
before us, and bespoke our lodging from town to town; and thus we lay in state at Andover, Ilminster, and Exeter; and the fourth evening arrived in time for supper before the antique baronial mansion, of which the gate was in an odious Gothic taste that would have set Mr. Walpole wild with pleasure.

The first days of a marriage are commonly very trying; and I have known couples, who lived together like turtledoves for the rest of their lives, peck each other’s eyes out almost during the honeymoon. I did not escape the common lot; in our journey westward my Lady Lyndon chose to quarrel with me because I pulled out a pipe of tobacco (the habit of smoking which I had acquired in Germany when a soldier in Bülow’s and could never give it over), and smoked it in the carriage; and also her ladyship chose to take umbrage both at Ilminster and Andover, because in the evenings when we lay there I chose to invite the landlords of the Bell and the Lion to crack a bottle with me. Lady Lyndon was a haughty woman, and I hate pride; and I promise you that in both instances I overcame this vice in her. On the third day of our journey I had her to light my pipe-match with her own hands, and made her deliver it to me with tears in her eyes; and at the Swan Inn at Exeter I had so completely subdued her that she asked me humbly whether I would not wish the landlady as well as the host to step up to dinner with us. To this I should have had no objection, for, indeed, Mrs. Bonnyface was a very good-looking woman; but we expected a visit from my Lord Bishop, a kinsman of Lady Lyndon, and the bienséances did not permit the indulgence of my wife’s request. I appeared with her at evening service, to compliment our right reverend cousin, and put her name down for twenty-five guineas, and my own for one hundred, to the famous new organ which was then being built for the cathedral. This conduct, at the very outset of my career in the country, made me not a little popular; and the residentiary canon, who did me the favor to sup with me at the inn, went away after the sixth bottle, hiccupping the most solemn vows for the welfare of such a p-p-pious gentleman.

Before we reached Hackton Castle we had to drive through ten miles of the Lyndon estates, where the people were out to visit us, the church bells set a-ringing, the parson and the farmers assembled in their best by the roadside, and the school-children and the laboring people were loud in their hurrahs for her ladyship. I flung money among these worthy characters, stopped to bow and chat with his reverence and the farmers, and if I found that the Devonshire girls were among the hand-
somest in the kingdom, is it my fault? These remarks my Lady Lyndon especially would take in great dudgeon; and I do believe she was made more angry by my admiration of the red cheeks of Miss Betsy Quarrington of Clumpton than by any previous speech or act of mine in the journey. 'Ah, ah, my fine madam, you are jealous, are you?' thought I, and reflected, not without deep sorrow, how lightly she herself had acted in her husband's lifetime, and that those are most jealous who themselves give most cause for jealousy.

Round Hackton village the scene of welcome was particularly gay; a band of music had been brought from Plymouth, and arches and flags had been raised, especially before the attorney's and the doctor's houses, who were both in the employ of the family. There were many hundreds of stout people at the great lodge, which, with the park wall, bounds one side of Hackton Green, and from which, for three miles, goes (or rather went) an avenue of noble elms up to the towers of the old castle. I wished they had been oak when I cut the trees down in '79, for they would have fetched three times the money; I know nothing more culpable than the carelessness of ancestors in planting their grounds with timber of small value, when they might just as easily raise oak. Thus I have always said that the Roundhead Lyndon of Hackton, who planted these elms in Charles II.'s time, cheated me of £10,000.

For the first few days after our arrival my time was agreeably spent in receiving the visits of the nobility and gentry who came to pay their respects to the noble new-married couple, and, like Bluebeard's wife in the fairy tale, in inspecting the treasures, the furniture, and the numerous chambers of the castle. It is a huge old place, built as far back as Henry V.'s time, besieged and battered by the Cromwellians in the Revolution, and altered and patched up, in an odious old-fashioned taste, by the Roundhead Lyndon, who succeeded to the property at the death of a brother whose principles were excellent and of the true Cavalier sort, but who ruined himself chiefly by drinking, dicing, and a dissolute life, and a little by supporting the king. The castle stands in a fine chase, which was prettily speckled over with deer; and I can't but own that my pleasure was considerable at first, as I sat in the oak parlor of summer evenings, with the windows open, the gold and silver plate shining in a hundred dazzling colors on the sideboards, a dozen jolly companions round the table, and could look out over the wide green park and the waving woods, and see the sun setting on the lake, and hear the deer calling to one another.
The exterior was, when I first arrived, a quaint composition of all sorts of architecture; of feudal towers, and gable-ends in Queen Bess’ style, and rough-patched walls built up to repair the ravages of the Roundhead cannon; but I need not speak of this at large, having had the place new-faced at a vast expense, under a fashionable architect, and the façade laid out in the latest French-Greek and most classical style. There had been moats, and drawbridges, and outer walls; these I had shaved away into elegant terraces, and handsomely laid out in parterres according to the plans of M. Cornichon, the great Parisian architect, who visited England for the purpose.

After ascending the outer steps, you entered an antique hall of vast dimensions, wainscoted with black carved oak, and ornamented with portraits of our ancestors; from the square beard of Brook Lyndon, the great lawyer in Queen Bess’ time, to the loose stomacher and ringlets of Lady Saccharissa Lyndon, whom Vandyck painted when she was a maid of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria, and down to Sir Charles Lyndon, with his ribbon as a knight of the Bath; and my lady, painted by Hudson, in a white satin sack and the family diamonds, as she was presented to the old King George II. These diamonds were very fine; I first had them reset by Boehmer, when we appeared before their French Majesties at Versailles; and finally raised £18,000 upon them, after that infernal run of ill luck at Goose-tree’s, when Jemmy Twitcher (as we called my Lord Sandwich), Carlisle, Charley Fox, and I played hombre for four-and-forty hours sans désespoir. Bows and pikes, huge stag-heads and hunting implements, and rusty old suits of armor, that may have been worn in the days of Gog and Magog for what I know, formed the other old ornaments of this huge apartment; and were ranged round a fireplace where you might have turned a coach-and-six. This I kept pretty much in its antique condition, but had the old armor eventually turned out and consigned to the lumber rooms upstairs; replacing it with china monsters, gilded settees from France, and elegant marbles, of which the broken noses and limbs, and ugliness, undeniably proved their antiquity; and which an agent purchased for me at Rome. But such was the taste of the times (and perhaps, the rascality of my agent), that £30,000 worth of these gems of art only went for three hundred guineas at a subsequent period when I found it necessary to raise money on my collections.

From this main hall branched off on either side the long series of staterooms, poorly furnished with high-backed chairs
and long, queer Venice glasses, when first I came to the property; but afterward rendered so splendid by me, with the gold damasks of Lyons and the magnificent Gobelin tapestries I won from Richelieu at play. There were thirty-six bedrooms de maître, of which I only kept three in their antique condition—the haunted room, as it was called, where the murder was done in James II.’s time, the bed where William slept after landing at Torbay, and Queen Elizabeth’s state-room. All the rest were redecorated by Cornichon in the most elegant taste, not a little to the scandal of some of the steady old country dowagers; for I had pictures of Boucher and Vanloo to decorate the principal apartments, in which the Cupids and Venuses were painted in a manner so natural that I recollect the old wizened Countess of Frumpington pinning over the curtains of her bed, and sending her daughter, Lady Blanche Whalebone, to sleep with her waiting-woman, rather than allow her to lie in a chamber hung all over with looking-glasses, after the exact fashion of the queen’s closet at Versailles.

For many of these ornaments I was not so much answerable as Cornichon, whom Lauragnais lent me, and who was the intendt of my buildings during my absence abroad. I had given the man earte blanche, and when he fell down and broke his leg, as he was decorating a theater in the room which had been the old chapel of the castle, the people of the country thought it was the judgment of Heaven upon him. In his rage for improvement the fellow dared anything. Without my orders he cut down an old rookery which was sacred in the country, and had a prophecy regarding it, stating, ‘When the rook-wood shall fall, down goes Hackton Hall.’ The rooks went over and colonized Tiptoff Woods, which lay near us (and be hanged to them!), and Cornichon built a temple to Venus and two lovely fountains on their site. Venuses and Cupids were the rascal’s adoration; he wanted to take down the Gothic screen and place Cupids in our pew there; but old Dr. Huff, the rector, came out with a large oak stick, and addressed the unlucky architect in Latin, of which he did not comprehend a word, yet made him understand that he would break his bones if he laid a single finger upon the sacred edifice. Cornichon made complaints about the ‘Abbé Huff,’ as he called him (‘Et quel abbé, grand Dieu!’ added he, quite bewildered, ‘un abbé avec douze enfants!’); but I encouraged the church in this respect, and bade Cornichon exert his talents only in the castle.

There was a magnificent collection of ancient plate, to
which I added much of the most splendid modern kind; a cellar which, however well furnished, required continual replenishing, and a kitchen which I reformed altogether. My friend, Jack Wilkes, sent me down a cook from the Mansion House, for the English cookery—the turtle and venison department; I had a chief (who called out the Englishman, by the way, and complained sadly of the *gros cochon* who wanted to meet him with *coups de poing*) and a couple of *aides* from Paris, and an Italian confectioner, as my *officiers de bouche*. All which natural appendages to a man of fashion, the odious, stingy old Tiptoff, my kinsman and neighbor, affected to view with horror; and he spread through the country a report that I had my victuals cooked by Papists, lived upon frogs, and, he verily believed, fricasseed little children.

But the squires ate my dinners very readily for all that, and old Dr. Huff himself was compelled to allow that my venison and turtle were most orthodox. The former gentry I knew how to conciliate, too, in other ways. There had been only a subscription pack of foxhounds in the country, and a few beggarly couples of mangy beagles, with which old Tiptoff pattered about his grounds; I built a kennel and stables, which cost £30,000, and stocked them in a manner which was worthy of my ancestors, the Irish kings. I had two packs of hounds, and took the field in the season four times a week, with three gentlemen in my hunt uniform to follow me, and open house at Hackton for all who belonged to the hunt.

These changes and this *train de vivre* required, as may be supposed, no small outlay; and I confess that I have little of that base spirit of economy in my composition which, some people practice and admire. For instance, old Tiptoff was hoarding up his money to repair his father’s extravagance and disencumber his estates; a good deal of the money with which he paid off his mortgagess my agent procured upon mine. And, besides, it must be remembered I had only a life interest upon the Lyndon property, was always of an easy temper in dealing with the money-brokers, and had to pay heavily for insuring her ladyship’s life.

At the end of a year Lady Lyndon presented me with a son—Bryan Lyndon I called him, in compliment to my royal ancestry; but what more had I to leave him than a noble name? Was not the estate of his mother entailed upon the odious little Turk, Lord Bullingdon? and whom, by the way, I have not mentioned as yet, though he was living at Hackton, consigned to a new governor. The insubordination of that boy was
dreadful. He used to quote passages of 'Hamlet' to his mother, which made her very angry. Once when I took a horsewhip to chastise him, he drew a knife, and would have stabbed me; and faith, I recollected my own youth, which was pretty similar; and, holding out my hand, burst out laughing and proposed to him to be friends. We were reconciled for that time, and the next, and the next; but there was no love lost between us, and his hatred for me seemed to grow as he grew, which was apace.

I determined to endow my darling boy Bryan with a property, and to this end cut down £12,000 worth of timber on Lady Lyndon's Yorkshire and Irish estates; at which proceeding Bullingdon's guardian, Tiptoff, cried out, as usual, and swore I had no right to touch a stick of the trees; but down they went; and I commissioned my mother to repurchase the ancient lands of Ballybarry and Barryogue, which had once formed part of the immense possessions of my house. These she bought back with excellent prudence and extreme joy; for her heart was gladdened at the idea that a son was born to my name, and with the notion of my magnificent fortunes.

To say truth, I was rather afraid, now that I lived in a very different sphere to that in which she was accustomed to move, lest she should come to pay me a visit, and astonish my English friends by her bragging and her brogue, her rouge and her old hoops and furbelows of the time of George II.; in which she had figured advantageously in her youth, and which she still fondly thought to be at the height of the fashion. So I wrote to her, putting off her visit; begging her to visit us when the left wing of the castle was finished, or the stables built, and so forth. There was no need of such precaution. 'A hint's enough for me, Redmond,' the old lady would reply. 'I am not coming to disturb you among your great English friends with my old-fashioned Irish ways. It's a blessing to me to think that my darling boy has attained the position which I always knew was his due, and for which I pinched myself to educate him. You must bring me the little Bryan, that his grandmother may kiss him, one day. Present my respectful blessing to her ladyship his mamma. Tell her she has got a treasure in her husband which she couldn't have had had she taken a duke to marry her; and that the Barrys and the Bradys, though without titles, have the best of blood in their veins. I shall never rest until I see you Earl of Ballybarry, and my grandson Lord Viscount Barryogue.'

How singular it was that the very same idea should be pass-
ing in my mother's mind and my own! The very titles she had pitched upon had also been selected (naturally enough) by me; and I don't mind confessing that I had filled a dozen sheets of paper with my signature under the names of Ballybarry and Barryogue, and had determined with my usual impetuosity to carry my point. My mother went and established herself at Ballybarry, living with the priest there until a tenement could be erected, and dating from Ballybarry Castle; which, you may be sure, I gave out to be a place of no small importance. I had a plan of the estate in my study, both at Hackton and in Berkeley Square, and the plans of the elevation of Ballybarry Castle, the ancestral residence of Barry Lyndon, Esq., with the projected improvements, in which the Castle was represented as about the size of Windsor, with more ornaments to the architecture; and eight hundred acres of bog falling in handy, I purchased them at three pounds an acre, so that my estate upon the map looked to be no insignificant one.* I also in this year made arrangements for purchasing the Polwellan estate and mines in Cornwall from Sir John Trescothick, for £70,000—an imprudent bargain, which was afterward the cause to me of much dispute and litigation. The troubles of property, the rascality of agents, the quibbles of lawyers, are endless. Humble people envy us great men, and fancy that our lives are all pleasure. Many a time in the course of my prosperity I have sighed for the days of my meanest fortune, and envied the boon companions at my table, with no clothes to their backs but such as my credit supplied them, without a guinea but what came from my pocket; but without one of the harassing cares and responsibilities which are the dismal adjuncts of great rank and property.

I did little more than make my appearance, and assume the command of my estates, in the kingdom of Ireland; rewarding generously those persons who had been kind to me in my former adversities, and taking my fitting place among the aristocracy of the land. But, in truth, I had small inducements to remain in it after having tasted of the genteeler and more complete pleasures of English and Continental life; and we passed our summers at Buxton, the Bath, and Harrogate, while Hackton Castle was being beautified in the elegant

*On the strength of this estate, and pledging his honor that it was not mortgaged, Mr. Barry Lyndon borrowed £17,000, in the year 1786, from young Captain Pigeon, the City merchant's son, who had just come in for his property. As for the Polwellan estate and mines, 'the cause of endless litigation,' it must be owned that our hero purchased them; but he never paid more than the first £5000 of the purchase-money. Hence the litigation of which he complains, and the famous Chancery suit of 'Trescothick v. Lyndon,' in which Mr. John Scott greatly distinguished himself.—Ed.
manner already described by me, and the season at our mansion in Berkeley Square.

It is wonderful how the possession of wealth brings out the virtues of a man; or, at any rate, acts as a varnish or luster to them, and brings out their brilliancy and color in a manner never known when the individual stood in the cold gray atmosphere of poverty. I assure you it was a very short time before I was a pretty fellow of the first class; made no small sensation at the coffeehouses in Pall Mall, and afterward at the most famous clubs. My style, equipages, and elegant entertainments were in everybody's mouth, and were described in all the morning prints. The needier part of Lady Lyndon's relatives, and such as had been offended by the intolerable pomposity of old Tipoff, began to appear at our routs and assemblies; and as for relations of my own, I found in London and Ireland more than I had ever dreamed of, of cousins who claimed affinity with me. There were, of course, natives of my own country (of which I was not particularly proud) and I received visits from three or four swaggering shabby Temple bucks, with tarnished lace and Tipperary brogue, who were eating their way to the bar in London; from several gambling adventurers at the watering places, whom I soon speedily let to know their place; and from others of more reputable condition. Among them I may mention my cousin the Lord Kilbarry, who, on the score of his relationship, borrowed thirty pieces from me to pay his landlady in Swallow Street; and whom, for my own reasons, I allowed to maintain and credit a connection for which the Heralds' College gave no authority whatever. Kilbarry had a cover at my table; painted at play; and paid when he liked, which was seldom; had an intimacy with, and was under considerable obligations to, my tailor; and always boasted of his cousin the great Barry Lyndon of the West country.

Her ladyship and I lived, after a while, pretty separate when in London. She preferred quiet; or to say the truth, I preferred it; being a great friend to a modest, tranquil behavior in women, and a taste for the domestic pleasures. Hence I encouraged her to dine at home with her ladies, her chaplain, and a few of her friends; admitted three or four proper and discreet persons to accompany her to her box at the opera or play on proper occasions; and indeed declined for her the too frequent visits of her friends and family, preferring to receive them only twice or thrice in a season on our grand receptions days. Besides, she was a mother, and had great comfort in the dressing, educating, and dandling our little Bryan, for
whose sake it was fit that she should give up the pleasures and frivolities of the world; so she left that part of the duty of every family of distinction to be performed by me. To say the truth, Lady Lyndon's figure and appearance were not at this time such as to make for their owner any very brilliant appearance in the fashionable world. She had grown very fat, was short-sighted, pale in complexion, careless about her dress, dull in demeanor; her conversations with me characterized by a stupid despair, or a silly, blundering attempt at forced cheerfulness still more disagreeable; hence our intercourse was but trifling, and my temptations to carry her into the world, or to remain in her society, of necessity exceedingly small. She would try my temper at home, too, in a thousand ways. When requested by me (often, I own, rather roughly) to entertain the company with conversation, wit, and learning, of which she was a mistress; or music, of which she was an accomplished performer, she would as often as not begin to cry, and leave the room. My company from this, of course, fancied I was a tyrant over her, whereas I was only a severe and careful guardian over a silly, bad-tempered, and weak-minded lady.

She was luckily very fond of her youngest son, and through him I had a wholesome and effectual hold of her; for if in any of her tantrums or fits of haughtiness—this woman was intolerably proud; and repeatedly, at first, in our quarrels, dared to twit me with my own original poverty and low birth—if, I say, in our disputes she pretended to have the upper hand, to assert her authority against mine, to refuse to sign such papers as I might think necessary for the distribution of our large and complicated property, I would have Master Bryan carried off to Chiswick for a couple of days; and I warrant me his lady mother could hold out no longer, and would agree to anything I chose to propose. The servants about her I took care should be in my pay, not hers; especially the child's head nurse was under my orders, not those of my lady; and a very handsome, red-cheeked, impudent jade she was; and a great fool she made me make of myself. This woman was more mistress of the house than the poor-spirited lady who owned it. She gave the law to the servants; and if I showed any particular attention to any of the ladies who visited us, the slut would not scruple to show her jealousy, and to find means to send them packing. The fact is, a generous man is always made a fool of by some woman or other; and this one had such an influence over me that she could turn me round her finger.

* From these curious confessions, it would appear that Mr. Lyndon maltreated his lady in every possible way; that he denied her society, bullied her into signing away
Her infernal temper (Mrs. Stammer was the jade's name), and my wife's moody despondency, made my house and home not over pleasant; hence I was driven a good deal abroad, where, as play was the fashion at every club, tavern, and assembly, I, of course, was obliged to resume my old habit, and to commence as an amateur those games at which I was once unrivaled in Europe. But whether a man's temper changes with prosperity, or his skill leaves him when, deprived of a confederate, and pursuing the game no longer professionally, he joins in it, like the rest of the world, for pastime, I know not; but certain it is that in the seasons of 1774–75 I lost much money at White's and the Cocoa Tree, and was compelled to meet my losses by borrowing largely upon my wife's annuities, insuring her ladyship's life, and so forth. The terms at which I raised these necessary sums and the outlays requisite for my improvements were, of course, very onerous, and clipped the property considerably; and it was some of these papers which my Lady Lyndon (who was of a narrow, timid, and stingy turn) occasionally refused to sign; until I persuaded her, as I have before shown.

My dealings on the turf ought to be mentioned, as forming part of my history at this time; but, in truth, I have no particular pleasure in recalling my Newmarket doings. I was infernally bit and bubbled in almost every one of my transactions there; and though I could ride a horse as well as any man in England, was no match with the English noblemen at backing him. Fifteen years after my horse, Bay Bülow, by Sophy Hardecastle, out of Eclipse, lost the Newmarket stakes, for which he was the first favorite, I found that a noble earl, who shall be nameless, had got into his stable the morning before her property, spent it in gambling and taverns, was openly unfaithful to her; and, when she complained, threatened to remove her children from her. Nor, indeed, is he the only husband who has done the like, and has passed for 'nobody's enemy but his own': a jovial, good-natured fellow. The world contains scores of such amiable people; and, indeed, it is because justice has not been done them that we have edited this autobiography. Had it been that of a mere hero of romance—one of those heroic youths who figure in the novels of Scott and James—there would have been no call to introduce the reader to a personage already so often and so charmingly depicted. Mr. Barry Lyndon is not, we repeat, a hero of the common pattern; but let the reader look round, and ask himself, Do not as many rogues succeed in life as honest men? more fools than men of talent? And is it not just that the lives of this class should be described by the student of human nature as well as the actions of those fairy-tale princes, those perfect impossible heroes, whom our writers love to describe? There is something false and simple in that time-honored style of novel-writing by which Prince Prettyman, at the end of his adventures, is put in possession of every worldly prosperity, as he has been endowed with every mental and bodily excellence previously. The novelist thinks that he can do no more for his darling hero than make him a lord. Is it not a poor standard that, of the *summun bonum*? The greatest good in life is not to be a lord; perhaps not even to be happy. Poverty, illness, a hamp back, may be rewards and conditions of good; as well as that bodily prosperity which all of us unconsciously set up for worship. But this is a subject for an essay, not a note: and it is best to allow Mr. Lyndon to resume the candid and ingenious narrative of his virtues and defects.
he ran; and the consequence was that an outside horse won, and your humble servant was out to the amount of £15,000. Strangers had no chance in those days on the heath; and, though dazzled by the splendor and fashion assembled there, and surrounded by the greatest persons of the land—the royal dukes, with their wives and splendid equipages; old Grafton, with his queer bevy of company, and such men as Ancaster, Sandwich, Lorn—a man might have considered himself certain of fair play and have been not a little proud of the society he kept; yet, I promise you that, exalted as it was, there was no set of men in Europe who knew how to rob more genteelly, to bubble a stranger, to bribe a jockey, to doctor a horse, or to arrange a betting book. Even I couldn't stand against these accomplished gamesters of the highest families in Europe. Was it my own want of style, or my want of a fortune? I know not. But now I was arrived at the height of my ambition both my skill and my luck seemed to be deserting me. Everything I touched crumbled in my hand; every speculation I had failed; every agent I trusted deceived me. I am, indeed, one of those born to make, and not to keep fortunes; for the qualities and energy which lead a man to effect the first are often the very causes of his ruin in the latter case; indeed I know of no other reason for the misfortunes which befell me.*

I had always a taste for men of letters, and perhaps, if the truth must be told, have no objection to playing the fine gentleman and patron among the wits. Such people are usually needy and of low birth, and have an instinctive awe and love of a gentleman and a lacey coat; as all must have remarked who have frequented their society. Mr. Reynolds, who was afterward knighted, and certainly the most elegant painter of his day, was a pretty dexterous courtier of the wit tribe; and it was through this gentleman, who painted a piece of me, Lady Lyndon, and our little Bryan, which was greatly admired at the Exhibition (I was represented as quitting my wife, in the costume of the Tippleton yeomanry, of which I was major; the child starting back from my helmet like what-d've-call'im—Hector's son, as described by Mr. Pope in his Iliad); it was through Mr. Reynolds that I was introduced to a score of these gentlemen, and their great chief, Mr. Johnson. I always thought their great chief a great bear. He drank tea twice or thrice at my house, misbehaving himself most grossly; treating my opinions with no more respect than those of a schoolboy, and telling me to mind my horses and tailors, and not trouble

*The memoirs seem to have been written about the year 1814, in that calm retreat which Fortune had selected for the author at the close of his life.
myself about letters. His Scotch bear-leader, Mr. Boswell, was a butt of the first quality. I never saw such a figure as the fellow cut in what he called a Corsican habit, at one of Mrs. Cornelys' balls, at Carlisle House, Soho. But that the stories connected with that same establishment are not the most profitable tales in the world, I could tell tales of scores of queer doings there. All the high and low demireps of the town gathered there, from his grace of Ancaster down to my countryman, poor Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, and from the Duchess of Kingston down to the Bird of Paradise, or Kitty Fisher. Here I have met very queer characters, who came to queer ends too; poor Hackman, that afterward was hanged for killing Miss Ray, and (on the sly) his Reverence Dr. Simony, whom my friend Sam Foote, of the Little Theater, bade to live even after forgery and the rope cut short the unlucky parson's career.

It was a merry place, London, in those days, and that's the truth. I'm writing now in my gouty old age, and people have grown vastly more moral and matter-of-fact than they were at the close of the last century, when the world was young with me. There was a difference between a gentleman and a common fellow in those times. We wore silk and embroidery then. Now every man has the same coachman-like look in his belcher and caped coat, and there is no outward difference between my lord and his groom. Then it took a man of fashion a couple of hours to make his toilet, and he could show some taste and genius in the selecting it. What a blaze of splendor was a drawing room, or an opera, of a gala night! What sums of money were lost and won at the delicious faro table! My gilt curricle and outriders, blazing in green and gold, were very different objects to the equipages you see nowadays in the ring, with the stunted grooms behind them. A man could drink four times as much as the milksops nowadays can swallow; but 'tis useless expatiating on this theme. Gentlemen are dead and gone. The fashion has now turned upon your soldiers and sailors, and I grow quite moody and sad when I think of thirty years ago.

This is a chapter devoted to reminiscences of what was a very happy and splendid time with me, but presenting little of mark in the way of adventure; as is generally the case when times are happy and easy. It would seem idle to fill pages with accounts of the everyday occupations of a man of fashion—the fair ladies who smiled upon him, the dresses he wore, the matches he played and won and lost. At this period of time,
when youngsters are employed cutting the Frenchmen's throats in Spain or France, lying out in bivouacs, and feeding off commissariat beef and biscuit, they would not understand what a life their ancestors led; and so I shall leave further discourse upon the pleasures of the times when even the Prince was a lad in leading-strings, when Charles Fox had not subsided into a mere statesman, and Bonaparte was a beggarly brat in his native island.

While these improvements were going on in my estates, my house, from an antique Norman castle being changed to an elegant Greek temple or palace—my gardens and woods losing their rustic appearance to be adapted to the most genteel French style—my child growing up at his mother's knees, and my influence in the country increasing, it must not be imagined that I stayed in Devonshire all this while, and that I neglected to make visits to London and my various estates in England and Ireland.

I went to reside at the Trecothick estate and the Polwellan Wheal, where I found, instead of profit, every kind of pettifogging chicanery; I passed over in state to our territories in Ireland, where I entertained the gentry in a style the Lord Lieutenant himself could not equal; gave the fashion to Dublin (to be sure it was a beggarly, savage city in those days; and, since the time there has been a pother about the Union, and the misfortunes attending it, I have been at a loss to account for the mad praises of the old order of things, which the fond Irish patriots have invented); I say I set the fashion to Dublin; and small praise to me, for a poor place it was in those times, whatever the Irish party may say.

In a former chapter I have given you a description of it. It was the Warsaw of our part of the world; there was a splendid, ruined, half-civilized nobility, ruling over a half-savage population. I say half-savage advisedly. The commonalty in the streets were wild, unshorn, and in rags. The most public places were not safe after nightfall. The College, the public buildings, and the great gentry's houses were splendid (the latter unfinished for the most part); but the people were in a state more wretched than any vulgar I have ever known; the exercise of their religion was only half-allowed to them; their clergy were forced to be educated out of the country; their aristocracy was quite distinct from them; there was a Protestant nobility, and in the towns, poor, insolent Protestant corporations, with a bankrupt retinue of mayors, aldermen, and municipal officers—all of whom figured in addresses and had
the public voice in the country; but there was no sympathy and connection between the upper and the lower people of the Irish. To one who had been bred so much abroad as myself, this difference between Catholic and Protestant was doubly striking; and though as firm as a rock in my own faith, yet I could not help remembering my grandfather held a different one, and wondering that there should be such a political difference between the two. I passed among my neighbors for a dangerous leveler, for entertaining and expressing such opinions, and especially for asking the priest of the parish to my table at Castle Lyndon. He was a gentleman, educated at Salamanca, and, to my mind, a far better bred and more agreeable companion than his comrade the rector, who had but a dozen Protestants for his congregation; who was a lord’s son, to be sure, but he could hardly spell, and the great field of his labors was in the kennel and cockpit.

I did not extend and beautify the house of Castle Lyndon as I had done our other estates, but contented myself with paying an occasional visit there; exercising an almost royal hospitality and keeping open house during my stay. When absent, I gave to my aunt, the widow Brady, and her six unmarried daughters (although they always detested me), permission to inhabit the place; my mother preferring my new mansion of Barryogue.

And as my Lord Bullingdon was by this time grown excessively tall and troublesome, I determined to leave him under the care of a proper governor in Ireland, with Mrs. Brady and her six daughters to take care of him; and he was welcome to fall in love with all the old ladies if he were so minded, and thereby imitate his stepfather’s example. When tired of Castle Lyndon, his lordship was at liberty to go and reside at my house with my mamma; but there was no love lost between him and her, and, on account of my son Bryan, I think she hated him as cordially as ever I myself could possibly do.

The county of Devon is not so lucky as the neighboring county of Cornwall, and has not the share of representatives which the latter possesses; where I have known a moderate country gentleman, with a few score of hundreds per annum from his estate, treble his income by returning three or four Members to Parliament, and by the influence with Ministers which these seats gave him. The parliamentary interest of the house of Lyndon had been grossly neglected during my wife’s minority and the incapacity of the earl her father; or to speak more correctly, it had been smuggled away from the
Lyndon family altogether by the adroit old hypocrite of Tiptoff Castle, who acted as most kinsmen and guardians do by their wards and relatives, and robbed them. The Marquis of Tiptoff returned four Members to Parliament; two for the borough of Tippleton, which, as all the world knows, lies at the foot of our estate of Hackton, bounded on the other side by Tiptoff Park. For time out of mind we had sent Members for that borough, until Tiptoff, taking advantage of the late lord's imbecility, put in his own nominees. When his eldest son became of age, of course my lord was to take his seat for Tippleton; when Rigby (Nabob Rigby, who made his fortune under Clive in India) died, the marquis thought fit to bring down his second son, my Lord George Poyning, to whom I have introduced the reader in a former chapter, and determined, in his high mightiness, that he too should go on and swell the ranks of the opposition—the big old Whigs, with whom the marquis acted.

Rigby had been for some time in an ailing condition previous to his demise, and you may be sure that the circumstance of his failing health had not been passed over by the gentry of the county, who were stanch government men for the most part, and hated my Lord Tiptoff's principles as dangerous and ruinous. 'We have been looking out for a man to fight against him,' said the squire to me; 'we can only match Tiptoff out of Hackton Castle. You, Mr. Lyndon, are our man, and at the next county election we will swear to bring you in.'

I hated the Tiptoffs so that I would have fought them at any election. They not only would not visit at Hackton, but declined to receive those who visited us; they kept the women of the county from receiving my wife; they invented half the wild stories of my profligacy and extravagance with which the neighborhood was entertained; they said I had frightened my wife into marriage, and that she was a lost woman; they hinted that Bullyingdon's life was not secure under my roof, that his treatment was odious, and that I wanted to put him out of the way to make place for Bryan, my son. I could scarce have a friend to Hackton, but they counted the bottles drank at my table. They ferreted out my dealings with my lawyers and agents. If a creditor was unpaid, every item of his bill was known at Tiptoff Hall; if I looked at a farmer's daughter, it was said I had ruined her. My faults are many, I confess, and as a domestic character, I can't boast of any particular regularity, or temper; but Lady Lyndon and I did not quarrel more than fashionable people do, and at first we always used
to make it up pretty well. I am a man full of errors, certainly, but not the devil that these odious backbiters at Tiptoff represented me to be. For the first three years I never struck my wife but when I was in liquor. When I flung the carving-knife at Bullingdon I was drunk, as everybody present can testify; but as for having any systematic scheme against the poor lad, I can declare solemnly that, beyond merely hating him (and one's inclinations are not in one's power), I am guilty of no evil toward him.

I had sufficient motives, then, for enmity against the Tiptoffs, and am not a man to let a feeling of that kind lie inactive. Though a Whig, or, perhaps, because a Whig, the marquis was one of the haughtiest men breathing, and treated commoners as his idol the great earl used to treat them—after he came to a coronet himself—as so many low vassals, who might be proud to lick his shoe buckle. When the Tippleton mayor and corporation waited upon him, he received them covered, never offered Mr. Mayor a chair, but retired when the refreshments were brought, or had them served to the worshipful aldermen in the steward's room. These honest Britons never rebelled against such treatment, until instructed to do so by my patriotism. No, the dogs liked to be bullied; and in the course of a long experience, I have met with but very few Englishmen who are not of their way of thinking.

It was not until I opened their eyes that they knew their degradation. I invited the Mayor to Hackton, and Mrs. Mayoress (a very buxom, pretty groceress she was, by the way) I made sit by my wife, and drove them both out to the races in my curricle. Lady Lyndon fought very hard against this condescension; but I had a way with her, as the saying is, and though she had a temper, yet I had a better one. A temper, psha! A wild cat has a temper, but a keeper can get the better of it; and I know very few women in the world whom I could not master.

Well, I made much of the mayor and corporation; sent them bucks for their dinners, or asked them to mine; made a point of attending their assemblies, dancing with their wives and daughters, going through, in short, all the acts of politeness which are necessary on such occasions; and though old Tiptoff must have seen my goings on, yet his head was so much in the clouds that he never once condescended to imagine his dynasty could be overthrown in his own town of Tippleton, and issued his mandates as securely as if he had been the grand Turk, and the Tippletonians no better than so many slaves of his will.
Every post which brought us any account of Rigby's increasing illness was the sure occasion of a dinner from me; so much so that my friends of the hunt used to laugh and say, 'Rigby's worse; there's a corporation dinner at Hackton.'

It was in 1776, when the American war broke out, that I came into Parliament. My Lord Chatham, whose wisdom his party in those days used to call superhuman, raised his oracular voice in the House of Peers against the American contest; and my countryman, Mr. Burke—a great philosopher, but a plaugey long-winded orator—was the champion of the rebels in the Commons—where, however, thanks to British patriotism, he could get very few to back him. Old Tiptoff would have sworn black was white if the great earl had bidden him; and he made his son give up his commission in the Guards, in imitation of my Lord Pitt, who resigned his ensigny rather than fight against what he called his American brethren.

But this was a height of patriotism extremely little relished in England, where, ever since the breaking out of hostilities, our people hated the Americans heartily; and where, when we heard of the fight of Lexington, and the glorious victory of Bunker's Hill (as we use to call it in those days), the nation flushed out in its usual hot-headed anger. The talk was all against the philosophers after that, and the people were most indomitably loyal. It was not until the land tax was increased, that the gentry began to grumble a little; but still my party in the West was very strong against the Tiptoffs, and I determined to take the field and win as usual.

The old marquis neglected every one of the decent precautions which are requisite in a parliamentary campaign. He signified to the corporation and freeholders his intention of presenting his son, Lord George, and his desire that the latter should be elected their burgess; but he scarcely gave so much as a glass of beer to whet the devotedness of his adherents; and I, as I need not say, engaged every tavern in Tippleton in my behalf.

There is no need to go over the twenty-times-told tale of an election. I rescued the borough of Tippleton from the hands of Lord Tiptoff and his son, Lord George. I had a savage sort of satisfaction, too, in forcing my wife (who had been at one time exceedingly smitten by her kinsman, as I have already related), to take part against him, and to wear and distribute my colors when the day of election came. And when we spoke at one another, I told the crowd that I had beaten Lord George in love, that I had beaten him in war, and
that I would now beat him in Parliament; and so I did, as the event proved; for, to the inexpressible anger of the old marquis, Barry Lyndon, Esq., was returned Member of Parliament for Tippleton, in place of John Rigby, Esq., deceased; and I threatened him at the next election to turn him out of both his seats, and went to attend my duties in Parliament.

It was then I seriously determined on achieving for myself the Irish peerage, to be enjoyed after me by my beloved son and heir.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH MY GOOD FORTUNE BEGINS TO WAVE.

And now, if any people should be disposed to think my history immoral (for I have heard some assert that I was a man who never deserved that so much prosperity should fall to my share), I will beg those cavilers to do me the favor to read the conclusion of my adventures; when they will see it was no such great prize that I had won, and that wealth, splendor, thirty thousand per annum, and a seat in Parliament are often purchased at too dear a rate, when one has to buy those enjoyments at the price of personal liberty, and saddled with the charge of a troublesome wife.

They are the deuce, these troublesome wives, and that is the truth. No man knows until he tries how wearisome and disheartening the burden of one of them is, and how the annoyance grows and strengthens from year to year, and the courage becomes weaker to bear it; so that that trouble which seemed light and trivial the first year, becomes intolerable ten years after. I have heard of one of the classical fellows in the dictionary who began by carrying a calf up a hill every day, and so continued until the animal grew to be a bull, which he still easily accommodated upon his shoulders; but take my word for it, young unmarried gentlemen, a wife is a very much harder pack to the back than the biggest heifer in Smithfield; and, if I can prevent one of you from marrying, the 'Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.,' will not be written in vain. Not that my lady was a scold or a shrew, as some wives are; I could have managed to have cured her of that; but she was of a cowardly, crying, melancholy, maudlin temper, which is to me still more odious; do what one would to please her, she would never be happy or in good humor. I left her alone after a while; and because, as was natural in my case, where a disagreeable home obliged me to seek amusement and companions abroad, she added a mean, detestable jealousy to all her other faults; I
could not for some time pay the commonest attention to any other woman, but my Lady Lyndon must weep, and wring her hands, and threaten to commit suicide, and I know not what.

Her death would have been no comfort to me, as I leave any person of common prudence to imagine; for that scoundrel of a young Bullingdon (who was now growing up a tall, gawky, swarthy lad, and about to become my greatest plague and annoyance) would have inherited every penny of the property, and I should have been left considerably poorer even than when I married the widow; for I spent my personal fortune as well as the lady's income in the keeping up of our rank, and was always too much a man of honor and spirit to save a penny of Lady Lyndon's income. Let this be flung in the teeth of my detractors, who say I never could have so injured the Lyndon property had I not been making a private purse for myself; and who believe that, even in my present painful situation, I have hoards of gold laid by somewhere, and could come out as a Cæsus when I choose. I never raised a shilling upon Lady Lyndon's property but I spent it like a man of honor; besides incurring numberless personal obligations for money, which all went to the common stock. Independent of the Lyndon mortages and incumbrances, I owe myself at least £120,000, which I spent while inoccupancy of my wife's estate; so that I may justly say that property is indebted to me in the above-mentioned sum.

Although I have described the utter disgust and distaste which speedily took possession of my breast as regarded Lady Lyndon; and although I took no particular pains (for I am all frankness and above board) to disguise my feelings in general, yet she was of such a mean spirit that she pursued me with her regard in spite of my indifference to her, and would kindle up at the smallest kind word I spoke to her. The fact is, between my respected reader and myself, that I was one of the handsomest and most dashing young men of England in those days, and my wife was violently in love with me; and though I say it who shouldn't, as the phrase goes, my wife was not the only woman of rank in London who had a favorable opinion of the humble Irish adventurer. What a riddle these women are, I have often thought! I have seen the most elegant creatures at St. James' grow wild for love of the coarsest and most vulgar of men; the cleverest women passionately admire the most illiterate of our sex, and so on. There is no end to the contrariety in the foolish creatures; and though I don't mean to hint that I am vulgar or illiterate, as the persons
mentioned above (I would cut the throat of any man who dared to whisper a word against my birth or my breeding), yet I have shown that Lady Lyndon had plenty of reason to dislike me if she chose; but, like the rest of her silly sex, she was governed by infatuation, not reason; and, up to the very last day of our being together, would be reconciled to me, and fondle me, if I addressed her a single kind word.

'Ah,' she would say, in these moments of tenderness—'ah, Redmond, if you would always be so!' And in these fits of love she was the most easy creature in the world to be persuaded, and would have signed away her whole property, had it been possible. And, I must confess, it was with very little attention on my part that I could bring her into good humor. To walk with her on the Mall, or at Ranelagh, to attend her to church at St. James', to purchase any little present or trinket for her, was enough to coax her. Such is female inconsistency! The next day she would be calling me 'Mr. Barry' probably, and be bemoaning her miserable fate that she ever should have been united to such a monster. So it was she was pleased to call one of the most brilliant men in his Majesty's three kingdoms; and I warrant me other ladies had a much more flattering opinion of me.

Then she would threaten to leave me; but I had a hold of her in the person of her son, of whom she was passionately fond; I don't know why, for she had always neglected Bellingdon, her elder son, and never bestowed a thought upon his health, his welfare, or his education.

It was our young boy, then, who formed the great bond of union between me and her ladyship; and there was no plan of ambition I could propose in which she would not join for the poor lad's behoof, and no expense she would not eagerly incur, if it might by any means be shown to tend to his advancement. I can tell you, bribes were administered, and in high places too, so near the royal person of his Majesty that you would be astonished were I to mention what great personages condescended to receive our loans. I got from the English and Irish heralds a description and detailed pedigree of the Barony of Barryogue, and claimed respectfully to be reinstated in my ancestral titles, and also to be rewarded with the Viscountcy of Ballybarry. 'This head would become a coronet,' my lady would sometimes say, in her fond moments, smoothing down my hair; and, indeed, there is many a puny whipster in their lordships' house who has neither my presence nor my courage, my pedigree nor any of my merits.
The striving after this peerage I consider to have been one of the most unlucky of all my unlucky dealings at this period. I made unheard-of sacrifices to bring it about. I lavished money here and diamonds there. I bought lands at ten times their value; purchased pictures and articles of vertu at ruinous prices. I gave repeated entertainments to those friends to my claims who, being about the royal person, were likely to advance it. I lost many a bet to the royal dukes, his Majesty's brothers; but let these matters be forgotten, and, because of my private injuries, let me not be deficient in loyalty to my sovereign.

The only person in this transaction whom I shall mention openly, is that old scamp and swindler, Gustavus Adolphus, thirteenth Earl of Crabs. This nobleman was one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's closet, and one with whom the revered monarch was on terms of considerable intimacy. A close regard had sprung up between them in the old king's time; when his royal highness, playing at battledore and shuttlecock with the young lord on the landing-place of the great staircase at Kew, in some moment of irritation, the Prince of Wales kicked the young earl downstairs, who, falling, broke his leg. The prince's hearty repentance for his violence caused him to ally himself closely with the person whom he had injured, and when his Majesty came to the throne there was no man, it is said, of whom the Earl of Bute was so jealous as of my Lord Crabs. The latter was poor and extravagant, and Bute got him out of the way by sending him on the Russian and other embassies; but, on this favorite's dismissal, Crabs sped back from the Continent, and was appointed almost immediately to a place about his Majesty's person.

It was with this disreputable nobleman that I contracted an unlucky intimacy; when, fresh and unsuspecting, I first established myself in town, after my marriage with Lady Lyndon; and, as Crabs was really one of the most entertaining fellows in the world, I took a sincere pleasure in his company; besides the interested desire I had in cultivating the society of a man who was so near the person of the highest personage in the realm.

To hear the fellow, you would fancy that there was scarce any appointment made in which he had not a share. He told me, for instance, of Charles Fox being turned out of his place a day before poor Charley himself was aware of the fact. He told me when the Howes were coming back from America, and who was to succeed to the command there. Not to multiply instances, it was upon this person that I fixed my chief
reliance for the advancement of my claim to the Barony of Barryogue and the Viscounty which I proposed to get.

One of the main causes of expense which this ambition of mine entailed upon me was the fitting out and arming a company of infantry from the Castle Lyndon and Hackton estates, in Ireland, which I offered to my gracious sovereign for the campaign against the American rebels. These troops, superbly equipped and clothed, were embarked at Portsmouth in the year 1778; and the patriotism of the gentleman who had raised them was so acceptable at court that, on being presented by my Lord North, his Majesty condescended to notice me particularly, and said, "That's right, Mr. Lyndon, raise another company; and go with them, too!" But this was by no means, as the reader may suppose, to my notions. A man with £30,000 per annum is a fool to risk his life like a common beggar; and on this account I have always admired the conduct of my friend Jack Bolter, who had been a most active and resolute cornet of horse, and, as such, engaged in every scrape and skirmish which could fall to his lot; but just before the battle of Minden he received news that his uncle, the great army contractor, was dead, and had left him five thousand per annum. Jack that instant applied for leave; and, as it was refused him on the eve of a general action, my gentleman took it, and never fired a pistol again; except against an officer who questioned his courage, and whom he winged in such a cool and determined manner as showed all the world that it was from prudence and a desire of enjoying his money, not from cowardice, that he quit the profession of arms.

When this Hackton company was raised, my stepson, who was now sixteen years of age, was most eager to be allowed to join it, and I would have gladly consented to have been rid of the young man; but his guardian, Lord Tiptoff, who thwarted me in everything, refused his permission, and the lad's military inclinations were baulked. If he could have gone on the expedition, and a rebel rifle had put an end to him, I believe, to tell the truth, I should not have been grieved overmuch; and I should have had the pleasure of seeing my other son the heir to the estate which his father had won with so much pains.

The education of this young nobleman had been, I confess, some of the loosest; and perhaps the truth is, I did neglect the brat. He was of so wild, savage, and insubordinate a nature that I never had the least regard for him; and before me and his mother, at least, was so moody and dull that I thought instruction thrown away upon him, and left him for
the most part to shift for himself. For two whole years he remained in Ireland, away from us; and when in England, we kept him mainly at Hackton, never caring to have the uncouth, ungainly lad in the genteel company in the capital in which we naturally mingled. My own poor boy, on the contrary, was the most polite and engaging child ever seen; it was a pleasure to treat him with kindness and distinction; and before he was five years old the little fellow was the pink of fashion, beauty, and good breeding.

In fact he could not have been otherwise, with the care both his parents bestowed upon him, and the attentions that were lavished upon him in every way. When he was four years old, I quarreled with the English nurse who had attended upon him, and about whom my wife had been so jealous, and procured for him a French gouvernante, who had lived with families of the first quality in Paris; and who, of course, must set my Lady Lyndon jealous too. Under the care of this young woman my little rogue learned to chatter French most charmingly. It would have done your heart good to hear the dear rascal swear Mort de ma vie! and to see him stamp his little foot, and send the manans and canaille of the domestics to the trente mille diables. He was precocious in all things; at a very early age he would mimic everybody; at five, he would sit at table, and drink his glass of champange with the best of us; and his nurse would teach him little French catches, and the last Parisian songs of Vade and Collard—pretty songs they were too; and would make such of his hearers as under-stood French burst with laughing, and, I promise you, scanda-lize some of the old dowagers who were admitted into the so-ciety of his mamma; not that there were many of them; for I did not encourage the visits of what you call respectable peo-ple to Lady Lyndon. They are sad spoilers of sport—tale-bearers, envious, narrow-minded people; making mischief be-tween man and wife. Whenever any of these grave person-ages in hoops and high heels used to make their appearance at Hackton, or in Berkeley Square, it was my chief pleasure to frighten them off; and I would make my little Bryan dance, sing, and play the diable à quatre, and aid him myself so as to scare the old frumps.

I never shall forget the solemn remonstrances of our old squaretocs of a Hector at Hackton, who made one or two vain attempts to teach little Bryan Latin, and with whose innumer-able children I sometimes allowed the boy to associate. They learned some of Bryan's French songs from him, which their
mother, a poor soul who understood pickles and custards much better than French, used fondly to encourage them in singing; but which their father one day hearing, he sent Miss Sarah to her bedroom and bread-and-water for a week, and solemnly horsed Master Jacob in the presence of all his brothers and sisters, and of Bryan, to whom he hoped that flogging would act as a warning. But my little rogue kicked and plunged at the old parson's shins until he was obliged to get his sexton to hold him down, and swore, *corbleu, morbleu, ventrebleu,* that his young friend Jacob should not be maltreated. After this scene his reverence forbade Bryan the rectory house; on which I swore that his eldest son, who was bringing up for the ministry, should never have the succession of the living of Hackton, which I had thoughts of bestowing on him; and his father said with a canting, hypocritical air, which I hate, that Heaven's will must be done; that he would not have his children disobedient or corrupted for the sake of a bishopric; and wrote me a pompous and solemn letter, charged with Latin quotations, taking farewell of me and my house. 'I do so with regret,' added the old gentleman, 'for I have received so many kindnesses from the Hackton family that it goes to my heart to be disunited from them. My poor, I fear, may suffer in consequence of my separation from you, and my being henceforward unable to bring to your notice instances of distress and affliction; which, when they were known to you, I will do you the justice to say, your generosity was always prompt to relieve.'

There may have been some truth in this, for the old gentleman was perpetually pesterling me with petitions, and I know for a certainty, from his own charities, was often without a shilling in his pocket; but I suspect the good dinners at Hackton had a considerable share in causing his regrets at the dissolution of our intimacy; and I know that his wife was quite sorry to forego the acquaintance of Bryan's *gouvernante,* Mlle. Louison, who had all the newest French fashions at her fingers' ends, and who never went to the rectory but you would see the girls of the family turn out in new sacks or mantles the Sunday after.

I used to punish the old rebel by snoring very loud in my pew on Sundays during sermon time; and I got a governor presently for Bryan, and a chaplain of my own, when he became of age sufficient to be separated from the women's society and guardianship. His English nurse I married to my head gardener with a handsome portion; his French *gouvernante* I bestowed upon my faithful German Fritz, not forgetting the
dowry in the latter instance; and they set up a French dining-house in Soho, and I believe at the time I write they are richer in the world's goods than their generous and free-handed master.

For Bryan I now got a young gentleman from Oxford, the Rev. Edmund Lavender, who was commissioned to teach him Latin, when the boy was in the humor, and to ground him in history, grammar, and the other qualifications of a gentleman. Lavender was a precious addition to our society at Hackton. He was the means of making a deal of fun there. He was the butt of all our jokes, and bore them with the most admirable and martyrlike patience. He was one of that sort of men who would rather be kicked by a great man than not be noticed by him; and I have often put his wig into the fire in the face of the company, when he would laugh at the joke as well as any man there. It was a delight to put him on a high-mettled horse and send him after the hounds, pale, sweating, calling on us, for Heaven's sake, to stop, and holding on for the dear life by the mane and the crupper. How it happened that the fellow was never killed I know not; but I suppose hanging is the way in which his neck will be broke. He never met with any accident, to speak of, in our hunting matches; but you were pretty sure to find him at dinner in his place at the bottom of the table making the punch, whence he would be carried off fuddled to bed before the night was over. Many a time have Bryan and I painted his face black on those occasions. We put him into a haunted room, and frightened his soul out of his body with ghosts; we let loose cargoes of rats upon his bed; we cried fire, and filled his boots with water; we cut the legs of his preaching chair, and filled his sermon-book with snuff. Poor Lavender bore it all with patience; and at our parties, or when we came to London, was amply repaid by being allowed to sit with the gentlefolks and to fancy himself in the society of men of fashion. It was good to hear the contempt with which he talked about our rector. 'He has a son, sir, who is a servitor; and a servitor at a small college,' he would say. 'How could you, my dear sir, think of giving the reversion of Hackton to such a lowbred creature?'

I should now speak of my other son, at least my Lady Lyndon's, I mean the Viscount Bullingdon. I kept him in Ireland for some years, under the guardianship of my mother, whom I had installed at Castle Lyndon; and great, I promise you, was her state in that occupation, and prodigious the good soul's splendor and haughty bearing. With all her oddities the Castle Lyndon estate was the best managed of all our pos-
sessions; the rents were excellently paid, the charges of getting them in smaller than they would have been under the management of any steward. It was astonishing what small expenses the good widow incurred; although she kept up the dignity of the two families, as she would say. She had a set of domestics to attend upon the young lord; she never went out herself but in an old gilt coach and six; the house was kept clean and tight; the furniture and gardens in the best repair; and, in our occasional visits to Ireland, we never found any house we visited in such good condition as our own. There were a score of ready serving-lasses, and half as many trim men about the Castle; and everything in as fine condition as the best housekeeper could make it. All this she did with scarcely any charges to us; for she fed sheep and cattle in the parks, and made a handsome profit of them at Ballinasloe; she supplied I don't know how many towns with butter and bacon; and the fruit and vegetables from the gardens of Castle Lyndon got the highest prices in Dublin market. She had no waste in the kitchen, as there used to be in most of our Irish houses; and there was no consumption of liquor in the cellars, for the old lady drank water and saw little or no company. All her society was a couple of the girls of my ancient flame, Nora Brady, now Mrs. Quin; who with her husband had spent almost all their property, and who came to see me once in London, looking very old, fat, and slatternly, with two dirty children at her side. She wept very much when she saw me, called me 'Sir' and 'Mr. Lyndon,' at which I was not sorry, and begged me to help her husband; which I did, getting him, through my friend Lord Crabs, a place in the excise in Ireland, and paying the passage of his family and himself to that country. I found him a dirty, cast-down, sniveling drunkard; and, looking at poor Nora, could not but wonder at the days when I had thought her a divinity. But if ever I have had a regard for a woman, I remain through life her constant friend, and could mention a thousand such instances of my generous and faithful disposition.

Young Bullingdon, however, was almost the only person with whom she was concerned that my mother could not keep in order. The accounts she sent me of him at first were such as gave my paternal heart considerable pain. He rejected all regularity and authority. He would absent himself for weeks from the house on sporting or other expeditions. He was when at home silent and queer, refusing to make my mother's game at piquet of evenings, but plunging into all sorts of musty
old books, with which he muddled his brains; more at ease laughing and chatting with the pipers and maids in the servants' hall, than with the gentry in the drawing room; always cutting jibes and jokes at Mrs. Barry, at which she (who was rather a slow woman at repartee) would chafe violently; in fact, leading a life of insubordination and scandal. And, to crown all, the young scapegrace took to frequenting the society of the Romish priest of the parish—a threadbare rogue from some Popish seminary in France or Spain—rather than the company of the vicar of Castle Lyndon, a gentleman of Trinity, who kept his hounds and drank his two bottles a day.

Regard for the lad's religion made me not hesitate then how I should act toward him. If I have any principle which has guided me through life, it has been respect for the Establishment, and a hearty scorn and abhorrence of all other forms of belief. I therefore sent my French body servant, in the year 17—, to Dublin with a commission to bring the young reprobate over; and the report brought to me was that he had passed the whole of the last night of his stay in Ireland with his Popish friend at the mass house; that he and my mother had a violent quarrel on the very last day; that, on the contrary, he kissed Biddy and Dosy, her two nieces, who seemed very sorry that he should go; and that being pressed to go and visit the rector, he absolutely refused, saying he was a wicked old Pharisee, inside whose doors he would never set his foot. The doctor wrote me a letter, warning me against the deplorable errors of this young imp of perdition, as he called him; and I could see that there was no love lost between them. But it appeared that, if not agreeable to the gentry of the country, young Bullingdon had a huge popularity among the common people. There was a regular crowd weeping round the gate when his coach took its departure. Scores of the ignorant, savage wretches ran for miles along the side of the chariot; and some went even so far as to steal away before his departure, and appear at the Pigeon House at Dublin to bid him a last farewell. It was with considerable difficulty that some of these people could be kept from secreting themselves in the vessel, and accompanying their young lord to England.

To do the young scoundrel justice, when he came among us, he was a manly noble-looking lad, and everything in his bearing and appearance betokened the high blood from which he came. He was the very portrait of some of the dark cavaliers of the Lyndon race, whose pictures hung in the gallery at Hackton; where the lad was fond of spending the chief
part of his time, occupied with the musty old books which he
took out of the library, and which I hate to see a young man
of spirit poring over. Always in my company he preserved
the most rigid silence, and a haughty, scornful demeanor;
which was so much the more disagreeable because there was
nothing in his behavior I could actually take hold of to find
fault with; although his whole conduct was insolent and
supercilious to the highest degree. His mother was very much
agitated at receiving him on his arrival; if he felt any such
agitation he certainly did not show it. He made her a very
low and formal bow when he kissed her hand; and, when I held
out mine, put both hands behind his back, stared me full in the
face, and bent his head, saying, 'Mr. Barry Lyndon, I believe,'
turned on his heel, and began talking about the state of the
weather to his mother, whom he always styled 'Your Ladyship.'
She was angry at this pert bearing, and, when they were alone,
rebuked him sharply for not shaking hands with his father.

'My father, madam?' said he; 'surely you mistake. My
father was the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Lyndon. I at least
have not forgotten him, if others have.' It was a declaration
of war to me, as I saw at once; though I declare I was willing
each to have received the boy well on his coming among us,
and to have lived with him on terms of friendliness. But as
men serve me I serve them. Who can blame me for my after
quarrels with this young reprobate, or lay upon my shoulders
the evils which afterward befell? Perhaps I lost my temper,
and my subsequent treatment of him was hard. But it was
he began the quarrel, and not I; and the evil consequences
which ensued were entirely of his creating.

As it is best to nip vice in the bud, and for a master of a
family to exercise his authority in such a manner as that there
may be no question about it, I took the earliest opportunity
of coming to close quarters with Master Bullingdon; and the
day after his arrival among us, upon his refusal to perform
some duty which I requested of him, I had him conveyed to
my study, and thrashed him soundly. This process, I con-
fess, at first, agitated me a good deal, for I had never laid a
whip on a lord before; but I got speedily used to the practice,
and his back and my whip became so well acquainted that I
warrant there was very little ceremony between us after a while.

If I were to repeat all the instances of the insubordination
and brutal conduct of young Bullingdon, I should weary the
reader. His perseverance in resistance, was I think, even
greater than mine in correcting him; for a man, be he ever so
much resolved to do his duty as a parent, can't be flogging his children all day, or for every fault they commit; and though I got the character of being so cruel a stepfather to him, I pledge my word I spared him correction when he merited it many more times than I administered it. Besides, there was eight clear months in the year when he was quit of me, during the time of my presence in London, at my place in Parliament and at the court of my sovereign.

At this period I made no difficulty to allow him to profit by the Latin and Greek of the old rector; who had christened him, and had a considerable influence over the wayward lad. After a scene or a quarrel between us, it was generally to the rectory house that the young rebel would fly for refuge and counsel, and I must own that the parson was a pretty just umpire between us in our disputes. Once he led the boy back to Hackton by the hand, and actually brought him into my presence, although he had vowed never to enter the doors in my lifetime again, and said, 'He had brought his lordship to acknowledge his error, and submit to any punishment I might think proper to inflict.' Upon which I caned him in the presence of two or three friends of mine, with whom I was sitting drinking at the time; and to do him justice, he bore a pretty severe punishment without wincing or crying in the least. This will show that I was not too severe in my treatment upon the lad, as I had the authority of the clergyman himself for inflicting the correction which I thought proper.

Twice or thrice Lavender, Bryan's governor, attempted to punish my Lord Bullyingdon; but I promise you the rogue was too strong for him, and leveled the Oxford man to the ground with a chair; greatly to the delight of little Bryan, who cried out, 'Bravo, Bully! thump him, thump him!' And Bully certainly did, to the governor's heart's content, who never attempted personal chastisement afterward; but contented himself by bringing the tales of his lordship's misdoings to me, his natural protector and guardian.

With the child Bullyingdon was, strange to say, pretty tractable. He took a liking for the little fellow, as, indeed, everybody who saw that darling boy did; liked him the more, he said, because he was 'half a Lyndon.' And well he might like him, for many a time, at the dear angel's intercession of 'Papa, don't flog Bully to-day!' I have held my hand, and saved him a horsing, which he richly deserved.

With his mother, at first, he would scarcely deign to have any communication. He said she was no longer one of the
family. Why should he love her, as she had never been a mother to him? But it will give the reader an idea of the dogged obstinacy and surliness of the lad's character when I mention one trait regarding him. It has been made a matter of complaint against me that I denied him the education befitting a gentleman, and never sent him to college or to school; but the fact is, it was of his own choice that he went to neither. He had the offer repeatedly from me (who wished to see as little of his impudence as possible), but he as repeatedly declined; and, for a long time, I could not make out what was the charm which kept him in a house where he must have been far from comfortable.

It came out, however, at last. There used to be very frequent disputes between my Lady Lyndon and myself, in which sometimes she was wrong, sometimes I was; and which, as neither of us had very angelical tempers, used to run very high. I was often in liquor; and when in that condition, what gentleman is master of himself? Perhaps I did, in this state, use my lady rather roughly; fling a glass or two at her, and call her by a few names that were not complimentary. I may have threatened her life (which it was obviously my interest not to take), and have frightened her, in a word, considerably.

After one of these disputes, in which she ran screaming through the galleries, and I, as tipsy as a lord, came staggering after, it appears Bullingdon was attracted out of his room by the noise; as I came up with her, the audacious rascal tripped up my heels, which were not very steady, and catching his fainting mother in his arms, took her into his own room; where he, upon her entreaty, swore he would never leave the house as long as she continued united with me. I knew nothing of the vow, or indeed of the tipsy frolic which was the occasion of it; I was taken up 'glorious,' as the phrase is, by my servants, and put to bed, and, in the morning, had no more recollection of what had occurred any more than of what happened when I was a baby at the breast. Lady Lyndon told me of the circumstance years after; and I mention it here as it enables me to plead honorably 'not guilty' to one of the absurd charges of cruelty trumped up against me with respect to my stepson. Let my detractors apologize, if they dare, for the conduct of a graceless ruffian who trips up the heels of his own natural guardian and stepfather after dinner.

This circumstance served to unite mother and son for a little; but their characters were too different. I believe she was too fond of me ever to allow him to be sincerely reconciled to her.
As he grew up to be a man, his hatred toward me assumed an intensity quite wicked to think of (and which I promise you I returned with interest); and it was at the age of sixteen I think, that the imprudent young hang-dog, on my return from Parliament one summer, and on my proposing to cane him as usual, gave me to understand that he would submit to no farther chastisement from me, and said, grinding his teeth, that he would shoot me if I laid hands on him. I looked at him; he was grown, in fact, to be a tall young man, and I gave up that necessary part of his education.

It was about this time that I raised the company which was to serve in America; and my enemies in the country (and since my victory over the Tiptoffs I scarce need say I had many of them) began to propagate the most shameful reports regarding my conduct to that precious young scapegrace my stepson, and to insinuate that I actually wished to get rid of him. Thus my loyalty to my sovereign was actually construed into a horrid, unnatural attempt on my part on Bullingdon's life; and it was said that I had raised the American corps for the sole purpose of getting the young viscount to command it, and so of getting rid of him. I am not sure that they had not fixed upon the name of the very man in the company who was ordered to dispatch him at the first general action, and the bribe I was to give him for this delicate piece of service.

But the truth is, I was of opinion then (and though the fulfillment of my prophecy has been delayed, yet I make no doubt it will be brought to pass ere long) that my Lord Bullingdon needed none of my aid in sending him into the other world; but had a happy knack of finding the way thither himself, which he would be sure to pursue. In truth, he began upon this way early; of all the violent, daring, disobedient scapegraces that ever caused an affectionate parent pain, he was certainly the most incorrigible; there was no beating him, or coaxing him, or taming him.

For instance with my little son, when his governor brought him into the room as we were over the bottle after dinner, my lord would begin his violent and undutiful sarcasms at me.

'Dear child,' he would say, beginning to caress and fondle him, 'what a pity it is I am not dead for thy sake! The Lyndons would then have a worthier representative, and enjoy all the benefit of the illustrious blood of the Barrys of Barryogue; would they not, Mr. Barry Lyndon?' He always chose the days when company, or the clergy or gentry of the neighborhood, were present, to make these insolent speeches to me.
Another day (it was Bryan's birthday) we were giving a grand ball and gala at Hackton, and it was time for my little Bryan to make his appearance among us, as he usually did in the smartest little court suit you ever saw (ah, me! but it brings tears into my old eyes now to think of the bright looks of that darling little face). There was a great crowding and tittering when the child came in led by his half-brother, who walked into the dancing room (would you believe it?) in his stocking-feet, leading little Bryan by the hand, paddling about in the great shoes of the elder! 'Don't you think he fits my shoes very well, Sir Richard Wargrave?' says the young rep-robate; upon which the company began to look at each other and to titter; and his mother, coming up to Lord Bullingdon with great dignity, seized the child to her breast, and said, 'From the manner in which I love this child, my lord, you ought to know how I would have loved his elder brother had he proved worthy of any mother's affection!' and, bursting into tears, Lady Lyndon left the apartment, and the young lord rather discomfited for once.

At last, on one occasion, his behavior to me was so outrageous (it was in the hunting field and in a large public company), that I lost all patience, rode at the urchin straight, wrenched him out of his saddle with all my force, and, flinging him roughly to the ground, sprung down to it myself, and administered such a correction across the young caitiff's head and shoulders with my horsewhip as might have ended in his death, had I not been restrained in time; for my passion was up, and I was in a state to do murder or any other crime.

The lad was taken home and put to bed, where he lay for a day or two in a fever, as much from rage and vexation as from the chastisement I had given him; and three days afterward, on sending to inquire at his chamber whether he would join the family at table, a note was found on his table, and his bed was empty and cold. The young villain had fled, and had the audacity to write in the following terms regarding me to my wife, his mother:

Madam, [he said,] I have borne as long as mortal could endure the ill treatment of the insolent Irish upstart whom you have taken to your bed. It is not the lowness of his birth and the general brutality of his manners which disgust me, and must make me hate him so long as I have the honor to bear the name of Lyndon, which he is unworthy of, but the shamefull nature of his conduct toward your ladyship; his brutal and un-gentlemanlike behavior, his open infidelity, his habits of extravagance, intoxication, his shameless robberies and swindling of my property and yours. It is these insults to you which shock and annoy me more than the ruffian's conduct to myself. I would have stood by your ladyship as I promised, but you seem to have taken latterly your husband's part: and, as I cannot personally chastise this lowbred ruffian, who, to our shame he it spoken, is the husband of my mother; and as I cannot bear to witness his treatment of you, and loathe his horrible society as if it were the plague, I am deter-
mined to quit my native country; at least during his detested life, or during my own. I possess a small income from my father, of which I have no doubt Mr. Barry will cheat me if he can; but which, if your ladyship has some feelings of a mother left, you will perhaps award to me. Messrs. Childs, the bankers, can have orders to pay it to me when due; if they receive no such orders, I shall not be in the least surprised, knowing you to be in the hands of a villain, who would not scruple to rob on the highway; and shall try to find out some way in life for myself more honorable than that by which the penniless Irish adventurer has arrived to turn me out of my rights and home.

This mad epistle was signed 'Bullingdon,' and all the neighbors vowed that I had been privy to his flight, and would profit by it; though I declare, on my honor, my true and sincere desire, after reading the above infamous letter, was to have the author within a good arm's length of me, that I might let him know my opinion regarding him. But there was no eradicating this idea from people's minds, who insisted that I wanted to kill Bullingdon; whereas murder, as I have said, was never one of my evil qualities; and even had I wished to injure my young enemy ever so much, common prudence would have made my mind easy, as I knew he was going to ruin his own way.

It was long before we heard of the fate of the audacious young truant; but after some fifteen months had elapsed, I had the pleasure of being able to refute some of the murderous calumnies which had been uttered against me, by producing a bill with Bullingdon's own signature, drawn from General Tarleton's army in America, where my company was conducting itself with the greatest glory, and with which my lord wasserving as a volunteer. There were some of my kind friends who persisted still in attributing all sorts of wicked intentions to me. Lord Tiptoff would never believe that I would pay any bill, much more any bill of Lord Bullingdon's; old Lady Betty Grimsby, his sister, persisted in declaring the bill was a forgery, and the poor dear lord dead; until there came a letter to her ladyship from Lord Bullingdon himself, who had been at New York at headquarters, and who described at length the splendid festival given by the officers of the garrison to our distinguished chieftains, the two Howes.

In the meanwhile if I had murdered my lord, I could scarcely have been received with more shameful obloquy and slander than now followed me in town and country. 'You will hear of the lad's death, be sure,' exclaimed one of my friends. 'And then his wife's will follow,' added another. 'He will marry Jenny Jones,' added a third; and so on. Lavender brought me the news of these scandals about me; the country was up against me. The farmers on market-days used to touch their hats sulkily, and get out of my way; the gentlemen who fol-
owed my hunt now suddenly seceded from it, and left off my uniform; at the county ball, where I led out Lady Susan Capermore, and took my place third in the dance after the duke and the marquis, as was my wont, all the couples turned away as we came to them, and we were left to dance alone. Sukey Capermore has a love of dancing which would make her dance at a funeral if anybody asked her, and I had too much spirit to give in at this signal instance of insult toward me; so we danced with some of the very commonest low people at the bottom of the set—your apothecaries, wine merchants, attorneys, and such scum as are allowed to attend our public assemblies.

The Bishop, my Lady Lyndon’s relative, neglected to invite us to the palace at the assizes; and, in a word, every indignity was put upon me which could by possibility be heaped upon an innocent and honorable gentleman.

My reception in London, whither I now carried my wife and family, was scarcely more cordial. On paying my respects to my sovereign at St. James’, his Majesty pointedly asked me when I had news of Lord Bullingdon. On which I replied, with no ordinary presence of mind, ‘Sir, my Lord Bullingdon is fighting the rebels against your Majesty’s crown in America. Does your Majesty desire that I should send another regiment to aid him?’ On which the King turned on his heel, and I made my bow out of the presence chamber. When Lady Lyndon kissed the Queen’s hand at the drawing room, I found that precisely the same question had been put to her ladyship; and she came home much agitated at the rebuke which had been administered to her. Thus it was that my loyalty was rewarded, and my sacrifice in favor of my country viewed! I took away my establishment abruptly to Paris, where I met with a very different reception; but my stay amid the enchanting pleasures of that capital was extremely short; for the French Government, which had been long tampering with the American rebels, now openly acknowledged the independence of the United States. A declaration of war ensued; all we happy English were ordered away from Paris; and I think I left one or two fair ladies there inconsolable. It is the only place where a gentleman can live as he likes without being incommoded by his wife. The countess and I, during our stay, scarcely saw each other except upon public occasions, at Versailles, or at the Queen’s play table; and our dear little Bryan advanced in a thousand elegant accomplishments, which rendered him the delight of all who knew him.

I must not forget to mention here my last interview with
my good uncle, the Chevalier de Ballybarry, whom I left at Brussels with strong intentions of making his salut, as the phrase is, and who had gone into retirement at a convent there. Since then he had come into the world again, much to his annoyance and repentance; having fallen desperately in love in his old age with a French actress, who had done, as most ladies of her character do, ruined him, left him, and laughed at him. His repentance was very edifying. Under the guidance of Messieurs of the Irish College, he once more turned his thoughts toward religion; and his only prayer to me when I saw him and asked in what I could relieve him, was to pay a handsome fee to the convent into which he proposed to enter.

This I could not, of course, do; my religious principles forbidding me to encourage superstition in any way; and the old gentleman and I parted rather coolly, in consequence of my refusal, as he said, to make his old days comfortable.

I was very poor at the time, that is the fact; and entre nous, the Rosemont of the French opera, an indifferent dancer, but a charming figure and ankle, was ruining me in diamonds, equipages, and furniture bills; added to which I had a run of ill luck at play, and was forced to meet my losses by the most shameful sacrifice to the money lenders, by pawning part of Lady Lyndon's diamonds (that graceless little Rosemont wheedled me out of some of them), and by a thousand other schemes for raising money. But when Honor is in the case, was I ever found backward at her call? and what man can say that Barry Lyndon lost a bet which he did not pay?

As for my ambitious hopes regarding the Irish peerage, I began, on my return, to find out that I had been led wildly astray by that rascal Lord Crabs; who liked to take my money, but had no more influence to get me a coronet than to procure for me the Pope's tiara. The sovereign was not a whit more gracious to me on returning from the Continent than he had been before my departure; and I had it from one of the aids-de-camp of the royal dukes his brothers, that my conduct and amusements at Paris had been odiously misrepresented by some spies there, and had formed the subject of royal comment; and that the King had, influenced by these calumnies, actually said I was the most disreputable man in the three kingdoms. I disreputable! A dishonor to my name and country! When I heard these falsehoods I was in such a rage that I went off to Lord North at once to remonstrate with the Minister; to insist upon being allowed to appear before his Majesty and clear myself of the imputation against me, to point out my
services to the Government in voting with them, and to ask when the reward that had been promised to me, viz., the title held by my ancestors, was again to be revived in my person? 

There was a sleepy coolness in that fat Lord North which was the most provoking thing that the opposition had ever to encounter from him. He heard me with half-shut eyes. When I had finished a long, violent speech—which I made striding about his room in Downing Street, and gesticulating with all the energy of an Irishman—he opened one eye, smiled, and asked me gently if I had done. On my replying in the affirmative, he said, “Well, Mr. Barry, I'll answer you, point by point. The King is exceedingly averse to make peers, as you know. Your claims, as you call them, have been laid before him, and his Majesty's gracious reply was that you were the most impudent man in his dominions, and merited a halter rather than a coronet. As for withdrawing your support from us, you are perfectly welcome to carry yourself and your vote whithersoever you please. And now, as I have a great deal of occupation, perhaps you will do me the favor to retire.’ So saying, he raised his hand lazily to the bell, and bowed me out, asking blandly if there was any other thing in the world in which he could oblige me.

I went home in a fury which cannot be described; and having Lord Crabs to dinner that day, assailed his lordship by pulling his wig off his head, and smothering it in his face, and by attacking him in that part of the person where, according to report, he had been formerly assaulted by Majesty. The whole story was over the town the next day, and pictures of me were hanging in the clubs and print shops performing the operation alluded to. All the town laughed at the picture of the lord and the Irishman, and I need not say, recognized both. As for me, I was one of the most celebrated characters in London in those days; my dress, style, and equipage being as well known as those of any leader of the fashion; and my popularity, if not great in the highest quarters, was at least considerable elsewhere. The people cheered me in the Gordon rows at the time they nearly killed my friend Jenmmy Twitcher and burned Lord Mansfield's house down. Indeed, I was known as a stanch Protestant, and after my quarrel with Lord North veered right round to the opposition, and vexed him with all the means in my power.

These were not, unluckily, very great, for I was a bad speaker, and the House would not listen to me, and presently, in 1780, after the Gordon disturbance, was dissolved, when a
general election took place. It came on me, as all my mishaps were in the habit of coming, at a most unlucky time. I was obliged to raise more money, at most ruinous rates, to face the confounded election, and had the Tiptoffs against me in the field more active and virulent than ever.

My blood boils even now when I think of the rascally conduct of my enemies in that scoundrelly election. I was held up as the Irish Bluebeard, and libels of me were printed, and gross caricatures drawn representing me flogging Lady Lyndon, whipping Lord Bullingdon, turning him out of doors in a storm, and I know not what. There were pictures of a panper cabin in Ireland, from which it was pretended I came; others in which I was represented as a lackey and shoeback. A flood of calumny was let loose upon me, in which any man of less spirit would have gone down.

But though I met my accusers boldly, though Ilavished sums of money in the election, though I flung open Hackton Hall, and kept champagne and burgundy running there, and at all my inns in the town, as commonly as water, the election went against me. The rascally gentry had all turned upon me and joined the Tiptoff faction; it was even represented that I held my wife by force; and though I sent her into the town alone, wearing my colors, with Bryan in her lap, and made her visit the mayor's lady and the chief women there, nothing would persuade the people but that she lived in fear and trembling of me; and the brutal mob had the impudence to ask her why she dared to go back, and how she liked horsewhip for supper.

I was thrown out of my election, and all the bills came down upon me together—all the bills I had been contracting for the years of my marriage, which the creditors, with a rascally unanimity, sent in until they lay upon the table in heaps. I won't cite their amount; it was frightful. My stewards and lawyers made matters worse. I was bound up in an inextricable toil of bills and debts, of mortgages and insurances, and all the horrible evils attendant upon them. Lawyers upon lawyers posted down from London; composition after composition was made, and Lady Lyndon's income hampered almost irretrievably to satisfy these cormorants. To do her justice, she behaved with tolerable kindness at this season of trouble; for whenever I wanted money I had to coax her, and whenever I coaxcd her I was sure of bringing this weak and light-minded woman to good humor; who was of such a weak, terrified nature, that to secure an easy week with me she would sign away a thousand a year. And when my troubles
began at Hackton, and I determined on the only chance left, viz., to retire to Ireland and retrench, assigning over the best part of my income to the creditors until their demands were met, my lady was quite cheerful at the idea of going, and said, if we would be quiet, she had no doubt all would be well; indeed was glad to undergo the comparative poverty in which we must now live, for the sake of the retirement and the chance of domestic quiet which she hoped to enjoy.

We went off to Bristol pretty suddenly, leaving the odious and ungrateful wretches at Hackton to vilify us, no doubt, in our absence. My stud and hounds were sold off immediately; the harpies would have been glad to pounce upon my person; but that was out of their power. I had raised, by cleverness and management, to the full as much on my mines and private estates as they were worth; so the scoundrels were disappointed in this instance; and as for the plate and property in the London house, they could not touch that, as it was the property of the heirs of the house of Lyndon.

I passed over to Ireland, then, and took up my abode at Castle Lyndon for a while; all the world imagining that I was an utterly ruined man, and that the famous and dashing Barry Lyndon would never again appear in the circles of which he had been an ornament. But it was not so. In the midst of my perplexities, Fortune reserved a great consolation for me still. Dispatches came home from America announcing Lord Cornwallis’ defeat of General Gates in Carolina, and the death of Lord Bullingdon, who was present as a volunteer.

For my own desires to possess a paltry Irish title I cared little. My son was now heir to an English earldom, and I made him assume forthwith the title of Lord Viscount Castle Lyndon, the third of the family titles. My mother went almost mad with joy of saluting her grandson as 'my lord,' and I felt that all my sufferings and privations were repaid by seeing this darling child advanced to such a post of honor.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

If the world were not composed of a race of ungrateful scoundrels, who share your prosperity while it lasts, and, even when gorged with your venison and burgundy, abuse the generous giver of the feast, I am sure I merit a good name and a high reputation; in Ireland, at least, where my generosity was unbounded, and the splendor of my mansion and entertain-
ments unequaled by any other nobleman of my time. As long as my magnificence lasted, all the country was free to partake of it; I had hunters sufficient in my stables to mount a regiment of dragoons, and butts of wine in my cellar which would have made whole counties drunk for years. Castle Lyndon became the headquarters of scores of needy gentlemen, and I never rode a-hunting but I had a dozen young fellows of the best blood of the country riding as my squires and gentlemen of the horse. My son, little Castle Lyndon, was a prince; his breeding and manners, even at his early age, showed him to be worthy of the two noble families from whom he was descended; I don't know what high hopes I had for the boy, and indulged in a thousand fond anticipations as to his future success and figure in the world. But stern Fate had determined that I should leave none of my race behind me, and ordained that I should finish my career as I see it closing now—poor, lonely, and childless. I may have had my faults; but no man shall dare to say of me that I was not a good and tender father. I loved that boy passionately; perhaps with a blind partiality; I denied him nothing. Gladly, gladly, I swear, would I have died that his premature doom might have been averted. I think there is not a day since I lost him but his bright face and beautiful smiles look down on me out of heaven, where he is, and that my heart does not yearn toward him. That sweet child was taken from me at the age of nine years, when he was full of beauty and promise; and so powerful is the hold his memory has of me that I have never been able to forget him; his little spirit haunts me of nights on my restless, solitary pillow; many a time, in the wildest and maddest company, as the bottle is going round, and the song and laugh roaring about, I am thinking of him. I have got a lock of his soft brown hair hanging round my breast now; it will accompany me to the dishonored pauper's grave, where soon, no doubt, Barry Lyndon's worn-out old bones will be laid.

My Bryan was a boy of amazing high spirit (indeed how, coming from such a stock, could he be otherwise?) impatient even of my control, against which the dear little rogue would often rebel gallantly; how much more, then, of his mother's and the women's, whose attempts to direct him he would laugh to scorn. Even my own mother ('Mrs. Barry of Lyndon', the good soul now called herself, in compliment to my new family) was quite unable to check him; and hence you may fancy what a will he had of his own. If it had not been for that, he might have lived to this day; he might—but why repine? Is he not
in a better place? would the heritage of a beggar do any service to him? It is best as it is—Heaven be good to us! Alas! that I, his father, should be left to deplore him.

In was in the month of October. I had been to Dublin in order to see a lawyer and a moneyed man who had come over to Ireland to consult with me about some sales of mine and the cut of Hackton timber; of which, as I hated the place and was greatly in want of money, I was determined to cut down every stick. There had been some difficulty in the matter. It was said I had no right to touch the timber. The brute peasantry about the estate had been roused to such a pitch of hatred against me that the rascals actually refused to lay an ax to the trees; and my agent (that scoundrel Larkins) declared that his life was in danger among them if he attempted any further despoilment (as they called it) of the property. Every article of the splendid furniture was sold by this time, as I need not say; and, as for the plate, I had taken good care to bring it off to Ireland, where it now was in the best of keeping—my bankers, who had advanced six thousand pounds on it; which sum I soon had occasion for.

I went to Dublin, then, to meet the English men of business; and so far succeeded in persuading Mr. Splint, a great shipbuilder and timber dealer of Plymouth, of my claim to the Hackton timber, that he agreed to purchase it off-hand at about one-third of its value, and handed me over £5000, which, being pressed with debts at the time, I was fain to accept. He had no difficulty in getting down the wood, I warrant. He took a regiment of shipwrights and sawyers from his own and the king's yards at Plymouth, and in two months Hackton Park was as bare of trees as the Bog of Allen.

I had but ill luck with that accursed expedition and money. I lost the greater part of it in two nights' play at Daly's, so that my debts stood just as they were before; and before the vessel sailed for Holyhead, which carried away my old sharper of a timber merchant, all that I had left of the money he brought me was a couple of hundred pounds, with which I returned home very disconsolately; and very suddenly, too, for my Dublin tradesmen were hot upon me, hearing I had spent the loan, and two of my wine merchants had writs out against me for some thousands of pounds.

I bought in Dublin, according to my promise, however,—for when I give a promise I will keep it at any sacrifices,—a little horse for my dear little Bryan; which was to be a present for his tenth birthday, that was now coming on; it was a beautiful
little animal and stood me in a good sum. I never regarded money for that dear child. But the horse was very wild. He kicked off one of my horseboys, who rode him at first, and broke the lad's leg; and, though I took the animal in hand on the journey home, it was only my weight and skill that made the brute quiet.

When we got home I sent the horse away with one of my grooms to a farmer's house, to break him thoroughly in, and told Bryan, who was all anxiety to see his little horse, that he would arrive by his birthday, when he should hunt him along with my hounds; and I promised myself no small pleasure in presenting the dear fellow to the field that day; which I hoped to see him lead some time or other in place of his fond father. Ah, me! never was that gallant boy to ride a fox chaise, or to take the place among the gentry of his country which his birth and genius had pointed out for him!

Though I don't believe in dreams and omens, yet I can't but own that when a great calamity is hanging over a man he has frequently many strange and awful forebodings of it. I fancy now I had many. Lady Lyndon, especially, twice dreamed of her son's death; but, as she was now grown uncommonly nervous and vaporish, I treated her fears with scorn, and my own, of course, too. And in an unguarded moment, over the bottle after dinner, I told poor Bryan, who was always questioning me about the little horse, and when it was to come, that it was arrived; that it was in Doolan's farm, where Mick the groom was breaking him in. 'Promise me, Bryan,' screamed his mother, 'that you will not ride the horse except in company of your father.' But I only said, 'Pooh, madam, you are an ass!' being angry at her silly timidity, which was always showing itself in a thousand disagreeable ways now; and, turning round to Bryan, said, 'I promise your lordship a good flogging if you mount him without my leave.'

I suppose the poor child did not care about paying this penalty for the pleasure he was to have, or possibly thought a fond father would remit the punishment altogether; for the next morning, when I rose rather late, having sat up drinking the night before, I found the child had been off at daybreak, having slipped through his tutor's room (this was Redmond Quin, our cousin, whom I had taken to live with me), and I had no doubt but that he was gone to Doolan's farm.

I took a great horsewhip and galloped off after him in a rage, swearing I would keep my promise. But, Heaven forgive me! I little thought of it, when at three miles from
home I met a sad procession coming toward me; peasants moaning and howling as our Irish do, the black horse led by the hand, and, on a door that some of the folks carried, my poor dear, dear little boy. There he lay in his little boots and spurs, and his little coat of scarlet-and-gold. His dear face was quite white, and he smiled as he held a hand out to me, and said painfully, 'You won't whip me, will you, papa?' I could only burst out into tears in reply. I have seen many and many a man dying, and there's a look about the eyes which you cannot mistake. There was a little drummer boy I was fond of who was hit down before my company at Kühnersdorf; when I ran up to give him some water he looked exactly like my dear Bryan then did—there's no mistaking that awful look of the eyes. We carried him home and scoured the country round for doctors to come and look at his hurt.

But what does a doctor avail in a contest with the grim, invincible enemy? Such a case could only confirm our despair by their account of the poor child's case. He had mounted his horse gallantly, sat him bravely all the time the animal plunged and kicked, and, having overcome his first spite, ran him at a hedge by the roadside. But there were loose stones at the top, and the horse's foot caught among them, and he and his brave little rider rolled over together at the other side. The people said they saw the noble little boy spring up after his fall and run to catch the horse, which had broken away from him, kicking him on the back, as it would seem, as they lay on the ground. Poor Bryan ran a few yards and then dropped down as if shot. A pallor came over his face, and they thought he was dead. But they poured whisky down his mouth, and the poor child revived; still he could not move; his spine was injured; the lower half of him was dead when they laid him in bed at home. The rest did not last long, God help me! He remained yet for two days with us; and a sad comfort it was to think he was in no pain.

During this time the dear angel's temper seemed quite to change: he asked his mother and me pardon for any act of disobedience he had been guilty of toward us; he said often he should like to see his brother Bullingdon. 'Bully was better than you, papa,' he said; 'he used not to swear so, and he told and taught me many good things while you were away.' And, taking a hand of his mother and mine in each of his little clammy ones, he begged us not to quarrel so, but love each other, so that we might meet again in heaven, where Bully told him quarrelsome people never went. His mother was very
much affected by these admonitions from the poor suffering angel's mouth; and I was so too. I wish she had enabled me to keep the counsel which the dying boy gave us.

At last, after two days, he died. There he lay, the hope of my family, the pride of my manhood, the link which had kept me and my Lady Lyndon together. 'O Redmond,' said she, kneeling by the sweet child's body, 'do, do let us listen to the truth out of his blessed mouth; and do you amend your life, and treat your poor loving, fond wife as her dying child bade you.' And I said I would; but there are promises which it is out of a man's power to keep, especially with such a woman as her. But we drew together after that sad event, and were for several months better friends.

I won't tell you with what splendor we buried him. Of what avail are undertakers' feathers and heralds' trumpery? I went out and shot the fatal black horse that had killed him, at the door of the vault where we laid my boy. I was so wild that I could have shot myself too. But for the crime, it would have been better that I should, perhaps; for what has my life been since that sweet flower was taken out of my bosom? A succession of miseries, wrongs, disasters, and mental and bodily sufferings, which never fell to the lot of any other man in Christendom.

Lady Lyndon, always vaporish and nervous, after our blessed boy's catastrophe became more agitated than ever, and plunged into devotion with so much fervor that you would have fancied her almost distracted at times. She imagined she saw visions. She said an angel from heaven had told her that Bryan's death was as a punishment to her for her neglect of her firstborn. Then she would declare Bullingdon was alive; she had seen him in a dream. Then again she would fall into fits of sorrow about his death, and grieve for him as violently as if he had been the last of her sons who had died, and not our darling Bryan, who, compared to Bullingdon, was what a diamond is to a vulgar stone. Her freaks were painful to witness, and difficult to control. It began to be said in the country that the countess was going mad. My scoundrelly enemies did not fail to confirm and magnify the rumor, and would add that I was the cause of her insanity; I had driven her to distraction, I had killed Bullingdon, I had murdered my own son; I don't know what else they laid to my charge. Even in Ireland their hateful calumnies reached me: my friends fell away from me. They began to desert my hunt, as they did in England, and when I went to race or market found sudden reasons
for getting out of my neighborhood. I got the name of Wicked Barry, Devil Lyndon, which you please; the country folks used to make marvelous legends about me; the priests said I had massacred I don't know how many German nuns in the Seven Years' War, that the ghost of the murdered Bullington haunted my house. Once at a fair in a town hard by, when I had a mind to buy a waistcoat for one of my people, a fellow standing by said, "'Tis a strait waistcoat he's buying for my Lady Lyndon." And from this circumstance arose a legend of my cruelty to my wife; and many circumstantial details were narrated regarding my manner and ingenuity of torturing her.

The loss of my dear boy pressed not only on my heart as a father, but injured my individual interests in a very considerable degree; for as there was now no direct heir to the estate, and Lady Lyndon was of a weak health, and supposed to be quite unlikely to leave a family, the next in succession—that detestable family of Tiptoff—began to exert themselves in a hundred ways to annoy me, and were at the head of the party of enemies who were raising reports to my discredit. They interposed between me and my management of the property in a hundred different ways, making an outcry if I cut a stick, sunk a shaft, sold a picture, or sent a few ounces of plate to be remodeled. They harassed me with ceaseless law suits, got injunctions from chancery, hampered my agents in the execution of their work, so much so that you would have fancied my own was not my own, but theirs, to do as they liked with. What is worse, as I have reason to believe, they had tamperings and dealings with my own domestics under my own roof; for I could not have a word with Lady Lyndon but it somehow got abroad, and I could not be drunk with my chaplain and friends but some sanctified rascals would get hold of the news, and reckon up all the bottles I drank and all the oaths I swore. That these were not few I acknowledge. I am of the old school; was always a free liver and speaker; and, at least, if I did and said what I liked, was not so bad as many a canting seoundrel I know of who covers his foibles and sins, unsuspected, with a mask of holiness.

As I am making a clean breast of it, and am no hypocrite, I may as well confess now that I endeavored to ward off the devices of my enemies by an artifice which was not, perhaps, strictly justifiable. Everything depended on my having an heir to the estate; for if Lady Lyndon, who was of weakly health, had died, the next day I was a beggar: all my sacrifices of money, etc., on the estate would not have been held
in a farthing's account; all the debts would have been left on my shoulders; and my enemies would have triumphed over me, which, to a man of my honorable spirit, was 'the unkind-est cut of all,' as some poet says.

I confess, then, it was my wish to supplant these scoundrels; and, as I could not do so without an heir to my property, I determined to find one. If I had him near at hand, and of my own blood too, though with the bar sinister, is not here the question. It was then I found out the rascally machinations of my enemies; for, having broached this plan to Lady Lyndon, whom I made to be, outwardly at least, the most obedient of wives,—although I never let a letter from her or to her go or arrive without my inspection,—although I allowed her to see none but those persons who I thought, in her delicate health, would be fitting society for her,—yet the infernal Tiptoffs got wind of my scheme, protested instantly against it, not only by letter, but in the shameful libelous public prints, and held me up to public odium as a 'child-forger,' as they called me. Of course I denied the charge—I could do no otherwise, and offered to meet any one of the Tiptoffs on the field of honor, and prove him a scoundrel and a liar; as he was, though, perhaps, not in this instance. But they contented themselves by answering me by a lawyer, and declined an invitation which any man of spirit would have accepted. My hopes of having an heir were thus blighted completely; indeed, Lady Lyndon (though, as I have said, I take her opposition for nothing) had resisted the proposal with as much energy as a woman of her weakness could manifest; and said she had committed one great crime in consequence of me, but would rather die than perform another. I could easily have brought her ladyship to her senses, however, but my scheme had taken wind, and it was now in vain to attempt it. We might have had a dozen children in honest wedlock, and people would have said they were false.

As for raising money on annuities, I may say I had used her life interest up. There were but few of those assurance societies in my time which have since sprung up in the city of London; underwriters did the business, and my wife's life was as well known among them as, I do believe, that of any woman in Christendom. Latterly, when I wanted to get a sum against her life, the rascals had the impudence to say my treatment of her did not render it worth a year's purchase—as if my interest lay in killing her! Had my boy lived, it
would have been a different thing: he and his mother might have cut off the entail of a good part of the property between them, and my affairs have been put in better order. Now they were in a bad condition indeed. All my schemes had turned out failures; my lands, which I had purchased with borrowed money, made me no return, and I was obliged to pay ruinous interest for the sums with which I had purchased them. My income, though very large, was saddled with hundreds of annuities, and thousands of lawyers’ charges; and I felt the net drawing closer and closer round me, and no means to extricate myself from its toils.

To add to all my perplexities, two years after my poor child’s death, my wife, whose vagaries of temper and wayward follies I had borne with for twelve years, wanted to leave me, and absolutely made attempts at what she called escaping from my tyranny.

My mother, who was the only person that, in my misfortunes, remained faithful to me (indeed, she has always spoken of me in my true light as a martyr to the rascality of others, and a victim of my own generous and confiding temper), found out the first scheme that was going on; and of which those artful and malicious Tiptoffs were, as usual, the main promoters. Mrs. Barry, indeed, though her temper was violent and her ways singular, was an invaluable person to me in my house; which would have been at rack and ruin long before but for her spirit of order and management, and for her excellent economy in the government of my numerous family. As for my Lady Lyndon, she, poor soul! was much too fine a lady to attend to household matters—passed her days with her doctor, or her books of piety, and never appeared among us except at my compulsion, when she and my mother would be sure to have a quarrel.

Mrs. Barry, on the contrary, had a talent for management in all matters. She kept the maids stirring, and the footmen to their duty; had an eye over the claret in the cellar, and the oats and hay in the stable; saw to the salting and pickling, the potatoes and the turf-stacking, the pig-killing and the poultry, the linen room and the bake house, and the ten thousand minutiae of a great establishment. If all Irish housewives were like her, I warrant many a hall fire would be blazing where the cobwebs only grow now, and many a park covered with sheep and fat cattle where the thistles are at present the chief occupiers. If anything could have saved me from the consequences of villainy in others, and (I confess it, for I am
not above owning to my faults) my own too easy, generous, and careless nature, it would have been the admirable prudence of that worthy creature. She never went to bed until all the house was quiet and all the candles out; and you may fancy that this was a matter of some difficulty with a man of my habits, who had commonly a dozen of jovial fellows (artful scoundrels and false friends most of them were!) to drink with me every night, and who seldom, for my part, went to bed sober. Many and many a night, when I was unconscious of her attention, has that good soul pulled my boots off, and seen me laid by my servants snug in bed, and carried off the candle herself; and been the first in the morning, too, to bring me my drink of small-beer. Mine were no milksop times, I can tell you. A gentleman thought no shame of taking his half dozen bottles; and as for your coffee and slops, they were left to Lady Lyndon, her doctor, and the other old women. It was my mother's pride that I could drink more than any man in the country—as much, within a pint, as my father before me, she said.

That Lady Lyndon should detest her was quite natural. She is not the first of woman or mankind either that has hated a mother-in-law. I set my mother to keep a sharp watch over the freaks of her ladyship; and this, you may be sure, was one of the reasons why the latter disliked her. I never minded that, however. Mrs. Barry's assistance and surveillance were invaluable to me; and if I had paid twenty spies to watch my lady I should not have been half so well served as by the disinterested care and watchfulness of my excellent mother. She slept with the house keys under her pillow, and had an eye everywhere. She followed all the countess' movements like a shadow; she managed to know, from morning till night, everything that my lady did. If she walked in the garden, a watchful eye was kept on the wicket; and if she chose to drive out, Mrs. Barry accompanied her, and a couple of fellows in my liveries rode alongside of the carriage to see that she came to no harm. Though she objected, and would have kept her room in sullen silence, I made a point that we should appear together at church in the coach and six every Sunday, and that she should attend the race balls in my company whenever the coast was clear of the rascally bailiffs who beset me. This gave the lie to any of those maligners who said that I wished to make a prisoner of my wife. The fact is that, knowing her levity, and seeing the insane dislike to me and mine which had now begun to supersede what, perhaps, had been an equally insane fondness
for me, I was bound to be on my guard that she should not give
me the slip. Had she left me, I was ruined the next day.
This (which my mother knew) compelled us to keep a tight
watch over her; but as for imprisoning her, I repel the imputa-
tion with scorn. Every man imprisons his wife to a certain de-
gree; the world would be in a pretty condition if women were
allowed to quit home and return to it whenever they had a mind.
In watching over my wife, Lady Lyndon, I did no more than
exercise the legitimate authority which awards honor and obe-
dience to every husband.
Such, however, is female artifice that, in spite of all my
watchfulness in guarding her, it is probable my lady would
have given me the slip had I not had quite as acute a person as
herself as my ally; for, as the proverb says that 'the best way
to catch one thief is to set another after him,' so the best way
to get the better of a woman is to engage one of her own artful
sex to guard her. One would have thought that, followed as
she was, all her letters read, and all her acquaintances strictly
watched by me, living in a remote part of Ireland away from her
family, Lady Lyndon could have had no chance of communicat-
ing with her allies, or of making her wrongs, as she was pleased
to call them, public; and yet, for a while, she carried on a cor-
respondence under my very nose, and acutely organized a con-
spiracy for flying from me; as shall be told.
She always had an inordinate passion for dress, and, as she
was never thwarted in any whimsey she had of this kind (for I
spared no money to gratify her, and among my debts are mil-
liners' bills to the amount of many thousands), boxes used to
pass continually to and fro from Dublin, with all sorts of dresses,
caps, flounces, and furbelows, as her fancy dictated. With
these would come letters from her milliner, in answer to numer-
ous similar injunctions from my lady; all of which passed
through my hands, without the least suspicion, for some time.
And yet in these very papers, by the easy means of sympathetic
ink, was contained all her ladyship's correspondence; and
Heaven knows (for it was some time, as I have said, before I
discovered the trick) what charges against me.
But clever Mrs. Barry found out that always before my lady
wife chose to write letters to her milliner she had need of
lemons to make her drink, as she said; this fact being men-
tioned to me set me a-thinking, and so I tried one of the letters
before the fire, and the whole scheme of villainy was brought to
light. I will give a specimen of one of the horrid, artful letters
of this unhappy woman. In a great hand, with wide lines,
was written a set of directions to her mantua-maker, setting forth the articles of dress for which my lady had need, the peculiarity of their make, the stuffs she selected, etc. She would make out long lists in this way, writing each article in a separate line so as to have more space for detailing all my cruelties and her tremendous wrongs. Between these lines she kept the journal of her captivity; it would have made the fortune of a romance writer in those days but to have got a copy of it, and to have published it under the title of the 'Lovely Prisoner, or the Savage Husband,' or by some name equally taking and absurd. The journal would be as follows:

'Monday.—Yesterday I was made to go to church. My odious, monstrous, vulgar she-dragon of a mother-in-law, in a yellow satin, and red ribbons, taking the first place in the coach; Mr. L, riding by its side, on the horse he never paid for to Captain Hurtlestone. The wicked hypocrite led me to the pew, with hat in hand and a smiling countenance, and kissed my hand as I entered the coach after service, and patted my Italian greyhound—all that the few people collected might see. He made me come downstairs in the evening to make tea for his company; of whom three-fourths, he himself included, were, as usual, drunk. They painted the parson's face black when his reverence had arrived at his seventh bottle, and at his usual insensible stage, and they tied him on the gray mare with his face to the tail. The she-dragon read the "Whole Duty of Man" all the evening till bedtime; when she saw me to my apartments, locked me in, and proceeded to wait upon her abominable son, whom she adores for his wickedness, I should think, as Stycorax did Caliban.'

You should have seen my mother's fury as I read her out this passage! Indeed, I have always had a taste for a joke, (that practiced on the parson, as described above, is, I confess, a true bill), and used carefully to select for Mrs. Barry's hearing all the compliments that Lady Lyndon passed upon her. The dragon was the name by which she was known in this precious correspondence; or sometimes she was designated by the title of the 'Irish Witch.' As for me, I was denominated 'my jailor,' 'my tyrant,' 'the dark spirit which has obtained the mastery over my being,' and so on; in terms always complimentary to my power, however little they might be so to my amiability. Here is another extract from her 'Prison Diary,' by which it will be seen that my lady, although she
pretended to be so indifferent to my goings on, had a sharp woman’s eye, and could be as jealous as another:

‘**Wednesday.**—This day two years my last hope and pleasure in life was taken from me, and my dear child was called to heaven. Has he joined his neglected brother there, whom I suffered to grow up unheeded by my side; and whom the tyranny of the monster to whom I am united drove to exile, and perhaps to death? Or is the child alive, as my fond heart sometimes deems? Charles Bullingdon! come to the aid of a wretched mother, who acknowledges her crimes, her coldness toward thee, and now bitterly pays for her error! But no, he cannot live! I am distracted! My only hope is in you, my cousin—you whom I had once thought to salute by a *still fonder title*, my dear George Poynings! Oh, be my knight and my preserver, the true chivalric being thou ever wert, and rescue me from the thrall of the felon caitiff who holds me captive—rescue me from him, and from Stycorax, the vile Irish witch, his mother!’

(Here follow some verses, such as her ladyship was in the habit of composing by reams, in which she compares herself to Sabra, in the ‘Seven Champions,’ and beseeches her George to rescue her from the *dragon*, meaning Mrs. Barry. I omit the lines, and proceed):

‘Even my poor child, who perished untimely on this sad anniversary, the tyrant who governs me had taught to despise and dislike me. ‘Twas in disobedience to my orders, my prayers, that he went on that fatal journey. What sufferings, what humiliations have I had to endure since then! I am a prisoner in my own halls. I should fear poison but that I know the wretch had a sordid interest in keeping me alive and that my death would be the signal for his ruin. But I dare not stir without my odious, hideous, vulgar jailer, the horrid Irishwoman, who pursues my every step. I am locked into my chamber at night like a felon, and only suffered to leave it when *ordered* into the presence of my lord (*I ordered!*), to be present at his orgies with his boon companions, and to hear his odious converse as he lapses into the disgusting madness of intoxication! He has given up the semblance of constancy—he who swore that I alone could attach or charm him! And now he brings his vulgar mistresses before my very eyes, and would have had me acknowledge as heir to my own property his child by another!
‘No, I never will submit! Thou, and thou only, my George, my early friend, shall be heir to the estates of Lyndon. Why did not Fate join me to thee, instead of to the odious man who holds me under his sway, and make the poor Calista happy!'

So the letters would run on for sheets upon sheets, in the closest cramped handwriting; and I leave any unprejudiced reader to say whether the writer of such documents must not have been as silly and vain a creature as ever lived, and whether she did not want being taken care of! I could copy out yards of rhapsody to Lord George Poyningis, her old flame, in which she addressed him by the most affectionate names, and implored him to find a refuge for her against her oppressors; but they would fatigue the reader to peruse, as they would me to copy. The fact is that this unlucky lady had the knack of writing a great deal more than she meant. She was always reading novels and trash; putting herself into imaginary characters and flying off into heroics and sentimentalities with as little heart as any woman I ever knew; yet showing the most violent disposition to be in love. She wrote always as if she was in a flame of passion. I have an elegy on her lapdog, the most tender and pathetic piece she ever wrote; and most tender notes of remonstrance to Betty, her favorite maid; to her housekeeper, on quarreling with her; to half a dozen acquaintances, each of whom she addressed as the dearest friend in the world, and forgot the very moment she took up another fancy. As for her love for her children, the above passage will show how much she was capable of true maternal feeling: the very sentence in which she records the death of one child serves to betray her egotisms, and to wreak her spleen against myself; and she only wishes to recall another from the grave in order that he may be of some personal advantage to her. If I did deal severely with this woman, keeping her from her flatterers who would have bred discord between us, and locking her up out of mischief, who shall say that I was wrong? If any woman deserved a strait-waistcoat, it was my Lady Lyndon; and I have known people in my time manacled, and with their heads shaved, in the straw, who had not committed half the follies of that foolish, vain, infatuated creature.

My mother was so enraged by the charges against me and herself which these letters contained that it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep her from discovering our knowledge of them to Lady Lyndon, whom it was, of course, my object
to keep in ignorance of our knowledge of her designs; for I was anxious to know how far they went, and to what pitch of artifice she would go. The letters increased in interest (as they say of the novels) as they proceeded. Pictures were drawn of my treatment of her which would make your heart throb. I don’t know of what monstrosities she did not accuse me, and what miseries and starvation she did not profess herself to undergo; all the while she was living exceedingly fat and contented, to outward appearances, at our house at Castle Lyndon. Novel-reading and vanity had turned her brain. I could not say a rough word to her (and she merited many thousands a day, I can tell you) but she declared I was putting her to the torture; and my mother could not remonstrate with her but she went off into a fit of hysterics, of which she would declare the worthy old lady was the cause.

At last she began to threaten to kill herself; and though I by no means kept the cutlery out of the way, did not stint her in garters, and left her doctor’s shop at her entire service—knowing her character full well, and that there was no woman in Christendom less likely to lay hands on her precious life than herself—yet these threats had an affect, evidently, in the quarter to which they were addressed; for the milliner’s packets now began to arrive with great frequency, and the bills sent to her contained assurances of coming aid. The chivalrous Lord George Poyning was coming to his cousin’s rescue, and did me the compliment to say that he hoped to free his dear cousin from the clutches of the most atrocious villain that ever disgraced humanity; and that, when she was free, measures should be taken for a divorce on the ground of cruelty and every species of ill usage on my part.

I had copies of all these precious documents on one side and the other carefully made by my before mentioned relative, godson, and secretary, Mr. Redmond Quin, at present the worthy agent of the Castle Lyndon property. This was a son of my old flame Nora, whom I had taken from her in a fit of generosity, promising to care for his education at Trinity College, and provide for him through life. But after the lad had been for a year at the university the tutors would not admit him to commons or lectures until his college bills were paid; and, offended by this insolent manner of demanding the paltry sum due, I withdrew my patronage from the place, and ordered my gentleman to Castle Lyndon; where I made him useful to me in a hundred ways. In my dear little boy’s lifetime he tutored the poor child as far as his high spirit would let
him; but I promise you it was small trouble poor dear Bryan ever gave the books. Then he kept Mrs. Barry's accounts; copied my own interminable correspondence with my lawyers and the agents of all my various property; took a hand at piquet or backgammon of evenings with me and my mother; or, being an ingenious lad enough (though of a mean boorish spirit, as became the son of such a father), accompanied my Lady Lyndon's spinet with his flageolet; or read French and Italian with her, in both of which languages her ladyship was a fine scholar, and in which he also became perfectly conversant. It would make my watchful old mother very angry to hear them conversing in these languages; for, not understanding a word of either of them, Mrs. Barry was furious when they were spoken, and always said it was some scheming they were after. It was Lady Lyndon's constant way of annoying the old lady, when the three were alone together, to address Quin in one or other of these tongues.

I was perfectly at ease with regard to his fidelity, for I had bred the lad, and loaded him with benefits; and, besides, had had various proofs of his trustworthiness. He it was who brought me three of Lord George's letters, in reply to some of my lady's complaints, which were concealed between the leather and the boards of a book which was sent from the circulating library for her ladyship's perusal. He and my lady too had frequent quarrels. She mimicked his gait in her pleasanter moments, in her haughty moods she would not sit down to table with a tailor's grandson. 'Send me anything for company but that odious Quin,' she would say when I proposed that he should go and amuse her with his books and his flute; for, quarrelsome as we were, it must not be supposed we were always at it: I was occasionally attentive to her. We would be friends for a month together, sometimes; then we would quarrel for a fortnight; then she would keep her apartments for a month; all of which domestic circumstances were noted down, in her ladyship's peculiar way, in her journal of captivity, as she called it; and a pretty document it is! Sometimes she writes, 'My monster has been almost kind to-day,' or 'My ruffian has deigned to smile.' Then she will break out into expressions of savage hate; but for my poor mother it was always hatred. It was, 'The she-dragon is sick to-day; I wish to Heaven she would die!' or, 'The hideous old Irish basket-woman has been treating me to some of her Billingsgate to-day,' and so forth; all which expressions, read to Mrs. Barry, or translated from the French and Italian, in
which many of them were written, did not fail to keep the old lady in a perpetual fury against her charge; and so I had my watchdog, as I called her, always on the alert. In translating these languages young Quin was of great service to me; for I had a smattering of French—and High Dutch, when I was in the army, of course I know well—but Italian I knew nothing of, and was glad of the services of so faithful and cheap an interpreter.

This cheap and faithful interpreter, this godson and kinsman, on whom and on whose family I had piled up benefits, was actually trying to betray me; and for several months, at least, was in league with the enemy against me. I believe that the reason why they did not move earlier was the want of the great mover of all treasons—money; of which, in all parts of my establishment, there was a woeful scarcity; but of this they also managed to get a supply through my rascal of a godson, who could come and go quite unsuspected; the whole scheme was arranged under our very noses, and the post-chaise ordered, and the means of escape actually got ready, while I never suspected their design.

A mere accident made me acquainted with their plan. One of my colliers had a pretty daughter; and this pretty lass had for her bachelor, as they call him in Ireland, a certain lad who brought the letter bag for Castle Lyndon (and many a dunning letter for me was there in it, God wot!); this letter boy told his sweetheart how he brought a bag of money from the town for Master Quin; and how that Tim the postboy had told him that he was to bring a chaise down to the water at a certain hour. Miss Rooney, who had no secrets from me, blurted out the whole story, asked me what scheming I was after, and what poor unlucky girl I was going to carry away with the chaise I had ordered, and bribe with the money I had got from town.

Then the whole secret flashed upon me, that the man I had cherished in my bosom was going to betray me. I thought at one time of catching the couple in the act of escape, half drowning them in the ferry which they had to cross to get to their chaise, and of pistoling the young traitor before Lady Lyndon's eyes; but on second thoughts it was quite clear that the news of the escape would make a noise through the country, and rouse the confounded justice's people about my ears, and bring me no good in the end. So I was obliged to smother my just indignation, and to content myself by crushing the foul conspiracy, just at the moment it was about to be hatched.
I went home, and in half an hour, and with a few of my terrible looks, I had Lady Lyndon on her knees, begging me to forgive her, confessing all and everything, ready to vow and swear she would never make such an attempt again, and declaring that she was fifty times on the point of owning everything to me, but that she feared my wrath against the poor young lad, her accomplice, who was indeed the author and inventor of all the mischief. This—though I knew how entirely false the statement was—I was fain to pretend to believe; so I begged her to write to her cousin, Lord George, who had supplied her with money, as she admitted, and with whom the plan had been arranged, stating briefly that she had altered her mind as to the trip to the country proposed, and that, as her dear husband was rather in delicate health, she preferred to stay at home and nurse him. I added a dry postscript, in which I stated that it would give me great pleasure if his lordship would come and visit us at Castle Lyndon, and that I longed to renew an acquaintance which in former times gave me so much satisfaction. 'I should seek him out,' I added, 'so soon as ever I was in his neighborhood, and eagerly anticipated the pleasure of a meeting with him.' I think he must have understood my meaning perfectly well, which was that I would run him through the body on the very first occasion I could come at him.

Then I had a scene with my perfidious rascal of a nephew, in which the young reprobate showed an audacity and a spirit for which I was quite unprepared. When I taxed him with ingratitude, 'What do I owe you?' said he. 'I have toiled for you as no man ever did for another, and worked without a penny of wages. It was you yourself who set me against you by giving me a task against which my soul revolted—by making me a spy over your unfortunate wife, whose weakness is as pitiable as are her misfortunes and your rascally treatment of her. Flesh and blood could not bear to see the manner in which you used her. I tried to help her to escape from you, and I would do it again if the opportunity offered, and so I tell you to your teeth!' When I offered to blow his brains out for his insolence, 'Pooh!' said he, 'kill the man who saved your poor boy's life once and who was endeavoring to keep him out of the ruin and perdition into which a wicked father was leading him, when a Merciful Power interposed, and withdrew him from this house of crime. I would have left you months ago, but I hoped for some chance of rescuing this unhappy lady. I swore I would try the day I saw you strike her. Kill me, you woman's bully! You would if you dared, but
you have not the heart. Your very servants like me better than you. 'Touch me, and they will rise and send you to the gallows you merit!'

I interrupted this neat speech by sending a water bottle at the young gentleman's head, which felled him to the ground, and then I went to meditate upon what he had said to me. It was true the fellow had saved poor little Bryan's life, and the boy to his dying day was tenderly attached to him. 'Be good to Redmond, papa,' were almost the last words he spoke, and I promised the poor child, on his deathbed, that I would do as he asked. It was also true that rough usage of him would be little liked by my people, with whom he had managed to become a great favorite; for somehow, though I got drunk with the rascals often, and was much more familiar with them than a man of my rank commonly is, yet I knew I was by no means liked by them, and the scoundrels were murmuring against me perpetually.

But I might have spared myself the trouble of debating what his fate should be, for the young gentleman took the disposal of it out of my hands in the simplest way in the world, viz., by washing and binding up his head as soon as he came to himself; by taking his horse from the stables, and, as he was quite free to go in and out of the house and park as he liked, he disappeared without the least let or hindrance, and leaving the horse behind him at the ferry, went off in the very post chaise which was waiting for Lady Lyndon. I saw and heard no more of him for a considerable time, and, now that he was out of the house, did not consider him a very troublesome enemy.

But the cunning artifice of woman is such that I think, in the long run, no man, were he Machiavel himself, could escape from it; and though I had ample proofs in the above transaction (in which my wife's perfidious designs were frustrated by my foresight), and under her own handwriting of the deceitfulness of her character and her hatred for me, yet she actually managed to deceive me, in spite of all my precautions and the vigilance of my mother in my behalf. Had I followed that good lady's advice, who scented the danger from afar off, as it were, I should never have fallen into the snare prepared for me, and which was laid in a way that was as successful as it was simple.

My Lady Lyndon's relation with me was a singular one. Her life was passed in a crackbrained sort of alternation between love and hatred for me. If I was in a good humor with her (as occurred sometimes), there was nothing she would not
do to propitiate me further; and she would be as absurd and violent in her expressions of fondness as, at other moments, she would be in her demonstrations of hatred. It is not your feeble, easy husbands who are loved best in the world, according to my experience of it. I do think the women like a little violence of temper, and think no worse of a husband who exercises his authority pretty smartly. I had got my lady into such a terror about me that when I smiled it was quite an era of happiness to her; and if I beckoned to her, she would come fawning up to me like a dog. I recollect how, for the few days I was at school, the cowardly, mean-spirited fellows would laugh if ever our schoolmaster made a joke. It was the same in the regiment whenever the bully of a sergeant was disposed to be jocular—not a recruit but was on the broad grin. Well, a wise and determined husband will get his wife into this condition of discipline; and I brought my hightborn wife to kiss my hand, to pull off my boots, to fetch and carry for me like a servant, and always to make it a holiday, too, when I was in good humor. I confided perhaps too much in the duration of this disciplined obedience, and forgot that the very hypocrisy which forms a part of it (all timid people are liars in their hearts) may be exerted in a way that may be far from agreeable, in order to deceive you.

After the ill success of her last adventure, which gave me endless opportunities to banter her, one would have thought I might have been on my guard as to what her real intentions were; but she managed to mislead me with an art of dissimulation quite admirable, and lulled me into a fatal security with regard to her intentions: for, one day, as I was joking her, and asking her whether she would take the water again, whether she had found another lover, and so forth, she suddenly burst into tears, and, seizing hold of my hand, cried passionately out:

‘Ah, Barry, you know well enough that I have never loved but you! Was I ever so wretched that a kind word from you did not make me happy? ever so angry but the least offer of good will on your part did not bring me to your side? Did I not give sufficient proof of my affection for you, in bestowing one of the first fortunes in England upon you? Have I reprimed or rebuked you for the way you have wasted it? No, I loved you too much and too fondly; I have always loved you. From the first moment I saw you, I felt irresistibly attracted toward you. I saw your bad qualities, and trembled at your violence; but I could not help loving you. I married you though I knew I was sealing my own fate in doing so; and in spite of reason and duty. What sacrifice do you want
from me? I am ready to make any, so you will but love me; or, if not, that, at least, you will gently use me.'

I was in a particular good humor that day, and we had a sort of reconciliation; though my mother, when she heard the speech, and saw me softening toward her ladyship, warned me solemnly, and said, 'Depend on it, the artful hussy has some other scheme in her head now.' The old lady was right; and I swallowed the bait which her ladyship had prepared to entrap me as simply as any gudgeon takes a hook.

I had been trying to negotiate with a man for some money, for which I had pressing occasion; but since our dispute regarding the affair of the succession, my lady had resolutely refused to sign any papers for my advantage; and without her name, I am sorry to say, my own was of little value in the market, and I could not get a guinea from any money dealer in London or Dublin. Nor could I get the rascals from the latter place to visit me at Castle Lyndon, owing to that unlucky affair I had with Lawyer Sharp, when I made him lend me the money he brought down, and old Salmon the Jew being robbed of the bond I gave him after leaving my house,* the people would not trust themselves within my walls any more. Our rents, too, were in the hands of receivers by this time, and it was as much as I could do to get enough money from the rascals to pay my wine merchants their bills. Our English property, as I have said, was equally hampered; and as often as I applied to my lawyers and agents for money, would come a reply demanding money of me for debts and pretended claims which the rapacious rascals said they had on me.

It was, then, with some feelings of pleasure that I got a letter from my confidential man in Gray's Inn, London, saying (in reply to some ninety-ninth demand of mine) that he thought he could get me some money; and inclosing a letter from a respectable firm in the city of London, connected with the mining interest, which offered to redeem the incumbrance in taking a long lease of certain property of ours, which was still pretty free, upon the countess' signature; and provided they could be assured of her free will in giving it. They said they heard she lived in terror of her life from me, and meditated a separation, in which case she might repudiate any deeds signed by her while in durance, and subject them, at any rate, to a doubtful and expensive litigation; and demanded to be made assured of her ladyship's perfect free will in the transaction before they advanced a shilling of their capital.

* These exploits of Mr. Lyndon are not related in the narrative. He probably, in the cases above alluded to, took the law into his own hands.
Their terms were so exorbitant that I saw at once their offer must be sincere; and as my lady was in her gracious mood, had no difficulty in persuading her to write a letter, in her own hand, declaring that the accounts of our misunderstandings were utter calumnies; that we lived in perfect union, and that she was quite ready to execute any deed which her husband might desire her to sign.

This proposal was a very timely one, and filled me with great hopes. I have not pestered my readers with many accounts of my debts and law affairs, which were by this time so vast and complicated that I never thoroughly knew them myself, and was rendered half wild by their urgency. Suffice it to say, my money was gone—my credit was gone. I was living at Castle Lyndon off my own beef and mutton, and the bread, turf, and potatoes off my own estate; I had to watch Lady Lyndon within, and the bailiffs without. For the last two years, since I went to Dublin to receive money (which I unluckily lost at play there, to the disappointment of my creditors), I did not venture to show in that city, and could only appear at our own county towns at rare intervals and because I knew the sheriffs, whom I swore I would murder if any ill chance happened to me. A chance of a good loan, then, was the most welcome prospect possible to me, and I hailed it with all the eagerness imaginable.

In reply to Lady Lyndon's letter came, in course of time, an answer from the confounded London merchants, stating that if her ladyship would confirm by word of mouth, at their counting house in Birchen Lane, London, the statement of her letter, they, having surveyed her property, would no doubt come to terms; but they declined incuring the risk of a visit to Castle Lyndon to negotiate, as they were aware how other respectable parties, such as Messrs. Sharp and Salmon of Dublin, had been treated there. This was a hit at me; but there are certain situations in which people can't dictate their own terms; and, faith, I was so pressed now for money that I could have signed a bond with Old Nick himself if he had come provided with a good round sum.

I resolved to go and take the countess to London. It was in vain that my mother prayed and warned me. 'Depend on it,' says she, 'there is some artifice. When once you get into that wicked town you are not safe. Here you may live for years and years in luxury and splendor, barring claret and all the windows broken; but as soon as they have you in London they'll get the better of my poor innocent lad; and the first thing I shall hear of you will be that you are in trouble.'

'Why go, Redmond?' said my wife. 'I am happy here, as
long as you are kind to me as you are now. We can’t appear in London as we ought; the little money you will get will be spent, like all the rest has been. Let us turn shepherd and shepherdess, and look to our flocks and be content! And she took my hand and kissed it, while my mother only said, ‘Humph! I believe she’s at the bottom of it—the wicked schemer!’

I told my wife she was a fool, bade Mrs. Barry not be uneasy, and was hot upon going; I would take no denial from either party. How I was to get the money to go was the question; but that was solved by my good mother, who was always ready to help me on a pinch, and who produced sixty guineas from a stocking. This was all the ready money that Barry Lyndon of Castle Lyndon, and married to a fortune of forty thousand a year, could command, such had been the havoc made in this fine fortune by my own extravagance (as I must confess), but chiefly by my misplaced confidence and the rascality of others.

We did not start in state, you may be sure. We did not let the country know we were going, or leave notice of adieu with our neighbors. The famous Mr. Barry Lyndon and his noble wife traveled in a hack chaise and pair to Waterford, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and thence took shipping for Bristol, where we arrived quite without accident. When a man is going to the deuce, how easy and pleasant the journey is! The thought of the money quite put me in a good humor, and my wife, as she lay on my shoulder in the post chaise going to London, said it was the happiest ride she had taken since our marriage.

One night we stayed at Reading, whence I dispatched a note to my agent at Gray’s Inn, saying I would be with him during the day, and begging him to procure me a lodging and to hasten the preparations for the loan. My lady and I agreed that we would go to France and wait there for better times; and that night, over our supper, formed a score of plans both for pleasure and retrenchment. You would have thought it was Darby and Joan together over their supper. Oh, woman! woman! when I recollect Lady Lyndon’s smiles and blandishments—how happy she seemed to be on that night! what an air of innocent confidence appeared in her behavior, and what affectionate names she called me!—I am lost in wonder at the depth of her hypocrisy. Who can be surprised that an unsuspecting person like myself should have been a victim to such a consummate deceiver?

We were in London at three o’clock, and half an hour before the time appointed our chaise drove to Gray’s Inn. I easily found out Mr. Tapewell’s apartments—a gloomy den it was,
and in an unlucky hour I entered it! As we went up the dirty back stair, lighted by a feeble lamp and the dim sky of a dismal London afternoon, my wife seemed agitated and faint. 'Redmond,' said she as we got up to the door, 'don't go in; I am sure there is danger. There's time yet; let us go back—to Ireland—anywhere!' And she put herself before the door in one of her theatrical attitudes and took my hand.

I just pushed her away to one side. 'Lady Lyndon,' said I, 'you are an old fool!'

'Old fool!' said she, and she jumped at the bell, which was quickly answered by a moldy-looking gentleman in an unpowdered wig, to whom she cried, 'Say Lady Lyndon is here,' and stalked down the passage muttering 'Old fool.' It was 'old' which was the epithet that touched her. I might call her anything but that.

Mr. Tapewell was in his musty room, surrounded by his parchments and tin boxes. He advanced and bowed; begged her ladyship to be seated; pointed toward a chair for me, which I took, rather wondering at his insolence, and then retreated to a side door, saying he would be back in one moment.

And back he did come in one moment, bringing with him—whom do you think? Another lawyer, six constables in red waistcoats, with bludgeons and pistols, my Lord George Poyning's and his aunt, Lady Jane Peckover.

When my Lady Lyndon saw her old flame she flung herself into his arms in an hysterical passion. She called him her savior, her preserver, her gallant knight; and then, turning round to me, poured out a flood of invective which quite astonished me.

'Old fool as I am,' said she, 'I have outwitted the most crafty and treacherous monster under the sun. Yes, I was a fool when I married you and gave up other and nobler hearts for your sake—yes, I was a fool when I forgot my name and lineage to unite myself with a baseborn adventurer—a fool to bear, without repining, the most monstrous tyranny that ever woman suffered; to allow my property to be squandered; to see women, as base and lowborn as yourself—'

'For Heaven's sake be calm!' cries the lawyer, and then bounded back behind the constables, seeing a threatening look in my eye which the rascal did not like. Indeed, I could have torn him to pieces had he come near me. Meanwhile, my lady continued in a strain of incoherent fury, screaming against me, and against my mother especially, upon whom she heaped abuse worthy of Billingsgate, and always beginning and ending the sentence with the word fool.

'You don't tell all, my lady,' says I bitterly; 'I said old fool.'
'I have no doubt you said and did, sir, everything that a blackguard could say or do,' interposed little Poynings. 'This lady is now safe under the protection of her relations and the law, and need fear your infamous persecutions no longer.'

'But you are not safe,' roared I; 'and as sure as I am a man of honor, and have tasted your blood once, I will have your heart's blood now.'

'Take down his words, constables; swear the peace against him!' screamed the little lawyer from behind his tipstaffs.

'I would not sully my sword with the blood of such a ruffian,' cried my lord, relying on the same doughty protection. 'If the scoundrel remains in London another day he will be seized as a common swindler.' And this threat indeed made me wince; for I knew that there were scores of writs out against me in town, and that once in prison my case was hopeless.

'Where's the man will seize me? ' shouted I, drawing my sword and placing my back to the door. 'Let the scoundrel come. You—you cowardly braggart, come first if you have the soul of a man!'

'We're not going to seize you,' said the lawyer, my ladyship, her aunt, and a division of the bailiffs moving off as he spoke. 'My dear sir, we don't wish to seize you; we will give you a handsome sum to leave the country; only leave her ladyship in peace!'

'And the country will be well rid of such a villain!' says my lord, retreating too, and not sorry to get out of my reach; and the scoundrel of a lawyer followed him, leaving me in possession of the apartment, and in company of the bullies from the police office, who were all armed to the teeth. I was no longer the man I was at twenty, when I should have charged the ruffians sword in hand, and have sent at least one of them to his account. I was broken in spirit, regularly caught in the toils, utterly baffled and beaten by that woman. Was she relenting at the door, when she paused and begged me to turn back? Had she not a lingering love for me still? Her conduct showed it, as I came to reflect on it. It was my only chance now left in the world, so I put down my sword upon the lawyer's desk.

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I shall use no violence; you may tell Mr. Tapewell I am quite ready to speak with him when he is at leisure!' and I sat down and folded my arms quite peaceably. What a change from the Barry Lyndon of old days! but as I have read in an old book about Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, when he invaded the Romans, his troops, which were the most gallant in the world, and carried all before them, went into cantonments in some city where they were so sated with the
luxuries and pleasures of life that they were easily beaten in the next campaign. It was so with me now. My strength of mind and body were no longer those of the brave youth who shot his man at fifteen, and fought a score of battles within six years afterward. Now, in the Fleet prison, where I write this, there is a small man who is always jeering me and making game of me; who asks me to fight, and I haven't the courage to touch him. But I am anticipating the gloomy and wretched events of my history of humiliation, and had better proceed in order.

I took a lodging in a coffeehouse near Gray's Inn, taking care to inform Mr. Tapewell of my whereabouts, and anxiously expecting a visit from him. He came and brought me the terms which Lady Lyndon's friends proposed—a paltry annuity of £300 a year; to be paid on the condition of my remaining abroad out of the three kingdoms, and to be stopped on the instant of my return. He told me, what I very well knew, that my stay in London would infallibly plunge me in jail; that there were writs innumerable taken out against me here, and in the West of England; that my credit was so blown upon that I could not hope to raise a shilling; and he left me a night to consider of his proposal, saying that if I refused it, the family would proceed; if I acceded, a quarter's salary should be paid to me at any foreign port I should prefer.

What was the poor, lonely, broken-hearted man to do? I took the annuity, and was declared outlaw in the course of next week. The rascal Quin had, I found, been, after all, the cause of my undoing. It was he devised the scheme for bringing me up to London, sealing the attorney's letter with a seal which had been agreed upon between him and the countess formerly; indeed he had always been for trying the plan, and had proposed it at first; but her ladyship, with her inordinate love of romance, preferred the project of elopement. Of these points my mother wrote me word in my lonely exile, offering at the same time to come over and share it with me; which proposal I declined. She left Castle Lyndon a very short time after I had quitted it; and there was silence in that hall where, under my authority, had been exhibited so much hospitality and splendor. She thought she would never see me again, and bitterly reproached me for neglecting her; but she was mistaken in that, and in her estimate of me. She is very old, and is sitting by my side at this moment in the prison, working; she has a bedroom in Fleet Market over the way; and, with the fifty-pound annuity, which she has kept with a wise prudence, we managed to eke out a miserable existence, quite unworthy of the famous and fashionable Barry Lyndon.
Mr. Barry Lyndon’s personal narrative finishes here, for the hand of death interrupted the ingenious author soon after the period at which the memoir was compiled; after he had lived nineteen years an inmate of the Fleet Prison, where the prison records state he died of delirium tremens. His mother attained a prodigious old age, and the inhabitants of the place in her time can record with accuracy the daily disputes which used to take place between mother and son; until the latter, from habits of intoxication, falling into a state of almost imbecility, was tended by his tough old parent as a baby almost, and would cry if deprived of his necessary glass of brandy.

His life on the Continent we have not the means of following accurately; but he appears to have resumed his former profession of a gambler, without his former success.

He returned secretly to England, after some time, and made an abortive attempt to extort money from Lord George Poyning's, under a threat of publishing his correspondence with Lady Lyndon, and so preventing his lordship’s match with Miss Driver, a great heiress, of strict principles, and immense property in slaves in the West Indies. Barry narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the bailiffs who were dispatched after him by his lordship, who would have stopped his pension; but his wife would never consent to that act of justice, and, indeed, broke with my Lord George the very moment he married the West India lady.

The fact is the old countess thought her charms were perennial, and was never out of love with her husband. She was living at Bath, her property being carefully nursed by her noble relatives the Tiptoffs, who were to succeed to it in default of direct heirs; and such was the address of Barry and the sway he still held over the woman, that he actually had almost persuaded her to go and live with him again, when his plan and hers was interrupted by the appearance of a person who had been deemed dead for several years.

This was no other than Viscount Bullingdon, who started up to the surprise of all, and especially to that of his kinsman of the house of Tiptoff. This young nobleman made his appearance at Bath with the letter from Barry to Lord George in his hand, in which the former threatened to expose his connection with Lady Lyndon—a connection, we need not state, which did not reflect the slightest dishonor upon either party, and only showed that her ladyship was in the habit of writing exceedingly foolish letters, as many ladies, nay, gentlemen, have done ere this. For calling the honor of his mother in question Lord Bullingdon assaulted his stepfather (living at
Bath under the name of Mr. Jones), and administered to him a tremendous castigation in the pump room.

His lordship's history since his departure was a romantic one, which we do not feel bound to narrate. He had been wounded in the American war, reported dead, left prisoner, and escaped. The remittances which were promised him were never sent; the thought of the neglect almost broke the heart of the wild and romantic young man, and he determined to remain dead to the world at least, and to the mother who had denied him. It was in the woods of Canada, and three years after the event had occurred, that he saw the death of his half brother chronicled in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the title of 'Fatal Accident to Lord Viscount Castle Lyndon,' on which he determined to return to England, where, though he made himself known, it was with very great difficulty indeed that he satisfied Lord Tiptoff of the authenticity of his claim. He was about to pay a visit to his lady mother at Bath when he recognized the well-known face of Mr. Barry Lyndon in spite of the modest disguise which that gentleman wore, and revenged upon his person the insults of former days.

Lady Lyndon was furious when she heard of the reencounter, declined to see her son, and was for rushing at once to the arms of her adored Barry; but that gentleman had been carried off, meanwhile, from jail to jail, until he was lodged in the hands of Mr. Bendigo of Chancery Lane, an assistant to the Sheriff of Middlesex, from whose house he went to the Fleet prison. The sheriff and his assistant, the prisoner, nay, the prison itself, are now no more.

As long as Lady Lyndon lived Barry enjoyed his income, and was, perhaps, as happy in prison as at any period of his existence; when her ladyship died her successor sternly cut off the annuity, devoting the sum to charities, which, he said, would make a nobler use of it than the scoundrel who had enjoyed it hitherto. At his lordship's death in the Spanish campaign, in the year 1811, his estate fell into the family of the Tiptoffs, and his title merged in their superior rank; but it does not appear that the Marquis of Tiptoff (Lord George succeeded to the title on the demise of his brother) renewed either the pension of Mr. Barry or the charities which the late lord had endowed. The estate has vastly improved under his lordship's careful management. The trees in Hackton Park are all about forty years old, and the Irish property is rented in exceedingly small farms to the peasantry, who still entertain the stranger with stories of the daring and the deviltry and the wickedness and the fall of Barry Lyndon.
THE HISTORY OF
SAMUEL TITMARSH
AND
THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

CHAPTER I.
GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF OUR VILLAGE AND THE FIRST GLIMPSE
OF THE DIAMOND.

When I came up to town for my second year my Aunt
Hoggarty made me a present of a diamond pin; that is to say,
it was not a diamond pin then, but a large old-fashioned locket,
of Dublin manufacture in the year 1795, which the late Mr.
Hoggarty used to sport at the Lord Lieutenant's balls and
elsewhere. He wore it, he said, at the battle of Vinegar Hill,
when his club pigtail saved his head from being taken off,—
but that is neither here nor there.

In the middle of the brooch was Hoggarty in the scarlet
uniform of the corps of fencibles to which he belonged;
around it were thirteen locks of hair, belonging to a baker's
dozen of sisters that the old gentleman had; and, as all these
little ringlets partook of the family hue of brilliant auburn,
Hoggarty's portrait seemed to the fanciful view like a great
fat red round of beef surrounded by thirteen carrots. These
were dished up on a plate of blue enamel, and it was from the
GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND (as we called it in the family) that
the collection of hairs in question seemed, as it were, to spring.

My aunt, I need not say, is rich; and I thought I might
be her heir as well as another. During my month's holiday
she was particularly pleased with me; made me drink tea
with her often (though there was a certain person in the village
with whom on those golden summer evenings I should have
liked to have taken a stroll in the hay-fields); promised every
time I drank her bohea to do something handsome for me
when I went back to town—nay, three or four times had me
to dinner at three, and to whist or cribbage afterward. I did
not care for the cards; for though we always played seven
hours on a stretch, and I always lost, my losings were never more than nineteenpence a night; but there was some infernal sour black-currant wine, that the old lady always produced at dinner, and with the tray at ten o'clock, and which I dared not refuse, though upon my word and honor it made me very unwell.

Well, I thought after all this obsequiousness on my part, and my aunt's repeated promises, that the old lady would at least make me a present of a score of guineas (of which she had a power in the drawer); and so convinced was I that some such present was intended for me that a young lady by the name of Miss Mary Smith, with whom I had conversed on the subject, actually netted me a little green silk purse, which she gave me (behind Hicks' hayrick, as you turn to the right up Churchyard Lane)—which she gave me, I say, wrapped up in a bit of silver-paper. There was something in the purse too, if the truth must be known. First there was a thick curl of the glossiest, blackest hair you ever saw in your life, and next there was threepence; that is to say, the half of a silver sixpence hanging by a little necklace of blue ribbon. Ah, but I knew where the other half of the sixpence was, and envied that happy bit of silver!

The last day of my holiday I was obliged, of course, to devote to Mrs. Hoggarty. My aunt was excessively gracious; and by way of a treat brought out a couple of bottles of the black currant, of which she made me drink the greater part. At night when all the ladies assembled at her party had gone off with their pattens and their maids, Mrs. Hoggarty, who had made a signal to me to stay, first blew out three of the wax candles in the drawing room, and taking the fourth in her hand, went and unlocked her escritoire.

I can tell you my heart beat, though I pretended to look quite unconcerned.

'Sam, my dear,' said she, as she was fumbling with her keys, 'take another glass of Rosolio' (that was the name by which she baptized the cursed beverage); 'it will do you good.' I took it, and you might have seen my hand tremble as the bottle went click, click against the glass. By the time I had swallowed it the old lady had finished her operations at the bureau, and was coming toward me, the wax candle bobbing in one hand and a large parcel in the other.

'Now's the time,' thought I.

'Samuel, my dear nephew,' said she, 'your first name you received from your sainted uncle, my blessed husband; and of all my nephews and nieces you are the one whose conduct in life has most pleased me.'
When you consider that my aunt herself was one of seven married sisters, that all the Hoggarties were married in Ireland and mothers of numerous children, I must say that the compliment my aunt paid me was a very handsome one.

'Dear aunt,' says I in a slow agitated voice, 'I have often heard you say there were seventy-three of us in all, and believe me I do think your high opinion of me very complimentary indeed; I'm unworthy of it—indeed I am.'

'As for those odious Irish people,' says my aunt rather sharply, 'don't speak of them; I hate them, and every one of their mothers' (the fact is, there had been a lawsuit about Hoggarty's property); 'but of all my other kindred you, Samuel, have been the most dutiful and affectionate to me. Your employers in London give the best accounts of your regularity and good conduct. Though you have had eighty pounds a year (a liberal salary), you have not spent a shilling more than your income, as other young men would; and you have devoted your month's holidays to your old aunt, who, I assure you, is grateful.'

'Oh, ma'am!' said I. It was all that I could utter.

'Samuel,' continued she, 'I promised you a present, and here it is. I first thought of giving you money; but you are a regular lad, and don't want it. You are above money, dear Samuel. I give you what I value most in life—the p—the po—the portrait of my sainted Hoggarty' (tears), 'set in the locket which contains the valuable diamond that you have often heard me speak of. Wear it, dear Sam, for my sake; and think of that angel in heaven, and of your dear Aunt Susy.'

She put the machine into my hands; it was about the size of the lid of a shaving box; and I should as soon have thought of wearing it as of wearing a cocked hat and pigtails. I was so disgusted and disappointed that I really could not get out a single word.

When I recovered my presence of mind a little I took the locket out of the bit of paper (the locket indeed! it was as big as a barn-door padlock), and slowly put it into my shirt. 'Thank you, aunt,' said I with admirable raillery. 'I shall always value this present for the sake of you, who gave it me; and it will recall to me my uncle, and my thirteen aunts in Ireland.'

'I don't want you to wear it in that way!' shrieked Mrs. Hoggarty, 'with the hair of those odious carroty women. You must have their hair removed.'

'Then the locket will be spoiled, aunt.'

'Well, sir, never mind the locket; have it set afresh.'
'Or suppose,' said I, 'I put aside the setting altogether: it is a little too large for the present fashion; and have the portrait of my uncle framed and placed over my chimney-piece, next to yours. 'It's a sweet miniature.'

'That miniature,' said Mrs. Hoggarty solemnly, 'was the great Mulcahy's chef-d'oeuvre' (pronounced shy dewer, a favorite word of my aunt's, being, with the words bongtong and ally mode de Parry, the extent of her French vocabulary). 'You know the dreadful story of that poor, poor artist.' When he had finished that wonderful likeness for the late Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty, County Mayo, she wore it in her bosom at the Lord Lieutenant's ball, where she played a game of piquet with the commander-in-chief. What could have made her put the hair of her vulgar daughters round Miek's portrait, I can't think; but so it was, as you see it this day. "Madam," says the commander-in-chief, "if that is not my friend Miek Hoggarty I'm a Dutchman!" Those were his lordship's very words. Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty took off the brooch and showed it to him.

"Who is the artist?" says my lord. "It's the most wonderful likeness I ever saw in my life!"

"Mulcahy," says she, "of Ormond's Quay."

"Begad, I patronize him!" says my lord; but presently his face darkened, and he gave back the picture with a dissatisfied air. "There is one fault in that portrait," said his lordship, who was a rigid disciplinarian; "and I wonder that my friend Miek, as a military man, should have overlooked it."

"What's that?" says Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty.

"Madam, he has been painted without his sword belt!" and he took up the cards again in a passion, and finished the game without saying a single word.

'The news was carried to Mr. Mulcahy the next day, and that unfortunate artist went mad immediately!' He had set his whole reputation upon this miniature, and declared that it should be faultless. Such was the effect of the announcement upon his susceptible heart! When Mrs. Hoggarty died, your uncle took the portrait and always wore it himself. His sisters said it was for the sake of the diamond; whereas, ungrateful things! it was merely on account of their hair, and his love for the fine arts. As for the poor artist, my dear, some people said it was the profuse use of spirit that brought on delirium tremens; but I don't believe it. Take another glass of Rosolio?

The telling of this story always put my aunt into great good humor, and she promised at the end of it to pay for the new
setting of the diamond, desiring me to take it on my arrival in London to the great jeweler Mr. Polonius, and send her the bill. 'The fact is,' said she, 'that the gold in which the thing is set is worth five guineas at the very least, and you can have the diamond reset for two. However, keep the remainder, dear Sam, and buy yourself what you please with it.'

With this the old lady bade me adieu. The clock was striking twelve as I walked down the village, for the story of Mulcahy always took an hour in the telling, and I went away not quite so down-hearted as when the present was first made to me. 'After all,' thought I, 'a diamond pin is a handsome thing, and will give me a distingué air, though my clothes be never so shabby'—and shabby they were, without any doubt. 'Well,' I said, 'three guineas, which I shall have over, will buy me a couple of pairs of what d'ye-call'ems;' of which entre nous, I was in great want, having just then done growing, whereas my pantaloons were made a good eighteen months before.

Well, I walked down the village, my hands in my breeches pocket; I had poor Mary's purse there, having removed the little things which she gave me the day before, and placed them—never mind where; but look you, in those days I had a heart, and a warm one too. I had Mary's purse ready for my aunt's donation, which never came, and with my own little stock of money besides that Mrs. Hoggarty's card parties had lessened by a good five-and-twenty shillings, I calculated that after paying my fare I should get to town with a couple of seven-shilling pieces in my pocket.

I walked down the village at a decent of a pace; so quick that, if the thing had been possible, I should have overtaken ten o'clock that had passed by me two hours ago, when I was listening to Mrs. H.L.'s long stories over her terrible Rosolio. The truth is, at ten I had an appointment under a certain person's window, who was to have been looking at the moon at that hour, with her pretty quilled nightcap on, and her blessed hair in papers.

There was the window shut, and not so much as a candle in it; and though I hemmed and hawed, and whistled over the garden paling, and sang a song of which somebody was very fond, and even threw a pebble at the window, which hit it exactly at the opening of the lattice—I woke no one but a great brute of a house dog, that yelled and howled and bounced so at me over the rails that I thought every moment he would have had my nose between his teeth.

So I was obliged to go off as quickly as might be; and the
next morning mamma and my sisters made breakfast for me at four, and at five came the True Blue light six-inside post coach to London, and I got up on the roof without having seen Mary Smith.

As we passed the house it did seem as if the window curtain in her room was drawn aside just a little bit. Certainly the window was open, and it had been shut the night before; but away went the coach; and the village, cottage, and the churchyard, and Hicks' hayricks, were soon out of sight.

'My hi, what a pin!' said a stable boy, who was smoking a cigar, to the guard, looking at me and putting his finger to his nose.

The fact is that I had never undressed since my aunt's party; and being uneasy in mind and having all my clothes to pack up, and thinking of something else, had quite forgotten Mrs. Hoggarty's brooch, which I had stuck into my shirt frill the night before.

CHAPTER II.

TELLS HOW THE DIAMOND IS BROUGHT UP TO LONDON AND PRODUCES WONDERFUL EFFECTS BOTH IN THE CITY AND AT THE WEST END.

The circumstances recorded in this story took place some score of years ago, when, as the reader may remember, there was a great mania in the city of London for establishing companies of all sorts; by which many people made pretty fortunes.

I was at this period, as the truth must be known, thirteenth clerk of twenty-four young gents who did the immense business of the Independent West Diddlesex Fire and Life Insurance Company, at their splendid stone mansion in Cornhill.

Mamma had sunk a sum of £400 in the purchase of an annuity at this office, which paid her no less than six-and-thirty pounds a year, when no other company in London would give her more than twenty-four. The chairman of the directors was the great Mr. Brough, of the house of Brough & Hoff, Crutched Friars, Turkey merchants. It was a new house, but did a tremendous business in the fig and sponge way, and more in the Zante currant line than any other firm in the city.

Brough was a great man among the Dissenting connection, and you saw his name for hundreds at the head of every charitable society patronized by those good people. He had nine clerks residing at his office in Crutched Friars; he would not take one without a certificate from the schoolmaster and
clergyman of his native place, strongly vouching for his morals and doctrine; and the places were so run after that he got a premium of four or five hundred pounds with each young gent, whom he made to slave for ten hours a day, and to whom in compensation he taught all the mysteries of the Turkish business. He was a great man on 'Change too; and our young chaps used to hear from the stockbrokers' clerks (we commonly dined together at the Cock and Woolpack, a respectable house, where you get a capital cut of meat, bread, vegetables, cheese, half a pint of porter, and a penny to the waiter, for a shilling)—the young stockbrokers used to tell us of immense bargains in Spanish, Greek, and Columbians that Brough made. Hoff had nothing to do with them, but stopped at home minding exclusively the business of the house. He was a young chap, very quiet and steady, of the Quaker persuasion, and had been taken into partnership by Brough for a matter of £30,000; and a very good bargain too. I was told in the strictest confidence that the house one year with another divided a good £7000, of which Brough had half, Hoff two-sixths, and the other sixth went to old Tudlow, who had been Mr. Brough's clerk before the new partnership began. Tudlow always went about very shabby, and we thought him an old miser. One of our gents, Bob Swinney by name, used to say that Tudlow's share was all nonsense, and that Brough had it all; but Bob was always too knowing by half, used to wear a green cutaway coat, and had his free admission to Covent Garden Theater. He was always talking down at the shop, as we called it (it wasn't a shop, but as splendid an office as any in Cornhill)—he was always talking about Vestris and Miss Tree, and singing

The bramble, the bramble,
The jolly, jolly bramble!

one of Charles Kemble's famous songs in 'Maid Marian,' a play that was all the rage then, taken from a famous story-book by one Peacock, a clerk in the India House; and a precious good place he has too.

When Brough heard how Master Swinney abused him, and had his admission to the theater, he came one day down to the office where we all were, four-and-twenty of us, and made one of the most beautiful speeches I ever heard in my life. He said that for slander he did not care, contumely was the lot of every public man who had austere principles of his own, and acted by them austerely; but what he did care for was the character of every single gentleman forming a part of the In-
dependent West Diddlesex Association. The welfare of thousands was in their keeping; millions of money were daily passing through their hands; the city—the country looked upon them for order, honesty, and good example. And if he found among those whom he considered as his children—those whom he loved as his own flesh and blood—that that order was departed from, that that regularity was not maintained, that that good example was not kept up (Mr. B. always spoke in this emphatic way)—if he found his children departing from the wholesome rules of morality, religion, and decorum—if he found in high or low—in the head clerk at six hundred a year down to the porter who cleaned the steps—if he found the slightest taint of dissipation, he would cast the offender from him—yea, though he were his own son, he would cast him from him!

As he spoke this Mr. Brough burst into tears; and we who didn't know what was coming looked at each other as pale as parsnips: all except Swinney, who was twelfth clerk, and made believe to whistle. When Mr. B. had wiped his eyes and recovered himself he turned round; and oh, how my heart thumped as he looked me full in the face! How it was relieved, though, when he shouted out in a thundering voice,

'Mr. Robert Swinney!'

'Sir to you,' says Swinney, as cool as possible, and some of the chaps began to titter.

'Mr. Swinney!' roared Brough in a voice still bigger than before, 'when you came into this office—this family, sir, for such it is, as I am proud to say—you found three-and-twenty as pious and well-regulated young men as ever labored together—as ever had confided to them the wealth of this mighty capital and famous empire. You found, sir, sobriety, regularity, and decorum; no profane songs were uttered in this place sacred to—to business; no slanders were whispered against the heads of the establishment—but over them I pass. I can afford, sir, to pass them by—no worldly conversation or foul jesting disturbed the attention of these gentlemen, or desecrated the peaceful scene of their labors. You found Christians and gentlemen, sir!'

'I paid for my place like the rest,' said Swinney. 'Didn't my governor take sha—'

'Silence, sir! Your worthy father did take shares in this establishment, which will yield him one day an immense profit. He did take shares, sir, or you never would have been here. I glory in saying that every one of my young friends around me has a father, a brother, a dear relative or friend, who is con-
A black sheep.
ected in a similar way with our glorious enterprise, and that not one of them is there but has an interest in procuring, at a liberal commission, other persons to join the ranks of our association. *But, sir, I am its chief. You will find, sir, your appointment signed by me, and in like manner, I, John Brough, annul it. Go from us, sir!—leave us—quit a family that can no longer receive you in its bosom! Mr. Swinney, I have wept—I have prayed, sir, before I came to this determination; I have taken counsel, sir, and am resolved. *Depart from out of us!*

‘Not without three months’ salary, though, Mr. B.; that cock won’t fight!’

‘They shall be paid to your father, sir.’

‘My father be hanged! I’ll tell you what, Brough, I’m of age, and if you don’t pay me my salary I’ll arrest you—by jingo, I will! I’ll have you in quod, or my name’s not Bob Swinney!’

‘Make out a check, Mr. Roundhand, for the three months’ salary of this perverted young man.’

‘Twenty-one pun’ five, Roundhand, and nothing for the stamp!’ cried out that audacious Swinney. ‘There it is, sir, re-ciepted. You needn’t cross it to my banker’s. And if any of you gents like a glass of punch this evening at eight o’clock, Bob Swinney’s your man, and nothing to pay. If Mr. Brough would do me honor to come in and take a whack? Come, don’t say no if you’d rather not!’

We couldn’t stand this impudence, and all burst out laughing like mad.

‘Leave the room!’ yelled Mr. Brough, whose face had turned quite blue; and so Bob took his white hat off the peg, and strolled away with his ‘tile,’ as he called it, very much on one side. When he was gone Mr. Brough gave us another lecture, by which we all determined to profit; and going up to Roundhand’s desk, put his arm round his neck, and looked over the ledger.

‘What money has been paid in to-day, Roundhand?’ he said in a very kind way.

‘The widow, sir, came with her money: nine hundred and four ten and six—say £904 10s. 6d. Captain Sparr, sir, paid his shares up; grumbles, though, and says he’s no more: fifty shares, two installments—three fifties, sir.’

‘He’s always grumbling!’

‘He says he has not a shilling to bless himself with until our dividend day.’

‘Any more?’
Mr. Roundhand went through the book, and made it up £1900 in all. We were doing a famous business now; though when I came into the office we used to sit and laugh and joke and read the newspapers all day, bustling into our seats whenever a stray customer came. Brough never cared about our laughing and singing then, and was hand and glove with Bob Swinney; but that was in early times, before we were well in harness.

'Nineteen hundred pounds, and a thousand pounds in shares. Bravo, Roundhand—bravo, gentlemen! Remember, every share you bring in brings you five per cent. down on the nail! Look to your friends—stick to your desks—be regular—I hope none of you forget church. Who takes Mr. Swinney's place?'

'Mr. Samuel Titmarsh, sir.'

'Mr. Titmarsh, I congratulate you. Give me your hand, sir; you are now twelfth clerk of this association, and your salary is consequently increased five pounds a year. How is your worthy mother, sir—your dear and excellent parent? In good health, I trust? And long—long, I fervently pray, may this office continue to pay her annuity! Remember, if she has more money to lay out, there is higher interest than the last for her, for she is a year older; and five per cent. for you, my boy! Why not you as well as another? Young men will be young men, and a ten-pound note does no harm. Does it, Mr. Abednego?'

'Oh, no!' says Abednego, who was third clerk, and who was the chap that informed against Swinney; and he began to laugh, as indeed we all did whenever Mr. Brough made anything like a joke: not that they were jokes; only we used to know it by his face.

'Oh, by the by, Roundhand,' says he, 'a word with you on business.' Mrs. Brough wants to know why the deuce you never come down to Fulham.'

'Law, that's very polite!' said Mr. Roundhand, quite pleased.

'Name your day, my boy! Say Saturday, and bring your nightcap with you.'

'You're very polite, I'm sure. I should be delighted beyond anything, but—'

'But—no buts, my boy! Hark ye! the Chancellor of the Exchequer does me the honor to dine with us, and I want you to see him; for the truth is, I have bragged about you to his lordship as the best actuary in the three kingdoms.'

Roundhand could not refuse such an invitation as that,
though he had told us how Mrs. R. and he were going to pass Saturday and Sunday at Putney; and we who knew what a life the poor fellow led were sure that the head clerk would be prettily scolded by his lady when she heard what was going on. She disliked Mrs. Brough very much, that was the fact; because Mrs. B. kept a carriage, and said she didn't know where Pentonville was, and couldn't call on Mrs. Roundhand. Though, to be sure, her coachman might have found out the way.

'And oh, Roundhand!' continued our governor, 'draw a check for seven hundred, will you? Come, don't stare, man; I'm not going to run away! That's right—seven hundred—and ninety, say, while you're about it! Our board meets on Saturday, and never fear I'll account for it to them before I drive you down. We shall take up the chancellor at Whitehall.'

So saying Mr. Brough folded up the check, and shaking hands with Mr. Roundhand very cordially, got into his carriage and four (he always drove four horses even in the city, where it's so difficult), which was waiting at the office door for him.

Bob Swinney used to say that he charged two of the horses to the company; but there was never believing half of what that Bob said, he used to laugh and joke so. I don't know how it was, but I and a gent by the name of Hoskins (eleventh clerk), who lived together with me in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street—where we occupied a very genteel two-pair—found our flute duet rather tiresome that evening, and as it was a very fine night, strolled out for a walk West End way. When we arrived opposite Covent Garden Theater we found ourselves close to the Globe Tavern, and recollected Bob Swinney's hospitable invitation. We never fancied that he had meant the invitation in earnest, but thought we might as well look in: at any rate there could be no harm in doing so.

There, to be sure, in the back drawing room, where he said he would be, we found Bob at the head of a table, and in the midst of a great smoke of cigars, and eighteen of our gents rattling and banging away at the table with the bottoms of their glasses.

What a shout they made as we came in! 'Hurray!' says Bob, 'here's two more! Two more chairs, Mary, two more tumblers, two more hot waters, and two more goes of gin! Who would have thought of seeing Tit, in the name of goodness?'

'Why,' said I, 'we only came in by the merest chance.'

At this word there was another tremendous roar; and it is a positive fact that every man of the eighteen had said he came by chance! However, chance gave us a very jovial night; and that hospitable Bob Swinney paid every shilling of the score.
‘Gentlemen!’ says he as he paid the bill, ‘I’ll give you
the health of John Brough, Esquire, and thanks to him for the
present of £21 5s. which he gave me this morning. What do
I say—£21 5s.? That and a month’s salary that I should have
had to pay—forfeit—down on the nail, by jingo! for leaving
the shop, as I intended to do to-morrow morning. I’ve got a
place—a tiptop place, I tell you. Five guineas a week, six
journeys a year, my own horse and gig, and to travel in the
West of England in oil and spermaceti. Here’s confusion to
gas, and the health of Messrs. Gann & Co., of Thames Street,
in the city of London!’

I have been thus particular in my account of the West Didd-
dlesex Assurance Office, and of Mr. Brough, the managing
director (though the real names are neither given to the office
nor to the chairman, as you may be sure), because the fate of
me and my diamond pin was mysteriously bound up with both,
as I am about to show.

You must know that I was rather respected among our gents
at the West Diddlesex, because I came of a better family than
most of them, had received a classical education, and especially
because I had a rich aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty, about whom, as
must be confessed, I used to boast a good deal. There is
no harm in being respected in this world, as I have found out;
and if you don’t brag a little for yourself, depend on it there
is no person of your acquaintance who will tell the world of
your merits, and take the trouble off your hands.

So that when I came back to the office after my visit at home,
and took my seat at the old daybook opposite the dingy win-
dow that looks into Birchin Lane, I pretty soon let the fellows
know that Mrs. Hoggarty, though she had not given me a large
sum of money, as I expected—indeed, I had promised a dozen
of them a treat down the river, should the promised riches
have come to me—I let them know, I say, that though my aunt
had not given me any money she had given me a splendid
diamond, worth at least thirty guineas, and that some day I
would sport it at the shop.

‘Oh, let’s see it!’ says Abednego, whose father was a mock-
jewel and gold-lace merchant at Hanway Yard; and I prom-
ised that he should have a sight of it as soon as it was set.
As my pocket money was run out too (by coach hire to and
from home, five shillings to our maid at home, ten to my aunt’s
maid and man, five-and-twenty shillings lost at whist, as I said,
and fifteen-and-six paid for a silver scissors for the dear little
fingers of Somebody), Roundhand, who was very good-natured,
asked me to dine, and advanced me £6 1s. 8d., a month's salary. It was at Roundhand's house, Myddelton Square, Pentonville, over a fillet of veal and bacon and a glass of port, that I learned and saw how his wife ill treated him, as I have told before. Poor fellow! we under clerks all thought it was a fine thing to sit at a desk by one's self, and have £50 per month, as Roundhand had; but I've a notion that Hoskins and I, blowing duets on the flute together in our second floor in Salisbury Square, were a great deal more at ease than our head—and more in harmony too, though we made sad work of the music, certainly.

One day Gus Hoskins and I asked leave from Roundhand to be off at three o'clock, as we had particular business at the West End. He knew it was about the great Hoggarty diamond, and gave us permission; so off we set. When we reached St. Martin's Lane, Gus got a cigar, to give himself, as it were, a distingué air, and puffed at it all the way up the Lane, and through the alleys into Coventry Street, where Mr. Polonius' shop is, as everybody knows.

The door was open, and a number of carriages full of ladies were drawing up and setting down. Gus kept his hands in his pockets—trousers were worn very full then, with large tucks, and pigeonholes for your boots, or Bluchers, to come through (the fashionables wore boots, but we chaps in the city, on £80 a year, contented ourselves with Bluchers); and as Gus stretched out his pantaloons as wide as he could from his hips, and kept blowing away at his cheroot, and clamping with the iron heels of his boots, and had very large whiskers for so young a man, he really looked quite the genteel thing, and was taken by everybody to be a person of consideration.

He would not come into the shop, though, but stood staring at the gold pots and kettles in the window outside. I went in; and after a little hemming and hawing—for I had never been at such a fashionable place before—asked one of the gentlemen to let me speak to Mr. Polonius.

'What can I do for you, sir?' says Mr. Polonius, who was standing close by, as it happened, serving three ladies—a very old one and two young ones, who were examining pearl necklaces very attentively.

'Sir,' said I, producing my jewel out of my coat pocket, 'this jewel has, I believe, been in your house before: it belonged to my aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty.' The old lady standing near looked round as I spoke.

'I sold her a gold neck chain and repeating watch in the year
1795,' said Mr. Polonius, who made it a point to recollect everything; 'and a silver punch ladle to the captain. How is the major—colonel—general—aye, sir?'

'The general,' said I, 'I am sorry to say'—though I was quite proud that this man of fashion should address me so— 'Mr. Hoggarty is—no more. My aunt has made me a present, however, of this—this trinket—which, as you see, contains her husband's portrait, that I will thank you, sir, to preserve for me very carefully; and she wishes that you would set this diamond neatly.'

'Neatly and handsomely of course, sir.'

'Neatly, in the present fashion; and send down the account to her. There is a great deal of gold about the trinket, for which, of course, you will make an allowance.'

'To the last fraction of a sixpence, says Mr. Polonius, bowing, and looking at the jewel. 'It's a wonderful piece of goods, certainly,' said he; 'though the diamond's a neat little bit, certainly. Do, my lady, look at it. The thing is of Irish manufacture, bears the stamp of '95, and will recall, perhaps, the times of your ladyship's earliest youth.'

'Get ye out, Mr. Polonius!' said the old lady, a little wizen-faced old lady, with her face puckered up in a million of wrinkles. 'How dare you, sir, to talk such nonsense to an old woman like me? Wasn't I fifty years old in '95, and a grandmother in '96?' She put out a pair of withered, trembling hands, took up the locket, examined it for a minute, and then burst out laughing. 'As I live, it's the great Hoggarty diamond!'

Good Heavens! what was this talisman that had come into my possession?

'Look, girls,' continued the old lady; 'this is the great jewel of all Ireland. This red-faced man in the middle is poor Mick Hoggarty, a cousin of mine, who was in love with me in the year '84, when I had just lost your poor dear grandpapa. These thirteen shriemeers of red hair represent his thirteen celebrated sisters—Biddy, Minny, Thedy, Widdy (short for Williamina), Freddy, Izzy, Tizzy, Mysie, Grizzy, Polly, Dolly, Nell, and Bell—all married, all ugly, and all carr'ry hair. And of which are you the son, young man? though, to do you justice, you're not like the family.'

Two pretty young ladies turned two pretty pairs of black eyes at me, and waited for an answer, which they would have had only the old lady began rattling on a hundred stories about the thirteen ladies above named, and all their lovers, all their disappointments, and all the duels of Mick Hoggarty. She
A coronet, by jingo!
was a chronicle of fifty-years-old scandal. At last she was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, at the conclusion of which Mr. Polonius very respectfully asked me where he should send the pin, and whether I would like the hair kept.

'No,' says I, 'never mind the hair.'

'And the pin, sir?'

I had felt ashamed about telling my address; 'But, hang it!' thought I, 'why should I?

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquess, duke, and s' that;
An honest man's abone his might—
Good faith, he cauna fa' that.

Why need I care about telling these ladies where I live?

'Sir,' says I, 'have the goodness to send the parcel when done to Mr. Titmarsh, No. 3 Bell Lane, Salisbury Square, near St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. Ring, if you please, the two-pair bell.'

'What, sir?' said Mr. Polonius.

'Hwat!' shrieked the old lady. 'Mr. Hwat? Mais, ma chère, c'es impayable. Come along—here's the carr'age! Give me your arm, Mr. Hwat, and get inside, and tell me all about your thirteen aunts.'

She seized on my elbow and hobbled through the shop as fast as possible, the young ladies following her laughing.

'Now jump in, do you hear?' said she, poking her sharp nose out of the window.

'I can't, ma'am,' says I; 'I have a friend.'

'Pooh, pooh! send 'um to the juice, and jump in!' And almost before I could say a word a great powder'd fellow in yellow plush breeches pushed me up the steps and banged the door to.

I looked just for one minute as the barouche drove away at Hoskins, and never shall forget his figure. There stood Gus, his mouth wide open, his eyes staring, a smoking cheroot in his hand, wondering with all his might at the strange thing that had just happened to me.

'Who is that Titmarsh?' says Gus. 'There's a coronet on the carriage, by jingo!'

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE POSSESSOR OF THE DIAMOND IS WHISKED INTO A MAGNIFICENT CHARIOT, AND HAS YET FURTHER GOOD LUCK.

I sat on the back seat of the carriage near a very nice young lady, about my dear Mary's age—that is to say, seventeen and three-quarters, and opposite us sat the old countess
and her other granddaughter—handsome too, but ten years older. I recollect I had on that day my blue coat and brass buttons, nankeen trousers, a white sprig waistcoat, and one of Dando's silk hats, that had just come in in the year '22, and looked a great deal more glossy than the best beaver.

'And who was that hidjus manster'—that was the way her ladyship pronounced—'that ojous vulgar wretch, with the iron heels to his boots, and the big mouth, and the imitation goold neck chain, who steered at us so as we got into the carr'age?'

How she should have known that Gus' chain was mosaic I can't tell; but so it was, and we had bought it for five-and-twenty and sixpence only the week before at M'Phail's in St. Paul's Churchyard. But I did not like to hear my friend abused, and so spoke out for him:

'Ma'am,' says I, 'that young gentleman's name is Augustus Hoskins. We live together; and a better or more kind-hearted fellow does not exist.'

'You are quite right to stand up for your friends, sir,' said the second lady; whose name, it appears, was Lady Jane, but whom the grandmamma called Lady Jene.

'Well, upon me conscience, so he is, now, Lady Jene; and I like sper't in a young man. So his name is Hoskins: is it? I know, my dears, all the Hoskinses in England. There are the Lincolnshire Hoskinses, the Shropshire Hoskinses: they say the admiral's daughter, Bell, was in love with a black footman or boatswain or some such thing; but the world's so censorious. There's old Dr. Hoskins of Bath, who attended poor dear Drum in the quinsy; and poor dear old Fred Hoskins, the gouty general; I remember him as thin as a lath in the year '84, and as active as a harlequin, and in love with me—oh, how he was in love with me!'

'You seem to have had a host of admirers in those days, grandmamma?' said Lady Jane.

'Hundreds, my dear—hundreds of thousands. I was the toast of Bath, and a great beauty too; would you ever have thought it, now, upon your conscience and without flattery, Mr.-a-What-d'ye-call'im?'

'Indeed, ma'am, I never should,' I answered, for the old lady was as ugly as possible; and at my saying this the two young ladies began screaming with laughter, and I saw the two great whiskered footmen grinning over the back of the carriage.

'Upon my word, you're mighty candid, Mr. What's-your-name—mighty candid indeed; but I like candor in young people. But a beauty I was. Just ask your friend's uncle the
general. He's one of the Lincolnshire Hoskinses—I knew he was by the strong family likeness. Is he the eldest son? It's a pretty property, though sadly encumbered; for old Sir George was the divvle of a man—a friend of Hanbury Williams, and Lyttleton, and those horrid, monstrous, ojous people! How much will he have now, mister, when the admiral dies?'

'Why, ma'am, I can't say; but the admiral is not my friend's father.'

'Not his father? But he is, I tell you, and I'm never wrong. Who is his father, then?'

'Ma'am, Gus' father's a leather seller in Skinner Street, Snow Hill—a very respectable house, ma'am. But Gus is only third son, and so can't expect a great share in the property.'

The two young ladies smiled at this—the old lady said, 'Hwat?'

'I like you, sir,' Lady Jane said, 'for not being ashamed of your friends, whatever their rank of life may be. Shall we have the pleasure of setting you down anywhere, Mr. Titmarsh?'

'Noways particular, my lady,' says I. 'We have a holiday at our office to-day—at least Roundhand gave me and Gus leave; and I shall be very happy, indeed, to take a drive in the Park, if it's no offense.'

'I'm sure it will give us—infinite pleasure,' said Lady Jane, though rather in a grave way.

'Oh, that it will!' says Lady Fanny, clapping her hands; 'won't it, grandmamma? And after we have been in the Park we can walk in Kensington Gardens, if Mr. Titmarsh will be good enough to accompany us,'

'Indeed, Fanny, we will do no such thing,' says Lady Jane. 'Indeed but we will, though!' shrieked out Lady Drum.

'Aint I dying to know everything about his uncle and thirteen aunts? and you're all chattering so, you young women, that not a blessed syllable will you allow me or my young friend here to speak.'

Lady Jane gave a shrug with her shoulders, and did not say a single word more. Lady Fanny, who was as gay as a young kitten (if I may be allowed so to speak of the aristocracy), laughed and blushed and giggled, and seemed quite to enjoy her sister's ill humor. And the countess began at once, and entered into the history of the thirteen Misses Hoggarty, which was not near finished when we entered the Park.

When there you can't think what hundreds of gents on horseback came to the carriage and talked to the ladies. They had their joke for Lady Drum, who seemed to be a character
in her way; their bow for Lady Jane; and, the young ones especially, their compliment for Lady Fanny.

Though she bowed and blushed, as a young lady should, Lady Fanny seemed to be thinking of something else; for she kept her head out of the carriage, looking eagerly among the horsemen, as if she expected to see somebody. Aha! my Lady Fanny, I knew what it meant when a young pretty lady like you was absent, and on the lookout, and only half answered the questions put to her. Let alone Sam Titmarsh—he knows what somebody means as well as another, I warrant. As I saw these maneuvers going on I could not help just giving a wink to Lady Jane, as much as to say I knew what was what. 'I guess the young lady is looking for Somebody,' says I. It was then her turn to look queer, I assure you, and she blushed as red as scarlet; but, after a minute, the good-natured little thing looked at her sister, and both the young ladies put their handkerchiefs up to their faces, and began laughing—laughing as if I had said the funniest thing in the world.

'Il est charmant, votre monsieur,' said Lady Jane to her grandmamma; and on which I bowed and said, 'Madame, vous me faites beaucoup d' honneur': for I know the French language, and was pleased to find that these good ladies had taken a liking to me. 'I'm a poor humble lad, ma'am, not used to London society, and do really feel it quite kind of you to take me by the hand so, and give me a drive in your fine carriage?'

At this minute, a gentleman on a black horse, with a pale face and a tuft to his chin, came riding up to the carriage; and I knew by a little start that Lady Fanny gave, and by her instantly looking round the other way, that Somebody was come at last.

'Lady Drum,' said he, 'your most devoted servant! I have just been riding with a gentleman who almost shot himself for love of the beautiful Countess of Drum in the year—never mind the year.'

'Was it Killblazes?' said the lady. 'He's a dear old man, and I'm quite ready to go off with him this minute. Or was it that delight of an old bishop? He's got a lock of my hair now—I gave it him when he was papa's chaplain; and let me tell you it would be a hard matter to find another now in the same place.'

'Law, my lady!' says I, 'you don't say so?'

'But indeed I do, my good sir,' says she; 'for between ourselves, my head's as bare as a cannon ball—ask Fanny if it isn't. Such a fright as the poor thing got when she was a baby, and came upon me suddenly in my dressing room without my wig!'
'I hope Lady Fanny has recovered from the shock,' said 'Somebody,' looking first at her, and then at me as if he had a mind to swallow me. And would you believe it? all that Lady Fanny could say was, 'Pretty well, I thank you, my lord'; and she said this with as much fluttering and blushing as we used to say our Virgil at school—when we hadn't learned it.

My lord still kept on looking very fiercely at me, and muttered something about having hoped to find a seat in Lady Drum's carriage, as he was tired of riding; on which Lady Fanny muttered something too about 'a friend of grandmamma's.'

'You should say a friend of yours, Fanny,' says Lady Jane; 'I am sure we should never have come to the Park if Fanny had not insisted upon bringing Mr. Titmarsh hither. Let me introduce the Earl of Tiptoff to Mr. Titmarsh.' But instead of taking off his hat as I did mine, his lordship growled out that he hoped for another opportunity, and galloped off again on his black horse. Why the deuce I should have offended him I never could understand.

But it seemed as if I was destined to offend all the men that day; for who should presently come up but the Right Honorable Edmund Preston, one of his Majesty's secretaries of State (as I knew very well by the almanac in our office), and the husband of Lady Jane.

The Right Honorable Edmund was riding a gray cob, and was a fat pale-faced man who looked as if he never went into the open air. 'Who the devil's that?' said he to his wife, looking surlily both at me and her.

'Oh, it's a friend of grandmamma's and Jane's,' said Lady Fanny at once, looking, like a sly rogue as she was, quite archly at her sister—who in her turn appeared quite frightened, and looked imploringly at her sister, and never dared to breathe a syllable. 'Yes, indeed,' continued Lady Fanny, 'Mr. Titmarsh is a cousin of grandmamma's by the mother's side; by the Hoggarty side. Didn't you know the Hoggarties when you were in Ireland, Edmund, with Lord Bagwig? Let me introduce you to grandmamma's cousin, Mr. Titmarsh; Mr. Titmarsh, my brother, Mr. Edmund Preston.'

There was Lady Jane all the time treading upon her sister's foot as hard as possible, and the little wicked thing would take no notice; and I, who had never heard of the cousinship, feeling as confounded as could be. But I did not know the Countess of Drum near so well as that sly minx her granddaughter did; for the old lady, who had just before called
poor Gus Hoskins her cousin, had, it appeared, the mania of fancying all the world related to her, and said:

'Yes, we're cousins, and not very far removed. Mick Hoggarty's grandmother was Millicent Brady, and she and my Aunt Towzer were related, as all the world knows; for Decimus Brady of Ballybrady married an own cousin of Aunt Towzer's mother, Bell Swift—that was no relation of the dean's, my love, who came but of a so-so family—and isn't that clear?'

'Oh, perfectly, grandmamma,' said Lady Jane, laughing, while the right honorable gent still rode by us, looking sour and surly.

'And sure you knew the Hoggarties, Edmund? the thirteen red-haired girls—the nine graces, and four over, as poor Clancoy used to call them. Poor Clan!—a cousin of yours and mine, Mr. Titmarsh, and sadly in love with me he was too. Not remember them all now, Edmund—not remember?—not remember Biddy and Minny, and Thedy and Widdy, and Mysie and Grizzy, and Polly and Dolly, and the rest?'

'D—the Miss Hoggarties, ma'am,' said the right honorable gent; and he said it with such energy that his gray horse gave a sudden lash out that well nigh sent him over his head. Lady Jane screamed; Lady Fanny laughed; old Lady Drum looked as if she did not care twopence, and said 'Serve you right for swearing, you ojous man you!'

'Hadn't you better come into the carriage, Edmund—Mr. Preston?' cried out the lady anxiously.

'Oh, I'm sure I'll slip out, ma'am,' says I.

'Pooh—pooh! don't stir,' said Lady Drum; 'it's my carriage; and if Mr. Preston chooses to swear at a lady of my years in that ojous vulgar way—in that ojous vulgar way, I repeat—I don't see why my friends should be inconvenienced for him. Let him sit on the dicky if he likes, or come in and ride bodkin.' It was quite clear that my Lady Drum hated her grandson-in-law heartily; and I've remarked somehow in families that this kind of hatred is by no means uncommon.

Mr. Preston, one of his Majesty's secretaries of state, was, to tell the truth, in a great fright upon his horse, and was glad to get away from the kicking, plunging brute. His pale face looked still paler than before, and his hands and legs trembled, as he dismounted from the cob and gave the reins to his servant. I disliked the looks of the chap—of the master, I mean—at the first moment he came up, when he spoke rudely to that nice gentle wife of his; and I thought he was a cowardly fellow, as the adventure of the cob showed him to be. Heaven
bless you! a baby could have ridden it; and here was the man
with his soul in his mouth at the very first kick.

'Oh, quick! do come in, Edmund,' said Lady Fanny, laugh-
ing; and the carriage steps being let down, and giving me a
great scowl as he came in, he was going to place himself in
Lady Fanny's corner (I warrant you I wouldn't budge from
mine) when the little rogue cried out, 'Oh, no! by no means,
Mr. Preston. Shut the door, Thomas. And oh! what fun it
will be to show all the world a secretary of state riding bodkin!'

And pretty glum the secretary of state looked, I assure you.
'Take my place, Edmund, and don't mind Fanny's folly,' said Lady Jane timidly.

'Oh, no!—pray, madam, don't stir! I'm comfortable, very
comfortable; and so I hope is this Mr.—this gentleman.'

'Perfectly, I assure you,' says I. 'I was going to offer to
ride your horse home for you, as you seemed to be rather
frightened at it; but the fact was I was so comfortable here
that really I couldn't move.'

Such a grin as old Lady Drum gave when I said that!
how her little eyes twinkled and her little sly mouth puckered
up! I couldn't help speaking, for, look you, my blood was up.

'We shall always be happy of your company, Cousin Tit-
marsh,' says she; and handed me a gold snuffbox, out of
which I took a pinch, and sneezed with the air of a lord.

'As you have invited this gentleman into your carriage,
Lady Jane Preston, hadn't you better invite him home to din-
ner?' says Mr. Preston, quite blue with rage.

'I invited him into my carriage,' says the old lady; 'and
as we are going to dine at your house and you press it, I'm
sure I shall be very happy to see him there.'

'I'm very sorry I'm engaged,' said I.

'Oh, indeed, what a pity!' says Right Honorable Ned,
still gloowering at his wife. 'What a pity that this gentleman
—I forget his name—that your friend, Lady Jane, is engaged!
I am sure you would have had such gratification in meeting
your relation in Whitehall.'

Lady Drum was over fond of finding out relations, to be
sure; but this speech of Right Honorable Ned's was rather
too much. 'Now, Sam,' says I, 'be a man and show your
spirit!' So I spoke up at once, and said, 'Why, ladies, as the
right honorable gent is so very pressing, I'll give up my engage-
ment, and shall have sincere pleasure in cutting mutton with
him. What's your hour, sir?'

He didn't condescend to answer, and for me I did not care;
for, you see, I did not intend to dine with the man, but only to
give him a lesson of manners. For though I am but a poor fel-
low, and hear people cry out how vulgar it is to eat peas with
a knife or ask three times for cheese, and such like points of
ceremony, there’s something, I think, much more vulgar than
all this, and that is insolence to one’s inferiors. I hate the chap
that uses it, as I scorn him of humble rank that affects to be of
the fashion; and so I determined to let Mr. Preston know a
piece of my mind.

When the carriage drove up to his house I handed out the
ladies as politely as possible, and walked into the hall, and then
taking hold of Mr. Preston’s button at the door, I said, before
the ladies and the two big servants—upon my word I did:
‘Sir,’ says I, ‘this kind old lady asked me into her carriage,
and I rode in it to please her, not myself. When you came up
and asked who the devil I was I thought you might have put
the question in a more polite manner, but it wasn’t my business
to speak. When, by way of a joke, you invited me to dinner,
I thought I would answer in a joke too, and here I am. But
don’t be frightened; I’m not a-going to dine with you; only
if you play the same joke on other parties—on some of the
chaps in our office, for example—I recommend you to have a
care or they will take you at your word.’

‘Is that all, sir?’ says Mr. Preston, still in a rage; ‘if
you have done will you leave this house, or shall my servants
turn you out? Turn out this fellow! do you hear me?’ and
he broke away from me, and flung into his study in a rage.

‘He’s an ojous, horrid monsther of a man, that husband of
yours!’ said Lady Drum seizing hold of her elder grand-
daughter’s arm, ‘and I hate him; and so come away, for the
dinner ‘ll be getting cold;’ and she was for hurrying away
Lady Jane without more ado. But that kind lady coming for-
ward, looking very pale and trembling, said, ‘Mr. Titmarsh, I
do hope you’ll not be angry—that is, that you’ll forget what
has happened, for, believe me, it has given me very great—’

Very great what I never could say, for here the poor thing’s
eyes filled with tears; and Lady Drum crying out, ‘Tut, tut! none of this nonsense,’ pulled her away by the sleeve and
went upstairs. But little Lady Fanny walked boldly up to
me and held me out her little hand, and gave mine such a
squeeze, and said, ‘Good-by, my dear Mr. Titmarsh,’ so very
kindly, that I’m blest if I did not blush up to the ears, and all
the blood in my body began to tingle.

So, when she was gone, I clapped my hat on my head and
walked out of the hall door, feeling as proud as a peacock and as brave as a lion; and all I wished for was that one of those saucy, grinning footmen should say or do something to me that was the least uncivil, so that I might have the pleasure of knocking him down with my best compliments to his master. But neither of them did me any such favor, and I went away and dined at home off boiled mutton and turnips with Gus Hoskins quite peacefully.

I did not think it was proper to tell Gus (who, between ourselves, is rather curious and inclined to tittle-tattle) all the particulars of the family quarrel of which I had been the cause and witness, and so just said that the old lady ('They were the Drum arms,' says Gus, 'for I went and looked them out that minute in the "Peerage"')—that the old lady turned out to be a cousin of mine, and that she had taken me to drive in the Park. Next day we went to the office as usual, when you may be sure that Hoskins told everything of what had happened, and a great deal more; and somehow, though I did not pretend to care sixpence about the matter, I must confess that I was rather pleased that the gents in our office should hear of a part of my adventure.

But fancy my surprise, on coming home in the evening, to find Mrs. Stokes the landlady, Miss Selina Stokes her daughter, and Master Bob Stokes her son (an idle young vagabond that was always playing marbles on St. Bride's steps and in Salisbury Square)—when I found them all bustling and tumbling up the steps before me to our rooms on the second floor, and there, on the table between our two flutes on one side, my album, Gus' 'Don Juan' and 'Peerage' on the other, I saw as follows:

1. A basket of great, red peaches, looking like the cheeks of my dear Mary Smith.
2. A ditto of large, fat, lucious, heavy-looking grapes.
3. An enormous piece of raw mutton, as I thought it was, but Mrs. Stokes said it was the primest haunch of venison that ever she saw.

And three cards, viz.:

**Dowager Countess of Drum.**

**Lady Fanny Rakes.**

**Mr. Preston.**

**Lady Jane Preston.**

**Earl of Tipoff.**

'Sich a carriage!' says Mrs. Stokes (for that was the way the poor thing spoke). 'Sich a carriage—all over coronites!'
Sich liveries—two great footmen with red whiskers and yellow plush small-clothes; and inside a very old lady in a white poke bonnet, and a young one with a great Leghorn hat and blue ribbons, and a great tall pale gentleman with a tuft on his chin.

"Pray, madam, does Mr. Titmarsh live here?" says the young lady, with her clear voice.

"Yes, my lady," says I; "but he's at the office—the West Diddlesex Fire and Life Office, Cornhill."

"Charles, get out the things," says the gentleman, quite solemn.

"Yes, my lord," says Charles, and brings me out the haunch in a newspaper, and on the chany dish as you see it, and the two baskets of fruit besides.

"Have the kindness, madam," says my lord, "to take these things to Mr. Titmarsh's rooms, with our, with Lady Jane Preston's compliments, and request his acceptance of them;" and then he pulled out the cards on your table, and this letter, sealed with his lordship's own crown."

And herewith Mrs. Stokes gave me a letter, which my wife keeps to this day, by the way, and which runs thus:

The Earl of Tipilloff has been commissioned by Lady Jane Preston to express her sincere regret and disappointment that she was not able yesterday to enjoy the pleasure of Mr. Titmarsh's company. Lady Jane is about to leave town immediately; she will therefore be unable to receive her friends in Whitehall Place this season. But Lord Tipilloff trusts that Mr. Titmarsh will have the kindness to accept some of the produce of her ladyship's garden and park, with which, perhaps, he will entertain some of those friends in whose favor he knows so well how to speak.

Along with this was a little note, containing the words 'Lady Drum at home. Friday evening, June 17.' And all this came to me because my Aunt Hoggarty had given me a diamond pin!

I did not send back the venison, as why should I? Gus was for sending it at once to Brough, our director, and the grapes and peaches to my aunt in Somersetshire.

'But no,' says I; 'we'll ask Bob Swinney and half a dozen more of our gents, and we'll have a merry night of it on Saturday.' And a merry night we had too; and as we had no wine in the cupboard, we had plenty of ale and gin punch afterward. And Gus sat at the foot of the table and I at the head; and we sang songs, both comic and sentimental, and drank toasts; and I made a speech that there is no possibility of mentioning here, because, entre nous, I had quite forgotten in the morning everything that had taken place after a certain period on the night before.
CHAPTER IV.
HOW THE HAPPY DIAMOND WEARER DINES AT PENTONVILLE.

I did not go to the office till half an hour after opening time on Monday. If the truth must be told, I was not sorry to let Hoskins have the start of me and tell the chaps what had taken place—for we all have our little vanities, and I liked to be thought well of by my companions.

When I came in I saw my business had been done by the way in which the chaps looked at me; especially Abednego, who offered me a pinch out of his gold snuffbox the very first thing. Roundhand shook me, too, warmly by the hand when he came round to look over my daybook; said I wrote a capital hand (and indeed I believe I do, without any sort of flattery), and invited me for dinner next Sunday in Myddelton Square. 'You won't have,' said he, 'quite such a grand turn-out as with your friends at the West End'—he said this with a particular accent—'but Amelia and I are always happy to see a friend in our plain way—pale sherry, old port, and cut and come again. Hey?'

I said I would come, and bring Hoskins too.

He answered that I was very polite, and that he should be very happy to see Hoskins; and we went accordingly at the appointed day and hour; but though Gus was eleventh clerk and I twelfth, I remarked that at dinner I was helped first and best. I had twice as many forced-meat balls as Hoskins in my mock-turtle, and pretty nearly all the oysters out of the sauce boat. Once Roundhand was going to help Gus before me, when his wife, who was seated at the head of the table, looking very big and fierce in red crape and a turban, shouted out, 'Antony!' and poor R. dropped the plate and blushed as red as anything. How Mrs. R. did talk to me about the West End, to be sure! She had a 'Peerage,' as you may be certain, and knew everything about the Drum family in a manner that quite astonished me. She asked me how much Lord Drum had a year; whether I thought he had twenty, thirty, forty, or a hundred and fifty thousand a year; whether I was invited to Drum Castle; what the young ladies wore, and if they had those odious gigot sleeves which were just coming in then, and here Mrs. R. looked at a pair of large mottled arms that she was very proud of.

'I say, Sam, my boy!' cried, in the midst of our talk, Mr. Roundhand, who had been passing the port wine round pretty
freely, 'I hope you looked to the main chance, and put in a few shares of the West Diddlesex—hey?'

'Mr. Roundhand, have you put up the decanters downstairs?' cries the lady, quite angry, and wishing to stop the conversation.

'No, Milly, I've emptied 'em,' says R.

'Don't Milly me, sir! and have the goodness to go down and tell Lancy my maid' (a look at me) 'to make the tea in the study. We have a gentleman here who is not used to Pentonville ways' (another look); 'but he won't mind the ways of friends.' And here Mrs. Roundhand heaved her very large chest, and gave me a third look that was so severe that I declare to goodness it made me look quite foolish. As to Gus, she never so much as spoke to him all the evening; but he consoled himself with a great lot of muffins, and sat most of the evening (it was a cruel hot summer) whistling and talking with Roundhand on the veranda. I think I should like to have been with them—for it was very close in the room with that great big Mrs. Roundhand squeezing close up to one on the sofa.

'Do you recollect what a jolly night we had here last summer?' I heard Hoskins say, who was leaning over the balcony, and ogling the girls coming home from church. 'You and me with our coats off, plenty of cold rum and water, Mrs. Roundhand at Margate, and a whole box of Manillas?'

'Hush!' said Roundhand quite eagerly; 'Milly will hear.'

But Milly didn't hear: for she was occupied in telling me an immense long story about her waltzing with the Count de Schloppenzollern at the City ball to the Allied Sovereigns; and how the count had great large white mustaches, and how odd she thought it to go whirling round the room with a great man's arm round your waist. 'Mr. Roundhand has never allowed it since our marriage—never; but in the year 'fourteen it was considered a proper compliment, you know, to pay the sovereigns. So twenty-nine young ladies, of the best families in the city of London, I assure you, Mr. Titmarsh—there was the Lord Mayor's own daughters; Alderman Dobbins' gals; Sir Charles Hopper's three, who have the great house in Baker Street; and your humble servant, who was rather slimmer in those days—twenty-nine of us had a dancing master on purpose, and practised waltzing in a room over the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House. He was a splendid man, that Count Schloppenzollner!'

'I am sure, ma'am,' says I, 'he had a splendid partner!' and blushed up to my eyes when I said it.
'Get away, you naughty creature!' says Mrs. Roundhand, giving me a great slap: 'you're all the same, you men in the West End—all deceivers. The count was just like you. Heigho! Before you marry, it's all honey and compliments; when you win us, it's all coldness and indifference. Look at Roundhand, the great baby, trying to beat down a butterfly with his yellow bandanna! Can a man like that comprehend me? can he fill the void in my heart?' (She pronounced it without the h; but that there should be no mistake, laid her hand upon the place meant.) 'Ah, no! Will you be so neglectful when you marry, Mr. Titmarsh?'

As she spoke the bells were just tolling the people out of church, and I fell a-thinking of my dear, dear Mary Smith in the country, walking home to her grandmother's, in her modest gray cloak, as the bells were chiming and the air full of the sweet smell of the hay, and the river shining in the sun, all crimson, purple, gold, and silver. There was my dear Mary a hundred and twenty miles off, in Somersetshire, walking home from church along with Mr. Snorter's family, with which she came and went; and I was listening to the talk of this great leering vulgar woman.

I could not help feeling for a certain half of a sixpence that you have heard me speak of, and putting my hand mechanically upon my chest, I tore my fingers with the point of my new diamond pin. Mr. Polonius had sent it home the night before, and I sported it for the first time at Roundhand's to dinner.

'it's a beautiful diamond,' said Mrs. Roundhand. 'I have been looking at it all dinner time. How rich you must be to wear such splendid things! and how can you remain in a vulgar office in the city—you who have such great acquaintances at the West End?'

The woman had somehow put me in such a passion that I bounced off the sofa, and made for the balcony without answering a word,—aye, and half broke my head against the sash, too, as I went out to the gents in the open air. 'Gus,' says I, 'I feel very unwell; I wish you'd come home with me.' And Gus did not desire anything better; for he had ogled the last girl out of the last church, and the night was beginning to fall.

'What! already?' said Mrs. Roundhand. 'There is a lobster coming up,—a trilling refreshment; not what he's accustomed to, but—'

I am sorry to say I nearly said, 'D—— the lobster!' as Roundhand went and whispered to her that I was ill.

'Aye,' said Gus, looking very knowing. 'Recollect, Mrs. R.,
that he was at the West End on Thursday, asked to dine, ma'am, with the tip top nobs. Chaps don't dine at the West End for nothing, do they, R.? If you play at bowls, you know——'

'You must look out for rubbers,' said Roundhand, as quick as thought.

'Not in my house of a Sunday,' said Mrs. R., looking very fierce and angry. 'Not a card shall be touched here. Are we in a Protestant land, sir? in a Christian country?'

'My dear, you don't understand. We were not talking of rubbers of whist.'

'There shall be no game at all in the house of a Sabbath eve,' said Mrs. Roundhand; and out she flounced from the room, without ever so much as wishing us good-night.

'Do stay,' said the husband, looking very much frightened, —'do stay. She won't come back while you're here; and I do wish you'd stay so.'

But we wouldn't; and when we reached Salisbury Square I gave Gus a lecture about spending his Sundays idly; and read out one of Blair's sermons before we went to bed. As I turned over in bed, I could not help thinking about the luck the pin had brought me; and it was not over yet, as you will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE DIAMOND INTRODUCES HIM TO A STILL MORE FASHIONABLE PLACE.

To tell the truth, though, about the pin, although I mentioned it almost the last thing in the previous chapter, I assure you it was by no means the last thing in my thoughts. It had come home from Mr. Polonius', as I said, on Saturday night; and Gus and I happened to be out enjoying ourselves, half price, at Sadler's Wells; and perhaps we took a little refreshment on our way back; but that has nothing to do with my story.

On the table, however, was the little box from the jeweller's; and when I took it out—my, how the diamond did twinkle and glitter by the light of our one candle!

'I'm sure it would light up the room of itself,' says Gus. 'I've read they do in—in history.'

It was in the history of Cogia Hassan Alhabbal, in the 'Arabian Nights,' as I knew very well. But we put the candle out, nevertheless, to try.

'Well, I declare to goodness it does illuminate the old place!' says Gus; but the fact was that there was a gas lamp
opposite our window, and I believe that was the reason why we could see pretty well. At least in my bedroom, to which I was obliged to go without a candle, and of which the window looked out on a dead wall, I could not see a wink, in spite of the Hoggarty diamond, and was obliged to grope about in the dark for a pincushion which Somebody gave me (I don't mind owning it was Mary Smith), and in which I stuck it for the night. But somehow I did not sleep much for thinking of it, and woke very early in the morning; and, if the truth must be told, stuck it in my night-gown, like a fool, and admired myself very much in the glass.

Gus admired it as much as I did; for since my return, and especially since my venison dinner and drive with Lady Drum, he thought I was the finest fellow in the world, and boasted about his 'West End friend' everywhere.

As we were going to dine at Roundhand's, and I had no black satin stock to set it off, I was obliged to place it in the frill of my best shirt, which tore the muslin sadly, by the way. However, the diamond had its effect on my entertainers, as we have seen—rather too much, perhaps, on one of them; and next day I wore it down at the office, as Gus would make me do; though it did not look near so well in the second day's shirt as on the first day, when the linen was quite clear and bright with Somersetshire washing.

The chaps at the West Diddlesex all admired it hugely, except that snarling Scotchman MPWhirter, fourth clerk—out of envy because I did not think much of a great yellow stone, named a carum-gorum, or some such thing, which he had in a snuff-mull, as he called it—all except MPWhirter, I say, were delighted with it; and Abednego himself, who ought to know, as his father was in the line, told me the jewel was worth at least ten poundsh, and that his governor would give me as much for it.

'That's a proof,' says Roundhand, 'that Tit's diamond is worth at least thirty.' And we all laughed, and agreed it was.

Now I must confess that all these praises, and the respect that was paid me, turned my head a little; and as all the chaps said I must have a black satin stock to set the stone off, I was fool enough to buy a stock that cost me five-and-twenty shillings, at Ludlam's in Piccadilly; for Gus said I must go to the best place, to be sure, and have none of our cheap and common East End stuff. I might have had one for sixteen and six in Cheapside, every whit as good; but when a young lad becomes vain, and wants to be fashionable, you see he can't help being extravagant.
Our director, Mr. Brough, did not fail to hear of the haunch of venison business, and my relationship with Lady Drum and the Right Honorable Edmund Preston; only Abednego, who told him, said I was her ladyship's first cousin; and this made Brough think more of me, and no worse than before.

Mr. B. was, as everybody knows, Member of Parliament for Rottenburgh; and being considered one of the richest men in the city of London, used to receive all the great people of the land at his villa at Fulham; and we often read in the papers of the rare doings going on there.

Well, the pin certainly worked wonders; for not content merely with making me a present of a ride in a countess' carriage, of a haunch of venison and two baskets of fruit, and the dinner at Roundhand's above described, my diamond had other honors in store for me, and procured me the honor of an invitation to the house of our director, Mr. Brough.

Once a year, in June, that honorable gent gave a grand ball at his house at Fulham; and by the accounts of the entertainment brought back by one or two of our chaps who had been invited, it was one of the most magnificent things to be seen about London. You saw members of parliament there as thick as peas in July, lords and ladies without end. There was everything and everybody of the tiptop sort; and I have heard that Mr. Gunter of Berkeley Square supplied the ices, supper, and footmen—though of the latter Brough kept a plenty, but not enough to serve the host of people who came to him. The party, it must be remembered, was Mrs. Brough's party, not the gentleman's—he being in the Dissenting way, would scarcely sanction any entertainments of the kind; but he told his City friends that his lady governed him in everything; and it was generally observed that most of them would allow their daughters to go to the ball if asked, on account of the immense number of the nobility which our director assembled together; Mrs. Roundhand, I know, for one, would have given one of her ears to go; but, as I have said before, nothing would induce Brough to ask her.

Roundhand himself, and Gutch, nineteenth clerk, son of the brother of an East Indian director, were the only two of our gents invited, as we knew very well; for they had received their invitations many weeks before, and bragged about them not a little. But two days before the ball, and after my diamond pin had had its due effect upon the gents at the office, Abednego, who had been in the director's room, came to my desk with a great smirk, and said, 'Tit, Mr. B. says that he
Mr. Brough's ball
expects you will come down with Roundhand to the ball on
Thursday.' I thought Moses was joking—at any rate, that
Mr. B.'s message was a queer one; for people don't usually
send invitations in that abrupt, peremptory sort of way; but,
sure enough, he presently came down himself and confirmed
it, saying, as he was going out of the office, 'Mr. Titmarsh,
you will come down on Thursday to Mrs. Brough's party,
where you will see some relations of yours.'

'West End again!' says that Gus Hoskins; and accord-
ingly down I went, taking a place in a cab which Roundhand
hired for himself, Gutch, and me, and for which he very
generously paid eight shillings.

There is no use to describe the grand gala, nor the number
of lamps in the lodge and in the garden, nor the crowd of car-
riages that came in at the gates, nor the troops of curious
people outside, nor the ices, fiddlers, wreaths of flowers, and
cold supper within. The whole description was beautifully
given in a fashionable paper, by a reporter who observed the
same from the Yellow Lion over the way, and told it in his
journal in the most accurate manner, getting an account of
the dresses of the great people from their footmen and coach-
men, when they came to the alehouse for their porter. As
for the names of the guests, they, you may be sure, found
their way to the same newspaper; and a great laugh was had
at my expense, because among the titles of the great people
mentioned my name appeared in the list of the 'Honourables.'

Next day Brough advertised 'a hundred and fifty guineas
reward for an emerald necklace lost at the party of John
Brough, Esq., at Fulham'; though some of our people said
that no such thing was lost at all, and that Brough only
wanted to advertise the magnificence of his society; but this
doubt was raised by persons not invited, and envious, no doubt.

Well, I wore my diamond, as you may imagine, and rigged
myself in my best clothes, viz., my blue coat and brass buttons
before mentioned, nankeen trousers and silk stockings, a white
waistcoat, and a pair of white gloves bought for the occasion.
But my coat was of country make, very high in the waist and
short in the sleeves, and I suppose must have looked rather
odd to some of the great people assembled, for they stared at
me a great deal, and a whole crowd formed to see me dance—
which I did to the best of my power, performing all the steps
accurately and with great agility, as I had been taught by our
dancing master in the country.

And with whom do you think I had the honor to dance?
With no less a person than Lady Jane Preston, who, it appears, had not gone out of town, and who shook me most kindly by the hand when she saw me, and asked me to dance with her. We had my Lord Tiptoff and Lady Fanny Rakes for our vis-à-vis.

You should have seen how the people crowded to look at us, and admired my dancing too, for I cut the very best of capers, quite different to the rest of the gents (my lord among the number), who walked through the quadrille as if they thought it a trouble, and stared at my activity with all their might. But when I have a dance I like to enjoy myself; and Mary Smith often said I was the very best partner at our assemblies. While we were dancing I told Lady Jane how Roundhand, Gutch, and I had come down three in a cab, besides the driver; and my account of our adventures made her ladyship laugh, I warrant you. Lucky it was for me that I didn’t go back in the same vehicle; for the driver went and intoxicated himself at the Yellow Lion, threw out Gutch and our head clerk as he was driving them back, and actually fought Gutch afterward and blacked his eye, because he said that Gutch’s red velvet waistcoat frightened the horse.

Lady Jane, however, spared me such an uncomfortable ride home; for she said she had a fourth place in her carriage, and asked me if I would accept it; and positively, at two o’clock in the morning, there was I, after setting the ladies and my lord down, driven to Salisbury Square in a great thundering carriage, with flaming lamps and two tall footmen, who nearly knocked the door and the whole little street down with the noise they made at the rapper. You should have seen Gus’ head peeping out of window in his white nightcap! He kept me up the whole night telling him about the ball, and the great people I had seen there, and next day he told at the office my stories, with his own usual embroideries upon them.

‘Mr. Titmarsh,’ said Lady Fanny, laughing to me, ‘who is that great fat, curious man, the master of the house? Do you know he asked me if you were not related to us? and I said, “Oh, yes, you were.”’

‘Fanny!’ says Lady Jane.

‘Well,’ answered the other, ‘did not grandmamma say Mr. Titmarsh was her cousin?’

‘But you know that grandmamma’s memory is not very good.’

‘Indeed, you’re wrong, Lady Jane,’ says my lord; ‘I think its prodigious.’

‘Yes, but not very—not very accurate.’
'No, my lady,' says I; 'for her ladyship, the Countess of Drum, said, if you remember, that my friend Gus Hoskins—'

'Whose cause you supported so bravely,' cries Lady Fanny.

'That my friend Gus is her ladyship's cousin too, which cannot be, for I know all his family; they live in Skinner Street and St. Mary Axe, and are not—not quite so respectable as my relatives.'

At this they all began to laugh; and my lord said rather haughtily:

'Depend upon it, Mr. Titmarsh, that Lady Drum is no more your cousin than she is the cousin of your friend Mr. Hoskinson.'

'Hoskins, my lord—and so I told Gus; but you see he is very fond of me, and will have it that I am related to Lady D., and say what I will to the contrary, tells the story everywhere. Though, to be sure,' added I, with a laugh, 'it has gained me no small good in my time.' So I described to the party our dinner at Mrs. Roundhand's, which all came from my diamond pin, and my reputation as a connection of the aristocracy. Then I thanked Lady Jane handsomely for her magnificent present of fruit and venison, and told her that it had entreated a great number of kind friends of mine, who had drunk her ladyship's health with the greatest gratitude.

'A haunch of venison!' cried Lady Jane, quite astonished; 'indeed, Mr. Titmarsh, I am quite at a loss to understand you.'

As we passed a gas lamp I saw Lady Fanny laughing as usual, and turning her great arch sparkling black eyes at Lord Tiptoff.

'Why, Lady Jane,' said he, 'if the truth must out, the great haunch of venison trick was one of this young lady's performing. You must know that I had received the above named haunch from Lord Guttlebury's park; and knowing that Preston is not averse to Guttlebury venison, was telling Lady Drum (in whose carriage I had a seat that day, as Mr. Titmarsh was not in the way) that I intended the haunch for your husband's table. Whereupon my Lady Fanny, clapping together her little hands, declared and vowed that the venison should not go to Preston, but should be sent to a gentleman about whose adventures on the day previous we had just been talking—to Mr. Titmarsh, in fact, whom Preston, as Fanny vowed, had used most cruelly, and to whom, she said, a reparation was due. So my Lady Fanny insists upon our driving straight to my rooms in the Albany (you know I am only to stay in my bachelor's quarters a month longer)—'

'Nonsense!' says Lady Fanny.
‘Insists upon driving straight to my chambers in the Albany, extracting thence the above-named haunch—’

‘Grandmamma was very sorry to part with it,’ cries Lady Fanny.

‘And then she orders us to proceed to Mr. Titmarsh’s house in the city, where the venison was left, in company with a couple of baskets of fruit bought at Grange’s by Lady Fanny herself.’

‘And what was more,’ said Lady Fanny, ‘I made grandmamma go into Fr— into Lord Tiptoff’s rooms, and dictated out of my own mouth the letter which he wrote, and pinned up the haunch of venison that his hideous old housekeeper brought us—I am quite jealous of her—I pinned up the haunch of venison in a copy of the John Bull newspaper.’

It had one of the Ramsbottom letters in it, I remember, which Gus and I read on Sunday at breakfast, and we nearly killed ourselves with laughing. ‘The ladies laughed too when I told them this, and good-natured Lady Jane said she would forgive her sister, and hoped I would too; which I promised to do as often as her ladyship chose to repeat the offense.

I never had any more venison from the family; but I’ll tell you what I had. About a month after came a card of ‘Lord and Lady Tiptoff,’ and a great piece of plum cake; of which I am sorry to say Gus ate a great deal too much.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE WEST DIDDESEX ASSOCIATION, AND OF THE EFFECT THE DIAMOND HAD THERE.

Well, the magic of the pin was not over yet. Very soon after Mrs. Brough’s grand party, our director called me up to his room at the West Diddlesex, and after examining my accounts and speaking awhile about business, said, ‘That’s a very fine diamond pin, Master Titmarsh’ (he spoke in a grave, patronizing way), ‘and I called you on purpose to speak to you upon the subject. I do not object to seeing the young men of this establishment well and handsomely dressed; but I know that their salaries cannot afford ornaments like those, and I grieve to see you with a thing of such value. You have paid for it, sir—I trust you have paid for it; for, of all things, my dear—dear young friend, beware of debt.’

I could not conceive why Brough was reading me this lecture about debt and my having bought the diamond pin, as I knew that he had been asking about it already, and how I came
by it—Abednego told me so. "Why, sir," says I, "Mr. Abednego told me that he had told you that I had told him—"

"Oh, aye—by the by, now I recollect, Mr. Titmarsh—I do recollect—yes; though I suppose, sir, you will imagine that I have other more important things to remember."

"Oh, sir, in course," says I.

"That one of the clerks did say something about a pin—that one of the other gentlemen had it. And so your pin was given you, was it?"

"It was given me, sir, by my aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty," said I, raising my voice; for I was a little proud of Castle Hoggarty.

"She must be very rich to make such presents, Titmarsh?"

"Why, thank you, sir," says I, "she is pretty well off. Four hundred a year jointure; a farm at Slopperton, sir; three houses at Squashtail; and three thousand two hundred loose cash at the banker's, as I happen to know, sir,—that's all."

"I did happen to know this, you see; because, while I was down in Somersetshire, Mr. MacManus, my aunt's agent in Ireland, wrote to say that a mortgage she had on Lord Brallagan's property had just been paid off, and that the money was lodged at Coutts'. Ireland was in a very disturbed state in those days; and my aunt wisely determined not to invest her money in that country any more, but to look out for some good security in England. However, as she had always received six per cent. in Ireland, she would not hear of a smaller interest; and had warned me, as I was a commercial man, on coming to town, to look out for some means by which she could invest her money at that rate at least.

"And how do you come to know Mrs. Hoggarty's property so accurately?" said Mr. Brough; upon which I told him.

"Good Heavens, sir! and do you mean that you, a clerk in the West Diddlesex Insurance Office, applied to by a respectable lady as to the manner in which she should invest property, never spoke to her about the company which you have the honor to serve? Do you mean, sir, that you, knowing there was a bonus of five per cent. for yourself upon shares taken, did not press Mrs. Hoggarty to join us?"

"Sir," says I, "I'm an honest man, and would not take a bonus from my own relation."

"Honest I know you are, my boy—give me your hand! So am I honest—so is every man in this company honest; but we must be prudent as well. We have five millions of capital on our books as you see—five bona fide millions of bona fide
souvereigns paid up, sir,—there is no dishonesty there. But why should we not have twenty millions—a hundred millions? Why should not this be the greatest commercial association in the world?—as it shall be, sir,—it shall, as sure as my name is John Brough, if Heaven bless my honest endeavors to establish it! But do you suppose that it can be so unless every man among us use his utmost exertions to forward the success of the enterprise? Never, sir—never; and, for me, I say so everywhere. I glory in what I do. There is not a house in which I enter but I leave a prospectus of the West Diddlesex. There is not a single tradesman I employ but has shares in it to some amount. My servants, sir,—my very servants and grooms, are bound up with it. And the first question I ask of anyone who applies to me for a place is, Are you insured or a shareholder in the West Diddlesex? the second, Have you a good character? And if the first question is answered in the negative, I say to the party coming to me, Then be a shareholder before you ask for a place in my household. Did you not see me—me John Brough, whose name is good for millions—step out of my coach and four into this office, with four pounds nineteen, which I paid in to Mr. Roundhead as the price of half a share for the porter at my lodge gate? Did you remark that I deducted a shilling from the five pound?

'Yes, sir; it was the day you drew out eight hundred and seventy-three ten and six—Thursday week,' says I.

'And why did I deduct that shilling, sir? Because it was my commission—John Brough's commission of five per cent., honestly earned by him, and openly taken. Was there any disguise about it? No. Did I do it for the love of a shilling? No,' says Brough, lying his hand on his heart, 'I did it from principle—from that motive which guides every one of my actions, as I can look up to heaven and say. I wish all my young men to see my example, and follow it; I wish—I pray that they may. Think of that example, sir. That porter of mine has a sick wife and nine young children; he is himself a sick man, and his tenure of life is feeble; he has earned money, sir, in my service—sixty pounds and more—it is all his children have to look to—all; but for that, in the event of his death, they would be houseless beggars in the street. And what have I done for that family, sir? I have put that money out of the reach of Robert Gates, and placed it so that it shall be a blessing to his family at his death. Every farthing is invested in shares in this office; and Robert Gates, my lodge porter, is a holder of three shares in the West Diddlesex Association,
and, in that capacity, your master and mine. Do you think I want to cheat Gates?

'Oh, sir!' says I.

'To cheat that poor helpless man, and those tender, innocent children? You can't think so, sir; I should be a disgrace to human nature if I did. But what boots all my energy and perseverance? What though I place my friends' money, my family's money, my own money—my hopes, wishes, desires, ambitions—all upon this enterprise? You young men will not do so. You, whom I treat with love and confidence as my children, make no return to me. When I toil, you remain still; when I struggle, you look on. Say the word at once—you doubt me! O Heavens, that this should be the reward of all my care and love for you!'

Here Mr. Brough was so affected that he actually burst into tears, and I confess I saw in its true light the negligence of which I had been guilty.

'Sir,' says I, 'I am very—very sorry: it was a matter of delicacy, rather than otherwise, which induced me not to speak to my aunt about the West Diddlesex.'

'Delicacy, my dear, dear boy—as if there can be any delicacy about making your aunt's fortune! Say indifference to me, say ingratitude, say folly—but don't say delicacy—no, no, not delicacy. Be honest, my boy, and call things by their right names—I always do.'

'It was folly and ingratitude, Mr. Brough,' says I. 'I see it all now; and I'll write to my aunt this very post.'

'You had better do no such thing,' says Brough bitterly; 'the stocks are at ninety, and Mrs. Hoggarty can get three per cent. for her money.'

'I will write, sir—upon my word and honor I will write.'

'Well, as your honor is passed, you must, I suppose, for never break your word—no, not in a trifle, Titmarsh. Send me up the letter when you have done, and I'll frank it—upon my word and honor I will,' says Mr. Brough, laughing, and holding out his hand to me.

I took it, and he pressed mine very kindly, 'You may as well sit down here,' says he, as he kept hold of it; 'there is plenty of paper.'

And so I sat down and mended a beautiful pen, and began and wrote, 'Independent West Diddlesex Association, June, 1822,' and 'My dear Aunt,' in the best manner possible. Then I paused a little, thinking what I should next say; for I have always found that difficulty about letters. The date and
my dear so-and-so one writes off immediately—it is the next part which is hard; and I put my pen in my mouth, flung myself back in my chair, and began to think about it.

'Bah!' said Brough, 'are you going to be about that letter all day, my good fellow? Listen to me, and I'll dictate to you in a moment.' So he began:

'My dear Aunt: Since my return from Somersetshire I am very happy indeed to tell you that I have so pleased the managing director of our association and the board, that they have been good enough to appoint me third clerk—

'Sir!' says I.

'Write what I say. Mr. Roundhand, as has been agreed by the board yesterday, quits the clerk's desk and takes the title of secretary and actuary. Mr. Highmore takes his place; Mr. Abednego follows him; and I place you as third clerk—as third clerk [write], with a salary of £150 per annum. This news will, I know, gratify my dear mother and you, who have been a second mother to me all my life.

When I was last at home I remember you consulted me as to the best mode of laying out a sum of money which was lying useless in your banker's hands. I have since lost no opportunity of gaining what information I could; and situated here as I am, in the very midst of affairs, I believe, although very young, I am as good a person to apply to as many others of greater age and standing.

I frequently thought of mentioning to you our association, but feelings of delicacy prevented me from doing so. I did not wish that anyone should suppose that a shadow of self-interest could move me in any way.

But I believe, without any sort of doubt, that the West Didleysex Association offers the best security that you can expect for your capital, and, at the same time, the highest interest you can anywhere procure.

The situation of the company, as I have it from the very best authority [underline that], is as follows:

The subscribed and bona fide capital is five million sterling.

The body of directors you know. Suffice it to say that the managing director is John Brough, Esq., of the firm of Brough & Hoff, a member of parliament, and a man as well known as Mr. Rothschild in the city of London. His private fortune, I know for a fact, amounts to half a million; and the last dividends paid to the shareholders of the I. W. D. Association amounted to 6½ per cent, per annum.

[That I know was the dividend declared by us.]

Although the shares in the market are at a very great premium, it is the privilege of the four first clerks to dispose of a certain number, £6000 each at par; and if you, my dearest aunt, would wish for £2500 worth, I hope you will allow me to oblige you by offering you so much of my new privileges.

Let me hear from you immediately upon the subject, as I have already an offer for the whole amount of my shares at market price.

'But I haven't, sir,' says I.

'You have, sir. I will take the shares; but I want you. I want as many respectable persons in the company as I can bring. I want you because I like you, and I don't mind telling you that I have views of my own as well; for I am an honest man and say openly what I mean, and I'll tell you why I want you. I can't by the regulations of the company have more than a certain number of votes, but if your aunt takes shares I expect—I don't mind owning it—that she will vote with me. Now do you understand me? My object is to be all in all with
the company; and if I be I will make it the most glorious
enterprise that ever was conducted in the city of London.'

So I signed the letter and left it with Mr. B. to frank.

The next day I went and took my place at the third clerk's
desk, being led to it by Mr. B., who made a speech to the
gents, much to the annoyance of the other chaps, who grumbled
about their services, though, as for the matter of that, our
services were very much alike; the company was only three
years old, and the oldest clerk in it had not six months' more
standing in it than I. 'Look out,' said that envious Mr. Whirter
to me. 'Have you got money, or have any of your relations
money? or are any of them going to put it into the concern?'

I did not think fit to answer him, but took a pinch out of
his mull, and was always kind to him, and he, to say the truth,
was always most civil to me. As for Gus Hoskins, he began
to think I was a superior being; and I must say that the rest
of the chaps behaved very kindly in the matter, and said that
if one man were to be put over their heads before another
they would have pitched upon me, for I had never harmed any
of them, and done little kindnesses to several.

'I know,' says Abednego, 'how you got the place. It was
I who got it you. I told Brough you were a cousin of Prest-
ton's, the Lord of the Treasury, had venison from him, and all
that; and depend upon it, he expects that you will be able to
do him some good in that quarter.'

I think there was some likelihood in what Abednego said,
because our governor, as we called him, frequently spoke to
me about my cousin; told me to push the concern in the West
End of the town, get as many noblemen as we could to insure
with us, and so on. It was in vain I said that I could do
nothing with Mr. Preston. 'Bah! bah!' says Mr. Brough,
'don't tell me. People don't send haunches of venison to you
for nothing;' and I'm convinced he thought I was a very cau-
tious, prudent fellow for not bragging about my great family,
and keeping my connection with them a secret. To be sure,
he might have learned the truth from Gus, who lived with me;
but Gus would insist that I was hand and glove with all the no-
bility, and boasted about me ten times as much as I did myself.

The chaps used to call me the 'West Ender.'

'See,' thought I, 'what I have gained by Aunt Hoggarty
giving me a diamond pin! What a lucky thing it is that she
did not give me the money, as I hoped she would! Had I not
had the pin—had I even taken it to any other person but Mr.
Polonius, Lady Drum would never have noticed me; had
Lady Drum never noticed me, Mr. Brough never would, and I never should have been third clerk of the West Diddlesex.

I took heart at all this, and wrote off on the very evening of my appointment to my dearest Mary Smith, giving her warning that a 'certain event,' for which one of us was longing very earnestly, might come off sooner than we had expected. And why not? Miss S.'s own fortune was £70 a year, mine was £150, and when we had £300, we always vowed we would marry. 'Ah!' thought I, 'if I could but go to Somersetshire now I might boldly walk up to old Smith's door' (he was her grandfather, and a half-pay lieutenant of the navy), 'I might knock at the knocker and see my beloved Mary in the parlor, and not be obliged to sneak behind hayricks on the lookout for her, or pelt stones at midnight at her window.'

My aunt, in a few days, wrote a pretty gracious reply to my letter. She had not determined, she said, as to the manner in which she should employ her three thousand pounds, but should take my offer into consideration, begging me to keep my shares open for a little while, until her mind was made up.

'What, then, does Mr. Brough do?' I learned afterward, in the year 1830, when he and the West Diddlesex Association had disappeared altogether, how he had proceeded.

'Who are the attorneys at Slopperton?' says he to me in a careless way.

'Mr. Ruck, sir,' says I, 'is the Tory solicitor, and Messrs. Hodge & Smithers the Liberals.' I knew them very well, for the fact is, before Mary Smith came to live in our parts, I was rather partial to Miss Hodge, and her great gold-colored ringlets; but Mary came and soon put her nose out of joint, as the saying is.

'And you are of what politics?'

'Why, sir, we are Liberals.' I was rather ashamed of this, for Mr. Brough was an out-and-out Tory; but Hodge & Smithers is a most respectable firm. I brought up a packet from them to Hickson, Dixon, Paxton & Jackson, our solicitors, who are their London correspondents.

Mr. Brough only said, 'Oh, indeed!' and did not talk any further on the subject, but began admiring my diamond pin very much.

'TITMARSH, my dear boy,' says he, 'I have a young lady at Fulham who is worth seeing, I assure you, and who has heard so much about you from her father (for I like you, my boy, I don't care to own it) that she is rather anxious to see you too. Suppose you come down to us for a week? Abednego will do your work.'
"Law, sir! you are very kind," says I.
"Well, you shall come down; and I hope you will like my claret. But hark ye! I don't think, my dear fellow, you are quite smart enough—quite well enough dressed. Do you understand me?"
"I've my blue coat and brass buttons at home, sir.'
"What! that thing with the waist between the shoulders that you wore at Mrs. Broughi's party?' (It was rather high waisted, being made in the country two years before.) 'No—no, that will never do. Get some new clothes, sir,—two new suits of clothes.'
"Sir!' says I, 'I'm already, if the truth must be told, very short of money for this quarter, and can't afford myself a new suit for a long time to come.'
"Pooh, pooh! don't let that annoy you. Here's a ten-pound note—but no, on second thoughts you may as well go to my tailor's. I'll drive you down there, and never mind the bill, my good lad!' And drive me down he actually did, in his grand coach and four, to Mr. Von Stiltz in Clifford street, who took my measure and sent me home two of the finest coats ever seen, a dress coat and a frock, a velvet waistcoat, a silk ditto, and three pairs of pantaloons of the most beautiful make. Brough told me to get some boots and pumps, and silk stockings for evenings; so that when the time came for me to go down to Fulham I appeared as handsome as any young nobleman, and Gus said that 'I looked, by jingo, like a regular tiptop swell.'

In the meantime the following letter had been sent down to Hodge & Smithers:

Dear Sirs:

[This part being on private affairs relative to the cases of Dixon v. Haggerston, Snodgrass v. Rubbridge and Another, I am not permitted to extract.]

Likewise we beg to hand you a few more prospectuses of the Independent West Diddlesex Fire and Life Assurance Company, of which we have the honor to be the solicitors in London. We wrote to you last year, requesting you to accept the Shopperton and Somerset agency for the same, and have been expecting for some time back that either shares or assurances should be effected by you.
The capital of the company, as you know, is five millions sterling (say £5,000,000), and we are in a situation to offer more than the usual commission to our agents of the legal profession. We shall be happy to give a premium of six per cent. for shares to the amount of one thousand pounds, 6½ per cent. above a thousand, to be paid immediately upon the taking of the shares.

I am, dear sirs, for self and partners,
Yours most faithfully,
Samuel Jackson.

This letter, as I have said, came into my hands some time
CHAPTER VII.

HOW SAMUEL TITMARSH REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT OF PROSPERITY.

If I had the pen of a George Robins I might describe the Rookery property; suffice it, however, to say it is a very handsome country place, with handsome lawns sloping down to the river, handsome shrubberies and conservatories, fine stables, outhouses, kitchen gardens, and everything belonging to a first-rate *rus in urbe*, as the great auctioneer called it when he hammered it down some years after.

I arrived on a Saturday at half an hour before dinner; a grave gentleman out of livery showed me to my room, a man in a chocolate coat and gold lace, with Brough's crest on the buttons, brought me a silver shaving pot of hot water on a silver tray, and a grand dinner was ready at six, at which I had the honor of appearing in Von Stiltz's dress coat and my new silk stockings and pumps.

Brough took me by the hand as I came in and presented me to his lady, a stout, fair-haired woman in light blue satin; then to his daughter, a tall, thin, dark-eyed girl, with beetle brows, looking very ill-natured, and about eighteen.

'Belinda, my love,' said her papa, 'this young gentleman is one of my clerks, who was at our ball.'

'Oh, indeed!' says Belinda, tossing up her head.

'But not a common clerk, Miss Belinda, so, if you please, we will have none of your aristocratic airs with him. He is a nephew of the Countess of Drum, and I hope he will soon be very high in our establishment and in the city of London.'

At the name of countess (I had a dozen times rectified the error about our relationship) Miss Belinda made a low courtesy and stared at me very hard, and said she would try and make the Rookery pleasant to any friend of papa's. 'We have not much *monde* to-day,' continued Miss Brough, 'and are only in *petit comité*; but I hope before you leave us you will see some *société* that will make your *séjour* agreeable.'

I saw at once that she was a fashionable girl from her using the French language in this way.

'Isn't she a fine girl?' said Brough, whispering to me, and evidently as proud of her as a man could be. 'Isn't she a
fine girl—eh, you dog? Do you see breeding like that in Somersethshire?"

‘No, sir, upon my word!’ answered I rather slyly; for I was thinking all the while how ‘Somebody’ was a thousand times more beautiful, simple, and ladylike.

‘And what has my dearest love been doing all day?’ said her papa.

‘Oh, pa! I have pincéd the harp a little to Captain Fizgig’s flute. Didn’t I, Captain Fizgig?’

Captain the Honorable Francis Fizgig said, ‘Yes, Brough, your fair daughter pincéd the harp, and touchéd the piano, and egratignéd the guitar, and écorchéd a song or two, and we had the pleasure of a promenade à l’eau—of a walk upon the water.’

‘Law, captain!’ cries Mrs. Brough, ‘walk on the water?’

‘Hush, mamma, you don’t understand French!’ says Miss Belinda, with a sneer.

‘It’s a sad disadvantage, madam,’ says Fizgig gravely, ‘and I recommend you and Brough here, who are coming out in the great world, to have some lessons, or at least to get up a couple of dozen phrases and introduce them into your conversation here and there. I suppose, sir, you speak it commonly at the office, or what you call it?’ And Mr. Fizgig put his glass into his eye and looked at me.

‘We speak English, sir,’ says I, ‘knowing it better than French.’

‘Everybody has not had your opportunities, Miss Brough,’ continued the gentleman. ‘Everybody has not voyagé like nous autres, hey? Mais que voulez-vous, my good sir? You must stick to your cursed ledgers and things. What’s the French for ledger, Miss Belinda?’

‘How can you ask? Je n’en sais rien, I’m sure.’

‘You shou-ld learn, Miss Brough,’ said her father. ‘The daughter of a British merchant need not be ashamed of the means by which her father gets his bread. I’m not ashamed—I’m not proud. Those who know John Brough know that ten years ago he was a poor clerk like my friend Titmarsh here, and is now worth half a million. Is there any man in the House better listened to than John Brough? Is there any duke in the land that can give a better dinner than John Brough, or a larger fortune to his daughter than John Brough? Why, sir, the humble person now speaking to you could buy out many a German duke! But I’m not proud—no, no, not proud. ‘There’s my daughter—look at her—when I die she will be mistress of my fortune; but am I proud? No! Let
him who can win her marry her, that's what I say. Be it you, Mr. Fizgig, son of a peer of the realm, or you, Bill Tidd. Be it a duke or a shoeblack, what do I care, hey?—what do I care?'

'O-o-oh!' sighed the gent who went by the name of Bill Tidd: a very pale young man, with a black ribbon round his neck instead of a handkerchief, and his collars turned down like Lord Byron. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, and with a pair of great green eyes ogling Miss Brough with all his might.

'O John—my dear John!' cried Mrs. Brough seizing her husband's hand and kissing it, 'you are an angel, that you are!'

'Isabella, don't flatter me; I'm a man—a plain, downright citizen of London, without a particle of pride except in you and my daughter here—my two Bells, as I call them. This is the way that we live, Titmarsh, my boy; ours is a happy, humble, Christian home, and that's all. Isabella, leave go my hand!'

'Mamma, you mustn't do so before company; it's odious!' shrieked Miss B., and mamma quietly let the hand fall, and heaved from her ample bosom a great large sigh. I felt a liking for that simple woman, and a respect for Brough too. He couldn't be a bad man whose wife loved him so.

Dinner was soon announced, and I had the honor of leading in Miss B., who looked back rather angrily, I thought, at Captain Fizgig, because that gentleman had offered his arm to Mrs. Brough. He sat on the right of Mrs. Brough, and Miss flounced down on the seat next to him, leaving me and Mr. Tidd to take our places at the opposite side of the table.

At dinner there was turbot and soup first, and boiled turkey afterward, of course. How is it that at all the great dinners they have this perpetual boiled turkey? It was real turtle soup—the first time I had ever tasted it—and I remarked how Mrs. B., who insisted on helping it, gave all the green lumps of fat to her husband, and put several slices of the breast of the bird under the body until it came to his turn to be helped.

'I'm a plain man,' says John, 'and eat a plain dinner. I hate your kickshaws, though I keep a French cook for those who are not of my way of thinking. I'm no egotist, look you; I've no prejudices, and miss there has her bechamels and fallys according to her taste. Captain, try the volly vong.'

We had plenty of champagne and old madeira with dinner, and great silver tankards of porter, which those might take who chose. Brough made especially a boast of drinking beer, and when the ladies retired said, 'Gentlemen, Tiggins will give you an unlimited supply of wine; there's no stinting here'; and then laid himself down in his easy-chair and fell asleep.
'He always does so,' whispered Mr. Tidd to me.  
'Get some of that yellow-sealed wine, Tiggins,' says the captain.  'That other claret we had yesterday is loaded, and disagrees with me infernally!'  
I must say I liked the yellow seal much better than Aunt Hoggarty's Rosolio.  
I soon found out what Mr. Tidd was, and what he was longing for.  
'Isn't she a glorious creature?' says he to me.  
'Who, sir?' says I.  
'Miss Belinda, to be sure!' cries Tidd.  'Did mortal ever look upon eyes like hers, or view a more sylph-like figure?'  
'She might have a little more flesh, Mr. Tidd,' says the captain, 'and a little less eyebrow.  They look vicious, those scowling eyebrows, in a girl.  Qu'en dites-vous, Mr. Titmarsh, as Miss Brough would say?'  
'I think it remarkably good claret, sir,' says I.  
'Egad, you're the right sort of fellow!' says the captain.  
'Volto scioltò, eh?  You respect our sleeping host yonder?'  
'That I do, sir, as the first man in the city of London, and my managing director.'  
'And so do I,' says Tidd; 'and this day fortnight, when I'm of age, I'll prove my confidence too.'  
'As how?' says I.  
'Why, sir, you must know that I come into—ahem—a considerable property, sir, on the 14th of July, which my father made—in business.'  
'Say at once he was a tailor, Tidd.'  
'He was a tailor, sir, but what of that?  I've had a university education, and have the feelings of a gentleman; as much—aye, perhaps, and more than some members of an effete aristocracy.'  
'Tidd, don't be severe!' says the captain, drinking a tenth glass.  
'Well, Mr. Titmarsh, when of age I come into a considerable property; and Mr. Brough has been so good as to say he can get me twelve hundred a year for £20,000 and I have promised to invest them.'  
'In the West Diddlesex, sir?' says I—'in our office?'  
'No, in another company, of which Mr. Brough is director, and quite as good a thing.  Mr. Brough is a very old friend of my family, sir, and he has taken a great liking to me; and he says that with my talents I ought to get into Parliament; and then—and then! after I have laid out my patrimony, I may look to matrimony, you see!'
'Oh, you designing dog!' said the captain. 'When I used to lick you at school who ever would have thought that I was thrashing a sucking statesman?'

'Talk away, boys!' said Brough, waking out of his sleep; 'I only sleep with half an eye, and hear you all. Yes, you shall get into Parliament, Tidd my man, or my name's not Brough! You shall have six per cent. for your money or never believe me! But as for my daughter—ask her, and not me. You, or the captain, or Titmarsh may have her, if you can get her. All I ask in a son-in-law is that he should be, as every one of you is, an honorable and high-minded man!'

Tidd at this looked very knowing; and as our host sank off to sleep again, pointed archly at his eyebrows, and wagged his head at the captain.

'Bah!' says the captain. 'I say what I think; and you may tell Miss Brough if you like.' And so presently this conversation ended, and we were summoned in to coffee. After which the captain sang songs with Miss Brough; Tidd looked at her and said nothing; I looked at prints, and Mrs. Brough sat knitting stockings for the poor. The captain was sneering openly at Miss Brough and her affected ways and talk; but in spite of his bullying contemptuous way, I thought she seemed to have a great regard for him, and to bear his scorn very meekly.

At twelve Captain Fizgig went off to his barracks at Knightsbridge, and Tidd and I to our rooms. Next day being Sunday, a great bell woke us at eight, and at nine we all assembled in the breakfast room, where Mr. Brough read prayers, a chapter, and made an exhortation afterward to us and all the members of the household, except the French cook, M. Nongtongpaw, whom I could see, from my chair, walking about in the shrubberies in his white night cap, smoking a cigar.

Every morning on week days, punctually at eight, Mr. Brough went through the same ceremony, and had his family to prayers; but though this man was a hypocrite, as I found afterward, I'm not going to laugh at the family prayers, or say he was a hypocrite because he had them. There are many bad and good men who don't go through the ceremony at all; but I am sure the good men would be the better for it, and am not called upon to settle the question with respect to the bad ones; and therefore I have passed over a great deal of the religious part of Mr. Brough's behavior. Suffice it that religion was always on his lips; that he went to church thrice every Sunday when he had not a party; and if he did not talk religion with us when we were alone, had a great deal to say upon
the subject upon occasions, as I found one day when we had a Quaker and Dissenter party to dine, and when his talk was as grave as that of any minister present. Tidd was not there that day—for nothing could make him forsake his Byron ribbon or refrain from wearing his collars turned down; so Tidd was sent with the buggy to Astley's. 'And hark ye, Titmarsh, my boy,' said he, 'leave your diamond pin upstairs; our friends to-day don't like such gewgaws; and though for my part I am no enemy to harmless ornaments, yet I would not shock the feeling of those who have sterner opinions. You will see that my wife and Miss Brough consult my wishes in this respect.' And so they did—for they both came down to dinner in black gowns and tippets; whereas Miss B. had commonly her dress half off her shoulders.

The captain rode over several times to see us; and Miss Brough seemed always delighted to see him. One day I met him as I was walking out alone by the river, and we had a long talk together.

'Mr. Titmarsh,' says he, 'from what little I have seen of you, you seem to be an honest straight-minded young fellow; and I want some information that you can give. Tell me, in the first place, if you will—and upon my honor it shall go no farther—about this insurance company of yours. You are in the city, and see how affairs are going on. Is your concern a stable one?'

'Sir,' said I, 'frankly, then, and upon my honor too, I believe it is. It has been set up only four years, it is true; but Mr. Brough had a great name when it was established, and a vast connection. Every clerk in the office has, to be sure, in a manner, paid for his place, either by taking shares himself or by his relations taking them. I got mine because my mother, who is very poor, devoted a small sum of money that came to us to the purchase of an annuity for herself and a provision for me. The matter was debated by the family and our attorneys, Messrs. Hodge & Smithers, who are very well known in our part of the country; and it was agreed on all hands that my mother could not do better with her money for all of us than invest it in this way. Brough alone is worth half a million of money, and his name is a host in itself. Nay, more; I wrote the other day to an aunt of mine, who has a considerable sum of money in loose cash, and who had consulted me as to the disposal of it, to invest it in our office. Can I give you any better proof of my opinion of its solvency?'

'Did Brough persuade you in any way?'}
'Yes, he certainly spoke to me; but he very honestly told me his motives, and tells them to us all as honestly. He says, "Gentlemen, it is my object to increase the connection of the office as much as possible. I want to crush all the other offices in London. Our terms are lower than any office, and we can bear to have them lower, and a great business will come to us that way. But we must work ourselves as well. Every single shareholder and officer of the establishment must exert himself, and bring us customers—no matter for how little they are engaged—engage them; that is the great point." And accordingly our director makes all his friends and servants shareholders: his very lodge porter yonder is a shareholder; and he thus endeavors to fasten upon all whom he comes near. I, for instance, have just been appointed over the heads of our gents to a much better place than I held. I am asked down here, and entertained royally; and why? Because my aunt has £3000 which Mr. Brough wants her to invest with us.'

'That looks awkward, Mr. Titmarsh.'

'Not a whit, sir; he makes no disguise of the matter. When the question is settled one way or the other I don't believe Mr. Brough will take any further notice of me. But he wants me now. This place happened to fall in just at the very moment when he had need of me; and he hopes to gain over my family through me. He told me as much as we drove down. "You are a man of the world, Titmarsh," said he; "you know that I don't give you this place because you are an honest fellow, and write a good hand. If I had had a lesser bribe to offer you at the moment, I should only have given you that; but I had no choice, and gave you what was in my power."'

'That's fair enough; but what can make Brough so eager for such a small sum as £3000?'

'If it had been ten, sir, he would have been not a bit more eager. You don't know the city of London, and the passion which our great men in the share market have for increasing their connection. Mr. Brough, sir, would canvass and wheedle a chimney-sweep in the way of business. See, here is poor Tidd and his £20,000. Our director has taken possession of him just in the same way. He wants all the capital he can lay his hands on.'

'Yes, and suppose he runs off with the capital?'

'Mr. Brough of the firm of Brough & Hoff, sir? Suppose the Bank of England runs off! But here we are at the lodge gate. Let's ask Gates, another of Mr. Brough's victims.' And we went in and spoke to old Gates.
'Well, Mr. Gates,' says I, beginning the matter cleverly, 'you are one of my masters, you know, at the West Diddlesex yonder?'

'Yees, sure,' says old Gates, grinning. He was a retired servant, with a large family come to him in his old age.

'May I ask you what your wages are, Mr. Gates, that you can lay by so much money, and purchase shares in our company?'

'Gates told us his wages; and when we inquired whether they were paid regularly, swore that his master was the kind- est gentleman in the world; that he had put two of his daughters into service, two of his sons to charity schools, made one apprentice, and narrated a hundred other benefits that he had received from the family. Mrs. Brough clothed half the children; master gave them blankets and coats in winter, and soup and meat all the year round. There never was such a generous family, sure, since the world began.

'Well, sir,' said I to the captain, 'does that satisfy you? Mr. Brough gives to these people fifty times as much as he gains from them; and yet he makes Mr. Gates take shares in our company.'

'Mr. Titmarsh,' says the captain, 'you are an honest fellow; and I confess your argument sounds well. Now tell me, do you know anything about Miss Brough and her fortune?'

'Brough will leave her everything—or says so.' But I suppose the captain saw some particular expression in my countenance, for he laughed and said:

'I suppose, my dear fellow, you think she's dear at the price. Well, I don't know that you are far wrong.'

'Why then, if I may make so bold, Captain Fizgig, are you always at her heels?'

'Mr. Titmarsh,' says the captain, 'I owe £20,000; and he went back to the house directly, and proposed for her.

I thought this rather unenlightened and unprincipled conduct on the gentleman's part; for he had been introduced to the family by Mr. Tidd, with whom he had been at school, and had sup-plant Tidd entirely in the great heiress' affections. Brough stormed, and actually swore at his daughter (as the captain told me afterward), when he heard that the latter had ac-cepted Mr. Fizgig; and at last, seeing the captain, made him give his word that the engagement should be kept secret for a few months. And Captain F. only made a confidant of me, and the mess, as he said: but this was after Tidd had paid his £20,000 over to our governor, which he did punctually when he came of age. The same day, too, he proposed for the
young lady, and I need not say was rejected. Presently the captain's engagement began to be whispered about; all his great relations, the Duke of Doncaster, the Earl of Cinqbars, the Earl of Crabs, etc., came and visited the Brough family; the Honorable Henry Ringwood became a shareholder in our company, and the Earl of Crabs offered to be. Our shares rose to a premium; our director, his lady, and daughter were presented at court; and the great West Diddlesex Association bid fair to be the first assurance office in the kingdom.

A very short time after my visit to Fulham my dear aunt wrote to me to say that she had consulted with her attorneys, Messrs. Hodge & Smithers, who strongly recommended that she should invest the sum as I advised. She had the sum invested, too, in my name, paying me many compliments upon my honesty and talent; of which, she said, Mr. Brough had given her the most flattering account. And at the same time my aunt informed me that at her death the shares should be my own. This gave me a great weight in the company, as you may imagine. At our next annual meeting I attended in my capacity as a shareholder, and had great pleasure in hearing Mr. Brough, in a magnificent speech, declare a dividend of six per cent., that we all received over the counter.

'You lucky young scoundrel!' said Brough to me; 'do you know what made me give you your place?'

'Why, my aunt's money, to be sure, sir,' said I.

'No such thing. Do you fancy I cared for those paltry £3000? I was told you were nephew of Lady Drum; and Lady Drum is grandmother of Lady Jane Preston; and Mr. Preston is a man who can do us a world of good. I knew that they had sent you venison, and the deuce knows what; and when I saw Lady Jane at my party shake you by the hand, and speak to you so kindly, I took all Abednego's tales for gospel. That was the reason you got the place, mark you, and not on account of your miserable £3000. Well, sir, a fortnight after you was with us at Fulham, I met Preston in the House, and made a merit of having given the place to his cousin. "Confound the insolent scoundrel!" said he; "he my cousin! I suppose you take all old Drum's stories for true? Why, man, it's her mamma; she never is introduced to a man but she finds out a cousinship, and would not fail of course with that cur of a Titmarsh!" "Well," said I, laughing, "that cur has got a good place in consequence, and the matter can't be mended." So you see,' continued our director, 'that you were indebted for your place, not to your aunt's money, but——'
‘But to my aunt’s diamond pin!’

‘Lucky rascal!’ said Brough, poking me in the side and going out of the way. And lucky, in faith, I thought I was.

CHAPTER VIII.

RELATES THE HAPPIEST DAY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH’S LIFE.

I don’t know how it was that in the course of the next six months Mr. Roundhand, the actuary, who had been such a profound admirer of Mr. Brough and the West Diddlesex Association, suddenly quarreled with both, and taking his money out of the concern, he disposed of his £5000 worth of shares to a pretty good profit, and went away speaking everything that was evil both of the company and the director.

Mr. Highmore now became secretary and actuary, Mr. Abednego was first clerk, and your humble servant was second in the office at a salary of £250 a year. How unfounded were Mr. Roundhand’s aspersions of the West Diddlesex appeared quite clearly at our meeting in January, 1823, when our chief director in one of the most brilliant speeches ever heard, declared that the half-yearly dividend was £4 per cent., at the rate of £8 per cent. per annum; and I sent to my aunt £120 sterling as the amount of the interest of the stock in my name.

My excellent aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty, delighted beyond measure, sent me back £10 for my own pocket, and asked me if she had not better sell Slopperton and Squashtail, and invest all her money in this admirable concern.

On this point I could not surely do better than ask the opinion of Mr. Brough. Mr. B. told me that shares could not be had but at a premium; but on my representing that I knew of £5000 worth in the market at par he said: ‘Well, if so, he would like a fair price for his, and would not mind disposing of £5000 worth, as he had rather a glut of West Diddlesex shares, and his other concerns wanted feeding with ready money.’ At the end of our conversation, of which I promised to report the purport to Mrs. Hoggarty, the director was so kind as to say that he had determined on creating a place of private secretary to the managing director, and that I should hold that office with an additional salary of £150.

I had £250 a year; Miss Smith had £70 per annum to her fortune. What had I said should be my line of conduct whenever I could realize £300 a year?

Gus of course, and all the gents in our office through him, knew of my engagement with Mary Smith. Her father had
been a commander in the navy and a very distinguished officer; and though Mary, as I have said, only brought me a fortune of £70 a year, and I, as everybody said, in my present position in the office and the city of London, might have reasonably looked out for a lady with much more money, yet my friends agreed that the connection was very respectable, and I was content; as who would not have been with such a darling as Mary? I am sure, for my part, I would not have taken the Lord Mayor's own daughter in place of Mary, even with a plum to her fortune.

Mr. Brough of course was made aware of my approaching marriage, as of everything else relating to every clerk in the office; and I do believe Abednego told him what we had for dinner every day. Indeed, his knowledge of our affairs was wonderful.

He asked me how Mary's money was invested. It was in the three per cent. consols—£2333 6s. 8d.

'Remember,' says he, 'my lad, Mrs. Sam Titmarsh that is to be may have seven per cent. for her money at the very least, and on better security than the Bank of England; for is not a company of which John Brough is the head better than any other company in England?' And to be sure I thought he was not far wrong, and promised to speak to Mary's guardians on the subject before our marriage. Lieutenant Smith, her grandfather, had been at the first very much averse to our union. (I must confess that one day finding me alone with her, and kissing, I believe, the tips of her little fingers, he had taken me by the collar and turned me out of doors.) But Sam Titmarsh, with a salary of £250 a year, a promised fortune of £150 more, and the right hand man of Mr. John Brough of London, was a very different man from Sam the poor clerk, and the poor clergyman's widow's son; and the old gentleman wrote me a kind letter enough, and begged me to get him six pairs of lamb's wool stockings and four ditto waistcoats from Romanis', and accepted them too as a present from me when I went down in June—in happy June of 1823, to fetch my dear Mary away.

Mr. Brough was likewise kindly anxious about my aunt's Slofferton and Squashtail property, which she had not as yet sold, as she talked of doing; and, as Mr. B. represented, it was a sin and a shame that any person in whom he took such interest, as he did in all the relatives of his dear young friend, should only have three per cent. for her money, when she could have eight elsewhere. He always called me Sam now, praised
me to the other young men (who brought the praises regularly to me), said there was a cover always laid for me at Fulham, and repeatedly took me thither. There was but little company when I went; and M'Whirter used to say he only asked me on days when he had his vulgar acquaintances. But I did not care for the great people, not being born in their sphere; and indeed did not much care for going to the house at all. Miss Belinda was not at all to my liking. After her engagement with Captain Fizgig, and after Mr. Tidd had paid his £20,000 and Fizgig's great relations had joined in some of our director's companies, Mr. Brough declared he believed that Captain Fizgig's views were mercenary, and put him to the proof at once by saying that he must take Miss Brough without a farthing, or not have her at all. Whereupon Captain Fizgig got an appointment in the colonies, and Miss Brough became more ill-humored than ever. But I could not help thinking she was rid of a bad bargain, and pitying poor Tidd, who came back to the charge again more lovesick than ever, and was rebuffed pitilessly by Miss Belinda. Her father plainly told Tidd, too, that his visits were disagreeable to Belinda, and though he must always love and value him, he begged him to discontinue his calls at the Rookery. Poor fellow! he had paid his £20,000 away for nothing! for what was six per cent. to him compared to six per cent. and the hand of Miss Belinda Brough?

Well, Mr. Brough pitied the poor lovesick swain, as he called me, so much, and felt such a warm sympathy in my well-being, that he insisted on my going down to Somersetshire with a couple of months' leave; and away I went, as happy as a lark, with a couple of brand-new suits from Von Stiltz's in my trunk (I had them made, looking forward to a certain event), and inside the trunk Lieutenant Smith's fleecy hosiery, wrapping up a parcel of our prospectuses and two letters from John Brough, Esq., to my mother our worthy annuitant, and to Mrs. Hoggarty our excellent shareholder. Mr. Brough said I was all that the fondest father could wish, that he considered me as his own boy, and that he earnestly begged Mrs. Hoggarty not to delay the sale of her little landed property, as land was high now and must fall; whereas the West Diddlesex Association shares were (comparatively) low, and must inevitably, in the course of a year or two, double, treble, quadruple their present value.

In this way I was prepared, and in this way I took leave of my dear Gus. As we parted in the yard of the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, I felt that I never should go back to Salisbury
Square again, and had made my little present to the landlady’s family accordingly. She said I was the respectablistest gentleman she had ever had in her house; nor was that saying much, for Bell Lane is in the rules of the Fleet, and her lodgers used commonly to be prisoners on rule from that place. As for Gus, the poor fellow cried and blubbered so that he could not eat a morsel of the muffins and grilled ham with which I treated him for breakfast in the Bolt-in-Tun coffeehouse; and when I went away was waving his hat and handkerchief so in the archway of the coach-office that I do believe the wheels of the True Blue went over his toes, for I heard him roaring as we passed through the arch. Ah! how different were my feelings as I sat proudly there on the box by the side of Jim Ward, the coachman, to those I had the last time I mounted that coach, parting from my dear Mary and coming to London with my diamond pin!

When arrived near home (at Grumpley, three miles from our village, where the True Blue generally stops to take a glass of ale at the Poppleton Arms) it was as if our member, Mr. Poppleton himself, was come into the country, so great was the concourse of people assembled round the inn. And there was the landlord of the inn and all the people of the village. Then there was Tom Wheeler, the postboy, from Mrs. Rincer’s posting hotel in our town; he was riding on the old bay posters, and they, Heaven bless us! were drawing my aunt’s yellow chariot, in which she never went out but thrice in a year, and in which she now sat in her splendid cashmere shawl and a new hat and feather. She waved a white handkerchief out of the window, and Tom Wheeler shouted out ‘Huzza!’ as did a number of the little blackguard boys of Grumpley; who, to be sure, would huzza for anything. What a change on Tom Wheeler’s part, however! I remembered only a few years before how he had whipped me from the box of the chaise, as I was hanging on for a ride behind.

Next to my aunt’s carriage came the four-wheeled chaise of Lieutenant Smith, R. N., who was driving his old fat pony with his lady by his side. I looked in the back seat of the chaise, and felt a little sad at seeing that Somebody was not there. But, oh, silly fellow! there was Somebody in the yellow chariot with my aunt, blushing like a peony, I declare, and looking so happy!—oh, so happy and pretty! She had a white dress, and a light blue and yellow scarf, which my aunt said were the Hoggarty colors; though what the Hoggartys had to do with light blue and yellow I don’t know to this day.
Well, the True Blue guard made a great bellowing on his horn as his four horses dashed away; the boys shouted again; I was placed bodkin between Mrs. Hoggarty and Mary; Tom Wheeler cut into his bays; the lieutenant (who had shaken me cordially by the hand, and whose big dog did not make the slightest attempt at biting me this time) beat his pony till its fat sides lathered again; and thus in this, I may say, unexampled procession, I arrived in triumph at our village.

My dear mother and the girls—Heaven bless them!—nine of them in their nankeen spencers (I had something pretty in my trunk for each of them)—could not afford a carriage, but had posted themselves on the road near the village; and there was such a waving of hands and handkerchiefs; and though my aunt did not much notice them, except by a majestic toss of the head, which is pardonable in a woman of her property, yet Mary Smith did even more than I, and waved her hands as much as the whole nine. Ah! how my dear mother cried and blessed me when we met, and called me her soul's comfort and her darling boy, and looked at me as if I were a paragon of virtue and genius; whereas I was only a very lucky young fellow that by the aid of kind friends had stepped rapidly into a very pretty property.

I was not to stay with my mother—that had been arranged beforehand; for though she and Mrs. Hoggarty were not remarkably good friends, yet mother said it was for my benefit that I should stay with my aunt, and so gave up the pleasure of having me with her; and though hers was much the humbler house of the two, I need not say I preferred it far to Mrs. Hoggarty's more splendid one; let alone the horrible Rosolio, of which I was obliged now to drink gallons.

It was to Mrs. H.'s, then, we were driven; she had prepared a great dinner that evening, and hired an extra waiter, and on getting out of the carriage she gave a sixpence to Tom Wheeler, saying that was for himself, and that she would settle with Mrs. Riner for the horses afterward. At which Tom flung the sixpence upon the ground, swore most violently, and was very justly called by my aunt an 'impertinent fellow.'

She had taken such a liking to me that she would hardly bear me out of her sight. We used to sit for morning after morning over her accounts, debating for hours together the propriety of selling the Slopperton property; but no arrangement was come to yet about it, for Hodge & Smithers could not get the price she wanted. And, moreover, she vowed that at her decease she would leave every shilling to me.
Hodge & Smithers, too, gave a grand party, and treated me with marked consideration; as did every single person of the village. Those who could not afford to give dinners gave teas, and all drank the health of the young couple; and many a time after dinner or supper was my Mary made to blush by the allusions to the change in her condition.

The happy day for that ceremony was now fixed, and the 24th July, 1823, saw me the happiest husband of the prettiest girl in Somersetshire. We were married from my mother’s house, who would insist upon that at any rate, and the nine girls acted as bridesmaids; aye! and Gus Hoskins came from town express to be my groomsmen, and had my old room at my mother’s, and stayed with her for a week, and cast a sheep’s-eye upon Miss Winny Titmarsh too, my dear fourth sister, as I afterward learned.

My aunt was very kind upon the marriage ceremony, indeed, She had desired me some weeks previous to order magnificent dresses for Mary from the celebrated Mme. Mantalini of London, and some elegant trinkets and embroidered pocket handkerchiefs from Howell & James’. These were sent down to me, and were to be my present to the bride; but Mrs. Hoggarty gave me to understand that I need never trouble myself about the payment of the bill, and I thought her conduct very generous. Also she lent us her chariot for the wedding journey, and made with her own hands a beautiful crimson satin reticule for Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh, her dear niece. It contained a housewife completely furnished with needles, etc., for she hoped Mrs. Titmarsh would never neglect her needle; and a purse containing some silver pennies, and a very curious pocket piece. ‘As long as you keep these, my dear,’ said Mrs. Hoggarty, ‘you will never want; and fervently—fervently do I pray that you will keep them.’ In the carriage pocket we found a paper of biscuits and a bottle of Rosolio. We laughed at this, and made it over to Tom Wheeler—who, however, did not seem to like it much better than we.

I need not say I was married in Mr. Von Stiltz’s coat (the third and fourth coats, Heaven help us! in a year), and that I wore sparkling in my bosom the great Hoggarty Diamond.

CHAPTER IX.

BRINGS BACK SAM, HIS WIFE, AUNT, AND DIAMOND TO LONDON.

We pleased ourselves during the honeymoon with forming plans for our life in London, and a pretty paradise did we build
for ourselves! Well, we were but forty years old between us; and, for my part, I never found any harm come of castle-building, but a great deal of pleasure.

Before I left London I had, to say the truth, looked round me for a proper place, befitting persons of our small income; and Gus Hoskins and I, who hunted after office hours in couples, had fixed on a very snug little cottage in Camden Town, where there was a garden that certain small people might play in when they came; a horse and gig house, if ever we kept one—and why not, in a few years?—and a fine healthy air, at a reasonable distance from 'Change; all for £30 a year. I had described this little spot to Mary as enthusiastically as Sancho describes Lizias to Don Quixote; and my dear wife was delighted with the prospect of housekeeping there, vowed she would cook all the best dishes herself (especially jam pudding, of which I confess I am very fond), and promised Gus that he should dine with us at Clematis Lodge every Sunday: only he must not smoke those horrid cigars. As for Gus, he vowed he would have a room in the neighborhood too, for he could not bear to go back to Bell Lane, where two had been so happy together; and so good-natured Mary said she would ask my sister Winny to come and keep her company. At which Hoskins blushed and said, 'Pooh! nonsense, now.'

But all our hopes of a happy, snug Clematis Lodge were dashed to the ground on our return from our little honeymoon excursion, when Mrs. Hoggarty informed us that she was sick of the country, and was determined to go to London with her dear nephew and niece, and keep house for them, and introduce them to her friends in the metropolis.

What could we do? We wished her at—Bath, certainly not in London. But there was no help for it, and we were obliged to bring her; for, as my mother said, if we offended her, her fortune would go out of our family; and were we two young people not likely to want it?

So we came to town rather dismally in the carriage, posting the whole way; for the carriage must be brought, and a person of my aunt's rank in life could not travel by the stage. And I had to pay £14 for the posters, which pretty nearly exhausted all my little hoard of cash.

First we went into lodgings—into three sets in three weeks. We quarreled with the first landlady because my aunt vowed that she cut a slice off the leg of mutton which was served for our dinner; from the second lodgings we went because aunt vowed the maid would steal the candles; from the third we
went because Aunt Hoggarty came down to breakfast the morning after our arrival with her face shockingly swelled and bitten by—never mind what. To cut a long tale short, I was half mad with the continual chippings and changings, and the long stories and scoldings of my aunt. As for her great acquaintances, none of them were in London; and she made it a matter of quarrel with me that I had not introduced her to John Brough, Esquire, M. P., and to Lord and Lady Tiptoff, her relatives.

Mr. Brough was at Brighton when we arrived in town; and on his return I did not care at first to tell our director that I had brought my aunt with me, or mention my embarrassments for money. He looked rather serious when perforce I spoke of the latter to him and asked for an advance; but when he heard that my lack of money had been occasioned by the bringing of my aunt to London, his tone instantly changed. 'That, my dear boy, alters the question; Mrs. Hoggarty is of an age when all things must be yielded to her. Here are a hundred pounds; and I beg you to draw upon me whenever you are in the least in want of money.' This gave me breathing time until she should pay her share of the household expenses. And the very next day Mr. and Mrs. John Brough, in their splendid carriage and four, called upon Mrs. Hoggarty and my wife at our lodgings in Lamb's Conduit Street.

It was on the very day when my poor aunt appeared with her face in that sad condition; and she did not fail to inform Mrs. Brough of the cause, and to state that at Castle Hoggarty or at her country place in Somersetshire, she had never heard or thought of such vile, odious things.

'Gracious Heavens!' shouted John Brough, Esquire, 'a lady of your rank to suffer in this way!—the excellent relative of my dear boy Titmarsh! Never, madam—never let it be said that Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty should be subject to such horrible humiliation while John Brough has a home to offer her—a humble, happy, Christian home, madam; though unlike, perhaps, the splendor to which you have been accustomed in the course of your distinguished career. Isabella, my love!—Belinda! speak to Mrs. Hoggarty. Tell her that John Brough's house is hers from garret to cellar. I repeat it, madam—from garret to cellar. I desire—I insist—I order, that Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty's trunks should be placed this instant in my carriage! Have the goodness to look to them yourself, Mrs. Titmarsh, and see that your dear aunt's comforts are better provided for than they have been?

Mary went away rather wondering at this order. But, to
be sure, Mr. Brough was a great man, and her Samuel's benefactor; and though the silly child absolutely began to cry as she packed and toiled at aunt's enormous valises, yet she performed the work, and came down with a smiling face to my aunt, who was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Brough with a long and particular account of the balls at the Castle in Dublin in Lord Charleville's time.

'I have packed the trunks, aunt, but I am not strong enough to bring them down,' said Mary.

'Certainly not, certainly not,' said John Brough, perhaps a little ashamed. 'Hallo! George, Frederic, Augustus, come upstairs this instant, and bring down the trunks of Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty, which this young lady will show you.'

Nay, so great was Mr. Brough's condescension that when some of his fashionable servants refused to meddle with the trunks, he himself seized a pair of them with both hands, carried them to the carriage, and shouted loud enough for all Lamb's Conduit Street to hear, 'John Brough is not proud—no, no; and if his footmen are too high and mighty, he'll show them a lesson of humility.'

Mrs. Brough was for running downstairs too, and taking the trunks from her husband; but they were too heavy for her, so she contented herself with sitting on one, and asking all persons who passed her whether John Brough was not an angel of a man.

In this way it was that my aunt left us. I was not aware of her departure, for I was at the office at the time; and strolling back at five with Gus, saw my dear Mary smiling and bobbing from the window and beckoning to us both to come up. This I thought was very strange, because Mrs. Hoggarty could not abide Hoskins, and indeed had told me repeatedly that either she or he must quit the house. Well, we went upstairs and there was Mary, who had dried her tears and received us with the most smiling of faces, and laughed and clapped her hands and danced and shook Gus' hand. And what do you think the little rogue proposed? I am blest if she did not say she would like to go to Vauxhall!

As dinner was laid for three persons only, Gus took his seat with fear and trembling; and then Mrs. Sam Titmarsh related the circumstances which had occurred, and how Mrs. Hoggarty had been whisked away to Fulham in Mr. Brough's splendid carriage and four. 'Let her go,' I am sorry to say said I; and indeed we relished our veal cutlets and jam pudding a great deal more than Mrs. Hoggarty did her dinner off plate at the Rookery.
We had a very merry party to Vauxhall, Gus insisting on standing treat; and you may be certain that my aunt, whose absence was prolonged for three weeks, was heartily welcome to remain away, for we were much merrier and more comfortable without her. My little Mary used to make my breakfast before I went to office of mornings; and on Sundays we had a holiday, and saw the dear little children eat their boiled beef and potatoes at the Foundling, and heard the beautiful music; but, beautiful as it is, I think the children were a more beautiful sight still, and the look of their innocent happy faces was better than the best sermon. On week days Mrs. Titmarsh would take a walk about five o'clock in the evening on the left-hand side of Lamb's Conduit Street (as you go to Holborn)—aye, and sometimes pursue her walk as far as Snow Hill, when two young gents from the I. W. D. Fire and Life were pretty sure to meet her, and then how happily we all trudged off to dinner! Once we came up as a monster of a man, with high heels and a gold-headed cane and whiskers all over his face, was grinning under Mary's bonnet and chattering to her, close to Day & Martin's blacking manufactory (not near such a handsome thing then as it is now)—there was the man chattering and ogling his best, when who should come up but Gus and I? And in the twinkling of a pegpost, as Lord Duberley says, my gentleman was seized by the collar of his coat and found himself sprawling under a stand of hackney coaches, where all the watermen were grinning at him. The best of it was, he left his head of hair and whiskers in my hand; but Mary said, 'Don't be hard upon him, Samuel; it's only a Frenchman.' And so we gave him his wig back, which one of the grinning stable boys put on and carried to him as he lay in the straw.

He shrieked out something about 'arrêtez,' and 'Français,' and 'champ-d'honneur'; but we walked on, Gus putting his thumb to his nose and stretching out his finger at Master Frenchman. This made everybody laugh; and so the adventure ended.

About ten days after my aunt's departure came a letter from her, of which I give a copy:

My dear Nephew: It was my earnest wish e'er this to have returned to London, where I am sure you and my niece Titmarsh miss me very much, and where she, poor thing, quite inexperienced in the ways of 'the great metropolis,' in aconamy, and indeed in every quality requisit in a good wife and the mistress of a family, can hardly manidge. I am sure, without me.

Tell her on no account to pay more than 6½d. for the prime pieces, 4½d. for soup meat; and that the very best of London butter is to be had for 8½d.; of course, for pndns and the kitchin you'll employ a commoner sort. My trunks were sadly packed by Mrs. Titmarsh, and the hasp of the portmanteau-lock has gone through my yellow
I have dared it, and wear it already twice, at two ellegant (though quiet) evening parties given by my hospitable host; and my peignee velvet on Saturday at a grand dinner, when Lord Scaramouche haulted me to table. Everything was in the most sumptuous style. Soup top and bottom (white and brown), removed by turbit and sammon with immense boles of lobster sauce. Lobsters alone cost 15s. Turbit, three guineas. The hole sammon, weighing, I'm sure, 15 lbs., and never seen at table again; not a bit of pickled sammon the hole weak afterward. This kind of extravagance would just suit Mrs. Sam Tumtarsh, who, as I always say, burns the candle at both ends. Well, young people, it is lucky for you you have an old aunt who knows better, and has a long nose; who shows the hare and the Reeds where to be glad to see her out of doors. I don't mean you, Samuel, who I, must say, is a dutiful nephew to me. Well, I dare say I shan't live long, and some folks won't be sorry to have me in my grave.

Indeed, on Sunday I was taken in my stomick very ill, and thought it might have been the lobster sauce; but Doctor Blogg, who was called in, said it was, he very much feared, consumptive; but gave me some pills and a draft with me made better. Please call upon him—he lives at Pimlico, and you can walk out there after office hours—and present him with £1 1s., with my compliments. I have no money here but a £10 note, the rest being locked up in my box at Lamb's Cudint Street.

Although the flesh is not neglected in Mr. B.'s sumptuous establishment, I can assure you the sperrit is likewise cared for. Mr. B. reads and jsgounds every morning; and o but his exercises refresh the hungry sole before breakfast! Everything is in the handsomest style—silver and gold plate at breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and his crest and motty, a behive, with the Latin word Industria, meaning industry, on everythign—even on the chany jugs and things in my bed-room. On Sunday we were favored by a special outpouring from the Rev. Grimes Wapshot, of the Amphibotist Congriation here, and who egshorted for 3 hours in the afternoon in Mr. B.'s private chapel. As the widow of a Hoggarty, I have always been a stanch supporter of the established Church of England and Ireland; but I must say Mr. Wapshot's stirring way was far superior to that of the Rev. Bland Blenkinsop, the Establishment, who lifted up his voice after dinner for a short discourse of two hours.

Mrs. Brough is, between ourselves, a poor creature, and has no sperrit of her own. About that I am very promised to box her ears; and would have left the house, had not Mr. B taken my part, and miss made me a suitable apology.

I don't know when I shall return to town, being made really so welcome here. Doctor Blogg says the air of Fulham is the best in the world for my simtums; and as the ladies of the house do not choose to walk out with me, the Rev. Grimes Wapshot has often been kind enough to lend me his arm, and 'tis sweet with such a guide to wander both to Putney and Wandsworth, and jsguns the wonderful works of nature. I have spoke to him about the Slopperton property, and he is not of Mr. B.'s opinion that I should sell it; but on this point I shall follow my own counsel.

Meantime you must get into more comfortable lodgings, and lett my bed be warned every night, and of rainy days have a fire in the grate; and let Mrs. Tumtarsh look up my blue silk dress, and turn it against I come; and there is my purple spencer she can have for herself; and I hope she does not wear those three splendid gowns you gave her, but keep them until better times. I shall soon introduce her to my friend Mr. Brough, and others of my acquaintances; and am ever Your loving AUNT.

I have ordered a chest of the Rosolio to he sent from Somersetshire. When it comes, please to send half down here (paying the carriage, of course). 'Twill be an acceptable present to my kind entertainer, Mr. B.

This letter was brought to me by Mr. Brough himself at the office, who apologized to me for having broken the seal by inadvertence; for the letter had been mingled with some more of his own, and he opened it without looking at the superscription. Of course he had not read it, and I was glad of that; for I should not have liked him to see my aunt's opinion of his daughter and lady.

The next day a gentleman at Tom's Coffeehouse, Cornhill, sent me word at the office that he wanted particularly to speak to me, and I stepped thither and found my old friend Smithers, of the house of Hodge & Smithers, just off the coach with his carpetbag between his legs.
"Sam, my boy," said he, 'you are your aunt's heir, and I have a piece of news for you regarding her property which you ought to know. She wrote us down a letter for a chest of that home-made wine of hers which she call Rosolio, and which lies in our warehouse along with her furniture.'

'Well,' says I, smiling, 'she may part with as much Rosolio as she likes for me. I cede all my right.'

'Tshaw!' says Smithers, 'it's not that; though her furniture puts us to a deuced inconvenience, to be sure—it's not that; but in the postscript of her letter she orders us to advertise the Slopperton and Squashtail estates for immediate sale, as she purposes placing her capital elsewhere.'

'I knew that the Slopperton and Squashtail property had been the source of a very pretty income to Messrs. Hodge & Smithers, for aunt was always at law with her tenants, and paid dearly for her litigious spirit; so that Mr. Smithers' concern regarding the sale of it did not seem to me to be quite disinterested.

'And did you come to London, Mr. Smithers, expressly to acquaint me with this fact? It seems to me you had much better have obeyed my aunt's instructions at once, or go to her at Fulham and consult with her on this subject.'

'Sdeath, Mr. Titmarsh! don't you see that if she makes a sale of her property she will hand over the money to Brough; and if Brough gets the money he will——'

'Will give her seven per cent. for it instead of three—there's no harm in that.'

'But there's such a thing as security, look you. He is a warm man, certainly—very warm—quite respectable—most undoubtedly respectable. But who knows? A panic may take place; and then these five hundred companies in which he is engaged may bring him to ruin. There's the Ginger Beer Company, of which Brough is a director: awkward reports are abroad concerning it. The Consolidated Baffin's Bay Muff and Tippet Company—the shares are down very low, and Brough is a director there. The Patent Pump Company—shares at sixty-five, and a fresh call, which nobody will pay.'

'Nonsense, Mr. Smithers! Has not Mr. Brough £500,000 worth of shares in the Independent West Diddlesex, and is that at a discount? Who recommended my aunt to invest her money in that speculation, I should like to know?' I had him there.

'Well, well, it is a very good speculation, certainly, and has brought you three hundred a year, Sam, my boy; and you
may thank us for the interest we took in you (indeed, we loved you as a son, and Miss Hodge has not recovered a certain marriage yet). You don’t intend to rebuke us for making your fortune, do you?’

‘No, hang it, no!’ says I, and shook hands with him, and accepted a glass of sherry and biscuits, which he ordered forthwith.

Smithers returned, however, to the charge. ‘Sam,’ he said, ‘mark my words, and take your aunt away from the Rookery. She wrote to Mrs. S. a long account of a reverend gent with whom she walks out there—the Rev. Grimes Wapshot. That man has an eye upon her. He was tried at Lancaster in the year ’14 for forgery, and narrowly escaped with his neck. Have a care of him—he has an eye to her money.’

‘Nay,’ said I, taking out Mrs. Hoggarty’s letter: ‘read for yourself.’

He read it over very carefully, seemed to be amused by it; and as he returned it to me, ‘Well, Sam,’ he said, ‘I have only two favors to ask of you: one is not to mention that I am in town to any living soul; and the other is to give me a dinner in Lamb’s Conduit Street with your pretty wife.’

‘I promise you both gladly,’ I said, laughing. ‘But if you dine with us, your arrival in town must be known, for my friend Gus Hoskins dines with us likewise; and has done so nearly every day since my aunt went.’

He laughed too, and said, ‘We must swear Gus to secrecy over a bottle.’ And so we parted till dinner time.

The indefatigable lawyer pursued his attack after dinner, and was supported by Gus and by my wife too; who certainly was disinterested in the matter—more than disinterested, for she would have given a great deal to be spared my aunt’s company. But she said she saw the force of Mr. Smithers’ arguments, and I admitted their justice with a sigh. However, I rode my high horse, and vowed that my aunt should do what she liked with her money; and that I was not the man who would influence her in any way in the disposal of it.

After tea the two gents walked away together, and Gus told me that Smithers had asked him a thousand questions about the office, about Brough, about me and my wife, and everything concerning us. ‘You are a lucky fellow, Mr. Hoskins, and seem to be the friend of this charming young couple,’ said Smithers; and Gus confessed he was, and said he had dined with us fifteen times in six weeks, and that a better and more hospitable fellow than I did not exist. This
I state not to trumpet my own praises—no, no; but because these questions of Smithers' had a good deal to do with the subsequent events narrated in this little history.

Being seated at dinner the next day off' the cold leg of mutton that Smithers had admired so the day before, and Gus as usual having his legs under our mahogany, a hackney coach drove up to the door, which we did not much heed; a step was heard on the floor, which we hoped might be for the two-pair lodger, when who should burst into the room but Mrs. Hoggarty herself! Gus, who was blowing the froth off a pot of porter preparatory to a delicious drink of the beverage, and had been making us die of laughing with his stories and jokes, laid down the pewter pot as Mrs. H. came in, and looked quite sick and pale. Indeed we all felt a little uneasy.

My aunt looked haughtily in Mary's face, then fiercely at Gus, and saying, 'It is too true—my poor boy—already!' flung herself hysterically into my arms, and swore, almost choking, that she would never, never leave me.

I could not understand the meaning of this extraordinary agitation on Mrs. Hoggarty's part, nor could any of us. She refused Mary's hand when the poor thing rather nervously offered it; and when Gus timidly said, 'I think, Sam, I'm rather in the way here, and perhaps—had better go,' Mrs. H. looked him full in the face, pointed to the door majestically with her forefinger, and said, 'I think, sir, you had better go.'

'I hope Mr. Hoskins will stay as long as he pleases,' said my wife with spirit.

'Of course you hope so, madam,' answered Mrs. Hoggarty, very sarcastic. But Mary's speech and my aunt's were quite lost upon Gus; for he had instantly run to his hat, and I heard him tumbling downstairs.

The quarrel ended as usual by Mary's bursting into a fit of tears, and by my aunt's repeating the assertion that it was not too late, she trusted; and from that day forth she would never, never leave me.

'What could have made aunt return and be so angry?' said I to Mary that night as we were in our own room; but my wife protested she did not know; and it was only some time after that I found out the reason of this quarrel, and of Mrs. H.'s sudden reappearance.

The horrible, fat, coarse little Smithers told me the matter as a very good joke only the other year, when he showed me the letter of Hickson, Dixon, Paxton & Jackson, which has before been quoted in my memoirs.
"Sam, my boy," said he, "you were determined to leave Mrs. Hoggarty in Brough's clutches at the Rookery, and I was determined to have her away. I resolved to kill two of your mortal enemies with one stone, as it were. It was quite clear to me that the Rev. Grimes Wapshot had an eye to your aunt's fortune; and that Mr. Brough had similar predatory intentions regarding her. Predatory is a mild word, Sam; if I had said robbery at once I should express my meaning clearer.

"Well, I took the Fulham stage, and, arriving, made straight for the lodgings of the reverend gentleman. "Sir," said I, on finding that worthy gent—he was drinking warm brandy and water, Sam, at two o'clock in the day, or at least the room smelt very strongly of that beverage—"Sir," says I, "you were tried for forgery in the year '14, at Lancaster assizes."

"And acquitted, sir. My innocence was by Providence made clear," said Wapshot.

"But you were not acquitted of embezzlement in '16, sir," says I, "and passed two years in York jail in consequence."

I knew the fellow's history, for I had a writ out against him when he was a preacher at Clifton. I followed up my blow.

"Mr. Wapshot," said I, "you are making love to an excellent lady now at the house of Mr. Brough; if you do not promise to give up all pursuit of her, I will expose you."

"I have promised," said Wapshot, rather surprised, and looking more easy. "I have given my solemn promise to Mr. Brough, who was with me this very morning, storming and scolding and swearing. Oh, sir, it would have frightened you to hear a Christian babe like him swear as he did."

"Mr. Brough been here?" says I, rather astonished.

"Yes; I suppose you are both here on the same scent," says Wapshot. "You want to marry the widow with the Sloperton and Squashtail estate, do you? Well, well, have your way. I've promised not to have anything more to do with the widow, and a Wapshot's honor is sacred."

"I suppose, sir," says I, "Mr. Brough has threatened to kick you out of doors if you call again."

"You have been with him, I see," says the reverend gent, with a shrug; then I remembered what you had told me of the broken seal of your letter, and have not the slightest doubt that Brough opened and read every word of it.

"Well, the first bird was bagged; both I and Brough had had a shot at him. Now I had to fire at the whole Rookery; and off I went, primed and loaded, sir—primed and loaded.

"It was past eight when I arrived, and I saw, after I passed
the lodge gates, a figure that I knew, walking in the shrubbery—
that of your respected aunt, sir; but I wished to meet the
amiable ladies of the house before I saw her; because, look,
friend Titmarsh, I saw by Mrs. Hoggarty’s letter that she and
they were at daggers drawn, and hoped to get her out of the
house at once by means of a quarrel with them.

I laughed, and owned that Mr. Smithers was a very cunning
fellow.

"As luck would have it," continued he, ‘Miss Brough was
in the drawing room twanging on a guitar, and singing most
atrociously out of tune; but as I entered at the door, I cried
"Hush!" to the footman, as loud as possible, stood stock-still,
and then walked forward on tiptoe lightly. Miss B. could see
in the glass every movement that I made; she pretended
not to see, however, and finished the song with a regular
roulade.

"Gracious Heaven!" said I, "do, madam, pardon me for
interrupting that delicious harmony—for coming unaware upon
it, for daring uninvited to listen to it."

"Do you come for mamma, sir?" said Miss Brough with
as much graciousness as her physiognomy could command. "I
am Miss Brough, sir.

"I wish, madam, you would let me not breathe a word re-
garding my business until you have sung another charming
strain."

'She did not sing, but looked pleased, and said, "La! sir,
what is your business?"

"My business is with a lady, your respected father’s
guest in this house."

"Oh, Mrs. Hoggarty!" says Miss Brough, flouncing to-
ward the bell and ringing it. "John, send to Mrs. Hoggarty
in the shrubbery; here is a gentleman who wants to see her."

"I know," continued I, "Mrs. Hoggarty’s peculiarities as
well as anyone, madam; and aware that those and her educa-
tion are not such as to make her a fit companion for you, I
know you do not like her; she has written to us in Somerset-
shire that you do not like her."

"What! she has been abusing us to her friends, has she?"
cried Miss Brough (it was the very point I wished to insinuate).
"If she does not like us, why does she not leave us?"

"She has made rather a long visit," said I; "and I am
sure that her nephew and niece are longing for her return.
Pray, madam, do not move, for you may aid me in the object
for which I come."
The object for which I came, sir, was to establish a regular battle-royal between the two ladies; at the end of which I intended to appeal to Mrs. Hoggarty, and say that she ought really no longer to stay in a house with the members of which she had such unhappy differences. Well, sir, the battle-royal was fought—Miss Belinda opening the fire by saying she understood Mrs. Hoggarty had been calumniating her to her friends. But though at the end of it Miss rushed out of the room in a rage, and vowed that she would leave her home unless that odious woman left it, your dear aunt said, "Ha, ha! I know the minx's vile stratagems; but, thank Heaven! I have a good heart, and my religion enables me to forgive her. I shall not leave her excellent papa's house, or vex by my departure that worthy admirable man."

I then tried Mrs. H., on the score of compassion. "Your niece," said I, "Mrs. Titmarsh, madam, has been of late, Sam says, rather poorly—qualmish of mornings, madam—a little nervous, and low in spirits—symptoms, madam, that are scarcely to be mistaken in a young married person."

Mrs. Hoggarty said she had an admirable cordial that she would send Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh, and she was perfectly certain it would do her good.

With very great unwillingness I was obliged now to bring my last reserve into the field, and may tell you what that was, Sam, my boy, now that the matter is so long passed. "Madam," said I, "there's a matter about which I must speak, though indeed I scarcely dare. I dined with your nephew yesterday, and met at his table a young man—a young man of low manners, but evidently one who has blinded your nephew, and I too much fear has succeeded in making an impression upon your niece. His name is Hoskins, madam; and when I state that he who was never in the house during your presence there has dined with your too-confiding nephew sixteen times in three weeks, I may leave you to imagine what I dare not—dare not imagine myself."

The shot told. Your aunt bounced up at once, and in ten minutes more was in my carriage, on our way back to London. There, sir, was not that generalship?

And you played this pretty trick off at my wife's expense, Mr. Smithers," said I.

At your wife's expense, certainly; but for the benefit of both of you.

"It's lucky, sir, that you are an old man," I replied, "and that the affair happened ten years ago; or, by the Lord, Mr.
Smithers, I would have given you such a horsewhipping as you never heard of!' 

But this was the way in which Mrs. Hoggarty was brought back to her relatives; and this was the reason why we took that house in Bernard Street, the doings at which must now be described.

CHAPTER X.

OF SAM'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS, AND OF THE FIRM OF BROUGH AND HOFF.

We took a genteel house in Bernard Street, Russell Square, and my aunt sent for all her furniture from the country; which would have filled two such houses, but which came pretty cheap to us young housekeepers, as we had only to pay the carriage of the goods from Bristol.

When I brought Mrs. H. her third half-year's dividend, having not for four months touched a shilling of her money, I must say she gave me £50 of the £80, and told me that was ample pay for the board and lodging of a poor old woman like her, who did not eat more than a sparrow.

I have myself, in the country, seen her eat nine sparrows in a pudding; but she was rich and I could not complain. If she saved £600 a year, at the least, by living with us, why, all the savings would one day come to me; and so Mary and I consoled ourselves, and tried to manage matters as well as we might. It was no easy task to keep a mansion in Bernard Street and save money out of £470 a year, which was my income. But what a lucky fellow I was to have such an income!

As Mrs. Hoggarty left the Rookery in Smithers' carriage, Mr. Brough, with his four grays, was entering the lodge gate; and I should like to have seen the looks of these two gentlemen as the one was carrying the other's prey off, out of his own very den, under his very nose.

He came to see her the next day, and protested that he would not leave the house until she left it with him; that he had heard of his daughter's infamous conduct, and had seen her in tears—'in tears, madam, and on her knees, imploring Heaven to pardon her!' But Mr. B. was obliged to leave the house without my aunt, who had a causa major for staying, and hardly allowed poor Mary out of her sight—opening every one of the letters that came into the house directed to my wife, and suspecting hers to everybody. Mary never told me of all this pain for many, many years afterward; but had always a smiling face for her husband when he came home
from his work. As for poor Gus, my aunt had so frightened him that he never once showed his nose in the place all the time we lived there; but used to be content with news of Mary, of whom he was as fond as he was of me.

Mr. Brough, when my aunt left him, was in a furious ill humor with me. He found fault with me ten times a day, and openly, before the gents of the office; but I let him one day know pretty smartly that I was not only a servant, but a considerable shareholder in the company; that I defied him to find fault with my work or my regularity; and that I was not minded to receive any insolent language from him or any man. He said it was always so; that he had never cherished a young man in his bosom but the ingrate had turned on him; that he was accustomed to wrong and undutifulness from his children, and that he would pray that the sin might be forgiven me. A moment before he had been cursing and swearing at me, and speaking to me as if I had been his shoehorn. But, look you, I was not going to put up with any more of Madam Brough's airs, or of his. With me they might act as they thought fit; but I did not choose that my wife should be passed over by them, as she had been in the manner of the visit to Fulham.

Brough ended by warning me of Hodge and Smithers. 'Beware of these men,' said he; 'but for my honesty your aunt's landed property would have been sacrificed by these cormorants; and when, for her benefit—which you, obstinate young man, will not perceive—I wished to dispose of her land, her attorneys actually had the audacity—the unchristian avarice I may say—to ask ten per cent. commission on the sale.'

There might be some truth in this, I thought; at any rate when rogues fall out honest men come by their own; and now I began to suspect, I am sorry to say, that both the attorney and the director had a little of the rogue in their composition. It was especially about my wife's fortune that Mr. B. showed his cloven foot; for proposing, as usual, that I should purchase shares with it in our company, I told him that my wife was a minor, and as such her little fortune was vested out of my control altogether. He flung away in a rage at this; and I soon saw that he did not care for me any more, by Abednego's manner to me. No more holidays, no more advances of money, had I; on the contrary, the private clerkship at £150 was abolished, and I found myself on my £250 a year again. Well, what then? it was always a good income, and I did my duty, and laughed at the director.
About this time, in the beginning of 1824, the Jamaica Ginger Beer Company shut up shop—exploded, as Gus said, with a bang! The Patent Pump shares were down to £15 upon a paid-up capital of £65. Still ours were at a high premium; and the Independent West Diddlesex held its head up as proudly as any office in London. Roundhand's abuse had had some influence against the director, certainly, for he hinted at malversation of shares; but the company still stood as united as the Hand-in-Hand, and as firm as the Rock.

To return to the state of affairs in Bernard Street, Russell Square: My aunt's old furniture crammed our little rooms; and my aunt's enormous old jingling grand piano, with crooked legs and half the strings broken, occupied three-fourths of the little drawing room. Here used Mrs. H. to sit, and play us, for hours, sonatas that were in fashion in Lord Charleville's time; and sung with a cracked voice, till it was all that we could do to refrain from laughing.

And it was queer to remark the change that had taken place in Mrs. Hoggarty's character now; for whereas she was in the country among the topping persons of the village, and quite content with a tea party at six and a game of twopenny whist afterward—in London she would never dine till seven; would have a fly from the mews to drive in the Park twice a week; cut and uncut, and ripped up and twisted over and over all her old gowns, flounces, caps, and fallals, and kept my poor Mary from morning till night altering them to the present mode. Mrs. Hoggarty, moreover, appeared in a new wig; and, I am sorry to say, turned out with such a pair of red cheeks as Nature never gave her, and as made all the people in Bernard Street stare, where they are not as yet used to such fashions.

Moreover, she insisted upon our establishing a servant in livery—a boy, that is, of about sixteen—who was dressed in one of the old liveries that she had brought with her from Somersetshire, decorated with new cuffs and collars and new buttons; on the latter were represented the mitted crests of the Titmarshes and Hoggarties, viz., a tomtit rampant and a hog in armor. I thought this livery and crest button rather absurd, I must confess, though my family is very ancient. And Heavens! what a roar of laughter was raised in the office one day when the little servant in the big livery, with the immense cane, walked in and brought me a message from Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty! Furthermore, all letters were delivered on a silver tray. If we had had a baby, I believe aunt
would have had it down on the tray; but there was as yet no foundation for Mr. Smithers' insinuation upon that score, any more than for his other cowardly fabrication before narrated. Aunt and Mary used to walk gravely up and down the New Road, with the boy following with his great gold-headed stick; but though there was all this ceremony and parade, and aunt still talked of her acquaintances, we did not see a single person from week's end to week's end, and a more dismal house than ours could hardly be found in London town.

On Sundays Mrs. Hoggarty used to go to St. Paneras Church, then just built, and as handsome as Covent Garden Theater, and of evenings to a meeting house of the Anabaptists; and that day, at least, Mary and I had to ourselves, for we chose to have seats at the Foundling, and heard the charming music there; and my wife used to look wistfully in the pretty children's faces—and so, for the matter of that, did I. It was not, however, till a year after our marriage that she spoke in a way that shall be here passed over, but which filled both her and me with inexpressible joy.

I remember she had the news to give me on the very day when the Muff and Tippet Company shut up, after swallowing a capital of £300,000, as some said, and nothing to show for it except a treaty with some Indians, who had afterward tomahawked the agent of the company. Some people said there were no Indians and no agent to be tomahawked at all, but that the whole had been invented in a house in Crutched Friars. Well, I pitied poor Tidd, whose £20,000 were thus gone in a year, and whom I met in the city that day with a most ghastly face. He had £1000 of debts, he said, and talked of shooting himself; but he was only arrested, and passed a long time in the Fleet. Mary's delightful news, however, soon put Tidd and the Muff and Tippet Company out of my head, as you may fancy.

Other circumstances now occurred in the city of London which seemed to show that our director was—what is not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary—rather shaky. Three of his companies had broken, four more were in a notoriously insolvent state, and even at the meetings of the directors of the West Diddlesex some stormy words passed, which ended in the retirement of several of the board. Friends of Mr. B.'s filled up their places: Mr. Puppet, Mr. Straw, Mr. Query, and other respectable gents coming forward and joining the concern. Brough and Hoff dissolved partnership, and Mr. B. said he had quite enough to do to manage the I. W. D., and intended gradually to retire from the other affairs. Indeed,
such an association as ours was enough work for any man, let alone the parliamentary duties which Brough was called on to perform, and the seventy-two lawsuits which burst upon him as principal director of the late companies.

Perhaps I should here describe the desperate attempts made by Mrs. Hoggarty to introduce herself into genteel life. Strange to say, although we had my Lord Tiptoff's word to the contrary, she insisted upon it that she and Lady Drum were intimately related; and no sooner did she read in the Morning Post of the arrival of her ladyship and her granddaughters in London than she ordered the fly before mentioned and left cards at their respective houses; her card, that is—'Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty,' magnificently engraved in Gothic letters and flourishes, and ours, viz., 'Mr. and Mrs. S. Titmarsh,' which she had printed for the purpose.

She would have stormed Lady Jane Preston's door and forced her way upstairs in spite of Mary's entreaties to the contrary, had the footman who received her card given her the least encouragement; but that functionary, no doubt struck by the oddity of her appearance, placed himself in the front of the door and declared that he had positive orders not to admit any strangers to his lady. On which Mrs. Hoggarty clenched her fist out of the coach window and promised that she would have him turned away.

Yellowplush only burst out laughing at this; and though aunt wrote a most indignant letter to Mr. Edmund Preston, complaining of the insolence of the servants of that right honorable gent, Mr. Preston did not take any notice of her letter, further than to return it, with a desire that he might not be troubled with such impertinent visits for the future. A pretty day we had of it when this letter arrived, owing to my aunt's disappointment and rage in reading the contents; for when Solomon brought up the note on the silver tea-tray as usual, my aunt, seeing Mr. Preston's seal and name at the corner of the letter (which is the common way of writing adopted by those official gents)—my aunt, I say, seeing his name and seal, cried, 'Now Mary, who is right?' and betted my wife a sixpence that the envelope contained an invitation to dinner. She never paid the sixpence, though she lost, but contented herself by abusing Mary all day, and said I was a poor-spirited sneak for not instantly horsewhipping Mr. P. A pretty joke, indeed! They would have hanged me in those days, as they did the man who shot Mr. Perceval.

And now I should be glad to enlarge upon that experience
in genteel life which I obtained through the perseverance of Mrs. Hoggarty; but it must be owned that my opportunities were but few, lasting only for the brief period of six months; and also, genteel society has been fully described already by various authors of novels, whose names need not here be set down, but who, being themselves connected with the aristocracy, viz., as members of noble families, or as footmen or hangers-on thereof, naturally understand their subject a great deal better than a poor young fellow from a fire office can.

There was our celebrated adventure in the Opera House, whither Mrs. H. would insist upon conducting us; and where, in a room of the establishment called the crush room, where the ladies and gents after the music and dancing await the arrival of their carriages (a pretty figure did our little Solomon cut, by the way, with his big cane, among the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot assembled in the lobby!)—where, I say, in the crush room, Mrs. H. rushed up to old Lady Drum, whom I pointed out to her, and insisted upon claiming relationship with her ladyship. But my Lady Drum had only a memory when she chose, as I may say, and had entirely on this occasion thought fit to forget her connection with the Titmarshes and Hoggarties. Far from recognizing us, indeed, she called Mrs. Hoggarty an 'ojus'-oman,' and screamed out as loud as possible for a police officer.

This and other rebuffs made my aunt perceive the vanities of this wicked world, as she said, and threw her more and more into really serious society. She formed several very valuable acquaintances, she said, at the Independent Chapel; and among others lighted upon her friend of the Rookery, Mr. Grimes Wapshot. We did not know then the interview which he had had with Mr. Smithers, nor did Grimes think proper to acquaint us with the particulars of it; but though I did acquaint Mrs. H. with the fact that her favorite preacher had been tried for forgery, she replied that she considered the story an atrocious calumny; and he answered by saying that Mary and I were in lamentable darkness, and that we should infallibly find the way to a certain bottomless pit, of which he seemed to know a great deal. Under the reverend gentleman's guidance and advice she after a time separated from St. Pancras altogether—'sat under him,' as the phrase is, regularly thrice a week—began to labor in the conversion of the poor of Bloomsbury and St. Giles, and made a deal of baby linen for distribution among those benighted people. She did not make any, however, for Mrs. Sam Titmarsh, who
now showed signs that such would be speedily necessary, but let Mary (and my mother and sisters in Somersetshire) provide what was requisite for the coming event. I am not, indeed, sure that she did not say it was wrong on our parts to make any such provision, and that we ought to let the morrow provide for itself. At any rate, the Rev. Grimes Wapshot drank a deal of brandy and water at our house, and dined there even oftener than poor Gus used to do.

But I had little leisure to attend to him and his doings; for I must confess at this time I was growing very embarrassed in my circumstances, and was much harassed both as a private and public character.

As regards the former, Mrs. Hoggarty had given me £50, but out of that £50 I had to pay a journey post from Somersetshire, all the carriage of her goods from the country, the painting, papering, and carpeting of my house, the brandy and strong liquors drunk by the Rev. Grimes and his friends (for the reverend gent said that Rosolio did not agree with him); and finally, a thousand small bills and expenses incident to all housekeepers in the town of London.

Add to this, I received just at the time when I was most in want of cash, Mme. Mantalini's bill, Messrs. Howell & James' ditto, the account of Baron von Stiltz, and the bill of Mr. Polonius for the setting of the diamond pin. All these bills arrived in a week, as they have a knack of doing; and fancy my astonishment on presenting them to Mrs. Hoggarty, when she said, 'Well, my dear, you are in the receipt of a very fine income. If you choose to order dresses and jewels from first-rate shops, you must pay for them; and don't expect that I am to abet your extravagance, or give you a shilling more than the munificent sum I pay you for board and lodging!'

How could I tell Mary of this behavior of Mrs. Hoggarty, and Mary in such a delicate condition? And bad as matters were at home, I am sorry to say at the office they began to look still worse.

Not only did Roundhead leave, but Highmore went away. Abednego became head clerk: and one day old Abednego came to the place and was shown into the director's private room; when he left it he came trembling, chattering, and cursing downstairs, and had begun, 'Shentlemen—— a speech to the very clerks in the office, when Mr. Brough, with an imploring look, and crying out, 'Stop till Saturday!' at length got him into the street.

On Saturday Abednego, junior, left the office forever, and
I became head clerk with £400 a year salary. It was a fatal week for the office too. On Monday, when I arrived and took my seat at the head desk, and my first read of the newspaper, as was my right, the first thing I read was, 'Frightful fire in Houndsditch!' Total destruction of Mr. Meshach's sealing wax manufactory and of Mr. Shadrach's clothing depot, adjoining. In the former was £20,000 worth of the finest Dutch wax, which the voracious element attacked and devoured in a twinkling. The latter estimable gentleman had just completed 40,000 suits of clothes for the cavalry of H. H. the Cacique of Poyais.'

Both of these Jewish gents, who were connections of Mr. Abednego, were insured in our office to the full amount of their loss. The calamity was attributed to the drunkenness of a scoundrelly Irish watchman, who was employed on the premises, and who upset a bottle of whisky in the warehouse of Messrs. Shadrach, and incautiously looked for the liquor with a lighted candle. The man was brought to our office by his employers; and certainly, as we all could testify, was even then in a state of frightful intoxication.

As if this were not sufficient, in the obituary was announced the demise of Alderman Pash—Alderman Pash we used to call him in our lighter hours, knowing his propensity to green fat: but such a moment as this was no time for joking! He was insured by our house for £5000. And now I saw very well the truth of a remark of Gus'—viz., that life insurance companies go on excellently for a year or two after their establishment, but that it is much more difficult to make them profitable when the assured parties begin to die.

The Jewish fires were the heaviest blows we had had; for though the Waddingley Cotton Mills had been burnt in 1822, at a loss to the company of £80,000, and though the Patent Erostratus Match Manufactory had exploded in the same year at a charge of £14,000, there were those who said that the loss had not been near so heavy as was supposed—nay, that the company had burnt the above-named establishments as advertisements for themselves. Of these facts I can't be positive, having never seen the early accounts of the concern.

Contrary to the expectation of all us gents, who were ourselves as dismal as mutes, Mr. Brough came to the office in his coach and four, laughing and joking with a friend as he stepped out at the door.

'Gentlemen!' said he, 'you have read the papers; they announce an event which I most deeply deplore. I mean the demise of the excellent Alderman Pash, one of our constitu-
ents. But if anything can console me for the loss of that worthy man it is to think that his children and widow will receive, at eleven o'clock next Saturday, £5000 from my friend Mr. Titmarsh, who is now head clerk here. As for the accident which has happened to Messrs. Shadrach and Meshach—in that, at least, there is nothing that can occasion any person sorrow. On Saturday next, or as soon as the particulars of their loss can be satisfactorily ascertained, my friend Mr. Titmarsh will pay to them across the counter a sum of forty, fifty, eighty, one hundred thousand pounds—according to the amount of their loss. They, at least, will be remunerated; and though to our proprietors the outlay will no doubt be considerable, yet we can afford it, gentlemen. John Brough can afford it himself, for the matter of that, and not be very much embarrased; and we must learn to bear ill fortune as we have hitherto borne good, and show ourselves to be men always!

Mr. B. concluded with some allusions, which I confess I don't like to give here; for to speak of Heaven in connection with common worldly matters has always appeared to me irreverent; and to bring it to bear witness to the lie in his mouth, as a religious hypocrite does, is such a frightful crime that one should be careful even in alluding to it.

Mr. Brough's speech somehow found its way into the newspapers of that very evening; nor can I think who gave a report of it, for none of our gents left the office that day until the evening papers had appeared. But there was the speech—aye, and at the week's end, although Roundhand was heard on 'Change that day declaring he would bet five to one that Alderman Pash's money would never be paid—at the week's end the money was paid by me to Mrs. Pash's solicitor across the counter, and no doubt Roundhand lost his money.

Shall I tell how the money was procured? There can be no harm in mentioning the matter now after twenty years' lapse of time, and, moreover, it is greatly to the credit of two individuals now dead.

As I was head clerk, I had occasion to be frequently in Brough's room, and he now seemed once more disposed to take me into his confidence.

'Titmarsh, my boy,' said he one day to me, after looking me hard in the face, 'did you ever hear of the fate of the great Mr. Silberschmidt of London?' Of course I had. Mr. Silberschmidt, the Rothschild of his day (indeed I have heard the latter famous gent was originally a clerk in Silberschmidt's house)—Silberschmidt, fancying he could not meet his engage-
ments, committed suicide; and had he lived till four o’clock that day, would have known that he was worth £400,000. ‘To tell you frankly the truth,’ says Mr. B., ‘I am in Silber-
schmidt’s case. My late partner, Hoff, has given bills in the
name of the firm to an enormous amount, and I have been
obliged to meet them. I have been cast in fourteen actions
brought by creditors of that infernal Ginger Beer Company,
and all the debts are put upon my shoulders on account of my
known wealth. Now, unless I have time I cannot pay; and
the long and short of the matter is that if I cannot procure
£5000 before Saturday, our concern is ruined!’
‘What! the West Diddlesex ruined?’ says I, thinking of
my poor mother’s annuity. ‘Impossible! our business is
splendid!’
‘We must have £5000 on Saturday and we are saved;
and if you will, as you can, get it for me, I will give you
£10,000 for the money!’
B. then showed me to a fraction the accounts of the con-
cern, and his own private account, proving beyond the possi-
bility of a doubt that with the £5000 our office must be set
a-going, and without it that the concern must stop. No mat-
ter how he proved the thing; but there is, you know, a dictum
of a statesman that, give him but leave to use figures, and he
will prove anything.
I promised to ask Mrs. Hoggarty once more for the money,
and she seemed not to be disinclined. I told him so; and that
day he called upon her, his wife called upon her, his daughter
called upon her, and once more the Brough carriage and four
was seen at our house.
But Mrs. Brough was a bad manager; and instead of carry-
ing matters with a high hand, fairly burst into tears before Mrs.
Hoggarty, and went down on her knees and besought her to
save dear John. This at once aroused my aunt’s suspicions;
and instead of lending the money, she wrote off to Mr. Smithers
instantly to come up to her, desired me to give her up the
£3000 scrip shares that I possessed, called me an atrocious
cheat and heartless swindler, and vowed I had been the cause
of her ruin.
How was Mr. Brough to get the money? I will tell you.
Being in his room one day, old Gates the Fulham porter came
and brought him from Mr. Balls, the pawnbroker, a sum of
£1200. Missus told him, he said, to carry the plate to Mr.
Balls; and having paid the money, old Gates fumbled a great
deal in his pockets, and at last pulled out a £5 note, which he
said his daughter Jane had just sent him from service, and begged Mr. B. would let him have another share in the company. 'He was mortal sure it would go right yet. And when he heard master crying and cursing as he and missus were walking in the shrubbery, and saying that for the want of a few pounds—a few shillings—the finest fortune in Europe was to be overthrown, why, Gates and his woman thought that they should come for'ard, to be sure, with all they could, to help the kindest master and missus ever was.'

This was the substance of Gates' speech, and Mr. Brough shook his hand and—took the £5. 'Gates,' said he, 'that £5 note shall be the best outlay you ever made in your life!' and I have no doubt it was—but it was in heaven that poor old Gates was to get the interest of his little mite.

Nor was this the only instance. Mrs. Brough's sister, Miss Dough, who had been on bad terms with the director almost ever since he had risen to be a great man, came to the office with a power of attorney and said, 'John, Isabella has been with me this morning and says you want money, and I have brought you my £4000; it is all I have, John, and pray God it may do you good—you and my dear sister, who was the best sister in the world to me—till—till a little time ago.'

And she laid down the paper; I was called up to witness it, and Brough, with tears in his eyes, told me her words, for he could trust me, he said. And thus it was that I came to be present at Gates' interview with his master, which took place only an hour afterward. Brave Mrs. Brough! how she was working for her husband! Good woman, and kind! but you had a true heart and merited a better fate! Though wherefore say so? The woman to this day thinks her husband an angel, and loves him a thousand times better for his misfortunes.

On Saturday Alderman Pash's solicitor was paid by me across the counter, as I said. 'Never mind your aunt's money, Titmarsh, my boy,' said Brough; 'never mind her having resumed her shares; you are a true, honest fellow; you have never abused me like that pack of curs downstairs, and I'll make your fortune yet!'

The next week as I was sitting with my wife, with Mr. Smithers, and with Mrs. Hoggarty, taking our tea comfortably, a knock was heard at the door, and a gentleman desired to speak to me in the parlor. It was Mr. Aminadab of Chancery Lane, who arrested me as a shareholder of the Independent West Diddlesex Association, at the suit of Von Stiltz of Clifford Street, tailor and draper.
I called down Smithers, and told him for Heaven's sake not to tell Mary.

'Where is Brough?' says Mr. Smithers.

'Why,' says Mr. Aminadab, 'he's once more of the firm of Brough & Off, sir; he breakfasted at Calais this morning!'

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT A MAN MAY POSSESS A DIAMOND AND YET BE VERY HARD PRESSED FOR A DINNER.

On that fatal Saturday evening, in a hackney coach fetched from the Foundling, was I taken from my comfortable house and my dear little wife, whom Mr. Smithers was left to console as he might. He said that I was compelled to take a journey upon business connected with the office, and my poor Mary made up a little portmanteau of clothes and tied a comforter round my neck, and bade my companion particularly to keep the coach windows shut, which injunction the grinning wretch promised to obey. Our journey was not long; it was only a shilling fare to Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and there I was set down.

The house before which the coach stopped seemed to be only one of half-a-dozen in that street which were used for the same purpose. No man, he be ever so rich, can pass by those dismal houses, I think, without a shudder. The front windows are barred, and on the dingy pillar of the door was a shining brass plate setting forth that 'Aminadab, Officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex,' lived therein. A little red-haired Israelite opened the first door as our coach drove up and received me and my baggage.

As soon as we entered the door he barred it, and I found myself in the face of another huge door, which was strongly locked, and at last, passing through that, we entered the lobby of the house.

There is no need to describe it. It is very like ten thousand other houses in our dark city of London. There was a dirty passage and a dirty stair, and from the passage two dirty doors let into two filthy rooms, which had strong bars at the windows, and yet withal an air of horrible finery that makes me uncomfortable to think of even yet. On the walls hung all sorts of trumpery pictures in tawdry frames (how different from those capital performances of my cousin, Michael Angelo!), on the mantelpiece huge French clocks, vases, and candlesticks, on the sideboards enormous trays of Birmingham
plated ware; for Mr. Aminadab not only arrested those who could not pay money, but lent it to those who could, and had already, in the way of trade, sold and bought these articles many times over.

I agreed to take the back parlor for the night, and while a Hebrew damsel was arranging a little dusky sofa bedstead (woe betide him who has to sleep on it) I was invited into the front parlor, where Mr. Aminadab, bidding me take heart, told me I should have a dinner for nothing with a party who had just arrived. I did not want for dinner, but I was glad not to be alone—not alone, even till Gus came; for whom I dispatched a messenger to his lodgings hard by.

I found there, in the front parlor, at eight o'clock in the evening, four gentlemen, just about to sit down to dinner. Surprising! there was Mr. B., a gentleman of fashion, who had only within half an hour arrived in a post chaise, with his companion Mr. Lock, an officer of Horsham Jail. Mr. B. was arrested in this wise: He was a careless, good-humored gentleman, and had indorsed bills to a large amount for a friend, who, a man of high family and unquestionable honor, had pledged the latter, along with a number of the most solemn oaths, for the payment of the bills in question. Having indorsed the notes, young Mr. B., with a proper thoughtlessness, forgot all about them, and so, by some chance, did the friend whom he obliged; for instead of being in London with the money for the payment of his obligations, this latter gentleman was traveling abroad, and never hinted one word to Mr. B. that the notes would fall upon him. The young gentleman was at Brighton lying sick of a fever; was taken from his bed by a bailiff, and carried, on a rainy day, to Horsham Jail; he had a relapse of his complaint, and when sufficiently recovered was brought up to London to the house of Mr. Aminadab; where I found him—a pale, thin, good-humored, lost young man; he was lying on a sofa, and had given orders for the dinner to which I was invited. The lad's face gave one pain to look at; it was impossible not to see that his hours were numbered.

Now Mr. B. has not anything to do with my humble story; but I cannot help mentioning him, as I saw him. He sent for his lawyer and his doctor; the former settled speedily his accounts with the bailiff, and the latter arranged all his earthly accounts; for after he went from the sponging house he never recovered from the shock of the arrest, and in a few weeks he died. And though this circumstance took place many years ago, I can't forget it to my dying day; and often see the
author of Mr. B.'s death—a prosperous gentleman, riding a fine horse in the Park, lounging at the window of a club, with many friends, no doubt, and a good reputation. I wonder whether the man sleeps easily and eats with a good appetite? I wonder whether he has paid Mr. B.'s heirs the sum which that gentleman paid, and died for?

If Mr. B.'s history has nothing to do with mine, and is only inserted here for the sake of a moral, what business have I to mention particulars of the dinner to which I was treated by that gentleman in the sponging house in Cursitor Street? Why, for the moral too; and therefore the public must be told of what really and truly that dinner consisted.

There were five guests, and three silver tureens of soup, viz., mock-turtle soup, ox-tail soup, and giblet soup. Next came a great piece of salmon, likewise on a silver dish a roast goose, a roast saddle of mutton, roast game, and all sorts of adjuncts. In this way can a gentleman live in a sponging house if he be inclined; and over this repast (which, in truth, I could not touch, for, let alone having dined, my heart was full of care)—over this meal my friend Gus Hoskins found me when he received the letter that I had dispatched to him.

Gus, who had never been in a prison before, and whose heart failed him as the red-headed young Moses opened and shut for him the numerous iron outer doors, was struck dumb to see me behind a bottle of claret, in a room blazing with gilt lamps; the curtains were down too, and you could not see the bars at the windows; and Mr. B., Mr. Lock the Brighton officer, Mr. Aminadab, and another rich gentleman of his trade and religious persuasion were chirping as merrily, and looked as respectfully, as any noblemen in the land.

'Have him in,' said Mr. B., 'if he's a friend of Mr. Titmarsh's; for, cuss me, I like to see a rogue: and run me through, Titmarsh, but I think you are one of the best in London. You beat Brough; you do, by Jove! for he looks like a rogue—anybody would swear to him; but you! by Jove, you look the very picture of honesty!'

'A deep file,' said Aminadab, winking and pointing me out to his friend Mr. Jehoshaphat.

'A good one,' says Jehoshaphat.

'In for £300,000,' says Aminadab. 'Brough's right-hand man, and only three-and-twenty.'

'Mr. Titmarsh, sir, your 'ealth, sir,' says Mr. Lock in an ecstasy of admiration. 'Your very good 'ealth, sir, and better luck to you next time.'
'Pooh, pooh! he's all right,' says Aminadab; 'let him alone.'

'In for what?' shouted I, quite amazed. 'Why, sir, you arrested me for £90.'

'Yes, but you are in for half a million—you know you are. Them debts I don't count—them paltry tradesmen's accounts. I mean Brough's business. It's an ugly one; but you'll get through it. We all know you; and I lay my life that when you come through the court Mrs. Titmarsh has got a handsome thing laid by.'

'Mrs. Titmarsh has a small property sir,' says I. 'What then?'

The three gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, said I was a 'rum chap'—a 'downy cove,' and made other remarks which I could not understand then, but the meaning of which I have since comprehended, for they took me to be a great rascal, I am sorry to say, and supposed that I had robbed the I. W. D. Association, and in order to make my money secure settled it on my wife.

It was in the midst of this conversation that, as I said, Gus came in; and whew! when he saw what was going on he gave such a whistle!

'Herr von Joel, by Jove!' says Aminadab. At which all laughed.

'Sit down,' says Mr. B.—'sit down, and wet your whistle, my piper! I say, egad! you're the piper that played before Moses! Had you there, Dab. Dab, get a fresh bottle of Burgundy for Mr. Hoskins.' And before he knew where he was there was Gus for the first time in his life drinking Clot-Vougeot. Gus said he had never tasted Burgundy before, at which the bailiff sneered, and told him the name of the wine.

'Old Clo! What?' says Gus; and we laughed; but the Hebrew gents did not this time.

'Come, come, sir!' says Mr. Aminadab's friend, 'we're all shentlemen here, and shentlemen never makish reflexunsh upon other gentlemen'sh pershuashunsh.'

After this feast was concluded Gus and I retired to my room to consult about my affairs. With regard to the responsibility incurred as a shareholder in the West Diddlesex, I was not uneasy; for though the matter might cause me a little trouble at first, I knew I was not a shareholder; that the shares were scrip shares, making the dividend payable to the bearer; and my aunt had called back her shares, and consequently I was free. But it was very unpleasant to me to consider that I
was in debt nearly a hundred pounds to tradesmen, chiefly of Mrs. Hoggarty's recommendation; and as she had promised to be answerable for their bills, I determined to send her a letter reminding her of her promise, and begging her at the same time to relieve me from Mr. Von Stiltz's debt, for which I was arrested; and which was incurred not certainly at her desire, but at Mr. Brough's; and would never have been incurred by me but at the absolute demand of that gentleman.

I wrote to her, therefore, begging her to pay all these debts, and promised myself on Monday morning again to be with my dear wife. Gus carried off the letter, and promised to deliver it in Bernard Street after church time; taking care that Mary should know nothing at all of the painful situation in which I was placed. It was near midnight when we parted, and I tried to sleep as well as I could in the dirty little sofa bedstead of Mr. Aminadab's back parlor.

That morning was fine and sunshiny, and I heard all the bells ringing cheerfully for church, and longed to be walking to the Foundling with my wife; but there were the three iron doors between me and liberty, and I had nothing for it but to read my prayers in my own room, and walk up and down afterward in the court at the back of the house. Would you believe it? This very court was like a cage! Great iron bars covered it in from one end to another; and here it was that Mr. Aminadab's jail-birds took the air.

They had seen me reading out of the prayer book at the back parlor window, and all burst into a yell of laughter when I came to walk in the cage. One of them shouted out 'Amen!' when I appeared; another called me a muff (which means, in the slang language, a very silly fellow); a third wondered that I took to my prayer book yet.

'When do you mean, sir?' says I to the fellow—a rough man, a horse-dealer.

'Why, when you are going to be hanged, you young hypocrite!' says the man. 'But that is always the way with Brough's people,' continued he. 'I had four grays once for him—a great bargain, but he would not go to look at them at Tattersall's, nor speak a word of business about them, because it was a Sunday.'

'Because there are hypocrites, sir,' says I, 'religion is not to be considered a bad thing; and if Mr. Brough would not deal with you on a Sunday he certainly did his duty.'

The men only laughed the more at this rebuke, and evidently considered me a great criminal. I was glad to be released
from their society by the appearance of Gus and Mr. Smithers. Both wore very long faces. They were ushered into my room, and, without any orders of mine, a bottle of wine and biscuits were brought in by Mr. Aminadab; which I really thought was very kind of him.

'Drink a glass of wine, Mr. Titmarsh,' says Smithers, 'and read this letter. A pretty note was that which you sent to your aunt this morning, and here you have an answer to it.'

I drank the wine, and trembled rather as I read as follows:

SIR: If, because you knew I had desired to leave you my property, you wished to murder me, and so stepped into it, you are disappointed. Your willingness and ingratitude would have murdered me, had I not, by Heaven’s grace, been enabled to look for consolation elsewhere.

For nearly a year I have been a martyr to you. I gave up everything—my happy home in the country, where all respected the name of Hoggarty; my valuable furniture and wines; my plate, glass, and crockery; I brought all—all to make your home happy and respectable. I put up with the airs and importunities of Mrs. Titmarsh: I loaded her and you with presents and bennalities. I sacrified myself; I gave up the best society in the land, a witch I have been accustomed, in order to be a gardian and companion to you, and prevent, if possible, that waist and extravagance which I prophesied would be your ruin. Such waist and extravagance never, never, never did I see. Buttar waisted as if it had been dirt, coles flung away, candles burnt at both ends, tea and meat the same. The butcher’s bill in this house was enough to support six families.

And now you have the andassaty, being placed in prison justly for your crimes—for cheating me of £3000, for robbing your mother of an insignificant sum, which to her, poor thing, was everything (though she will not feel her loss as I do, being all her life next door to a beggar), for incurring detts which you cannot pay, wherein you knew that your miserable income was quite unable to support your extravagance—you come upon me to pay your detts! No, sir, it is quite enough that your mother should go on the parish, and that your wife should sweep the streets, to which you have indeed brought them; I, at least, though cheated by you of a large sum, and obliged to pass my days in comparative ruin, can retire, and have some of the comforts to which my rank entitles me. The furniture in this house is mine; and as I presume you intend your lady to sleep in the streets, I give you warning that I shall remove it all to-morrow.

Mr. Smithers will tell you that I had intended to leave you my entire fortune. I have this morning, in his presents, solamly tear up my will; and hereby renounce all connection with you and your beggarly family.

P. S.—I took a viper into my bosom, and it stung me.

I confess that, on the first reading of this letter, I was in such a fury that I forgot almost the painful situation in which it plunged me, and the ruin hanging over me.

'What a fool you were, Titmarsh, to write that letter!' said Mr. Smithers. 'You have cut your own throat, sir—lost a fine property—written yourself out of five hundred a year. Mrs. Hoggarty, my client, brought the will, as she says, downstairs, and flung it into the fire before our faces.'

'It’s a blessing that your wife was from home,' added Gus. 'She went to church this morning with Dr. Salt’s family, and sent word that she would spend the day with them. She was always glad to be away from Mrs. H., you know.'

'She never knew on which side her bread was buttered,' said Mr. Smithers. 'You should have taken the lady when she was in humor, sir, and have borrowed the money elsewhere.
Why, sir, I had almost reconciled her to her loss in that cursed company. I showed her how I had saved out of Brough's claws the whole of her remaining fortune; which he would have devoured in a day, the scoundrel! And if you would have left the matter to me, Mr. Titmarsh, I would have had you reconciled completely to Mrs. Hoggarty; I would have removed all your difficulties; I would have lent you the pitiful sum of money myself.'

'Will you?' says Gus. 'That's a trump!' and he seized Smithers' hand, and squeezed it so that the tears came into the attorney's eyes.

'Generous fellow!' said I; 'lend me money, when you know what a situation I am in, and not able to pay!'

'Aye, my good sir, there's the rub!' says Mr. Smithers. 'I said I would have lent the money; and so to the acknowledged heir of Mrs. Hoggarty I would—would at this moment: for nothing delights the heart of Bob Smithers more than to do a kindness. I would have rejoiced in doing it; and a mere acknowledgment from that respected lady would have amply sufficed. But now, sir, the case is altered—you have no security to offer, as you justly observe.'

'Not a whit, certainly.'

'And without security, sir, of course can expect no money—of course not. You are a man of the world, Mr. Titmarsh, and I see our notions exactly agree.'

'There's his wife's property,' says Gus.

'Wife's property? Bah! Mrs. Sam Titmarsh is a minor, and can't touch a shilling of it. No, no, no meddling with minors for me! But stop!—your mother has a house and shop in our village. Get me a mortgage of that—'

'I'll do no such thing, sir,' says I. 'My mother has suffered quite enough on my score already, and has my sisters to provide for; and I will thank you, Mr. Smithers, not to breathe a syllable to her regarding my present situation.'

'You speak like a man of honor, sir,' said Mr. Smithers, 'and I will obey your injunctions to the letter. I will do more, sir. I will introduce you to a respectable firm here, my worthy friends Messrs. Higgs, Biggs & Blatherwick, who will do everything in their power to serve you. And so, sir, I wish you a very good morning.'

And with this Mr. Smithers took his hat and left the room; and after a further consultation with my aunt, as I heard afterward, quitted London that evening by the mail.

I sent my faithful Gus off once more to break the matter
gently to my wife, fearing lest Mrs. Hoggarty should speak of it abruptly to her; as I knew in her anger she would do. But he came in an hour panting back, to say that Mrs. H. had packed and locked her trunks, and had gone off in a hackney coach. So knowing that my poor Mary was not to return till night, Hoskins remained with me till then; and, after a dismal day, left me once more at nine, to carry the dismal tidings to her.

At ten o'clock on that night there was a great rattling and ringing at the outer door, and presently my poor girl fell into my arms; and Gus Hoskins sat blubbering in a corner as I tried my best to console her.

The next morning I was favored with a visit from Mr. Blatherwick, who, hearing from me that I had only three guineas in my pocket, told me very plainly that lawyers only lived by fees. He recommended me to quit Cursitor Street, as living there was very expensive. And as I was sitting very sad, my wife made her appearance (it was with great difficulty that she could be brought to leave me the night previous).

'The horrible men came at four this morning,' said she; 'four hours before light.'

'What horrible men?' says I.

'Your aunt's men,' said she, 'to remove the furniture; they had it all packed before I came away. And I let them carry all,' said she; 'I was too sad to look what was ours and what was not. That odious Mr. Wapshot was with them; and I left him seeing the last wagon load from the door. I have only brought away your clothes,' added she, 'and a few of mine; and some of the books you used to like to read; and some—some things I have been getting for the—for the baby. The servants' wages were paid up to Christmas; and I paid them the rest. And see! just as I was going away the post came, and brought to me my half-year's income—£35, dear Sam. Isn't it a blessing?'

'Will you pay my bill, Mr. What-d'ye-call'um?' here cried Mr. Aminadab, flinging open the door (he had been consulting with Mr. Blatherwick, I suppose). 'I want the room for a gentleman. I guess it's too dear for the like of you.' And here—will you believe it?—the man handed me a bill of three guineas for two days' board and lodging in his odious house.

There was a crowd of idlers round the door as I passed out of it, and had I been alone I should have been ashamed of see-
ing them; but, as it was, I was only thinking of my dear, dear wife, who was leaning trustfully on my arm, and smiling like heaven into my face—ay, and took heaven, too, into the Fleet prison with me—or an angel out of heaven. Ah! I had loved her before, and happy it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; but be unhappy, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman! I declare before Heaven that of all the joys and happy moments it has given me, that was the crowning one—that little ride, with my wife’s cheek on my shoulder, down Holborn to the prison! Do you think I cared for the bailiff that sat opposite? No, by the Lord! I kissed her and hugged her—yes, and cried with her likewise. But before our ride was over her eyes dried up, and she stepped blushing and happy out of the coach at the prison door, as if she were a princess going to the queen’s drawing room.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE HERO’S AUNT’S DIAMOND MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE HERO’S UNCLE.

The failure of the great Diddlesex Association speedily became the theme of all the newspapers, and every person concerned in it was soon held up to public abhorrence as a rascal and a swindler. It was said that Brough had gone off with a million of money. Even it was hinted that poor I had sent a hundred thousand pounds to America, and only waited to pass through the court in order to be a rich man for the rest of my days. This opinion had some supporters in the prison, where, strange to say, it procured me consideration—of which, as may be supposed, I was little inclined to avail myself. Mr. Aminadab, however, in his frequent visits to the Fleet, persisted in saying that I was a poor-spirited creature, a mere tool in Brough’s hands, and had not saved a shilling. Opinions, however, differed; and I believe it was considered by the turnkeys that I was a fellow of exquisite dissimulation, who had put on the appearance of poverty in order more effectually to mislead the public.

Messrs. Abednego & Son were similarly held up to public odium; and in fact what were the exact dealings of these gentlemen with Mr. Brough I have never been able to learn. It was proved by the books that large sums of money had been paid to Mr. Abednego by the company; but he produced documents signed by Mr. Brough, which made the latter and the
West Diddlesex Association his debtors to a still further amount. On the day I went to the bankruptcy court to be examined Mr. Abednego and the two gentlemen from Houndsditch were present to swear to their debts, and made a sad noise, and uttered a vast number of oaths in attestation of their claim. But Messrs. Jackson & Paxton produced against them that very Irish porter who was said to have been the cause of the fire, and, I am told, hinted that they had matter for hanging the Jewish gents if they persisted in their demand. On this they disappeared altogether, and no more was ever heard of their losses. I am inclined to believe that our director had had money from Abednego—had given him shares as bonus and security—had been suddenly obliged to redeem these shares with ready money; and so had precipitated the ruin of himself and the concern. It is needless to say here in what a multiplicity of companies Brough was engaged. That in which poor Mr. Tidd invested his money, did not pay 2d. in the pound; and that was the largest dividend paid by any of them.

As for ours—ah! there was a pretty scene as I was brought from the Fleet to the bankruptcy court to give my testimony as late head clerk and accountant of the West Diddlesex Association.

My poor wife, then very near her time, insisted upon accompanying me to Basinghall Street; and so did my friend Gus Hoskins, that true and honest fellow. If you had seen the crowd that was assembled, and the hubbub that was made as I was brought up!

'Mr. Titmarsh,' says the commissioner as I came to the table, with a peculiar sarcastic accent on the Tit—'Mr. Titmarsh, you were the confidant of Mr. Brough, the principal clerk of Mr. Brough, and a considerable shareholder in the company?'

'Only a nominal one, sir,' said I.

'Of course, only nominal,' continued the commissioner, turning to his colleague with a sneer; 'and a great comfort it must be to you, sir, to think that you had a share in all the plun—the profits of the speculation, and now can free yourself from the losses by saying you are only a nominal shareholder.'

'The infernal villain!' shouted out a voice from the crowd. It was that of the furious half-pay captain and late shareholder, Captain Sparr.

'Silence in the court there!' the commissioner continued; and all this while Mary was anxiously looking in his face, and then in mine, as pale as death; while Gus, on the contrary,
was as red as vermillion. 'Mr. Titmarsh, I have had the good fortune to see a list of your debts from the Insolvent Court, and find that you are indebted to Mr. Stiltz, the great tailor, in a handsome sum; to Mr. Polonius, the celebrated jeweler, likewise; to fashionable milliners and dressmakers, moreover; and all this upon a salary of £200 per annum. For so young a gentleman, it must be confessed you have employed your time well.'

'Has this anything to do with the question, sir?' says I. 'Am I here to give an account of my private debts, or to speak as to what I know regarding the affairs of the company? As for my share in it, I have a mother, sir, and many sisters——'

'The d——d scoundrel!' shouts the captain.

'Silence that there fellow!' shouts Gus as bold as brass; at which the court burst out laughing, and this gave me courage to proceed.

'My mother, sir, four years since, having a legacy of £400 left to her, advised with her solicitor, Mr. Smithers, how she should dispose of this sum; and as the Independent West Didlesex was just then established, the money was placed in an annuity in that office, where I procured a clerkship. You may suppose me a very hardened criminal because I have ordered clothes of Mr. Von Stiltz; but you will hardly fancy that I, a lad of nineteen, knew anything of the concerns of the company into whose service I entered as twentieth clerk, my own mother's money paying, as it were, for my place. Well, sir, the interest offered by the company was so tempting that a rich relative of mine was induced to purchase a number of shares.'

'Who induced your relative, if I may make so bold as to inquire?'

'I can't help owning, sir,' says I, blushing, 'that I wrote a letter myself. But consider my relative was sixty years old, and I was twenty-one. My relative took several months to consider, and had the advice of her lawyers before she acceded to my request. And I made it at the instigation of Mr. Brough, who dictated the letter which I wrote, and who I really thought then was as rich as Mr. Rothschild himself.'

'Your friend placed her money in your name; and you, if I mistake not, Mr. Titmarsh, were suddenly placed over the heads of twelve of your fellow-clerks as a reward for your service in obtaining it?'

'It is very true, sir'—and, as I confessed it, poor Mary began to wipe her eyes, and Gus' ears (I could not see his
face) looked like two red-hot muffins—‘it’s quite true, sir; and as matters have turned out, I am heartily sorry for what I did. But at the time I thought I could serve my aunt as well as myself; and you must remember, then, how high our shares were.’

‘Well, sir, having procured this sum of money, you were straightway taken into Mr. Brough’s confidence, you were received into his house, and from third clerk speedily became head clerk; in which post you were found at the disappearance of your worthy patron!’

‘Sir, you have no right to question me, to be sure; but here are a hundred of our shareholders, and I’m not unwilling to make a clean breast of it,’ said I, pressing Mary’s hand. ‘I certainly was the head clerk. And why? Because the other gents left the office! I certainly was received into Mr. Brough’s house. And why? Because, sir, my aunt had more money to lay out. I see it all clearly now, though I could not understand it then; and the proof that Mr. Brough wanted my aunt’s money, and not me, is that, when she came to town, our director carried her by force out of my house to Fulham, and never so much as thought of asking me or my wife thither. Aye, sir, and he would have had her remaining money had not her lawyer from the country prevented her disposing of it. Before the concern finally broke, and as soon as she heard there was doubt concerning it, she took back her shares—scrip shares they were, sir, as you know—and has disposed of them as she thought fit. Here, sir, and gents,’ says I, ‘you have the whole of the history as far as regards me. In order to get her only son a means of livelihood my mother placed her little money with the company—it is lost. My aunt invested larger sums with it, which were to have been mine one day, and they are lost too; and here am I, at the end of four years, a disgraced and ruined man. Is there anyone present, however much he has suffered by the failure of the company, that has had worse fortune through it than I?’

‘Mr. Titmarsh,’ says Mr. Commissioner in a much more friendly way, and at the same time casting a glance at a newspaper reporter that was sitting hard by, ‘your story is not likely to get into the newspapers; for, as you say, it is a private affair, which you had no need to speak of unless you thought proper, and may be considered as a confidential conversation between us and the other gentlemen here. But if it could be made public, it might do some good, and warn people, if they will be warned, against the folly of such enterprises as that in
which you have been engaged. It is quite clear from your story that you have been deceived as grossly as any one of the persons present. But look you, sir, if you had not been so eager after gain I think you would not have allowed yourself to be deceived, and would have kept your relative's money, and inherited it, according to your story, one day or other. Directly people expect to make a large interest their judgment seems to desert them; and because they wish for profit they think they are sure of it, and disregard all warnings and all prudence. Besides the hundreds of honest families who have been ruined by merely placing confidence in this association of yours, and who deserve the heartiest pity, there are hundreds more who have embarked in it, like yourself, not for investment, but for speculation; and these, upon my word, deserve the fate they have met with. As long as dividends are paid, no questions are asked; and Mr. Brough might have taken the money for his shareholders on the highroad, and they would have pocketed it, and not been too curious. But what's the use of talking? says Mr. Commissioner in a passion; 'Here is one rogue detected, and a thousand dupes made; and if another swindler starts to-morrow, there will be a thousand more of his victims round this table a year hence; and so, I suppose, to the end. And now let's go to business, gentlemen, and excuse this sermon.'

After giving an account of all I knew, which was very little, other gents who were employed in the concern were examined; and I went back to prison, with my poor little wife on my arm. We had to pass through the crowd in the rooms, and my heart bled as I saw, among a score of others, poor Gates, Brough's porter, who had advanced every shilling to his master, and was now, with ten children, houseless and penniless in his old age. Captain Sparr was in this neighborhood, but by no means so friendly disposed; for while Gates touched his hat, as if I had been a lord, the little captain came forward threatening with his bamboo cane, and swearing with great oaths that I was an accomplice of Brough. 'Curse you for a smooth-faced scoundrel!' says he. 'What business have you to ruin an English gentleman, as you have me?' And again he advanced with his stick. But this time, officer as he was, Gus took him by the collar, and shoved him back, and said, 'Look at the lady, you brute, and hold your tongue!' And when he looked at my wife's situation Captain Sparr became redder for shame than he had before been for anger. 'I'm sorry she's married to such a good-for-nothing,' muttered he, and fell back; and my
poor wife and I walked out of the court, and back to our dismal room in the prison.

It was a hard place for a gentle creature like her to be confined in; and I longed to have some of my relatives with her when her time should come. But her grandmother could not leave the old lieutenant; and my mother had written to say that as Mrs. Hoggarty was with us she was quite as well at home with her children. 'What a blessing it is for you, under your misfortunes,' continued the good soul, 'to have the generous purse of your aunt for succor!' Generous purse of my aunt, indeed! 'Where could Mrs. Hoggarty be?' It was evident that she had not written to any of her friends in the country, nor gone thither, as she threatened.

But as my mother had already lost so much money through my unfortunate luck, and as she had enough to do with her little pittance to keep my sisters at home; and as, on hearing of my condition, she would infallibly have sold her last gown to bring me aid, Mary and I agreed that we would not let her know what our real condition was—bad enough! Heaven knows, and sad and cheerless. Old Lieutenant Smith had likewise nothing but his half pay and his rheumatism; so we were, in fact, quite friendless.

That period of my life, and that horrible prison, seem to me like recollections of some fever. What an awful place!—not for the sadness, strangely enough, as I thought, but for the gayety of it; for the long prison galleries were, I remember, full of life and a sort of grave bustle. All day and all night doors were clapping to and fro; and you heard loud voices, oaths, footsteps, and laughter. Next door to our room was one where a man sold gin, under the name of tape; and here, from morning till night, the people kept up a horrible revelry; and sang—sad songs some of them; but my dear little girl was, thank God! unable to understand the most part of their ribaldry. She never used to go out till nightfall; and all day she sat working at a little store of caps and dresses for the expected stranger—and not, she says to this day, unhappy. But the confinement sickened her, who had been used to happy country air, and she grew daily paler and paler.

The fives' court was opposite our window; and here I used, very unwillingly at first, but afterward, I do confess, with much eagerness, to take a couple of hours' daily sport. Ah! it was a strange place. There was an aristocracy there as elsewhere—among other gents, a son of my Lord Deuceace; and many of the men in the prison were as eager to walk with him,
and talk of his family as knowingly, as if they were Bond Street bucks. Poor Tidd, especially, was one of these. Of all his fortune he had nothing left but a dressing case and a flowered dressing gown; and to these possessions he added a fine pair of mustaches, with which the poor creature strutted about; and though cursing his ill fortune, was, I do believe, as happy whenever his friends brought him a guinea as he had been during his brief career as a gentleman on town. I have seen sauntering dandies in watering places ogling the women, watching eagerly for steamboats and stage coaches as if their lives depended upon them, and strutting all day in jackets up and down the public walks. Well, there are such fellows in prisons; quite as dandified and foolish, only a little more shabby—dandies with dirty beards and holes at their elbows.

I did not go near what is called the poor side of the prison— I dared not, that was the fact. But our little stock of money was running low; and my heart sickened to think what might be my dear wife's fate, and on what sort of a couch our child might be born. But Heaven spared me that pang—Heaven, and my dear, good friend Gus Hoskins.

The attorneys to whom Mr. Smithers recommended me told me that I could get leave to live in the rules of the Fleet, could I procure sureties to the marshal of the prison for the amount of the detainer lodged against me; but though I looked Mr. Blatherwick hard in the face, he never offered to give the bail for me, and I knew no housekeeper in London who would procure it. There was, however, one whom I did not know—and that was old Mr. Hoskins, the leather seller of Skinner Street, a kind fat gentleman, who brought his fat wife to see Mrs. Titmarsh; and though the lady gave herself rather patronizing airs (her husband being free of the Skin- ners' Company, and bidding fair to be alderman, nay, Lord Mayor of the first city in the world), she seemed heartily to sympathize with us; and her husband stirred and bustled about until the requisite leave was obtained, and I was allowed comparative liberty.

As for lodgings they were soon had. My old landlady, Mrs. Stokes, sent her Jemima to say that her first floor was at our service; and when we had taken possession of it, and I offered at the end of the week to pay her bill, the good soul, with tears in her eyes, told me that she did not want for money now, and that she knew I had enough to do with what I had. I did not refuse her kindness; for, indeed, I had but five guineas left, and ought not by rights to have thought of such
expensive apartments as hers: but my wife’s time was very near, and I could not bear to think that she should want for any comfort in her lying-in.

That admirable woman, with whom the Misses Hoskins came every day to keep company—and very nice, kind ladies they are—recovered her health a good deal, now she was out of the odious prison and was enabled to take exercise. How gayly did we pace up and down Bridge Street and Chatham Place, to be sure! and yet, in truth, I was a beggar, and felt sometimes ashamed of being so happy.

With regard to the liabilities of the company my mind was now made quite easy; for the creditors could only come upon our directors, and these it was rather difficult to find. Mr. Brough was across the water; and I must say, to the credit of that gentleman, that while everybody thought he had run away with hundreds of thousand of pounds, he was in a garret at Boulogne, with scarce a shilling in his pocket, and his fortune to make afresh. Mrs. Brough, like a good, brave woman, remained faithful to him, and only left Fulham with the gown on her back; and Miss Belinda, through grumbling and sadly out of temper, was no better off. For the other directors—when they came to inquire at Edinburgh for Mr. Mull, W. S., it appeared there was a gentleman of that name who had practiced in Edinburgh with good reputation until 1800, since when he had retired to the Isle of Skye; and on being applied to, knew no more of the West Diddleseex Association than Queen Anne did. General Sir Dionysius O’Halloran had abruptly quitted Dublin and returned to the republic of Guatemala. Mr. Shirk went into the Gazette. Mr. Macraw, M. P. and King’s Counsel, had not a single guinea in the world but what he received for attending our board; and the only man seizable was Mr. Manstraw, a wealthy navy contractor, as we understood, at Chatham. He turned out to be a small dealer in marine stores, and his whole stock in trade was not worth £10. Mr. Abednego was the other director, and we have already seen what became of him.

‘Why, as there is no danger from the West Diddlesex,’ suggested Mr. Hoskins, senior, ‘should you not now endeavor to make an arrangement with your creditors; and who can make a better bargain with them than pretty Mrs. Titmarsh here, whose sweet eyes would soften the hardest-hearted tailor or milliner that ever lived?’

Accordingly, my dear girl, one bright day in February, shook me by the hand, and bidding me be of good cheer, set
off with Gus in a coach to pay a visit to those persons. Little did I think a year before that the daughter of the gallant Smith should ever be compelled to be a suppliant to tailors and haberdashers; but she, Heaven bless her! felt none of the shame which oppressed me—or said she felt none—and went away, nothing doubting, on her errand.

In the evening she came back, and my heart thumped to know the news. I saw it was bad by her face. For some time she did not speak, but looked as pale as death and wept as she kissed me. 'You speak, Mr. Augustus,' at last said she, sobbing, and so Gus told me the circumstances of that dismal day.

'What do you think, Sam?' says he. 'That infernal aunt of yours, at whose command you had the things, has written to the tradesmen to say that you are a swindler and impostor; that you give out that she ordered the goods; that she is ready to drop down dead, and to take her Bible oath she never did any such thing, and that they must look to you alone for payment. Not one of them would hear of letting you out; and as for Mantalini, the scoundrel was so insolent that I gave him a box on the ear, and would have half killed him only poor Mary—Mrs. Tiptoff I mean—screamed and fainted, and I brought her away, and here she is, as ill as can be.

That night the indefatigable Gus was obliged to run post-haste for Dr. Salts, and next morning a little boy was born. I did not know whether to be sad or happy as they showed me the little weakly thing; but Mary was the happiest woman, she declared, in the world, and forgot all her sorrows in nursing the poor baby; she went bravely through her time, and vowed that it was the loveliest child in the world; and that though Lady Tiptoff, whose confinement we read of as having taken place the same day, might have a silk bed and a fine house in Grosvenor Square, she never, never could have such a beautiful child as our dear little Gus; for after whom should we have named the boy if not after our good, kind friend? We had a little party at the christening, and I assure you were very merry over our tea.

The mother, thank Heaven! was very well, and it did one's heart good to see her in that attitude in which I think every woman, be she ever so plain, looks beautiful—with her baby at her bosom. The child was sickly, but she did not see it; we were very poor, but what cared she? She had no leisure to be sorrowful, as I was; I had my last guinea now in my pocket; and when that was gone—ah! my heart sickened to think of what was to come, and I prayed for strength and
guidance, and in the midst of my perplexities felt yet thankful that the danger of the confinement was over; and that for the worse fortune which was to befall us my dear wife was at least prepared and strong in health.

I told Mrs. Stokes that she must let us have a cheaper room—a garret that should cost but a few shillings; and though the good woman bade me remain in the apartments we occupied, yet, now that my wife was well, I felt it would be a crime to deprive my kind landlady of her chief means of livelihood; and at length she promised to get me a garret as I wanted, and to make it as comfortable as might be; and little Jemima declared that she would be glad beyond measure to wait on the mother and the child.

The room, then, was made ready; and though I took some pains not to speak of the arrangement too suddenly to Mary, yet there was no need of disguise or hesitation; for when at last I told her—'Is that all?' said she, and took my hand with one of her blessed smiles, and vowed that she and Jemima would keep the room as pretty and neat as possible. 'And I will cook your dinners,' added she; 'for you know you said I make the best roly-poly puddings in the world.' God bless her! I do think some women almost love poverty; but I did not tell Mary how poor I was, nor had she any idea how lawyers' and prisons' and doctors' fees had diminished the sum of money which she brought me when we came to the Fleet.

It was not, however, destined that she and her child should inhabit that little garret. We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it; but it pleased God to take the innocent infant from us, and on Sunday at midnight it lay a corpse in its mother's bosom. Amen. We have other children happy and well now round about us, and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe that every day of her life the mother thinks of the firstborn that was with her for so short a while; many and many a time has she taken her daughters to the grave in St. Bride's where he lies buried; and she wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birthday, but to her never; and often in the midst of common talk comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still—some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting.
I shall not try to describe her grief, for such things are sacred and secret; and a man has no business to place them on paper for all the world to read. Nor should I have mentioned the child's loss at all, but that even that loss was the means of a great worldly blessing to us, as my wife has often with tears and thanks acknowledged.

While my wife was weeping over her child I am ashamed to say I was distracted with other feelings besides those of grief for its loss; and I have often since thought what a master—nay, destroyer—of the affections want is, and have learned from experience to be thankful for daily bread. That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it, you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away.

The child lay there in its wicker cradle, with its sweet fixed smile in its face (I think the angels in heaven must have been glad to welcome that pretty innocent smile); and it was only the next day, after my wife had gone to lie down, and I sat keeping watch by it, that I remembered the condition of its parents, and thought, I can't tell with what a pang, that I had not money left to bury the little thing, and wept bitter tears of despair. Now at last, I thought, I must apply to my poor mother, for this was a sacred necessity; and I took paper and wrote her a letter at the baby's side, and told her of our condition. But, thank Heaven! I never sent the letter, for as I went to the desk to get sealing wax and seal that dismal letter, my eyes fell upon the diamond pin that I had quite forgotten, and that was lying in the drawer of the desk.

I looked into the bedroom. My poor wife was asleep; she had been watching for three nights and days, and had fallen asleep from sheer fatigue, and I ran out to a pawnbroker's with the diamond and received seven guineas for it, and coming back put the money into the landlady's hand and told her to get what was needful. My wife was still asleep when I came back, and when she woke we persuaded her to go downstairs to the landlady's parlor, and meanwhile the necessary preparations were made and the poor child consigned to its coffin.

The next day, after all was over, Mrs. Stokes gave me back three out of the seven guineas; and then I could not help sobbing out to her my doubts and wretchedness, telling her that this was the last money I had; and when that was gone I
knew not what was to become of the best wife that ever a man was blest with.

My wife was downstairs with the woman. Poor Gus, who was with me, and quite as much affected as any of the party, took me by the arm and led me downstairs, and we quite forgot all about the prison and the rules, and walked a long, long way across Blackfriars Bridge, the kind fellow striving as much as possible to console me.

When we came back it was in the evening. The first person who met me in the house was my kind mother, who fell into my arms with many tears, and who rebuked me tenderly for not having told her of my necessities. She never should have known of them, she said, but she had not heard from me since I wrote announcing the birth of the child, and she felt uneasy about my silence, and, meeting Mr. Smithers in the street, asked from him news concerning me; whereupon that gentleman, with some little show of alarm, told her that he thought her daughter-in-law was confined in an uncomfortable place, that Mrs. Hoggarty had left us; finally, that I was in prison. This news at once dispatched my poor mother on her travels, and she had only just come from the prison, where she learned my address.

I asked her whether she had seen my wife, and how she found her. Rather to my amaze she said that Mary was out with the landlady when she arrived, and eight—nine o'clock came and she was absent still.

At ten o'clock returned—not my wife, but Mrs. Stokes, and with her a gentleman, who shook hands with me on coming into the room, and said, 'Mr. Titmarsh, I don't know whether you will remember me: my name is Tiptoff. I have brought you a note from Mrs. Titmarsh and a message from my wife, who sincerely commiserates your loss, and begs you will not be uneasy at Mrs. Titmarsh's absence. She has been good enough to promise to pass the night with Lady Tiptoff, and I am sure you will not object to her being away from you, while she is giving happiness to a sick mother and a sick child.' After a few more words, my lord left us. My wife's note only said that Mrs. Stokes would tell me all.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT A GOOD WIFE IS THE BEST DIAMOND A MAN CAN WEAR IN HIS BOSOM.

'Mrs. Titmarsh, ma'am,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'before I gratify your curiosity, ma'am, permit me to observe that angels
is scarce, and it's rare to have one, much more two, in a family. Both your son and your daughter-in-law, ma'am, are of that uncommon sort; they are, now, really, ma'am.'

My mother said she thanked God for both of us, and Mrs. Stokes proceeded:

'When the fu—when the seminary, ma'am, was concluded this morning, your poor daughter-in-law was glad to take shelter in my humble parlor, ma'am, where she wept, and told a thousand stories of the little cherub that's gone. Heaven bless us! it was here but a month, and no one could have thought it could have done such a many things in that time. But a mother's eyes are clear, ma'am; and I had just such another angel, my dear little Antony, that was born before Jemima, and would have been twenty-three now were he in this wicked world, ma'am. However, I won't speak of him, ma'am, but of what took place.

'You must know, ma'am, that Mrs. Titmarsh remained downstairs while Mr. Samuel was talking with his friend Mr. Hoskins, and the poor thing would not touch a bit of dinner, though we had it made comfortable, and after dinner it was with difficulty I could get her to sup a little drop of wine and water, and dip a toast in it. It was the first morsel that had passed her lips for many a long hour, ma'am.

'Well, she would not speak, and I thought it best not to interrupt her, but she sat and looked at my two youngest that were playing on the rug; and just as Mr. Titmarsh and his friend Gus went out, the boy brought the newspaper, ma'am—it always comes from three to four, and I began a-reading of it. But I couldn't read much for thinking of poor Mr. Sam's sad face as he went out, and the sad story he told me about his money being so low; and every now and then I stopped reading, and bade Mrs. T. not to take on so; and told her some stories about my dear little Antony.

'"Ah!" says she, sobbing and looking at the young ones, "you have other children, Mrs. Stokes, but that—that was my only one," and she flung back in her chair, and cried fit to break her heart, and I knew that the cry would do her good, and so went back to my paper—the Morning Post, ma'am; I always read it, for I like to know what's a-going on in the West End.

'The very first thing that my eyes lighted upon was this: "Wanted, immediately, a respectable person as wet nurse. Apply at No. — Grosvenor Square." "Bless us and save us!" says I, "here's poor Lady Tiptoff ill;" for I knew her
ladyship's address, and how she was confined on the very same day with Mrs. T.; and, for the matter of that, her ladyship knows my address, having visited here.

"A sudden thought came over me. "My dear Mrs. Titmarsh," said I, "you know how poor and how good your husband is."

"Yes," says she, rather surprised.

"Well, my dear," says I, looking her hard in the face, "Lady Tiptoff, who knows him, wants a nurse for her son, Lord Poynings. Will you be a brave woman, and look for the place, and mayhap replace the little one that God has taken from you?"

"She began to tremble and blush; and then I told her what you, Mr. Sam, had told me the other day, about your money matters; and no sooner did she hear it than she sprung to her bonnet, and said, "Come, come," and in five minutes she had me by the arm, and we walked together to Grosvenor Square. The air did her no harm, Mr. Sam, and during the whole of the walk she never cried but once, and then it was at seeing a nursery maid in the square.

"A great fellow in livery opens the door, and says, "You're the forty-fifth as come about this 'ere place; but, first, let me ask you a preliminary question. Are you a Hirishwoman?"

"No, sir," says Mrs. T.

"That's suflisht, mem," says the gentleman in plush; "I see you're not by your axnt. Step this way, ladies, if you please. You'll find some more candidix for the place upstairs; but I sent away forty-four haplicants, because they was Hirish."

"We were taken upstairs over very soft carpets, and brought into a room, and told by an old lady who was there to speak very softly, for my lady was only two rooms off. And when I asked how the baby and her ladyship were, the old lady told me both were pretty well: only the doctor said Lady Tiptoff was too delicate to nurse any longer, and so it was considered necessary to have a wet nurse.

"There was another young woman in the room—a tall, fine woman as ever you saw—that looked very angry and contempshious at Mrs. T. and me, and said, "I've brought a letter from the duchess whose daughter I must; and I think, Mrs. Blenkinsop, mem, my Lady Tiptoff may look far before she finds such another nuss as me. Five feet six high, had the smallpox, married to a corporal in the Life Guards, perfectly healthy, best of charactiers, only drink water; and as for
the child, ma'am, if her ladyship had six, I've a plenty for them all."

"As the woman was making this speech, a little gentleman in black came in from the next room, treading as if on velvet. The woman got up, and made him a low courtesy, and folding her arms on her great broad chest, repeated the speech she had made before. Mrs. T. did not get up from her chair, but only made a sort of a bow; which, to be sure, I thought was ill manners, as this gentleman was evidently the apothecary. He looked hard at her and said, "Well, my good woman, and are you come about the place too?"

"'Yes, sir," says she, blushing.

"'You seem very delicate. How old is your child? How many have you had? What character have you?"

"Your wife didn't answer a word; so I stepped up, and said, 'Sir," says I, "this lady has just lost her first child, and isn't used to look for places, being the daughter of a captain in the navy; so you'll excuse her want of manners in not getting up when you came in."

"The doctor at this sat down and began talking very kindly to her; he said that he was afraid that her application would be unsuccessful, as Mrs. Horner came very strongly recommended from the Duchess of Doncaster, whose relative Lady Tiptoff was; and presently my lady appeared, looking very pretty, ma'am, in an elegant lace cap and a sweet muslin robe de chambre.

"A nurse came out of her ladyship's room with her; and while my lady was talking to us, walked up and down in the next room with something in her arms.

"First my lady spoke to Mrs. Horner, and then to Mrs. T.; but all the while she was talking, Mrs. Titmarsh, rather rudely, as I thought, ma'am, was looking into the next room: looking —looking at the baby there with all her might. My lady asked her name, and if she had any character; and as she did not speak, I spoke up for her, and said she was the wife of one of the best men in the world; that her ladyship knew the gentleman, too, and had brought him a haunch of venison. Then Lady Tiptoff looked up quite astonished, and I told the whole story: how you had been head clerk, and that rascal Brough had brought you to ruin. "Poor thing!" said my lady. Mrs. Titmarsh did not speak, but still kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Horner looked angrily at her.

"'Poor thing!" says my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand
very kind, "she seems very young. How old are you, my
dear?"

"Five weeks and two days," says your wife, sobbing.

"Mrs. Horner burst into a laugh, but there was a tear in
my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was a-think-
ing of.

"Silence, woman!" says she angrily to the great grenad-
ier woman; and at this moment the child in the next room
began crying.

As soon as your wife heard the noise she sprung from her
chair and made a step forward, and put both her hands to her
breast and said, "The child—the child—give it me!" and then
began to cry again.

My lady looked at her for a moment, and then ran into the
next room and brought her the baby; and the baby clung to
her as if he knew her, and a pretty sight it was to see that
dear woman with the child at her bosom.

When my lady saw it what do you think she did? After
looking on it for a bit she put her arms round your wife's neck
and kissed her.

"My dear," said she, "I am sure you are as good as you
are pretty, and you shall keep the child; and I thank God for
sending you to me!"

These were her very words, and Dr. Bland, who was stand-
ing by, says, "It's a second judgment of Solomon!"

"I suppose, my lady, you don't want me?" says the big
woman, with another courtesy.

"Not in the least!" answers my lady haughtily, and the
grenadier left the room; and then I told all your story at full
length, and Mrs. Blenkinsop kept me to tea, and I saw the
beautiful room that Mrs. Titmarsh is to have next to Lady
Tiptoff's; and when my lord came home what does he do but
insist upon coming back with me here in a hackney coach, as
he said he must apologize to you for keeping your wife
away.'

I could not help, in my own mind, connecting this strange
event which, in the midst of our sorrow, came to console us,
and in our poverty to give us bread—I could not help connect-
ing it with the diamond pin, and fancying that the disap-
ppearance of that ornament had somehow brought a different
and a better sort of luck into my family. And though some
gents who read this may call me a poor-spirited fellow for
allowing my wife to go out to service, who was bred a lady
and ought to have servants herself, yet for my part I confess
I did not feel one minute's scruple or mortification on the subject. If you love a person is it not a pleasure to feel obliged to him? And this, in consequence, I felt. I was proud and happy at being able to think that my dear wife should be able to labor and earn bread for me, now misfortune had put it out of my power to support me and her. And now, instead of making any reflections of my own upon prison discipline, I will recommend the reader to consult that admirable chapter in the life of Mr. Pickwick, in which the same theme is handled, and which shows how silly it is to deprive honest men of the means of labor just at the moment when they most want it. What could I do? There were one or two gents in the prison who could work (literary gents—one wrote his 'Travels in Mesopotamia,' and the other his 'Sketches at Almack's' in the place); but all the occupation I could find was walking down Bridge Street and then up Bridge Street, and staring at Alderman Waithman's windows and then at the black man who swept the crossing. I never gave him anything, but I envied him his trade and his broom, and the money that continually fell into his old hat. But I was not allowed even to carry a broom.

Twice or thrice—for Lady Tiptoff did not wish her little boy often to breathe the air of such a close place as Salisbury Square—my dear Mary came in the thundering carriage to see me. They were merry meetings, and—if the truth must be told—twice, when nobody was by, I jumped into the carriage and had a drive with her, and when I had seen her home, jumped into another hackney coach and drove back. But this was only twice, for the system was dangerous, and it might bring me into trouble, and it cost three shillings from Grosvenor Square to Ludgate Hill.

Here, meanwhile, my good mother kept me company, and what should we read of one day but the marriage of Mrs. Hoggarty and the Rev. Grimes Wapshot! My mother, who never loved Mrs. H., now said that she should repent all her life having allowed me to spend so much of my time with that odious, ungrateful woman, and added that she and I too were justly punished for worshipping the mammon of unrighteousness, and forgetting our natural feelings for the sake of my aunt's paltry lucre. 'Well, amen!' said I. 'This is the end of all our fine schemes! My aunt's money and my aunt's diamond were the causes of my ruin, and now they are clear gone, thank Heaven! and I hope the old lady will be happy; and I must say I don't envy the Rev. Grimes Wapshot.'
we put Mrs. Hoggarty out of our thoughts, and made ourselves as comfortable as might be.

Rich and great people are slower in making Christians of their children than we poor ones, and little Lord Poynings was not christened until the month of June. A duke was one godfather, and Mr. Edmund Preston, the state secretary, another, and that kind Lady Jane Preston, whom I have before spoken of, was the godmother to her nephew. She had not long been made acquainted with my wife's history; and both she and her sister loved her heartily and were very kind to her. Indeed, there was not a single soul in the house, high or low, but was fond of that good sweet creature; and the very footmen were as ready to serve her as they were their own mistress.

'I tell you what, sir,' says one of them. 'You see, Tit, my boy, I'm a connyshure, and up to snough; and if ever I see a lady in my life, Mrs. Titmarsh is one. I can't be familiar with her—I've tried—'

'I have you, sir?' said I.

'Don't look so indignant! I can't, I say, be familiar with her as I am with you. There's a somethink in her, a jenny-squaw, that haws me, sir! and even my lord's own man, that 'as 'ad as much success an any gentleman in Europe—he says that cuss him—'

'Mr. Charles,' says I, 'tell my lord's own man that, if he wants to keep his place and his whole skin, he will never address a single word to that lady but such as a servant should utter in the presence of his mistress; and take notice that I am a gentleman, though a poor one, and will murder the first man who does her wrong!'

Mr. Charles only said 'Gammin! to this: but psha! in bragging about my own spirit I forgot to say what great good fortune my dear wife's conduct procured for me.'

On the christening day Mr. Preston offered her first a five and then a twenty-pound note; but she declined either: but she did not decline a present that the two ladies made her together, and this was no other than my release from the Fleet! Lord Tiptoff's lawyer paid every one of the bills against me, and that happy christening day made me a free man. Ah! who shall tell the pleasure of that day, or the merry dinner we had in Mary's room in Lord Tiptoff's house, when my lord and my lady came upstairs to shake hands with me?

'I have been speaking to Mr. Preston,' says my lord, 'the gentleman with whom you had the memorable quarrel, and he has forgiven it, although he was in the wrong; and prom-
ises to do something for you. We are going down, meanwhile, to his house at Richmond; and be sure, Mr. Titmarsh, I will not fail to keep you in his mind.'

‘Mrs. Titmarsh will do that,’ says my lady; ‘for Edmund is woefully smitten with her!’ And Mary blushed and I laughed, and we were all very happy; and sure enough there came from Richmond a letter to me, stating that I was appointed fourth clerk in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, with a salary of £80 per annum.

Here perhaps my story ought to stop; for I was happy at last, and have never since, thank Heaven! known want; but Gus insists that I should add how I gave up the place in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, and for what reason. That excellent Lady Jane Preston is long gone, and so is Mr. P. off in an apoplexy, and there is no harm now in telling the story.

The fact was that Mr. Preston had fallen in love with Mary in a much more serious way than any of us imagined; for I do believe he invited his brother-in-law to Richmond for no other purpose than to pay court to his son’s nurse. And one day, as I was coming post-haste to thank him for the place he had procured for me, being directed by Mr. Charles to the ‘scrubbery,’ as he called it, which led down to the river—there, sure enough, I found Mr. Preston, on his knees too, on the gravel walk, and before him Mary, holding the little lord.

‘Dearest creature!’ says Mr. Preston, ‘do but listen to me, and I’ll make your husband consul at Timbuctoo! He shall never know it, I tell you; he can never know of it. I pledge you my word as a cabinet minister! Oh, don’t look at me in that arch way! By Heavens, your eyes kill me!’

Mary, when she saw me, burst out laughing, and ran down the lawn; my lord making a huge crowing, too, and holding out his little fat hands. Mr. Preston, who was a heavy man, was slowly getting up, when, catching a sight of me looking as fierce as the crater of Mount Etna, he gave a start back and lost his footing, and rolled over and over, walloping into the water at the garden’s edge. It was not deep, and he came bubbling and snorting out again in as much fright as fury.

‘You d——d ungrateful villain!’ says he, ‘what do you stand there laughing for?’

‘I’m waiting your orders for Timbuctoo, sir,’ says I, and laughed fit to die; and so did my Lord Tiptoff and his party, who joined us on the lawn; and Jeames the footman came forward and helped Mr. Preston out of the water.

‘Oh, you old sinner!’ says my lord as his brother-in-law
came up the slope. 'Will that heart of yours be always so susceptible, you romantic, apoplectic, immoral man?'

Mr. Preston went away, looking blue with rage, and ill treated his wife for a whole month afterward.

'At any rate,' says my lord, 'Titmarsh here has got a place through our friend's unhappy attachment; and Mrs. Titmarsh has only laughed at him, so there is no harm there. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know.'

'Such a wind as that, my lord, with due respect to you, shall never do good to me. I have learned in the past few years what it is to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness; and that out of such friendship no good comes in the end to honest men. It shall never be said that Sam Titmarsh got a place because a great man was in love with his wife, and were the situation ten times as valuable I should blush every day I entered the office doors in thinking of the base means by which my fortune was made. You have made me free, my lord; and, thank God! I am willing to work. I can easily get a clerkship with the assistance of my friends, and with that and my wife's income we can manage honestly to face the world.'

This rather long speech I made with some animation; for, look you, I was not over well pleased that his lordship should think me capable of speculating in any way on my wife's beauty.

My lord at first turned red, and looked rather angry; but at last he held out his hand and said, 'You are right, Titmarsh, and I am wrong; and let me tell you in confidence that I think you are a very honest fellow. You shan't lose by your honesty, I promise you.'

Nor did I, for I am at this present moment Lord Tiptoff's steward and right-hand man; and am I not a happy father? and is not my wife loved and respected by all the country? and is not Gus Hoskins my brother-in-law, partner with his excellent father in the leather way, and the delight of all his nephews and nieces for his tricks and fun?

As for Mr. Brough, that gentleman's history would fill a volume of itself. Since he vanished from the London world he has become celebrated on the Continent, where he has acted a thousand parts, and met all sorts of changes of high and low fortune. One thing we may at least admire in the man, and that is his undaunted courage; and I can't help thinking, as I have said before, that there must be some good in him, seeing the way in which his family are faithful to him. With respect
OVER HEAD AND EARS IN LOVE.
to Roundhand, I had best also speak tenderly. The case of Roundhand v. Tidd is still in the memory of the public; nor can I ever understand how Bill Tidd, so poetical as he was, could ever take on with such a fat, odious, vulgar woman as Mrs. R., who was old enough to be his mother.

As soon as we were in prosperity, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes Wapshot made overtures to be reconciled to us; and Mr. Wapshot laid bare to me all the baseness of Mr. Smithers' conduct in the Brough transaction. Smithers had also endeavored to pay his court to me, once when I went down to Somersetshire; but I cut his pretensions short, as I have shown. 'He it was,' said Mr. Wapshot, 'who induced Mrs. Grimes (Mrs. Hoggarty she was then) to purchase the West Diddlesex shares, receiving, of course, a large bonus for himself. But directly he found that Mrs. Hoggarty had fallen into the hands of Mr Brough, and that he should lose the income he made from the lawsuits with her tenants and from the management of her landed property, he determined to rescue her from that villain Brough, and came to town for that purpose. He also,' added Mr. Wapshot, 'vented his malignant slander against me; but Heaven was pleased to frustrate his base schemes. In the proceedings consequent on Brough's bankruptcy, Mr. Smithers could not appear; for his own share in the transactions of the company would have been most certainly shown up. During his absence from London I became the husband—the happy husband of your aunt. But though, my dear sir, I have been the means of bringing her to grace, I cannot disguise from you that Mrs. W. has faults which all my pastoral care has not enabled me to eradicate. She is close of her money, sir—very close; nor can I make that charitable use of her property which, as a clergyman, I ought to do; for she has tied up every shilling of it, and only allows me half-a-crown a week for pocket money. In temper, too, she is very violent. During the first years of our union I strove with her; yea, I chastised her; but her perseverance, I must confess, got the better of me. I make no more remonstrances, but am as a lamb in her hands and she leads me whithersoever she pleases.'

Mr. Wapshot concluded his tale by borrowing half-a-crown from me (it was at the Somerset Coffeehouse in the Strand, where he came, in the year 1832, to wait upon me), and I saw him go from thence into the ginshop opposite, and come out of the ginshop half an hour afterward, reeling across the street, and perfectly intoxicated.
He died next year, when his widow, who called herself Mrs. Hoggarty-Grimes-Wapshot of Castle Hoggarty, said that over the grave of her saint all earthy resentments were forgotten, and proposed to come and live with us; paying us, of course, a handsome remuneration. But this offer my wife and I respectfully declined; and once more she altered her will, which once more she had made in our favor; called us ungrateful wretches and pampered menials, and left all her property to the Irish Hoggarties. But seeing my wife one day in a carriage with Lady Tiptoff, and hearing that we had been at the great ball at Tiptoff Castle, and that I had grown to be a rich man, she changed her mind again, sent for me on her deathbed, and left me the farms of Sloperton and Squashtail, with all her savings for fifteen years. Peace be to her soul! for certainly she left me a very pretty property.

Though I am no literary man myself, my cousin Michael (who generally, when he is short of coin, comes down and passes a few months with us) says that my memoirs may be of some use to the public (meaning, I suspect, to himself); and if so, I am glad to serve him and them, and hereby take farewell; bidding all gents who peruse this to be cautious of their money, if they have it; to be still more cautious of their friends' money; to remember that great profits imply great risks; and that the great shrewd capitalists of this country would not be content with four per cent. for their money if they could securely get more; above all, I entreat them never to embark in any speculation of which the conduct is not perfectly clear to them, and of which the agents are not perfectly open and loyal.
SKETCHES AND
TRAVELS IN LONDON.

MR. BROWN’S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEW.

It is with the greatest satisfaction, my dear Robert, that I have you as a neighbor, within a couple of miles of me, and that I have seen you established comfortably in your chambers in Fig-tree Court. The situation is not cheerful, it is true; and to clamber up three pairs of black creaking stairs is an exercise not pleasant to a man who never cared for ascending mountains. Nor did the performance of the young barrister who lives under you—and, it appears, plays pretty constantly upon the French horn—give me any great pleasure as I sat and partook of luncheon in your rooms. Your female attendant or laundress, too, struck me from her personal appearance to be a lady addicted to the use of ardent spirits; and the smell of tobacco, which you say some old college friends of yours had partaken on the night previous, was, I must say, not pleasant in the chambers, and I even thought might be remarked as lingering in your own morning coat. However, I am an old fellow. The use of cigars has come in since my time (and, I must own, is adopted by many people of the first fashion), and these and other inconveniences are surmounted more gayly by young fellows like yourself than by oldsters of my standing. It pleased me, however, to see the picture of the old house at home over the mantelpiece. Your college prize books make a very good show in your bookcases; and I was glad to remark in the looking-glass the cards of both our excellent county members. The rooms, altogether, have a reputable appearance; and I hope, my dear fellow, that the Society of the Inner Temple will have a punctual tenant.

As you have now completed your academical studies, and are about to commence your career in London, I propose, my dear nephew, to give you a few hints for your guidance; which, although you have an undoubted genius of your own, yet come from a person who has had considerable personal experience, and, I have no doubt, would be useful to you if you did not disregard them, as, indeed, you will most probably do.

With your law studies it is not my duty to meddle. I have
seen you established, one of six pupils, in Mr. Tapeworm's chambers in Pump Court, seated on a high-legged stool on a foggy day, with your back to the blazing fire. At your father's desire, I have paid a hundred guineas to that eminent special pleader, for the advantages which I have no doubt you will enjoy while seated on the high-legged stool in his back room, and rest contented with your mother's prediction that you will be Lord Chief Justice some day. May you prosper, my dear fellow! is all I desire. By the way, I should like to know what was the meaning of a pot of porter which entered into your chambers as I issued from them at one o'clock, and trust that it was not your thirst which was to be quenched with such a beverage at such an hour.

It is not, then, with regard to your duties as a law student that I have a desire to lecture you, but in respect of your pleasures, amusements, acquaintances, and general conduct and bearing as a young man of the world.

I will rush into the subject at once, and exemplify my morality in your own person. Why, sir, for instance, do you wear that tuft to your chin, and those sham turquoise buttons to your waistcoat? A chin tuft is a cheap enjoyment certainly, and the twiddling it about, as I see you do constantly, so as to show your lower teeth, a harmless amusement to fill up your vacuous hours. And as for waistcoat buttons, you will say, 'Do not all the young men wear them, and what can I do but buy artificial turquoise, as I cannot afford to buy real stones?'

I take you up at once and show you why you ought to shave off your tip and give up the factitious jewelry. My dear Bob, in spite of us and all the republicans in the world, there are ranks and degrees in life and society, and distinctions to be maintained by each man according to his rank and degree. You have no more right, as I take it, to sport an imperial on your chin than I have to wear a shovel hat with a rosette. I hold a tuft to a man's chin to be the center of a system, so to speak, which ought all to correspond and be harmonious—the whole tune of a man's life ought to be played in that key.

Look, for instance, at Lord Hugo Fitzurse seated in the private box at the Lyceum, by the side of that beautiful creature with the black eyes and the magnificent point lace, who you fancied was ogling you through her enormous spyglasses. Lord Hugo has a tuft to his chin, certainly; his countenance grins with a perfect vacuity behind it, and his whiskers curl crisply round one of the handsomest and stupidest countenances in the world.
But just reckon up in your own mind what it costs him to keep up that single ornament on his chin. Look at every article of that amiable and most gentlemanlike—though, I own, foolish—young man's dress, and see how absurd it is of you to attempt to imitate him. Look at his hands (I have the young nobleman perfectly before my mind's eye now); the little hands are dangling over the cushion of the box gloved as tightly and delicately as a lady's. His wristbands are fastened up toward his elbows with jewelry. Gems and rubies meander down his pink shirt front and waistcoat. He wears a watch with an apparatus of gimmers at his waistcoat pocket. He sits in a splendid side-box, or he simpers out of the windows at White's, or you see him grinning out of a cab by the Serpentine—a lovely and costly picture, surrounded by a costly frame.

Whereas, you and I, my good Bob, if we want to see a play, do not disdain an order from our friend the newspaper editor, or to take a seat in the pit. Your watch is your father's old hunting watch. When we go in the park we go on foot, or at best get a horse up after Easter, and just show in Rotten Row. We shall never look out of White's bow window. The amount of Lord Hugo's tailor's bill would support you and your younger brother. His valet has as good an allowance as you, besides his perquisites of old clothes. You cannot afford to wear a dandy lord's cast-off old clothes, neither to imitate those which he wears.

There is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a camelopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonishingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in nature, from peacocks to tom-tits, and from cloth-of-gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life. Therefore, I do not say that Lord Hugo is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy and man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated 'A Swell.'

But a cheap swell, my dear Robert (and that little chin ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather strongly with you), is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so
frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station. You do not want light kid gloves and wristbands up to your elbows, copying out Mr. Tapeworm's pleas and declarations; you will only blot them with lawyers' ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing; whereas Lord Hugo may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has little else to do with them but to drive cabs or applaud dancing girls' pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner. To be sure, since the days of friend Esop, jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must satire, and our honest Mr. Punch has but to repeat to the men of our generation the lessons taught by the good-natured hunchback his predecessor.

Shave off your tuft, then, my boy, and send it to the girl of your heart as a token, if you like; and I pray you abolish the jewelry, toward which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean tablecloth, and not a grand service of half a dozen entrées, such as we get at our county member's (and an uncommonly good dinner it is too), so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendor. Magnificence is the decency of the rich—but it cannot be purchased with half a guinea a day, which, when the rent of your chambers is paid, I take to be pretty nearly the amount of your worship's income. This point, I thought, was rather well illustrated the other day in an otherwise silly and sentimental book which I looked over at the club, called 'The Foggarty Diamond' (or some such vulgar name). Somebody gives the hero, who is a poor fellow, a diamond pin: he is obliged to buy a new stock to set off the diamond, then a new waistcoat, to correspond with the stock, then a new coat, because the old one is too shabby for the rest of his attire; finally, the poor devil is ruined by the diamond ornament, which he is forced to sell, as I would recommend you to sell your waistcoat studs, were they worth anything.

But as you have a good figure and a gentlemanlike deportment, and as every young man likes to be well attired, and ought, for the sake of his own advantage and progress in life, to show himself to the best advantage, I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you on the subject of tailors and clothes, which at least merit a letter to themselves.
ON TAILORING—AND TOILETS IN GENERAL.

Our ancestors, my dear Bob, have transmitted to you (as well as every member of our family) considerable charms of person and figure, of which fact, although you are of course perfectly aware, yet, and equally of course, you have no objection to be reminded; and with these facial and corporeal endowments, a few words respecting dress and tailoring may not be out of place; for nothing is trivial in life, and everything to the philosopher has a meaning. As in the old joke about a pudding which has two sides, namely an inside and an outside, so a coat or a hat has its inside as well as its outside; I mean that there is in a man’s exterior appearance the consequence of his inward ways of thought, and a gentleman who dresses too grandly or too absurdly or too shabbily, has some oddity or insanity or meanness in his mind, which develops itself somehow outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

No man has a right to despise his dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever away. For instance, although a woman cannot be expected to know the particulars of a gentleman’s dress, any more than we to be acquainted with the precise nomenclature or proper cut of the various articles which those dear creatures wear, yet to what lady in a society of strangers do we feel ourselves most naturally inclined to address ourselves? To her or those whose appearance pleases us; not to the gandy, overdressed dowager or miss—nor to her whose clothes, though handsome, are put on in a slatternly manner, but to the person who looks neat and trim and elegant, and in whose person we fancy we see exhibited indications of a natural taste, order, and propriety. If Miss Smith in a rumpled gown offends our eyesight, though we hear she is a young lady of great genius and considerable fortune, while Miss Jones in her trim and simple attire attracts our admiration; so must women, on their side, be attracted or repelled by the appearance of gentlemen into whose company they fall. If you are a tiger in appearance, you may naturally expect to frighten a delicate and timid female; if you are a sloven, to offend her: and as to be well with women constitutes one of the chiefest happinesses of life, the object of my worthy Bob’s special attention will naturally be to neglect no precautions to win their favor.

Yes: a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself. They help many a man more in his com-
merce with society than learning or genius. It is hard often to bring the former into a drawing room: it is often too lumbering and unwieldy for any den but his own. And as a King Charles spaniel can snooze before the fire, or frisk over the ottoman cushions and on the ladies' laps, when a royal elephant would find a considerable difficulty in walking up the stairs and subsequently in finding a seat, so a good manner and appearance will introduce you into many a house, where you might knock in vain for admission, with all the learning of Porson in your trunk.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It is manners. It no more profits me that my neighbor at table can construe Sanscrit and say the 'Encyclopædia' by heart, than that he should possess half a million in the bank (unless, indeed, he gives dinners; when, for reasons obvious, one's estimation of him, or one's desire to please him, takes its rise in different sources), or that the lady whom I hand down to dinner should be as virtuous as Cornelia or the late Mrs. Hannah More. What is wanted for the nonce is, that folks should be as agreeable as possible in conversation and demeanor; so that good humor may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society; the which to see exhibited in Lady X.'s honest face, let us say, is more pleasant to behold in a room than the glitter of Lady Z.'s best diamonds. And yet, in point of virtue, the latter is, no doubt, a perfect dragon. But virtue is a home quality: manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad.

Thus, then, my beloved Bob, I would have your dining-out suit handsome, neat, well made, fitting you naturally and easily, and yet with a certain air of holiday about it, which should mark its destination. It is not because they thought their appearance was much improved by the ornament that the ancient philosophers and topers decorated their old pates with flowers (no wreath, I know, would make some people's mugs beautiful; and I confess, for my part, I would as lief wear a horse collar or a cotton nightcap in society as a coronet of polyanthuses or a garland of hyacinths)—it is not because a philosopher cares about dress that he wears it; but he wears his best as a sign of a feast, as a bush is the sign of an inn. You ought to mark a festival as a red-letter day, and you put on your broad and spotless white waistcoat, your finest linen, your shiniest boots, as much as to say, 'It is a feast; here I am, clean, smart, ready with a good appetite, determined to enjoy.'

You would not enjoy a feast if you came to it unshorn, in a
draggle-tailed dressing gown. You ought to be well dressed, and suitable to it. A very odd and wise man whom I once knew, and who had not (as far as one could outwardly judge) the least vanity about his personal appearance, used, I remember, to make a point of wearing in large assemblies a most splendid gold or crimson waistcoat. He seemed to consider himself in the light of a walking bouquet of flowers, or a movable chandelier. His waistcoat was a piece of furniture to decorate the rooms; as for any personal pride he took in the adornment, he had none; for the matter of that, he would have taken the garment off, and lent it to a waiter—but this philosopher's maxim was, that dress should be handsome upon handsome occasions—and I hope you will exhibit your own taste upon such. You don't suppose that people who entertain you so hospitably have four-and-twenty lights in the dining room, and still and dry champagne every day?—or that my friend Mrs. Perkins puts her drawing room door under her bed every night, when there is no ball? A young fellow must dress himself, as the host and hostess dress themselves, in an extra manner for extra nights. Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. 'Neque tu choreas sperne, puer,' as the dear old heathen says; and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps willing to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.

As for particularizing your dress, that were a task quite absurd and impertinent, considering that you are to wear it, and not I, and remembering the variations of fashion. When I was presented to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, in the uniform of the Hammersmith Hussars, viz., a yellow jacket, pink pantaloons, and silver lace, green morocco boots, and a light-blue pelisse lined with ermine, the august prince himself, the model of grace and elegance in his time, wore a coat of which the waist buttons were placed between his royal shoulder blades, and which, if worn by a man now, would cause the boys to hoot him in Pall Mall, and be a uniform for Bedlam. If buttons continue their present downward progress, a man's waist may fall down to his heels next year, or work upward to the nape of his neck after another revolution; who knows? Be it yours decently to conform to the custom, and leave your buttons in the hands of a good tailor, who will place them wherever fashion ordains. A few general rules, however, may be gently hinted to a young
fellow who has perhaps a propensity to fall into certain errors.

Eschew violent sporting dresses, such as one sees but too often in the parks and public places on the backs of misguided young men. There is no objection to an ostler wearing a particular costume, but it is a pity that a gentleman should imitate it. I have seen in like manner young fellows at Cowes attired like the pictures we have of smugglers, buccaneers, and mariners in Adelphi melodramas. I would like my Bob to remember that his business in life is neither to handle a currycomb nor a marline spike, and to fashion his habit accordingly.

If your hair or clothes do not smell of tobacco, as they sometimes, it must be confessed, do, you will not be less popular among ladies. And as no man is worth a fig, or can have real benevolence of character, or observe mankind properly, who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women, respect their prejudices in this matter, and if you must smoke, smoke in an old coat, and away from the ladies.

Avoid dressing gowns; which argue dawdling, an unshorn chin, a lax toilet, and a general lazy and indolent habit at home. Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.* A man who shows but a clean face and hands is a rogue and hypocrite in society, and takes credit for a virtue which he does not possess. And of all the advances toward civilization which our nation has made, and of most of which Mr. Macanlay treats so eloquently in his lately published history, as in his lecture to the Glasgow students the other day, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure than to remark the great and increasing demand for bath tubs at the ironmongers; zinc institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance.

And I hope that these institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath.

**THE INFLUENCE OF LOVELY WOMAN UPON SOCIETY.**

Constantly, my dear Bob, I have told you how refining is the influence of women upon society, and how profound our respect ought to be for them. Living in chambers as you do, my dear nephew, and not, of course, liable to be amused by the

*Note to the beloved reader.—This hint, dear sir, is of course not intended to apply personally to you, who are scrupulously neat in your person; but when you look around you and see how many people neglect the use of that admirable cosmetic cold water, you will see that a few words in its praise may be spoken with advantage.*
constant society of an old uncle, who, moreover, might be
decedingly bored with your own conversation—I beseech and
implore you to make a point of being intimate with one or
two families where you can see kind and well-bred English
ladies. I have seen women of all nations in the world, but
I never saw the equals of English women (meaning, of course,
to include our cousins the MacWhirters of Glasgow, and the
O'Tooles of Cork): and I pray sincerely, my boy, that you
may always have a woman for a friend.

Try, then, and make yourself the bienvenu in some house
where accomplished and amiable ladies are. Pass as much of
your time as you can with them. Lose no opportunity of
making yourself agreeable to them: run their errands; send
them flowers and elegant little tokens; show a willingness to
be pleased by their attentions, and to aid their little charming
schemes of shopping or dancing, or this or that. I say
to you, make yourself a lady's man as much as ever you can.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week
in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is
rather slow and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in
a club, tavern, or smoking room, or a pit of a theater. All
amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not ad-
mitted are, rely on it, deleterious in their nature. All men
who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid,
or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your club
swaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night
call female society insipid. Sir, poetry is insipid to a yokel;
beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please
an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another
—and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and
brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night
talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl coming
out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a young man may derive from
women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them.
The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it.
Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in
the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves;
we cut the best slices out of the joint at club dinners for
ourselves; we yawn for ourselves, and light our pipes, and
say we won't go out: we prefer ourselves, and our case—and
the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society
is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—some-
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the privileges of a man of fashion), Noodle made his bow to the ladies and strutted off to show his new yellow kids elsewhere.

'Matilda, my love, bring the address book,' Mrs. Y. Z. said to her lovely eldest daughter as soon as Noodle was gone, and the banging hall door had closed upon the absurd youth. That graceful and obedient girl rose, went to the back drawing room, on a table in which apartment the volume lay, and brought the book to her mamma.

Mrs. Y. Z. turned to the letter N; and under that initial discovered the name of the young fellow who had just gone out. Noodle, F., 250 Jermyn Street, St. James'. She took a pen from the table before her, and with it deliberately crossed the name of Mr. Noodle out of her book. Matilda looked at Eliza, who stood by in silent awe. The sweet eldest girl, who has a kind feeling toward every soul alive, then looked toward her mother with expostulating eyes, and said, 'Oh, mamma!'

Dear, dear Eliza! I love all pitiful hearts like thine.

But Mrs. Y. Z. was in no mood to be merciful, and gave way to a natural indignation and feeling of outraged justice.

'What business has that young man to tell me,' she exclaimed, 'that he declines going to evening parties, when he knows that after Easter we have one or two? Has he not met with constant hospitality here since Mr. Y. Z. brought him home from the club? Has he such beaux yeux? or has he so much wit? or is he a man of so much note that his company at a dinner table becomes indispensable? He is nobody: he is not handsome; he is not clever; he never opens his mouth except to drink your papa's claret; and he declines evening parties, forsooth! Mind, children, he is never invited into this house again.'

When Y. Z. now meets young Noodle at the club, that kind, but feeble-minded old gentleman covers up his face with the newspaper, so as not to be seen by Noodle; or slides away with his face to the bookcases, and lurks off by the door. The other day they met on the steps, when the wretched Noodle, driven aux abois, actually had the meanness to ask how Mrs. Y. Z. was. The colonel (for such he is, and of the Bombay service too) said, 'My wife? Oh!—hum!—I'm sorry to say Mrs. Y. Z. has been very poorly indeed lately, very poorly; and confined to her room. God bless my soul! I've an appointment at the India House, and it's past two o'clock'—and he fled.

I had the malicious satisfaction of describing to Noodle the most sumptuous dinner which Y. Z. had given the day before, at which there was a lord present, a foreign minister with his
orders, two generals with stars, and every luxury of the season; but at the end of our conversation, seeing the effect it had upon the poor youth, and how miserably he was cast down, I told him the truth, viz., that the above story was a hoax, and that if he wanted to get into Mrs. Y. Z.'s good graces again, his best plan was to go to Lady Flack's party, where I knew the Miss Y. Z.'s would be, and dance with them all night.

Yes, my dear Bob, you boys must pay with your persons, however lazy you may be—however much inclined to smoke at the club, or to lie there and read the last delicious new novel; or averse to going home to a dreadful black set of chambers, where there is no fire; and at ten o'clock at night creeping shuddering into your ball suit, in order to go forth to an evening party.

The dressing, the clean gloves, and cab hire are nuisances, I grant you. The idea of a party itself is a bore, but you must go. When you are at the party it is not so stupid; there is always something pleasant for the eye and attention of an observant man. There is a bustling dowager wheeling and maneuvering to get proper partners for her girls; there is a pretty girl enjoying herself with all her heart, and in all the pride of her beauty, than which I know no more charming object; there is poor Miss Meggot, lonely up against the wall, whom nobody asks to dance, and with whom it is your bounden duty to waltz. There is always something to see or do when you are there; and to evening parties, I say, you must go.

Perhaps I speak with the ease of an old fellow who is out of the business, and beholds you from afar off. My dear boy, they don't want us at evening parties. A stout, bald-headed man dancing is a melancholy object to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and there are duties and pleasures of all ages. Once, Heaven help us, and only once, upon my honor, and I say so as a gentleman, some boys seized upon me and carried me to the casino, where, forthwith, they found acquaintances and partners, and went whirling away in the double-timed waltz (it is an abominable dance to me—I am an old fogy) along with hundreds more. I caught sight of a face in the crowd—the most blank, melancholy, and dreary old visage it was—my own face in the glass—there was no use in my being there. Canities adest morosa—no, not morosa—but, in fine, I had no business in the place, and so came away.

I saw enough of that casino, however, to show me that—but my paper is full, and on the subject of women I have more things to say, which might fill many hundred more pages.
SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT THE LADIES.

Suffer me to continue, my dear Bob, our remarks about women, and their influence over you young fellows—an influence so vast, for good or for evil.

I have, as you pretty well know, an immense sum of money in the three per cents., the possession of which does not, I think, decrease your respect for my character, and of which, at my demise, you will possibly have your share. But if I ever hear of you as a casino haunter, as a frequenter of races and Greenwich fairs, and such amusements, in questionable company, I give you my honor you shall benefit by no legacy of mine, and I will divide the portion that was, and is, I hope, to be yours, among your sisters.

Think, sir, of what they are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them. Would you do anything to give them pain? Would you say anything that should bring a blush to their fair cheeks, or shock their gentle natures? At the Royal Academy exhibition last year, when the great stupid, dandified donkey Captain Grigg, in company with the other vulgar oaf Mr. Gowker, ventured to stare, in rather an insolent manner, at your pretty little sister Fanny, who had come blushing from Miss Pinkerton's Academy, I saw how your honest face flushed up with indignation as you caught a sight of the hideous grins and ogles of those two ruffians in varnished boots; and your eyes flashed out at them glances of defiance and warning so savage and terrible that the discomfited wretches turned wisely upon their heels, and did not care to face such a resolute young champion as Bob Brown. What is it that makes all your blood tingle, and fills all your heart with a vague and fierce desire to thrash somebody; when the idea of the possibility of an insult to that fair creature enters your mind? You can't bear to think that injury should be done to a being so sacred, so innocent, and so defenseless. You would do battle with a Goliath in her cause. Your sword would leap from its scabbard (that is, if you gentlemen from Pump Court wore swords and scabbards at the present period of time) to avenge or defend her.

Respect all beauty, all innocence, my dear Bob; defend all defenselessness in your sister, as in the sisters of other men. We have all heard the story of the gentleman of the last century who, when a crowd of young bucks and bloods in the crush room of the opera were laughing and elbowing an old lady there—an old lady, lonely, ugly, and unprotected—went
up to her respectfully and offered her his arm, took her down to his own carriage, which was in waiting, and walked home himself in the rain—and twenty years afterward had ten thousand a year left him by this very old lady, as a reward for that one act of politeness. We have all heard that story; nor do I think it is probable that you will have ten thousand a year left to you for being polite to a woman; but I say, be polite, at any rate. Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise: as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church.

I would have you apply this principle universally toward women—from the finest lady of your acquaintance down to the laundress who sets your chambers in order. It may safely be asserted that the persons who joke with servants or barmaids at lodgings are not men of a high intellectual or moral capacity. To chuck a still-room maid under the chin, or to send off Molly the cook grinning, are not, to say the least of them, dignified acts in any gentleman. The butcher boy who brings the leg of mutton to Molly, may converse with her over the area railings; or the youthful grocer may exchange a few jocular remarks with Betty at the door as he hands in to her the tea and sugar; but not you. We must live according to our degree. I hint this to you, sir, by the way, and because the other night, as I was standing on the drawing room landing place, taking leave of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, after a very agreeable dinner, I heard a giggling in the hall, where you were putting on your coat, and where that uncommonly good-looking parlor maid was opening the door. And here, while on this subject, and while Mrs. Betty is helping you on with your coat, I would say, respecting your commerce with friends' servants and your own, be thankful to them, and they will be grateful to you in return, depend upon it. Let the young fellow who lives in lodgings respect the poor little maid who does the wondrous work of the house, and not send her on too many errands, or play his bell needlessly; if you visit any of your comrades in such circumstances, be you, too, respectful and kind in your tone to the poor little Abigail. If you frequent houses, as I hope you will, where are many good fellows and amiable ladies who cannot afford to have their doors opened or their tables attended by men, pray be particularly courteous (though by no means so marked in your attentions as on the occasion of the dinner at Mr. Fairfax's to which I have just alluded) to the women servants. Thank them when they serve you. Give them a half-crown now and then—nay, as often as
your means will permit. Those small gratuities make but a small sum in your year's expenses, and it may be said that the practice of giving them never impoverished a man yet; and, on the other hand, they give a deal of innocent happiness to a very worthy, active, kind set of folks.

But let us hasten from the hall door to the drawing room, where fortune has cast your lot in life: I want to explain to you why I am so anxious that you should devote yourself to that amiable lady who sits in it. Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world vulgar and ill-humored, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and, I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlors behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such on you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing room of Lady Z., that great lady: look at her charming face and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favors. With what grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children—what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendor round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterward,
so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, oh, thou silver-wigged coachman! drive to all sorts of splendors and honors and royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good Bob, into another drawing room. There sits an old lady of more than four score years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now as in her youth, when history toasted her. What has she not seen, and what is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honor of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her; she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which, after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopennyworth of letter paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlor until N. shall come into tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting and at work, until her husband comes home from chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats, on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a countess blazing in diamonds, had fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle as the great lady in the palace, whose equal she is—in beauty, in goodness, in high-
bred grace and simplicity; at least I can't fancy her better, or any peeress being more than her peer.

And it is with this sort of people, my dear Bob, that I recommend you to consort, if you can be so lucky as to meet with their society—nor do I think you are very likely to find many such at the casino; or in the dancing booths of Greenwich Fair on this present Easter Monday.

**ON FRIENDSHIP.**

Choice of friends, my dear Robert, is a point upon which every man about town should be instructed, as he should be careful. And as example, they say, is sometimes better than precept, and at the risk even of appearing somewhat ludicrous in your eyes, I will narrate to you an adventure which happened to myself, which is at once ridiculous and melancholy (at least to me), and which will show you how a man, not imprudent or incautious of his own nature, may be made to suffer by the imprudent selection of a friend. Attend, then, my dear Bob, to 'the History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.'

Sir, in the year 1810, I was a jolly young bachelor, as you are now (indeed, it was three years before I married your poor dear aunt); I had a place in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office; I had chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*, and led a not uncomfortable life there. I was a free and gay young fellow in those days (however much, sir, you may doubt the assertion, and think that I am changed), and not so particular in my choice of friends as subsequent experience has led me to be.

There lived in the set of chambers opposite to mine a Suffolk gentleman, of good family, whom I shall call Mr. Bludyer. Our boys or clerks first made acquaintance, and did each other mutual kind offices; borrowing for their respective master's benefit, neither of whom was too richly provided with the world's goods, coals, blacking brushes, crockery ware, and the like; and our forks and spoons, if either of us had an entertainment in chambers. As I learned presently that Mr. Bludyer had been educated at Oxford, and heard that his elder brother was a gentleman of good estate and reputation in his county, I could have no objection to make his acquaintance, and accepted finally his invitation to meet a large game pie which he had brought with him from the country, and I recollect I lent my own silver teapot, which figured handsomely on the occasion. It is the same one which I presented to you when you took possession of your present apartments.

Mr. Bludyer was a sporting man; it was the custom in
those days with many gentlemen to dress as much like coachmen as possible: in top-boots, huge white coats with capes, Belcher neckerchiefs, and the like adornments; and at the tables of bachelors of the very first fashion you would meet with prize fighters and jockeys, and hear a great deal about the prize ring, the cock pit, and the odds. I remember my Lord Tilbury was present at this breakfast (who afterward lamentably broke his neck in a steeplechase, by which the noble family became extinct), and for some time I confounded his lordship with Dutch Sam, who was also of the party, and, indeed, not unlike the noble viscount in dress and manner.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bludyer ripened into a sort of friendship. He was perfectly good-natured, and not ill bred; and his jovial spirits and roaring stories amused a man who, though always of a peaceful turn, had no dislike to cheerful companions. We used to dine together at coffeehouses, for clubs were scarcely invented in those days, except for the aristocracy; and, in fine, were very intimate. Bludyer, a brave and athletic man, would often give a loose to his spirits of an evening, and mill a Charley or two, as the phrase then was. The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watchhouse, and I assure you it has accommodated a deal of good company. Autres temps, autres moeurs. In our own days, my good Bob, a station house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

I was at this time (and deservedly so, for I had been very kind to her, and my elder brother, your father, neglected her considerably) the favorite nephew of your grandaunt, my aunt, Mrs. General MacWhirter, who was left a very handsome fortune by the general, and to whom I do not scruple to confess I paid every attention to which her age, her sex, and her large income entitled her. I used to take sweetmeats to her poodle. I went and drank tea with her night after night. I accompanied her Sunday after Sunday to hear the Rev. Rowland Hill, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge, and I used to read many of the tracts with which she liberally supplied me—in fact, do everything to comfort and console a lady of peculiar opinions and habits who had a large jointure. Your father used to say I was a sneak, but he was then a boisterous young squire; and, perhaps, we were not particularly good friends.

Well, sir, my dear aunt, Mrs. General MacWhirter, made me her chief confidant. I regulated her money matters for her, and acted with her bankers and lawyers; and as she always spoke of your father as a reprobate, I had every reason
to suppose I should inherit the property, the main part of which passed to another branch of the Browns. I do not grudge it, Bob; I do not grudge it. Your family is large; and I have enough from my poor dear departed wife.

Now it so happened that in June, 1811,—I recollect the comet was blazing furiously at the time, and Mrs. MacWhirter was of opinion that the world was at an end,—Mr. Bludyer, who was having his chambers in Pump Court painted, asked permission to occupy mine, where he wished to give a lunch to some people whom he was desirous to entertain. Thinking no harm, of course I said yes; and I went to my desk at the Tape and Sealing Wax Office at my usual hour, giving instructions to my boy to make Mr. Bludyer's friends comfortable.

As ill luck would have it, on that accursed Friday Mrs. MacWhirter, who had never been up my staircase before in her life (for your dear grandam was large in person, and the apoplexy which carried her off soon after menaced her always), having some very particular business with her solicitors in Middle Temple Lane, and being anxious to consult me about a mortgage, actually mounted my stairs, and opened the door on which she saw written the name of Mr. Thomas Brown. She was a peculiar woman, I have said, attached to glaring colors in her dress, and from her long residence in India, seldom without a set of costly birds of paradise in her bonnet, and a splendid Cashmere shawl.

Fancy her astonishment, then, on entering my apartments, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to be assailed in the first place by a strong smell of tobacco smoke which pervaded the passage, and by a wild and ferocious bulldog which flew at her on entering my sitting room.

This bulldog, sir, doubtless attracted by the brilliant colors of her costume, seized upon her, and pinned her down, screaming so that her voice drowned that of Bludyer himself, who was sitting on the table bellowing, 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning'—or some such ribald trash; and the brutal owner of the dog (who was no other than the famous mulatto boxer Norroy, called the 'Black Prince' in the odious language of the fancy, and who was inebriated doubtless at the moment), encouraged his dog in the assault upon this defenseless lady, and laughed at the agonies which she endured.

Mr. Bludyer, the black man, and one or two more were arranging a fight on Moulsey Hurst, when my poor aunt made her appearance among these vulgar wretches. Although it was
but three o'clock, they had sent to a neighboring tavern for gin and water, and the glasses sparkled on the board—to use a verse from a Bacchanalian song which I well remember Mr. Bludyer used to yell forth—when I myself arrived from my office at my usual hour, half-past three. The black fellow and young Captain Cavendish of the Guards were the smokers; and it appears that at first all the gentlemen screamed with laughter; some of them called my aunt an 'old girl'; and it was not until she had nearly fainted that the filthy mulatto called the dog off from the flounce of her yellow gown, of which he had hold.

When this poor victim of vulgarity asked with a scream—Where was her nephew, new roars of laughter broke out from the coarse gin-drinkers. 'It's the old woman whom he goes to meeting with,' cried out Bludyer. 'Come away, boys!' And he led his brutalized crew out of my chambers into his own, where they finished, no doubt, their arrangements about the fight.

Sir, when I came home at my usual hour of half-past three, I found Mrs. MacWhirter in hysterics upon my sofa—the pipes were lying about—the tin dish covers—the cold kidneys—the tavern cruet stands, and wretched remnants of the orgy were in disorder on the tablecloth, stained with beer. Seeing her fainting, I wildly bade my boy to open the window, and seizing a glass of water which was on the table, I presented it to her lips. It was gin and water which I proffered to that poor lady.

She started up with a scream, which terrified me as I upset the glass; and with empurpled features, and a voice quivering and choking with anger, she vowed she would never forgive me. In vain I pleaded that I was ignorant of the whole of these disgraceful transactions. I went down on my knees to her, and begged her to be pacified; I called my boy and bade him bear witness to my innocence: the impudent young fiend burst out laughing in my face, and I kicked him downstairs as soon as she was gone; for go she did directly to her carriage, which was in waiting in Middle Temple Lane, and to which I followed her with tears in my eyes, amid a crowd of jeering barristers' boys and Temple porters. But she pulled up the window in my face, and would no more come back to me than Eurydice would to Orpheus.

If I grow pathetic over this story, my dear Bob, have I not reason? Your great-aunt left thirty thousand pounds to your family, and the remainder to the missionaries, and it is a curious proof of the inconsistency of women that she, a serious person, said on her deathbed that she would have left her money to me if I had called out Mr. Bludyer, who insulted her, and with
whom I certainly would have exchanged shots had I thought that Mrs. MacWhirter would have encouraged any such murder.

My wishes, dear Bob, are moderate. Your aunt left me a handsome competency—and, I repeat, I do not grudge my brother George the money. Nor is it probable that such a calamity can happen again to any of our family—that would be too great misfortune. But I tell you the tale, because at least it shows you how important good company is, and that a young man about town should beware of his friends as well as of his enemies.

The other day I saw you walking by the Serpentine with young Lord Foozle of the Windsor Heavies, who nodded to all sorts of suspicious broughams on the ride, while you looked about (you know you did, you young rascal) for acquaintances—as much as to say, 'See! here am I, Bob Brown of Pump Court, walking with a lord.'

My dear Bob, I own that to walk with a lord, and to be seen with him, is a pleasant thing. Every man of the middle class likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't—don't believe him. And I would certainly wish that you should associate with your superiors rather than your inferiors. There is no more dangerous or stupefying position for a man in life than to be a cock of small society. It prevents his ideas from growing: it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny halfpenny Caesar, a Brummagem dandy, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I set it down as a maxim that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social.

But if you fancy that getting into Lord Foozle's set will do you good or advance your prospects in life, my dear Bob, you are woefully mistaken. The Windsor Heavies are a most gentlemanlike, well-made, and useful set of men. The conversation of such of them as I have had the good fortune to meet has not certainly inspired me with a respect for their intellectual qualities, nor is their life commonly of that kind which rigid ascetics would pronounce blameless. Some of the young men among them talk to the broughams, frequent the private boxes, dance at the casinos; few read—many talk about horse flesh and the odds after dinner, or relax with a little lansquenet or a little billiards at Pratt's.

My boy, it is not with the eye of a moralist that your venerable old uncle examines these youths, but rather of a natural philosopher, who inspects them as he would any other phenomenon, or queer bird, or odd fish, or fine flower. These fellows are like the flowers, and neither toil nor spin, but are
decked out in magnificent apparel: and for some wise and useful purpose, no doubt. It is good that there should be honest, handsome, hard-living, hard-riding, stupid young Windsor Heavies—as that there should be polite young gentlemen in the Temple, or any other variety of our genus.

And it is good that you should go from time to time to the Heavies' mess, if they ask you, and know that worthy set of gentlemen. But beware, O Bob, how you live with them! Remember that your lot in life is to toil, and spin too—and calculate how much time it takes a Heavy or a man of that condition to do nothing. Say he dines at eight o'clock, and spends seven hours after dinner in pleasure. Well, if he goes to bed at three in the morning—that precious youth must have nine hours' sleep, which bring him to twelve o'clock next day, when he will have a headache probably, so that he can hardly be expected to dress, rally, have deviled chicken and pale ale, and get out before three. Friendship—the club—the visits which he is compelled to pay, occupy him till five or six, and what time is there left for exercise and a ride in the park, and for a second toilet preparatory to dinner, etc.

He goes on this routine of pleasure, this young Heavy, as you in yours of duty—one man in London is pretty nearly as busy as another. The company of young 'swells,' then, if you will permit me the word, is not for you. You must consider that you should not spend more than a certain sum for your dinner—they need not. You wear a black coat, and they a shining cuirass and monstrous epaulets. Yours is the useful part in life and theirs the splendid—though why speak further on this subject? Since the days of the Frög and the Bull, a desire to cope with bulls has been known to be fatal to frogs.

And to know young noblemen, and brilliant and notorious town bucks and leaders of fashion has this great disadvantage—that if you talk about them or are seen with them much, you offend all your friends of middle life. It makes men angry to see their acquaintances better off than they themselves are. If you live much with great people, others will be sure to say that you are a sneak. I have known Jack Jolliff, whose fun and spirits made him adored by the dandies (for they are just such folks as you and I, only with not quite such good brains, and perhaps better manners—simple folks who want to be amused)—I have known Jack Jolliff, I say, offend a whole roomful of men by telling us that he had been dining with a duke. We hadn't been to dine with a duke. We were not courted by grandees—and we disliked the man who was,
and said he was a parasite, because men of fashion courted him. I don't know any means by which men hurt themselves more in the estimation of their equals than this of talking of great folks. A man may mean no harm by it—he speaks of the grandees with whom he lives as you and I do of Jack and Tom who give us dinners. But his old acquaintances do not forgive him his superiority, and set the tuft-hunter down as the tuft-hunter.

I remember laughing at the jocular complaint made by one of this sort, a friend, whom I shall call Main. After Main published his 'Travels in the Libyan Desert' four years ago, he became a literary lion, and roared in many of the metropolitan salons. He is a good-natured fellow, never in the least puffed up by his literary success; and always said that it would not last. His greatest leonine quality, however, is his appetite; and to behold him engaged on a club joint, or to see him make away with pounds of turbot, and plate after plate of entrées, roasts, and sweets, is indeed a remarkable sight, and refreshing to those who like to watch animals feeding. But since Main has gone out of, and other authors have come into, fashion, the poor fellow comically grumbles. 'That year of lionization has ruined me. The people who used to ask me before don't ask me any more. They are afraid to invite me to Bloomsbury, because they fancy I am accustomed to May Fair, and May Fair has long since taken up with a new roarer; so that I am quite alone!' And thus he dines at the club almost every day at his own charges now, and attacks the joint. I do not envy the man who comes after him to the haunch of mutton.

If fate, then, my dear Bob, should bring you in contact with a lord or two, eat their dinners, enjoy their company, but be mum about them when you go away.

And, though it is a hard and cruel thing to say, I would urge you, my dear Bob, specially to beware of taking pleasant fellows for your friends. Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow. All jolly fellows, all delights of club smoking rooms and billiard rooms, all fellows who sing a capital song, and the like, are sure to be poor. As they are free with their own money, so will they be with yours; and their very generosity and goodness of disposition will prevent them from having the means of paying you back. They lend their money to some other jolly fellows. They accommodate each other by putting their jolly names to the backs of jolly bills. Gentlemen in Cursitor Street are on the lookout for them. Their tradesmen ask for them, and find them not. Ah! Bob, it's hard times with a
gentleman when he has to walk round a street for fear of meeting a creditor there, and for a man of courage when he can’t look a tailor in the face.

Eschew jolly fellows, then, my boy, as the most dangerous and costly of company, and apropos of bills—if I ever hear of your putting your name to stamped paper I will disown you, and cut you off with a protested shilling.

I know many men who say (whereby I have my private opinion of their own probity) that all poor people are dishonest—this is a hard word, though more generally true than some folks suppose—but I fear that all people much in debt are not honest. A man who has to wheedle a tradesman is not going through a very honorable business in life—a man with a bill becoming due to-morrow morning, and putting a good face on it in the club, is perforce a hypocrite while he is talking to you—a man who has to do any meanness about money I fear me is so nearly like a rogue that it’s not much use calculating where the difference lies. Let us be very gentle with our neighbors’ failings; and forgive our friends their debts, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. But the best thing of all to do with your debts is to pay them. Make none; and don’t live with people who do. Why, if I dine with a man who is notoriously living beyond his means, I am a hypocrite certainly myself, and I fear a bit of a rogue too. I try to make my host believe that I believe him an honest fellow. I look his sham splendor in the face without saying, ‘You are an impostor.’ Alas, Robert, I have partaken of feasts where it seemed to me that the plate, the viands, the wine, the servants, and butlers, were all sham, like Cinderella’s coach and footmen, and would turn into rats and mice, and an old shoe or a cabbage stalk, as soon as we were out of the house and the clock struck twelve.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.

Presuming that my dear Bobby would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable club, I am happy to inform you that you are this day elected a member of the Polyanthus, having been proposed by my friend Lord Viscount Colchicum, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with Mr. Stiff, the worthy secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew.
You were elected, sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of Tom Harico, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish it to go any further) that Captain Slyboots and I, having suspicions of the meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.

Now, then, that you are a member of the Polyanthus, I trust you will comport yourself with propriety in the place; and permit me to offer you a few hints with regard to your bearing.

We are not so stiff at the Polyanthus as at some clubs I could name—and a good deal of decent intimacy takes place among us. Do not, therefore, enter the club, as I have seen men do at the Chokers (of which I am also a member), with your eyes scowling under your hat at your neighbor, and with an expression of countenance which seems to say, 'Hang your impudence, sir. How dare you stare at me? ' Banish that absurd dignity and swagger, which do not at all become your youthful countenance, my dear Bob, and let us walk up the steps and into the place. See, old Noseworthy is in the bow window reading the paper—he is always in the bow window reading the paper.

We pass by the worthy porter, and alert pages—a fifteen-hundredth part of each of whom is henceforth your paid-for property—and you see he takes down your name as Mr. R. Brown, Junior, and will know you and be civil to you until death. Ha, there is Jawkins, as usual; he has nailed poor Styles up against a pillar, and is telling him what the opinion of the City is about George Hudson, Esq., and when Sir Robert will take the government. How d'you do, Jawkins? Satisfactory news from India? Gilbert to be made Baron Gilbert of Goojerat? Indeed, I don't introduce you to Jawkins, my poor Bob; he will do that for himself, and you will have quite enough of him before many days are over.

Those three gentlemen sitting on the sofa are from our beloved sister island; they come here every day, and wait for the honorable member for Ballinafad, who is at present in the waiting room.

I have remarked in London, however, that every Irish gentleman is accompanied by other Irish gentlemen, who wait for him as here, or at the corner of the street. These are waiting
until the honorable member for Ballinafad can get them three places, in the excise, in the customs, and a little thing in the post office, no doubt. One of them sends home a tremendous account of parties and politics here, which appears in the Ballinafad Banner. He knows everything. He has just been closeted with Peel, and can vouch for it that Clarendon has been sent for. He knows who wrote the famous pamphlet, 'Ways and Means for Ireland,' all the secrets of the present cabinet, the designs of Sir James Graham. How Lord John can live under those articles which he writes in the Banner is a miracle to me! I hope he will get that little thing in the post office soon.

This is the newspaper room—enter the porter with the evening papers—what a rush the men make for them! Do you want to see one! Here is the Standard—nice article about the Starling Club—very pleasant, candid, gentlemanlike notice—club composed of clergymen, atheists, authors, and artists. Their chief conversation is blasphemy; they have statues of Socrates and Mahomet on the centerpiece of the dinner table, take every opportunity of being disrespectful to Moses, and a dignified clergyman always proposes the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Confucius. Grace is said backward, and the catechism treated with the most irreverent ribaldry by the comic authors and the general company. Are these men to be allowed to meet, and their horrid orgies to continue? Have you had enough? Let us go into the other rooms.

What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the bawl and bustle of the newspaper room! There is never anybody here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at anything but a newspaper. How pleasant this room is, isn't it? with its sober draperies, and long, calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet—only the melody of Horner's nose as he lies aslack upon one of the sofas. What is he reading? Hah! 'Pendennis,' No. VII.—hum, let us pass on. Have you read 'David Copperfield,' by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humor—and I should call humor, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast
congregations of mankind—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer; may Heaven further its fulfillment! And then, Bob, let the Record revile him. See, here's Horner waking up. How do you do, Horner?

This neighboring room, which is almost as quiet as the library, is the card room, you see. There are always three or four devotees assembled in it; and the lamps are scarcely ever out in this temple of trumps.

I admire, as I see them, my dear Bobby, grave and silent at these little green tables, not moved outwardly by grief or pleasure at losing or winning, but calmly pursuing their game (as that pursuit is called, which is in fact the most elaborate science and study) at noonday, entirely absorbed, and philosophically indifferent to the bustle and turmoil of the enormous working world without. Disraeli may make his best speech; the Hungarians may march into Vienna; the Protectionists come in; Louis Philippe be restored; or the Thames set on fire; and Colonel Pam and Mr. Trumpington will never leave their table, so engaging is their occupation at it. The turning up of an ace is of more interest to them than all the affairs of all the world besides—and so they will go on until Death summons them, and their last trump is played.

It is curious to think that a century ago almost all gentlemen, soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and divines, passed hours at play every day; as our grandmothers did likewise. The poor old kings and queens must feel the desertion now, and deplore the present small number of their worshipers, as compared to the myriads of faithful subjects who served them in past times.

I do not say that other folks' pursuits are much more or less futile; but fancy a life such as that of the colonel—eight or nine hours of sleep, eight of trumps, and the rest for business, reading, exercise, and domestic duty or affection(to be sure, he's most likely a bachelor, so that the latter offices do not occupy him much)—fancy such a life, and at its conclusion at the age of seventy-five, the worthy gentleman being able to say, I have spent twenty-five years of my existence turning up trumps!

With Trumpington matters are different. Whist is a profession with him, just as much as law is yours. He makes the deepest study of it—he makes every sacrifice to his pursuit; he may be fond of wine and company, but he esteems both, to keep his head cool and play his rubber. He is a man of good parts, and was once well read, as you see by his conver-
sation when he is away from the table, but he gives up reading for play—and knows that to play well a man must play every day. He makes three or four hundred a year by his whist, and well he may— with his brains, and half his industry, he could make a larger income at any other profession.

In a game with these two gentlemen, the one who has been actually seated at that card table for a term as long as your whole life, the other who is known as a consummate practitioner, do you think it is likely you will come off a winner? The state of your fortune is your lookout, not theirs. They are there at their posts— like knights ready to meet all comers. If you choose to engage them, sit down. They will, with the most perfect probity, calmness, and elegance of manner, win and win of you until they have won every shilling of a fortune, when they will make you a bow, and wish you good-morning. You may go and drown yourself afterward—it is not their business. Their business is to be present in that room, and to play cards with you or anybody. When you are done with—Bon jour. My dear colonel, let me introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

The other two men at the table are the Honorable G. W. gall and Mr. Chanter: perhaps you have not heard that the one made rather a queer settlement at the last Derby; and the other has just issued from one of her Majesty’s establishments in St. George’s Fields.

Either of these gentlemen is perfectly affable, good-natured, and easy of access—and will cut you for half-crowns if you like, or play you at any game on the cards. They descend from their broughams or from horseback at the club door with the most splendid air, and they feast upon the best dishes and wines in the place.

But do you think it advisable to play cards with them? Which know the games best—you or they? Which are most likely—we will not say to play foul—but to take certain little advantages in the game which their consummate experience teaches them—you or they? Finally, is it a matter of perfect certainty, if you won, that they would pay you?

Let us leave these gentlemen, my dear Bob, and go through the rest of the house.

From the library we proceed to the carved and gilded drawing room of the club, the damask hangings of which are embroidered with our lovely emblem, the polyanthus, and which is fitted with a perfectly unintelligible splendor. Sardanapalus, if he had pawned one of his kingdoms, could not have had
such mirrors as one of those in which I see my dear Bob admiring the tie of his cravat with such complacency, and I am sure I cannot comprehend why Smith and Brown should have their persons reflected in such vast sheets of quicksilver; or why, if we had a mind to a sixpenny cup of tea and muffins when we come in with muddy boots from a dirty walk, those refreshments should be served to us as we occupy a sofa much more splendid, and far better stuffed, than any Louis Quatorze ever sat upon. I want a sofa as I want a friend, upon which I can repose familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. A full-dress club is an absurdity—and no man ought to come into this room except in a uniform or court suit. I daren't put my feet on yonder sofa for fear of sullying the damask, or, worse still, for fear that Hicks the committee man should pass, and spy out my sacrilegious boots on the cushion.

We pass through these double doors, and enter rooms of a very different character.

By the faint and sickly odor pervading this apartment, by the opened windows, by the circular stains upon the marble tables, which indicate the presence of brandies and waters long passed into the world of spirits, my dear Bob will have no difficulty in recognizing the smoking room, where I dare say he will pass a good deal of his valuable time henceforth.

If I could recommend a sure way of advancement and profit to a young man about town, it would be after he has come away from a friend's house and dinner, where he has to a surety had more than enough of claret and good things, when he ought to be going to bed at midnight, so that he might rise fresh and early for his morning's work, to stop, nevertheless, for a couple of hours at the club, and smoke in this room and tipple weak brandy and water.

By a perseverance in this system you may get a number of advantages. By sitting up till three of a summer morning you have the advantage of seeing the sun rise, and as you walk home to Pump Court, can mark the quiet of the streets in the rosy glimmer of the dawn. You can easily spend in that smoking room (as for the billiard room adjacent, how much more can't you get rid of there), and without any inconvenience or extravagance whatever, enough money to keep you a horse. Three or four cigars when you are in the club, your case filled when you are going away, a couple of glasses of very weak egnnae and cold water, will cost you sixty pounds a year, as sure as your name is Bob Brown. And as
for the smoking and sipping, plus billiards, they may be made to cost anything.

And then you have the advantage of hearing such delightful and instructing conversation in a club smoking room, between the hours of twelve and three! Men who frequent that place at that hour are commonly men of studious habits and philosophical and reflective minds, to whose opinions it is pleasant and profitable to listen. They are full of anecdotes, which are always moral and well chosen; their talk is never free, or on light subjects. I have one or two old smoking room pillars in my eye now, who would be perfect models for any young gentleman entering life, and to whom a father could not do better than intrust the education of his son.

To drop the satirical vein, my dear Bob, I am compelled as a man to say my opinion, that the best thing you can do with regard to that smoking room is to keep out of it; or at any rate never to be seen in the place after midnight. They are very pleasant and frank, those jolly fellows, those loose fishes, those fast young men—but the race in life is not to such fast men as these—and you who want to win must get up early of a morning, my boy. You and an old college chum or two may sit together over your cigar boxes in one another's chambers, and talk till all hours, and do yourselves good, probably. Talking among you is a wholesome exercitation: humor comes in any easy flow; it doesn't preclude grave argument and manly interchange of thought—I own myself, when I was younger, to have smoked many a pipe with advantage in the company of Doctor Parr. Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the pulling of the smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation—no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner—the cigar harmonizes the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected: in fact, dear Bob, I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home I have done it up the chimney rather than not to do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature comforts
of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure!

Since I have been a member of that club what numbers of men have occupied this room and departed from it, like so many smoked-out cigars, leaving nothing behind but a little disregarded ashes! Bob, my boy, they drop off in the course of twenty years, our boon companions and jolly fellow bottle-crackers. I mind me of many a good fellow who has talked and laughed here, and whose pipe is put out forever. Men I remember as dashing youngsters but the other day, have passed into the state of old fogies. They have sons, sir, of almost our age when first we joined the Polyanthus. Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor Ned? Where is poor Fred? Death rhymes with Ned and Fred too—their place knows them not—their names one year appeared at the end of the club list, under the dismal category of 'Members Deceased,' in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why one shouldn't meditate upon death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack's old lodgings in Jermyn Street. Somebody else has got the club chair which Tom used to occupy. He doesn't dine here and grumble as he used formerly. He has been sent for, and has not come back again. One day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return—and the people will come down to the club, as usual, saying, 'Well, and so poor old Brown is gone.' Indeed, a smoking room on a morning is not a cheerful spot.

Our room has a series of tenants of quite distinct characters. After an early and sober dinner below, certain habitués of the Polyanthus mount up to this apartment for their coffee and cigar, and talk as gravely as sachems at a palaver. Trade and travel, politics and geography, are their discourse. They are in bed long before their successors, the jolly fellows, begin their night life, and the talk of the one set is as different from the conversation of the other as any talk can be.

After the grave old sachems come other frequenters of the room; a squad of sporting men very likely—very solemn and silent personages these—who give the odds, and talk about the cup in a darkling undertone. Then you shall have three or four barristers with high voices, seldom able to sit long without talking of their profession, or mentioning something about Westminster Hall. About eleven, men in white neck
cloths drop in from dinner parties, and show their lacquered boots and shirt studs with a little complacency—and at midnight, after the theaters, the young rakes and *viveurs* come swaggering in, and call loudly for gin twist.

But as for a club smoking room after midnight, I vow again that you are better out of it; that you will waste money and your precious hours and health there; and you may frequent this Polyanthus room for a year, and not carry away from the place one single idea or story that can do you the least good in life. How much you shall take away of another sort I do not here set down; but I have before my mind's eye the image of old Silenus, with purple face and chalkstone fingers, telling his soul old garrison legends over his gin and water. He is in the smoking room every night; and I feel that no one can get benefit from the society of that old man.

What society he has he gets from this place. He sits for hours in a corner of the sofa, and makes up his parties here. He will ask you after a little time, seeing that you are a gentleman and have a good address, and will give you an exceedingly good dinner. I went once, years ago, to a banquet of his—and found all the men at his table were Polyanthuses; so that it was a house dinner in——Square, with Mrs. Silenus at the head of the table.

After dinner she retired and was no more seen, and Silenus amused himself by making poor Mr. Tippleton drunk. He came to the club the next day, he amused himself by describing the arts by which he had practiced upon the easy brains of poor Mr. Tippleton (as if that poor fellow wanted any arts or persuasion to induce him to intoxicate himself), and told all the smoking room how he had given a dinner, how many bottles of wine had been emptied, and how many Tippleton had drunk for his share. 'I kept my eye on Tip, sir,' the horrid old fellow said—'I took care to make him mix his liquors well, and before eleven o'clock I finished him, and had him as drunk as a lord, sir!' Will you like to have that gentleman for a friend? He has elected himself our smoking room king at the Polyanthus, and midnight monarch.

As he talks, in comes poor Tippleton—a kind soul—a gentleman—a man of reading and parts—who has friends at home, very likely, and had once a career before him—and what is he now? His eyes are vacant; he reels into a sofa corner, and sits in maudlin silence, and hicoughs every now and then. Old Silenus winks knowingly round at the whole smoking room; most of the men sneer—some pity—some very young cubs laugh and jeer at him. Tippleton's drunk.
From the library and smoking room regions let us descend to the lower floor. Here you behold the coffeeroom, where the neat little tables are already laid out, awaiting the influx of diners.

A great advance in civilization was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffeehouse cost a man half a guinea; when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer than they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station.

Then men (who had not the half-guinea at command) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meager meal at shilling taverns—or Tom the clerk issued out from your chambers in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighboring ham and beef shop. Either repast was strictly honorable, and one can find no earthly fault with a poor gentleman for eating a poor meal. But that solitary meal in chambers was indeed a dismal reflection. I think with anything but regret of those lonely feasts of beef and cabbage; and how there was no resource for the long evenings but those books, over which you had been poring all day, or the tavern with its dined expenses, or the theater with its vicious attractions. A young bachelor's life was a clumsy piece of wretchedness then, mismanaged and ill economized, just as your Temple chambers or college rooms now are, which are quite behind the age in the decent conveniences which every modern tenement possesses.

And that dining for a shilling and strutting about Pall Mall afterward was, after all, an hypocrisy. At the time when the Trois Frères Provençaux at Paris had two entrances, one into the place of the Palais Royal and one into the street behind, where the sixteen-sou dinner houses are, I have seen bucks with profuse toothpicks walk out of these latter houses of entertainment, pass up the Trois Frères stairs, and descend from the other door into the Palais Royal, so that the people walking there might fancy these poor fellows had been dining regardless of expense. No; what you call putting a good face upon poverty, that is, hiding it under a grin, or concealing its rags under a makeshift, is always rather a base strata-
Your Beau Tibbs and twopenny dandies can never be respectable altogether; and if a man is poor, I say he ought to seem poor; and that both he and society are in the wrong if either sees any cause of shame in poverty.

That is why we ought to be thankful for clubs. Here is no skulking to get a cheap dinner, no ordering of expensive liquors and dishes for the good of the house, or cowering sensitiveness as to the opinion of the waiter. We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilization, and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day.

This, you see, is the club coffeeroom—it is three o'clock; young Wideawake is just finishing his breakfast (with whom I have nothing to do at present, but to say parenthetically that if you will sit up till five o'clock in the morning, Bob, my boy, you may look out to have a headache and a breakfast at three in the afternoon). Wideawake is at breakfast, Goldsworthy is ordering his dinner, while Mr. Nudgit, whom you see yonder, is making his lunch. In those two gentlemen is the moral and exemplification of the previous little remarks which I have been making.

You must know, sir, that at the Polyanthus, in common with most clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy, gratis, in the coffeeroom, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles.

After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese, and so forth; before that hour you may have lunch, when there is no table charge.

Now Goldsworthy is a gentleman and a man of genius, who has courage and simplicity enough to be poor—not like some fellows whom one meets, and who make a finfusronnade of poverty, and draping themselves in their rags, seem to cry, 'See how virtuous I am—how honest Diogenes is!' but he is a very poor man, whose education and talents are of the best, and who in so far claims to rank with the very best people in the world. In his place in parliament, when he takes off his hat (which is both old and well brushed), the speaker's eye is pretty sure to meet his, and the House listens to him with the respect which is due to so much honesty and talent. He is the equal of any man, however lofty or wealthy. His social position is rather improved by his poverty, and the world, which is a manly and generous world in its impulses, however it may be in its practice, contemplates with a sincere regard and admiration Mr. Goldsworthy's manner of bearing his lack of fortune. He is going to dine for a shilling; he will have
two mutton chops (and the mutton chop is a thing unknown in domestic life and in the palaces of epicures, where you may get entrees dressed with all sorts of French sauces, but not the admirable mutton chop), and with a due allowance of the club bread and beer, he will make a perfectly wholesome and sufficient and excellent meal, and go down to the House and fire into ministers this very night.

Now, I say, this man dining for a shilling is a pleasant spectacle to behold. I respect Mr. Goldsworthy with all my heart, without sharing those ultra-conservative political opinions which we all know he entertains, and from which no interest, temptation, or hope of place will cause him to swerve; and you see he is waited upon with as much respect here as old Silenus, though he order the most sumptuous banquet the cook can devise, or bully the waiters ever so.

But ah, Bob! what can we say of the conduct of that poor little Mr. Nudgit? He has a bedchamber in some court unknown in the neighborhood of the Polyanthus. He makes a breakfast with the club bread and beer; he lunches off the same supplies—and being of an epicurean taste, look what he does—he is actually pouring a cruet of anchovy sauce over his bread to give it a flavor; and I have seen the unconscious little gourmand sidle off to the pickle jars when he thought nobody was observing, and pop a walnut or half a dozen of pickled onions into his mouth, and swallow them with a hideous furtive relish.

He disappears at dinner time, and returns at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and wanders round the tables when the men are at their dessert and generous over their wine. He has a number of little stories about the fashionable world to tell, and is not unentertaining. When you dine here sometimes give Nudgit a glass or two out of your decanter, Bob, my boy, and comfort his poor old soul. He was a gentleman once, and had money, as he will be sure to tell you. He is mean and feeble, but not unkind—a poor little parasite not to be unpitied. Mr. Nudgit, allow me to introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

At this moment old Silenus swaggers in, bearing his great waistcoat before him, and walking up to the desk where the coffeeroom clerk sits and where the bills of fare are displayed. As he passes, he has to undergo the fire of Mr. Goldsworthy's eyes, which dart out at him two flashes of the most killing scorn. He has passed by the battery without sinking, and lays himself alongside the desk. Nudgit watches him, and will presently go up smirking humbly to join him.
'Hunt,' he says, 'I want a table—my table, you know—at seven—dinner for eight—Lord Hobanob dines with me—send the butler. What's in the bill of fare? Let's have clear soup and turtle—I've sent it in from the City—dressed fish and turbot, and with a swollen trembling hand he writes down a pompous bill of fare.

As I said, Nudgit comes up simpering, with a newspaper in his hand.

'Hullo, Nudg!' says Mr. Silenus, 'how's the beer? Pickles good to-day?'

Nudgit smiles in a gentle deprecatory manner.

'Smell out a good dinner, hey, Nudg?' says Dives.

'If any man knows how to give one, you do,' answers the poor beggar. 'I wasn't a bad hand at ordering a dinner myself once; what's the fish in the list to-day?' and with a weak smile he casts his eye over the bill of fare.

'Lord Hobanob dines with me, and he knows what a good dinner is, I can tell you,' says Mr. Silenus; 'so does Cramley.'

'Both well-known epicures,' says Nudgit.

'I'm going to give Hobanob a return dinner to his at the Rhododendrum. He bet me that Batifol, the chef at the Rhododendrum, did better than our man can. Hob's dinner was last Wednesday, and I don't say it wasn't a good one; or that taking Grosbois by surprise is giving him quite fair play—but we'll see, Nudgit. I know what Grosbois can do.'

'I should think you did, indeed, Silenus,' says the other.

'I see your mouth's watering. I'd ask you, only I know you're engaged. You're always engaged, Nudgit—not to-day? Well, then, you may come; and I say, Mr. Nudgit, we'll have a wet evening, sir, mind you that.'

Mr. Bowls, the butler, here coming in, Mr. Silenus falls into conversation with him about wines and icing. I am glad poor Nudgit has got his dinner. He will go and walk in the park to get up an appetite. And now, Mr. Bob, having shown you over your new house, I too will bid you for the present farewell.

A WORD ABOUT BALLS IN SEASON.

When my good friend Mr. Punch some time since asked me to compile a series of conversations for young men in the dancing world, so that they might be agreeable to their partners, and advance their own success in life, I consented with a willing heart to my venerable friend's request, for I desire nothing better than to promote the amusement and happiness of all young people; and nothing, I thought, would be easier
than to touch off a few light, airy, graceful little sets of phrases which young fellows might adopt or expand, according to their own ingenuity and leisure.

Well, sir, I imagined myself, just for an instant, to be young again, and that I had a neat waist instead of that bow window with which Time and Nature have ornamented the castle of my body, and brown locks instead of a bald pate (there was a time, sir, when my hair was not considered the worst part of me, and I recollect when I was a young man in the militia, and when pigtails finally went out in our corps, who it was that longed to have my cue—it was found in her desk at her death, and my poor dear wife was always jealous of her)—I just chose, I say, to fancy myself a young man, and that I would go up in imagination and ask a girl to dance with me. So I chose Maria—a man might go farther and fare worse than choose Maria, Mr. Bob.

'My dear Miss E.,' says I, 'may I have the honor of dancing the next set with you?'

'The next what?' says Miss E., smiling, and turning to Mrs. E., as if to ask what a set meant.

'I forgot,' says I; 'the next quadrille, I would say.'

'It is rather slow dancing quadrilles,' says Miss E.; 'but if I must, I must.'

'Well, then, a waltz—will that do? I know nothing prettier than a waltz played not too quick.'

'What!' says she, 'do you want a horrid old three-timed waltz, like that which the little figures dance upon the barrel organs? You silly old creature: you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage. All these dances are passed away. You might as well ask me to wear a gown with a waist up to my shoulders, like that in which mamma was married; or a hoop and high heels, like grandmamma in the picture; or to dance a gavotte or a minuet. Things are changed, old gentleman—the fashions of your time are gone, and—and the bucks of your time will go too, Mr. Brown. If I want to dance here is Captain Whiskerfield, who is ready; or young Studdington, who is a delightful partner. He brings a little animation into our balls; and when he is not in society, dances every night at Vauxhall and the casino.'

I pictured to myself Maria giving some such reply to my equally imaginative demand—for of course I never made the request, any more than she did the answer—and in fact, dear Bob, after turning over the matter of ballroom conversations in my mind, and sitting with pen and ink before me for a couple
of hours, I found that I had nothing at all to say on the subject, and have no more right to teach a youth what he is to say in the present day to his partner than I should have had in my own boyhood to instruct my own grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors; and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.

So I have the modesty to think that Mr. Punch and I were a couple of conceited old fogies in devising the above plan of composing conversations for the benefit of youth, and that young folks can manage to talk of what interests them without any prompting on our part. To say the truth, I have hardly been to a ball these three years. I saw the head of the stairs at H. E.'s the T——Ambassador in Br——ne Square, the other night, but retired without even getting a sight of, or making my bow to her Excellency; thinking wisely that mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit much better became me at that hour of midnight than the draught in a crowded passage, and the sight of ever so many beauties.

But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligence among people who go; and hear from the girls and their mammas what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much, as being natural and simple, and, in so far, superior to the old mode.

In my time, for instance, a ballroom used to be more than half filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country house, where you have a hall fireplace in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few score more or less of stout old folks can make no difference; there is room for them at the card tables, and round the supper board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the wall cheers and illuminates the assembly room.

But it is a very different case when you have a small house in May Fair, or in the pleasant district of Pimlico and Tyburn; and accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly
spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin, Mrs. Crowder, who was greatly irate because her daughter Fanny had received an invitation to go with her aunt, Mrs. Timmins, to Lady Tutbury’s ball, whereas poor Mrs. Crowder had been told that she could on no account get a card.

Now Blanche Crowder is a very large woman naturally, and with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a little back drawing room; whereas Rosa Timmins is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and furnishes the side of a room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point, this _embonpoint_, I may say, and of course being too polite to make remarks personal to Mrs. Crowder, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

‘Dear Blanche,’ said I, ‘don’t you see how greatly Lady Tutbury would have to extend her premises if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cistern—what can she do more? If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? Tutbury himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man, like your humble servant, and Lady Tut has sent him off to Greenwich or the Star and Garter for the night, where I have no doubt he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball among persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody’s company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at Lord Trimpleton, that enormous hulking monster (who nevertheless dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favorite partner, Miss Wirledge, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other when we are squeezing round the supper tables, and drinking up all the available champagne and seltzer water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be half a dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and _duennas_, little women, who are more active, and keep a better lookout, than your languishing voluptuous beauties’ (I said this, casting
at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness toward Blanche Crowder); 'let them keep watch and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good large roomy family coaches to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball, let there be for the future no admittance except upon business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule, depend upon it.'

'And pray who told you, Mr. Brown, that I didn't wish to dance myself?' says Blanche, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it), and bouncing out of the room; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, Bob! I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl. I remember others tender and beautiful, whose bright eyes glitter and whose sweet voices whisper no more. So they pass away—youth and beauty, love and innocence, pass away and perish. I think of one now, whom I remember the fairest and the gayest, the kindest and the purest; her laughter was music—I can hear it still, though it will never echo any more. Far away, the silent tomb closes over her. Other roses than those of our prime grow up and bloom, and have their day. Honest youth, generous youth, may yours be as pure and as fair!

I did not think when I began to write it that the last sentence would have finished so; but life is not altogether jocund, Mr. Bob, and one comes upon serious thoughts suddenly as upon a funeral in the street. Let us go back to the business we are upon, namely, balls, whereof it, perhaps, has struck you that your uncle has very little to say.

I saw one announced in the morning fashionable print today, with a fine list of some of the greatest folks in London, and had previously heard from various quarters how eager many persons were to attend it, and how splendid an entertainment it was to be. And so the morning paper announced that Mrs. Hornby Madox threw open her house in So-and-so Street, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Lady Fugleman.

Now this is a sort of entertainment and arrangement than which I confess I can conceive nothing more queer, though I believe it is by no means uncommon in English society. Mrs. Hornby Madox comes into her fortune of ten thousand a year—wishes to be presented in the London world, having lived in the country previously—spares no expense to make her house
and festival as handsome as may be, and gets Lady Fugleman to ask the company for her—not the honest Hornbys, not the family Madoxes, not the jolly old squires and friends and relatives of her family, and from her county; but the London dandies and the London society, whose names you see chronicled at every party, and who, being Lady Fugleman's friends, are invited by her ladyship to Mrs. Hornby's house.

What a strange notion of society does this give—of friendship, of fashion, of what people will do to be in the fashion! Poor Mrs. Hornby comes into her fortune, and says to her old friends and family, 'My good people, I am going to cut everyone of you. You were very well as long as we were in the country, where I might have my natural likings and affections. But henceforth I am going to let Lady Fugleman choose my friends for me. I know nothing about you any more. I have no objection to you, but if you want to know me you must ask Lady Fugleman; if she says yes, I shall be delighted; if no, Bon jour.'

This strange business goes on daily in London. Honest people do it, and think not the least harm. The proudest and noblest do not think they demean themselves by crowding to Mrs. Goldcalf's parties, and strike quite openly a union between her wealth and their titles, to determine as soon as the former ceases. There is not the least hypocrisy about this at any rate—the terms of the bargain are quite understood on every hand.

But oh, Bob! see what an awful thing it is to confess, and would not even hypocrisy be better than this daring cynicism, this open heartlessness—Godlessness I had almost called it? Do you mean to say, you great folks, that your object in society is not love, is not friendship, is not family union and affection—is not truth and kindness; is not generous sympathy and union of Christian (pardon me the word, but I can indicate my meaning by no other)—of Christian men and women, parents and children—but that you assemble and meet together, not caring or trying to care for one another—without a pretext of good will—with a daring selfishness openly avowed? I am sure I wish Mrs. Goldcalf or the other lady no harm, and have never spoken to, or set eyes on, either of them, and I do not mean to say, Mr. Robert, that you and I are a whit better than they are, and doubt whether they have made the calculation for themselves of the consequences of what they are doing. But as sure as two and two make four, a person giving up of his own accord his natural friends and relatives, for the sake of the fashion, seems to me to say, I acknowledge myself to be heartless; I turn my back on my friends, I disown my relatives, and I dishonor my father and mother.
A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.

English society, my beloved Bob, has this eminent advantage over all other—that is, if there be any society left in the wretched distracted old European continent—that it is above all others a dinner-giving society. A people like the Germans, that dines habitually, and with what vast appetite I need not say, at one o'clock in the afternoon—like the Italians, that spends its evenings in opera boxes—like the French, that amuses itself of nights with eau sucrée and intrigue—cannot, believe me, understand society rightly. I love and admire my nation for its good sense, its manliness, its friendliness, its morality in the main—and these, I take it, are all expressed in that noble institution the dinner.

The dinner is the happy end of the Briton’s day. We work harder than the other nations of the earth. We do more, we live more in our time, than Frenchmen or Germans. Every great man among us likes his dinner, and takes to it kindly. I could mention the most august names of poets, statesmen, philosophers, historians, judges, and divines who are great at the dinner table as in the field, the closet, the senate, or the bench. Gibbon mentions that he wrote the first two volumes of his history while a placeman in London, lodging in St. James', going to the House of Commons, to the club, and to dinner every day. The man flourishes under that generous and robust regimen; the healthy energies of society are kept up by it; our friendly intercourse is maintained; our intellect ripens with the good cheer, and throws off surprising crops, like the fields about Edinburgh, under the influence of that admirable liquid elixir. The best wines are sent to this country therefore; for no other deserves them as ours does.

I am a diner-out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last week, my mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been! how admirable the entertainments! how worthy the men!

Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

On another day it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner; cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners!
Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a right reverend bishop. My lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was! how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

And then the men learned in the law: how they dine! what hospitality, what splendor, what comfort, what wine! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three days since, from the ——'s, a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude: 'Dear sir,' we breathed fervently, 'ask us soon again.' One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous headaches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting Revalenta Arabica for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbering, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear Bob, those lawyers have great merits. There is a dear old judge at whose family table if I could see you seated my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable there, you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls: men go to dinners.

Doctors, again, notoriously eat well; when my excellent friend Sangrado takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, 'Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor,' tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well. I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very Low Church principles; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of literature, very often and good. Dear Bob, I have seen the mahoganies of many men.

Every evening between seven and eight o'clock, I like to look at the men dressed for dinner, perambulating the western districts of our city. I like to see the smile on their countenances lighted up with an indescribable self-importance and good humor; the askance glances which they cast at the little street boys and foot passengers who eye their shiny boots; the dainty manner in which they trip over the pavement on those boots, eschewing the mud pools and dirty crossings; the refreshing
whiteness of their linen; the coaxing twiddle which they give to the ties of their white chokers—the caress of a fond parent to an innocent child.

I like walking myself. Those who go in cabs or broughams, I have remarked, have not the same radiant expression which the pedestrian exhibits. A man in his own brougham has anxieties about the stepping of his horse, or the squaring of the groom's elbows, or a doubt whether Jones' turnout is not better; or whether something is not wrong in the springs; or whether he shall have the brougham out if the night is rainy. They always look tragical behind the glasses. A cab diner-out has commonly some cares, lest his sense of justice should be injured by the overcharge of the driver (these fellows are not uncommonly exorbitant in their demands upon gentlemen whom they set down at good houses); lest the smell of tobacco left by the last occupants of the vehicle (five medical students, let us say, who have chartered the vehicle, and smoked cheroots from the London University to the playhouse in the Haymarket) should infest the clothes of Tom Lavender who is going to Lady Rosemary's; lest straws should stick unobserved to the glistening luster of his boots—his shiny ones, and he should appear in Dives' drawing room like a poet with a tennis arena, or like Mad Tom in the play. I hope, my dear Bob, if a straw should ever enter a drawing room in the wake of your boot, you will not be much disturbed in mind. Hark ye, in confidence: I have seen —* in a hack cab. There is no harm in employing one. There is no harm in anything natural, any more.

I cannot help here parenthetically relating a story which occurred in my own youth, in the year 1815, at the time when I first made my own entrée into society (for everything must have a beginning, Bob; and though we have been gentlemen long before the Conqueror, and have always consorted with gentlemen, yet we had not always attained that haute volée of fashion which has distinguished some of us subsequently)—I recollect, I say, in 1815, when the Marquis of Sweetbread was good enough to ask me and the late Mr. Ruffles to dinner, to meet Prince Schwarzenberg and the Hetman Platoff. Ruffles was a man a good deal about town in those days, and certainly in very good society.

I was myself a young one, and thought Ruffles was rather inclined to patronize me: which I did not like. 'I would have you to know, Mr. Ruffles,' thought I, 'that after all a gentleman can but be a gentleman; that though we Browns have no handles to our names, we are quite as well bred as some folks

*Mr. Brown's MS. here contains a name of such prodigious dignity out of the P—r—ge' that we really do not dare to print it.
who possess those ornaments?—and in fine I determined to
give him a lesson. So when he called for me in the hackney
coach at my lodgings in Swallow Street, and we had driven
under the porte-cochère of Sweetbread House, where two tall
and powdered domestics in the uniform of the Sweetbreads,
viz., a spinach-colored coat, with waistcoat and the rest of
delicate yellow or melted-butter color, opened the doors of the
hall—what do you think, sir I did? In the presence of these
gentlemen, who were holding on at the door, I offered to toss
up with Ruffles, heads or tails, who should pay for the coach;
and then purposely had a dispute with the poor jarvey about
the fare. Ruffles' face of agony during this transaction I shall
never forget. Sir, it was like the Laocoon. Drops of perspira-
tion trembled on his pallid brow, and he flung toward me
looks of imploring terror that would have melted an ogre. A
better fellow than Ruffles never lived—he is dead long since,
and I don't mind owning to this harmless little deceit.

A person of some note—a favorite Snob of mine—I am
told, when he goes to dinner, adopts what he considers a happy
artifice, and sends his cab away at the corner of the street;
so that the gentleman in livery may not behold its number, or
that the lord with whom he dines, and about whom he is
always talking, may not be supposed to know that Mr. Smith
came in a hack-cab.

A man who is troubled with a shame like this, Bob, is un-
worthy of any dinner at all. Such a man must needs be a
sneak and a humbug, anxious about the effect which he is to
produce: uneasy in his mind; a donkey in a lion's skin; a
small pretender—distracted by doubts and frantic terrors of
what is to come next. Such a man can be no more at ease in
his chair at dinner than a man is in the fauteuil at the dentist's
(unless, indeed, he go to the admirable Mr. Gilbert in Suffolk
Street, who is dragged into this essay for the benefit of man-
kind alone, and who, I vow, removes a grinder with so little
pain that all the world should be made aware of him)—a
fellow, I say, ashamed of the original from which he sprung,
of the cab in which he drives, awkward, therefore affected
and unnatural, can never hope or deserve to succeed in society.

The great comfort of the society of great folks is, that they
do not trouble themselves about your twopenny little person,
as smaller persons do, but take you for what you are—a man
kindly and good-natured, or witty and sarcastic, or learned
and eloquent, or a good raconteur, or a very handsome man,
(and in '15 some of the Browns were—but I am speaking of
five-and-thirty years ago), or an excellent gourmand and judge of wines—or what not. Nobody sets you so quickly at your ease as a fine gentleman. I have seen more noise made about a knight's lady than about the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe herself; and Lady Mountararat, whose family dates from the Deluge, enters and leaves a room, with her daughters, the lovely Ladies Eve and Lilith D'Arc, with much less pretension and in much simpler capotes and what-do-you-call-'ems, than Lady de Mogyns or Mrs. Shindy, who quit an assembly in a whirlwind, as it were, with trumpets and alarms like a stage king and queen.

But my pen can run no further, for my paper is out, and it is time to dress for dinner.

ON SOME OLD CUSTOMS OF THE DINNER TABLE.

Of all the sciences which have made a progress in late years, I think, dear Bob (to return to the subject from which I parted with so much pleasure last week), that the art of dinner-giving has made the most delightful and rapid advances. Sir, I maintain, even now with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those we had in our youth, and I can't but be thankful at least once in every day for this decided improvement in our civilization. Those who remember the usages of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress. I was turning over at the club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London society, at least in some companies, and parts of our islands. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or Queen Elizabeth's banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone.

The book in question is called 'The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty,' a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is, and one wonders that such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us: Maxim 2.—'It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink champagne after white cheeses, water after red. . . Ale is to be avoided in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also,' Maxim 4. —'A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a
great bore, and stops the wine. . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much.' Maxim 25.—'You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give champagne at dinner—port and teneriffe being such superior drinking,' etc., etc. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state?

Was it ever a maxim in 'fashionable life' that you were to drink champagne after white cheeses? What was that maxim in fashionable life about drinking and about cheese? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale, again, is to be avoided, this strange Doherty says, if you expect a wet night—and in another place he says 'the English drink a pint of porter at a draught.' What English? gracious powers! Are we a nation of coal heavers? Do we ever have a wet night? Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that port and teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

And then consider the maxim about the fine singer who is to be avoided. What! was there a time in most people's memory when folks at dessert began to sing? I have heard such a thing at a tenants' dinner in the country; but the idea of a fellow beginning to perform a song at a dinner party in London fills my mind with terror and amazement; and I picture to myself any table which I frequent, in May Fair, in Bloomsbury, in Belgravia, or where you will, and the pain which would seize upon the host and the company if some wretch were to commence a song.

We have passed that savage period of life. We do not want to hear songs from guests—we have the songs done for us—as we don't want our ladies to go down into the kitchen and cook the dinner any more. The cook can do it better and cheaper. We do not desire feats of musical or culinary skill—but simple, quiet, easy, unpretending conversation.

In like manner, there was a practice once usual, and which still lingers here and there, of making complimentary speeches after dinner; that custom is happily almost entirely discon-
continued. Gentlemen do not meet to compliment each other profusely, or to make fine phrases. Simplicity gains upon us daily. Let us be thankful that the florid style is disappearing.

I once shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveler at Margate who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled every glass. He would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: 'Year is to 'er that doubles our joys, and divides our sorrows—I give woman, sir'—and we both emptied our glasses. These lumbering ceremonial are passing out of our manners, and were found only to obstruct our free intercourse. People can like each other just as much without orations, and be justasmerry without being forced to drink against their will.

And yet there are certain customs to which one clings still; for instance, the practice of drinking wine with your neighbor, though wisely not so frequently indulged in as of old, yet still obtains, and I trust will never be abolished. For though, in the old time, when Mr. and Mrs. Fogy had sixteen friends to dinner, it became an unsupportable corvée for Mr. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine, and a painful task for Mrs. Fogy to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen, who desired to have the honor to drink her health, yet, employed in moderation, that ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink is a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results.

I have known a man of a modest and reserved turn (just like your old uncle, dear Bob, as no doubt you were going to remark), when asked to drink by the host, suddenly lighten up, toss off his glass, get confidence, and begin to talk right and left. He wanted but the spur to set him going. It is supplied by the butler at the back of his chair.

It sometimes happens, again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honor to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues because they have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such men, manifestly, should always be allowed, nay, encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that question, they show their good will, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose Jones, who has been perfectly silent all dinner time, oppressed, doubtless, by that awful Lady Tiara, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice cries, 'Brown,
my boy, a glass of wine." I reply, 'With pleasure, my dear Jones.' He responds as quick as thought, 'Shall it be hock or champagne, Brown?' I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, 'Some champagne or hock?' (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself)—'some champagne or hock to Mr. Brown?; and finally he says, 'Good health!' in a pleasant tone. Thus you see, Jones, though not a conversationalist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than Jones upon a similar occasion.

If you have had a difference with a man, and are desirous to make it up, how pleasant it is to take wine with him. Nothing is said but that simple phrase which has just been uttered by my friend Jones; and yet it means a great deal. The cup is a symbol of reconciliation. The other party drinks up your good will as you accept his token of returning friendship—and thus the liquor is hallowed which Jones has paid for; and I like to think that the grape which grew by Rhine or Rhone was born and ripened under the sun there, so as to be the means of bringing two good fellows together. I once heard the head physician of a hydropathic establishment on the sunny banks of the first-named river, give the health of his Majesty the King of Prussia, and calling upon the company to receive that august toast with a 'donnerudes Lebheoch,' toss off a bumper of sparkling water. It did not seem to me a genuine enthusiasm. No, no; let us have toast and wine, not toast and water. It was not in vain that grapes grew on the hills of Father Rhine.

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine—except when, in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask permission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies anymore to take wine; and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, _une grande dame de par le monde_, as honest Brantome phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness; but, sir, the effect of that graceful act of hospitality was such that she made a grateful slave forever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight.
than when he receives a card which bears her respected name. *

A dinner of men is well now and again, but few well-regulated minds relish a dinner without women. There are some wretches who, I believe, still meet together for the sake of what is called 'the spread,' who dine each other round and round, and have horrid delights in turtle, early pease, and other culinary luxuries—but I pity the condition as I avoid the banquets of those men. The only substitute for ladies at dinners, or consolation for want of them, is—smoking. Cigars, introduced with the coffee, do, if anything can, make us forget the absence of the other sex. But what a substitute is that for her who doubles our joys, and divides our griefs! for woman! as my friend the traveler said.

GREAT AND LITTLE DINNERS.

It has been said, dear Bob, that I have seen the mahoganies of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner. Would to Heaven that all mortal men could say likewise! Indeed, and in the presence of so much want and misery as pass under our ken daily, it is with a feeling of something like shame and humiliation that I make the avowal; but I have robbed no man of his meal that I know of, and am here speaking of very humble as well as very grand banquets, the which I maintain are, when there is a sufficiency, almost always good.

Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upward. The plate of boiled beef which Mary, the neat-handed waitress, brings or used to bring you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for, ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of Mary were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season—everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison—beefsteak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle—bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as champagne: there is no delicacy in the world which M. Francatelli or M. Soyer can produce which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen of epicures at a grand table for-sake every French and Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and pease pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy.

What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth

* Upon my word, Mr. Brown, this is too broad a hint.—Punch.
it be? I would have a great deal more hospitality practiced than is common among us—more hospitality and less show. Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice blest; it blesses him that gives, and him that takes; a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

Why, then, do we of the middle classes persist in giving entertainments so costly, and beyond our means? This will be read by many mortals who are aware that they live on leg of mutton themselves, or worse than this, have what are called meat teas, than which I cannot conceive a more odious custom; that ordinarily they are very sober in their way of life; that they like in reality that leg of mutton better than the condiments of that doubtful French artist who comes from the pastry cook’s, and presides over the mysterious stewpans in the kitchen; why, then, on their company dinners, should they flare up in the magnificent manner in which they universally do?

Everybody has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, entrées, champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbors in this respect, and rush off to the confectioners for sweets, etc.; hire shambutlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbors; but why are we so bad, I ask?—why are we not more reasonable?

If we receive very great men or ladies at our houses, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry tart for their dinner, forsaking the entrées which the men in white Berlin gloves are handing round in the Birmingham plated dishes. Asking lords and ladies, who have great establishments of their own, to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastry cook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. And great folks, if they like you, take no count of your feasts and grand preparations, and can but eat mutton like men.

One cannot have sumptuary laws nowadays, or restrict the gastronomical more than any other trade; but I wish a check could be put upon our dinner extravagances by some means, and am confident that the pleasures of life would greatly be increased by moderation. A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a dessert, which nobody wants in the least, and which I always grudge to see arriving at the end of plenty.
Services of culinary kickshaws swallow up money, and give nobody pleasure, except the pastry cook, whom they enrich. Everybody entertains as if he had three or four thousand a year.

Someone with a voice potential should cry out against this overwhelming luxury. What is mere decency in a very wealthy man is absurdity—nay, wickedness, in a poor one; a frog by nature, I am an insane, silly creature to attempt to swell myself to the size of the ox, my neighbor. Oh, that I could establish in the middle classes of London an anti-entrée and anti-dessert movement! I would go down to posterity not ill-deserving of my country in such a case, and might be ranked among the social benefactors. Let us have a meeting at Willis' rooms, ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose, and get a few philanthropists, philosophers, and bishops or so, to speak! As people in former days refused to take sugar, let us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made dishes.*

In this way, I say, every man who now gives a dinner might give two; and take in a host of poor friends and relatives who are now excluded from his hospitality. For dinners are given mostly in the middle classes by the way of revenge; and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ask Mr. and Mrs. Johnson because the latter have asked them. A man at this rate who gives four dinners of twenty persons in the course of the season, each dinner costing him something very near upon thirty pounds, receives in return, we will say, forty dinners from the friends whom he has himself invited. That is, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson pay a hundred and twenty pounds, as do all their friends, for forty-four dinners of which they partake. So that they may calculate that every time they dine with their respective friends, they pay out twenty-eight shillings per tête. What a sum this is, dear Johnson, for you and me to spend upon our waistcoats! What does poor Mrs. Johnson care for all these garish splendors, who has had her dinner at two with her dear children in the nursery? Our custom is not hospitality or pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of acquaintances from the dining list.

One of these dinners of twenty, again, is scarcely ever pleasant as far as regards society. You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbor and neighboress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people cannot engage together in talk. You would want a speaking trumpet to communicate from your

* Mr. Brown here enumerates three entrées, which he confesses he can not resist, and likewise preserved cherries at dessert; but the principle is good, though the man is weak.
place by the lady of the house (for I wish to give my respected reader the place of honor) to the lady at the opposite corner at the right of the host. If you have a joke or a mot to make, you cannot utter it before such a crowd. A joke is nothing which can only get a laugh out of a third part of the company. The most eminent wags of my acquaintance are dumb in these great parties; and your raconteur or story-teller, if he is prudent, will invariably hold his tongue. For what can be more odious than to be compelled to tell a story at the top of your voice, to be called on to repeat it for the benefit of a distant person who has only heard a portion of the anecdote? There are stories of mine which would fail utterly were they narrated in any but an undertone; others in which I laugh, am overcome by emotion, and so forth—what I call my intimes stories. Now it is impossible to do justice to these except in the midst of a general hush, and in a small circle; so that I am commonly silent. And as no anecdote is positively new in a party of twenty, the chances are so much against you that somebody should have heard the story before, in which case you are done.

In these large assemblies, a wit, then, is of no use, and does not have a chance; a raconteur does not get a fair hearing; and both of these real ornaments of a dinner table are thus utterly thrown away. I have seen Jack Jolliff, who can keep a table of eight or ten persons in a roar of laughter for four hours, remain utterly mute in a great entertainment, smothered by the numbers and the dowager on each side of him; and Tom Yarnold, the most eminent of conversationists, sit through a dinner as dumb as the footman behind him. They do not care to joke, unless there is a sympathizing society, and prefer to be silent rather than throw their good things away.

What I would recommend, then, with all my power, is, that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should contain fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table: although in a great house, managed by a great establishment, the case may be different. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see ten people; but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess—are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioners’ emissaries who crowd the room—and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial major-domo, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, ‘Ah, my dear madam, how
much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendor, half the made dishes, and half the company assembled.

If any dinner-giving person who reads this shall be induced by my representations to pause in his present career, to cut off some of the luxuries of his table, and instead of giving one enormous feast to twenty persons to have three simple dinners for ten, my dear nephew will not have been addressed in vain. Everybody will be bettered; and while the guests will be better pleased and more numerous, the host will actually be left with money in his pocket.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.

I.

Bob Brown is in love, then, undergoing the common lot! And so, my dear lad, you are at this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longing and raptures, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812 (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated) I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures which you now, oh, my nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathize with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once; and remember the time very well. Since that time, amari amantes: if I see two young people happy, I like it, as I like to see children enjoying a pantomime. I have been the confidant of numbers of honest fellows, and the secret watcher of scores of little pretty intrigues in life. Miss Y., I know why you go so eagerly to balls now, and Mr. Z., what has set you off dancing at your mature age. Do you fancy, Miss Alpha, that I believe you walk every day at half-past eleven by the Serpentine for nothing, and that I don’t see young O’Mega in Rotten Row? . . . And so, my poor Bob, you are shot.

If you lose the object of your desires, the loss won’t kill you; you may set that down as a certainty. If you win, it is possible that you will be disappointed; that point also is to be considered. But hit or miss, good luck or bad—I should be sorry, my honest Bob, that thou didst not undergo the malady. Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over; the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart; how much the better for success if you win it and a good wife into the bargain! Ah! Bob—there is
a stone in the burying ground at Funchal which I often and
often think of—many hopes and passions lie beneath it, along
with the fairest and gentlest creature in the world—it's not Mrs.
Brown that lies there. Afterlife's faithful fevers she sleeps in Mary-
lebone burying ground, poor dear soul! Emily Blenkinsop might
have been Mrs. Brown, but—but let us change the subject.

Of course you will take advice, my dear Bob, about your
flame. All men and women do. It is notorious that they
listen to the opinions of all their friends, and never follow their
own counsel. Well, tell us about this girl. What are her qualifi-
cations, expectations, belongings, station in life, and so forth?

About beauty I do not argue. I take it for granted. A
man sees beauty or that which he likes with eyes entirely his
own. I don't say that plain women get husbands as readily as
the pretty girls—but so many handsome girls are unmarried,
and so many of the other sort wedded, that there is no possi-
bility of establishing a rule, or of setting up a standard. Poor
dear Mrs. Brown was a far finer woman than Emily Blenkin-
soip, and yet I loved Emily's little finger more than the whole
hand which your Aunt Martha gave me. I see the plainest
women exercising the greatest fascinations over men—in fine,
a man falls in love with a woman because it is fate, because
she is a woman; Bob, too, is a man, and endowed with a heart
and a beard.

Is she a clever woman? I do not mean to disparage you,
my good fellow, but you are not a man that is likely to set the
Thames on fire; and I should rather like to see you fall to the
lot of a clever woman. A set has been made against clever
women in all times. Take all Shakspere's heroines—they all
seem to me pretty much the same—affectionate, motherly,
tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other
writers'—each man seems to draw from one model—an exquisite
slave is what we want for the most part; a humble, flattering,
smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being,
who laughs at our jokes, however old they may be, coaxes and
wheedles us in our humors, and fondly lies to us through life.
I never could get your poor aunt into this system, though I
confess I should have been a happier man had she tried it.

There are many more clever women in the world than men
think for. Our habit is to despise them; we believe they do
not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak be-
cause they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only
begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my
opinion of their cleverness rises every day.
When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house bills and shirt buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent when you and he talk politics or literature or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, 'Oh, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men.' 'Yes, poor Polly,' says Jones, putting the back of Mrs. J.'s head good-naturedly, 'attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us.' Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband; every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good humor, for all which we value her—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves? lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues, brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me—on the contrary; but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbor.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down Bruin, and get him in a good humor. She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls—poor dear little Sapphiras!—set off laughing; there is that story about the goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time; and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on; and teaches all
the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet, and had she a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say that the late Mrs. Brown would have gone through the process of incrcmation for me—far from me; by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it I must own that I don’t think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don’t think they get their rights. And as a laborer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women’s duties to little more than a kitchen range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ballroom, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill, and another for the park. But in whatever way we may like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up: to work for us, or to shine for us, or to dance for us, or what not. It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better: we can get cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the laws for women, who, we are in the habit of saying, are not so clever as we are.

My dear nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

II.

Long years ago, indeed it was at the Peace of Amiens, when with several other young bucks I was making the grand tour, I recollect how sweet we all of us were upon the lovely Duchess of Montepulciano at Naples, who, to be sure, was not
niggardly of her smiles in return. There came a man among us, however, from London, a very handsome young fellow, with such an air of fascinating melancholy in his looks that he cut out all the other suitors of the duchess in the course of a week, and would have married her very likely but that war was declared while this youth was still hankering about his princess, and he was sent off to Verdun, whence he did not emerge for twelve years, and until he was as fat as a porpoise, and the duchess was long since married to General Count Raff, one of the emperor's heroes.

I mention poor Tibbits to show the curious difference of manner which exists among us; and which, though not visible to foreigners, is instantly understood by English people. Brave, clever, tall, slim, dark, and sentimental looking, he passed muster in a foreign saloon, and as I must own to you, cut us fellows out; whereas we English knew instantly that the man was not well bred by a thousand little signs, not to be understood by the foreigner. In his early youth, for instance, he had been cruelly deprived of his $h$'s by his parents, and though he tried to replace them in after life, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you, as it were, in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions. Not acquainted with these refinements of our language, foreigners did not understand what Tibbits' errors were, and doubtless thought it was from envy that we conspired to slight the poor fellow.

I mention Mr. Tibbits because he was handsome, clever, honest, and brave, and in almost all respects our superior; and yet labored under disadvantages of manner which unfitted him for certain society. It is not Tibbits the man, it is not Tibbits the citizen, of whom I would wish to speak lightly; his morals, his reading, his courage, his generosity, his talents, are undoubted—it is the social Tibbits of whom I speak: and as I do not go to balls because I do not dance, or to meetings of the Political Economy Club, or other learned associations, because taste and education have not fitted me for the pursuits for which other persons are adapted, so Tibbits' sphere is not in drawing rooms, where the $h$, and other points of etiquette, are rigorously maintained.

I say thus much because one or two people have taken some remarks of mine in ill part, and hinted that I am a Tory in disguise, and an aristocrat that should be hung up to a lamp post. Not so, dear Bob; there is nothing like the truth, about whomsoever it may be. I mean no more disrespect toward
any fellow-man by saying that he is not what is called in society well bred, than by stating that he is not tall or short, or that he cannot dance, or that he does not know Hebrew, or whatever the case may be. I mean that if a man works with a pickax or shovel all day, his hands will be harder than those of a lady of fashion, and that his opinion about Mr. Sontag's singing, or the last new novel, will not probably be of much value. And though I own my conviction that there are some animals which frisk advantageously in ladies' drawing rooms, while others pull stoutly at the plow, I do not most certainly mean to reflect upon a horse for not being a lapdog, or see that he has any cause to be ashamed that he is other than a horse.

And, in a word, as you are what is called a gentleman yourself, I hope that Mrs. Bob Brown, whoever she may be, is not only by nature, but by education, a gentlewoman. No man ought ever to be called upon to blush for his wife. I see good men rush into marriage with ladies of whom they are afterward ashamed; and in the same manner charming women linked to partners whose vulgarity they try to screen. Poor Mrs. Botibol, what a constant hypocrisy your life is, and how you insist upon informing everybody that Botibol is the best of men! Poor Jack Jinkins! what a female is that you brought back from Bagnigge Wells to introduce to London society! a handsome, tawdry, flaunting, watering place belle; a boarding house beauty, tremendous in brazen ornaments and cheap finery.

If you marry, dear Bob, I hope Mrs. Robert B. will be a lady not very much above or below your own station.

I would sooner that you should promote your wife than that she should advance you. And though every man can point you out instances where his friends have been married to ladies of superior rank, who have accepted their new position with perfect grace, and made their husbands entirely happy; as there are examples of maidservants decorating coronets, and seamstresses presiding worthily over baronial halls; yet I hope Mrs. Robert Brown will not come out of a palace or a kitchen; but out of a house something like yours, out of a family something like yours, with a snug jointure something like that modest portion which I dare say you will inherit.

I remember when Arthur Rowdy (who I need not tell you belongs to the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy & Co., of Lombard Street, Bankers) married Lady Cleopatra, what a grand match it was thought by the Rowdy family; and how old Mrs. Rowdy in Portman Square was elated at the idea of her son's new con-
nection. Her daughters were to go to all the parties in Lon-
don; and her house was to be filled with the very greatest of
great folks. We heard of nothing but dear Lady Stonehenge
from morning till night; and the old frequenters of the house
were perfectly pestered with stories of dear Lady Zenobia and
dear Lady Cornelia, and of the dear marquis, whose masterly
translation of Cornelius Nepos had placed him among the most
learned of our nobility.

When Rowdy went to live in May Fair, what a wretched
house it was into which he introduced such of his friends as
were thought worthy of presentation to his new society! The
rooms were filled with young dandies of the Stonehenge con-
nection—beardless bucks from Downing Street, gay young sprigs
of the Guards—their sisters and mothers, their kith and kin.
They overdrew their accounts at Rowdy's bank, and laughed
at him in his drawing room; they made their bets and talked
their dandy talk over his claret, at which the poor fellow sat
quite silent. Lady Stonehenge invaded his nursery; appointed
and cashiered his governess and children's maids; established
her apothecary in permanence over him; quarreled with old
Mrs. Rowdy, so that the poor old body was only allowed to see
her grandchildren by stealth, and have secret interviews with
them in the garden of Berkeley Square; made Rowdy take
villas at Tunbridge, which she filled with her own family;
massacred her daughter's visiting book, in the which Lady
Cleopatra, a good-natured woman, at first admitted some of her
husband's relatives and acquaintance; and carried him abroad
upon excursions, in which all he had to do was to settle the
bills with the courier. And she went so far as to order him
to change his side of the House and his politics, and adopt
those of Lord Stonehenge, which were of the age of the Druids,
his lordship's ancestors; but here the honest British merchant
made a stand and conquered his mother-in-law, who would have
smothered him the other day for voting for Rothschild. If it
were not for the counting house in the morning and the House
of Commons at night, what would become of Rowdy? They
say he smokes there, and drinks when he smokes. He has been
known to go to Vauxhall, and has even been seen, with a com-
forter over his nose, listening to Sam Hall at the Cider Cellars.
All this misery and misfortune came to the poor fellow for
marrying out of his degree. The clerks at Lombard Street laugh
when Lord Mistletoe steps out of his cab and walks into the
bank parlor; and Rowdy's private account invariably tells tales
of the visit of his young scapegrace of a brother-in-law.
III.

Let us now, beloved and ingenuous youth, take the other side of the question, and discourse a little while upon the state of that man who takes unto himself a wife inferior to him in degree. I have before me in my acquaintance many most pitiable instances of individuals who have made this fatal mistake.

Although old fellows are as likely to be made fools as young in love matters, and Dan Cupid has no respect for the most venerable age, yet I remark that it is generally the young men who marry vulgar wives. They are on a reading tour for the long vacation, they are quartered at Ballinafad, they see Miss Smith or Miss O'Shaughnessy every day, healthy, lively, jolly girls with red cheeks, bright eyes, and high spirits—they come away at the end of the vacation, or when the regiment changes its quarters, engaged men, family rows ensue, mothers cry out, papas grumble, miss pines and loses her health at Baymouth or Ballinafad—consent is got at last, Jones takes his degree, Jenkins gets his company; Miss Smith and Miss O'Shaughnessy become Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jenkins.

For the first year it is all very well. Mrs. Jones is a great bouncing handsome creature, lavishly fond of the adored Jones, and caring for no other company but his. They have a cottage at Bayswater. He walks her out every evening. He sits and reads the last new novel to her while she works slippers for him, or makes some little tiny caps and—dear Julia, dear Edward! they are all in all to one another.

Old Mrs. Smith of course comes up from Swansea at the time when the little caps are put into requisition, and takes possession of the cottage at Bayswater. Mrs. Jones, Senior, calls upon Mrs. Edward Jones' mamma, and, of course, is desirous to do everything that is civil to the family of Edward's wife.

Mrs. Jones finds in the mother-in-law of her Edward a large woman with a cotton umbrella, who dines in the middle of the day, and has her beer, and who calls Mrs. Jones mum. What a state they are in at Pocklington Square about this woman! How can they be civil to her? Whom can they ask to meet her? How the girls, Edward's sisters, go on about her! Fanny says she ought to be shown to the housekeeper's room when she calls; Mary proposes that Mrs. Shay, the washerwoman, should be invited on the day when Mrs. Smith comes to dinner; and Emma (who was Edward's favorite sister, and who considers herself jilted by his marriage with Julia) points out the most dreadful thing of all, that Mrs. Smith and Julia are exactly
alike, and that in a few years Mrs. Edward Jones will be the very image of that great enormously unwieldy horrid old woman.

Closeted with her daughter, of whom and of her baby she has taken possession, Mrs. Smith gives her opinion about the Joneses: They may be very good, but they are too fine ladies for her, and they evidently think she is not good enough for them; they are sad worldly people, and have never sat under a good minister, that is clear; they talked French before her on the day she called in Pocklington Gardens, 'and though they were laughing at me, I'm sure I can pardon them,' Mrs. Smith says. Edward and Julia have a little altercation about the manner in which his family has treated Mrs. Smith, and Julia, bursting into tears as she clasps the child to her bosom, says, 'My child, my child, will you be taught to be ashamed of your mother!'

Edward flings out of the room in a rage. It is true that Mrs. Smith is not fit to associate with his family, and that her manners are not like theirs; that Julia's eldest brother, who is a serious tanner at Cardiff, is not a pleasant companion after dinner; and that it is not agreeable to be called 'Ned' and 'old cove' by her younger brother, who is an attorney's clerk in Gray's Inn, and favors Ned by asking him to lend him a 'sov.,' and by coming to dinner on Sundays. It is true the appearance of that youth at the first little party the Edward Joneses gave after their marriage, when Natty disgracefully inebriated himself, caused no little scandal among his friends, and much wrath on the part of old Jones, who said, 'That little scamp called my daughters by their Christian names!—a little beggar that is not fit to sit down in my hall. If ever he dares to call at my house I'll tell Jobbins to fling a pail of water over him.' And it is true that Natty called many times in Pocklington Square, and complained to Edward that he, Nat, could neither see his mar nor the gurls, and that the old gent cut up uncommon stiff.

So you see Edward Jones has had his way and got a handsome wife, but at what expense? He and his family are separated. His wife brought him nothing but good looks. Her stock of brains is small. She is not easy in the new society into which she has been brought, and sits quite mum both at the grand parties which the old Joneses give in Pocklington Square, and at the snug little entertainments which poor Edward Jones tries on his own part. The women of the Jones' set try her in every way, and can get no good from her; Jones' male friends, who are civilized beings, talk to her, and receive only monosyllables in reply. His house is a stupid
one; his acquaintances drop off; he has no circle at all at last, except, to be sure, that increasing family circle which brings up old Mrs. Smith from Swansea every year.

What is the lot of a man at the end of a dozen years who has a wife like this? She is handsome no longer, and she never had any other merit. He can't read novels to her all through his life, while she is working slippers—it is absurd. He can't be philandering in Kensington Gardens with a lady who does not walk out now except with two nursemaids and the twins in a go-cart. He is a young man still, when she is an old woman. Love is a mighty fine thing, dear Bob, but it is not the life of a man. There are a thousand other things for him to think of besides the red lips of Lucy, or the bright eyes of Eliza. There is business, there is friendship, there is society, there are taxes, there is ambition, and the manly desire to exercise the talents which are given us by Heaven, and reap the prize of our desert. There are other books in a man's library besides Ovid; and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there; we have all had the fever, the strongest and the smallest, from Samson, Herenies, Rinaldo, downward; but it burns out, and you get well.

Ladies who read this, and who know what a love I have for the whole sex, will not, I hope, cry out at the above observations, or be angry because I state that the ardor of love declines after a certain period. My dear Mrs. Hopkins, you would not have Hopkins to carry on the same absurd behavior which he exhibited when he was courting you? or in place of going to bed and to sleep comfortably, sitting up half the night to write to you bad verses? You would not have him racked with jealousy if you danced or spoke with anyone else at a ball; or neglect all his friends, his business, his interest in life, in order to dangle at your feet? No, you are a sensible woman; you know that he must go to his counting house, that he must receive and visit his friends, and that he must attend to his and your interest in life. You are no longer his goddess, his fairy, his peerless paragon, whose name he shouted as Don Quixote did that of Dulcinea. You are Jane Hopkins, you are thirty years old, you have got a parcel of children, and Hop loves you and them with all his heart. He would be a helpless driveler and ninny were he to be honeymooning still, whereas he is a good, honest fellow, respected on 'Change, liked by his friends, and famous for his port wine.

Yes, Bob, the fever goes, but the wife doesn't. Long after
your passion is over, Mrs. Brown will be at your side, good soul still; and it is for that, as I trust, long subsequent period of my worthy Bob's life that I am anxious. How will she look when the fairy brilliancy of the honeymoon has faded into the light of common day?

You are of a jovial and social turn, and like to see the world, as why should you not? It contains a great number of kind and honest folks, from whom you may hear a thousand things wise and pleasant. A man ought to like his neighbors, to mix with his neighbors, to be popular with his neighbors. It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends. You can't be talking to Mrs. Brown forever and ever; you will be a couple of old geese if you do.

She ought, then, to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends. She ought to attract them to it by her grace, her good breeding, her good humor. Let it be said of her, 'What an uncommon nice woman Mrs. Brown is!' Let her be, if not a clever woman, an appreciator of cleverness in others, which, perhaps, clever folks like better. Above all, let her have a sense of humor, my dear Bob, for a woman without a laugh in her (like the late excellent Mrs. Brown) is the greatest bore in existence. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A woman who cannot laugh is a wet blanket on a kindly nuptial couch. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A quick intelligence, a brightening eye, a kind smile, a cheerful spirit—these, I hope, Mrs. Bob will bring to you in her trousseau, to be used afterward for daily wear. Before all things, my dear nephew, try and have a cheerful wife.

What, indeed, does not that word 'cheerfulness' imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited; that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian. Have a good, jolly, laughing, kind woman then, for your partner, you who are yourself a kind and jolly fellow; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest nightcaps.

OUT OF TOWN.

I.

I have little news, my dear Bob, wherewith to entertain thee from this city, from which almost everybody has fled
within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as her Majesty has done at Pimlico, and the queen of cities has gone out of town.

You, in pursuit of Miss Kicklebury, are probably by this time at Spa or Homburg. Watch her well, Bob, and see what her temper is like. See whether she flirts with the foreigners much, examine how she looks of a morning (you will have a hundred opportunities of familiarity, and can drop in and out of a friend's apartments at a German watering place as you never can hope to do here), examine her conduct with her little sisters, if they are of the party, whether she is good and playful with them, see whether she is cheerful and obedient to old Lady Kick (I acknowledge a hard task)—in fine, try her manners and temper, and see whether she wears them all day, and only puts on her smiles with her fresh bonnet, to come out on the parade at music time. I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straightforward à se caser, as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, sir, when I like the quiet time the best; the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

Colonel Padmore of our club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favorite old cob to grass, I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality were going on. What a change it is now in the Park from that scene which the modern Pepys, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dickey bird, depicted only a few
weeks ago! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which give an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance? for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them. Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small? Where are the stout old capitalists and bishops on their cobs (the bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horseback)? Where are the dear rideresses, above all? Where is she the gleaming of whose red neck ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle’s heart beat, Bob? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—a young Diana, with pure bright eyes! Where is Fanny, who wore the pretty gray hat and feather, and rode the pretty gray mare? Fanny changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake. The gay squadrons have disappeared; the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. Watteau-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens; the scarlet trumpeters have blown themselves away thence; you don’t behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour’s ride; and Mrs. Catherine Highflyer, whom a fortnight since you never saw unaccompanied by some superb young earl and roué of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her beautiful eyes that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round firing Parthian shots behind her. But Padmore’s cob did not trot, nor did my blood run any the quicker, Mr. Bob; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any Mrs. Highflyer of them all; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, oh, ogling and vain Delilah, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman the landlady’s daughter descends to come in and superintend my comfort, and whisk about among the books and tea things, and wait upon me in general; whereas in the full season, when young Lord Claude Lollypop is here attending to his arduous duties in parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second floor, the deuce a bit
will Miss Flora ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old Mr. Brown on the first, but sends me in Muggins, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all-work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season? Every man in every club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, Bob, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked Dr. Fell—the appearance of old Banquo, in the same place, in the same armchair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening; of Mr. Plodder threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man’s dinner; of old General Hawkshaw, who makes that constant noise in the club, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, Oh, that I could go to the club without seeing Banquo—Oh, that Plodder would not come and inspect my mutton chop—Oh, that fate would remove Hawkshaw and his pocket handkerchief forever out of my sight and hearing! Well, August arrives, and one’s three men of the sea are off one’s shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Banquo are at Leamington, the paper says; Mr. Plodder is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the Trois Frères; and Hawkshaw is coughing away at Brighton, where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The club is your own. How pleasant it is! You can get the Globe and Standard now without a struggle; you may see all the Sunday papers; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dinned by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odors, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a duke with a thousand pounds a day you couldn’t be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the chef himself will probably cook it. What mortal can ask more?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only
issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people are actually afraid to be seen in London when the persons who form their society have quitted the metropolis; and that Mr. and Mrs. Higgs, being left at home at Islington when Mr. and Mrs. Biggs, their next-door neighbors, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feel pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear Bob, and noted their manners; and for servility I will back a freeborn Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between Higgs and Biggs think what a strange standard of superiority is set up! —a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settle the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd: but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in London. Ashamed, sir! I like being in London at this time, and have so much to say regarding the pleasures of the place in the dead season that I hope to write you another letter regarding it next week.

II.

Careering during the season from one party to another, from one great dinner of twenty covers to another of eighteen guests, from Lady Hustlebury's rout to Mrs. Packington's soirée—friendship, to a man about town, becomes impossible from February to August: it is only his acquaintances he can cultivate during those six months of turmoil.

In the last fortnight one has had leisure to recur to more tender emotions: in other words, as nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad are they to see you; very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be; very pleasant are those little calm réunions in the quiet summer evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together leisurely without candles, and ascend to the drawing room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly presiding over the teapot. What matters that it is the metal teapot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's? What matters that the hangings are down, and the luster in a brown hollands bag? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family en deshabille. In an honest
man's house the wine is never sent to the banker's; he can always go to the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at college, and what not. We become intimate again, because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season: gentle and amiable, friendly, and full of quiet enjoyment.

Among these pleasant little meetings, for which the present season has given time and opportunity, I shall mention one, sir, which took place last Wednesday, and which during the very dinner itself I vowed I would describe, if the venerable Mr. Punch would grant me leave and space, in the columns of a journal which has for its object the promotion of mirth and good will.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, sir, there lived at a villa, at a short distance from London, a certain gentleman and lady who had many acquaintances and friends, among whom was your humble servant. For to become acquainted with this young woman was to be her friend, so friendly was she, so kind, so gentle, so full of natural genius, and graceful feminine accomplishment. Whatever she did she did charmingly; her life was decorated with a hundred pretty gifts, with which, as one would fancy, kind fairies had endowed her cradle; music and pictures seemed to flow naturally out of her hand as she laid it on the piano or the drawing board. She sang exquisitely, and with a full heart, and as if she couldn't help it any more than a bird. I have an image of this fair creature before me now: a calm, sunny evening, a green lawn flaring with roses and geraniums, and a half dozen gentlemen sauntering thereon in a state of great contentment, or gathered under the veranda, by the open French window; near by she sits singing at the piano. She is in a pink dress; she has gigot sleeves; a little child in a prodigious sash is playing about at her mother's knee. She sings song after song; the sun goes down behind the black fir trees that belt the lawn, and missy in the blue sash vanishes to the nursery; the room darkens in the twilight; the stars appear in the heaven—and the tips of the cigars glow in the balcony; she sings song after song; in accents soft and low, tender and melodious—we are never tired of hearing her. Indeed, Bob, I can hear her still—the stars of those calm nights still shine in my memory, and I have been humming one of her tunes with my pen in my mouth, to the surprise of Mr. Dodder, who is writing at the opposite side of the table, and wondering at the lackadaisical expression which pervades my venerable mug.
You will naturally argue from the above pathetic passage that I was greatly smitten by Mrs. Nightingale (as we will call this lady, if you will permit me). You are right, sir. For what is an amiable woman made, but that we should fall in love with her? I do not mean to say that you are to lose your sleep, or give up your dinner, or make yourself unhappy in her absence; but when the sun shines (and it is not too hot) I like to bask in it; when the bird sings, to listen; and to admire that which is admirable with an honest and hearty enjoyment. There were a half dozen men at the period of which I speak who wore Mrs. Nightingale's colors, and we used to be invited down from London of a Saturday and Sunday, to Thornwood, by the hospitable host and hostess there, and it seemed like going back to school when we came away by the coach of a Monday morning; we talked of her all the way back to London, to separate upon our various callings when we got into the smoky city. Salvator Rodgers, the painter, went to his easel; Woodward, the barrister, to his chambers; Piper, the doctor, to his patient (for he then had only one), and so forth. Fate called us each to his business, and has sent us upon many a distant errand since that day. But from that day to this, whenever we meet, the remembrance of the holidays at Thornwood has been always a bond of union between us; and we have always had Mrs. Nightingale's colors put away among the cherished relics of old times.

N. was a West India merchant, and his property went to the bad. He died at Jamaica. Thornwood was let to other people, who knew us not. The widow, with a small jointure, retired, and educated her daughter abroad. We had not heard of her for years and years, nor until she came to town about a legacy a few weeks since.

In those years and years what changes have taken place! Sir Salvator Rodgers is a member of the Royal Academy; Woodward, the barrister, has made a fortune at the bar; and in seeing Dr. Piper in his barouche, as he rolls about Belgravia and May Fair, you at once know what a man of importance he has become.

On last Monday week, sir, I received a letter in a delicate female handwriting, with which I was not acquainted, and which Miss Flora, the landlady's daughter, descended to bring me, saying that it had been left at the door by two ladies in a brougham.

'Why did you not let them come upstairs?' said I in a rage after reading the note.

'Ve don't know what sort of people goes about in
broughams,' said Miss Flora, with a toss of her head; 'we don’t want no ladies in our house.' And she flung her imper- tinence out of the room.

The note was signed Frances Nightingale—whereas our Nightingale’s name was Louisa. But this Frances was no other than the little thing in the large blue sash, whom we remembered at Thornwood ever so many years ago. The writer declared that she recollected me quite well, that her mamma was most anxious to see an old friend, and that they had apartments at No. 166 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, whither I hastened off to pay my respects to Mrs. Nightingale.

When I entered the room a tall and beautiful young woman with blue eyes, and serene and majestic air, came up to shake hands with me; and I beheld in her, without in the least recognizing, the little Fanny of the blue sash. Mamma came out of the adjoining apartment presently. We had not met since—since all sorts of events had occurred—her voice was not a little agitated. Here was that fair creature whom we had admired so. Sir, I shall not say whether she was altered or not. The tones of her voice were as sweet and kind as ever—and we talked about Miss Fanny as a subject in common between us, and I admired the growth and beauty of the young lady, though I did not mind telling her to her face (at which, to be sure, the girl was delighted) that she never in my eyes would be half so pretty as her mother.

Well, sir, upon this day arrangements were made for the dinner which took place on Wednesday last, and to the remem- brance of which I determined to consecrate this present page.

It so happened that everybody was in town of the old set of whom I have made mention, and everybody was disengaged. Sir Salvator Rodgers (who has become such a swell since he was knighted and got the cordon of the order of the George and Blue Boar of Russia that we like to laugh at him a little) made his appearance at eight o’clock, and was perfectly natural and affable. Woodward, the lawyer, forgot his abominable law and his money, about which he is always thinking; and finally, Dr. Piper, of whom we despaired, because his wife is mortally jealous of every lady whom he attends, and will hardly let him dine out of her sight, had pleaded Lady Rackstraw’s situation as a reason for not going down to Wimbledon Common till night—and so we six had a meeting.

The door was opened to us by a maid, who looked us hard in the face as we went upstairs, and who was no other than little Fanny’s nurse in former days, come like us to visit her
old mistress. We all knew her except Woodward, the lawyer, and all shook hands with her except him. Constant study had driven her out of the lawyer's memory. I don't think he ever cared for Mrs. Nightingale as much as the rest of us did, or indeed that it is in the nature of that learned man to care for any but one learned person.

And what do you think, sir, this dear and faithful widow had done to make us welcome? She remembered the dishes that we used to like ever so long ago, and she had every man's favorite dish for him. Rodgers used to have a passion for herrings—there they were; the lawyer, who has an enormous appetite, which he gratifies at other people's expense, had a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, which the lean and hungry man devoured almost entirely; mine did not come till the second course—it was baked plum pudding; I was affected when I saw it, sir—I choked almost when I ate it. Piper made a beautiful little speech, and made an ice compound, for which he was famous, and we drank it just as we used to drink it in old times, and to the health of the widow.

How should we have had this dinner, how could we all have assembled together again, if everybody had not been out of town, and everybody had not been disengaged? Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the ingens aquor.

Since I wrote the above I find that everybody really is gone away. The widow left town on Friday. I have been on my round just now, and have been met at every step by closed shutters and the faces of unfamilier charwomen. No. 9 is gone to Malvern, No. 37, 15, 25, 48, and 36A, are gone to Scotland. The solitude of the club begins to be unbearables, and I found Muggins this morning preparing a mysterious apparatus of traveling boot-trees, and dusting the portmaneaus.

If you are not getting on well with the Kicklebury's at Homburg I recommend you to go to Spa. Mrs. Nightingale is going thither, and will be at the Hôtel d'Orange, where you may use my name and present yourself to her; and I may hint to you in confidence that Miss Fanny will have a very pretty little fortune.

ON A LADY IN AN OPERA BOX.

Going the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion
gathered together to hear the delightful performance of Mme. Sontag, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favor of a ticket to the stalls, also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen, military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English; there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you didn’t use your opera glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still; and plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigged, well gloved, and brilliantly waisteoated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humored looking lady, whose headdress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuotoo, or in the seraglio of the Grand Sultan among a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced houri out of all the lovely society, and make her the empress or grand signora of my dominions; but simply that there is a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recognize, and admire and wonder at them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British lion; we have our Britannia ruling the waves; we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the Great-British Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognized in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighboring box—my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me with a look of much meaning, ‘That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker.’ And from that minute I forgot Mme. Sontag, and thought only of Mrs. T.-W.

‘So that,’ said I, ‘is Mrs. Trotter-Walker! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recall some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days.’
'Hold your tongue, man!' says Tom, my friend. 'Listen to the Sontag; how divinely she is singing! how fresh her voice is still!'

I looked up at Mrs. Walker all the time with unabated interest. 'Madam,' thought I, 'you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eyeglass, and the emprésement with which he returns the salute, show that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls.' But I wonder what would you think if you knew that I was looking at you? I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me, so to speak, and my eyeglass can't remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face.

What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose interests a man the most in this life? Himself, to be sure. It is at himself he is looking through his opera glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, 'That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker, is it?' with an air of such deep interest.

Well, then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome, as we will call the city. Major-General and Mrs. Trotter-Walker were also there; and until I heard of them there I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the general and the lady—the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. Mrs. Walker, as became her station in life, took, I dare say, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

Much as I have traveled and lived abroad, these evening réunions have never greatly fascinated me. Men cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neckcloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money that I can hire a coach to go to one of these soirées on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time
when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening parties that year at Rome; nor, of later years, at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend Mrs. Coverlade (she is a daughter of that venerable peer the Right Honorable the Lord Commandine), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, 'My dear Dr. Pacifico, what have you done to offend Mrs. Trotter-Walker?'

'I know no person of that name,' I said. 'I knew Walker of the post office, and poor Trotter who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the Trotter-Walkers I haven't the honor of an acquaintance.'

'Well, it is not likely that you will have that honor,' Mrs. Coverlade said. 'Mrs. Walker said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you.'

'I think she might have waited until I asked her, madam,' I said. 'What have I done to her? I have never seen or heard of her; how should I want to get into her house or attend at her Tuesdays?—confound her Tuesdays!' I am sorry to say I said, 'Confound Mrs. Walker's Tuesdays,' and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon Mrs. Walker, or indeed thought about her, from that day to this.

Strange endurance of human vanity! a million of much more important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely—but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgotten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit; but I doubt if we ever forgive slight of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

Otherwise, why should the remembrance of Mrs. Trotter-Walker have remained so lively in this bosom? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes? Had Venus or Helen (the favorite beauty of Paris) been at the side of Mrs. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had Mrs. Walker murdered Mrs. Pacifico, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for slight? Never, Mrs. Trotter-Walker; never, by Nemesis, never!
And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralize for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that Mrs. General Trotter-Walker refused to receive Dr. S. Pacifico at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my Blucher boots, or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend Jack Raggett, the painter, on the Pincio—a fellow with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle—I assume that to be the reason; indeed, Mrs. Coverlade, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropriate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the courts of Europe (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo) which I have visited. I could have made the general die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner; I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the Continent—anything you will. I have been familiar with cardinals, red republicans, Jesuits, German princes, and carbonari; and what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, madam! what did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of Solomon Pacifico, M. D.!

And why? Because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the Lepre with Raggett and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness among the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement in every fellow-mortal. If I had been Mr. Pacifico traveling with a courier and a carriage would Mrs. Walker have made any objection to me? I think
not. It was the Blucher boots and the worn hat and the homely companion of the individual which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised Duke of Pacifico, and not a retired army surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *poison* of plays, are composed upon this theme—the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown—a Haroun Alraschid, or other merry monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what. The star and garter.

But disguised emperors are not common nowadays. You don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good-fellowship, we forego for the sake of our confounded gentility and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost avowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money standard.

I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured-looking, jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbor, may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever pooh-poohed a man as good as you? If you fall into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

**Solomon Pacifico.**

**ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY.**

While I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend Heaviside's gray cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable Augustus Toplady, a carriage passed, from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty that Augustus and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for a while those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruse these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as
for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humored and pleasant to look at that it remains to this day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good; they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a very pretty woman should always be noted as a holyday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all saints' days.

Toplady, then, on his chestnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer, rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner—you were gone. Good luck go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away!

Top caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nursery maids and the rest of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from Batty's, and that, at a crack of Widdicombe's whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a countess' carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair; he grinned, he kissed his little finger tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off—whereas the other party on the gray cob—the old gentleman—powdered along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still that I am unwilling to part with you) Toplady turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said: 'I say, old boy, it was the chestnut she was looking at, and not the gray.' And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

'You silly young jackanapes,' said I, 'what do I care whether she was looking at the gray or the chestnut? I was thinking about the girl; you were thinking about yourself,
and be hanged to your vanity!' And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young Toplady, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. Augustus Toplady is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses whose morning of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a FOGY. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd and ridiculous before gods and men, cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are not in the least duped by his youthful airs or toilet artifices, so an honest, good-natured, straightforward, middle-aged, easily pleased Fogy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman’s life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty? What sad injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the school-room, she makes them wear cruel pinafores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar and to resort to all sorts of schemes and arts to hide in her own person the august and respectful marks of time. Ah! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy? Is not autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely and sweetly, and await the time when winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable, and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties; and, by converse, I have no doubt that Toplady, about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally and of his heart acknowledges himself to be a Fogy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town there is only one woman in the
whole city (at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows)—he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances; he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted; breaks his heart, mends it of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free and a Fogy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little chatter of the young ones: all these are hidden from us until we take the Fogy's degree; nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitle them to rank among Fogies; for every woman who is worth anything will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or, better still, an old widower, has this delightful entrée into the female world: he is free to come, to go, to listen, to joke, to sympathize, to talk with mamma about her plans and troubles, to pump from miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart; the ladies do not gener themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the doctor, the confessor, or the kislar aga.

What man who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege ought to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think, and justly, how much more delightful is the society of a thousand! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the Gorham side of the controversy at present pending; a third darling, with long fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceilingward in behalf of Miss Sellon, thinks the Lord Chief Justice has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever Mr. Oriel is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. Sapphira, again, when she has said her say with regard to the Gorham affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possibly tire you; so may Hazelia, who is working altar-cloths
all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk barefoot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor neuritis little feet into white satin slippers for the night’s ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety of miss-kind, how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices!

In possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Fogy. I am a Fogy, and have been a young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a lock of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions before the victorious and beloved Mrs. Pacifico subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, Mrs. P. would order me and them to be quiet; but I have none; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though as my dear Leonora is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were not tranquil, I should say that I was: but I am quiet); I have passed the hot stage; and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but an honest Fogy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man who remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes a very great item in the happiness of a Fogy. I, for my part, would rather remember ——, and ——, and —— (I dare not mention names, for isn’t my Leonora pretending to read ‘The Initials,’ and peeping over my shoulder?) than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that pas-
sion that I am interested in beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in all ballrooms (over my cards, where I and the old ones sit) and dinner parties. Without sentiment there would be no flavor in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fond of each other, be it the housemaid furtively engaged smiling and glancing with John through the area railings; be it miss and the captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing room window—amant is interesting to me because of amavi—of course it is Mrs. Pacifico I mean.

All Fogies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves—if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old mugs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the captain is sidling up to miss, Fog, because he is twenty years older than the captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is anything of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of the carte du pays with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, or have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little Tommy, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him miss and the captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young Billington and the lovely Blanche Pouter get together; and walked downstairs with my hat for the only partner of my arm. Augustus Toplady, now, because he was a captain of dragoons almost before Billington was born, would have insisted upon his right of precedence over Billington, who only got his troop the other day.

Precedence! Fiddlestick! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, whether you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others toward them because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing of course in the world; but the fault of gentlefolks is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others toward us, and a perpetual assertion of our twopenny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man, if the lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I met him I used to envelop myself in my dignity, and treat his lordship with such a tremendous hauteur and killing coolness of demeanor that you might have
fancied I was an earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple, good-natured creature who had no idea of insulting or slighting me, and, indeed, scarcely any idea about any subject, except racing and shooting. Young men have this meanness in society, because they are thinking about themselves; Fogies are happy and tranquil, because they are taking advantage of, and enjoying, without suspicion, the good nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a year? It is natural that you should like such a good thing as ten thousand a year; and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well to do in the world: who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars—if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather have a good dinner than a bad one; if so-and-so is as good as you and possesses these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them: therefore I had rather to go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high and mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy, clear-sighted Fogysteps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of; that has his conceited bashfulness to be 'taken out of him,' as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the good will of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to 'put yourself forward.' You are thinking about yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else; that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well bred; that is you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend Mumford as a painful example—one of the Wittiest, cheeriest, cleverest, and most honest of fellows of his own circle; but having the honor to dine the other day at Mr. Hobanob's, where his Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of humor and wit were assembled, Mumford did not open his mouth once for the purposes of conversation, but sat and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.
He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence), as Toplady was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When Mumford is an honest Fogy, like some folks, he will neither distrust his host nor his company nor himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people round about him; he will scorn tumbling over head and heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble over head and heels, perhaps, if he has a talent that way—not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good humor and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn, a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please; and my good young friend who read this, don't doubt about yourself, or think about your precious person. When you have got on your best coat and waistcoat, and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition; not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world; therefore they are more honest and simple; therefore they are better bred than Growler, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will not be trampled upon; or poor Fawner, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks my lord's shoes. But I think in our world—at least in my experience—there are even more Growlers than Fawners.

It will be seen by the above remark that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a discreet Fogy. Time, which has dimmed the luster of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with gray, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge, out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Fogy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men, I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest and do not lose your temper. Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? Failing? Where is the great harm? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be
a lieutenant or colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the duchess' party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether miss will have you or not; what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterward? Do you, Jones, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? The future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the duchess' party; it is no more or less than a ball or a breakfast, like other balls or breakfasts. You are half distracted because miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did Mrs. Pacifico) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as nought—when time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the gray calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavor to regard them both benevolently is the task of a philosopher, and he who can do so is a very lucky Fogy.

CHILD'S PARTIES, AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM.*

I.

Sir: As your publication finds its way to almost every drawing room table in this metropolis, and is read by the young and old in every family, I beseech you to give admission to the remonstrance of an unhappy parent, and to endeavor to put a stop to a practice which appears to me to be increasing daily, and is likely to operate most injuriously upon the health, morals, and comfort of society in general.

The awful spread of juvenile parties, sir, is the fact to which I would draw your attention. There is no end to those entertainments, and if the custom be not speedily checked people will be obliged to fly from London at Christmas, and hide their children during the holidays. I gave mine warning in a speech at breakfast this day, and said with tears in my eyes that if the juvenile party system went on I would take a house at Margate next winter, for that, by Heavens! I could not bear another juvenile season in London.

If they would but transfer Innocent's Day to the summer holidays, and let the children have their pleasures in May or

*Addressed to Mr. Punch.
June, we might get on. But now in this most ruthless and cutthroat season of sleet, thaw, frost, wind, snow, mud, and sore throats, it is quite a tempting of fate to be going much abroad; and this is the time of all others that is selected for the amusement of our little darlings.

As the first step toward the remedying of the evil of which I complain, I am obliged to look Mr. Punch himself in his venerable beard, and say, 'You, sir, have, by your agents, caused not a little of the mischief. I desire that, during Christmas time at least, Mr. Leech should be abolished, or sent to take a holiday. Judging from his sketches, I should say that he must be endowed with a perfectly monstrous organ of philoprogenitiveness; he revels in the delineation of the dearest and most beautiful little boys and girls in turn-down collars and broad sashes, and produces in your Almanac a picture of a child’s costume ball, in which he has made the little wretches in the dresses of every age, and looking so happy, beautiful, and charming that I have carefully kept the picture from the sight of the women and children of my own household, and—I will not say burned it, for I had not the heart to do that—but locked it away privately, lest they should conspire to have a costume ball themselves, and little Polly should insist upon appearing in the dress of Ann Boleyn, or little Jacky upon turning out as an ancient Briton.'

An odious, revolting, and disagreeable practice, sir, I say, ought not to be described in a manner so atrociously pleasing. The real satirist has no right to lead the public astray about the juvenile fête nuisance, and to describe a child’s ball as if it was a sort of paradise, and the little imps engaged as happy and pretty as so many cherubs. They should be drawn, one and all, as hideous—disagreeable—distorted—affected—jealous of each other—dancing awkwardly—with shoes too tight for them—overeating themselves at supper—very unwell (and deservedly so) the next morning, with mamma administering a mixture made after the doctor’s prescription, and which should be painted awfully black, in an immense large teacup, and (as might be shown by the horrible expression on the little patient’s face) of the most disgusting flavor. Banish, I say, that Mr. Leech during Christmas time at least; for by a misplaced kindness and absurd fondness for children he is likely to do them and their parents an incalculable quantity of harm.

As every man, sir, looks at the world out of his own eyes or spectacles, or in other words, speaks of it as he finds it himself, I will lay before you my own case, being perfectly sure
that many another parent will sympathize with me. My family, already inconveniently large, is yet constantly on the increase, and it is out of the question that Mrs. Spee* should go to parties, as that admirable woman has the best of occupation at home; where she is always nursing the baby. Hence it becomes the father's duty to accompany his children abroad, and to give them pleasure during the holidays.

Our own place of residence is in South Carolina Place, Clapham Road North, in one of the most healthy of the suburbs of this great city. But our relatives and acquaintances are numerous; and they are spread all over the town and its outskirts. Mrs. S. has sisters married, and dwelling respectively in Islington, Haverstock Hill, Bedford Place, Upper Baker Street, and Tyburn Gardens; besides the children's grandmother, Kensington, Gravel Pits, whose parties we are all of course obliged to attend. A very great connection of ours, and nearly related to a B-r-n-t and M. P., lives not a hundred miles from B–lg–ve Square. I could enumerate a dozen more places where our kinsmen or intimate friends are—heads of families every one of them, with their quivers more or less full of little arrows.

What is the consequence? I herewith send it to you in the shape of these eighteen inclosed notes, written in various styles more or less correct and corrected, from Miss Fanny's, aged seven, who hopes in round hand that her dear cousins will come and drink tea with her on New Year's Eve, her birthday,—to that of the governess of the B–r-n-t in question, who requests the pleasure of our company at a ball, a conjuror, and a Christmas tree. Mrs. Spee, for the valid reason above stated, cannot frequent these meetings; I am the deplorable chaperon of the young people. I am called upon to conduct my family five miles to tea at six o'clock. No count is taken of our personal habits, hours of dinner, or intervals of rest. We are made the victims of an infantile conspiracy, nor will the lady of the house hear of any revolt or denial.

'Why,' says she, with the spirit which becomes a woman and mother, 'you go to your man's parties eagerly enough; what an unnatural wretch you must be to grudge your children their pleasures!' She looks round, sweeps all six of them into her arms, while the baby on her lap begins to bawl, and you are assailed by seven pairs of imploring eyes, against which there is no appeal. You must go. If you are dying of lumbago, if you are engaged to the best of dinners, if you are longing to stop at home and read Macaulay, you must give up all and go.

* A name sometimes assumed by the writer in his contributions to Punch.
And it is not to one party or two, but almost all. You must go to the Gravel Pits, otherwise the grandmother will cut the children out of her will, and leave her property to her other grandchildren. If you refuse Islington, and accept Tyburn Gardens, you sneer at a poor relation, and acknowledge a rich one readily enough. If you decline Tyburn Gardens, you fling away the chances of the poor dear children in life, and the hopes of the cadetship for little Jacky. If you go to Hampstead, having declined Bedford Place, it is because you never refuse an invitation to Hampstead, where they make much of you, and Miss Maria is pretty (as you think, though your wife doesn't), and do not care for the doctor in Bedford Place. And if you accept Bedford Place you dare not refuse Upper Baker Street, because there is a coolness between the two families, and you must on no account seem to take part with one or the other.

In this way many a man besides myself, I dare say, finds himself miserably tied down, and a helpless prisoner, like Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians. Let us just enumerate a few of the miseries of the pitiable parental slave.

In the first place, examining the question in a pecuniary point of view. The expenses of children's toilets at this present time are perfectly frightful.

My eldest boy, Gustavus, at home from Dr. Birch's Academy, Rodwell Regis, wears turquoise studs, fine linen shirts, white waistcoats, and shiny boots; and, when I proposed that he should go to a party in Berlin gloves, asked me if I wished that he should be mistaken for a footman. My second, Augustus, grumbles about getting his elder brother's clothes, nor could he be brought to accommodate himself to Gustavus' waistcoats, at all, had not his mother coaxed him by the loan of her chain and watch, which latter the child broke after many desperate attempts to wind it up. As for the little fellow, Adolphus, his mother has him attired in a costume partly Scotch, partly Hungarian, mostly buttons, and with a Louis Quatorze hat and scarlet feather, and she curls this child's hair with her own blessed tongs every night.

I wish she would do as much for the girls, though; but no, M. Floridor must do that; and accordingly every day this season that abominable little Frenchman, who is, I have no doubt, a Red Republican, and smells of cigars and hair oil, comes over, and, at a cost of eighteen pence par tete, figs out my little creatures' heads with fixture, bandoline, crinoline—the deuce knows what.

The bill for silk stockings, sashes, white frocks, is so enor-
mous that I have not been able to pay my own tailor these three years.

The bill for flys to 'Amstid and back, to Hizzlington and take up, etc., is fearful. The drivers, in this extra weather, must be paid extra, and they drink extra. Having to go to Hackney in the snow, on the night of the 5th January, our man was so hopelessly inebriated that I was compelled to get out and drive myself; and I am now, on what is called Twelfth Day (with, of course, another child's party before me for the evening), writing this from my bed, sir, with a severe cold, a violent toothache, and a most acute rheumatism.

As I hear the knock of our medical man, whom an anxious wife has called in, I close this letter; asking leave, however, if I survive, to return to this painful subject next week. And, wishing you a merry (!) New Year, I have the honor to be, dear Mr. Punch, Your constant reader, Spec.

II.

Conceive, sir, that in spite of my warning and entreaty we were invited to no less than three child's parties last Tuesday; to two of which a lady in this house, who shall be nameless, desired that her children should be taken. On Wednesday we had Dr. Lens' microscope; and on Thursday you were good enough to send me your box for the Haymarket Theater; and of course Mrs. S. and the children are extremely obliged to you for the attention. I did not mind the theater so much. I sat in the back of the box, and fell asleep. I wish there was a room with easy-chairs and silence enjoined, whither parents might retire, in the houses where children's parties are given. But no—it would be of no use; the fiddling and pianoforte playing and sniffling and laughing of the children would keep you awake.

I am looking out in the papers for some eligible schools where there shall be no vacations—I can't bear these festivities much longer. I begin to hate children in their evening dresses; when children are attired in those absurd best clothes, what can you expect from them but affectation and airs of fashion? One day last year, sir, having to conduct the two young ladies who then frequented juvenile parties, I found them, upon entering the fly, into which they had preceded me under convoy of their maid—I found them—in what condition, think you? Why, with the skirts of their stiff muslin frocks actually thrown over their heads, so that they should not crumple in the carriage! A child who cannot go into society but with a muslin frock in this position,
I say, had best stay in the nursery in her pinafore. If you are not able to enter the world with your dress in its proper place, I say stay at home. I blushed, sir, to see that Mrs. S. didn't blush when I informed her of this incident, but only laughed in a strange indecorous manner, and said that the girls must keep their dresses neat. Neatness as much as you please, but I should have thought Neatness would wear her frock in the natural way.

And look at the children when they arrive at their place of destination; what processes of coquetry they are made to go through! They are first carried into a room where there are pins, combs, looking-glasses, and ladies' maids, who shake the children's ringlets out, spread abroad their great immense sashes and ribbons, and finally send them full sail into the dancing room. With what a monstrous precocity they ogle their own faces in the looking-glasses; I have seen my boys Gustavus and Adolphins grin into the glass, and arrange their curls or the ties of their neckcloths, with as much eagerness as any grown-up man could show, who was going to pay a visit to the lady of his heart. With what an abominable complacency they get out their little gloves, and examine their silk stockings! How can they be natural or unaffected when they are so preposterously conceited about their fine clothes? The other day we met one of Gus' schoolfellows, Master Chaffers, at a party, who entered the room with a little gibus hat under his arm, and, to be sure, made his bow with the aplomb of a dancing master of sixty; and my boys, who I suspect envied their comrade the gibus hat, began to giggle and sneer at him; and, further to disconcert him, Gus goes up to him and says, 'Why, Chaffers, you consider yourself a deuced fine fellow, but there's a straw on your trousers.' Why shouldn't there be! And why should that poor boy be called upon to blush because he came to a party in a hack cab? I, for my part, ordered the children to walk home on that night, in order to punish them for their pride. It rained, Gus wet and spoiled his shiny boots, Dol got a cold, and my wife scolded me for cruelty.

As to the airs which the wretches give themselves about dancing, I need not enlarge upon them here, for the dangerous artist of the 'rising generation' has already taken them in hand. Not that his satire does the children the least good: they don't see anything absurd in courting pretty girls, or in asserting the superiority of their own sex over the female. A few nights since I saw Master Sultan at a juvenile ball, standing at the door of the dancing room, egregiously display.
ing his muslin handkerchief, and waving it about as if he was in doubt to which of the young beauties he should cast it. 'Why don't you dance, Master Sultan?' says I. 'My good sir,' he answered, 'just look round at those girls and say if I can dance?' Blasé and selfish now, what will that boy be, sir, when his whiskers grow?

And when you think how Mrs. Mainchance seeks out rich partners for her little boys—how my own admirable Eliza has warned her children—'My dears, I would rather you should dance with your Brown cousins than your Jones cousins,' who are a little rough in their manners (the fact being that our sister Maria Jones lives at Islington, while Fanny Brown is an Upper Baker Street lady)—when I have heard my dear wife, I say, instruct our boy, on going to a party at the baronet's, by no means to neglect his cousin Adeliza, but to dance with her as soon as ever he can engage her—what can I say, sir, but that the world of men and boys is the same—that society is poisoned at its source—and that our little chubby-checked cherubim are instructed to be artful and egotistical when you would think by their faces they were just fresh from heaven.

Among the very little children I confess I get a consolation as I watch them, in seeing the artless little girls walking after the boys to whom they incline, and courting them by a hundred innocent little wiles and caresses, putting out their little hands and inviting them to dance, seeking them out to pull crackers with them, and begging them to read the mottoes, and so forth—this is as it should be—this is natural and kindly. The women, by rights, ought to court the men; and they would if we but left them alone.*

And, absurd as the games are, I own I like to see some thirty or forty of the creatures on the floor in a ring, playing at petits jeux, of all ages and sexes, from the most insubordinate infant-hood of Master Jacky, who will crawl out of the circle, and talks louder than anybody in it, though he can't speak, to blushing Miss Lily, who is just conscious that she is sixteen—I own, I say, that I can't look at such a circlet or chaplet of children, as it were, in a hundred different colors, laughing and happy, without a sort of pleasure. How they laugh, how they twine together, how they wave about, as if the wind was passing over the flowers! Poor little buds, shall you bloom long? (I then say to myself, by way of keeping up a proper frame of mind)—shall frosts nip you, or tempests scatter you, drought wither you, or rain beat you down? And oppressed

* On our friend's manuscript there is written, in a female handwriting, 'Vulgar, immodest.—E. S.'
with my feelings, I go below and get some of the weak negus with which children's parties are refreshed.

At those houses where the magic lantern is practiced, I still sometimes get a degree of pleasure by hearing the voices of the children in the dark, and the absurd remarks which they make as the various scenes are presented—as, in the dissolving views, Cornhill changes into Grand Cairo, as Cupid comes down with a wreath, and pops it on to the head of the Duke of Wellington, as Saint Peter's at Rome suddenly becomes illuminated, and fireworks, not the least like real fireworks, begin to go off from Fort St. Angelo—it is certainly not unpleasant to hear the 'o-o-o's' of the audience, and the little children chattering in the darkness. But I think I used to like the 'Pull devil, pull baker,' and the Doctor Syntax of our youth, much better than all your new-fangled dissolving views and pyrotechnie imitations.

As for the conjuror, I am sick of him. There is one conjuror I have met so often during this year and the last that the man looks quite guilty when the folding doors are opened and he sees my party of children, and myself among the seniors in the back rows. He forgets his jokes when he beholds me; his wretched claptraps and waggeries fail him; he trembles, falters, and turns pale.

I on my side too feel reciprocally uneasy. What right have we to be staring that creature out of his silly countenance? Very likely he has a wife and family dependent on their bread upon his antics. I should be glad to admire them if I could; but how do so? When I see him squeeze an orange or a cannon ball away into nothing, as it were, or multiply either into three cannon balls or oranges, I know the others are in his pocket somewhere. I know that he doesn't put out his eye when he sticks the penknife into it; or that after swallowing (as the miserable humbug pretends to do) a pocket handkerchief, he cannot by any possibility convert it into a quantity of colored wood shavings. These flimsy articles may amuse children, but not us. I think I shall go and sit down below among the servants while this wretched man pursues his idiotic delusions before the children.

And the supper, sir, of which our darlings are made to partake. Have they dined? I ask. Do they have supper at home, and why do not they? Because it is unwholesome. If it is unwholesome, why do they have supper at all? I have mentioned the wretched quality of the negus. How they can administer such stuff to children I can't think. Though only last week I heard a little boy, Master Swilby, at Miss Waters',
say that he had drunk nine glasses of it, and eaten I don't know how many tasteless sandwiches and insipid cakes; after which feats he proposed to fight my youngest son.

As for that Christmas tree, which we have from the Germans—anybody who knows what has happened to them may judge what will befall us from following their absurd customs. Are we to put up pine-trees in our parlors, with wax candles and bonbons, after the manner of the ancient Druids? Are we . . .

... My dear sir, my manuscript must here abruptly terminate. Mrs. S. has just come into my study, and my daughter enters, grinning behind her, with twenty-five little notes, announcing that Master and Miss Spec request the pleasure of Miss Brown, Miss F. Brown, and M. A. Brown's company on the 25th instant. There is to be a conjuror in the back dining-room, a magielantern in my study, a Christmastree in the drawing room, dancing in the drawing room—'And, my dear, we can have whist in our bedroom,' my wife says. 'You know we must be civil to those who have been so kind to our darling children.'

THE CURATE'S WALK.

I.

It was the third out of the four bell buttons at the door at which my friend the curate pulled; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14 Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests Fielding's novels to me. I can fancy Captain Booth strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eyes, and his hand on his hanger; or Lady Ballaston's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of Bluck's brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass plates on the doors, two on some of them; or simple names, as 'Lunt,' 'Padgemore,' etc. (as if no other statement about Lunt and Padgemore were necessary at all), under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before
two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, moldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is goldbeater's skin? and do they get impregnated with the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays all gilt and shining?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster shells in one corner. Who has that half pint? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A birdcage and very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whitey-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and stripes of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a portress so small that I wondered how she ever could have lifted up the latch. She bobbed a courtesy and smiled at the curate, whose face beamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

'Mother not at home?' says Frank Whitestock, patting the child on the head.

'Mother's out charring, sir,' replied the girl; 'but please to walk up, sir.' And she led the way up one and two pair of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second floor front, in which was the abode of the charwoman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equaled in height.

'These children attend my school at St. Timothy's,' Mr
Whitestock said, 'and Betsy keeps the house while her mother is from home.'

Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls, besides two framed and glazed, of Prince Coburg and the Princess Charlotte. There were brass candlesticks and a lamp on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half a dozen plates, yellow bowls, and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That little Betsy who looks so small is nearly ten years old; and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say that her own mother having to go out upon her sharing operations, Betsy assumes charge of the room during her parent's absence; has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time; keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it; and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at church and Sunday school. The younger children scarcely ever go out save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly; sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman bookbinder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The curate evidently took especial pride in Victoria, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused Betsy to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a missionary register which the curate opened haphazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about

'The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues S. E. by E., and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The Irascible entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the Rev. Mr. Flethers, Mrs. Flethers, and their nine children, and Shangpooky, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their res-
idence at the house of Ratatatua, the principal chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig, etc., etc., etc.

'Raritongo, Wankyfungo, archipelago.' I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in her Majesty's Heavies would be puzzled with words half the length. Whitestock, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a courtesy, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat, and tidy behavior, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labors, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful—content with small pittances, practicing a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half pint pot for dinner. 'Melia, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for Victoria's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the Princess Alice can read off 'Raritongo,' etc., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided among the three. 'What will you do with it?' I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, 'We'll give it to mother.' This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

Elizabeth says, 'I would like twopenn'orth of meat, if you please, sir.'

'Melia: 'Ha'porth of treacle, three farthings' worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread.'
SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.

Victoria, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated manner: 'Ha'p'ny—aha—orange, and ha'p'ny—aha—apple, and ha'p'ny—aha—treacle, and—and—' Here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this Melia actually interposed, 'Suppose she and Victoria subscribed a farthing apiece out of their money, so that Betsy might have a quarter of a pound of meat?' She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposal and the calculations in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them Betsy had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Buildings has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, oh, thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens! May their voyage in life prosper! Think of the great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies venturing over the great stormy ocean.

II.

Following the steps of little Betsy with her mug and basket, as she goes pattering down the street, we watch her into a grocer's shop, where a startling placard with 'Down Again!' written on it announces that the sugar market is still in a depressed condition—and where she no doubt negotiates the purchase of a certain quantity of molasses. A little further on, in Lawfeldt Street, is Mr. Filch's fine silversmith's shop, where a man may stand for a half hour and gaze with ravishment at the beautiful gilt cups and tankards, the stunning waisteat chains, the little white cushions laid out with delightful diamond pins, gold horseshoes and splinter bars, pearl owls, turquoise lizards and dragons, enameled monkeys, and all sorts of agreeable monsters for your neckcloth. If I live to be a hundred, or if the girl of my heart were waiting for me at the corner of the street, I never could pass Mr. Filch's shop without having a couple of minutes' good stare at the window. I like to fancy myself dressed up in some of the jewelry. 'Spec, you rogue,' I say, 'suppose you were to get leave to wear three or four of those rings on your fingers; to stick that opal, round which twists a brilliant serpent with a ruby head, into your blue satin neckcloth; and to sport that gold jack-chain on your waistcoat. You might walk in the Park with that black whalebone prize riding whip, which has a head
the size of a snuffbox, surmounted with a silver jockey on a silver race horse; and what a sensation you would create if you took that large ram’s horn with the cairngorm top out of your pocket, and offered a pinch of rappee to the company round! A little attorney’s clerk is staring in at the window, in whose mind very similar ideas are passing. What would he not give to wear that gold pin next Sunday in his blue hunting neckcloth? The ball of it is almost as big as those which are painted over the side door of Mr. Filch’s shop, which is down that passage which leads into Trotter’s Court.

I have dined at a house where the silver dishes and covers came from Filch’s, let out to their owner by Mr. Filch for the day, and in charge of the grave-looking man whom I mistook for the butler. Butlers and ladies’ maids innumerable have audiences of Mr. Filch in his back parlor. There are suits of jewels which he and his shop have known for a half century past, so often have they been pawned to him. When we read in the _Court Journal_ of Lady Fitzball’s headdress of lappets and superb diamonds, it is because the jewels get a day rule from Filch’s, and come back to his iron box as soon as the drawing room is over. These jewels become historical among pawnbrokers. It was here that Lady Prigsby brought her diamonds one evening of last year, and desired hurriedly to raise £2000 upon them, when Filch respectfully pointed out to her ladyship that she had pawned the stones already to his comrade Mr. Tubal of Charing Cross. And, taking his hat, and putting the case under his arm, he went with her ladyship to the hack cab in which she had driven to Lawfledt Street, entered the vehicle with her, and they drove in silence to the back entrance of her mansion in Monmouth Square, where Mr. Tubal’s young man was still seated in the hall, waiting until her ladyship should be undressed.

We walked round the splendid shinning shop and down the passage, which would be dark but that the gas-lit door is always swinging to and fro, as the people who come to pawn go in and out. You may be sure there is a ginshop handy to all pawnbrokers.

A lean man in a dingy dress is walking lazily up and down the flag of Trotter’s Court. His ragged trousers trail in the sliny mud there. The doors of the pawnbroker’s and of the ginshop on the other side are banging to and fro: a little girl comes out of the former, with a tattered old handkerchief, and goes up and gives something to the dingy man. It is nine-pence, just raised on his waistcoat. The man bids the child to ‘cut away home,’ and when she is clear out of the court
he looks at us with a lurking scowl and walks into the gin-shop doors, which swing always opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

Why should he have sent the waistcoat wrapped in that ragged old cloth? Why should he have sent the child into the pawnbroker's box, and not have gone himself? He did not choose to let her see him go into the ginshop—why drive her in at the opposite door? The child knows well enough whither he is gone. She might as well have carried an old waistcoat in her hand through the street as a ragged napkin. A sort of vanity, you see, drapes itself in that dirty rag; or is it a kind of debauched shame, which does not like to go naked? The fancy can follow the poor girl up the black alley, up the black stairs, into the bare room, where mother and children are starving, while the lazy ragamuffin, the family bully, is gone into the ginshop to 'try our celebrated Cream of the Valley,' as the bill in red letters bids him.

'I waited in this court the other day,' Whitestock said, 'just like that man, while a friend of mine went in to take her husband's tools out of pawn—an honest man—a journeyman shoemaker, who lives hard by.' And we went to call on the journeyman shoemaker—Randle's Buildings—two pair back—over a blacking manufactory. The blacking was made by one manufacturer, who stood before a tub stirring up his produce, a good deal of which—and nothing else—was on the floor. We passed through this emporium, which abutted on a dank, steaming little court, and up the narrow stair to the two pair back.

The shoemaker was at work with his recovered tools, and his wife was making women's shoes (an inferior branch of the business) by him. A shriveled child was lying on the bed in the corner of the room. There was no bedstead, and indeed scarcely any furniture, save the little table on which lay his stools and shoes—a fair-haired, lank, handsome young man with a wife who may have been pretty once, in better times, and before starvation pulled her down. She had but one thin gown; it clung to a frightfully emaciated little body.

The story was the old one. The man had been in good work, and had the fever. The clothes had been pawned, the furniture and bedstead had been sold, and they slept on the floor; the tools went, and the end of all things seemed at hand, when the gracious apparition of the curate, with his umbrella, came and cheered those stricken-down poor folks.

The journeyman shoemaker must have been astonished at such a sight. He is not, or was not, a church-goer. He is a man of 'advanced' opinions; believing that priests are hypo-
crites, and that clergymen in general drive about in coaches and four, and eat a tithe-pig a day. This proud priest got Mr. Crispin a bed to lie upon, and some soup to eat; and (being the treasurer of certain good folks of his parish, whose charities he administers) as soon as the man was strong enough to work, the curate lent him money wherewith to redeem his tools, and which our friendispaying back by installmentsat this day. And any man who has seen these two honest men talking together would have said the shoemaker was the haughtiest of the two.

We paid one more morning visit. This was with an order for work to a tailor of reduced circumstances and enlarged family. He had been a master, and was now forced to take work by the job. He who had commanded many men was now fallen down to the ranks again. His wife told us all about his misfortunes. She is evidently very proud of them. 'He failed for seven thousand pounds,' the poor woman said, three or four times during the course of our visit. It gave her husband a sort of dignity to have been trusted for so much money.

The curate must have heard that story many times, to which he now listened with great patience in the tailor's house—a large, clean, dreary, faint-looking room, smelling of poverty. Two little stunted, yellow-headed children, with lean pale faces and large protruding eyes, were at the window staring with all their might at Guy Fawkes, who was passing in the street, and making a great clattering and shouting outside, while the luckless tailor's wife was prating within about her husband's bygone riches. I shall not in a hurry forget the picture. The empty room in a dreary background; the tailor's wife in brown, stalking up and down the planks, talking endlessly; the solemn children staring out of the window as the sunshine fell on their faces; and honest Whitestock seated, listening, with the tails of his coat through the chair.

His business over with the tailor, we start again; Frank Whitestock trips through alley after alley, never getting any mud on his boots, somehow, and his white neckcloth making a wonderful shine in those shady places. He has all sorts of acquaintance, chiefly among the extreme youth, assembled at the doors or about the gutters. There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster shell for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business air struck me much, while the curate was very deep in conversation with a small coalman. A half dozen of her comrades were congre-
gated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the curate’s friend.

I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child’s oyster shell, as she came forward holding it before her like a tray. At first her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased.

For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but, having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them toward a neighboring apple stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now the children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. ‘He’s give her a penny,’ one remarked to another, with hopes, miserably disappointed, that they might come in for a similar present.

She walked on to the apple stall meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross. And one after another they followed the penny piece to the apple stall.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

I.

Out of a mere love of variety and contrast, I think we cannot do better, after leaving the wretched Whitestock among his starving parishioners, than transport ourselves to the City, where we are invited to dine with the Worshipful Company of Bel lows Menders, at their splendid hall in Marrow-pudding Lane.

Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them. When I was a boy I had by heart the Barmecide’s feast in the ‘Arabian Nights’; and the culinary passages in Scott’s novels (in which works there is a deal of good eating) always were my favorites. The Homeric poems are full, as everybody knows, of roast and boiled; and every year I look forward with pleasure to the newspapers of the 10th of November for the menu of the Lord Mayor’s feast, which is sure to appear in those journals. What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the allied sovereigns in 1814? It is good even now, and to read it ought to make a man hungry, had he had five meals that day. In a word, I had long, long yearned in my secret heart to be present at a City festival. The last year’s papers had a bill of fare com-
menceing with 'four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints'; and concluding with the pineapples and ices of the dessert. 'Fancy two thousand pints of turtle, my love,' I have often said to Mrs. Spec, 'in a vast silver tank, smoking fragrantly, with lovely green islands of calipash and calipee floating about—why, my dear, if it had been invented in the time of Vitellius he would have bathed in it!'

'He would have been a nasty wretch,' Mrs. Spec said, who thinks that cold mutton is the most wholesome food of man. However, when she heard what great company was to be present at the dinner, the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, some of the bench of bishops, no doubt the judges, and a great portion of the nobility, she was pleased at the card which was sent to her husband, and made a neat tie to my white neckcloth before I set off on the festive journey. She warned me to be very cautious, and obstinately refused to allow me the Chubb door key.

The very card of invitation is a curiosity. It is almost as big as a tea tray. It gives one ideas of a vast, enormous hospitality. Gog and Magog in livery might leave it at your door. If a man is to eat up that card, Heaven help us, I thought; the doctor must be called in. Indeed, it was a doctor who procured me the placard invitation. Like all medical men who have published a book upon diet, Pillkington is a great gourmand, and he made a great favor of procuring the ticket for me from his brother of the Stock Exchange, who is a citizen and a Bellows Mender in his corporate capacity.

We drove in Pillkington's brougham to the place of manger-ous, through the streets of the town, in the broad daylight, dressed out in our white waistcoats and ties; making a sensation upon all beholders by the premature splendor of our appearance. There is something grand in that hospitality of the citizens, who not only give you more to eat than other people, but who begin earlier than anybody else. Major Bangles, Captain Canterbury, and a host of the fashionables of my acquaintance were taking their morning's ride in the Park as we drove through. You should have seen how they stared at us! It gave me a pleasure to be able to remark mentally, 'Look on, gents, we too are sometimes invited to the tables of the great.'

We fell in with numbers of carriages as we were approaching cityward, in which reclined gentlemen with white neckcloths—grand equipages of foreign ambassadors, whose uniforms and stars and gold lace glistened within the carriages, while their servants with colored cockades looked splendid
without: these careered by the doctor’s brougham horse, which was a little fatigued with his professional journeys in the morning. General Sir Roger Bluff, K. C. B., and Colonel Tucker, were stepping into a cab at the United Service Club as we passed it. The veterans blazed in scarlet and gold lace. It seemed strange that men so famous, if they did not mount their chargers to go to dinner, should ride in any vehicle under a coach and six; and instead of having a triumphal car to conduct them to the City, should go thither in a rickety cab, driven by a ragged charioteer smoking a dudeen. In Cornhill we fell into a line, and formed a complete regiment of the aristocracy. Crowds were gathered round the steps of the old hall in Marrow-pudding Lane, and welcomed us nobility and gentry as we stepped out of our equipages at the door. The policemen could hardly restrain the ardor of these low fellows, and their sarcastic cheers were sometimes very unpleasant. There was one rascal who made an observation about the size of my white waistcoat, for which I should have liked to sacrifice him on the spot; but Pillkington hurried me, as the policemen did our little brougham, to give place to a prodigious fine equipage which followed, with immense gray horses, immense footmen in powder, and driven by a grave coachman in an episcopal wig.

A veteran officer in scarlet, with silver epaulets, and a profuse quantity of bullion and silver lace, descended from this carriage between the two footmen, and was nearly upset by his curling saber, which had twisted itself between his legs, which were cased in duck trousers very tight, except about the knees (where they bagged quite freely), and with rich long white straps. I though he must be a great man by the oddness of his uniform.

‘Who is the general?’ says I as the old warrior, disentangling himself from his seimitar, entered the outer hall. ‘Is it the Marquis of Anglesea, or the Rajah of Sarawak?’

I spoke in utter ignorance, as it appeared. ‘That! Pooh,’ says Pillkington; ‘that is Mr. Champignon, M. P., of Whitehall Gardens and Fungus Abbey, Citizen and Bellows Mender. His uniform is that of a colonel of the Diddlesex Militia.’ There was no end to similar mistakes on that day. A venerable man with a blue and gold uniform, and a large crimson sword belt and brass-seabarded saber, passed presently, whom I mistook for a foreign ambassador at the least, whereas I found out that he was only a Billingsgate commissioner—and a little fellow in a blue livery, which fitted him so badly that I
thought he must be one of the hired waiters of the company who had been put into a coat that didn't belong to him, turned out to be a real right honorable gent, who had been a minister once.

I was conducted upstairs by my friend to the gorgeous drawing room, where the company assembled, and where there was a picture of George IV. I cannot make out what public companies can want with a picture of George IV. A fellow with a gold chain, and in a black suit, such as the lamented Mr. Cooper wore preparatory to execution in the last act of 'George Barnwell,' bawled out our names as we entered the apartment. 'If my Eliza could hear that gentleman,' thought I, 'roaring out the name of "Mr. Spec!" in the presence of at least two hundred earls, prelates, judges, and distinguished characters!' It made little impression upon them, however; and I slunk into the embrasure of a window, and watched the company.

Every man who came into the room was, of course, ushered in with a roar. 'His Excellency the Minister of Topinambo!' the usher yelled; and the minister appeared, bowing, and in tights. 'Mr. Hoggin! The Right Honorable the Earl of Bareacres! Mr. Snog! Mr. Braddle! Mr. Alderman Moodle! Mr. Justice Bunker! Lieutenant-General Sir Roger Bluff! Colonel Tucker! Mr. Tims!' with the same emphasis and mark of admiration for us all, as it were. The warden of the Bellows Menders came forward and made a profusion of bows to the various distinguished guests as they arrived. He too was in a court dress, with a sword and bag. His lady must like so to behold him turning out in arms and ruffles, shaking hands with ministers, and bowing over his wineglass to their Excellencies the foreign ambassadors.

To be in a room with these great people gave me a thousand sensations of joy. Once, I am positive the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office looked at me, and turning round to a noble lord in a red ribbon, evidently asked, 'Who is that? O Eliza, Eliza! How I wish you had been there! — or if not there, in the ladies' gallery in the dining hall, when the music began, and Mr. Shadrach, Mr. Meshech, and little Jack Oldboy (whom I recollect in the part of Count Almaviva any time these forty years), sang 'Non Nobis, Domine.'

But I am advancing matters prematurely. We are not in the grand dining hall as yet. The crowd grows thicker and thicker, so that you can't see people bow as they enter any more. The usher in the gold chain roars out name after name; more ambassadors, more generals, more citizens, capitalists, bankers — among them Mr. Rowdy, my banker, from whom I
shrank guiltily from private financial reasons—and, last and greatest of all, 'The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor!'

That was a shock, such as I felt on landing at Calais for the first time; on first seeing an Eastern bazaar; on first catching a sight of Mrs. Spec; a new sensation, in a word. Till death I shall remember that surprise. I saw over the heads of the crowd, first a great sword borne up in the air; then a man in a fur cap of the shape of a flower pot; then I heard the voice shouting the angust name—the crowd separated. A handsome man with a chain and gown stood before me. It was he. He? What do I say? It was his lordship. I cared for nothing till dinner time after that.

II.

The glorious company of banqueteers were now pretty well all assembled; and I, for my part, attracted by an irresistible fascination, pushed nearer and nearer my Lord Mayor, and surveyed him, as the generals, lords, ambassadors, judges, and other bigwigs rallied round him as their center, and, being introduced to his lordship and each other, made themselves the most solemn and graceful bows; as if it had been the object of that general's life to meet that judge; and as if that Secretary of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, having achieved at length a presentation to the Lord Mayor, had gained the end of his existence, and might go home, singing a 'Nunc dimittis.' Don Geronimo de Mulligan y Guayaba, Minister of the Republic of Topinambo (and originally descended from an illustrious Irish ancestor, who hewed out with his pickax in the Topinambo mines the steps by which his family have ascended to their present eminence), holding his cocked hat with the yellow cockade close over his embroidered coat tails, conversed with Alderman Codshead, that celebrated statesman, who was also in tights, with a sword and bag.

Of all the articles of the splendid court dress of our aristocracy I think it is those little bags which I admire most. The dear crisp, early little black darlings! They give a gentleman's back an indescribable grace and air of chivalry. They are at once manly, elegant, and useful (being made of sticking plaster, which can be applied afterward to heal many a wound of domestic life). They are something extra appended to men to enable them to appear in the presence of royalty. How vastly the idea of a Court increases in solemnity and grandeur when you think that a man cannot enter it without a tail!

These thoughts passed through my mind, and pleasingly
diverted it from all sensations of hunger while many friends around me were pulling out their watches, looking toward the great dining room doors, rattling at the lock (the door gaped open once or twice, and the nose of a functionary on the other side peeped in among us and entreated peace), and vowing it was scandalous, monstrous, shameful. If you ask an assembly of Englishmen to a feast, and accident or the cook delays it, they show their gratitude in this way. Before the supper rooms were thrown open at my friend Mrs. Perkins' ball, I recollect Liversage at the door, swearing and growling as if he had met with an injury. So I thought the Bellows Menders' guests seemed heaving into mutiny when the great doors burst open in a flood of light, and we rushed, a black streaming crowd, into the gorgeous hall of banquet.

Every man sprang for his place with breathless rapidity. We knew where those places were beforehand; for a cunning map had been put into the hands of each of us by an officer of the company, where every plate of this grand festival was numbered, and each gentleman's place was ticketed off. My wife keeps my card still in her album; and my dear eldest boy (who has a fine genius and appetite) will gaze on it for half an hour at a time, whereas he passes by the copies of verses and the flower pieces with an entire indifference.

The vast hall flames with gas, and is emblazoned all over with the arms of bygone Bellows Menders. August portraits decorate the walls. The Duke of Kent in scarlet, with a crooked saber, stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. The Duke of Cumberland, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere. The Prince Regent has been mentioned before. He has his place of honor over the great Bellows Mender's chair, and surveys the high table glittering with plate, epargnes, candles, hock glasses, molds of blane mange stuck over with flowers, gold statues holding up baskets of barley sugar, and a thousand objects of art. Piles of immense gold trays and salvers rose up in buffets behind this high table; toward which presently, and in a grand procession—the band in the gallery overhead blowing out the Bellows Menders' march—a score of City tradesmen and their famous guests walked solemnly between our rows of tables.

Grace was said, not by the professional devotees who sang 'Non Nobis' at the end of the meal, but by a chaplain somewhere in the room, and the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City
There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old Bellows Mender indeed, who had three platefuls. His old hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked again and again. That old man is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life. As he took it he shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him. He gasped out a quick laugh once or twice to his neighbor, when his two or three old tusks showed, still standing up in those jaws which had swallowed such a deal of calipash. He winked at the waiters, knowing them from former banquets.

This banquet, which I am describing at Christmas, took place at the end of May. At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

‘There are two hundred quarts of peas,’ said the old fellow, winking with bloodshot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks, by those who were inclined; or with the venison, which now came in.

That was a great sight. On a center table in the hall, on which already stood a cold baron of beef—a grotesque piece of meat—a dish as big as a dish in a pantomime, with a little standard of England stuck into the top of it, as if it were round this we were to rally—on this center table six men placed as many huge dishes under cover; and at a given signal the master cook and five assistants in white caps and jackets marched rapidly up to the dish covers, which being withdrawn, discovered to our sight six haunches, on which the six carvers, taking out six sharp knives from their girdles, began operating.

It was, I say, like something out of a Gothic romance, or a grotesque fairy pantomime. Feudal barons must have dined so five hundred years ago. One of those knives may have been the identical blade which Walworth plunged into Wat Tyler’s ribs, and which was afterward caught up into the City arms, where it blazes. (Not that any man can seriously believe that Wat Tyler was hurt by the dig of the jolly old mayor in the red gown and chain, any more than that pantaloon is singed by the great poker, which is always forthcoming at the present season.) Here we were practicing the noble custom of the good old times, imitating our glorious forefathers, rallying round our old institutions, like true Britons. These flagons and platters were in the room before us, ten times as big as any we use or want nowadays. They served us a grace-cup as large as a plate basket, and at the end they passed us a rose water dish, into which Pepys might have dipped his napkin. Pepys? What do I say? Richard III., Cœur-de-Lion, Guy
of Warwick, Gog and Magog. I don't know how antique the articles are.

Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went on all round. 'Waiter, where's the turtle fin?' Gobble, gobble. 'Nice punch or my deary, sir?' 'Smelts or salmon, Jowler, my boy?' 'Always take cold beef after turtle.' Hobble-gobble. 'These year peas have no taste.' Ilobble-gobble.

It is all over. We can eat no more. We are full of Bacchus and fat venison. We lay down our weapons and rest. 'Why, in the name of goodness,' says I, turning round to Pillkington, who had behaved at dinner like a doctor; 'why——'

But a great rap, tap, tap proclaimed grace, after which the professional gentlemen sang out, 'Non Nobis,' and then the dessert and the speeches began; about which we shall speak in the third course of our entertainment.

III.

On the hammer having ceased its tapping, Mr. Chisel, the immortal toast-master, who presided over the president, roared out to my three professional friends, 'Non Nobis'; and what is called 'the business of the evening' commenced.

First, the warden of the Worshipful Society of the Bellows Menders proposed 'Her Majesty' in a reverential voice. We all stood up respectfully, Chisel yelling out to us to 'charge our glasses.' The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the National Anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion. We clinked our glasses at the conclusion of the anthem, making more dents upon the time-worn old board, where many a man present had clinked for George III., clapped for George IV., rapped for William IV., and was rejoiced to bump the bottom of his glass as a token of reverence for our present sovereign.
Here, as in the case of the Hebrew melophonists, I would insinuate no wrong thought. Gentlemen, no doubt, have the loyal emotions which exhibit themselves by clapping glasses on the tables. We do it at home. Let us make no doubt that the bellows menders, tailors, authors, public characters, judges, aldermen, sheriffs, and what not, shout out a health for the sovereign every night at their banquets, and that their families fill round and drink the same toast from the bottles of half-guinea Burgundy.

'His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the royal family,' followed, Chisel yelling out the august titles, and all of us banging away with our glasses, as if we were seriously interested in drinking healths to this royal race: as if drinking healths could do anybody any good; as if the imprecations of a company of bellows menders, aldermen, magistrates, tailors, authors, tradesmen, ambassadors who did not care a twopenny piece for all the royal families in Europe, could somehow affect Heaven kindly toward their Royal Highnesses by their tipsy vows, under the presidency of Mr. Chisel.

The Queen Dowager's health was next prayed for by us Bacchanalians, I need not say with what fervency and efficacy. This prayer was no sooner put up by the chairman, with Chisel as his Boanerges of a clerk, than the elderly Hebrew gentleman before mentioned began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the "Queen of the Isles, on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles, and the ocean roars; whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true, who scorned all foes. Oh, a people true, who scorn all wiles, inhabit you, bright Queen of the Isles. Bright Quee—Bright Quee—ee—ee—ee—en awf the Isles!" or words to that effect, which Shadrach took up and warbled across his glass to Meshech, which Meshech trolled away to his brother singer, until the ditty was ended, nobody understanding a word of what it meant; not Oldboy—not the old or young Israelite minstrel his companion—not we, who were clinking our glasses—not Chisel, who was urging us and the chairman on—not the chairman and the guests in embroidery—not the kind, exalted, and amiable lady whose health we were making believe to drink, certainly, and in order to render whose name welcome to the powers to whom we recommended her safety, we offered up through the mouths of three singers, hired for the purpose, a perfectly insane and irrelevant song.

'Why,' says I to Pulkington, 'the chairman and the grand
guests might just as well get up and dance round the table, or cut off Chisel's head and pop it into a turtle soup tureen, or go through any other mad ceremony as the last. Which of us here cares for her Majesty the Queen Dowager, any more than for a virtuous and eminent lady, whose goodness and private worth appear in all her acts? What the deuce has that absurd song about the Queen of the Isles to do with her Majesty, and how does it set us all stamping with our glasses on the mahogany? Chisel bellowed out another toast—'The Army'—and we were silent in admiration, while Sir George Bluff, the greatest general present, rose to return thanks.

Our end of the table was far removed from the thick of the affair, and we only heard, as it were, the indistinct cannonading of the general, whose force had just advanced into action. We saw an old gentleman with white whiskers, and a flaring scarlet coat covered with stars and gilding, rise up with a frightened and desperate look, and declare that 'this was the proudest—a-hem—moment of his—a-hem—unworthy as he was—a-hem—as a member of the British—a-hem—who had fought under the illustrious Duke of—a-hem—his joy was to come among the Bellows Menders—a-hem—and inform the great merchants of the greatest city of the—hum—that a British—a-hem—was always ready to do his—hum. Napoleon—Salamanca—a-hem—had witnessed their—hum, haw—and should any other—hum—ho—casion which he deeply deprecated—haw—there were men now around him—a-haw—who, inspired by the Bellows Menders' Company and the city of London—a-hum—would do their duty as—a-hum—a-haw—a-haw.' Immense cheers, yells, hurrays, roars, glass-smackings, and applause followed this harangue, at the end of which the three Israelites, encouraged by Chisel, began a military cantata—'Oh, the sword and shield—on the battle-field—Are the joys that best we love, boys—Where the Grenadiers, with their pikes and spears, through the ranks of the foemen shove, boys—Where the bold hurray, strikes dread dismay, in the ranks of the dead and dyin'—and the baynet clanks in the Frenchmen's ranks, as they fly from the British lion.' (I repeat, as before, that I quote from memory.)

Then the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office rose to return thanks for the blessings which we begged upon the Ministry. He was, he said, but a humble—the humblest member of that body. The suffrages which that body had received from the nation were gratifying, but the most gratifying testimonial of all was the approval of the Bellows Menders'
Company. (Immense applause.) Yes among the most enlightened of the mighty corporations of the city, the most enlightened was the Bellows Menders'. Yes, he might say, in consonance with their motto, and in defiance of illiberalty, *Affluvit veritas et dissipati sunt.* (Enormous applause.) Yes, the thanks and pride that were boiling with emotion in his bosom trembled to find utterance at his lip. Yes, the proudest moment of his life, the crown of his ambition, the meed of his early hopes and struggles and aspirations, was at that moment won in the approbation of the Bellows Menders. Yes, his children should know that he too had attended at those great, those noble, those joyous, those ancient festivals, and that he too, the humble individual who from his heart pledged the assembled company in a bumper—that he too was a Bellows Mender.

Shadrach, Mesheeh, and Oldboy at this began singing, I don't know for what reason, a rustic madrigal, describing, 'Oh, the joys of bonny May—bonny May—a-a-ay, when the birds sing on the spray,' etc., which never, as I could see, had the least relation to that or any other Ministry, but which was, nevertheless, applauded by all present. And then the Judges returned thanks; and the Clergy returned thanks; and the Foreign Ministers had an innings (all interspersed by my friends' indefatigable melodies); and the Distinguished Foreigners present, especially Mr. Washington Jackson, were greeted, and that distinguished American rose amid thunders of applause.

He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman, and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He declared that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakspeare his grandfather, or more or less—he avowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervor the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden and Dr. Watts and Swift were the darlings of his hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember.

But I observed that, during his oration, the gentlemen who report for the daily papers were occupied with their wine instead of their notebooks, that the three singers of Israel yawned and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep.
Pilkington and I quitted the banqueting hall, and went into
the tea room, where gents were assembled still, drinking slops
and eating buttered muffins, until the grease trickled down their
faces. Then I resumed the query which I was just about to
put when grace was called, and the last chapter ended. 'And
gracious goodness' I said, 'what can be the meaning of a
ceremony so costly, so uncomfortable, so savory, so unwhole-
some as this? Who is called upon to pay two or three guineas
for my dinner now, in this blessed year 1847? Who is it that
can want muffins after such a banquet? Are there no poor? Is
there no reason? Is this monstrous belly-worship to exist forever?'
'Spec,' the doctor said, 'you had best come away. I
make no doubt that you for one have had too much.' And we
went to his brougham. May nobody have such a headache on
this happy New Year as befell the present writer on the morn-
ing after the dinner in the City!

WAITING AT THE STATION.

We are among a number of people waiting for the Black-
wall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are
going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend; some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port
Philip, in Australia, leaving behind the patria fines and the
pleasant fields of old England. It is rather a queer sensation
to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going
upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them
with more than ordinary interest, thinking of the difference
between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold
these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large hall
of the station, with bundles, baskets, and light baggage, wait-
ing for the steamer and the orders to embark. A few friends
are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whis-
pering going on. A little crying is taking place—only a very
little crying—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little
to weep for; they are going from bitter cold and hunger, con-
stant want and unavailing labor. Why should they be sorry to
quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country
has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore
again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they
will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad and
ashamed too that they should not be more sorry. But how
are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kind-
ness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and forever, would you blame yourself or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong, under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they, who can't be called upon to love such an unlovely thing as misery, or to make any other return for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilized persons. We have been decently educated; and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practice cleanliness, and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not at London, and that we have come down from our sheep-walks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest, well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, than to put up with one of these for a companion. There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks (and, world wiseacre as you are, it is by these you are principally moved)—there is no pretty, modest, red-cheeked rustic—no neat, trim little grisette, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favor in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty among them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and careworn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise seeing that they have known care and want all their days? There they sit, upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is, you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings; your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the queen's
SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.

English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The woman you love must have pretty soft fingers that you may hold in yours; must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart must return hers with its ë in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, 'O Hedward, I am so unhappy to think I shall never behold you again,' though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, 'Hedward, my art is yours for ever and ever' (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millefleur. A sunburnt settler out of the bush won't feel any of these exquisite tortures, or understand this kind of laughter, or object to Molly because her hands are coarse and her ankles thick; but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion. You might take her with a handsome fortune, perhaps, were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say (your necessaries of life), and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every day. That, however, is not the point; I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop in order, as you say, to 'keep up your rank in society'—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it, or don't choose to talk about it; and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences in rank, and so forth! Well! out with it at once: you don't think Molly is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school; she can't speak French and Italian, as your wife very likely can, etc.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is
that there should be that immense social distinction between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves) and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and pattens. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself woefully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable, well-dressed progenitors, let us say, for a generation or two)—from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it that our preachers were teaching the poor 'to know their station'? that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry, and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This, who was the grandson of a barber, and to Earl That, whose father was an apothecary? What a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still! The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that confounded condescension), she courtesies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honor with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. 'And so she should,' what hundreds of thousands of us rich and poor say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last courtesy from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labor; or, if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering unique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated; in which rich and poor still acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire: far removed from these Old World traditions, they will be bred up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warrawarra, the Australian will take a hat off or
bob a courtesy to the newcomer? He will hold out his hand, and say, 'Stranger, come into my house and take a shake-down and have a share of our supper.' You come out of the old country, do you? There were some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome!

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the Morning Chronicle newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes among laboring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted, exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor rates, and are they not heavy enough in the name of patience? Very true; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind, not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you have no idea. No. How should you?—you and I—we are of the upper classes; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance—mind, of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not; of his workmen we know nothing, how piteously they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the backs of our houses; until some poet like Hood wakes and sings that dreadful 'Song of the Shirt'; some prophet like Carlyle rises up and denounces woe; some clear-sighted, energetic man like the writer of the Chronicle travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful, awful poor man's country! The bell rings, and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more the steamer lies alongside the ship Culloden, which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the
married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names; there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of these kind people whose bounty and benevolence organized the Female Emigration Scheme are here to give a last word and shake of the hand to their protégées. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousand who will follow them) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor; and what for those who remain? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succor, and will plant in the new country this graceful tradition of the old. May Heaven's good mercy speed them!

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

I.

Having made a solemn engagement during the last midsummer holidays with my young friend Augustus Jones that we should go to a Christmas pantomime together, and being accommodated by the obliging proprietors of Covent Garden Theater with a private box for last Tuesday, I invited not only him but some other young friends to be present at the entertainment. The two Miss Twiggs, the charming daughters of the Rev. Mr. Twigg, our neighbor; Miss Minny Twigg, their youngest sister, eight years of age; and their maternal aunt, Mrs. Captain Flather, as the chaperon of the young ladies, were the four other partakers of this amusement with myself and Mr. Jones.

It was agreed that the ladies, who live in Montpellier Square, Brompton, should take up myself and Master Augustus at the Sarcophagus Club, which is on the way to the theater, and where we two gentlemen dined on the day appointed. Cox's most roomy fly, the moldy green one, in which he insists on putting the roaring gray horse, was engaged for the happy evening. Only an intoxicated driver (as Cox's man always is) could ever, I am sure, get that animal into a trot. But the
utmost fury of the whip will not drive him into a dangerous pace; and besides, the ladies were protected by Thomas, Mrs. Flather's page, a young man with a gold band to his hat, and a large gilt knob on the top, who insured the safety of the cargo, and really gave the vehicle the dignity of one's own carriage.

The dinner hour at the Sarcophagus being appointed for five o'clock, and a table secured in the strangers' room, Master Jones was good enough to arrive (under the guardianship of the colonel's footman) about half an hour before the appointed time, and the interval was by him partly passed in conversation, but chiefly in looking at a large silver watch which he possesses, and in hoping that we shouldn't be late.

I made every attempt to pacify and amuse my young guest, whose anxiety was not about the dinner but about the play. I tried him with a few questions about Greek and mathematics—a sort of talk, however, which I was obliged speedily to abandon, for I found he knew a great deal more upon these subjects than I did (it is disgusting how preternaturally learned the boys of our day are, by the way). I engaged him to relate anecdotes about his school-fellows and ushers, which he did, but still in a hurried, agitated, nervous manner—evidently thinking about that sole absorbing subject the pantomime.

A neat little dinner, served in Botibil's best manner (our chef at the Sarcophagus knows when he has to deal with a connoisseur, and would as soon serve me up his own ears as a rechauffé dish), made scarcely any impression on young Jones. After a couple of spoonfuls, he pushed away the Palestine soup, and took out his large silver watch—he applied two or three times to the chronometer during the fish period—and it was not until I had him employed upon an omelette, full of apricot jam, that the young gentleman was decently tranquil.

With the last mouthful of the omelette he began to fidget again; and it still wanted a quarter of an hour of six. Nuts, almonds and raisins, figs (the almost never-failing soother of youth), I hoped might keep him quiet, and laid before him all those delicacies. But he beat the devil's tattoo with the nutcrackers, had out the watch time after time, declared that it stopped, and made such a ceaseless kicking on the legs of his chair that there were moments when I wished he was back in the parlor of Mrs. Jones, his mamma.

I know oldsters who have a savage pleasure in making boys drunk—a horrid thought of this kind may, perhaps, have crossed my mind. 'If I could get him to drink half a dozen glasses of that heavy port it might soothe him and make him
Oh, that and say, 'We I while I turned-down exclaimed. more napkin toward impatience the making youth, happy wa}'^, bottle the Avith a When *

Sarcophagus, ladies box and I was the moment fairies will be honest beings the rolling must knobbed did caused the girls to-night, must have within the himself issued and abashed by his frank and honest demeanor, I would not press him, of course, a single moment further, and so was forced to take the bottle to myself, to soothe me instead of my young guest.

He was almost frantic at a quarter to seven, by which time the ladies had agreed to call for us, and for about five minutes was perfectly dangerous. 'We shall be late, I know we shall; I said we should!' I am sure it's seven, past, and that the box will be taken!' and countless other exclamations of fear and impatience passed through his mind. At length we heard a carriage stop, and a club servant entering and directing himself toward our table. Young Jones did not wait to hear him speak, but cried out, 'Hooray, here they are!' flung his napkin over his head, dashed off his chair, sprang at his hat like a kitten at a ball, and bounced out of the door, crying out, 'Come along, Mr. Spec!' while the individual addressed more deliberately followed. 'Happy Augustus!' I mentally exclaimed. 'Oh, thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has taken the place of the jacket and turned-down collar, that Columbine, who will float before you a goddess to-night, will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge and large feet. You will see the ropes by which the genius come down, and the dirty crumpled knees of the fairies—and you won't be in such a hurry to leave a good bottle of port as now at the pleasant age of thirteen.' (By the way, boys are made so abominably comfortable and odiously happy nowadays that when I look back to 1802, and my own youth, I get in a rage with the whole race of boys, and feel inclined to flog them all round.) Paying the bill, I say, and making these leisurely observations, I passed under the hall of the Sarcophagus, where Thomas, the page, touched the gold-knobbed hat respectfully to me, in a manner which I think must have rather surprised old General Growler, who was unrolling himself of his muffetees and wrappers, and issued into the street, where Cox's fly was in waiting, the windows up, and whitened with a slight frost, the silhouettes of the dear beings within dimly visible against the chemist's light opposite the club, and Master Augustus already kicking his heels on the box by the side of the inebriated driver.

I caused the youth to descend from that perch, and the door of the fly being opened, thrust him in. Mrs. Captain Flather, of course, occupied the place of honor—an uncommonly capa-
cious woman—and one of the young ladies made a retreat from the front seat, in order to leave it vacant for myself; but I insisted on not incommending Mrs. Captain F., and that the two darling children should sit beside her, while I occupied the place of back bodkin between the two Miss Twiggs.

They were attired in white, covered up with shawls, with bouquets in their laps, and their hair dressed evidently for the occasion; Mrs. Flather in her red velvet, of course, with her large gilt state turban.

She saw that we were squeezed on our side of the carriage, and made an offer to receive me on hers.

Squeezed? I should think we were; but, O Emily, O Louisa, you mischievous little black-eyed creatures, who would dislike being squeezed by you? I wished it was to York we were going, and not to Covent Garden. How swiftly the moments passed. We were at the playhouse in no time; and Augustus plunged instantly out of the fly over the shins of everybody.

II.

We took possession of the private box assigned to us; and Mrs. Flather seated herself in the place of honor—each of the young ladies taking it by turns to occupy the other corner. Miss Minny and Master Jones occupied the middle places; and it was pleasant to watch the young gentleman throughout the performance of the comedy—during which he was never quiet for two minutes—now shifting his chair, now swinging to and fro upon it, now digging his elbows into the capacious sides of Mrs. Captain Flather, now beating with his boots against the front of the box, or trampling upon the skirts of Mrs. Flather's satin garment.

He occupied himself uneasingly, too, in working up and down Mrs. F.'s double-barreled French opera glass—not a little to the detriment of that instrument and the wrath of the owner; indeed I have no doubt, that had not Mrs. Flather reflected that Mrs. Colonel Jones gave some of the most elegant parties in London, to which she was very anxious to be invited, she would have boxed Master Augustus' ears in the presence of the whole audience of Covent Garden.

One of the young ladies was, of course, obliged to remain in the back row with Mr. Spec. We could not see much of the play over Mrs. F.'s turban; but I trust that we were not unhappy in our retired position. Oh, Miss Emily! oh, Miss Louisa! there is one who would be happy to sit for a week close by either of you, though it were on one of those abom-
inable little private box chairs. I know, for my part, that every time the box keeperess popped in her head, and asked if we would take any refreshment, I thought the interruption odious.

Our young ladies, and their stout chaperon and aunt, had come provided with neat little bouquets of flowers, in which they evidently took a considerable pride, and which were laid, on their first entrance, on the ledge in front of our box.

But presently, on the opposite side of the house, Mrs. Cutbush of Poeklington Gardens appeared with her daughters, and bowed in a patronizing manner to the ladies of our party, with whom the Cutbush family had a slight acquaintance.

Before ten minutes the bouquets of our party were whisked away from the ledge of the box. Mrs. Flather dropped hers to the ground, where Master Jones' feet speedily finished it; Miss Louisa Twigg let hers fall into her lap, and covered it with her pocket handkerchief. Uneasy signals passed between her and her sister. I could not, at first, understand what event had occurred to make these ladies so unhappy.

At last the secret came out. The Misses Cutbush had bouquets like little haystacks before them. Our small nosegays, which had quite satisfied the girls until now, had become odious in their little jealous eyes, and the Cutbushes triumphed over them.

I have joked the ladies subsequently on this adventure; but not one of them will acknowledge the charge against them. It was mere accident that made them drop the flowers—pure accident. They jealous of the Cutbushes—not they, indeed; and, of course, each person on this head is welcome to his own opinion.

How different, meanwhile, was the behavior of my young friend Master Jones, who is not as yet sophisticated by the world. He not only nodded to his father's servant, who had taken a place in the pit, and was to escort his young master home, but he discovered a schoolfellow in the pit likewise. 'By Jove, there's Smith!' he cried out, as if the sight of Smith was the most extraordinary event in the world. He pointed out Smith to all of us. He never ceased nodding, winking, grinning, telegraphing, until he had succeeded in attracting the attention not only of Master Smith, but of the greater part of the house; and whenever anything in the play struck him as worthy of applause, he instantly made signals to Smith below, and shook his fist at him, as much as to say, 'By Jove, old fellow, aint it good? I say, Smith, isn't it prime, old boy?' He actually made remarks on his fingers to Master Smith during the performance.

I confess he was one of the best parts of the night's enter-
tainment to me. How Jones and Smith will talk about that play when they meet after holidays! And not only then will they remember it, but all their lives long. Why do you remember that play you saw thirty years ago, and forget the one over which you yawned last week? 'Ah, my brave little boy,' I thought in my heart, 'twenty years hence you will recollect this, and have forgotten many a better thing. You will have been in love twice or thrice by that time, and have forgotten it; you will have buried your wife and forgotten her; you will have had ever so many friendships and forgotten them. You and Smith won't care for each other, very probably; but you'll remember all the actors and the plot of this piece we are seeing.

I protest I have forgotten it myself. In our back row we could not see or hear much of the performance (and no great loss)—fitful bursts of elocution only occasionally reaching us, in which we could recognize the well-known nasal twang of the excellent Mr. Stupor, who performed the part of the young hero; or the ringing laughter of Mrs. Belmore, who had to giggle through the whole piece.

Is was one of Mr. Boyster's comedies of English life. Frank Nightrake (Stupor) and his friend Bob Fitzoffley appeared in the first scene, having a conversation with that impossible valet of English comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned. I caught only a glimpse of this act. Bob, like a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by Bulger, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age), was dressed in a rhubarb-colored body coat with brass buttons, a couple of under-waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. Frank Nightrake, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter teapot, at breakfast. And, as your true English comedy is the representation of nature, I could not but think how like these figures on the stage, and the dialogue which they used, were to the appearance and talk of English gentlemen of the present day.

The dialogue went on somewhat in the following fashion—

Bob Fitzoffley (enters whistling).—'The top of the morning to thee, Frank! What! at breakfast already? At chocolate and the Morning Post, like a dowager at sixty? Slang! (he
pokes the servant with his cane) what has come to thy master, thou prince of valets! thou pattern of slaveys! thou swiftest of Mercuries! Has the Honorable Francis Nightrake lost his heart, or his head, or his health?''

*Frank (laying down the paper).—* 'Bob, Bob, I have lost all three! I have lost my health, Bob, with thee and thy like, over the Burgundy at the club; I have lost my head, Bob, with thinking how I shall pay my debts; and I have lost my heart, Bob, oh, to such a creature!'

*Frank.—* 'A Venus, of course!'

*Slanr.—* 'With the presence of Juno.'

*Bob.—* 'And the modesty of Minerva.'

*Frank.—* 'And the coldness of Diana.'

*Bob.—* 'Pish! What a sigh is that about a woman! Thou shalt be Endymion, the nightrake of old; and conquer this shy goddess. Hey, Slang?'

Herewith Slang takes the lead of the conversation, and propounds a plot for running away with the heiress; and I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say 'thou,' and 'prythee,' and 'go to,' and talk about heathen goddesses to each other; how their servants are always their particular intimates; how when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and a lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches and rings on all her fingers; while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

This playfulness produced a roar all over the house whenever it was repeated, and always made our little friends clap their hands and shout in chorus.

Like that bon-vivant who envied the beggars staring into the cookshop windows, and wished he could be hungry, I envied the boys, and wished I could laugh, very much. In the last act I remember—for it is now very nearly a week ago—everybody took refuge either in a secret door, or behind a screen or curtain, or under a table or up a chimney; and the house roared as each person came out from his place of concealment. And the old fellow in top-boots, joining the hands of the young couple (Fitzolley, of course, pairing off with the widow), gave them his blessing, and thirty thousand pounds.
And ah, ye gods! if I wished before that comedies were like life, how I wished that life was like comedies! Whereon the drop fell; and Augustus, clapping to the opera glass, jumped up, crying, ‘Hurray! now for the pantomime.’

III.

The composer of the overture of the new grand comic Christmas pantomime, ‘Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket Handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose,’ arrayed in a brand-new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satintie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the pantomime overture begins.

I pity a man who can’t appreciate a pantomime overture. Children do not like it; they say, ‘Hang it, I wish the pantomime would begin’; but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your Mendelssohns and Beethovens, whose symphonies and sonatas Mrs. Spec states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper pantomime music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes ‘Old Dan Tucker,’ wandering into the ‘Groves of Blarney,’ our friends the ‘Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled’ march rapidly down ‘Wapping Old Stairs,’ from which the ‘Figlia del Reggimento’ comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by ‘Billy Taylor,’ that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking with a faint sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the pantomime may be a good one; something like ‘Harlequin and the Golden Orange Tree,’ which you recollect in your youth; something like ‘Fortunio,’ that marvelous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realized the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy, perhance; a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so blasé and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still, just at that moment when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tingle, and the curtain to rise, and the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-colored leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus?

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a
thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to hope. Desire is about to be realized. Oh, you blind little brats! Clap your hands, and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder! Clap your hands now. In three weeks more the Rev. Dr. Swishtail expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House.

King Beak, Emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighboring princes, fairies, and enchanter to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son, Prince Aquiline, unluckily gave the liver wing of the fowl which he was carving to the Prince's godmother, the Fairy Bandanna, while he put the gizzard pinion on the plate of the Enchanter Gorgibus, King of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the Princess Rosolia, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged Gorgibus rose from the table in a fury, smashed his plate of chicken over the head of King Beak's Chamberlain, and wished that Prince Aquiline's nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him.

It did so; the screaming Princess rushed away from her bridegroom, and her father, breaking off the match with the house of Beak, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant porters, Gor and Gogstay, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthis Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage tables, and flooring King Beak in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the Prince Aquiline blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke; the locks of the doors started; the dishes and glasses of the king's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steam boat in a storm; the liquor turned sour; the Chancellor's wig started off his head; and the Prince's royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace, and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burden to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation) and to keep his odious nose in order.

But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miserable trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated prince whenever he had occasion
to use his pocket handkerchief, the fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and, descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a kerchief which rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

Having occasion to blow his nose (which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for he had taken cold while lying out among the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and the Irish Giant (afterward Clown, indeed,) came out, and, wondering, looked about, furious to see no one.

The Prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the Princess Rosolita, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually. 'I wish he would snub me!' exclaimed the Prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her Prince. 'Even with his nose,' the faithful Princess cried, 'I love him more than all the world beside!'

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the Prince flung away his handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the Princess' feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only princesses in pantomimes deliver).

At this instant King Gorgibus, the Giants, the King's Household, with clubs and battleaxes, rushed in. Drawing his immense scimitar, and seizing the Prince by his too-prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when—when, I need not say, the Fairy Bandanna (Miss Bendigo), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. King Gorgibus became Pantaloon, the two Giants first and second Clowns, and the Prince and Princess (who had been, all the time of the fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's scimitar, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying, 'How are you?' went and knocked down Pantaloon.

IV.

On the conclusion of the pantomime, the present memorialist had the honor to conduct the ladies under his charge to the
A portico of the theater, where the green fly was in waiting to receive them. The driver was not more inebriated than usual; the young page with the gold-knobbed hat was there to protect his mistresses; and though the chaperon of the party certainly invited me to return with them to Brompton and there drink tea, the proposal was made in terms so faint, and the refreshment offered was so moderate, that I declined to journey six miles on a cold night in order to partake of such a meal. The waterman of the coachstand, who had made himself conspicuous by bawling out for Mrs. Flather's carriage, was importunate with me to give him sixpence for pushing the ladies into the vehicle. But it was my opinion that Mrs. Flather ought to settle that demand; and as, while the fellow was urging it, she only pulled up the glass, bidding Cox's man to drive on, I of course did not interfere. In vulgar and immoral language he indicated, as usual, his discontent. I treated the fellow with playful and, I hope, gentlemanlike satire.

Master Jones, who would not leave the box in the theater until the people came to shroud it with brown hollands (by the way, to be the last person in a theater—to put out the last light—and then to find one's way out of the vast, black, lonely place, must require a very courageous heart)—Master Jones, I say, had previously taken leave of us, putting his arm under that of his father's footman, who had been in the pit, and who conducted him to Russell Square. I heard Augustus proposing to have oysters as they went home, though he had twice in the course of the performance made excursions to the cake room of the theater, where he had partaken of oranges, macaroons, apples, and ginger beer.

As the altercation between myself and the linkman was going on, young Grigg (brother of Grigg of the Lifeguards, himself reading for the bar) came up, and hooking his arm into mine, desired the man to leave off 'chaffing' me; asked him if he could take a bill at three months for the money; told him if he would call at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, next Tuesday week, he would find sixpence there, done up for him in a brown paper parcel; and quite routed my opponent. 'I know you, Mr. Grigg,' said he; 'you're a gentleman, you are;' and so retired, leaving the victory with me.

Young Mr. Grigg is one of those young bucks about town who goes every night of his life to two theaters, to the casino, to Weippert's balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to Bob Sloggers', the boxing house, to the Harmonic meetings at the Kidney Cellars, and others places of fashionable resort. He
knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for
the actors' benefits; has the word from headquarters about
the venue of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tutbury
Pet; gets supl little dinners at their public houses; shoots pigeons,
fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at
Rummer's in Conduit Street, besides his chambers at the
Temple, where his parents, Sir John and Lady Grigg of Port-
man Square, and Grigsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is
assiduously occupied in studying the law. 'Tom applies too
much,' her ladyship says. 'His father was obliged to remove
him from Cambridge on account of a brain fever brought on by
hard reading, and in consequence of the jealousy of some of
the collegians; otherwise, I am told, he must have been senior
wrangler, and seated first of the tripod.'

'T'm going to begin the evening,' said this ingenuous young
fellow; 'I've only been at the Lowther Arcade, Weippert's
hop, and the billiard rooms. I just toddled in for half an hour
to see Brooke in 'Othello,' and looked in for a few minutes
behind the scenes at the Adelphi. What shall be the next
resort of pleasure, Spec, my elderly juvenile? Shall it be the
Sherry Cobbler Stall, or the Cave of Harmony? There's some
prime glee blubbering singing there.'

'What? is the old Cave of Harmony still extant?' I
asked. 'I have not been there these twenty yours.' And
memory carried me back to the days when Lightsides of
Corpus, myself, and little Oaks, the Johnian, came up to town
in a chaise and four, at the long vacation at the end of our
freshman's year, ordered turtle and venison for dinner at the
Bedford, blubbered over Black-eyed Susan at the play, and
then finished the evening at that very Harmonic Cave, where
the famous English improvisatore sang with such prodigious
talent that we asked him down to stay with us in the country.
Spurgin, and Hawker, the fellow-commoner of our college, I
remember me, were at the Cave too, and Bardolph of Bracen-
ose. Lord, Lord! what a battle and struggle and wear and
tear of life there has been since then! Hawker levanted, and
Spurgin is dead these ten years; little Oaks is a whiskered
captain of heavy dragoons, who cut down no end of Sikhs at
Sobraon; Lightsides, a Tractarian parson, who turns his head
and walks another way when we meet; and your humble
servant—well, never mind. But in my spirit I saw them—all
those blooming and jovial young boys—and Lightsides with a
cigar in his face, and a bang-up white coat, covered with
mother-of-pearl cheese plates, bellowing out for 'first and
second turn-out,' as our yellow post chaise came rattling up to the inn door at Ware.

'And so the Cave of Harmony is open,' I said, looking at little Grigg with a sad and tender interest, and feeling that I was about a hundred years old.

'I believe you, my baw-aw-oy!' said he, adopting the tone of an exceedingly refined and popular actor, whose choral and comic powers render him a general favorite.

'Does Bivins keep it?' I asked in a voice of profound melancholy.

'Hoh! What a flat you are! You might as well ask if Mrs. Siddons acted Lady Macbeth to-night, and if Queen Anne's dead or not. I tell you what, Spec, my boy—you're getting a regular old flat—fogy, sir, a positive old fogy. How the deuce do you pretend to be a man about town, and not know that Bivins has left the Cavern? Law bless you! Come in and see; I know the landlord—I'll introduce you to him.'

This was an offer which no man could resist; and so Grigg and I went through the piazza, and down the steps of that well-remembered place of conviviality. Grigg knew everybody; wagged his head in at the bar, and called for two glasses of his particular mixture; nodded to the singers; winked at one friend—put his little stick against his nose as a token of recognition to another; and calling the waiter by his Christian name, poked him playfully with the end of his cane, and asked him whether he, Grigg, should have a lobster kidney, or a mashed oyster and scalloped 'taters, or a poached rabbit for supper?

The room was full of young, rakish-looking lads, with a dubious sprinkling of us middle-aged youth, and stalwart, red-faced fellows from the country, with whisky noggins before them, and bent upon seeing life. A grand piano had been introduced into the apartment, which did not exist in the old days; otherwise all was as of yore—smoke rising from scores of human chimneys, waiters bustling about with cigars and liquors in the intervals of the melody—and the president of the meeting (Bivins no more) encouraging gents to give their orders.

Just as the music was about to begin I looked opposite me, and there, by Heavens! sat Bardolph of Brasenose, only a little more purple and a few shades more dingy than he used to look twenty years ago.

V.

'Look at that old Greek in the cloak and fur collar opposite,' said my friend, Mr. Grigg. 'That chap is here every night.
They call him Lord Farintosh. He has five glasses of whisky and water every night—1725 goes of alcohol in a year; we totted it up one night at the bar. James, the waiter, is now taking number three to him. He don't count the wine he has had at dinner.' Indeed, James the waiter, knowing the gentleman's peculiarities, as soon as he saw Mr. Bardolph's glass nearly empty, brought him another noggin and a jug of boiling water without a word.

Memory carried me instantaneously back to the days of my youth. I had the honor of being at school with Bardolph before he went to Brasenose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off, as like a godlike being. He was one of the head boys of the school; a prodigious dandy in pigeon-hole trousers, ornamented with what they called 'tucks' in front. He wore a ring—leaving the little finger on which he wore the jewel out of his pocket, in which he carried the rest of his hand. He had whiskers even then: and to this day I cannot understand why he is not seven feet high. When he shouted out, 'Under boy!' we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he called me once from a hundred yards off, and I came in a tremor. He pointed to the ground.

'Pick up my hockey stick,' he said, pointing toward it with the hand with the ring on! He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good to stoop to pick it up himself.

He got the silver medal for Latin sapphies, in the year Pogram was gold medalist. When he went up to Oxford, the head master, the Rev. J. Flibber, complimented him in a valedictory speech, made him a present of books, and prophesied he would do great things at the university. He had got a scholarship and won a prize poem, which the doctor read out to the sixth form with great emotion. It was on 'The Recollections of Childhood,' and the last lines were:

Quaflia prospriciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
Ipseque trans luna corna vacca salt.

I thought of these things rapidly, gazing on the individual before me. The brilliant young fellow of 1815 (by the by it was the Waterloo year, by which some people may remember it better: but at school we spoke of years as 'Pogram's year,' 'Tokely's year,' etc.)—there, I say, sat before me the dashing young buck of 1815, a fat, muzzy, red-faced old man, in a battered hat, absorbing whisky and water, and half listening to the singing.

A wild, long-haired, professional gentleman, with a fluty voice and with his shirt collar turned down, began to sing as follows:
WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN.

When the moonlight's on the mountain
And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
There is one will meet thee then,
At the cross beside the fountain;
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!

[Down goes half of Mr. Bardolph's No. 3 Whisky during this refrain.]

I have braved, since first we met, love,
Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
When the gloom was on the glen,
Yes, I met my, etc.

[Another gulp, and almost total disappearance of Whisky—Go No. 3.]

Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
Many a land I've wandered o'er,
But a valley like that glen, love,
Half so dear I never saw!
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
Than yon thon, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
In the gloaming of the glen!

Bardolph, who had not shown the least symptoms of emotion as the gentleman with the fluty voice performed this delectable composition, began to whack, whack, whack on the mahogany with his pewter measure at the conclusion of the song, wishing, perhaps, to show that the noggin was empty; in which manner James, the waiter, interpreted the signal, for he brought Mr. Bardolph another supply of liquor.

The song, words, and music, composed and dedicated to Charles Bivins, Esquire, by Frederic Snape, and ornamented with a picture of a young lady, with large eyes and short petticoats, leaning at a stone cross by a fountain, was now handed about the room by a waiter, and any gentleman was at liberty to purchase it for half a crown. The man did not offer the song to Bardolph; he was too old a hand.

After a pause the president of the musical gents cried out for silence again, and then stated to the company that Mr. Hoff would sing 'The Red Flag,' which announcement was received by the society with immense applause, and Mr. Hoff, a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer, began the following terrific ballad:
Frantic shouts of applause and encore hailed the atrocious sentiments conveyed by Mr. Hoff in this ballad, from everybody except Bardolph, who sat muzzy and unmoved, and only winked to the waiter to bring him some more whisky.

VI.

When the piratical ballad of Mr. Hoff was concluded, a simple and quiet-looking young gentleman performed a comic song, in a way which, I must confess, inspired me with the utmost melancholy. Seated at the table with the other professional gents, this young gentleman was in no wise to be distinguished from any other young man of fashion: he has a thin, handsome, and rather sad countenance; and appears to be a perfectly sober and meritorious young man. But suddenly (and I dare say every night of his life) he pulls a little flexible gray countryman's hat out of his pocket, and the moment he has put it on, his face assumes an expression of utterable vacuity and folly, his eyes goggle round savage, and his mouth stretches almost to his ears, and he begins to sing a rustic song.

The battle-song and the sentimental ballad already published are, I trust, sufficiently foolish, and fair specimens of the class of poetry to which they belong; but the folly of the comic country song was so great and matchless that I am not going to compete for a moment with the author, or to venture to attempt anything like his style of composition. It was something about a man going a courting Molly, and 'feather' and 'kyows,' and 'peegs,' and other rustic produce. The idiotic verse was interspersed with spoken passages, of corresponding imbecility. For the time during which Mr. Grimsby performed this piece, he consented to abnegate altogether his claim to be considered as a reasonable being; utterly to debase himself, in
order to make the company laugh; and to forget the rank, dignity, and privileges of a man.

His song made me so profoundly wretched that little Grigg, remarking my depression, declared I was as slow as a parlia-
mentary train. I was glad they didn't have the song over
again. When it was done Mr. Grinsby put his little gray hat in his pocket, the maniacal grin subsided from his features, and he sat down with his naturally sad and rather handsome young countenance.

O Grinsby, thinks I, what a number of people and things in
this world do you represent! Though we weary listening to
you, we may moralize over you; though you sing a foolish, witless song, you poor young melancholy jester, there is some
good in it that may be had for the seeking. Perhaps that lad
has a family at home dependent on his grinning; I may ent-
tain a reasonable hope that he has despair in his heart; a com-
plete notion of the folly of the business in which he is
engaged; a contempt for the fools laughing and guffawing
round about at his miserable jokes; and a perfect weariness
of mind at their original dullness and continued repetition.
What a sinking of spirit must come over that young man, quiet
in his chamber or family, orderly and sensible like other mor-
tals, when the thought of tom-fool hour comes across him, and
that at a certain time that night, whatever may be his health
or distaste or mood of mind or body, there he must be, at a
table at the Cave of Harmony, uttering insane ballads with
an idiotic grin on his face and hat on his head.

To suppose that Grinsby has any personal pleasure in that
song would be to have too low an opinion of human nature:
to imagine that the applauds of the multitude of the fre-
quenter of the Cave tickled his vanity, or are bestowed upon
him deservedly, would be, I say, to think too hardly of him.
Look at him. He sits there quite a quiet, orderly young fel-
low. Mark with what an abstracted, sad air he joins in the
chorus of Mr. Snape's second song, 'The minaret's bells o'er
the Bosphorus toll,' and having applauded his comrade at the
end of the song (as I have remarked these poor gentlemen
always do), moodily resumes the stump of his cigar.

'I wonder, my dear Grigg, how many men there are in the
city who follow a similar profession to Grinsby? What a
number of poor rogues, wits in their circle, or bilious, or in
debt, or henpecked, or otherwise miserable in their private
circumstances, come grinning out to dinner of a night, and
laugh and crack and let off their good stories like yonder
professional funny fellow? Why, I once went into the room of that famous dinner party conversationalist and wit Horsely Collard, and while he was in his dressing room arranging his wig, just looked over the books on the table before his sofa. There were Burton's 'Anatomy' for the quotations, three of which he let off that night; Spence's 'Literary Anecdotes,' of which he fortuitously introduced a couple in the course of the evening; Baker's 'Chronicle,' the last new novel, and a book of metaphysics, every one of which I heard him quote, besides four stories out of his commonplace book, at which I took a peep under the pillow. He was like Grinsby. Who isn't like Grinsby in life? thought I to myself, examining that young fellow.

'When Bawler goes down to the House of Commons from a meeting with his creditors, and having been a bankrupt a month before, becomes a patriot all of a sudden, and pours you out an intensely interesting speech upon the West Indies, or the window tax, he is no better than the poor gin and water practitioner yonder, and performs in his Cave, as Grinsby in his under the Piazza.

'When Sergeant Bluebag fires into a witness, or performs a jocular or a pathetic speech to a jury, in what is he better than Grinsby, except in so far as the amount of gain goes?—than poor Grinsby rapping at the table and cutting professional jokes at half a pint of whisky fee?

'When Tightrope, the celebrated literary genius, sits down to write and laugh—with the children very likely ill at home—with a strong personal desire to write a tragedy or a sermon, with his wife scolding him, his head racking with pain, his mother-in-law making a noise at his ears, and telling him that he is a heartless and abandoned ruffian, his tailor in the passage, vowing that he will not quit that place until his little bill is settled—when, I say, Tightrope writes off, under the most miserable private circumstances, a brilliant funny article, in how much is he morally superior to my friend Grinsby? When Lord Colchicum stands bowing and smiling before his sovereign, with gout in his toes and grief in his heart; when persons in the pulpit—when editors at their desks—forget their natural griefs, pleasures, opinions, to go through the business of life, the masquerade of existence, in what are they better than Grinsby yonder, who has similarly to perform his buffooning?'

As I was continuing in this moral and interrogatory mood—no doubt boring poor little Grigg, who came to the Cave for pleasure, and not for philosophical discourse—Mr. Bar-
dolph opposite caught a sight of the present writer through the fumes of the cigars, and came across to our table, holding his fourth glass of toddy in his hand. He held out the other to me: it was hot and gouty, and not particularly clean.

‘Deuced queer place this, hey?’ said he, pretending to survey it with the air of a stranger. ‘I come here every now and then on my way home to Lincoln’s Inn—from—from parties at the other end of the town. It is frequented by a parcel of queer people—low shopboys and attorneys’ clerks; but hang it, sir, they know a gentleman when they see one, and not one of those fellows would dare to speak to me—not one of ’em, by Jove—if I didn’t address him first, by Jove! I don’t suppose there’s a man in this room could construe a page in the commonest Greek book. You heard that donkey singing about “Leonora” and “before her”? How Flibber would have given it to us for such rhymes, hey? A parcel of ignoramuses! but, hang it, sir, they do know a gentleman!’ And here he winked at me with a vinous bloodshot eye, as much as to intimate that he was infinitely superior to every person in the room.

Now this Bardolph, having had the ill luck to get a fellowship, and subsequently a small private fortune, has done nothing since the year 1820 but get drunk and read Greek. He despises every man that does not know that language (so that you and I, my dear sir, come in for a fair share of his contempt). He can still put a slang song into Greek iambics, or turn a police report into the language of Tacitus or Herodotus; but it is difficult to see what accomplishment beyond this the woozy old mortal possesses. He spends nearly a third part of his life and income at his dinner, or on his whisky at a tavern; more than another third portion is spent in bed. It is past noon before he gets up to breakfast, and to spell over The Times, which business of the day being completed, it is time for him to dress and take his walk to the club to dinner. He scorns a man who puts his h’s in the wrong place, and spits at a human being who has not had a university education. And yet I am sure that bustling waiter pushing about with a bumper of cigars, that tallow-faced young comic singer, yonder harmless and happy Snobs, enjoying the conviviality of the evening (and all the songs are quite modest now, not like the ribald old ditties which they used to sing in former days), are more useful, more honorable, and more worthy men than that whiskyfied old scholar who looks down upon them and their like.
He said he would have a sixth glass if we would stop; but we didn't, and he took his sixth glass without us. My melancholy young friend had begun another comic song, and I could bear it no more. The market carts were rattling into Covent Garden; and the illuminated clock marked all sorts of small hours as we concluded this night's pleasure.

GOING TO SEE A MAN HANGED.*

July, 1840.

X., who had voted with Mr. Ewart for the abolition of the punishment of death, was anxious to see the effect on the public mind of an execution, and asked me to accompany him to see Courvoisier killed. We had not the advantage of a sheriff's order, like the 'six hundred noblemen and gentlemen' who were admitted within the walls of the prison; but determined to mingle with the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, and take up our positions at a very early hour.

As I was to rise at three in the morning, I went to bed at ten, thinking that five hours' sleep would be amply sufficient to brace me against the fatigues of the coming day. But, as might have been expected, the event of the morrow was perpetually before my eyes through the night, and kept them wide open. I heard all the clocks in the neighborhood chime the hours in succession; a dog from some court hard by kept up a pitiful howling; at one o'clock a cock set up a feeble, melancholy crowing; shortly after two the daylight came peeping gray through the window shutters; and by the time that X. arrived, in fulfillment of his promise, I had been asleep about half an hour. He, more wise, had not gone to rest at all, but had remained up all night at the club, along with Dash and two or three more. Dash is one of the most eminent wits in London, and had kept the company merry all night with appropriate jokes about the coming event. It is curious that a murder is a great inspirer of jokes. We all like to laugh and have our iling about it; there is a certain grim pleasure in the circumstance—a perpetual jingling antithesis between life and death that is sure of its effect.

In mansion or garret, on down or straw, surrounded by weeping friends and solemn oily doctors, or tossing unheeded upon scanty hospital beds, there were many people in this great city to whom that Sunday night was to be the last of any that should pass on earth here. In the course of half a

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dozen dark wakeful hours one had leisure to think of these (and a little, too, of that certain supreme night, that shall come at one time or other, when he who writes shall be stretched upon the last bed, prostrate in the last struggle, taking the last look of dear faces that have cheered us here, and lingering—one moment more—ere we part for the tremendous journey) ; but, chiefly, I could not help thinking, as each clock sounded, what is he doing now? has he heard it in his little room in Newgate yonder? Eleven o'clock. He has been writing until now. The jailer says he is a pleasant man enough to be with; but he can hold out no longer, and is very weary. 'Wake me at four,' says he, 'for I have still much to put down.' From eleven to twelve the jailer hears how he is grinding his teeth in his sleep. At twelve he is up in his bed and asks, 'Is it the time?' He has plenty more time yet to sleep; and he sleeps, and the bell goes on tolling. Seven hours more—five hours more. Many a carriage is clattering through the street, bringing ladies away from evening parties; many bachelors are reeling home after a jolly night; Covent Garden is alive and the light coming through the cell window turns the jailer's candle pale. Four hours more! 'Courvoisier,' says the jailer, shaking him, it's four o'clock now, and I've woke you as you told me; but there's no call for you to get up yet.' The poor wretch leaves his bed, however, and makes his last toilet; and then falls to writing, to tell the world how he did the crime for which he has suffered. This time he will tell the truth and the whole truth. They bring him his breakfast 'from the coffee-shop opposite—tea, coffee, and thin bread and butter.' He will take nothing, however, but goes on writing. He has to write to his mother—the pious mother far away in his own country—who reared him and loved him; and even now has sent him her forgiveness and her blessing. He finishes his memorials and letters, and makes his will disposing of his little miserable property of books and tracts that pious people have furnished him with. 'Ce 6 Juillet, 1840. François Benjamin Courvoisier, vous donne ceci, mon ami, pour souvenir.' He has a token for his dear friend the jailer; another for his dear friend the under-sheriff. As the day of the convict's death draws nigh it is painful to see how he fastens upon everybody who approaches him, how pitifully he clings to them and loves them.

While these things are going on within the prison (with which we are made accurately acquainted by the copious chronicles of such events which are published subsequently),
X.'s carriage has driven up to the door of my lodgings, and we have partaken of an elegant déjeûner that has been prepared for the occasion. A cup of coffee at half-past three in the morning is uncommonly pleasant; and X. enlivens us with the repetition of the jokes that Dash has just been making. Admirable, certainly—they must have had a merry night of it, that's clear; and we stoutly debate whether, when one has had to get up so early in the morning, it is best to have an hour or two of sleep, or wait and go to bed afterward at the end of the day's work. That fowl is extraordinarily tough—the wing, even, is as hard as a board; a slight disappointment, for there is nothing else for breakfast. 'Will any gentleman have some sherry and soda water before he sets out?' It clears the brains famously.' Thus primed, the party sets out. The coachman has dropped asleep on the box, and wakes up wildly as the hall door opens. It is just four o'clock. About this very time they are waking up poor—— Pshaw! who is for a cigar? X. does not smoke himself; but vows and protests, in the kindest way in the world, that he does not care in the least for the new drab silk lining in his carriage. Z., who smokes, mounts, however, the box. 'Drive to Snow Hill,' says the owner of the chariot. The policemen, who are the only people in the street, and are standing by, look knowingly—they know what it means well enough.

How cool and clean the streets look as the carriage startles the echoes that have been asleep in the corners all night. Somebody has been sweeping the pavements clean in the night time surely; they would not soil a lady's white satin shoes, they are so dry and neat. There is not a cloud or a breath in the air, except Z.'s cigar, which whiffs off, and soars straight upward in volumes of white, pure smoke. The trees in the squares look bright and green—as bright as leaves in the country in June. We who keep late hours don't know the beauty of London air and verdure; in the early morning they are delightful—the most fresh and lively companions possible. But they cannot bear the crowd and the bustle of midday. You don't know them then—they are no longer the same things. We have come to Gray's Inn; there is actually dew upon the grass in the gardens, and the windows of the stout old red houses are all in a flame.

As we enter Holborn the town grows more animated, and there are already twice as many people in the streets as you see at midday in a German residenz or an English provincial town. The ginshop keepers have many of them taken their
shutters down, and many persons are issuing from them pipe in hand. Down they go along the broad, bright street, their blue shadows marching after them; for they are all bound the same way, and are bent like us upon seeing the hanging.

It is twenty minutes past four as we pass St. Sepulchre's; by this time many hundred people are in the street, and many more are coming up Snow Hill. Before us lies Newgate prison; but something a great deal more awful to look at, which seizes the eye at once, and makes the heart beat, is

There it stands, black and ready, jutting out from a little door in the prison. As you see it you feel a kind of dumb electric shock, which causes one to start a little and give a sort of gasp for breath. The shock is over in a second, and presently you examine the object before you with a certain feeling of complacent curiosity. At least such was the effect that the gallows produced upon the writer, who is trying to set down all his feelings as they occurred, and not to exaggerate them at all.

After the gallows shock had subsided we went down into the crowd, which was very numerous, but not dense as yet. It was evident that the day's business had not begun. People sauntered up, and formed groups, and talked; the newcomers asking those who seemed habitués of the place about former executions; and did the victim hang with his face toward the clock or toward Ludgate Hill? and had he the rope round his neck when he came on the scaffold, or was it put on by Jack Ketch afterward? and had Lord W. taken a window, and which was he? I may mention the noble marquis' name, as he was not at the exhibition. A pseudo W. was pointed out in an opposite window, toward whom all the people in our neighborhood looked eagerly, and with great respect too. The mob seemed to have no sort of ill will against him, but sympathy and admiration. This noble lord's personal courage and strength have won the plebs over to him. Perhaps his exploits against policemen have occasioned some of this popularity; for the mob hate them, as children the schoolmaster.

Throughout the whole four hours, however, the mob was
extraordinarily gentle and good-humored. At first we had leisure to talk to the people about us; and I recommend X.'s brother senators of both sides of the House to see more of this same people and to appreciate them better. Honorable members are battling and struggling in the House; shouting, yelling, crowing, hear-hearing, pooh-poohing, making speeches of three columns, and gaining 'great Conservative triumphs,' or 'signal successes of the reform cause,' as the case may be. Three hundred and ten gentlemen of good fortune, and able for the most part to quote Horace, declare solemnly that unless Sir Robert comes in the nation is ruined. Three hundred and fifteen on the other side swear by their great gods that the safety of the empire depends upon Lord John; and to this end they quote Horace too. I declare that I have never been in a great London crowd without thinking of what they call the two 'great' parties in England with wonder. For which of the two great leaders do these people care, I pray you? When Lord Stanley withdrew his Irish bill the other night, were they in transports of joy, like worthy persons who read the Globe and the Chronicle? or when he beat the ministers, were they wild with delight, like honest gentlemen who read the Post and the Times? Ask yonder ragged fellow, who has evidently frequented debating clubs, and speaks with good sense and shrewd good nature. He cares no more for Lord John than he does for Sir Robert; and with due respect be it said, would mind very little if both of them were ushered out by Mr. Ketch, and took their places under yonder black beam. What are the two great parties to him, and those like him? Sheer wind, hollow humbug, absurd claptraps; a silly mummery of dividing and debating, which does not in the least, however it may turn, affect his condition. It has been so ever since the happy days when Whigs and Tories began; and a pretty pastime no doubt it is for both. August parties, great balances of English freedom: are not the two sides quite as active, and eager and loud as at their very birth, and ready to fight for place as stoutly as ever they fought before? But lo! in the meantime, while you are jangling and brawling over the accounts, Populus, whose estate you have administered while he was an infant, and could not take care of himself—Populus has been growing and growing, till he is every bit as wise as his guardians. Talk to our ragged friend. He is not so polished, perhaps, as a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club; he has not been to Eton, and never read Horace in his life; but he can think just as soundly as the best of you;
he can speak quite as strongly in his own rough way; he has
been reading all sorts of books of late years, and gathered
together no little information. He is as good a man as the
common run of us; and there are ten million more men in the
country as good as he—ten million, for whom we, in our in-
finitie superiority, are acting as guardians, and to whom, in our
bounty, we give—exactly nothing. Put yourself in their posi-
tion, worthy sir. You and a hundred others find yourselves
in some lone place, where you set up a government. You take
a chief, as is natural; he is the cheapest order-keeper in the
world. You establish half a dozen worthies, whose families
you say shall have the privilege to legislate for you forever;
half a dozen more, who shall be appointed by a choice of thirty
of the rest; and the other sixty, who shall have no choice,
vote, place, or privilege at all. Honorable sir, suppose that
you are one of the last sixty; how will you feel, you who have
intelligence, passions, honest pride, as well as your neighbor—
how will you feel toward your equals, in whose hands lie all
the power and all the property of the community? Would
you love and honor them, tamely acquiesce in their superiority,
see their privileges, and go yourself disregarded without a
pang? You are not a man if you would. I am not talking of
right or wrong, or debating questions of government. But
ask my friend there, with the ragged elbows and no shirt,
what he thinks. You have your party, Conservative or Whig,
as it may be. You believe that an aristocracy is an institu-
tion necessary, beautiful, and virtuous. You are a gentleman, in
other words, and stick by your party.

And our friend with the elbows (the crowd is thickening
hugely all this time) sticks by his. Talk to him of Whig or
Tory, he grins at them; of virtual representation, pish! He
is a democrat, and will stand by his friends, as you by yours;
and they are twenty millions, his friends, of whom a vast mi-
nority now, a majority a few years hence, will be as good as
you. In the meantime we shall continue electing and debat-
ing and dividing, and having every day new triumphs for
the glorious cause of Conservatism, or the glorious cause of
Reform, until—

What is the meaning of this unconscionable republican tirade
—apropos of a hanging? Such feelings, I think, must come
across any man in a vast multitude like this. What good sense
and intelligence have most of the people by whom you are sur-
rounded; how much sound humor does one hear bandied about
from one to another! A great number of coarse phrases are used
that would make ladies in drawing rooms blush; but the morals of the men are good and hearty. A ragamuffin in the crowd (a powdery baker in a white sheep's wool cap) uses some indecent expression to a woman near; there is an instant cry of shame, which silences the man, and a dozen people are ready to give the woman protection. The crowd has grown very dense by this time, it is about six o'clock, and there is great heaving and pushing and swaying to and fro; but round the women the men have formed a circle, and keep them as much as possible out of the rush and trample. In one of the houses near us a gallery has been formed on the roof. Seats were here let, and a number of persons of various degrees were occupying them. Several tipsy, dissolute-looking young men, of the Dick Swiveller cast, were in this gallery. One was lolling over the sunshiny tiles, with a fierce sodden face, out of which came a pipe, and which was shaded by long matted hair, and a hat cocked very much on one side. This gentleman was one of a party which had evidently not been to bed on Sunday night, but had passed it in some of those delectable night houses in the neighborhood of Covent Garden. The debauch was not over yet, and the women of the party were giggling, drinking, and romping, as is the wont of these delicate creatures; sprawling here and there, and falling upon the knees of one or other of the males. Their scarfs were off their shoulders, and you saw the sun shining down upon the bare white flesh, and the shoulder-points glittering like burning-glasses. The people about us were very indignant at some of the proceedings of this debauched crew, and at last raised up such a yell as frightened them into shame, and they were more orderly for the remainder of the day. The windows of the shops opposite began to fill apace, and our before-mentioned friend with ragged elbows pointed out a celebrated fashionable character who occupied one of them; and to our surprise, knew as much about him as the Court Journal or the Morning Post. Presently he entertained us with a long and pretty accurate account of the history of Lady ——, and indulged in a judicious criticism upon her last work. I have met with many a country gentleman who had not read half as many books as this honest fellow, this shrewd prolétaire in a black shirt. The people about him took up and carried on the conversation very knowingly, and were very little behind him in point of information. It was just as good a company as one meets on common occasions. I was in a genteel crowd in one of the galleries at the queen's coronation; indeed, in point of intelligence, the democrats were
quite equal to the aristocrats. How many more such groups were there in this immense multitude of nearly forty thousand, as some say? How many more such throughout the country? I never yet, as I said before, have been in an English mob without the same feeling for the persons who composed it, and without wonder at the vigorous, orderly good sense and intelligence of the people.

The character of the crowd was as yet, however, quite festive. Jokes bandying about here and there, and jolly laughs breaking out. Some men were endeavoring to climb up a leaden pipe on one of the houses. The landlord came out, and endeavored with might and main to pull them down. Many thousand eyes turned upon this contest immediately. All sorts of voices issued from the crowd, and uttered choice expressions of slang. When one of the men was pulled down by the leg, the waves of this black mob-ocean laughed innumerable; when one fellow slipped away, scrambled up the pipe, and made good his lodgment on the shelf, we were all made happy, and encouraged him by loud shouts of admiration. What is there so particularly delightful in the spectacle of a man clambering up a gas pipe? Why were we kept for a quarter of an hour in deep interest gazing upon this remarkable scene? Indeed it is hard to say: a man does not know what a fool he is until he tries; or at least what mean follies will amuse him. The other day I went to Astley's, and saw clown come in with a fool's cap and pinafore, and six small boys who represented his schoolfellows. To them enters schoolmaster; horses clown, and flogs him hugely on the back part of his pinafore. I never read anything in Swift, Boz, Rabelais, Fielding, Paul de Kock, which delighted me so much as this sight, and caused me to laugh so profoundly. And why? What is there so ridiculous in the sight of one miserably rouged man beating another on the breech? Tell us where the fun lies in this and the before-mentioned episode of the gas pipe? Vast, indeed, are the capacities and ingenuities of the human soul that can find, in incidents so wonderfully small, means of contemplation and amusement.

Really the time passed away with extraordinary quickness. A thousand things of the sort related here came to amuse us. First the workmen knocking and hammering at the scaffold: mysterious clattering of blows was heard within; and a ladder painted black was carried round, and into the interior of the edifice by a small side door. We all looked at this little ladder and at each other—things began to be very interesting. Soon came a squad of policemen: stalwart, rosy-looking men, saying
much for City feeding; well dressed, well limbed, and of admirable good humor. They paced about the open space between the prison and the barriers which kept in the crowd from the scaffold. The front line, as far as I could see, was chiefly occupied by blackguards and boys—professional persons, no doubt, who saluted the policemen on their appearance with a volley of jokes and ribaldry. As far as I could judge from faces, there were more blackguards of sixteen and seventeen than of any maturer age: stunted, sallow, ill-grown lads, in rugged fustian, scowling about. There were a considerable number of girls too of the same age; one that Cruikshank and Boz might have taken as a study for Nancy. The girl was a young thief's mistress evidently; if attacked, ready to reply without a particle of modesty; could give as good ribaldry as she got; made no secret (and there were several inquiries) as to her profession and means of livelihood. But with all this there was something good about the girl, a sort of devil-may-care candor and simplicity that one could not fail to see. Her answers to some of the coarse questions put to her were very ready and good-humored. She had a friend with her of the same age and class, of whom she seemed to be very fond, and who looked up to her for protection. Both of these women had beautiful eyes. Devil-may-care's were extraordinarily bright and blue, an admirably fair complexion, and a large red mouth full of white teeth. Au reste ugly, stunted, thick-limbed, and by no means a beauty. Her friend could not be more than fifteen. They were not in rags, but had greasy cotton shawls, and old, faded, rag-shop bonnets. I was curious to look at them, having, in late fashionable novels, read many accounts of such personages. Bah! what figments these novelists tell us! Boz, who knows life well, knows that his Miss Nancy is the most unreal fantastical personage possible, no more like a thief's mistress than one of Gesner's shepherdesses resembles a real country wench. He dare not tell the truth concerning such young ladies. They have, no doubt, virtues like other human creatures; nay, their position engenders virtues that are not called into exercise among other women. But on these an honest painter of human nature has no right to dwell; not being able to paint the whole portrait, he has no right to present one or two favorable points as characterizing the whole; and therefore, in fact, had better leave the picture alone altogether. The new French literature is essentially false and worthless from this very error—the writers giving us favorable pictures of monsters, and (to say nothing of decency or morality) pictures quite untrue to nature.
But yonder, glittering through the crowd in Newgate Street—see, the sheriffs' carriages are slowly making their way. We have been here three hours! Is it possible that they can have passed so soon? Close to the barriers where we are the mob has become so dense that it is with difficulty a man can keep his feet. Each man, however, is very careful in protecting the women, and all are full of jokes and good humor. The windows of the shops opposite are now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with mustaches and cigars; some quiet, fat family parties of simple, honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W., who is flinging various articles among the crowd; one of his companions, a tall, burly man, with large mustaches, has provided himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy-and-water. Honest gentleman! highbred aristocrat! genuine lover of humor and wit! I would walk some miles to see thee on the treadmill, thee and thy Mohawk crew!

We tried to get up a hiss against these ruffians, but only had a trifling success; the crowd did not seem to think their offense very heinous; and our friend, the philosopher in the ragged elbows, who had remained near us all the time, was not inspired with any such savage disgust at the proceedings of certain notorious young gentlemen as I must confess fills my own particular bosom. He only said, 'So-and-so is a lord and they'll let him off,' and then discoursed about Lord Ferrers being hanged. The philosopher knew the history pretty well, and so did most of the little knot of persons about him, and it must be a gratifying thing for young gentlemen to find that their actions are made the subject of this kind of conversation.

Scarcely a word had been said about Convoisier all this time. We were all, as far as I could judge, in just such a frame of mind as men are in when they are squeezing at the pit door of a play, or pushing for a review or a Lord Mayor's show. We asked most of the men who were near us whether they had seen many executions; most of them had, the philosopher especially—whether the sight of them did any good; 'For the matter of that, no; people did not care about them at all; nobody ever thought of it after a bit.' A countryman, who had left his drove in Smithfield, said the same thing; he had seen a man hanged at York, and spoke of the ceremony with perfect good sense, and in a quiet, sagacious way.

J. S., the famous wit, now dead, had, I recollect, a good
story upon the subject of executing, and of the terror which
the punishment inspires. After Thistlewood and his com-
panions were hanged, their heads were taken off, according to
the sentence, and the executioner, as he severed each, held it
up to the crowd, in the proper orthodox way, saying, 'Here
is the head of a traitor!' At the sight of the first ghastly
head the people were struck with terror, and a general expres-
sion of disgust and fear broke from them. The second head
was looked at also with much interest, but the excitement re-
garding the third head diminished. When the executioner
had come to the last of the heads, he lifted it up, but, by
some clumsiness, allowed it to drop. At this the crowd yelled
out, 'Ah, butterfingers!'—the excitement had passed entirely
away. The punishment had grown to be a joke—butterfin-
gers was the word—a pretty commentary, indeed, upon the
angust nature of public executions, and the awful majesty of
the law.

It was past seven now; the quarters rang and passed away;
the crowd began to grow very eager and more quiet, and we
turned back every now and then and looked at St. Sepulchre's
clock. Half an hour, twenty-five minutes. What is he doing
now? He has his irons off by this time. A quarter: he's in
the press room now, no doubt. Now at last we had come to
think about the man we were going to see hanged. How
slowly the clock crept over the last quarter! Those who were
able to turn round and see (for the crowd was now extraordi-
narily dense) chronicled the time, eight minutes, five minutes;
at last—ding, dong, dong, dong!—the bell is tolling the chimes
of eight.

Between the writing of this line and the last the pen has
been put down, as the reader may suppose, and the person who
is addressing him has gone through a pause of no very pleas-
ant thoughts and recollections. The whole of the sickening,
ghastly, wicked scene passes before the eyes again; and, in-
deed, it is an awful one to see, and very hard and painful to
describe.

As the clock began to strike, an immense sway and move-
ment swept over the whole of that vast dense crowd. They
were all uncovered directly, and a great murmur arose, more
awful, bizarre, and indescribable than any sound I had ever
before heard. Women and children began to shriek horridly.
I don't know whether it was the bell I heard; but a dreadful,
quick, feverish kind of jangling noise mingled with the noise
of the people, and lasted for about two minutes. The scaffold
stood before us, tenantless and black; the black chain was hanging down ready from the beam. Nobody came. 'He has been respited,' someone said; another said, 'He has killed himself in prison.'

Just then, from under the black prison door, a pale, quiet head peered out. It was shockingly bright and distinct; it rose up directly, and a man in black appeared on the scaffold, and was silently followed by about four more dark figures. The first was a tall grave man; we all knew who the second man was. 'That's he—that's he!' you heard the people say as the devoted man came up.

I have seen a cast of the head since, but, indeed, should never have known it. Courvoisier bore his punishment like a man, and walked very firmly. He was dressed in a new black suit, as it seemed; his shirt was open. His arms were tied in front of him. He opened his hands in a helpless kind of way, and clasped them once or twice together. He turned his head here and there, and looked about him for an instant with a wild imploring look. His mouth was contracted into a sort of pitiful smile. He went and placed himself at once under the beam, with his face to St. Sepulchre's. The tall, grave man in black twisted him round swiftly in the other direction, and, drawing from his pocket a nightcap, pulled it tight over the patient's head and face. I am not ashamed to say that I could look no more, but shut my eyes as the last dreadful act was going on, which sent this wretched, guilty soul into the presence of God.

If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is, no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its entourages, and to this end the above pages are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it—what induces him, in the first instance, to go and see it—and how is he moved by it afterward? The writer has discarded the magazine 'we' altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for 'I' is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I
pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in
England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty
thousand persons (say the sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees
—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both Houses
of Parliament, street walkers, newspaper writers, gather to-
gether before Newgate at a very early hour; the most part of
them give up their natural quiet night's rest in order to partake
of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep,
or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they
can have. Pickpocket and peer, each is tickled by the sight
alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our
race. Government, a Christian government, gives us a feast
every now and then; it agrees—that is to say, a majority in
the two Houses agrees—that for certain crimes it is necessary
that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government com-
mits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here
on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight
to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious
matters (if there be time enough, but government can't wait);
and on a Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman read-
ing out the word of God, 'I am the resurrection and the life,'
'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away'—on a Monday
morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam
with a rope connecting it and him, a plank disappears from
under him, and those who have paid for good places may see
the hands of the government agent, Jack Ketch, coming up
from his black hole, and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling
them, until he is quite dead—strangled.

Many persons, and well-informed newspapers, say that it is
mawkish sentiment to talk in this way, morbid humanity, cheap
philanthropy that any man can get up and preach about. There
is the Observer, for instance, a paper conspicuous from the tre-
mendous sarcasm which distinguishes its articles, and which
falls cruelly foul of the Morning Herald. 'Courvoisier is
dead,' says the Observer; 'he died as he had lived—a villain;
a lie was in his mouth. Peace be to his ashes. We war not
with the dead.' What a magnanimous Observer! From this,
Observer turns to the Herald, and says, 'Fiat justitia ruat
celum.' So much for the Herald.

We quote from memory, and the quotation from the Ob-
servor possibly is: De mortuis nil nisi bonum; or, Omnium ignotum
pro magnifico; or, Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via; or,
Ingenuas vis diuidisse, fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinitesse feros:
all of which pithy Roman apothegms would apply just as well.
'Peace be to his ashes. He died a villain.' This is both benevolence and reason. Did he die a villain? The Observer does not want to destroy him body and soul, evidently, from that pious wish that his ashes should be at peace. Is the next Monday but one after the sentence the time necessary for a villain to repent in? May a man not require more leisure—a week more—six months more—before he has been able to make his repentance sure before Him who died for us all—for all, be it remembered—not alone for the judge and jury, or for the sheriffs, or for the executioner who is pulling down the legs of the prisoner—but for him too, murderer and criminal as he is, whom we are killing for his crime. Do we want to kill him body and soul? Heaven forbid! My lord in the black cap specially prays that Heaven may have mercy on him; but he must be ready by Monday morning.

Look at the documents which came from the prison of this unhappy Courvoisier during the few days which passed between his trial and execution. Were ever letters more painful to read? At first his statements are false, contradictory, lying. He has not repented then. His last declaration seems to be honest, as far as the relation of the crime goes. But read the rest of his statement, the account of his personal history, and the crimes which he committed in his young days—then 'how the evil thought came to him to put his hand to the work'—it is evidently the writing of a mad, distracted man. The horrid gallows is perpetually before him; he is wild with dread and remorse. Clergymen are with him ceaselessly; religious tracts are forced into his hands; night and day they ply him with the heinousness of his crime, and exhortations to repentance. Read through that last paper of his; by Heaven, it is pitiful to read it. See the Scripture phrases brought in now and anon; the peculiar terms of tract-phraseology (I do not wish to speak of these often meritorious publications with disrespect); one knows too well how such language is learned—imitated from the priest at the bedside, eagerly seized and appropriated, and confounded by the poor prisoner.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument)—when a man has killed another it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say no—it is natural. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be killed in turn; that is the unavoidable sequitur. 'You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject
and he will always reply to you, 'It is natural, and therefore it must be done.' Blood demands blood.'

Does it? The system of compensation might be carried on ad infinitum—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question that we have had this statute repealed by the highest authority), why, because you lose your eye, is that of your opponent to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum, founded precisely on the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavored to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snow Hill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for the murder I saw done. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years; one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven's sake, that someone would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—and a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighborhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, 'We've koom to see the mon hanged!' Tender law, that brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles.

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that, for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man's face continually before my eyes; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.
CHARACTER SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON.

The statistic-mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quarter loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church of England men are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world: I should like to see an accurate table showing the rogues and dupes of each nation; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves are there in Paris, O Heavens! and what a power of rogues with pigtail and mandarin buttons at Pekin! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg; how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christina! what an inordinate number of rascals is there, to be sure, puffing tobacco and drinking flat small-beer in all the capitals of Germany; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm-oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole gazetteer; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think that thoughtful nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee, fair running streams for glittering fish, store of kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions; for active cats, mice; for mice, cheese, and so on; establishing throughout the whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau): I say, it is consolatory to think that, as nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made
for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it; and knavery is the shadow at Folly’s heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to St. Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and in truth I don’t know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). ‘We are not birds,’ as the Irishman says, ‘to be in half a dozen places at once;’ so let us pretermitt all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have traveled much, and seen many men and cities; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues of all. Especially there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers, as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the Continent where half a dozen of them are not to be found: proofs of our enterprise and samples of our manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toeplitz, Madrid, or Tzarskoselo; I have been in every one of them, and give you my honor that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all; better than your eager Frenchman; your swaggering Irishman, with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt pins; your tallow-faced German baron, with white mustache and double chin, fat, pudgy, dirty fingers, and great gold thumb ring; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna? who has the neatest britzksa at Baden? who drinks the best champagne at Paris? Captain Rook, to be sure, of her Britannic Majesty’s service—he has been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one that I can’t conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks; unless, maybe, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day—in London he lives about St. James’; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels—and you will find him at one o’clock dressed in the very finest robe de chambre, before a breakfast table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest meerschaum pipes you ever saw;
reading; possibly, *The Morning Post*, or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library); or having his hair dressed; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns; or drinking soda water with a glass of sherry; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse dealer's, and lounges there for half an hour; at four he is to be seen at the window of his club; at five he is cantering and curvetting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances; some, stout old gentlemen riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition; some, very young lads with pale, dissolute faces, little mustaches perhaps, or at least little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion); at seven, he has a dinner at Long's or at the Clarendon; and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden; after which, you will see him at the theater in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, besides himself, you will remark a young man—very young—one of the lads who spoke to him in the Park this morning, and a couple of ladies; one shabby, melancholy, rawboned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light blue silk gown; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flowers and greasy blond lace; she wears large gilt earrings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, 'Law, Maria, how well you do look to-night; there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours; I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the Park, dear!'

'I wish, Hanna, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You don't believe Miss Ickman, Freddy, do you?' says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front; she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling bottle; she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket handkerchief, a cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing, very unnecessarily, a pair of very white shoulders; she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Deleroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is; Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live
together in a very snug little house in May Fair, which has just been new furnished à la Louis Quatorze by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too; ay, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, 'Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne;' and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken hazard; she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, after half an hour, Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

'D—n it, Fred,' says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, 'what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!'

What more natural, and even kind of Rook than to say this? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well; fortune is proverbially variable; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other—Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little coups and lost all the great ones; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play; it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea; you bet two guineas, which, if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake; if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose always; and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process; if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four guineas: a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game then, yet; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose; he
is frightened; that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill luck; when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home, the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly footboy—oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door—when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I O U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of £300. Some people say that Maria has half of the money when it is paid; but this I don't believe; is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The captain goes home to King Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes the next morning at twelve to go over such another day as we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda water at the chemist's, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. 'If I had but played my king of hearts,' sighed Fred, 'and kept back my trump; but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running; if I had even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him!) brought up that infernal Curacao punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred,' and so on go Freddy's lamentations. Oh, luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you most to death's door. The homeopathic maxim of similia similibus—which means, I believe, that you are to be cured 'by a hair of the dog that bit you'—must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homeopathic infinitesimal doses; no hair of the dog that bit him; but, vice versa, the dog of the hair that tickled him Freddy has begun to play; a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out; he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he will play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him; the betting is in favor of his being a swindler always; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now; it stands on his card:

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON.

LONG'S HOTEL.

I have said the chances are that Frederick Pigeon, Esq., will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance
it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or ever read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the 'nous' to keep an apple stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a Member of Parliament; I once, I say, heard an actor—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a week. 'No men,' said he, with a great deal of justice, 'were so ill paid as "dramatic artists"; they labored for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age.' With this, he sighed and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he has drank in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer in the morning, after rehearsal; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly; to be paid twice as much as you are worth, and then to go to ruin; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at loo for sixpences? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and in consequence, won; but ask the table all round; one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three others have lost £2 each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from Old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily; else, what becomes of all the money?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call 'a noble earl of sporting celebrity'; if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions; he drops £50,000 at the Derby just as you and I would lay down twopence-halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crock-
ford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. Salon-des-Étrangers? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty); but who wins his money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are Étrangers even to the Salon-des-Étrangers.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling houses that the money is lost; it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook; but we are again and again digressing; the point is, is the captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first: at this very season of May, when the Rooks are very young—have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth indistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by: yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with £10,000; every maravedi of this is gone, and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent £10,000, then, an annuity of £650, he must look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labor. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays, as thus:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Horses, carriages (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, etc.)</td>
<td>£500 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lodgings, servants, and board</td>
<td>350 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watering-places, and touring</td>
<td>300 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinners to give</td>
<td>150 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pocket-money</td>
<td>150 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)</td>
<td>150 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tailor's bills (£100 say, never paid)</td>
<td>0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>£1600 0 0</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above sum: ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses; no, it is not a good profession: it is not good interest for one's money: it is not a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius: and my friend Clap-trap, who growls about his pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth and
breeding, the captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat, when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the coup of life will surrender for him no more—who will help the playworn veteran? As Mitchel sings after Aristophanes:

In glory he was seen, when his years as yet were green;
But now when his dotage is on him,
God help him—for no eye of those who pass him by,
Throws a look of compassion upon him.

Who indeed will help him? not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother; he has had slices out of his sisters' portions, and quarreled with his brothers-in-law; the old people are dead; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him? not his friends; in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do; in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep, but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year; the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, au reste, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal? When Rook's ill day comes, it is simply because he has no more friends; he has exhausted them all, plucked everyone as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk £10,000! Is this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks I take to be this: that blacklegging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villainous, scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what Christians do not do; they leave all to follow their master, the Devil; they cut friends, families, and good, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments; ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey and a few odd bargains in horse flesh are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell
out. They are in counting houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs & Higgory can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than at his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent old man, Sam Rook, so well known on Change in the war time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the £4000 intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in stable, a promtemporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for £375 coming due on the 5th of next month.

Sometimes young Rook is destined for the bar; and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader. He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Rev. Athanasius Rook, who took high honors at Cambridge in the year 1; was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2; and so continued a fellow and a tutor of the college until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only £250 a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty, demure, simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor; and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington Road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling little wife that ever a country parson was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; aye, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now growing in the rookery; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy it was Athanasius; if ever a woman was happy and good it was his wife; not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant ménage.

Athanasius' fame as a scholar, too, was great; and as his
charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care. Future squires, bankers, yea, lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the 'asses' bridge' into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions Tom Rook grew up; more fondled and petted, of course, than they; cleverer than they; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad for his years as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honor.

Fancy, then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook as she parted with her boy; and the tears of sweet, pale Harriet as she clung round his neck, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing!). Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at college, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port; and how he quotes Æschylus, to be sure!) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom. However, he reads very stoutly of mornings; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of x's and y's.

May comes, and the college examinations; the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows:

From the Rev. Solomon Snorter to the Rev. Athanasius Rook.

Trinity, May 10.

Dear Credo: * I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, facile princeps;

* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.
In mathematics he was run hard (entre nous) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizer. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

I send you his college bill, £105 10s.; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive; I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is rather too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.

Yours, Sol. Snorter.

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter; it is long, modest; we only give the postscript:

P. S.—Dear father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the university (Lord Bagwig, the duke's eldest son, you know, vows he will give me a living), I have been let into one or two expenses which will frighten you; I lost £30 to the Honorable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner; and owe £54 more for desserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.* Hiring horses is so deuced expensive; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive.

The Rev. Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter; however, Tom has done his duty, and the old gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him £100 with a 'God bless you!' and mamma adds, in a postscript, that 'he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society.'

A year or two passes on; Tom comes home for the vacations; but Tom has sadly changed; he has grown haggard and pale. At second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes; he is always riding about and dining in the neighborhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humored, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The Rev. Athanasius begins to grow very, very grave; they have high words, even the father and son; and oh! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door when these disputes are going on!

The last term of Tom's undergraduateship arrives; he is ill health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books; and the end is that, a month before the examination, Thomas Rook, Esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook and Miss Rook and the Rev. Athanasius Rook are all lodging at the Hoop, an inn in Cambridge town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

Oh, sin, woe, repentance! Oh, touching reconciliations and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces

* It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.
a bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, 'There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands.' Everybody cries in the house at this news; the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes, the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there! Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a sponging house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple during his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The Rev. Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the sponging house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, Heaven bless you! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds, until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular leg now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels; he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honor; and at French or English hazard, at billiards, at whist, at loo, écarté, blind-hookey, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbor he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterward if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook; when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christina; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where; he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte Pélagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.
We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linen draper's son and has been left with money; and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has (N.B.—All young men with money have silly, flattering she-relatives), and the silly trips that he has made to watering places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honorable Tom Mountcoffeehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German prince, Sweller Mobskau, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fears he puts himself behind a curveting camelopard of a cab horse; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs and shake his poor little sides! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out; and yet smoke he will: Sweller Mobskau smokes; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply him with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratic individuals Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these 'legs.' But they keep him always to themselves. Captain Rooks must rob in companies; but of course the greater profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist; number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and 'settle' with number two; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the City to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a very good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous—not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterward, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a maneuver is allow-
able. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men; in this case, when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear: the other men must be mum, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well, then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened and hop away to somebody else; nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to molt artificially; if you don't somebody else will; a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says:

Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.

He must be plucked; it is the purpose for which nature has formed him; if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will; are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies and Cornish tin mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin Lane will have him as sure as fate; if Rook of Birchin Lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which if the poor trembling flutterer escapes, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him until he turns out as naked as a cannon-ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, oh, captain! Seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently but boldly; but, above all, never let him go. If he is a stout, cautious bird, of course you must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stack of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place; and yet I do not pity him. He is only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathered state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers he was
but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little, miserable legs, and on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He sponges on his relatives, or else just before his utter ruin he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives); he turns bully, most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him, or takes to drinking too; or he gets a little place, a very little place; you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye, little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it and die rich. But woe to the pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of Lucifer look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes, or grin from under huge grizzly mustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a mad-house or a prison! A dreary flagged courtyard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie cages, ceaselessly walking up and down! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly:

Pour mon mal estranger
De ne m'arrester en place;
Mais, j'en ay bien changer
Si ma douleur n'efface!

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onward; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe, and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums the Rooks end their lives; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and
for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early; you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practicing his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession—not agreeable, either, for though Captain Rook does not mind being a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook; not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants that have come to him in the course of his profession; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonizing for lack of its natural food; the mind, which must think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to en over! Oh, Captain Rook! what nice 'chums' do you take with you into prison; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the fines patriae, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed!

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world; but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

THE FASHIONABLE Authoress.

Paying a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the —— (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays); going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size, that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flowerstack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odors of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy apartment with an agreeable incense. 'O rus! quando te aspiciam?' exclaimed I, out of the Latin grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and I was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the fourteenth book of the Iliad,
madam), concerning 'ruddy lotuses, and crocuses, and hyacinths,' when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulfed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight and triumph that a Methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.

'What are you giggling at?' said Mr. Timson, assuming a high, aristocratic air.

'Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower, wrapped up in white paper; or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printer's devils are staring in the passage?'

'Stuff!' said Timson, picking to pieces some rare exotic, worth at the very least fifteenpence; 'a friend, who knows that Mrs. Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay, that's all.'

I saw how it was. 'Augustus Timson,' exclaimed I sternly, 'the Pimlicoers have been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order me out; if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuffbox has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again.'

'Well, if it does,' says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, 'what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there.'

'Was that the day when she gave you a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?'

'No, another day.'

'Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom Races?'

'No.'

'Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea things?'

'Fiddlestick!' roared out Augustus Timson, Esquire; 'I wish you wouldn't come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you, and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence; I say again no man—wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this juncture (it being about half-past three o'clock in the
afternoon), a one-horse chaise drove up to the — office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse chaise drove up; and amid a scuffling and crying of small voices, good-humored Mrs. Timson bounced into the room.

'Here we are, deary,' said she; 'we'll walk to the Mery-weathers'; and I've told Sam to be in Charles Street at twelve with the chaise; it wouldn't do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box and have the people cry, "Mrs. Timson's carriage!" for old Sam and the chaise.

Timson, to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish, puzzled look toward the stranger, as much as to say, 'He's here.'

'La, Mr. Smith! and how do you do? So rude—I didn't see you; but the fact is, we are all in such a bustle! Augustus has got Lady Pimlico's box for the "Puritani" to-night, and I vowed I'd take the children.'

Those young persons were evidently from their costume prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers, to be removed previous to the play; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nankeens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And 'Look here!' and 'Oh, precious!' and 'Oh, my!' were uttered by these worthy people as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson's head flounced, just as her husband's had done before.

'I must have a greenhouse at the Snuggery, that's positive, Timson, for I'm passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny! Do you know her ladyship, Mr. Smith?'

'Indeed, madam, I don't remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life.'

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, 'La, how odd! Augustus knows ever so many. Let's see, there's the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Flummery; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his travels, you know; Lord Gasterton, Lord Guttlebury's eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strum—Strom—Strumf—'

What the baron's name was I have never been able to learn,
for here Timson burst out with a 'Hold your tongue, Bessy!' which stopped honest Mrs. Timson's harmless prattle altogether, and obliged that worthy woman to say meekly, 'Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your acquaintance.' Good soul! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honor. My friend the editor was, in fact, in a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest, good-humored character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps, the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterizes men of Timson's way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public house near the Coburg Theater, some of us having free admissions to that place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighborhood of one of his Majesty's prisons in that quarter)—in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted-cheese club, called The Forum, Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the fierce republicanisms which characterized him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated, do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in The Weekly Sentinel, signed 'Lictor,' must be remembered by all our readers; he advocated the repeal of the corn laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labor, etc., etc., wrote some pretty defenses of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that, in consequence of those 'Lictor' letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered and thrown over Blackfriars Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state; suffice it that, in two years, he was completely bound over neck and heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, etc. One evening he was asked to dine with a secretary of the treasury (the — is ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years); at the house of that secretary of the treasury he met a lord's son; walking with Mrs. Timson in the Park next Sunday, that lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the West End, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two clubs.

Who was the lord's son? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the Honorable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second Earl of Reynard,
Kilbrush Castle, County Kildare. The earl had been ambas-
sador in '14; Mr. Flummery, his attaché; he was twenty-one
at that time, with the sweetest tuft on his chin in the world.
Lady Fanny was only four-and-twenty, just jilted by Prince
Scoroneconolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomon-
son with a plum. Fanny had nothing—Frederick had about
£7000 less. What better could the young things do than
marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secrecy.
Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking
with one of his daughters forever, and only longed for an
occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the prince's time, who inherited and transmitted
to his children a vast fortune in genius, was cautioned on his
marriage to be very economical. 'Economical!' said he; 'my
wife has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't
live under that!' Our interesting pair, by judiciously employ-
ing the same capital, managed, year after year, to live very com-
fortably, until, at last, they were received into Pimlico House by
the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magni-
nificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertain-
ment in London, has the most magnificent equipage and a very
fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her ladyship's; his
seat in the omnibus, while her ladyship is in the second tier.
They say he plays a good deal,—say, and pays too, when he loses.

And how, pr'ythee? Her ladyship is a fashionable au-
thoress. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during
which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-
seven new magazines, and I don't know how many annuals,
besides publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs,
recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going
one day to church, a lady, whom I knew by her leghorn bonnet
and red ribbons, ruché with poppies and marigolds, brass fer-
ronière, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and
black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a de-
votional cook, made a bob to me just as the psalm struck up,
and offered me a share of her hymnbook. It was:

HEAVENLY CHORDS;
A COLLECTION OF
Sacred Strains,
SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED BY THE
LADY FRANCES JULIANA FLUMMERY.
—Being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from
the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady, and Tate, etc.; and of
sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Out of this cook and I sang; and it is amazing how much our fervor was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Fanny Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do; and that while a man is painfully laboring over a letter of two sides a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close as to be well nigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Fanny; her Pegasus gallops over hot-pressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders; like Camilla, it scours the plain—of Bath, and never seems punished or fatigued; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning-post on which is written 'finis,' or, 'the end'; and shows that the course, whether it be a novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manners of being of my Lady Fanny, having made before that humiliating confession that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him; so that all milliners, butcher's ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he had heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble, in no inconsiderable degree, the habits and usages of other men and women whose names are unrecorded by Debrett. Granting this, and that Lady Fanny is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works too need not be very carefully sifted and criticised; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure 0? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest influence upon literature for good or for evil; there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps; and why not? They are made to be humbugged, or how should we live? Lady Flummery writes everything; that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind; her novels, stark nought;
her philosophy, sheer vacancy: how should she do any better than she does? how could she succeed if she did do any better? If she did write well she would not be Lady Flummery; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and would not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised them and their craft.

We have said what she writes for the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap & Diddle will pay for; and collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of 'Lyrics of Loveliness,' 'Beams of Beauty,' 'Pearls of Purity,' etc. Who does not recollect the success which her 'Pearls of the Peerage' had? She is going to do the 'Beauties of the Baronetage'; then we shall have the 'Daughters of the Dustmen,' or some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has around her a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul; give them a dinner, a smile from an opera box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. Vides, mi fili, etc. See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals: there is my friend M'Lather, an immense, pudgy man; I saw him one day walking through Bond Street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. 'Mae!' shouted your humble servant, 'that is a Flummery ruby'; and Mae hated and cursed us ever after. Presently came little Fitch, the artist; he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again. 'There's only one like it in town,' whispered Fitch to me confidentially, 'and Flummery has that.' To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half a dozen of the prettiest drawings in the world. 'I wouldn't charge for them, you know,' he says; 'for, hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend.' O Fitch, Fitch!

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her; and the public flock to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly puffed. Out comes the book; as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully, that Lady Flummery has no lack of that natural esprit which every woman possesses; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language; but, in revenge, has a smattering of half a dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap
or two of bad Spanish; and upon the strength of these murders she calls herself an authoress. To be sure, there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte What-d’ye-call’em, or the Honorable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of _auctrix_—I pity that young nobleman’s or gentleman’s case. Dr. Wordsworth and assistants would swish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such a word as authoress. _Auctor_, madam, is the word. ‘Optima _tu proprii nominis auctor eris_;’ which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress; the line is in Ainsworth’s Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled, then: there is no such word as authoress. But what of that? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar? The supposition is absurd. We don’t expect them to know their own language; we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a _diaress_, calls somebody the prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her ladyship; the language feels an obligation; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed; and it is manifest that if we can call ourselves _antitypes_ of our grandmothers—can prophecy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on—we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry of which the mind hath never even had a notion until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress _ought_ not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the popular works of the present day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old-fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to qualify our assertion. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months _attaché_ to the stables of Mr. Tilbury’s establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterward disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle,
For this harmless freak poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labor at the House of Correction. 'The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir,' said his father, confiding in our philanthropy: 'he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable boys; but if you could hear him since he came from the mill! He knocks you down with it, sir. I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig; for though he's a 'cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service on account of that business of the breeches!'

'What, sir!' exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity; 'such a son, and you don't know what to do with him!' a 'cute fellow, who can write, who has been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish in a university—I mean a prison—and you don't know what to do with him? Make a fashionable novelist of him, and be hanged to you!' And proud am I to say that that young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—pride am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example; par exemple, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch; from the authoress, only the finest of rose water. I have read so many of her ladyship's novels that, egad! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should we listen to the intrigues, the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of a couple of countesses for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money? What's a baronet? Pish! pish! that great coarse red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick! What's a baron? A fellow with only one more ball than a pawnbroker; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel give us no more of these low people; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of Heaven! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT;

OR,

WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.
There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, etc. To be sure, you must here introduce a viscount, and that is sadly vulgar; but we will pass him for the sake of the ministerial portefeuille, which is genteel. Then you might do 'Leopold; or, the Bride of Neuilley'; 'The Victim of Würtemberg'; 'Olga; or, the Autocrat's Daughter' (a capital title); 'Henri; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century'; we can fancy the book, and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson's paper.

'Henri, by Lady Frances Flummery.—Henri! Who can he be? A little bird whispers in our ear that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of a certain young chevalier, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the court of the Tu-l-ries. Henri de B-rd—ux is of an age when the young god can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy; and if the Marchesini degli Spinachi (whose portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a kindred hand) be as beauteous as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the eternal city say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the prince. Verbum sap. We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Soap & Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen.

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the — by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommendation of bears'-grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheapness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been asked to dinner, writes in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect:

'HENRI.

'BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

'This is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her ladyship's mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it. Strange power of fancy! Sweet enchantress, that rules the mind at will, stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless summer smiles. As a great bard of old time has expressed it, what do we not owe to woman?

'What do we not owe her? More love, more happiness,
more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid, and pleasant counsel; in joy, more delicate sympathy; in sorrow, more kind companionship. We look into her cheery eyes, and in those wells of love, care drowns; we listen to her siren voice, and in that balmy music, banished hope comes winging to the breast again.'

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column: I don't pretend to understand it; but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth's poems, and the old dramatists one can never be wrong, I think; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don't understand a word of them, I can't, upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, this has gone on for about three-quarters of a column (Tinson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularize, thus:

'The grinding excitement which thrills through every fiber of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be briefly told as thus: Henri, an exiled prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory), arrives at Rome, and is presented to the sovereign pontiff. At a feast, given in his honor at the Vatican, a dancing girl (the loveliest creation that ever issued from poet's brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art. The young prince is instantaneously smitten with the charms of the saltatrice; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favor. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The Pope has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetza every temptation; he will even resign his crown and marry her; but she refuses. The prince can make no such offers; he cannot wed her: 'The blood of Borbone,' he says, 'may not be thus misallied.' He determines to avoid her. In despair she throws herself off the Tarpeian rock; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is an outline of this tragic tale.

'Besides this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style for which our lovely author is unrivaled. The sketch
of the Marchesina degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca di Gammoni, is delicious; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbsbraten and Count Bouterbrod is exquisitely painted: everybody, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the princess’ dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. Schinkel, the Westphalian, must not be forgotten; nor Olla, the Spanish spy. How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honor to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucauld? To those who ask this question we have one reply, and that an example: Not among women, ’tis true; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed! —but in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest we offer no dishonor to his shrine; in saying that he who wrote of Romeo and Desdemona might have drawn Castanettila and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts; in asserting that so long as Shakspere lives so long will Flummery endure; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon!'

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been in descanting upon the fashionable authoress to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticize her life. The former is quite harmless; and we don’t pretend to be envious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blamable: it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves, gull the most gullible of publies. Think you, O Timson, that her ladyship asks you for your beau x year or your wit? Fool! you do think so, or try and think so; and yet you know she loves not you, but the —— newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it! Think, M’Lather, how many smirks and lies and columns of good three-halfpence a line matter that big garnet pin has cost you! The woman laughs at you, man! you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your great hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strange north-country twang. Down with this Delilah! Avaunt, O Circe! giver of poisonous feeds. To your natural
haunts, ye gentlemen of the press! If bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be content. Better is Sally the waiter, and the first cut of the joint, than a dinner of four courses, and humbug therewith. Ye who are married, go to your homes; dine not with those persons who scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that ye may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my lord and my lady; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the fashionable authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect! She too has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lather, in a drawing room. Let milliners look up to her; let Howell and James swear by her; let simpering dandies caper about her ear; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men. Let such things be, and the fashionable authoress is no more! Blessed, blessed thought! No more fiddle-faddle novels! no more namby-pamby poetry! no more fribble 'Blossoms of Loveliness!' When will you arrive, oh, happy Golden Age?

THE ARTISTS.

It is confidently stated that there was once a time when the quarter of Soho was thronged by the fashion of London. Many wide streets are there in the neighborhood, stretching cheerfully toward Middlesex Hospital in the north, bounded by Dean Street in the west, where the lords and ladies of William's time used to dwell—till in Queen Anne's time, Bloomsbury put Soho out of fashion, and Great Russell Street became the pink of the mode.

Both these quarters of the town have submitted to the awful rule of nature, and are now to be seen undergoing the dire process of decay. Fashion has deserted Soho, and left her in her gaunt, lonely old age. The houses have a vast, dingy, moldy, dowager look. No more beaux, in mighty periwigs, ride by in gilded clattering coaches; no more lackeys accompany them, bearing torches, and shouting for precedence. A solitary policeman paces these solitary streets—the only dandy in the neighborhood. You hear the milkman yelling his milk with a startling distinetness, and the clack of a servant girl's pattens sets people a-staring from the windows.

With Bloomsbury we have here nothing to do; but as genteel stockbrokers inhabit the neighborhood of Regent's Park—as lawyers have taken possession of Russell Square—so artists have seized upon the desolate quarter of Soho. They
are to be found in great numbers in Berners Street. Up to the present time naturalists have never been able to account for this mystery of their residence. What has a painter to do with Middlesex Hospital? He is to be found in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. And why! Philosophy cannot tell, any more than why milk is found in a cocoanut.

Look at Newman Street. Has earth, in any dismal corner of her great round face, a spot more desperately gloomy? The windows are spotted with wafers, holding up ghastly bills that tell you the house is ‘To Let.’ Nobody walks there—not even an old-clothes-man; the first inhabited house has bars to the windows, and bears the name of ‘Ahasuerus, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex’; and here, above all places, must painters take up their quarters—day by day must these reckless people pass Ahasuerus’ treble gate. There was my poor friend Tom Tickner (who did those sweet things for ‘The Book of Beauty’). Tom, who could not pay his washerwoman, lived opposite the bailiff’s; and could see every miserable debtor or greasy Jew writ-bearer that went in or out of his door. The street begins with a bailiff’s, and ends with a hospital. I wonder how men live in it, and are decently cheerful, with this gloomy, double-barreled moral pushed perpetually into their faces. Here, however, they persist in living, no one knows why; owls may still be found roosting in Netley Abbey, and a few Arabs are to be seen at the present minute in Palmyra.

The ground floors of the houses where painters live are mostly make-believe shops, black, empty warehouses, containing fabulous goods. There is a sedan chair opposite a house in Rathbone Place, that I have myself seen every day for forty-three years. The house has commonly a huge india-rubber-colored door, with a couple of glistening brass plates and bells. A portrait painter lives on the first floor; a great historical genius inhabits the second. Remark the first floor’s middle drawing room window; it is four feet higher than its two companions, and has taken a fancy to peep into the second floor front. So much for the outward appearance of their habitations, and for the quarters in which they commonly dwell. They seem to love solitude, and their mighty spirits rejoice in vastness and gloomy ruin.

I don’t say a word here about those geniuses who frequent the thoroughfares of the town, and have picture frames containing a little gallery of miniature peers, beauties, and general officers in the Quadrant, the passages about St. Martin’s Lane, the Strand, and Cheapside. Lord Lyndhurst is to be seen in
many of these gratis exhibitions—Lord Lyndhurst cribbed from Chalon; Lady Peel from Sir Thomas; Miss Croker from the same; the Duke from ditto; an original officer in the Spanish Legion; a colonel or so, of the Bunhill Row Fencibles; a lady on a yellow sofa, with four children in little caps and blue ribbons. We have all of us seen these pretty pictures, and are aware that our own features may be 'done in this style.' Then there is the man on the chain pier at Brighton, who pares out your likeness in sticking plaster; there is Miss Croke, or Miss Runt, who gives lessons in Poonah-painting, japanning, or mezzotinting; Miss Stump, who attends ladies' schools with large chalk heads from Le Brun or the Cartoons; Rubbery, who instructs young gentlemen's establishments in pencil; and Sepio, of the Water-Color Society, who paints before eight pupils daily, at a guinea an hour, keeping his own drawings for himself.

All these persons, as the most indifferent reader must see, equally belong to the tribe of artists (the last not more than the first), and in an article like this should be mentioned properly. But though this paper has been extended from eight pages to sixteen, not a volume would suffice to do justice to the biographies of the persons above mentioned. Think of the superb Sepio, in a light-blue satin cravat, and a light-brown coat, and yellow kids, tripping daintily from Grosvenor Square to Gloucester Place, a small sugar-loaf boy following, who carries his morocco portfolio. Sepio scents his handkerchief, curls his hair, and wears on a great coarse fist a large emerald ring that one of his pupils gave him. He would not smoke a cigar for the world; he is always to be found at the opera; and, gods! how he grins, and waggles his head about, as Lady Flummery nods to him from her box.

He goes to at least six great parties in the season. At the houses where he teaches he has a faint hope that he is received as an equal, and propitiates scornful footmen by absurd donations of sovereigns. The rogue has plenty of them. He has a stockbroker, and a power of guinea lessons stowed away in the consuls. There are a number of young ladies of genius in the aristocracy who admire him hugely; he begs you to contradict the report about him and Lady Smigsmag; every now and then he gets a present of game from a marquis; the City ladies die to have lessons of him; he prances about the Park on a highbred cocktail, with lacquered boots and enormous high heels; and he has a mother and sisters somewhere—washerwomen, it is said, in Pimlico.
How different is his fate to that of poor Rubbery, the school drawing master! Highgate, Homerton, Putney, Hackney, Hornsey, Turnham Green, are his resorts; he has a select seminary to attend at every one of these places; and if, from all these nurseries of youth, he obtains a sufficient number of half crowns to pay his week’s bills, what a happy man is he!

He lives most likely in a third floor in Howland Street, and has commonly five children, who have all a marvelous talent for drawing—all save one, perhaps, that is an idiot, which a poor sick mother is ever carefully tending. Sepio’s great aim and battle in life is to be considered one of the aristocracy; honest Rubbery would fain be thought a gentleman too; but, indeed, he does not know whether he is so or not. Why be a gentleman? A gentleman artist does not obtain the wages of a tailor; Rubbery’s butcher looks down upon him with a royal scorn; and his wife, poor gentle soul (a clergyman’s daughter, who married him in the firm belief that her John would be knighted, and make an immense fortune)—his wife, I say, has many fierce looks to suffer from Mrs. Butcher, and many meek excuses or prayers to proffer when she cannot pay her bill,—or when, worst of all, she has humbly to beg for a little scrap of meat upon credit against John’s coming home. He has five-and-twenty miles to walk that day, and must have something nourishing when he comes in—he is killing himself, poor fellow, she knows he is; and Miss Crick has promised to pay him his quarter’s charge on the very next Saturday. ‘Gentlefolks, indeed,’ says Mrs. Butcher; ‘pretty gentlefolks these—as can’t pay for half a pound of steak!’ Let us thank Heaven that the artist’s wife has her meat, however—there is good in that shrill, fat, mottled-faced Mrs. Brisket, after all.

Think of the labors of that poor Rubbery. He was up at four in the morning, and toiled till nine upon a huge damp icy lithographic stone; on which he has drawn the ‘Star of the Wave,’ or the ‘Queen of the Tourney,’ or ‘She met at Almack’s,’ for Lady Flummery’s last new song. This done, at half-past nine he is to be seen striding across Kensington Gardens to wait upon the before-named Miss Crick, at Lamont House. Transport yourself in imagination to the Misses Kittle’s seminary, Potzdam Villa, Upper Homerton, four miles from Shoreditch; and at half-past two Professor Rubbery is to be seen swinging along toward the gate. Somebody is on the lookout for him; indeed it is his eldest daughter, Marianne, who has been pacing the shrubbery, and peering over the green railings this half hour past. She is with the Misses Kittle on
the 'mutual system,' a thousand times more despised than the butchers' and the grocers' daughters who are educated on the same terms, and whose papas are warm men in Aldgate. Wednesday is the happiest day of Marianne's week: and this the happiest hour of Wednesday. Behold! Professor Rubbery wipes his hot brow and kisses the poor thing, and they go in together out of the rain, and he tells her that the twins are well out of the measles, thank God! and that Tom has just done the Antinious in a way that must make him sure of the Academy prize, and that mother is better of her rheumatism now. He has brought her a letter, in large round hand, from Polly; a famous soldier, drawn by little Frank; and when, after his two hours' lesson, Rubbery is off again, our dear Marianne cons over the letter and picture a hundred times with soft tearful smiles, and stows them away in an old writing desk, amid a heap more of precious home relics, wretched trumpery scraps and baubles, that you and I, madam, would sneer at; but that in the poor child's eyes (and, I think, in the eyes of One who knows how to value widow's mites and humble sinners' offerings) are better than banknotes and Pitt diamonds. Oh, kind Heaven, that has given these treasures to the poor! Many and many an hour does Marianne lie awake with full eyes, and yearn for that wretched old lodging in Howland Street, where mother and brothers lie sleeping; and, gods! what a fête it is when twice or thrice in the year she comes home!

I forget how many hundred millions of miles, for how many billions of centuries, how many thousands of decillions of angels, peris, honris, demons, afeets, and the like, Mohammed traveled, lived, and counted during the time that some water was falling from a bucket to the ground; but have we not been wandering most egregiously away from Rubbery during the minute in which his daughter is changing his shoes, and taking off his reeking mackintosh in the hall at Potzdam Villa? She thinks him the finest artist that ever cut an H. B., that's positive; and as a drawing master his merits are wonderful; for at the Misses Kittle's annual vacation festival, when the young ladies' drawings are exhibited to their mammas and relatives (Rubbery attending in a clean shirt, with his wife's large brooch stuck in it, and drinking negus along with the very best)—at the annual festival, I say, it will be found that the sixty-four drawings exhibited—'Tintern Abbey,' 'Kenilworth Castle,' 'Horse—from Carl Vernet,' 'Head—from West,' or what not (say sixteen of each sort)—are the one exactly as good as the other; so that, although Miss Slamoe gets the prize, there is
really no reason why Miss Timson, who is only four years old, should not have it; her design being accurately stroke for stroke, tree for tree, curl for curl, the same as Miss Slamcoe's, who is eighteen. The fact is, that of these drawings Rubbery, in the course of the year, has done every single stroke, although the girls and their parents are ready to take their affidavits (or, as I heard once a great female grammarian say, their affies \textit{davit}) that the drawing master has never been near the sketches. This is the way with them; but mark! when young ladies come home, are settled in life, and mammas of families, can they design so much as a horse or a dog or a 'moo-cow' for little Jack who bawls out for them? Not they! Rubbery's pupils have no more notion of drawing any more than Sepio's of painting when that eminent artist is away.

Between these two gentlemen lie a whole class of teachers of drawing, who resemble them more or less. I am ashamed to say that Rubbery takes his pipe in the parlor of an hotel, of which the largest room is devoted to the convenience of poor people, amateurs of British gin, while Sepio trips down to the club, and has a pint of the smallest claret; but of course the tastes of men vary; and you find them simple or presuming, careless or prudent, natural and vulgar, or false and atrociusly genteel, in all ranks and stations of life.

As for the other persons mentioned at the beginning of this discourse, viz.: the cheap portrait painter, the portrait cutter in sticking plaster, and Miss Croke, the teacher of mezzotint and Poonah-painting—nothing need be said of them in this place, as we have to speak of matters more important. Only about Miss Croke, or about other professors of cheap art, let the reader most sedulously avoid them. Mezzotinto is a take in, Poonah-painting a rank, villainous deception. So is 'Grecian art without brush or pencil.' These are only small mechanical contrivances over which young ladies are made to lose time. And now, having disposed of these small skirmishers who hover round the great body of artists, we are arrived in presence of the main force, that we must begin to attack in form. In the 'partition of the earth,' as it has been described by Schiller, the reader will remember that the poet, finding himself at the end of the general scramble without a single morsel of plunder, applied passionately to Jove, who pitied the poor fellow's condition, and complimented him with a seat in the empyrean. 'The strong and the cunning,' says Jupiter, 'have seized upon the inheritance of the world while thon wert star-gazing and rhyming; not one single acre remains wherewith I can endow
thee; but, in revenge, if thou art disposed to visit me in my own heaven, come when thou wilt, it is always open to thee.'

The cunning and strong have scrambled and struggled more on our own little native spot of earth than in any other place on the world's surface; and the English poet (whether he handles a pen or a pencil) has little other refuge than that windy, unsubstantial one which Jove has vouchsafed to him. Such airy board and lodging is, however, distasteful to many, who prefer, therefore, to give up their poetical calling, and, in a vulgar beef-eating world, to feed upon and fight for vulgar beef.

For such persons (among the class of painters) it may be asserted that portrait painting was invented. It is the artist's compromise with heaven; 'the light of common day,' in which, after a certain quantity of 'travel from the East,' the genius fades at last. Abbé Barthelemy (who sent Le Jeune Anacharsis traveling through Greece in the time of Plato—traveling through ancient Greece in lace ruffles, red heels, and a pigtail)—Abbé Barthelemy, I say, declares that somebody was once standing against a wall in the sun, and that somebody else traced the outline of somebody's shadow; and so painting was 'invented.' Angelica Kauffmann has made a neat picture of this neat subject; and very well worthy she was of handling it. Her painting might grow out of a wall and a piece of charcoal; and honest Barthelemy might be satisfied that he had here traced the true origin of the art. What a base pedigree have these abominable Greek, French, and High-Dutch heathens invented for that which is divine!—a wall, ye gods, to be represented as the father of that which came down radiant from you! The man who invented such a blasphemy ought to be impaled upon broken bottles, or shot off pitilessly by spring guns, nailed to the bricks like a deal owl or a weasel, or tied up—a kind of vulgar Prometheus—and baited forever by the house dog.

But let not our indignation carry us too far. Lack of genius in some, of bread in others, of patronage in a shopkeeping world, that thinks only of the useful, and is little inclined to study the sublime, has turned thousands of persons calling themselves, and wishing to be, artists, into so many common face-painters, who must look out for the 'kalon' in the fat features of a red-gilled alderman, or, at best, in a pretty, simpering, white-necked beauty from Almack's. The dangerous charms of these latter, especially, have seduced away many painters; and we often think that this very physical superiority which English ladies possess, this tempting brilliancy of health and complexion which belongs to them more than to any others,
CHARACTER SKETCHES.

has operated upon our artists as a serious disadvantage, and kept them from better things. The French call such beauty, *La beauté du Diable*; and a devilish power it has truly; before our Armidas and Helens how many Rinaldos and Parises have fallen, who are content to forget their glorious calling, and slumber away their energies in the laps of these soft tempters. Oh, ye British enchantresses! I never see a gilded annual-book without liking it to a small island near Cape Pelorus in Sicily, whither, by twanging of harps, singing of ravishing melodies, glancing of voluptuous eyes, and the most beautiful fashionable undress in the world, the naughty sirens lure the passing seaman. Steer clear of them, ye artists! pull, pull for your lives, ye crews of Suffolk Street and the Water-Color gallery! stop your ears, bury your eyes, tie yourself to the mast, and away with you from the gaudy, smiling *Books of Beauty.* Land, and you are ruined! Look well among the flowers on yonder beach—it is whitened with the bones of painters.

For my part, I never have a model under seventy, and her with several shawls and a cloak on. By these means the imagination gets fair play, and the morals remain unendangered.

Personalities are odious; but let the British public look at pictures of the celebrated Mr. Shalloon—the moral British public—and say whether our grandchildren (or the grandchildren of the exalted personages whom Mr. Shalloon paints) will not have a queer idea of the manners of their grandmamas, as they are represented in the most beautiful, dexterous, captivating water-color drawings that ever were. Heavenly powers, how they simper and ogle! with what gimeracks of lace, ribbons, ferronières, smelling-bottles, and what not, is every one of them overloaded! What shoulders, what ringlets, what funny little pugdogs do they most of them exhibit to us! The days of Laneret and Wattean are lived over again, and the court ladies of the time of Queen Victoria look as moral as the immaculate countesses of the days of Louis Quinze. The last president of the Royal Academy * is answerable for many sins and many imitators; especially for that gay, simpering, meretricious look which he managed to give to every lady who sat to him for her portrait; and I do not know a more curious contrast than that which may be perceived by any one who will examine a collection of his portraits by the side of some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They seem to have painted different races of people; and when one hears very old gentlemen talking of the superior beauty that existed in their early days (as very old

* Sir Thomas Lawrence.
gentlemen, from Nestor downward, have and will), one is inclined to believe that there is some truth in what they say; at least, that the men and women under George the Third were far superior to their descendants in the time of George the Fourth. Whither has it fled—that calm matronly grace, or beautiful virgin innocence, which belonged to the happy women who sat to Sir Joshua? Sir Thomas' ladies are ogling out of their gilt frames, and asking us for admiration; Sir Joshua's sit quiet, in maiden meditation fancy free, not anxious for applause, but sure to command it; a thousand times more lovely in their sedate serenity than Sir Thomas' ladies in their smiles and their satin ball dresses.

But this is not the general notion, and the ladies prefer the manner of the modern artist. Of course, such being the case, the painters must follow the fashion. One could point out half a dozen artists who, at Sir Thomas' death, have seized upon a shred of his somewhat tawdry mantle. There is Carmine, for instance, a man of no small repute, who will stand as the representative of his class.

Carmine has had the usual education of a painter in this country; he can read and write—that is, has spent years drawing the figure—and has made his foreign tour. It may be that he had original talent once, but he has learned to forget this, as the great bar to his success; and must imitate in order to live. He is among artists what a dentist is among surgeons, a man who is employed to decorate the human head, and who is paid enormously for so doing. You know one of Carmine's beauties at any exhibition, and see the process by which they are manufactured. He lengthens the noses, widens the foreheads, opens the eyes, and gives them the proper languishing leer; diminishes the mouth, and infallibly tips the end of it with a pretty smile of his favorite color. He is a personable, white-handed, bald-headed, middle-aged man now, with that grave blandness of look which one sees in so many prosperous empty-headed people. He has a collection of little stories and court gossip about Lady This, and 'my particular friend, Lord So-and-so,' which he lets off in succession to every sitter; indeed, a most bland, irreproachable, gentlemanlike man. He gives most patronizing advice to young artists, and makes a point of praising all—not certainly too much, but in a gentlemanlike, indifferent, simpering way. This should be the maxim with prosperous persons who have had to make their way, and wish to keep what they have made. They praise everybody, and are called good-natured, benevolent men,
Surely no benevolence is so easy; it simply consists in lying and smiling and wishing everybody well. You will get to do so quite naturally at last, and at no expense of truth. At first, when a man has feelings of his own—feelings of love or of anger—this perpetual grin and good humor is hard to maintain. I used to imagine, when I first knew Carmine, that there were some particular springs in his wig (that glossy, oily, curl crop of chestnut hair) that pulled up his features into a smile, and kept the muscles so fixed for the day. I don't think so now, and should say he grinned even when he was asleep and his teeth were out; the smile does not lie in the manufacture of the wig, but in the construction of the brain. Claude Carmine has the organ of don't-care-a-damn-ativeness wonderfully developed; not that reckless don't-care-a-damn-ativeness which leads a man to disregard all the world, and himself into the bargain. Claude stops before he comes to himself; but beyond that individual member of the Royal Academy has not a single sympathy for a single human creature. The account of his friend's deaths, woes, misfortunes, or good luck he receives with equal good nature; he gives three splendid dinners per annum, Gunter, Dukes, Fortnum and Mason, everything; he dines out the other 362 days in the year, and was never known to give away a shilling, or to advance, for one half hour, the forty pounds per quarter wages that he gives to Mr. Scumble, who works the backgrounds, limbs, and draperies of his portraits.

He is not a good painter—how should he be, whose painting, as it were, never goes beyond a whisper, and who would make a general simpering as he looked at an advancing cannon ball?—but he is not a bad painter, being a keen, respectable man of the world, who has a cool head, and knows what is what. In France, where tigerism used to be the fashion among the painters, I make no doubt Carmine would have let his beard and wig grow, and looked the fiercest of the fierce; but with us a man must be genteel; the perfection of style (in writing and in drawing rooms) being de ne pas en avoir, Carmine of course is agreeably vapid. His conversation has accordingly the flavor and briskness of a clear, brilliant, stale bottle of soda water—once in five minutes or so you see rising up to the surface a little bubble—a little tiny shining point of wit—it rises and explodes feebly, and then dies. With regard to wit, people of fashion (as we are given to understand) are satisfied with a mere soupiron of it. Anything more were indecorous; a genteel stomach could not bear it; Carmine knows
the exact proportions of the dose, and would not venture to administer to his sitters anything beyond the requisite quantity.

There is a great deal more said here about Carmine—the man, than Carmine—the artist; but what can be written about the latter? New ladies in white satin, new generals in red, new peers in scarlet and ermine, and stout Members of Parliament pointing to inkstands and sheets of letter paper, with a Turkey carpet beneath them, a red curtain above them, a Doric pillar supporting them, and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning lowering and flashing in the background, spring up every year, and take their due positions 'upon the line' in the Academy, and send their complements of hundreds to swell Carmine's heap of Consols. If he paints Lady Flummery for the tenth time, in the character of the tenth Muse, what need have we to say anything about it? The man is a good workman, and will manufacture a decent article at the best price; but we should no more think of noticing each than of writing fresh critiques upon every new coat that Nugee or Stultz turned out. The papers say, in reference to his picture, "No. 591. "Full-length portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Doldrum. Carmine, R. A." Mr. Carmine never fails; this work, like all others by the same artist, is excellent;"—or, "No. 591, etc. The lovely Duchess of Doldrum has received from Mr. Carmine's pencil ample justice; the chiaroscope of the picture is perfect; the likeness admirable; the keeping and coloring have the true Titianesque gusto; if we might hint a fault, it has the left ear of the lapdog a "little" out of drawing."

Then, perhaps, comes a criticism which says: 'The Duchess of Doldrum's picture, by Mr. Carmine, is neither better nor worse than five hundred other performances of the same artist. It would be very unjust to say that these portraits are bad, for they have really a considerable cleverness; but to say that they were good would be quite as false; nothing in our eyes was ever further from being so. Every ten years Mr. Carmine exhibits what is called an original picture of three inches square, but beyond this nothing original is to be found in him; as a lad he copied Reynolds, then Opie, then Lawrence; then having made a sort of style of his own, he has copied himself ever since,' etc.

And then the critic goes on to consider the various parts of Carmine's pictures. In speaking of critics, their peculiar relationship with painters ought not to be forgotten, and as in a former paper we have seen how a fashionable authoress has her critical toadies, in like manner has the painter his enemies
and friends in the press; with this difference, probably, that
the writer can bear a fair quantity of abuse without wincing,
while the artist not uncommonly grows mad at such strictures;
considers them as personal matters, inspired by a private feel-
ing of hostility, and hates the critic for life who has ventured
to question his judgment in any way. We have said before,
poor Academicians, for how many conspiracies are you made
to answer! We may add now, poor critics, what black per-
sonal animosities are discovered for you, when you happen
(right or wrong, but according to your best ideas) to speak
the truth! Say that Snooks' picture is badly colored. 'O
Heavens!' shrieks Snooks, 'what can I have done to offend
this fellow?' Hint that such a figure is badly drawn, and
Snooks instantly declares you to be his personal enemy, actu-
ated only by envy and vile pique. My friend Pebbler, himself
a famous artist, is of opinion that the critic should never
abuse the painter's performances, because, says he, the painter
knows much better than anyone else what his own faults are,
and because you never do him any good. Are men of the
brush so obstinate? very likely. But the public—the public?
are we not to do our duty by it too; and, aided by our
superior knowledge and genius for the fine arts, point out to
it the way it should go? Yes, surely; and as by the efforts
of dull or interested critics many bad painters have been
palmed off upon the nation as geniuses of the first degree; in
like manner, the sagacious and disinterested (like some we
could name) have endeavored to provide this British nation
with pure principles of taste—or at least to prevent them from
adopting such as are impure.

Carmine, to be sure, comes in for very little abuse; and
indeed, he deserves but little. He is a fashionable painter, and
preserves the golden mediocrity which is necessary for the
fashion. Let us bid him good-by. He lives in a house all to
himself, most likely—has a footman, sometimes a carriage; is
apt to belong to the Athenæum; and dies universally
respected; that is, not one single soul cares for him dead, as
he, living, did not care for one single soul.

Then, perhaps, we should mention McGilp, or Blather, ris-
ing young men, who will fill Carmine's place one of these days,
and occupy his house in ——, when the fullness of time shall
come, and (he borne to a narrow grave in the Harrow Road
by the whole mourning Royal Academy) they shall leave their
present first floor in Newman Street, and step into his very
house and shoes.
There is little difference between the juniors and the seniors; they grin when they are talking of him together, and express a perfect confidence that they can paint a head against Carmine any day—and very likely they can. But until his demise they are occupied with painting people about the Regent's Park and Russell Square; are very glad to have the chance of a popular clergyman, or a college tutor, or a mayor of Stoke Pogis after the Reform Bill. Such characters are commonly mezzotinted afterward, and the portrait of our esteemed townsman So-and-so, by the talented artist Mr. McGilp of London, is favorably noticed by the provincial press, and is to be found over the sideboards of many country gentlemen. If they come up to town, to whom do they go? To McGilp, to be sure; and thus, slowly, his practice and his prices increase.

The Academy student is a personage that should not be omitted here; he resembles very much, outwardly, the medical student, and has many of the latter's habits and pleasures. He very often wears a broad-brimmed hat and a fine dirty crimson velvet waistcoat, his hair commonly grows long, and he has braiding to his pantaloons. He works leisurely at the Academy, he loves theaters, billiards, and novels, and has his house-of-call-somewhere in the neighborhood of St. Martin's Lane, where he and his brethren meet and sneer at Royal Academicians. If you ask him what line of art he pursues, he answers with a smile exceedingly supercilious, 'Sir, I am an historical painter,' meaning that he will only condescend to take subjects from Hume, or Robertson, or from the classics—which he knows nothing about. This stage of an historical painter is only preparatory, lasting, perhaps, from eighteen to five-and-twenty, when the gentleman's madness begins to disappear, and he comes to look at life sternly in the face, and to learn that man shall not live by historical painting alone. Then our friend falls to portrait painting, or annual painting, or makes some other such sad compromise with necessity.

He has probably a small patrimony, which defrays the charge of his studies and cheap pleasures during his period of apprenticeship. He makes the obligé tour to France and Italy, and returns from those countries with a multitude of soiled canvases and a large pair of mustaches, with which he establishes himself in one of the dingy streets of Soho before mentioned. There is poor Pipson, a man of indomitable patience, and undying enthusiasm for his profession. He could paper Exeter Hall with his studies from the life and with portraits in chalk and oil of French supeurs and Italian brigands that
kindly descend from their mountain caverns and quit their murderous occupations in order to sit to young gentlemen at Rome, at the rate of tenpence an hour. Pipson returns from abroad, establishes himself, has his cards printed, and waits and waits for commissions for great historical paintings. Meanwhile, night after night, he is to be found at his old place in the Academy, copying the old lifeguardsman—working, working away, and never advancing one jot. At eighteen Pipson copied statues and lifeguardsmen to admiration; at five-and-thirty he can make admirable drawings of lifeguardsmen and statues. Beyond this he never goes; year after year his historical picture is returned to him by the envious Academicians, and he grows old, and his little patrimony is long since spent; and he earns nothing himself. How does he support hope and life? that is the wonder. No one knows until he tries (which God forbid he should!) upon what a small matter hope and life can be supported. Our poor fellow lives on from year to year in a miraculous way; tolerably cheerful in the midst of his semi-starvation, and wonderfully confident about next year, in spite of the failures of the last twenty-five. Let us thank God for imparting to us, poor weak mortals, the inestimable blessing of **vanity**. How many half-witted votaries of the arts—poets, painters, actors, musicians—live upon this food, and scarcely any other! If the delusion were to drop from Pipson's eyes, and he should see himself as he is—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one fatal particle of common sense—he would just walk off Waterloo Bridge, and abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodgings, unpaid baker's bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes at once and forever.

We do not mean to deprecate the profession of historical painting, but simply to warn youth against it as dangerous, and unprofitable. It is as if a young fellow should say, 'I will be a Raffaelle or a Titian, a Milton or a Shakspere,' and if he will count up how many people have lived since the world begun, and how many there have been of the Raffaelle or Shakspere sort, he can calculate to a nicety what are the chances in his favor. Even successful historical painters, what are they? In a worldly point of view, they mostly inhabit the second floor, or have great desolate studios in back premises, whither lifeguardsmen, old-clothesmen, blackamoors, and other 'properties' are conducted, to figure at full length as Roman conquerers, Jewish highpriests, or Othellos on canvas. Then there are gay, smart watercolor painters—a
flourishing and pleasant trade. Then there are shabby, fierce looking geniuses, in ringlets, and all but rags, who paint, and whose pictures are never sold, and who vow they are the objects of some general and scoundrelly conspiracy. They are landscape painters, who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth and brave heat and cold to bring to the greedy British public views of Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, Timbuctoo. You see English artists under the shadow of the Pyramids, making sketches of the Copts, perched on the backs of dromedaries, accompanying a caravan across the desert, or getting materials for an annual in Iceland or Siberia. What genius and what energy do not they all exhibit—these men whose profession, in this wise country of ours, is scarcely considered as liberal!

If we read the works of the Rev. Dr. Lempriere, M. Winckelmann, Professor Plato, and others who have written concerning the musty old Grecians, we shall find that the artists of those barbarous times meddled with all sorts of trades besides their own, and dabbled in fighting, philosophy, metaphysics, both Scotch and German, politics, music, and the dwee knows what. A rambling sculptor who used to go about giving lectures in those days, Socrates by name, declared that the wisest of men in his time were artists. This Plato, before mentioned, went through a regular course of drawing, figure and landscape, black-lead, chalk, with or without stump, sepia, water color, and oils. Was there ever such absurdity known? Among these benighted heathens, painters were the most accomplished gentlemen—and the most accomplished gentlemen were painters; the former would make you a speech, or read you a dissertation on Kant, or lead you a regiment—with the very best statesman, philosopher, or soldier in Athens. And they had the folly to say that, by thus busying and accomplishing themselves in all manly studies, they were advancing eminently in their own peculiar one. What was the consequence? Why, that fellow Socrates not only made a miserable fifth-rate sculptor, but was actually hanged for treason.

And serve him right. Do our young artists study anything beyond the proper way of cutting a pencil or drawing a model? Do you hear of them hard at work over books, and bothering their brains with musty learning? Not they, forsooth; we understand the doctrine of division of labor, and each man sticks to his trade. Artists do not meddle with the pursuits of the rest of the world; and, in revenge, the rest of
the world does not meddle with artists. Fancy an artist being a senior wrangler or a politician; and on the other hand, fancy a real gentleman turned painter! No, no; ranks are defined. A real gentleman may get money by the law, or by wearing a red coat and fighting, or a black one and preaching; but that he should sell himself to Art—forbid it, Heaven! And do not let your ladyship on reading this cry, 'Stuff! stupid envy, rank republicanism—an artist is a gentleman.' Madam, would you like to see your son, the Honorable Fitzroy Plantagenet, a painter? You would die sooner; the escutcheon of the Smigsmags would be blotted forever, if Plantagenet ever ventured to make a mercantile use of a bladder of paint.

Time was—some hundred years back—when writers lived in Grub Street, and poor ragged Johnson shrunk behind a screen in Cave's parlor—that the author's trade was considered a very mean one; which a gentleman of family could not take up but as an amateur. This absurdity is pretty nearly worn out now, and I do humbly hope and pray for the day when the other shall likewise disappear. If there be any nobleman with a talent that way, why—why don't we see him among the R. A.'s?

502. View of the Artist's residence at Windsor Maconkey, Right Honorable T. B.
503. Murder of the Babes in the Tower Rustle, Lord J.
504. A Little Agitation Pill, Right Honorable Sir Robert.
505. O'Carrol, Daniel, M. R. I. A.

Fancy, I say, such names as these figuring in the catalogue of the Academy; and why should they not? The real glorious days of the art (which wants equality and not patronage) will revive then. Patronage—a plague on the word—it implies inferiority; and in the name of all that is sensible, why is a respectable country gentleman, or a city attorney's lady, or any person of any rank, however exalted, to 'patronize' an artist!

There are some who sigh for the past times when magnificent, swaggering Peter Paul Rubens (who himself patronized a queen) rode abroad with a score of gentlemen in his train and a purse-bearer to scatter ducats; and who love to think how he was made an English knight and a Spanish grandee, and went to embassies as if he had been a born marquis. Sweet it is to remember, too, that Sir Antony Vandyck, K. B., actually married out of the peerage; and that when Titian dropped his mahlstick, the Emperor Charles V. picked it up (oh, gods! what heroic self-devotion)—picked it up, saying, 'I can make fifty dukes,
but not one Titian." Nay, was not the Pope of Rome going to make Raffaelle a Cardinal, and were not these golden days?

Let us say at once, 'No.' The very fuss made about certain painters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows that the body of artists had no rank or position in the world. They hung upon single patrons, and every man who holds his place by such a tenure must feel himself as inferior, more or less. The times are changing now, and as authors are no longer compelled to send their works abroad under the guardianship of a great man and a slavish dedication, painters, too, are beginning to deal directly with the public. Who are the great picture buyers now? the engravers and their employers, the people—'the only source of legitimate power,' as they say after dinner. A fig then for cardinals' hats! Were Mr. O'Connell in power to-morrow let us hope he would not give one, not even a paltry bishopric *in partibus*, to the best painter in the Academy. What need have they of honors out of the profession? Why are they to be be-knighted like a parcel of aldermen? for my part, I solemnly declare that I will take nothing under a peerage, after the exhibition of my great picture, and don't see, if painters *must* have titles conferred upon them for eminent services, why the Marquis of Mulready or the Earl of Landseer should not sit in the House as well as any law or soldier lord.

The truth to be elicited from this little digressive dissertation is this painful one—that young artists are not generally as well instructed as they should be; and let the Royal Academy look to it, and give some sound courses of lectures to their pupils on literature and history as well as on anatomy or light and shade.
MEN'S WIVES.
BY G. FITZ-BOODLE.

THE RAVENSWING.

Chapter I.

which is entirely introductory—contains an account
of Miss Crump, her suitors, and her family circle.

In a certain quiet and sequestered nook of the retired village
of London—perhaps in the neighborhood of Berkeley Square,
or at any rate somewhere near Burlington Gardens—there was
once a house of entertainment called the Bootjack Hotel.
Mr. Crump, the landlord, had, in the outset of life, performed
the duties of boots in some inn even more frequented than his
own, and far from being ashamed of his origin, as many per-
sons are in the days of their prosperity, had thus solemnly
recorded it over the hospitable gate of his hotel.

Crump married Miss Budge, so well known to the admirers
of the festive dance on the other side of the water as Miss
Delaney; and they had one daughter, named Morgiana, after
that celebrated part in the 'Forty Thieves' which Miss Budge
performed with unbounded applause both at the 'Surrey' and
'The Wells.' Mrs. Crump sat in a little bar profusely orna-
mented with pictures of the dancers of all ages, from Hillsberg,
Rose, Parisot, who plied the light fantastic toe in 1805, down
to the Sylphides of our day. There was in the collection a
charming portrait of herself, done by De Wilde; she was in
the dress of Morgiana, and in the act of pouring, to very slow
music, a quantity of boiling oil into one of the forty jars. In
this sanctuary she sat, with black eyes, black hair, a purple face,
and a turban, and morning, noon, or night, as you went into the
parlor of the hotel, there was Mrs. Crump taking tea (with a lit-
tle something in it), looking at the fashions, or reading Cumber-
land's British Theater. The Sunday Times was her paper, for
she voted the Dispatch, that journal which is taken in by most
ladies of her profession, to be vulgar and Radical, and loved the
theatrical gossip in which the other mentioned journal abounds.
The fact is that the Royal Bootjack, though a humble,
was a very genteel house; and a very little persuasion would
Induce Mr. Crump, as he looked at his own door in the sun, to
tell you that he had himself drawn off with that very boot-
jack the topboots of his royal Highness the Prince of Wales
and the First Gentleman in Europe. While, then, the houses of
entertainment in the neighborhood were loud in their pretended
Liberal politics, the Bootjack stuck to the good old Conserva-
tive line, and was only frequented by such persons as were of
that way of thinking. There were two parlors, much accustomed,
one for the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, who came from the
houses of their employers hard by; another for some 'gents who
use the 'ouse,' as Mrs. Crump would say (Heaven bless her!) in
her simple Cockney dialect, and who formed a little club there.
I forgot to say that while Mrs. C. was sipping her eternal
tea or washing up her endless blue china, you might often hear
Miss Morgiana employed at the little red-silk cottage piano,
singing, 'Come where the haspens quiver,' or 'Bonny lad,
march over hill and furrow,' or 'My 'art and lute,' or any other
popular piece of the day. And the dear girl sung with very
considerable skill too, for she had a fine loud voice, which if
not always in tune, made up for that defect by its great energy
and activity; and Morgiana was not content with singing the
mere tune, but gave every one of the roulades, flourishes, and
ornaments as she heard them at the theaters by Mrs. Humby,
Mrs. Waylett, or Mme. Vestris. The girl had a fine black
eye like her mamma, a grand enthusiasm for the stage, as every
actor's child will have, and, if the truth must be known, had
appeared many and many a time at the theater in Catherine
Street, in minor parts first, and then in Little Pickle, in Des-
demona, in Rosina, and in Miss Foote's part where she used to
dance: I have not the name to my hand, but think it is Davi-
dson. Four times in the week, at least, her mother and she used
to sail off at night to some place of public amusement, for Mrs.
Crump had a mysterious acquaintance with all sorts of theatric-
al personages; and the gates of her old haunt 'The Wells,' of the
'Cobourg' (by the kind permission of Mrs. Davidge), nay, of the
'Lane' and the 'Market' themselves, flew open before her; 'Open
sesame,' as the robbers' door did to her colleague, Ali Baba
(Hornbuckle), in the operatic piece in which she was so famous.

Beer was Mr. Crump's beverage, variegated by a little gin
in the evenings; and little need be said of this gentleman ex-
cept that he discharged his duties honorably, and filled the
president's chair at the club as completely as it could possibly
be filled; for he could not even sit in it in his greatcoat, so
accurately was the seat adapted to him. His wife and daugh.
ter, perhaps, thought somewhat slightly of him, for he had no literary tastes, and had never been at a theater since he took his bride from one. He was valet to Lord Slapper at the time, and certain it is that his lordship set him up in the Bootjack, and that stories had been told. But what are such to you and me? Let bygones be bygones; Mrs. Crump was quite as honest as her neighbors, and Miss had £500, to be paid down on the day of her wedding.

Those who know the habits of the British tradesman are aware that he has gregarious propensities like any lord in the land; that he loves a joke; that he is not averse to a glass; that after the day's toil he is happy to consort with men of his degree; and that as society is not so far advanced among us as to allow him to enjoy the comforts of splendid clubhouses, which are open to many persons with not a tenth part of his pecuniary means, he meets his friends in the cozy tavern parlor, where a neat sanded floor, a large Windsor chair, and a glass of hot something-and-water, make him as happy as any of the clubmen in their magnificent saloons.

At the Bootjack was, as we have said, a very genteel and select society, called the Kidney Club, from the fact that on Saturday evenings a little graceful supper of broiled kidneys was usually discussed by the members of the club. Saturday was their grand night; not but that they met on all other nights in the week when inclined for festivity; and indeed some of them could not come on Saturdays in the summer, having elegant villas in the suburbs, where they passed the six-and-thirty hours of recreation that are happily to be found at the end of every week.

There was Mr. Balls, the great grocer of South Audley Street, a warm man, who, they say, had his £20,000; Jack Snaffle, of the mews hard by, a capital fellow for a song; Clinker, the ironmonger; all married gentlemen and in the best line of business; Tressle, the undertaker, etc. No liveries were admitted into the room, as may be imagined, but one or two select butlers and major domos joined the circle; for the persons composing it knew very well how important it was to be on good terms with these gentlemen; and many a time my lord's account would never have been paid, and my lady's large order never have been given, but for the conversation which took place at the Bootjack, and the friendly intercourse subsisting between all the members of the society.

The tiptop men of the society were two bachelors, and two as fashionable tradesmen as any in town: Mr. Woolsey, from
Stultz's, of the famous house of Linsey, Woolsey & Co., of Conduit Street, tailors; and Mr. Eglantine, the celebrated perruquier and perfumer of Bond Street, whose soaps, razors, and patent ventilating scalps are known throughout Europe. Linsey, the senior partner of the tailors' firm, had his handsome mansion in Regent's Park, drove his buggy, and did little more than lend his name to the house. Woolsey lived in it, was the working man of the firm, and it was said that his cut was as magnificent as that of any man in the profession. Woolsey and Eglantine were rivals in many ways—rivals in fashion, rivals in wit, and, above all, rivals for the hand of an amiable young lady whom we have already mentioned, the dark-eyed songstress Morgiana Crump. They were both desperately in love with her, that was the truth; and each, in the absence of the other, abused his rival heartily. Of the hairdresser Woolsey said that, as for Eglantine being his real name, it was all his (Mr. Woolsey's) eye; that he was in the hands of the Jews, and his stock and grand shop eaten up by usury. And with regard to Woolsey, Eglantine remarked that his pretense of being descended from the Cardinal was all nonsense; that he was a partner, certainly, in the firm, but had only a sixteenth share; and that the firm could never get their moneys in, and had an immense number of bad debts in their books. As is usual, there was a great deal of truth and a great deal of malice in these tales; however, the gentlemen were, take them in all, in a very fashionable way of business, and had their claims to Miss Morgiana's hand backed by the parents. Mr. Crump was a partisan of the tailor; while Mrs. C. was a strong advocate for the claims of the enticing perfumer.

Now, it was a curious fact that these two gentlemen were each in need of the other's services—Woolsey being afflicted with premature baldness, or some other necessity for a wig still more fatal—Eglantine being a very fat man, who required much art to make his figure at all decent. He wore a brown frock coat and frogs, and attempted by all sorts of contrivances to hide his obesity; but Woolsey's remark that, dress as he would, he would always look like a snob, and that there was only one man in England who could make a gentleman of him, went to the perfumer's soul; and if there was one thing on earth he longed for (not including the hand of Miss Crump), it was to have a coat from Linsey's, in which costume he was sure that Morgiana would not resist him.

If Eglantine was uneasy about the coat, on the other hand he attacked Woolsey atrociously on the score of his wig; for
though the latter went to the best makers, he never could get a peruke to sit naturally upon him; and the unhappy epithet of Mr. Wiggins, applied to him on one occasion by the barber, stuck to him ever after in the club, and made him writhe when it was uttered. Each man would have quitted the Kidneys in disgust long since, but for the other—each had an attraction in the place, and dared not leave the field in possession of his rival.

To do Miss Morgiana justice, it must be said that she did not encourage one more than another; but as far as accepting eau de Cologne and hair-combs from the perfumer—some opera tickets, a treat to Greenwich, and a piece of real Genoa velvet for a bonnet (it had originally been intended for a waistcoat), from the admiring tailor, she had been equally kind to each, and in return had made each a present of a lock of her beautiful glossy hair. It was all she had to give, poor girl! and what could she do but gratify her admirers by this cheap and artless testimony of her regard? A pretty scene and quarrel took place between the rivals on the day when they discovered that each was in possession of one of Morgiana’s ringlets.

Such, then, were the owners and inmates of the little Bootjack, from whom and which, as this chapter is exceedingly discursive and descriptive, we must separate the reader for a while, and carry him—it is only into Bond Street, so no gentleman need be afraid—carry him into Bond Street where some other personages are awaiting his consideration.

Not far from Mr. Eglantine’s shop in Bond Street stand, as is very well known, the Windsor chambers. The West Diddlesex Association (Western Branch), the British and Foreign Soap Company, the celebrated attorneys Kite & Levison, have their respective offices here; and as the names of the other inhabitants of the chambers are not only painted on the walls, but also registered in Mrs. Boyle’s ‘Court Guide,’ it is quite unnecessary that they should be repeated here. Among them, on the entresol (between the splendid saloons of the Soap Company on the first floor, with their statue of Britannia presenting a packet of the soap to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and the West Diddlesex Western Branch on the basement) lives a gentleman by the name of Mr. Howard Walker. The brass plate on the door of that gentleman’s chambers had the word ‘Agency’ inscribed beneath his name; and we are therefore at liberty to imagine that he followed that mysterious occupation. In person Mr. Walker was very genteel; he had large whiskers, dark eyes (with a slight cast in them), a cane, and a velvet waistcoat. He was a member of a club; had an
admission to the Opera, and knew every face behind the scenes; and was in the habit of using a number of French phrases in his conversation, having picked up a smattering of that language during a residence on the Continent; in fact, he had found it very convenient at various times of his life to dwell in the city of Boulogne, where he acquired a knowledge of smoking, écarté, and billiards, which was afterward of great service to him. He knew all the best tables in town, and the marker at Hunt’s could only give him ten. He had some fashionable acquaintances too, and you might see him walking arm-in-arm with such gentlemen as my Lord Vauxhall, the Marquis of Billingsgate, or Captain Buff; and at the same time nodding to young Moses, the dandy bailiff; or Loder, the gambling-house keeper; or Aminadab, the cigar-seller in the Quadrant. Sometimes he wore a pair of mustaches, and was called Captain Walker; grounding his claim to that title upon the fact of having once held a commission in the service of her Majesty the Queen of Portugal. It scarcely need be said that he had been through the Insolvent Court many times. But to those who did not know his history intimately there was some difficulty in identifying him with the individual who had so taken the benefit of the law, inasmuch as in his schedule his name appeared as Hooker Walker, wine merchant, commission agent, music seller, or what not. The fact is that, though he preferred to call himself Howard, Hooker was his Christian name, and it had been bestowed on him by his worthy old father, who was a clergyman, and had intended his son for that profession. But as the old gentleman died in York jail, where he was a prisoner for debt, he was never able to put his pious intentions with regard to his son into execution; and the young fellow (as he was wont with many oaths to assert) was thrown on his own resources, and became a man of the world at a very early age.

What Mr. Howard Walker’s age was at the time of the commencement of this history, and, indeed, for an indefinite period before or afterward, it is impossible to determine. If he were eight-and-twenty, as he asserted himself, time had dealt hardly with him; his hair was thin, there were many crow’s feet about his eyes, and other sags in his countenance of the progress of decay. If, on the contrary, he were forty, as Sam Snaffle declared, who himself had misfortunes in early life, and vowed he knew Mr. Walker in Whitecross Street Prison in 1820, he was a very young looking person considering his age. His figure was active and slim, his leg neat, and he had not in his whiskers a single white hair.
It must, however, be owned that he used Mr. Eglantine's Regenerative Unction (which will make your whiskers as black as your boot), and, in fact, he was a pretty constant visitor at that gentleman's emporium; dealing with him largely for soaps and articles of perfumery, which he had at an exceedingly low rate. Indeed, he was never known to pay Mr. Eglantine one single shilling for those objects of luxury, and, having them on such moderate terms, was enabled to indulge in them pretty copiously. Thus Mr. Walker was almost as great a nosegay as Mr. Eglantine himself; his handkerchief was scented with verbena, his hair with jessamine, and his coat had usually a fine perfume of cigars, which rendered his presence in a small room almost instantaneously remarkable. I have described Mr. Walker thus accurately, because, in truth, it is more with characters than with astounding events that this little history deals, and Mr. Walker is one of the principal of our dramatis personae.

And so, having introduced Mr. W., we will walk over with him to Mr. Eglantine's emporium, where that gentleman is in waiting, too, to have his likeness taken.

There is about an acre of plate glass under the royal arms on Mr. Eglantine's shop window; and at night, when the gas is lighted, and the washballs are illuminated, and the lambent flame plays fitfully over numberless bottles of vari-colored perfumes—now flashes on a case of razors, and now lightens up a crystal vase, containing a hundred thousand of his patent toothbrushes—the effect of the sight may be imagined. You don't suppose that he is a creature who has those odious, simpering wax figures in his window, that are called by the vulgar dummies? He is above such a wretched artifice; and it is my belief that he would as soon have his own head chopped off, and placed as a trunkless decoration to his shop window, as allow a dummy to figure there. On one pane you read in elegant gold letters 'Eglantinia'—'tis his essence for the handkerchief; on the other is written 'Regenerative Unction'—'tis his invaluable pomatum for the hair.

There is no doubt about it; Eglantine's knowledge of his profession amounts to genius. He sells a cake of soap for seven shillings for which another man would not get a shilling, and his tooth brushes go off like wildfire at half a guinea apiece. If he has to administer rouge or pearl powder to ladies, he does it with a mystery and fascination which there is no resisting, and the ladies believe there are no cosmetics like his. He gives his wares unheard of names, and obtains for them sums equally prodigious. He can dress hair—that is a fact—as few men in
this age can; and has been known to take £20 in a single night from as many of the first ladies of England when ringlets were in fashion. The introduction of bands, he says, made a difference of £2000 a year in his income; and if there is one thing in the world he hates and despises, it is a Madonna. 'I'm not,' says he, 'a tradesman—I'm a hartist' (Mr. Eglantine was born in London)—'I'm a hartist; and show me a fine 'ead of 'air, and I'll dress it for nothink.' He vows that it was his way of dressing Mile. Sontag's hair that caused the count her husband to fall in love with her; and he has a look of it in a brooch, and says it was the finest head he ever saw, except one, and that was Morgiana Crump's.

With his genius and his position in the profession, how comes it, then, that Mr. Eglantine was not a man of fortune, as many a less clever has been? If the truth must be told, he loved pleasure, and was in the hands of the Jews. He had been in business twenty years; he had borrowed a thousand pounds to purchase his stock and shop; and he calculated that he had paid upward of £20,000 for the use of the one thousand, which was still as much due as on the first day when he entered business. He could show that he had received a thousand dozen of champagne from the disinterested money dealers with whom he usually negotiated his paper. He had pictures all over his 'studios,' which had been purchased in the same bargains. If he sold his goods at an enormous price, he paid for them at a rate almost equally exorbitant. There was not an article in his shop but came to him through his Israelite providers; and in the very front shop itself sat a gentleman who was the nominee of one of them, and who was called Mr. Mossrose. He was there to superintend the cash account, and to see that certain installments were paid to his principals, according to certain agreements entered into between Mr. Eglantine and them.

Having that sort of opinion of Mr. Mossrose which Damocles may have had of the sword which hung over his head, of course Mr. Eglantine hated his foreman profoundly. 'He an artist,' would the former gentleman exclaim; 'why, he's only a disguised bailiff! Mossrose indeed! The chap's name's Amos, and he sold oranges before he came here.' Mr. Mossrose, on his side, utterly despised Mr. Eglantine, and looked forward to the day when he would become the proprietor of the shop, and take Eglantine for a foreman; and then it would be his turn to sneer and bully and ride the high horse.

Thus it will be seen that there was a skeleton in the great perfumer's house, as the saying is; a worm in his heart's core,
and though to all appearance prosperous, he was really in an awkward position.

What Mr. Eglantine's relations were with Mr. Walker may be imagined from the following dialogue which took place between the two gentlemen at five o'clock one summer's afternoon, when Mr. Walker, issuing from his chambers, came across to the perfumer's shop:

'Is Eglantine at home, Mr. Mossrose?' said Walker to the foreman, who sat in the front shop.

'Don't know—go and look' (meaning go and be hanged); for Mossrose also hated Mr. Walker.

'If you're uncivil I'll break your bones, Mr. Amos,' says Mr. Walker sternly.

'I should like to see you try, Mr. Hooker Walker,' replies the undaunted shopman; on which the captain, looking several tremendous canings at him, walked into the back room or 'studio.'

'How are you, Tiny my Buck?' says the captain. 'Much doing?'

'Not a soul in town. I 'aven't touched the hirons all day,' replied Mr. Eglantine, in rather a desponding way.

'Well, just get them ready now, and give my whiskers a turn. I'm going to dine with Billingsgate and some out-and-out fellows at the "Regent," and so, my lad, just do your best.'

'I can't,' says Mr. Eglantine. 'I expect ladies, captain, every minute.'

'Very good; I don't want to trouble such a great man, I'm sure. Good-by, and let me hear from you this day week, Mr. Eglantine.' 'This day week' meant that at seven days from that time a certain bill accepted by Mr. Eglantine would be due, and presented for payment.

'Don't be in such a hurry, captain—do sit down. I'll curl you in one minute. And, I say, won't the party renew?'

'Impossible—it's the third renewal.'

'But I'll make the thing handsome to you; indeed I will.'

'How much?'

'Will ten pounds do the business?'

'What! offer my principal ten pounds? Are you mad, Eglantine? A little more of the iron to the left whisker.'

'No, I meant for commission.'

'Well, I'll see if that will do. The party I deal with, Eglantine, has power, I know, and can defer the matter, no doubt. As for me, you know, I've nothing to do in the affair, and only act as a friend between you and him. I give you my honor and soul, I do.'
"I know you do, my dear sir." The two last speeches were lies. The perfumer knew perfectly well that Mr. Walker would pocket the £10; but he was too easy to care for paying it, and too timid to quarrel with such a powerful friend. And he had on three different occasions already paid £10 fine for the renewal of the bill in question, all of which bonuses he knew went to his friend Mr. Walker.

Here, too, the reader will perceive what was, in part, the meaning of the word 'Agency' on Mr. Walker's door. He was a go-between between money-lenders and borrowers in this world, and certain small sums always remained with him in the course of the transaction. He was an agent for wine, too; an agent for places to be had through the influence of great men; he was an agent for half a dozen theatrical people, male and female, and had the interests of the latter, especially, it was said, at heart. Such were a few of the means by which this worthy gentleman contrived to support himself, and if, as he was fond of high living, gambling, and pleasures of all kinds, his revenue was not large enough for his expenditure—why, he got into debt, and settled his bills that way. He was as much at home in the Fleet as in Pall Mall, and quite as happy in the one place as in the other. "That's the way I take things," would this philosopher say. "If I've money, I spend; if I've credit, I borrow; if I'm 'dunned, I whitewash; and so you can't beat me down." Happy elasticity of temperament! I do believe that, in spite of his misfortunes and precarious position, there was no man in England whose conscience was more calm, and whose slumbers were more tranquil than those of Captain Howard Walker.

As he was sitting under the hands of Mr. Eglantine, he reverted to 'the ladies,' whom the latter gentleman professed to expect; said he was a sly dog, a lucky ditto, and asked him if the ladies were handsome.

Eglantine thought there could be no harm in telling a bouncer to a gentleman with whom he was engaged in money transactions; and so, to give the captain an idea of his solvency and the brilliancy of his future prospects, 'Captain,' said he, 'I've got a hundred and eighty pounds out with you, which you were obliging enough to negotiate for me. Have I, or have I not, two bills out to that amount?'

'Well, my good fellow, you certainly have, and what then?'

'What then? Why, I bet you five pounds to one, that in three months those bills are paid.'

'Done! five pounds to one. I take it.'
This sudden closing with him made the perfumer rather uneasy; but he was not to pay for three months, and so he said 'Done!' too, and went on: 'What would you say if your bills were paid?'

'Not mine; Pike's.'

'Well, if Pike's were paid; and the Minories' man paid, and every single liability I have cleared off; and that Mossrose flung out of winder, and me and my emporium as free as hair?'

'You don't say so? Is Queen Anne dead? and has she left you a fortune? or what's the luck in the wind now?'

'It's better than Queen Anne, or anybody dying. What should you say to seeing in that very place where Mossrose now sits (hang him!)—seeing the finest head of 'air now in Europe? A woman, I tell you—a slap-up lovely woman, who, I'm proud to say, will soon be called Mrs. Heglantine, and will bring me £5000 to her fortune.'

'Well, Tiuy, this is good luck indeed. I say, you'll be able to do a bill or two for me then, hay? You won't forget an old friend?'

'That I won't. I shall have a place at my board for you, Captain; and many's the time I shall 'ope to see you under that ma'ogany.'

'What will the French milliner say? She'll hang herself for despair, Eglington.'

'Hush! not a word about 'er. I've sown all my wild oats, I tell you. Eglington is no longer the gay young bachelor, but the sober married man. I want a heart to share the feelings of mine. I want repose. I'm not so young as I was, I feel it.'

'Pooh! pooh! you are, you are—'

'Well, but I sigh for an 'appy fireside; and I'll have it.'

'And give up that club which you belong to, hay?'

'The Kidneys? Oh, of course; no married man should belong to such places; at least, I'll not; and I'll have my kidneys broiled at home. But be quiet, captain, if you please, the ladies appointed to—'

'And is it the lady you expect? eh, you rogue!'

'Well, get along. It's her and her ma.'

But Mr. Walker determined he wouldn't get along, and would see these lovely ladies before he stirred.

The operation on Mr. Walker's whiskers being concluded, he was arranging his toilet before the glass in an agreeable attitude: his neck out, his enormous pin settled in his stock to his satisfaction, his eyes complacently directed toward the reflection of his left and favorite whisker. Eglington was laid
on a settee, in an easy, though melancholy posture; he was twiddling the tongs with which he had just operated on Walker with one hand, and his right-hand ringlet with the other, and he was thinking—thinking of Morgiana; and then of the bill which was to become due on the 16th; and then of a light-blue velvet waistcoat with gold sprigs, in which he looked very killing, and so was trudging round in his little circle of loves, fears, and vanities. 'Hang it!' Mr. Walker was thinking, 'I am a handsome man. A pair of whiskers like mine are not met with every day. If anybody can see that my tuft is dyed, may I be—' When the door was flung open, and a large lady with a curl on her forehead, yellow shawl, green velvet bonnet with feathers, half boots, and a drab gown with tulips and other large exotics painted on it—when, in a word, Mrs. Crump and her daughter bounced into the room!

'Here we are, Mr. E.,' cries Mrs. Crump, in a gay, folâtre confidential air. 'But law! there's a gent in the room!'

'Don't mind me, ladies,' says the gent alluded to, with his fascinating way. 'I'm a friend of Eglantine's; aint I, Egg? a chip of the old block, hay?'

'That you are,' said the perfumer, starting up.

'An 'airdresser?' asked Mrs. Crump. 'Well, I thought he was; there's something, Mr. E., in gentlemen of your profession so exceeding, so uncommon distangy.'

'Madam, you do me proud,' replied the gentleman so complimented, with great presence of mind. 'Will you allow me to try my skill upon you, or upon Miss, your lovely daughter? I'm not so clever as Eglantine, but no bad hand, I assure you.'

'Nonsense, captain,' interrupted the perfumer, who was uncomfortable somehow at the rencontre between the captain and the object of his affection. 'He's not in the profession, Mrs. C. This is my friend Captain Walker, and proud I am to call him my friend.' And then aside to Mrs. C., 'One of the first swells on town, ma'am—a regular tiptopper.'

Humoring the mistake which Mrs. Crump had just made, Mr. Walker thrust the curling-irons into the fire in a minute, and looked round at the ladies with such a fascinating grace that both, now made acquainted with his quality, blushed and giggled, and were quite pleased. Mamma looked at 'Gina, and 'Gina looked at mamma; and then mamma gave 'Gina a little blow in the region of her little waist, and then both burst out laughing, as ladies will laugh, and as, let us trust, they may laugh for ever and ever. Why need there be a reason for laughing? Let us laugh when we are laughly, as we sleep.
when we are sleepy. And so Mrs. Crump and her demoiselle laughed to their ‘hearts’ content; and both fixed their large shining black eyes repeatedly on Mr. Walker.

‘I won’t leave the room,’ said he, coming forward with the heated iron in his hand, and smoothing it on the brown paper with all the dexterity of a professor (for the fact is, Mr. W. every morning curled his own immense whiskers with the greatest skill and care—‘I won’t leave the room, Eglantine, my boy. My lady here took me for a hairdresser, and so, you know, I’ve a right to stay.’

‘He can’t stay,’ said Mrs. Crump, all of a sudden, blushing as red as a peony.

‘I shall have on my peignoir, mamma,’ said Miss, looking at the gentlemen, and then dropping down her eyes and blushing too.

‘But he can’t stay, ‘Gina, I tell you; do you think that I would, before a gentleman take off my——?’

‘Mamma means her front!’ said Miss, jumping up, and beginning to laugh with all her might; at which the honest landlady of the Bootjack, who loved a joke, although at her own expense, laughed too, and said that no one, except Mr. Crump and Mr. Eglantine, had ever seen her without the ornament in question.

‘Do go now, you provoking thing, you!’ continued Miss C. to Mr. Walker; ‘I wish to hear the hovature, and it’s six o’clock now, and we shall never be done against then;’ but the way in which Morgiana said ‘do go,’ clearly indicated ‘don’t’ to the perspicuous mind of Mr. Walker.

‘Perhaps you ’ad better go,’ continued Mr. Eglantine, joining in this sentiment, and being, in truth, somewhat uneasy at the admiration which his ‘swell friend’ excited.

‘I’ll see you hanged first, Eggy, my boy! Go I won’t, until these ladies have had their hair dressed; didn’t you yourself tell me that Miss Crump’s was the most beautiful hair in Europe? And do you think I’ll go away without seeing it? No, here I stay.’

‘You naughty, wicked, odious, provoking man!’ said Miss Crump. But, at the same time, she took off her bonnet, and placed it on one of the side candlesticks of Mr. Eglantine’s glass (it was a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with sham lace, and with a wreath of nasturtiums, convolvuluses, and wallflowers within); and then said, ‘Give me the peignoir, Mr. Archibald, if you please;’ and Eglantine, who would do anything for her when she called him Archibald, immediately produced that garment, and wrapped it round the delicate shoulders of the lady,
who removing a sham gold chain, which she wore on her fore-head, two brass hair-combs set with glass rubies, and the comb which kept her back hair together—removing them, I say, and turning her great eyes toward the stranger, and giving her head a shake, down let tumble such a flood of shining, waving, heavy, glossy, jetty hair, as would have done Mr. Rowland’s heart good to see. It tumbled down Miss Morgiana’s back, and it tumbled over her shoulders, it tumbled over the chair on which she sat, and from the midst of it her jolly, bright-eyed, rosy face beamed out with a triumphant smile, which said, ‘Aint I now the most angelic being you ever saw?’

‘By Heaven! it’s the most beautiful thing I ever saw!’ cried Mr. Walker, with undisguised admiration.

‘Isn’t it?’ said Mrs. Crump, who made her daughter’s triumph her own. ‘Heigho! when I acted at “The Wells” in 1820, before that dear girl was born, I had such a head of hair as that, to a shade, sir, to a shade. They called me Ravens-wing on account of it. I lost my head of hair when that dear child was born, and I often say to her, “Morgiana, you came into the world to rob your mother of her ’air.” Were you ever at “The Wells,” sir, in 1820? Perhaps you recollect Miss Delaney? I am that Miss Delaney. Perhaps you recollect:

‘Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
By the light of the star,
On the blue river’s brink,
I heard a guitar,

‘Tink-a—’

You remember that in the “Bagdad Bells”? Fatima, Delaney; Selim, Benlomond (his real name was Bunnion; and he failed, poor fellow, in the public line afterward). It was done to the tambourine, and dancing between each verse:

‘Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
How the soft music swells
And I hear the soft clink
Of the minaret bells!

‘Oh!’ here cried Miss Crump, as if in exceeding pain (and whether Mr. Eglantine had twitched, pulled, or hurt any one individual hair of that lovely head I don’t know)—‘Oh, you are killing me, Mr. Eglantine!’

And with this mamma, who was in her attitude, holding up the end of her boa as a visionary tambourine, and Mr. Walker, who was looking at her, and in his amusement at the mother’s performances had almost forgotten the charms of the daughter—both turned round at once, and looked at her with many expressions of sympathy, while Eglantine, in a voice of reproach, said, ‘Killed you, Morgiana! I kill you?’
'I'm better now,' said the young lady, with a smile—'I'm better, Mr. Archibald, now.' And if the truth must be told, no greater coquette than Miss Morgiana existed in all May Fair—no, not among the most fashionable mistresses of the fashionable valets who frequented the Bootjack. She believed herself the most fascinating creature that the world ever produced; she never saw a stranger but she tried these fascinations upon him; and her charms of manner and person were of that showy sort which is most popular in this world, where people are wont to admire most that which gives them the least trouble to see; and so you will find a tulip of a woman to be in fashion when a little humble violet or daisy of creation is passed over without remark. Morgiana was a tulip among women, and the tulip-fanciers all came flocking round her.

Well, the said 'Oh!' and 'I'm better now, Mr. Archibald,' thereby succeeded in drawing everybody's attention to her lovely self. By the latter words Mr. Egantine was specially inflamed; he glanced at Mr. Walker, and said, 'Capting, didn't I tell you she was a creecfer?' See her hair, sir; it's as black and as glossy as satting. It weighs fifteen pound, that hair, sir; and I wouldn't let my apprentice—that blundering Mossrose, for instance (hang him!)—I wouldn't let anyone but myself dress that hair for five hundred guineas! Ah, Miss Morgiana, remember that you may always have Egantine to dress your hair! remember that, that's all.' And with this the worthy gentleman began rubbing delicately a little of the Egantinina into those ambrosial locks, which he loved with all the love of a man and an artist.

And as for Morgiana showing her hair, I hope none of my readers will entertain a bad opinion of the poor girl for doing so. Her locks were her pride; she acted at the private theater 'hair parts,' where she could appear on purpose to show them in a disheveled state; and that her modesty was real and not affected may be proved by the fact that when Mr. Walker, stepping up in the midst of Egantine's last speech, took hold of a lock of her hair very gently with his hand, she cried 'Oh!' and started with all her might. And Mr. Egantine observed very gravely, 'Capting! Miss Crump's hair is to be seen and not to be touched, if you please?'

'No more it is, Mr. Egantine,' said her mamma; 'and now, as it's come my turn, I beg the gentleman will be so obliging as to go.'

'Must I?' cried Mr. Walker; and as it was half-past six, and he was engaged to dinner at the Regent Club, and as he did
not wish to make Eglantine jealous, who evidently was annoyed by his staying, he took his hat just as Miss Crump's coiffure was completed, and saluting her and her mamma, left the room.

'A tiptop swell, I can assure you,' said Eglantine, nodding after him, 'a regular bang-up chap, and no mistake. Intimate with the Marquess of Billingsgate, and Lord Vauxhall, and that set.'

'He's very genteel,' said Mrs. Crump.

'Law! I'm sure I think nothing of him,' said Morgiana.

And Captain Walker walked toward his club, meditating on the beauties of Morgiana. 'What hair,' said he, 'what eyes the girl has! they're as big as billiard balls; and £5000. Eglantine's in luck! £5000—she can't have it, it's impossible!'

No sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, during the time of which operation Morgiana sat in perfect contentment looking at the last French fashions in the Courrier des Dames, and thinking how her pink satin slip would dye, and make just such a mantilla as that represented in the engraving—no sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, than both ladies, taking leave of Mr. Eglantine, tripped back to the Bootjack Hotel in the neighborhood, where a very neat green fly was already in waiting, the gentleman on the box of which (from a livery stable in the neighborhood) gave a knowing touch to his hat, and a salute with his whip, to the two ladies, as they entered the tavern.

'Mr. W.'s inside,' said the man—a driver from Mr. Snaffle's establishment; 'he's been in and out this score of times, and looking down the street for you.' And in the house, in fact, was Mr. Woolsey, the tailor, who had hired the fly, and was engaged to conduct the ladies that evening to the play.

It was really rather too bad to think that Miss Morgiana, after going to one lover to have her hair dressed, should go with another to the play; but such is the way with lovely woman! Let her have a dozen admirers, and the dear coquette will exercise her power upon them all; and as a lady, when she has a large wardrobe, and a taste for variety in dress, will appear every day in a different costume, so will the young and giddy beauty wear her lovers, encouraging now the black whiskers, now smiling on the brow, now thinking that the gay smiling rattle of an admirer becomes her very well, and now adopting the sad sentimental melancholy one, according as her changeful fancy prompts her. Let us not be too angry with these uncertainties and caprices of beauty; and depend on it that, for the most part, those females who cry out loudest against the lightness of their sisters, and rebuke their undue encouragement of this man or that, would do as much them-
selves if they had the chance, and are constant, as I am to my
cloath just now, because I have no other.

'Did you see Doubleyoun, 'Gina dear?' said her mamma,
addressing that young lady. 'He's in the bar with your pa,
and has his military coat with the king's buttons, and looks
like an officer.'

This was Mr. Woolsey's style, his great aim being to look
like an army gent, for many of whom he in his capacity of
tailor made those splendid red and blue coats which character-
ize our military. As for the royal button, had not he made a
set of coats for his late Majesty, George IV.? and he would
add, when he narrated this circumstance, 'Sir, Prince Blucher
and Prince Swartzenberg's measure's in the house now; and
what's more, I've cut for Wellington.' I believe he would have
gone to St. Helena to make a coat for Napoleon, so great was his
ardor. He wore a blue-black wig, and his whiskers were of the
same hue. He was brief and stern in conversation; and he al-
ways went to masquerades and balls in a field marshal's uniform.

'He looks really quite the thing to-night,' continued Mrs.
Crump.

'Yes,' said 'Gina; 'but he's such an odious wig, and the
dye of his whiskers always comes off on his white gloves.'

'Everybody has not their own hair, love,' continued Mrs.
Crump, with a sigh; 'but Eglantine's is beautiful.'

'Every hairdresser's is,' answered Morgiana rather con-
temptuously; 'but what I can't bear is that their fingers is
always so very fat and pudgy.

In fact, something had gone wrong with the fair Morgiana.
Was it that she had but little liking for the one pretender or
the other? Was it that young Glauber, who acted Romeo in
the private theatricals, was far younger and more agreeable
than either? Or was it that, seeing a real gentleman, such as
Mr. Walker, with whom she had had her first interview, she
felt more and more the want of refinement in her other declared
admirers? Certain, however, it is that she was very reserved
all the evening, in spite of the attentions of Mr. Woolsey; that
she repeatedly looked round at the box door, as if she expected
someone to enter; and that she partook of only a very few
oysters, indeed, out of the barrel which the gallant tailor had
sent down to the Bootjack, and off which the party supped.

'What was it?' said Mr. Woolsey to his ally, Crump, as they
sat together after the retirement of the ladies. 'She was dumb
all night. She never once laughed at the farce, nor cried at
the tragedy, and you know she laughs and cries uncommon,
She only took half her negus, and not above a quarter of her beer.

'No more she did!' replied Mr. Crump very calmly. 'I think it must be the barber as has been captivating her; he dressed her hair for the play.'

'Hang him, I'll shoot him!' said Mr. Woolsey. 'A fat, foolish, effeminate beast like that marry Miss Morgiana? Never! I will shoot him. I'll provoke him next Saturday—I'll tread on his toe—I'll pull his nose.'

'No quarreling at the Kidneys!' answered Crump sternly; 'there shall be no quarreling in that room as long as I'm in the chair!'

'Well, at any rate you'll stand my friend?'

'You know I will,' answered the other. 'You are honorable, and I like you better than Eglantine. I trust you more than Eglantine, sir. You're more of a man than Eglantine, though you are a tailor; and I wish with all my heart you may get Morgiana. Mrs. C. goes the other way, I know; but I tell you what, women will go their own ways, sir; and Morgy's like her mother in this point, and depend upon it, Morgy will decide for herself.'

Mr. Woolsey presently went home, still persisting in his plan for the assassination of Eglantine. Mr. Crump went to bed very quietly, and snored through the night in his usual tone. Mr. Eglantine passed some feverish moments of jealousy, for he had come down to the club in the evening, and had heard that Morgiana was gone to the play with his rival. And Miss Morgiana dreamed of a man who was—must we say it?—exceedingly like Captain Howard Walker. 'Mrs. Captain So-and-so!' thought she. 'Oh, I do love a gentleman dearly!'

And about this time, too, Mr. Walker himself came rolling home from the Regent, hiccupping, 'Such hair! such eyebrows! such eyes! like b-b-billiard balls, by Jove!'

Chapter II.

In which Mr. Walker makes three attempts to ascertain the dwelling of Morgiana.

The day after the dinner at the Regent Club, Mr. Walker stepped over to the shop of his friend the perfumer, where, as usual, the young man, Mr. Mossrose, was established in the front premises.

For some reason or other, the captain was particularly good-humored; and, quite forgetful of the words which had
passed between him and Mr. Eglantine's lieutenant the day before, began addressing the latter with extreme cordiality.

'A good-morning to you, Mr. Mossrose,' said Captain Walker. 'Why, sir, you look as fresh as your namesake—you do indeed, now, Mossrose.'

'You look ash yellow ash a guinea,' responded Mr. Mossrose sulkily. He thought the captain was hoaxing him.

'My good sir,' replies the other, nothing cast down, 'I drank rather too freely last night.'

'The more beast you!' said Mr. Mossrose. 'Thank you, Mossrose; the same to you,' answered the captain.

'If you call me a beast I'll punch your head off!' answered the young man, who had much skill in the art which many of his brethren practice.

'I didn't, my fine fellow,' replied Walker. 'On the contrary, you——'

'Do you mean to give me the lie?' broke out the indignant Mossrose, who hated the agent fiercely, and did not in the least care to conceal his hate.

In fact, it was his fixed purpose to pick a quarrel with Walker, and to drive him, if possible, from Mr. Eglantine's shop. 'Do you mean to give me the lie, I say, Mr. Hooker Walker?'

'For Heaven's sake, Amos, hold your tongue!' exclaimed the captain, to whom the name of Hooker was as poison; but at this moment a customer stepping in, Mr. Amos exchanged his ferocious aspect for a bland grin, and Mr. Walker walked into the studio.

When in Mr. Eglantine's presence, Walker, too, was all smiles in a minute, sunk down on a settee, held out his hand to the perfumer, and began confidentially discoursing with him.

'Such a dinner, Tiny, my boy,' said he; 'such prime fellows to eat it too! Billingsgate, Vauxhall, Cinqbars, Buff of the Blues, and half a dozen more of the best fellows in town. And what do you think the dinner cost a head? I'll wager you'll never guess.'

'Was it two guineas a head? In course I mean without wine,' said the genteel perfumer.

'Guess again!'

'Well, was it ten guineas a head? I'll guess any sum you please,' replied Mr. Eglantine; 'for I know that when you nob's are together, you don't spare your money. I myself, at the Star and Garter at Richmond, once paid——'

'Eighteenpence?'

'Eighteenpence, sir! I paid five-and-thirty shillings per 'ead. I'd have you to know that I can act as a gentleman as
well as any other gentleman, sir,' answered the perfumer with much dignity.

'Well, eighteenpence was what we paid, and not a rap more, upon my honor.'

'Nonsense, you're joking. The Marquess of Billingsgate dine for eighteenpence? Why, hang it, if I was a marquess I'd pay a five-pound note for my lunch.'

'You little know the person, Master Eglantine,' replied the captain, with a smile of contemptuous superiority; 'you little know the real man of fashion, my good fellow. Simplicity, sir—simplicity's the characteristic of the real gentleman, and so I'll tell you what we had for dinner.'

'Turtle and venison, of course: no nob dines without them.'

'Psha! we're sick of 'em! We had pea-soup and boiled tripe! What do you think of that? We had sprats and herrings, a bullock's heart, a baked shoulder of mutton and potatoes, pig's fry, and Irish stew. I ordered the dinner, sir, and got more credit for inventing it than they ever gave to Ude or Soyer. The marquess was in ecstasies, the earl devoured half a bushel of sprats, and if the viscount is not laid up with a surfeit of bullock's heart my name's not Howard Walker. Billy, as I call him, was in the chair, and gave my health; and what do you think the rascal proposed?'

'What did his lordship propose?'

'That every man present should subscribe twopence, and pay for my share of the dinner. By Jove! it is true, and the money was handed to me in a pewter pot, of which they also begged to make me a present. We afterward went to Tom Spring's, from Tom's to the Finish, from the Finish to the watchhouse—that is, they did—and sent for me, just as I was getting into bed, to bail them all out.'

'They're happy dogs, those young noblemen,' said Mr. Eglantine; 'nothing but pleasure from morning till night; no affectation neither—no hoture; but manly, downright, straightforward good fellows.'

'Should you like to meet them, Tiny, my boy?' said the captain.

'If I did, sir, I hope I should show myself to be the gentleman,' answered Mr. Eglantine.

'Well, you shall meet them, and Lady Billingsgate shall order her perfumes at your shop. We are going to dine, next week, all our set, at mealy-faced Bob's, and you shall be my guest,' cried the captain, slapping the delighted artist on the back. 'And now, my boy, tell me how you spent the evening.'
'At my club, sir,' answered Mr. Eglantine, blushing rather.

'What! not at the play with the lovely black-eyed Miss—what is her name, Eglantine?'

'Never mind her name, captain,' replied Eglantine, partly from prudence and partly from shame. He had not the heart to own it was Crump, and he did not care that the captain should know more of his destined bride.

'You wish to keep the five thousand to yourself—eh, you rogue?' responded the captain with a good-humored air, although exceedingly mortified; for, to say the truth, he had put himself to the trouble of telling the above long story of the dinner, and of promising to introduce Eglantine to the lords, solely that he might elicit from that gentleman's good humor some further particulars regarding the young lady with the billiard-ball eyes. It was for the very same reason too that he had made the attempt at reconciliation with Mr. Mossrose which had just so signally failed. Nor would the reader, did he know Mr. W. better, at all require to have the above explanation; but as yet we are only at the first chapter of his history and who is to know what the hero's motives can be unless we take the trouble to explain?

Well, the little dignified answer of the worthy dealer in bergamot, 'Never mind her name, captain!' threw the gallant captain quite aback; and though he sat for a quarter of an hour longer, and was exceedingly kind, and though he threw out some skillful hints, yet the perfumer was quite unconquerable; or, rather, he was too frightened to tell: the poor, fat, timid, easy, good-natured gentleman was always the prey of rogues—panting and floundering in one rascal's snare or another's. He had the dissimulation, too, which timid men have; and felt the presence of a victimizer as a hare does of a greyhound. Now he would be quite still, now he would double, and now he would run, and then came the end. He knew by his sure instinct of fear that the captain had, in asking these questions, a scheme against him, and so he was cautious, and trembled, and doubted. And oh! how he thanked his stars when Lady Grogmore's chariot drove up, with the Misses Grogmore, who wanted their hair dressed, and were going to a breakfast at three o'clock!

'I'll look in again, Tiny,' said the captain on hearing the summons.

'Do, captain,' replied the other: 'thank you'; and went into the lady's studio with a heavy heart.

'Get out of the way, you infernal villain!' roared the
captain, and with many oaths, to Lady Grogmore's large foot-
man with ruby-colored tights, who was standing inhaling
the ten thousand perfumes of the shop; and the latter, moving
away in great terror, the gallant agent passed out, quite
heedless of the grin of Mr. Mossrose.
Walker was in a fury at his want of success, and walked
down Bond Street in a fury. 'I will know where the girl
lives!' swore he. 'I'll spend a five-pound note, by Jove!
rather than not where she lives!'
'That you would—I know you would!' said a little grave
low voice all of a sudden by his side. 'Pooh! what's money
to you?'
Walker looked down; it was Tom Dale.
Who in London did not know little Tom Dale? He had
cheeks like an apple, and his hair curled every morning, and a
little blue stock, and always two new magazines under his
arm, and an umbrella, and a little brown frock coat, and big
square-toed shoes with which he went papping down the street.
He was everywhere at once. Everybody met him every day.
and he knew everything that everybody ever did; though no-
boby ever knew what he did. He was, they say, a hundred years
old, and had never dined at his own charge once in those hun-
dred years. He looked like a figure out of a waxwork, with
glassy, clear, meaningless eyes; he always spoke with a grin;
he knew what you had for dinner the day before he met you,
and what everybody had had for dinner for a century back
almost. He was the receptacle of all the scandal of all the
world, from Bond Street to Bread Street; he knew all the
authors, all the actors, all the 'notorieties' of the town, and the
private histories of each. That is, he never knew anything
really, but supplied deficiencies of truth and memory with
ready coined, never failing lies. He was the most benevolent
man in the universe, and never saw you without telling you
everything most cruel of your neighbor, and when he left you
he went to do the same kind turn by yourself.
'Pooh! what's money to you, my dear boy?' said little Tom
Dale, who had just come out of Ebers', where he had been
filching an opera ticket. 'You make it in bushels in the City,
you know you do—in thousands. I saw you go into Eglian-
tine's. Fine business that; finest in London. Five-shilling
cakes of soap, my dear boy. I can't wash with such. Thou-
sands a year that man has made—hasn't he?'
'Upon my word, Tom, I don't know,' says the captain.
'You not know? Don't tell me. You know everything—
you agents. You know he makes five thousand a year—aye, and might make ten, but you know why he don't.'

'Indeed I don't.

'Nonsense. Don't humbug a poor old fellow like me. Jews —Amos—fifty per cent., aye? Why can't he get his money from a good Christian?'

'I have heard something of that sort,' said Walker, laughing. 'Why, by Jove, Tom, you know everything.'

'You know everything, my dear boy. You know what a rascal trick that opera creature served him, poor fellow. Cashmere shawls—Storr & Mortimer's—Star and Garter. Much better dine quiet off pea-soup and sprats—aye? His betters have, as you know very well.'

'Pea-soup and sprats! What! have you heard of that already?'

'Who bailed Lord Billingsgate, aye, you rogue?' and here Tom gave a knowing and almost demoniacal grin. 'Who wouldn't go to the Finish? Who had the piece of plate presented to him filled with sovereigns? And you deserved it, my dear boy—you deserved it. They said it was only halfpence, but I know better!' and here Tom went off in a cough.

'I say, Tom,' cried Walker, inspired with a sudden thought, 'you, who know everything, and are a theatrical man, did you ever know a Miss Delaney, an actress?'

'At Sadler's Wells in '16? Of course I did. Real name was Budge. Lord Slapper admired her very much, my dear boy. She married a man by the name of Crump, his lordship's black footman, and brought him £5000; and they keep the Bootjack public house in Bunker's Buildings, and they've got fourteen children. Is one of them handsome, eh, you sly rogue—and is it that which you will give five pounds to know? God bless you, my dear, dear boy. Jones, my dear friend, how are you?'

And now, seizing on Jones, Tom Dale left Mr. Walker alone and proceeded to pour into Mr. Jones' ear an account of the individual whom he had just quitted; how he was the best fellow in the world, and Jones knew it; how he was in a fine way of making his fortune; how he had been in the Fleet many times, and how he was at this moment employed in looking out for a young lady of whom a certain great marquis (whom Jones knew very well too) had expressed an admiration.

But for these observations, which he did not hear, Captain Walker, it may be pronounced, did not care. His eyes brightened up, he marched quickly and gayly away; and turning into his own chambers opposite Eglantine's shop, saluted that establishment with a grin of triumph. 'You wouldn't tell me her
name, wouldn't you?' said Mr. Walker. 'Well, the luck's with me now, and here goes.'

Two days after, as Mr. Eglantine, with white gloves and a case of eau-de-cologne as a present in his pocket, arrived at the Bootjack Hotel, Little Bunker's Buildings, Berkeley Square (for it must out—that was the place in which Mr. Crump's inn was situated), he paused for a moment at the threshold of the little house of entertainment, and listened, with beating heart, to the sound of delicious music that a well-known voice was uttering within.

The moon was playing in silvery brightness down the gutter of the humble street. A 'helper,' rubbing down one of Lady Smigsmag's carriage horses, even paused in his whistle to listen to the strain. Mr. Tressle's man, who had been professionally occupied, ceased his tap-tap upon the coffin which he was getting in readiness. The greengrocer (there is always a greengrocer in those narrow streets, and he goes out in white Berlin gloves as a supernumerary footman) was standing charmed at his little green gate; the cobbler (there is always a cobbler too) was drunk, as usual, of evenings, but, with unusual subordination, never sung except when the refrain of the ditty arrived, when he hiccuped it forth with tipsy loyalty; and Eglantine leaned against the checkers painted on the door-side under the name of Crump, and looked at the red-illuminated curtain of the bar, and the vast, well-known shadow of Mrs. Crump's turban within. Now and again the shadow of that worthy matron's hand would be seen to grasp the shadow of a bottle; then the shadow of a cup would rise toward the turban, and still the strain proceeded. Eglantine, I say, took out his yellow bandanna, and brushed the beady drops from his brow, and laid the contents of his white kids on his heart, and sighed with ecstatic sympathy. The song began,

Come to the Greenwood tree,*
Come where the dark woods be,
Dearest, oh, come with me!
Let us rove—oh, my love—oh, my love!
Oh, my love!

(Drunken cobler without)

'O! Beast!' says Eglantine.

Come—'tis the moonlight hour,
Dew is on leaf and flower,
Come to the linden bower,—
Let us rove—oh, my love—oh, my love!
Let us ro-v-o-v-e, lururliety; yes, we'll rove, lururliety,
Through the gro-o-o-v-e, lururliety—lururli-e-i-e-i-e-i!

(Cobler as usual)—
Let us ro-o-v-e, etc.

* The words of this song are copyright, nor will the copyright be sold for less than twopence-halfpenny.
'You here?' says another individual, coming clanking up the street, in a military-cut dress coat, the buttons whereof shone very bright in the moonlight. 'You here, Eglantine? You're always here.'

'Hush, Woolsey,' said Mr. Eglantine to his rival the tailor (for he was the individual in question); and Woolsey, accordingly, put his back against the opposite doorpost and checkers, so that (with poor Eglantine's bulk) nothing much thicker than a sheet of paper could pass out or in. And thus these two amorous caryatides kept guard as the song continued:

Dark is the woods, and wide,
Dangers, they say, betide;
But, at my Albert's side,
Naught I fear, oh, my love—oh, my love!

Eglantine's fine eyes were filled with tears as Morgiana passionately uttered the above beautiful words. Little Woolsey's eyes glistened as he clenched his fist with an oath, and said, 'Show me any singing that can beat that! Cobbler, shut your mouth, or I'll break your head!'

But the cobler, regardless of the threat, continued to perform the 'lur lurliety' with great accuracy; and when that was ended, both on his part and Morgiana's, a rapturous knocking of glasses was heard in the little bar, then a great clapping of hands, and finally somebody shouted 'Brava!'

'Brava!'

At that word Eglantine turned deadly pale, then gave a start, then a rush forward, which pinned, or rather enshield, the tailor against the wall; then twisting himself abruptly round, he sprung to the door of the bar, and bounced into the apartment.

'How are you, my nosegay?' exclaimed the same voice which had shouted 'Brava.' It was that of Captain Walker.

At ten o'clock the next morning a gentleman, with the king's button on his military coat, walked abruptly into Mr. Eglantine's shop, and, turning on Mr. Mossrose, said, 'Tell your master I want to see him.'

'He's in his studio,' said Mr. Mossrose.

'Well, then, fellow, go and fetch him!'

And Mossrose, thinking it must be the Lord Chamberlain, or Dr. Prætorius at least, walked into the studio, where the perfumer was seated in a very glossy old silk dressing gown, his fair hair hanging over his white face, his double chin over his flacceid, whitey-brown shirt collar, his pea-green slippers on the hob, and, on the fire, the pot of chocolate which was simmering for his breakfast. A lazier fellow than poor
Eglantine it would be hard to find; whereas, on the contrary, Woolsey was always up and brushed, spick-and-span, at seven o'clock; and had gone through his books, and given out the work for the journeymen, and eaten a hearty breakfast of rashers of bacon, before Eglantine had put the usual pound of grease to his hair (his fingers were always as damp and shiny as if he had them in a pomatum pot), and arranged his figure for the day.

'Here's a gent wants you in the shop,' says Mr. Mossrose, leaving the door of communication wide open.

'Say I'm in bed, Mr. Mossrose; I'm out of sperrets, and really can see nobody.'

'It's someone from Windsor, I think; he's got the royal button,' says Mossrose.

'It's me—Woolsey,' shouted the little man from the shop.

Mr. Eglantine at this jumped up, made a rush to the door leading to his private apartment, and disappeared in a twinkling. But it must not be imagined that he fled in order to avoid Mr. Woolsey. He only went away for one minute just to put on his belt, for he was ashamed to be seen without it by his rival.

This being assumed, and his toilet somewhat arranged, Mr. Woolsey was admitted into his private room. And Mossrose would have heard every word of the conversation between those two gentlemen had not Woolsey, opening the door suddenly, pounced on the assistant, taken him by the collar, and told him to disappear altogether into the shop; which Mossrose did, vows that he would have his revenge.

The subject on which Woolsey had come to treat was an important one. 'Mr. Eglantine,' says he, 'there's no use disguising from one another that we are both of us in love with Miss Morgiana, and that our chances up to this time have been pretty equal. But that captain whom you introduced, like an ass as you were——'

'An ass, Mr. Woolsey? I'd have you to know, sir, that I'm no more a ass than you are, sir; and as for introducing the captain, I did no such thing.'

'Well, well, he's got a poaching into our preserves somehow. He's evidently sweet upon the young woman, and is a more fashionable chap than either of us two. We must get him out of the house, sir—we must circumvent him; and then, Mr. Eglantine, will be time enough for you and me to try which is the best man.'

'He the best man?' thought Eglantine; 'the little, bald, unsightly tailor creature! A man with no more soul than his smoothing hiron!' The perfumer, as may be imagined, did
not utter this sentiment aloud, but expressed himself quite willing to enter into any **amicable** arrangement by which the new candidate for Miss Crump's favor must be thrown over. It was, accordingly, agreed between the two gentlemen that they should coalesce against the common enemy; that they should, by reciting many perfectly well-founded stories in the captain's disfavor, influence the minds of Miss Crump's parents, and of herself, if possible, against this wolf in sheep's clothing; and that, when they were once fairly rid of him, each should be at liberty, as before, to prefer his own claim.

'I have thought of a subject,' said the little tailor, turning very red, and hemming and hawing a great deal. 'I've thought, I say, of a pint, which may be resorted to with advantage at the present juncture, and in which each of us may be useful to the other. An exchange, Mr. Eglantine; do you take?'

'Do you mean an accommodation bill?' said Eglantine, whose mind ran a good deal on that species of exchange.

'Pooh, nonsense, sir! The name of our firm is, I flatter myself, a little more up in the market than some other people's names.'

'Do you mean to insult the name of Archibald Eglantine, sir? I'd have you to know that at three months——'

'Nonsense!' says Mr. Woolsey, mastering his emotion. 'There's no use a-quarreling, Mr. E.: we're not in love with each other, I know that. You wish me hanged, or as good, I know that!'

'Indeed I don't, sir!'

'You do, sir; I tell you you do! and what's more, I wish the same to you—transported, at any rate! But as two sailors, when a boat's a-sinking, though they hate each other ever so much, will help and bale the boat out, so, sir, let us act; let us be the two sailors.'

'Bail, sir?' said Eglantine, as usual mistaking the drift of the argument. 'I'll bail no man! If you're in difficulties I think you had better go to your senior partner, Mr. Woolsey.' And Eglantine's cowardly little soul was filled with a savage satisfaction to think that his enemy was in distress, and actually obliged to come to him for succor.

'You're enough to make Job swear, you great, fat, stupid, lazy old barber!' roared Mr. Woolsey in a fury.

Eglantine jumped up and made for the bell rope. The gallant little tailor laughed.

'There's no need to call in Betsy,' said he. 'I'm not a-going to eat you, Eglantine; you're a bigger man than me; if you
were just to fall on me you'd smother me! Just sit still on the sofa and listen to reason.'

'Well, sir, proceed,' said the barber, with a gasp.

'Now listen! What's the darling wish of your heart? I know it, sir! You've told it to Mr. Tressle, sir, and other gents at the club. The darling wish of your heart, sir, is to have a slap-up coat turned out of the _ateliers_ of Messrs. Linsey, Woolsey & Co. You said you'd give twenty guineas for one of our coats—you know you did!' Lord Bolsterton's a fatter man than you, and look what a figure we turn _him_ out. Can any firm in England dress Lord Bolsterton but us so as to make his lordship look decent? I defy 'em, sir! We could have given Daniel Lambert a figure!'

'If I want a coat, sir,' said Mr. Eglantine, 'and I don't deny it, there's some people want a head of hair!'

'That's the very point I was coming to,' said the tailor, resuming the violent blush which was mentioned as having suffused his countenance at the beginning of the conversation. 'Let us have terms of mutual accommodation. Make me a wig, Mr. Eglantine, and though I never yet cut a yard of cloth except for a gentleman, I'll pledge you my word I'll make you a coat.'

'Will you, honor bright?' says Eglantine.

'Honor bright,' says the tailor. 'Look!' and in an instant he drew from his pocket one of those slips of parchment which gentlemen of his profession carry, and putting Eglantine into the proper position, began to take the preliminary observations. He felt Eglantine's heart thump with happiness as his measure passed over that soft part of the perfumer's person.

Then pulling down the window blind, and looking that the door was locked, and blushing still more deeply than ever, the tailor seated himself in an armchair toward which Mr. Eglantine beckoned him, and, taking off his black wig, exposed his head to the great perruquier's gaze. Mr. Eglantine looked at it, measured it, manipulated it, sat for three minutes with his head in his hand and his elbow on his knee, gazing at the tailor's cranium with all his might, walked round it twice or thrice, and then said, 'It's enough, Mr. Woolsey. Consider the job as done. And now, sir,' said he, with a greatly relieved air—'and now, Woolsey, let us have a glass of curaçoa to celebrate this auspicious meeting.'

The tailor, however, stiffly replied that he never drank in a morning, and left the room without offering to shake Mr. Eglantine by the hand; for he despised that gentleman very heartily,
and himself, too, for coming to any compromise with him, and for so far demeaning himself as to make a coat for a barber.

Looking from his chambers on the other side of the street, that inevitable Mr. Walker saw the tailor issuing from the perfumer's shop, and was at no loss to guess that something extraordinary must be in progress when two such bitter enemies met together.

Chapter III.

What Came of Mr. Walker's Discovery of the Bootjack.

It is very easy to state how the captain came to take up that proud position at the Bootjack which we have seen him occupy on the evening when the sound of the fatal 'brava' so astonished Mr. Eglantine.

The mere entry into the establishment was, of course, not difficult. Any person by simply uttering the words, 'A pint of beer,' was free of the Bootjack; and it was some such watchword that Howard Walker employed when he made his first appearance. He requested to be shown into a parlor where he might repose himself for a while, and was ushered into that very sanctum where the Kidney Club met. Then he stated that the beer was the best he had ever tasted, except in Bavaria, and in some parts of Spain, he added; and professing to be extremely 'peckish,' requested to know if there were any cold meat in the house whereof he could make a dinner.

'I don't usually dine at this hour, landlord,' said he, flinging down a half sovereign for payment of the beer; 'but your parlor looks so comfortable, and the Windsor chairs are so snug, that I'm sure I could not dine better at the first club in London.'

'One of the first clubs in London is held in this very room,' said Mr. Crump, very well pleased; 'and attended by some of the best gents in town, too. We call it the Kidney Club.'

'Why, bless my soul! it is the very club my friend Eglantine has so often talked to me about, and attended by some of the tiptop tradesmen of the metropolis!'

'There's better men here than Mr. Eglantine,' replied Mr. Crump; 'though he's a good man—I don't say he's not a good man—but there's better. Mr. Clinker, sir; Mr. Woolsey, of the house of Linsey, Woolsey & Co.—'

'The great army clothiers!' cried Walker; 'the first house in town!' and so continued, with exceeding urbanity, holding conversation with Mr. Crump, until the honest landlord retired delighted, and told Mrs. Crump in the bar that there was a
tiptop swell in the Kidney parlor, who was a-going to have his dinner there.

Fortune favored the brave captain in every way. It was just Mr. Crump's own dinner hour; and on Mrs. Crump stepping into the parlor to ask the guest whether he would like a slice of the joint to which the family were about to sit down, fancy that lady's start of astonishment at recognizing Mr. Eglantine's facetious friend of the day before. The captain at once demanded permission to partake of the joint at the family table; the lady could not with any great reason deny this request; the captain was inducted into the bar; and Miss Crump, who always came down late for dinner, was even more astonished than her mamma on beholding the occupier of the fourth place at the table. Had she expected to see the fascinating stranger so soon again? I think she had. Her big eyes said as much, as, furtively looking up at Mr. Walker's face, they caught his looks; and then bouncing down again toward her plate, pretended to be very busy in looking at the boiled beef and carrots there displayed. She blushed far redder than those carrots, but her shining ringlets hid her confusion together with her lovely face.

Sweet Morgiana! the billiard-ball eyes had a tremendous effect on the captain. They fell plump, as it were, into the pocket of his heart; and he gallantly proposed to treat the company to a bottle of champagne, which was accepted without much difficulty.

Mr. Crump, under pretense of going to the cellar (where he said he had some cases of the finest champagne in Europe) called Dick, the boy, to him, and dispatched him with all speed to a wine merchant's, where a couple of bottles of the liquor were procured.

'Bring up two bottles, Mr. C.,' Captain Walker gallantly said when Crump made his move, as it were, to the cellar; and it may be imagined after the two bottles were drunk (of which Mrs. Crump took at least nine glasses to her share) how happy, merry, and confidential the whole party had become. Crump told his story of the bootjack, and whose boot it had drawn; the former Miss Delancy expatiated on her past theatrical life, and the pictures hanging round the room. Miss was equally communicative; and, in short, the captain had all the secrets of the little family in his possession ere sunset. He knew that miss cared little for either of her suitors, about whom mamma and papa had a little quarrel. He heard Mrs. Crump talk of Morgiana's property, and fell more in love with
her than ever. Then came tea, the luscious crumpet, the quiet game at cribbage, and the song—the song which poor Eglantine heard, and which caused Woolsey's rage and his despair.

At the close of the evening the tailor was in a greater rage, and the perfumer in greater despair than ever. He had made his little present of eau-de-cologne. 'Oh, fie!' says the captain, with a horse laugh, 'it smells of the shop!' He taunted the tailor about his wig, and the honest fellow had only an oath to give by way of repartee. He told his stories about his club and his lordly friends. What chance had either against the all-accomplished Howard Walker?

Old Crump, with a good innate sense of right and wrong, hated the man; Mrs. Crump did not feel quite at her ease regarding him; but Morgiana thought him the most delightful person the world ever produced.

Eglantine's usual morning costume was a blue satin neck-cloth embroidered with butterflies and ornamented with a brandy-ball brooch, a light shawl waistcoat, and a rhubarb-colored coat of the sort which, I believe, are called Taglionis, and which have no waist buttons, and make a pretense, as it were, to have no waists, but are in reality adopted by the fat in order to give them a waist. Nothing easier for an obese man than to have a waist; he has but to pinch his middle part a little and the very fat on either side pushed violently forward makes a waist, as it were, and our worthy perfumer's figure was that of a bolster cut almost in two with a string.

Walker presently saw him at his shop door grinning in this costume, twiddling his ringlets with his dumpy greasy fingers, glittering with oil and rings, and looking so exceedingly contented and happy that the estate agent felt assured some very satisfactory conspiracy had been planned between the tailor and him. How was Mr. Walker to learn what the scheme was? Alas! the poor fellow's vanity and delight were such that he could not keep silent as to the cause of his satisfaction, and rather than not mention it at all, in the fullness of his heart he would have told his secret to Mr. Mossrose himself.

'When I get my coat,' thought the Bond Street Alnaschar, 'I'll hire of Snaffle that easy-going cream-colored 'oss that he bought from Astley's, and I'll canter through the Park, and won't I pass through Little Bunker's Buildings, that's all? I'll wear my gray trousers with the velvet stripe down the side, and get my spurs lacquered up, and a French polish to my boot; and if I don't do for the captain and the tailor too my name's not Archibald. And I know what I'll do; I'll hire the
small Clarence, and invite the Crumps to dine at the Gar and Starter' (this was his facetious way of calling the Star and Garter), 'and I'll ride by them all the way to Richmond. It's rather a long ride, but with Snaffle's soft saddle I can do it pretty easy, I dare say.' And so the honest fellow built castles upon castles in the air; and the last most beautiful vision of all was Miss Crump 'in white satting, with a horrange flower in her 'air,' putting him in possession of 'her lovely' and before the haltar of St. George's, 'Anover Square.' As for Woolsey, Eglantine determined that he should have the best wig his art could produce, for he had not the least fear of his rival.

These points then being arranged to the poor fellow's satisfaction, what does he do but send out for half a quire of pink note-paper, and in a filigree envelope dispatch a note of invitation to the ladies at the Bootjack:

BOWER OF BLOOM, BOND STREET, Thursday.

Mr. Archibald Eglantine presents his compliments to Mrs. and Miss Crump, and requests the honor and pleasure of their company at the Star and Garter at Richmond to an early dinner on Sunday next.

If agreeable, Mr. Eglantine's carriage will be at your door at three o'clock, and I propose to accompany them on horseback if agreeable likewise.

This note was sealed with yellow wax, and sent to its destination; and of course Mr. Eglantine went himself for the answer in the evening; and of course he told the ladies to look out for a certain new coat he was going to sport on Sunday; and of course Mr. Walker happens to call the next day with spare tickets for Mrs. Crump and her daughter, when the whole secret was laid bare to him—how the ladies were going to Richmond on Sunday in Mr. Snaffle's Clarence, and how Mr. Eglantine was to ride by their side.

Mr. Walker did not keep horses of his own; his magnificent friends at the Regent had plenty in their stables, and some of these were at livery at the establishment of the captain's old 'college' companion, Mr. Snaffle. It was easy, therefore, for the captain to renew his acquaintance with that individual. So, hanging on the arm of my Lord Vauxhall, Captain Walker next day made his appearance at Snaffle's livery stables, and looked at the various horses there for sale or at bait, and soon managed, by putting some facetious questions to Mr. Snaffle regarding the Kidney Club, etc., to place himself on a friendly footing with that gentleman, and to learn from him what horse Mr. Eglantine was to ride on Sunday.

The monster Walker had fully determined in his mind that Eglantine should 'fall off' that horse in the course of his Sunday's ride.
“That sing’lar hanimal,” said Mr. Snaffle, pointing to the old horse, “is the celebrated Hemperor that was the wonder of Hastley’s some years back, and was parted with by Mr. Ducrow hony because his feelin’s wouldn’t allow him to keep him no longer after the death of the first Mrs. D., who invariable rode him. I bought him, thinking that p’raps ladies and Cockney bucks might like to ride him (for his haction is wonderfull, and he canter like a harmchair), but he’s not safe on any day except Sundays.”

“And why’s that?” asked Captain Walker. “Why is he safer on Sundays than other days?”

“Because there’s no music in the streets on Sundays. The first gent that rode him found himself dancing a quadrille in Hupper Brook Street to an ’urdy-gurdy that was playing “Cherry Ripe,” such is the natur of the hanimal. And if you reklect the play of the “Battle of Hoysterlitz,” in which Mrs. D. hawked “the female hussar,” you may remember how she and the horse died in the third act to the toon of “God Preserve the Emperor,” from which this horse took his name. Only play that toon to him, and he rears himself up, beats the hair in time with his forelegs, and then sinks gently to the ground as though he were carried off by a cannon ball. He served a lady hopposite Hapsley ’Ouse so one day, and since then I’ve never let him out to a friend except on Sunday, when, in course, there’s no danger. Eglantine is a friend of mine, and of course I wouldn’t put the poor fellow on a hanimal I couldn’t trust.

After a little more conversation, my lord and his friend quitted Mr. Snaffle’s, and as they walked away toward the Regent, his lordship might be heard shrieking with laughter, crying, ‘Capital, by jingo! exthlent! Dwive down in the dwag! Take Lungly. Worth a thousand pound, by Jove!’ and similar ejaculations, indicative of exceeding delight.

On Saturday morning, at ten o’clock to a moment, Mr. Woolsey called at Mr. Eglantine’s with a yellow handkerchief under his arm. It contained the best and handsomest body coat that ever gentleman put on. It fitted Eglantine to a nicety—it did not pinch him in the least, and yet it was of so exquisite a cut that the perfumer found, as he gazed delighted in the glass, that he looked like a manly, portly, highbred gentleman—a lieutenant colonel in the army, at the very least.

“You’re a full man, Eglantine,” said the tailor, delighted too with his own work; “but that can’t be helped. You look more like Hercules than Falstaff now, sir; and if a coat can
make a gentleman, a gentleman you are. Let me recommend you to sink the blue cravat, and take the stripes off your trousers. Dress quiet, sir; draw it mild. Plain waistcoat, dark trousers, black neckcloth, black hat, and if there's a better dressed man in Europe to-morrow I'm a Dutchman.'

'Thank you, Woolsey—thank you, my dear sir,' said the charmed perfumer. 'And now I'll just trouble you to try on this here.'

The wig had been made with equal skill; it was not in the florid style which Mr. Eglantine loved in his own person, but, as the perfumer said, a simple, straightforward head of hair. 'It seemed as if it had grown there all your life, Mr. Woolsey; nobody would tell that it was not your natural color' (Mr. Woolsey blushed)—'it makes you look ten years younger; and as for that scarecrow yonder, you'll never, I think, want to wear that again.'

Woolsey looked in the glass, and was delighted too. The two rivals shook hands and straightway became friends, and in the overflowing of his heart the perfumer mentioned to the tailor the party which he had arranged for the next day, and offered him a seat in the carriage, and at the dinner at the Star and Garter. 'Would you like to ride?' said Eglantine, with rather a consequential air. 'Snaffle will mount you, and we can go one on each side of the ladies, if you like.'

But Woolsey humbly said he was not a riding man, and gladly consented to take a place in the Clarence carriage, provided he was allowed to bear half the expenses of the entertainment. This proposal was agreed to by Mr. Eglantine, and the two gentlemen parted to meet once more at the Kidneys that night, when everybody was edified by the friendly tone adopted between them.

Mr. Snaffle, at the club meeting, made the very same proposal to Mr. Woolsey that the perfumer had made; and stated that as Eglantine was going to ride Hemopener, Woolsey, at least, ought to mount too. But he was met by the same modest refusal on the tailor's part, who stated that he had never mounted a horse yet, and preferred greatly the use of a coach.

Eglantine's character as a 'swell' rose greatly with the club that evening.

Two o'clock on Sunday came: the two beaux arrived punctually at the door to receive the two smiling ladies.

'Bless us, Mr. Eglantine!' said Miss Crump, quite struck by him. 'I never saw you look so handsome in your life.' He could have flung his arms around her neck at the compliment,
And law, ma! what has happened to Mr. Woolsey? Doesn't he look ten years younger than yesterday? Mamma assented, and Woolsey bowed gallantly, and the two gentlemen exchanged a nod of hearty friendship.

The day was delightful. Eglantine pranced along magnificently on his cantering armcuir, with his hat on one ear, his left hand on his side, and his head flung over his shoulder, and throwing underglances at Morgiana whenever the Emperor was in advance of the clarence. The Emperor pricked up his ears a little uneasily passing the Ebenezer chapel in Richmond, where the congregation were singing a hymn, but beyond this no accident occurred; nor was Mr. Eglantine in the least stiff or fatigued by the time the party reached Richmond, where he arrived time enough to give his steed into the charge of an hostler, and to present his elbow to the ladies as they alighted from the clarence carriage.

What this jovial party ate for dinner at the Star and Garter need not here be set down. If they did not drink champagne I am very much mistaken. They were as merry as any four people in Christendom; and between the bewildering attentions of the perfumer, and the manly courtesy of the tailor, Morgiana very likely forgot the gallant captain, or, at least, was very happy in his absence.

At eight o'clock they began to drive homeward. 'Won't you come into the carriage?' said Morgiana to Eglantine, with one of her tenderest looks. 'Dick can ride the horse.' But Archibald was too great a lover of equestrian exercise. 'I'm afraid to trust anybody on this horse,' said he, with a knowing look; and so he pranced away by the side of the little carriage. The moon was brilliant, and, with the aid of the gas lamps, illuminated the whole face of the country in a way inexpressibly lively.

Presently, in the distance, the sweet and plaintive notes of a bugle were heard, and the performer, with great delicacy, executed a religious air. 'Music, too! heavenly!' said Morgiana, throwing up her eyes to the stars. The music came nearer and nearer, and the delight of the company was only more intense. The fly was going at about four miles an hour, and the Emperor began cantering to time at the same rapid pace.

'This must be some gallantry of yours, Mr. Woolsey,' said the romantic Morgiana, turning upon that gentleman. 'Mr. Eglantine treated us to the dinner, and you have provided us with the music.'

Now Woolsey had been a little, a very little, dissatisfied during the course of the evening's entertainment by fancying
that Eglantine, a much more voluble person than himself, had obtained rather an undue share of the ladies' favor; and as he himself paid half of the expenses, he felt very much vexed to think that the perfumer should take all the credit of the business to himself. So when Miss Crump asked if he had provided the music, he foolishly made an evasive reply to her query, and rather wished her to imagine that he had performed that piece of gallantry. 'If it pleases you, Miss Morgiana,' said this artful Schneider, 'what more need any man ask? Wouldn't I have all Drury Lane orchestra to please you?'

The bugle had by this time arrived quite close to the clarence carriage, and if Morgiana had looked round she might have seen whence the music came. Behind her came slowly a drag, or private stagecoach, with four horses. Two grooms with cockades and folded arms were behind; and driving on the box, a little gentleman, with a blue bird's-eye neckcloth, and a white coat. A bugleman was by his side, who performed the melodies which so delighted Miss Crump. He played very gently and sweetly, and 'God Save the King' trembled so softly out of the brazen orifice of his bugle that the Crumps, the tailor, and Eglantine himself, who was riding close by the carriage, were quite charmed and subdued.

'Thank you, dear Mr. Woolsey,' said the grateful Morgiana, which made Eglantine stare; and Woolsey was just saying, 'Really, upon my word, I've nothing to do with it,' when the man on the drag-box said to the bugleman, 'Now!'

The bugleman began the tune of

Heaven preserve our Emperor Pra-an-sis,
Kum tum-ti-tum-ti-tity-ti.

At the sound the Emperor reared himself (with a roar from Mr. Eglantine)—reared and beat the air with his fore paws. Eglantine flung his arms round the beast's neck; still he kept beating time with his fore paws. Mrs. Crump screamed, Mr. Woolsey, Dick, the clarence coachman, Lord Vauxhall (for it was he), and his lordship's two grooms burst into a shout of laughter; Morgiana cries 'Mercy! mercy!' Eglantine yells, 'Stop!' 'Wo!' and a thousand ejaculations of hideous terror; until, at last, down drops the Emperor stone dead in the middle of the road, as if carried off by a cannon ball.

Fancy the situation, ye callous souls who laugh at the misery of humanity, fancy the situation of poor Eglantine under the Emperor! He had fallen very easy, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and the perfumer was to all intents and purposes as dead as the animal. He had not fainted, but he was immovable with
terror; he lay in a puddle, and thought it was his own blood gushing from him; and he would have lain there until Monday morning if my lord's grooms, descending, had not dragged him by the coat collar from under the beast, who still lay quiet.

'Play "Charming Judy Callaghan," will ye?' says Mr. Snaffle's man, the fly driver; on which the bugler performed that lively air, and up started the horse, and the grooms, who were rubbing Mr. Eglantine down against a lamp post, invited him to remount.

But his heart was too broken for that. The ladies gladly made room for him in the clarence. Dick mounted Emperor and rode homeward. The drag too drove away, playing, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?' and with a scowl of furious hate, Mr. Eglantine sat and regarded his rival. His pantaloons were split, and his coat torn up the back.

'Are you hurt much, dear Mr. Archibald?' said Morgiana with unaffected compassion.

'Not much,' said the poor fellow, ready to burst into tears. 'Oh, Mr. Woolsey,' added the good-natured girl, 'how could you play such a trick?'

'Upon my word,' Woolsey began, intending to plead innocence; but the ludicrousness of the situation was once more too much for him, and he burst out into a roar of laughter.

'You! you cowardly beast!' howled out Eglantine, now driven to fury—'you laugh at me, you miserable creature! Take that, sir!' and he fell upon him with all his might, and well nigh throttled the tailor, and pummeling his eyes, his nose, his ears, with inconceivable rapidity, wrenched, finally, his wig off his head, and flung it into the road.

Morgiana saw that Woolsey had red hair.*

Chapter IV.

IN WHICH THE HEROINE HAS A NUMBER MORE LOVERS, AND CUTS A VERY DASHING FIGURE IN THE WORLD.

Two years have elapsed since the festival at Richmond, which, begun so peaceably, ended in such general uproar. Morgiana never could be brought to pardon Woolsey's red hair, nor to help laughing at Eglantine's disasters, nor could the two gentlemen be reconciled to one another. Woolsey, indeed, sent a challenge to the perfumer to meet him with

* A French proverbe furnished the author with the notion of the rivalry between the barber and the tailor.
pistols, which the latter declined, saying, justly, that trades-
men had no business with such weapons; on this the tailor
proposed to meet him with coats off, and have it out like men
in the presence of their friends of the Kidney Club. The
perfumer said he would be party to no such vulgar transac-
tion; on which Woolsey, exasperated, made an oath that he
would tweak the perfumer's nose so surely as he ever entered
the club room; and thus one member of the Kidneys was
compelled to vacate his armchair.

Woolsey himself attended every meeting regularly, but he
did not evince that gayety and good humor which render men's
company agreeable in clubs. On arriving he would order the
boy to 'tell him when that scoundrel Eglantine came'; and
hanging up his hat on a peg, would scowl round the room, and
tuck up his sleeves very high, and stretch, and shake his fingers
and wrists, as if getting them ready for that pull of the nose
which he intended to bestow upon his rival. So prepared, he
would sit down and smoke his pipe quite silently, glaring at all,
and jumping up, and hitching up his coat sleeves when anyone
entered the room.

The Kidneys did not like this behavior. Clinker ceased
to come. Bustard, the poulterer, ceased to come. As for
Snaffle, he also disappeared, for Woolsey wished to make him
answerable for the misbehavior of Eglantine, and proposed to
him the duel which the latter had declined. So Snaffle went.
Presently they all went, except the tailor and Tressle, who
lived down the street, and these two would sit and puff their
tobacco, one on each side of Crump, the landlord, as silent as
Indian chiefs in a wigwam. There grew to be more and more
room for poor old Crump in his chair and in his clothes; the
Kidneys were gone, and why should he remain? One Satur-
day he did not come down to preside at the club (as he still
fondly called it), and the Saturday following Tressle had made
a coffin for him; and Woolsey, with the undertaker by his side,
followed to the grave the father of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Crump was now alone in the world! 'How alone?'
says some innocent and respected reader. Ah! my dear sir,
do you know so little of human nature as not to be aware that,
one week after the Richmond affair, Morgiana married Capt-
tain Walker? That did she privately, of course; and, after
the ceremony, came tripping back to her parents, as young
people do in plays, and said, 'Forgive me, dear pa and ma;
I'm married, and here is my husband the captain!' Papa
and mamma did forgive her, as why shouldn't they? and papa,
paid over her fortune to her, which she carried home, delighted, to the captain. This happened several months before the demise of old Crump, and Mrs. Captain Walker was on the Continent with her Howard when that melancholy event took place; hence Mrs. Crump's loneliness and unprotected condition. Morgiana had not latterly seen much of the old people; how could she, moving in her exalted sphere, receive at her genteel new residence in the Edgeware Road the old publican and his wife?

Being, then, alone in the world, Mrs. Crump could not abear, she said, to live in the house where she had been so respected and happy; so she sold the good will of the Bootjack, and, with the money arising from this sale and her own private fortune, being able to muster some sixty pounds per annum, retired to the neighborhood of her dear old Sadler's Wells, where she boarded with one of Mrs. Serle's forty pupils. Her heart was broken, she said; but nevertheless, about nine months after Mr. Crump's death, the wallflowers, nasturtiums, polyanthuses, and convolvuluses began to blossom under her bonnet as usual; in a year she was dressed quite as fine as ever, and now never missed the Wells, or some other place of entertainment, one single night, but was as regular as the boxkeeper. Nay, she was a buxom widow still, and an old flame of hers, Fisk, so celebrated as Pantaloon in Grimaldi's time, but now doing the 'heavy fathers' at the Wells, proposed to her to exchange her name for his.

But this proposal the worthy widow declined altogether. To say the truth, she was exceedingly proud of her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker. They did not see each other much at first; but every now and then Mrs. Crump would pay a visit to the folks in Connaught Square; and on the days when 'the captain's' lady called in the City Road there was not a single official at 'The Wells,' from the first tragedian down to the call-boy, who was not made aware of the fact.

It has been said that Morgiana carried home her fortune in her own reticule, and, smiling, placed the money in her husband's lap; and hence the reader may imagine, who knows Mr. Walker to be an extremely selfish fellow, that a great scene of anger must have taken place, and many coarse oaths and epithets of abuse must have come from him, when he found that five hundred pounds was all that his wife had, although he had expected five thousand with her. But to say the truth, Walker was at this time almost in love with his handsome, rosy, good-humored, simple wife. They had made a fortnight's tour, during which
they had been exceedingly happy; and there was something so frank and touching in the way in which the kind creature flung her all into his lap, saluting him with a hearty embrace at the same time, and wishing that it were a thousand billion times more, so that her darling Howard might enjoy it, that the man would have been a ruffian indeed could he have found it in his heart to be angry with her; and so he kissed her in return, and patted her on the shining ringlets, and then counted over the notes with rather a disconsolate air, and ended by locking them up in his portfolio. In fact, she had never deceived him; Eglantine had, and he in return had out-tricked Eglantine; and so warm were his affections for Morgiana at this time that, upon my word and honor, I don't think he repented of his bargain. Besides, five hundred pounds in crisp banknotes was a sum of money such as the captain was not in the habit of handling every day; a dashing, sanguine fellow, he fancied there was no end to it, and already thought of a dozen ways by which it should increase and multiply into a plum. Woe is me! Has not many a simple soul examined five new hundred-pound notes in this way, and calculated their powers of duration and multiplication?

This subject, however, is too painful to be dwelt on. Let us hear what Walker did with his money. Why, he furnished the house in the Edgeware Road before mentioned, he ordered a handsome service of plate, he sported a phaeton and two ponies, he kept a couple of smart maids and a groom footboy—in fact, he mounted just such a neat, unpretending, gentlemanlike establishment as becomes a respectable young couple on their outset in life. 'I've sown my wild oats,' he would say to his acquaintances; 'a few years since, perhaps, I would have longed to cut a dash, but now prudence is the word; and I've settled every farthing of Mrs. Walker's fifteen thousand on herself.' And the best proof that the world had confidence in him is the fact that for the articles of plate, equipage, and furniture, which have been mentioned as being in his possession, he did not pay one single shilling; and so prudent was he that but for turnpikes, postage stamps, and king's taxes, he hardly had occasion to change a five-pound note of his wife's fortune.

To tell the truth, Mr. Walker had determined to make his fortune. And what is easier in London? Is not the share market open to all? Do not Spanish and Columbian bonds rise and fall? For what are companies invented but to place thousands in the pockets of shareholders and directors? Into these commercial pursuits the gallant captain now plunged
with great energy, and made some brilliant hits at first starting, and bought and sold so opportunely that his name began to rise in the City as a capitalist, and might be seen in the printed list of directors of many excellent and philanthropic schemes, of which there is never any lack in London. Business to the amount of thousands was done at his agency; shares of vast value were bought and sold under his management. How poor Mr. Eglantine used to hate him and envy him as from the door of his emporium (the firm was Eglantine & Mossrose now) he saw the captain daily arrive in his pony phaeton, and heard of the start he had taken in life.

The only regret Mrs. Walker had was that she did not enjoy enough of her husband's society. His business called him away all day; his business, too, obliged him to leave her of evenings very frequently alone; while he (always in pursuit of business) was dining with his great friends at the club, and drinking claret and champagne to the same end.

She was a perfectly good natured and simple soul, and never made him a single reproach; but when he could pass an evening at home with her she was delighted, and when he could drive with her in the Park she was happy for a week after. On these occasions, and in the fullness of her heart, she would drive to her mother and tell her story. 'Howard drove with me in the Park yesterday, mamma,' 'Howard has promised to take me to the opera,' and so forth. And that evening the manager, Mr. Gawler, the first tragedian, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils, all the boxkeepers, bonnet women—nay, the ginger beer girls themselves at The Wells, knew that Captain and Mrs. Walker were at Kensington Gardens, or were to have the Marchioness of Billingsgate's box at the opera. One night—oh, joy of joys!—Mrs. Captain Walker appeared in a private box at The Wells. That's she with the black ringlets and Cashmere shawl, smelling bottle, and black velvet gown, and bird of paradise in her hat. Goodness gracious! how they all acted at her, Gawler and all, and how happy Mrs. Crump was! She kissed her daughter between all the acts; she nodded to all her friends on the stage, in the slips, or in the real water; she introduced her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker, to the box opener; and Melvil Delamere (the first comic), Canterfield (the tyrant), and Jonesini (the celebrated Fontarabian statuesque) were all on the steps, and shouted for Mrs. Captain Walker's carriage, and waved their hats and bowed as the little pony phaeton drove away. Walker, in his mustaches, had come in at the end of the play, and was not a little gratified by the compliments paid to himself and lady.
Among the other articles of luxury with which the captain furnished his house we must not omit to mention an extremely grand piano, which occupied four-fifths of Mrs. Walker's little back drawing room, and at which she was in the habit of practicing continually. All day and all night during Walker's absences (and these occurred all night and all day) you might hear—the whole street might hear—the voice of the lady at No. 23 gurgling and shaking and quavering, as ladies do when they practice. The street did not approve of the continuance of the noise; but neighbors are difficult to please, and what would Morgiana have had to do if she had ceased to sing? It would be hard to lock a blackbird in a cage and prevent him from singing too. And so Walker's blackbird, in the snug little cage in the Edgeware Road, sang and was not unhappy.

After the pair had been married for about a year, the omnibus that passes both by Mrs. Crump's house near The Wells, and by Mrs. Walker's street off the Edgeware Road, brought up the former-named lady almost every day to her daughter. She came when the captain had gone to his business; she stayed to a two-o'clock dinner with Morgiana; she drove with her in the pony-carriage round the Park, but she never stopped later than six. Had she not to go to the play at seven? And, besides, the captain might come home with some of his great friends, and he always swore and grumbled much if he found his mother-in-law on the premises. As for Morgiana, she was one of those women who encourage despotism in husbands. What the husband says must be right, because he says it; what he orders must be obeyed tremblingly. Mrs. Walker gave up her entire reason to her lord. Why was it? Before marriage she had been an independent little person; she had far more brains than her Howard. I think it must have been his mustaches that frightened her, and caused in her this humility.

Selfish husbands have this advantage in maintaining with easy-minded wives a rigid and inflexible behavior, viz.: that if they do by any chance grant a little favor, the ladies receive it with such transports of gratitude as they would never think of showing to a lord and master who was accustomed to give them everything they asked for; and hence, when Captain Walker signified his assent to his wife's prayer that she should take a singing master, she thought his generosity almost divine, and fell upon her mamma's neck, when that lady came the next day, and said what a dear adorable angel her Howard was, and what ought she not to do for a man who had taken her from her humble situation, and raised her to be what she was! What
she was, poor soul! She was the wife of a swindling parvenu gentleman. She received visits from six ladies of her husband's acquaintances—two attorneys' ladies, his bill-broker's lady, and one or two more, of whose characters we had best, if you please, say nothing; and she thought it an honor to be so distinguished; as if Walker had been a Lord Exeter to marry a humble maiden, or a noble prince to fall in love with a humble Cinderella, or a majestic Jove to come down from heaven and woo a Semele. Look through the world, respectable reader, and among your honorable acquaintances, and say if this sort of faith in women is not very frequent? They will believe in their husbands, whatever the latter do. Let John be dull, ugly, vulgar, and a humbug, his Mary Ann never finds it out; let him tell his stories ever so many times, there is she always ready with her kind smile; let him be stingy, she says he is prudent; let him quarrel with his best friend, she says he is always in the right; let him be prodigal, she says he is generous, and that his health requires enjoyment; let him be idle, he must have relaxation; and she will pinch herself and her household that he may have a guinea for his club. Yes; and every morning, as she wakes and looks at the face, snoring on the pillow by her side—every morning, I say, she blesses that dull ugly countenance, and the dull ugly soul reposing there, and thinks both are something divine. I want to know how it is that women do not find out their husbands to be humbugs? Nature has so provided it, and thanks to her. When last year they were acting the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and all the boxes began to roar with great coarse heehaws at Titania hugging Bottom's long, long ears—to me, considering these things, it seemed that there were a hundred other male brutes squatted round about, and treated just as reasonably as Bottom was. Their Titaniases lulled them to sleep in their laps, summoned a hundred smiling, delicate, household fairies to tickle their gross intellects and minister to their vulgar pleasures; and (as the above remarks are only supposed to apply to honest women loving their own lawful spouses) a mercy it is that no wicked Pack is in the way to open their eyes, and point out their folly. Cui bono? Let them live on in their deceit: I know two lovely ladies who will read this, and will say it is just very likely, and not see in the least that it has been written regarding them.

Another point of sentiment, and one curious to speculate on. Have you not remarked the immense works of art that women getthrough? The worsted-work sofas, the counterpanes patched or knitted (but these are among the old-fashioned in the coun-
try), the bushels of pincushions, the albums they laboriously fill, the tremendous pieces of music they practice, the thousand other fiddle-faddles which occupy the attention of the dear souls—nay, have we not seen them seated of evenings in a squad or company, Louisa employed at the worsted-work before mentioned, Eliza at the pincushions, Amelia at card racks or filigree matches, and, in the midst, Theodosia, with one of the candles, reading out a novel aloud? Ah! my dear sir, mortal creatures must be very hard put to it for amusement, be sure of that, when they are forced to gather together in a company and hear novels read aloud! They only do it because they can't help it, depend upon it; it is a sad life, a poor pastime. Mr. Dickens, in his American book, tells of the prisoners at the silent prison, how they had ornamented their rooms, some of them with a frightful prettiness and elaboration. Women's fancy work is of this sort often—only prison work, done because there was no other exercising ground for their poor little thoughts and fingers; and hence these wonderful pincushions are executed, these counterpanes woven, these sonatas learned. By everything sentimental, when I see two kind, innocent, fresh-cheeked young women go to a piano, and sit down opposite to it upon two chairs piled with more or less music books (according to their convenience), and, so seated, go through a set of double-barreled variations upon this or that tune by Herz or Kalkbrenner—I say, far from receiving any satisfaction at the noise made by the performance, my too susceptible heart is given up entirely to bleeding for the performers. What hours, and weeks, nay, preparatory years, of study has that infernal jig cost them! What sums has papa paid, what scoldings has mamma administered ('Lady Bullblock does not play herself,' Sir Thomas says, 'but she has naturally the finest ear for music ever known!'); what evidences of slavery, in a word, are there! It is the condition of the young lady's existence. She breakfasts at eight, she does 'Mangnall's Questions' with the governess till ten, she practices till one, she walks in the square with bars round her till two, then she practices again, then she sews or hemms, or reads French or Hume's 'History,' then she comes down to play to papa, because he likes music while he is asleep after dinner, and then it is bedtime, and the morrow is another day with what are called the same 'duties' to be gone through. A friend of mine went to call at a nobleman's house the other day, and one of the young ladies of the house came into the room with a tray on her head; this tray was to give Lady Maria a graceful carriage. Mon Dieu! and who
knows but at that moment Lady Bell was at work with a pair of her dumb namesakes, and Lady Sophy lying flat on a stretching board? I could write whole articles on this theme; but peace! we are keeping Mrs. Walker waiting all the while.

Well, then, if the above disquisitions have anything to do with the story, as no doubt they have, I wish it to be understood that, during her husband's absence, and her own solitary confinement, Mrs. Howard Walker bestowed a prodigious quantity of her time and energy on the cultivation of her musical talent; and having, as before stated, a very fine loud voice, speedily attained no ordinary skill in the use of it. She first had for teacher little Podmore, the fat chorus master at The Wells, and who had taught her mother the 'Tink-a-tink' song which has been such a favorite since it first appeared. He grounded her well, and bade her eschew the singing of all those Eagle Tavern ballads in which her heart formerly delighted; and when he had brought her to a certain point of skill, the honest little chorus master said she should have a still better instructor, and wrote a note to Captain Walker (in closing his own little account), speaking in terms of the most flattering encomium of his lady's progress, and recommending that she should take lessons of the celebrated Baroski. Captain Walker dismissed Podmore then, and engaged Signor Baroski, at a vast expense; as he did not fail to tell his wife. In fact, he owed Baroski no less than 220 guineas when he was—— But we are advancing matters.

Little Baroski is the author of the opera of 'Eliogabalo,' of the oratorio of 'Purgatorio,' which made such an immense sensation, of songs and ballet musics innumerable. He is a German by birth, and shows such an outrageous partiality for pork and sausages, and attends at church so constantly, that I am sure there cannot be any foundation in the story that he is a member of the ancient religion. He is a fat little man, with a hooked nose and jetty whiskers, and coal-black shining eyes, and plenty of rings and jewels on his fingers and about his person, and a very considerable portion of his shirt sleeves turned over his coat to take the air. His great hands (which can sprawl over half a piano, and produce those effects on the instrument for which he is celebrated) are incased in lemon-colored kids, new, or cleaned daily. Parenthetically, let us ask why so many men with coarse red wrists and big hands persist in the white kid glove and wristband system? Baroski's gloves alone must cost him a little fortune; only he says, with a leer, when asked the question, 'Get along wid you; don't
you know dere is a gloveress that lets me have dem very sheep? He rides in the Park, has splendid lodgings in Dover Street, and is a member of the Regent Club, where he is a great source of amusement to the members, to whom he tells astonishing stories of his successes with the ladies, and for whom he has always play and opera tickets in store. His eye glistens and his little heart beats when a lord speaks to him; and he has been known to spend large sums of money in giving treats to young sprigs of fashion at Richmond and elsewhere. 'In my boltycks,' he says, 'I am consarevattiff to de bagbone.' In fine, he is a puppy, and withal, a man of considerable genius in his profession.

This gentleman, then, undertook to complete the musical education of Mrs. Walker. He expressed himself at once 'enshanted vid her gababilities,' found that the extent of her voice was 'brodigious,' and guaranteed that she should become a first-rate singer. The pupil was apt, the master was exceedingly skillful; and, accordingly, Mrs. Walker's progress was very remarkable, although, for her part, honest Mrs. Crump, who used to attend her daughter's lessons, would grumble not a little at the new system, and the endless exercises which she, Morgiana, was made to go through. It was very different in her time, she said. Incledon knew no music, and who could sing so well now? Give her a good English ballad; it was a thousand times sweeter than your 'Figaros' and 'Semiramides.'

In spite of these objections, however, and with amazing perseverance and cheerfulness, Mrs. Walker pursued the method of study pointed out to her by her master. As soon as her husband went to the City in the morning her operations began; if he remained away at dinner, her labors still continued: nor is it necessary for me to particularize her course of study, nor, indeed, possible; for, between ourselves, none of the male Fitz-Boodles ever could sing a note, and the jargon of scales and solfeggios is quite unknown to me. But as no man can have seen persons addicted to music without remarking the prodigious energies they display in the pursuit, as there is no father of daughters, however ignorant, but is aware of the piano-rattling and voice-exercising which goes on in his house from morning till night, so let all fancy, without further inquiry, how the heroine of our story was at this stage of her existence occupied.

Walker was delighted with her progress, and did everything but pay Baroski, her instructor. We know why he didn't pay. It was his nature not to pay bills except on extreme compulsion; but why did not Baroski employ that extreme
compulsion? Because, if he had received his money he would have lost his pupil, and because he loved his pupil more than money. Rather than lose her, he would have given her a guinea as well as her cachet. He would sometimes disappoint a great personage, but he never missed his attendance on her; and the truth must out, that he was in love with her, as Woolsey and Eglantine had been before.

"By the immortel Chofe!" he would say, "dat letell ding sents me mad vid her big ice! But only wait avile; in six weeks I can bring any woman in England on her knees to me; and you shall see vat I vill do vid my Morgiana." He attended her for six weeks punctually, and yet Morgiana was never brought down on her knees; he exhausted his best stock of 'gomblimends,' and she never seemed disposed to receive them with anything but laughter. And, as a matter of course, he only grew more infatuated with the lovely creature who was so provokingly good-humored and so laughingly cruel.

Benjamin Baroski was one of the chief ornaments of the musical profession in London; he charged a guinea for a lesson of three-quarters of an hour abroad, and he had, furthermore, a school at his own residence, where pupils assembled in considerable numbers, and of that curious mixed kind which those may see who frequent these places of instruction. There were very innocent young ladies with their mammas, who would hurry them off trembling to the farther corner of the room when certain doubtful professional characters made their appearance. There was Miss Grigg, who sang at the Foundling, and Mr. Johnson, who sang at the Eagle Tavern, and Mme. Fioravanti (a very doubtful character), who sang nowhere, but was always coming out at the Italian Opera. There was Lumley Limpiter (Lord Tweedledale's son), one of the most accomplished tenors in town, and who, we have heard, sings with the professionals at a hundred concerts; and with him, too, was Captain Guzzard of the Guards, with his tremendous bass voice, which all the world declared to be as fine as Porto's, and who shared the applause of Baroski's school with Mr. Bulger, the dentist of Sackville Street, who neglected his ivory and gold plates for his voice, as every unfortunate individual will do who is bitten by the music mania. Then among the ladies there were a half score of dubious pale governesses and professionals with turned frocks and lank damp bandeaux of hair under shabby little bonnets, luckless creatures these, who were parting with their poor little store of half guineas to be enabled to say they were pupils of Signor
Baroski, and so get pupils of their own among the British youths, or employment in the choruses of the theaters.

The prima donna of the little company was Amelia Larkins, Baroski's own articulated pupil, on whose future reputation the eminent master staked his own, whose profits he was to share, and whom he had farmed, to this end, from her father, a most respectable sheriff's officer's assistant, and now, by his daughter's exertions, a considerable capitalist. Amelia is blonde and blue-eyed, her complexion is as bright as snow, her ringlets of the color of straw, her figure—but why describe her figure? Has not all the world seen her at the Theater Royal and in America under the name of Miss Ligonier?

Until Mrs. Walker arrived, Miss Larkins was the undisputed princess of the Baroski company—the Semiramis, the Rosina, the Tamina, the Donna Anna. Baroski vaunted her everywhere as the great rising genius of the day, bade Catalani look to her laurels, and questioned whether Miss Stephens could sing a ballad like his pupil. Mrs. Howard Walker arrived, and created, on the first occasion, no small sensation. She improved, and the little society became speedily divided into Walkerites and Larkinsians; and between these two ladies (as, indeed, between Guzzard and Bulger before mentioned, between Miss Brunck and Miss Horsman, the two contraltos, and between the chorus singers, after their kind) a great rivalry arose. Larkins was certainly the better singer; but could her straw-colored curls and dumpy high-shouldered figure bear any comparison with the jetty ringlets and stately form of Morgiana? Did not Mrs. Walker, too, come to the music lesson in her carriage, and with a black velvet gown and Cashmere shawl, while poor Larkins meekly stepped from Bell Yard, Temple Bar, in an old print gown and clogs, which she left in the hall? 'Larkins sing!' said Mrs. Crump sarcastically; 'I'm sure she ought; her mouth's big enough to sing a duet.' Poor Larkins had no one to make epigrams in her behalf; her mother was at home tending the younger ones, her father abroad following the duties of his profession; she had but one protector, as she thought, and that one was Baroski. Mrs. Crump did not fail to tell Lumley Limpiter of her own former triumphs, and to sing him 'Tink-a-tink,' which we have previously heard, and to state how in former days she had been called the Ravenswing. And Lumley, on this hint, made a poem, in which he compared Morgiana's hair to the plumage of the raven's wing, and Larkinissa's to that of the canary; by which two names the ladies began soon to be known in the school.
Ere long the flight of the Ravenswing became evidently stronger, whereas that of the canary was seen evidently to droop. When Morgiana sang all the room would cry ‘bravo’; when Amelia performed scarce a hand was raised for applause of her except Morgiana’s own, and that the Larkinses thought was lifted in odious triumph, rather than in sympathy, for Miss L. was of an envious turn, and little understood the generosity of her rival.

At last one day the crowning victory of the Ravenswing came. In the trio of Baroski’s own opera of ‘Eliogabalo’, Rosy lips and rosy wine,’ Miss Larkins, who was evidently unwell, was taking the part of the English captive, which she had sung in public concerts before royal dukes, and with considerable applause, and, from some reason, performed it so ill that Baroski, slapping down the music on the piano in a fury, cried, Mrs. Howard Walker, as Miss Larkins cannot sing today, will you favor us by taking the part of Boadicetta? Mrs. Walker got up smilingly to obey—the triumph was too great to be withstood; and, as she advanced to the piano, Miss Larkins looked wildly at her, and stood silent for a while, and, at last, shrieked out, Benjamin! in a tone of extreme agony, and dropped fainting down on the ground. Benjamin looked extremely red, it must be confessed, at being thus called by what we shall denominate his Christian name, and Limpiter looked round at Guzzard, and Miss Brunck nudged Miss Horsman, and the lesson concluded rather abruptly that day; for Miss Larkins was carried off to the next room, laid on a couch, and sprinkled with water.

Good-natured Morgiana insisted that her mother should take Miss Larkins to Bell Yard in her carriage, and went herself home on foot; but I don’t know that this piece of kindness prevented Larkins from hating her. I should doubt if it did.

Hearing so much of his wife’s skill as a singer, the astute Captain Walker determined to take advantage of it for the purpose of increasing his ‘connection.’ He had Lumley Limpiter at his house before long, which was, indeed, no great matter, for honest Lum would go anywhere for a good dinner, and an opportunity to show off his voice afterward, and Lumley was begged to bring any more clerks in the treasury of his acquaintance; Captain Guzzard was invited, and any officers of the Guards whom he might choose to bring; Bulger received occasional cards—in a word, and after a short time, Mrs. Howard Walker’s musical parties began to be considerably suivies. Her husband had the satisfaction to see his
rooms filled by many great personages; and once or twice in return (indeed whenever she was wanted, or when people could not afford to hire the first singers) she was asked to parties elsewhere, and treated with that killing civility which our English aristocracy knows how to bestow on artists. Clever and wise aristocracy! It is sweet to mark your ways, and study your commerce with inferior men.

I was just going to commence a tirade regarding the aristocracy here, and to rage against that cool assumption of superiority which distinguishes their lordships' commerce with artists of all sorts—that politeness which, if it condescend to receive artists at all, takes care to have them altogether, so that there can be no mistake about their rank—that august patronage of art which rewards it with a silly flourish of knighthood, to be sure, but takes care to exclude it from any contact with its betters in society—I was, I say, just going to commence a tirade against the aristocracy for excluding artists from their company, and to be extremely satirical upon them, for instance, for not receiving my friend Morgiana, when it suddenly came into my head to ask, was Mrs. Walker fit to move in the best society?—to which query it must humbly be replied that she was not. Her education was not such as to make her quite the equal of Baker Street. She was a kind, honest, and clever creature; but, it must be confessed, not refined. Wherever she went she had, if not the finest, at any rate the most showy gown in the room; her ornaments were the biggest; her hats, toques, berets, marabouts, and other fallals, always the most conspicuous. She drops his here and there. I have seen her eat peas with a knife (and Walker, scowling on the opposite side of the table, striving in vain to catch her eye); and I shall never forget Lady Smigsmag's horror when she asked for porter at dinner at Richmond, and began to drink it out of the pewter pot. It was a fine sight. She lifted up the tankard with one of the finest arms, covered with the biggest bracelets ever seen, and had a bird of paradise on her head, that curled round the pewter dish of the pot as she raised it like a halo. These peculiarities she had, and has still. She is best away from the genteel world, that is the fact. When she says that 'the weather is so 'ot that it is quite debilitating'; when she laughs, when she hits her neighbor at dinner on the side of the waistcoat (as she will if he should say anything that amuses her), she does what is perfectly natural and unaffected on her part, but what is not customarily done among polite persons, who can sneer at her odd manners and her vanity, but don't
know the kindness, honesty, and simplicity which distinguish her. This point being admitted, it follows, of course, that the tirade against the aristocracy would, in the present instance, be out of place—so it shall be reserved for some other occasion.

The Ravenswing was a person admirably disposed by nature to be happy. She had a disposition so kindly that any small attention would satisfy it; was pleased when alone; was delighted in a crowd; was charmed with a joke, however old; was always ready to laugh, to sing, to dance, or to be merry; was so tender-hearted that the smallest ballad would make her cry, and hence was supposed by many persons to be extremely affected, and by almost all to be a downright coquette. Several competitors for her favor presented themselves besides Baroski. Young dandies used to canter round her phaeton in the Park, and might be seen haunting her doors in the mornings. The fashionable artist of the day made a drawing of her, which was engraved and sold in the shops; a copy of it was printed in a song, 'Black-eyed Maiden of Araby,' the words by Desmond Mulligan, Esq., the music composed and dedicated to Mrs. Howard Walker, by her most faithful and obliged servant, Benjamin Baroski; and at night her opera box was full. Her opera box? Yes, the heiress of the Boot-jack actually had an opera box, and some of the most fashionable manhood of London attended it.

Now, in fact, was the time of her greatest prosperity; and her husband, gathering these fashionable characters about him, extended his 'agency' considerably, and began to thank his stars that he had married a woman who was as good as a fortune to him.

In extending his agency, however, Mr. Walker increased his expenses proportionately, and multiplied his debts accordingly. More furniture and more plate, more wines and more dinner parties, became necessary; the little pony phaeton was exchanged for a brougham of evenings; and we may fancy our old friend Mr. Eglantine's rage and disgust as he looked up from the pit of the opera to see Mrs. Walker surrounded by what he called 'the swell young nob's' about London, bowing to my lord, and laughing with his Grace, and led to her carriage by Sir John.

The Ravenswing's position at this period was rather an exceptional one. She was an honest woman, visited by that peculiar class of our aristocracy who chiefly associate with ladies who are not honest. She laughed with all, but she encouraged none. Old Crump was constantly at her side now when she appeared in public, the most watchful of mammas,
always awake at the opera, though she seemed to be always asleep; but no dandy debauchee could deceive her vigilance, and for this reason Walker, who disliked her (as every man naturally will, must, and should dislike his mother-in-law), was contented to suffer her in his house to act as a chaperon to Morgiana.

None of the young dandies ever got admission of mornings to the little mansion in the Edgeware Road; the blinds were always down; and though you might hear Morgiana's voice half across the Park as she was practicing, yet the youthful hall porter in the sugar-loaf buttons was instructed to deny her, and always declared that his mistress was gone out with the most admirable assurance.

After some two years of her life of splendor there were, to be sure, a good number of morning visitors, who came with single knocks, and asked for Captain Walker; but these were no more admitted than the dandies aforesaid, and were referred, generally, to the captain's office, whither they went or not at their convenience. The only man who obtained admission into the house was Baroski, whose cab transported him thrice a week to the neighborhood of Connaught Square, and who obtained ready entrance in his professional capacity.

But even then, and much to the wicked little music master's disappointment, the dragon Crump was always at the piano with her endless worsted-work, or else reading her unfailing Sunday Times; and Baroski could only employ 'de langvitch of de ice,' as he called it, with his fair pupil, who used to mimic his manner of rolling his eyes about afterward, and perform 'Baroski in love' for the amusement of her husband and her mamma. The former had his reasons for overlooking the attentions of the little music master; and as for the latter, had she not been on the stage, and had not many hundreds of persons, in jest or earnest, made love to her? What else can a pretty woman expect, who is much before the public? And so the worthy mother counseled her daughter to bear these attentions with good humor, rather than to make them a subject of perpetual alarm and quarrel.

Baroski, then, was allowed to go on being in love, and was never in the least disturbed in his passion; and if he was not successful, at least the little wretch could have the pleasure of hinting that he was, and looking particularly roguish when the Ravenswing was named, and assuring his friends at the club that 'upon his vort dere was no trut in dat rebort.'

At last one day it happened that Mrs. Crump did not arrive in time for her daughter's lesson (perhaps it rained, and the
omnibus was full—a smaller circumstance than that has changed a whole life ere now)—Mrs. Crump did not arrive, and Baroski did, and Morgiana, seeing no great harm, sat down to her lesson as usual, and in the midst of it down went the music master on his knees, and made a declaration in the most eloquent terms he could muster.

' Don't be a fool, Baroski!' said the lady (I can't help it if her language was not more choice, and if she did not rise with cold dignity, exclaiming, 'Unhand me, sir!')—' don't be a fool!' said Mrs. Walker, ' but get up and let's finish the lesson.'

' You hard-hearted adorable little creature, will you not listen to me ?'

' No, I will not listen to you, Benjamin!' concluded the lady; ' get up and take a chair, and don't go on in that ridiculous way; don't!'

But Baroski, having a speech by heart, determined to deliver himself of it in that posture, and begged Morgiana not to turn away her divine face, and to listen to the voice of his despair, and so forth; he seized the lady's hand, and was going to press it to his lips, when she said, with more spirit, perhaps, than grace:

' Leave go my hand, sir; I'll box your ears if you don't!'

But Baroski wouldn't release her hand, and was proceeding to imprint a kiss upon it, and Mrs. Crump, who had taken the omnibus at a quarter past twelve instead of that at twelve, had just opened the drawing room door and was walking in, when Morgiana, turning as red as a peony, and unable to disengage her left hand, which the musician held, raised up her right hand, and, with all her might and main, gave her lover such a tremendous slap in the face as caused him abruptly to release the hand which he held, and would have laid him prostrate on the carpet but for Mrs. Crump, who rushed forward and prevented him from falling by administering right and left a whole shower of slaps, such as he had never endured since the day he was at school.

' What impenance!' said that worthy lady; ' you'll lay hands on my daughter, will you? (one, two.) You'll insult a woman in distress, will you, you little coward? (one, two.) Take that, and mind your manners, you filthy monster!'

Baroski bounced up in a fury. ' By Choife, you shall hear of dis!' shouted he; ' you shall pay me dis!'

' As many more as you please, little Benjamin,' cried the widow. ' Augustus' (to the page), ' was that the captain's knock?' At this Baroski made for his hat. ' Augustus, show this impenance to the door, and if he tries to come in again call a policeman: do you hear?'
The music master vanished very rapidly, and the two ladies, instead of being frightened or falling into hysterics as their betters would have done, laughed at the odious monster's discomfort, as they called him. 'Such a man as that set himself up against my Howard!' said Morgiana, with becoming pride; but it was agreed between them that Howard should know nothing of what had occurred, for fear of quarrels, or lest he should be annoyed. So when he came home not a word was said; and only that his wife met him with more warmth than usual you could not have guessed that anything extraordinary had occurred. It is not my fault that my heroine's sensibilities were not more keen, that she had not the least occasion for sal-volatile or symptom of a fainting fit; but so it was, and Mr. Howard Walker knew nothing of the quarrel between his wife and her instructor, until—

Until he was arrested next day at the suit of Benjamin Baroski for two hundred and twenty guineas, and, in default of payment, was conducted by Mr. Tobias Larkins to his principal's lock-up house in Chancery Lane.

Chapter V.

In which Mr. Walker falls into difficulties, and Mrs. Walker makes many foolish attempts to rescue him.

I hope the beloved reader is not silly enough to imagine that Mr. Walker, on finding himself inspended for debt in Chancery Lane, was so foolish as to think of applying to any of his friends (those great personages who have appeared every now and then in the course of this little history, and have served to give it a fashionable air). No, no; he knew the world too well; and that, though Billingsgate would give him as many dozen of claret as he could carry away under his belt, as the phrase is (I can't help it, madam, if the phrase is not more genteel), and though Vauxhall would lend him his carriage, slap him on the back, and dine at his house, their lordships would have seen Mr. Walker depending from a beam in front of the Old Bailey rather than have helped him to a hundred pounds.

And why, forsooth, should we expect otherwise in the world? I observe that men who complain of its selfishness are quite as selfish as the world is, and no more liberal of money than their neighbors; and I am quite sure with regard to Captain Walker that he would have treated a friend in want exactly as he when in want was treated. There was only his lady who was in the least afflicted by his captivity, and as
for the club, that went on, we are bound to say, exactly as it did on the day previous to his disappearance.

By the way, about clubs—could we not, but for fear of detaining the fair reader too long, enter into a wholesome dissertation here on the manner of friendship established in those institutions, and the noble feeling of selfishness which they are likely to encourage in the male race? I put out of the question the stale topics of complaint, such as leaving home, encouraging gormandizing and luxurios habits, etc.; but look also at the dealings of club men with one another. Look at the rush for the evening paper! See how Shiverton orders a fire in the dog days, and Swettenham opens the windows in February. See how Cramley takes the whole breast of the turkey on his plate, and how many times Jenkins sends away his beggarly half pint of sherry! Clubbery is organized egotism. Club intimacy is carefully and wonderfully removed from friendship. You meet Smith for twenty years, exchange the day’s news with him, laugh with him over the last joke, grow as well acquainted as two men may be together, and one day, at the end of the list of members of the club, you read in a little paragraph by itself, with all the honors,

MEMBER DECEASED.

Smith, John, Esq.;

or he, on the other hand, has the advantage of reading your own name selected for a similar typographical distinction. There it is, that abominable little exclusive list at the end of every club catalogue—you can’t avoid it. I belong to eight clubs myself, and know that one year Fitz-Boodle, George Savage, Esq. (unless it should please fate to remove my brother and his six sons, when of course it would be Fitz-Boodle, Sir George Savage, Bart.), will appear in the dismal category. There is that list; down I must go on it: the day will come, and I shan’t be seen in the bow window; someone else will be sitting in the vacant armchair; the rubber will begin as usual, and yet somehow Fitz will not be there. ‘Where’s Fitz?’ says Trumpington, just arrived from the Rhine? ‘Don’t you know?’ says Punter, turning down his thumb to the carpet. ‘You led the club, I think?’ says Ruff to his partner (the other partner!), and the waiter snuffs the candles.

I hope in the course of the above little pause every single member of a club who reads this has profited by the perusal. He may belong, I say, to eight clubs; he will die and not be
missed by any of the five thousand members. Peace be to him; the waiters will forget him, and his name will pass away, and another greatcoat will hang on the hook whence his own used to be dependent.

And this, I need not say, is the beauty of the club institutions. If we were otherwise—if, forsooth, we were to be sorry when our friends died, or to draw out our purses when our friends were in want, we should be insolvent, and life would be miserable. Be it ours to button up our pockets and our hearts, and to make merry—it is enough to swim down this life-stream for ourselves; if Poverty is clutching hold of our heels, or Friendship would catch an arm, kick them both off. Every man for himself, is the word, and plenty to do too.

My friend Captain Walker had practiced the above maxims so long and resolutely as to be quite aware when he came himself to be in distress that not a single soul in the whole universe would help him, and he took his measures accordingly.

When carried to Mr. Bendigo's lock-up house he summoned that gentleman in a very haughty way, took a blank banker's check out of his pocketbook, and filling it up for the exact sum of the writ, orders Mr. Bendigo forthwith to open the door and let him go forth.

Mr. Bendigo, smiling with exceeding archness, and putting a finger covered all over with diamond rings to his extremely aquiline nose, inquired of Mr. Walker whether he saw anything green about his face, intimating by this gay and good-humored interrogatory his suspicion of the unsatisfactory nature of the document handed over to him by Mr. Walker.

'Hang it, sir!' says Mr. Walker, 'go and get the check cashed, and be quick about it. Send your man in a cab, and here's a half crown to pay for it.' The confidant air somewhat staggered the bailiff, who asked him whether he would like any refreshment while his man was absent getting the amount of the check, and treated his prisoner with great civility during the time of the messenger's journey.

But as Captain Walker had but a balance of two pounds five and twopence (this sum was afterward divided among his creditors, the law expenses being previously deducted from it), the bankers of course declined to cash the captain's draft for two hundred and odd pounds, simply writing the words 'no effects' on the paper; on receiving which reply Walker, far from being cast down, burst out laughing very gayly, produced a real five-pound note, and called upon his host for a bottle of champagne, which the two worthies drank in perfect friendship.
and good humor. The bottle was scarcely finished, and the young Israelitish gentleman who acts as waiter in Cursitor Street had only time to remove the flask and the glasses, when poor Morgiana with a flood of tears rushed into her husband's arms, and flung herself on his neck, and calling him her 'dearest, blessed Howard,' would have fainted at his feet, but that he, breaking out in a fury of oaths, asked her how, after getting him into that scrape through her infernal extravagance, she dared to show her face before him. This address speedily frightened the poor thing out of her fainting fit—there is nothing so good for female hysterics as a little conjugal sternness, nay, brutality, as many husbands can aver who are in the habit of employing the remedy.

'My extravagance, Howard?' said she in a faint way; and quite put off her purpose of swooning by the sudden attack made upon her. 'Surely, my love, you have nothing to complain of—'

'To complain of, ma'am?' roared the excellent Walker. 'Is two hundred guineas to a music master nothing to complain of? Did you bring me such a fortune as to authorize your taking guinea lessons? Haven't I raised you out of your sphere of life and introduced you to the best of the land? Haven't I dressed you like a duchess? Haven't I been for you such a husband as very few women in the world ever had, madam? Answer me that.'

'Indeed, Howard, you were always very kind,' sobbed the lady. 'Haven't I toiled and slaved for you—been out all day working for you? Haven't I allowed your vulgar old mother to come to your house—to my house, I say? Haven't I done all this?'

She could not deny it, and Walker, who was in a rage (and when a man is in a rage, for what on earth is a wife made for but that he should vent his rage on her?), continued for some time in this strain, and so abused, frightened, and overcome poor Morgiana that she left her husband fully convinced that she was the most guilty of beings, and bemoaning his double bad fortune, that her Howard was ruined and she the cause of his misfortunes.

When she was gone Mr. Walker resumed his equanimity (for he was not one of those men whom a few months of the King's Bench were likely to terrify), and drank several glasses of punch in company with his host, with whom in perfect calmness he talked over his affairs. That he intended to pay his debt and quit the sponging house next day is a matter of course; no one was ever yet put in a sponging house that did
not pledge his veracity he intended to quit it to-morrow. Mr. Bendigo said he should be heartily glad to open the door to him, and in the meantime sent out diligently to see among his friends if there were any more detainers against the captain, and to inform the captain's creditors to come forward against him.

Morgiana went home in profound grief, it may be imagined, and could hardly refrain from bursting into tears when the sugar-loaf page asked whether master was coming home early, or whether he had taken his key; she lay awake tossing and wretched the whole night, and very early in the morning rose up and dressed, and went out.

Before nine o'clock she was in Cursitor Street, and once more joyfully bounced into her husband's arms, who woke up yawning and swearing somewhat, with a severe headache, occasioned by the jollification of the previous night; for, strange though it may seem, there are perhaps no places in Europe where jollity is more practiced than in prisons for debt; and I declare for my own part (I mean, of course, that I went to visit a friend) I have dined at Mr. Aminadab's as sumptuously as at Long's.

But it is necessary to account for Morgiana's joyfulness, which was strange in her husband's perplexity, and after her sorrow of the previous night. Well, then, when Mrs. Walker went out in the morning she did so with a very large basket under her arm. 'Shall I carry the basket, ma'am?' said the page, seizing it with much alacrity.

'No, thank you,' cried his mistress with equal eagerness; 'it's only——'

'Of course, ma'am,' replied the boy, sneering. 'I knew it was that.'

'Glass,' continued Mrs. Walker, turning extremely red. 'Have the goodness to call a coach, sir, and not to speak till you are questioned.'

The young gentleman disappeared upon his errand; the coach was called and came. Mrs. Walker slipped into it with her basket, and the page went downstairs to his companions in the kitchen, and said, 'It's a-comin'! Master's in quod, and missus has gone out to pawn the plate.' When the cook went out that day she somehow had by mistake placed in her basket a dozen of table knives and a plated egg stand. When the lady's maid took a walk in the course of the afternoon she found she had occasion for eight cambric pocket handkerchiefs (marked with her mistress' cipher), half a dozen pair of shoes, gloves, long and short, some silk stockings, and a gold-headed
scent bottle. Both the new Cashmeres is gone,' said she, 'and there's nothing left in Mrs. Walker's trinket box but a paper of pins and an old coral bracelet.' As for the page, he rushed incontinently to his master's dressing room and examined every one of the pockets of his clothes, made a parcel of some of them, and opened all the drawers which Walker had not locked before his departure. He only found three halfpence and a bill stamp, and about forty-five tradesmen's accounts, neatly labeled and tied up with red tape. These three worthies, a groom, who was a great admirer of Trimmer, the lady's maid, and a policeman, a friend of the cook's, sat down to a comfortable dinner at the usual hour, and it was agreed among them all that Walker's ruin was certain. The cook made the policeman a present of a china punch bowl which Mrs. Walker had given her; and the lady's maid gave her friend the 'Book of Beauty' for last year, and the third volume of Byron's poems from the drawing room table.

'I'm dash'd if she aint taken the little French clock too,' said the page, and so indeed Mrs. Walker had; it slipped in the basket, where it lay enveloped in one of her shawls, and then struck madly and unnaturally a great number of times as Morgiana was lifting her store of treasures out of the hackney coach. The coachman wagged his head sadly as he saw her walking as quickly as she could under her heavy load, and disappearing round the corner of the street at which Mr. Balls' celebrated jewelry establishment is situated. It is a grand shop, with magnificent silver cups and salvers, rare gold-headed canes, flutes, watches, diamond brooches, and a few fine specimens of the old masters in the window, and under the words

Balls, Jeweler.

Money Lent.

you read,
in the very smallest type, on the door.

The interview with Mr. Balls need not be described; but it must have been a satisfactory one, for at the end of half an hour Morgiana returned and bounded into the coach with sparkling eyes, and told the driver to gallop to Cursitor Street; which, smiling, he promised to do, and accordingly set off in that direction at the rate of four miles an hour. 'I thought so,' said the philosophical charioteer. 'When a man's in quod a woman don't mind her silver spoons; ' and he was so delighted with her action that he forget to grumble when she came to settle accounts with him, even though she gave him only double his farc.
‘Take me to him,’ said she to the young Hebrew who opened the door.

‘To whom?’ says the sarcastic youth; ‘there’s twenty 

hims here. You’re precious early.’

‘To Captain Walker, young man,’ replied Morgiana haughtily; whereupon the youth, opening the second door, and seeing Mr. Bendigo in a flowered dressing gown descending the stairs, exclaimed, ‘Papa, here’s a lady for the captain.’ ‘I’m come to free him,’ said she, trembling, and holding out a bundle of banknotes. ‘Here’s the amount of your claim, sir—two hundred and twenty guineas, as you told me last night.’

The Jew took the notes, and grinned as he looked at her, and grinned double as he looked at his son, and begged Mrs. Walker to step into his study and take a receipt. When the door of that apartment closed upon the lady and his father, Mr. Bendigo the younger fell back in an agony of laughter, which it is impossible to describe in words, and presently ran out into a court where some of the luckless inmates of the house were already taking the air, and communicated something to them which made those individuals also laugh as uproariously as he had previously done.

Well, after joyfully taking the receipt from Mr. Bendigo (how her cheeks flushed and her heart fluttered as she dried it on the blotting book!), and after turning very pale again on hearing that the captain had had a very bad night; ‘And well he might, poor dear!’ said she (at which Mr. Bendigo, having no person to grin at, grinned at a marble bust of Mr. Pitt which ornamented his sideboard)—Morgiana, I say, these preliminaries being concluded, was conducted to her husband’s apartment, and once more flinging her arms round her dearest Howard’s neck, told him, with one of the sweetest smiles in the world, to make haste and get up and come home, for breakfast was waiting and the carriage at the door.

‘What do you mean, love?’ said the captain, starting up and looking exceedingly surprised.

‘I mean that my dearest is free; that the odious little creature is paid—at least the horrid bailiff is.’

‘Have you been to Baroski?’ said Walker, turning very red.

‘Howard!’ said his wife, quite indignant.

‘Did—did your mother give you the money?’ asked the captain.

‘No; I had it by me,’ replies Mrs. Walker, with a very knowing look.

Walker was more surprised than ever. ‘Have you any more money by you?’ said he.
Mrs. Walker showed him her purse with two guineas. 'That is all, love,' she said. 'And I wish,' continued she, 'you would give me a draft to pay a whole list of little bills that have somehow all come in within the last few days.'

'Well, well, you shall have the cheek,' continued Mr. Walker, and began forthwith to make his toilet, which completed, he rang for Mr. Bendigo, and his bill, and intimated his wish to go home directly.

The honored bailiff brought the bill, but with regard to his being free, said it was impossible.

'How impossible?' said Mrs. Walker, turning very red and then very pale. 'Did I not pay you just now?'

'So you did, and you've got the reship; but there's another detainer against the captain for a hundred and fifty: Eglantine & Mossrose of Bond Street; perfumery for five years, you know.'

'You don't mean to say you were such a fool as to pay without asking if there were any more detainers?' roared Walker to his wife.

'Yes, she was, though,' chuckled Mr. Bendigo; 'but she'll know better the next time; and, besides, captain, what's a hundred and fifty pounds to you?'

Though Walker desired nothing so much in the world at that moment as the liberty to knock down his wife, his sense of prudence overcame his desire for justice: if that feeling may be called prudence on his part which consisted in a strong wish to cheat the bailiff into the idea that he (Walker) was an exceedingly respectable and wealthy man. Many worthy persons indulge in this fond notion, that they are imposing upon the world—strive to fancy, for instance, that their bankers consider them men of property because they keep a tolerable balance, pay little tradesmen's bills with ostentatious punctuality, and so forth—but the world, let us be pretty sure, is as wise as need be, and guesses our real condition with a marvelous instinct, or learns it with curious skill. The London tradesman is one of the keenest judges of human nature extant; and if a tradesman, how much more a bailiff? In reply to the ironic question, 'What's a hundred and fifty pounds to you?' Walker, collecting himself, answers, 'It is an infamous imposition, and I owe the money no more than you do; but nevertheless, I shall instruct my lawyers to pay it in the course of the morning; under protest, of course.'

'Oh, of course,' said Mr. Bendigo, bowing and quitting the room, and leaving Mrs. Walker to the pleasure of a tête-à-tête with her husband.
And now being alone with the partner of his bosom, the
worthy gentleman began an address to her which cannot be
put down on paper here; because the world is exceedingly
squeamish, and does not care to hear the whole truth about
rascals, and because the fact is that almost every other word
of the captain's speech was a curse, such as would shock the
beloved reader were it put in print.

Fancy, then, in lieu of the conversation, a scoundrel disap-
pointed and in a fury, wreaking his brutal revenge upon an
amiable woman who sits trembling and pale, and wondering
at this sudden exhibition of wrath. Fancy how he clutches
his fists and stands over her, and stamps and screams out
curses with a livid face, growing wilder and wilder in his rage,
wrenching her hand when she wants to turn away, and only
stopping at last when she has fallen off her chair in a fainting
fit, with a heart-breaking sob that made the Jew boy who was
listening at the keyhole turn quite pale and walk away. Well,
it is best, perhaps, that such a conversation should not be told
at length. At the end of it, when Mr. Walker had his wife
lifeless on the floor, he seizes a water jug and poured it over
her; which operation pretty soon brought her to herself, and
shaking her black ringlets, she looked up once more again
timidly into his face, and took his hand, and began to cry.

He spoke now in a somewhat softer voice, and let her keep
paddling on with her hand as before; he couldn't speak very
fiercely to the poor girl in her attitude of defeat and tender-
ness and supplication. 'Morgiana,' said he, 'your extrava-
gance and carelessness have brought me to ruin, I'm afraid.
If you'd chosen to have gone to Baroski a word from you
would have made him withdraw the writ and my property
wouldn't have been sacrificed, as it has now been, for nothing.
It mayn't be yet too late, however, to retrieve ourselves.
This bill of Eglandine's is a regular conspiracy, I am sure, be-
tween Mossrose and Bendigo here; you must go to Eglandine
—he's an old— an old flame of yours, you know.'

She dropped his hand; 'I can't go to Eglandine after what
has passed between us,' she said; but Walker's face instantly
began to wear a certain look, and she said with a shudder,
'Well, well, dear, I will go.' 'You will go to Eglandine, and
ask him to take a bill for the amount of this shameful demand
—at any date, never mind what. Mind, however, to see him
alone, and I'm sure if you choose you can settle the business.
Make haste; set off directly, and come back, as there may be
more detainers in.'
Trembling, and in a great flutter, Morgiana put on her bonnet and gloves, and went toward the door. 'It's a fine morning,' said Mr. Walker, looking out; 'a walk will do you good; and—Morgiana—didn't you say you had a couple of guineas in your pocket?'

'Here it is,' said she, smiling all at once, and holding up her face to be kissed. She paid the two guineas for the kiss. Was it not a mean act? 'Is it possible that people can love where they do not respect?' says Miss Prim; 'I never would.' Nobody asked you, Miss Prim; but recollect Morgiana was not born with your advantages of education and breeding; and was, in fact, a poor vulgar creature, who loved Mr. Walker, not because her mamma told her, nor because he was an exceedingly eligible and well-brought-up young man, but because she could not help it, and knew no better. Nor is Mrs. Walker set up as a model of virtue; ah, no! when I want a model of virtue I will call in Baker Street, and ask for a sitting of my dear (if I may be permitted to say so) Miss Prim.

We have Mr. Howard Walker safely housed in Mr. Bendigo's establishment in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane; and it looks like mockery and want of feeling toward the excellent hero of this story (or, as should rather be said, toward the husband of the heroine) to say what he might have been but for the unlucky little circumstance of Baroski's passion for Morgiana.

If Baroski had not fallen in love with Morgiana he would not have given her two hundred guineas' worth of lessons; he would not have so far presumed as to seize her hand, and attempt to kiss it; if he had not attempted to kiss her she would not have boxed his ears; he would not have taken out the writ against Walker; Walker would have been free, very possibly rich, and therefore certainly respected; he always said that a month's more liberty would have set him beyond the reach of misfortune.

The assertion is very likely a correct one; for Walker had a flashy enterprising genius, which ends in wealth sometimes, in the King's Bench not seldom, occasionally, alas, in Van Diemen's Land! He might have been rich could he have kept his credit, and had not his personal expenses and extravagances pulled him down. He had gallantly availed himself of his wife's fortune; nor could any man in London, as he proudly said, have made five hundred pounds go so far. He had, as we have seen, furnished a house, sideboard, and cellar with it; he had a carriage, and horses in his stable; and with the remainder he had purchased shares in four companies—of three
of which he was founder and director, had conducted innumerable bargains in the foreign stocks, had lived and entertained sumptuously, and made himself a very considerable income. He had set up The Capitol Loan and Life Assurance Company, had discovered the Chimborazo gold mines, and the Society for Recovering and Draining the Pontine Marshes—capital ten millions; patron his Holiness the Pope. It certainly was stated in an evening paper that his Holiness had made him a Knight of the Spur, and had offered to him the rank of count; and he was raising a loan for his Highness the Cacique of Panama, who has sent him (by way of dividend) the grand cordon of his Highness' order of the Castle and Falcon, which might be seen any day at his office in Bond Street, with the parchments signed and sealed by the Grand Master and Falcon King-at-Arms of his Highness. In a week more Walker would have raised £100,000 on his Highness' twenty per cent. loan; he would have had £15,000 commission for himself; his companies would have risen to par; he would have realized his shares; he would have gone into parliament; he would have been made a baronet, who knows? a peer, probably! 'And I appeal to you, sir,' Walker would say to his friends, 'could any man have shown better proof of his affection for his wife than by laying out her little miserable money as I did? They call me heartless, sir, because I didn't succeed; sir, my life has been a series of sacrifices for that woman, such as no man ever performed before.'

A proof of Walker's dexterity and capability for business may be seen in the fact that he had actually appeased and reconciled one of his bitterest enemies—our honest friend Eglantine. After Walker's marriage, Eglantine, who had now no mercantile dealings with his former agent, became so enraged with him that, as the only means of revenge in his power, he sent him in his bill for goods supplied to the amount of one hundred and fifty guineas, and sued him for the amount. But Walker stepped boldly over to his enemy, and in the course of half an hour they were friends.

Eglantine promised to forego his claim; and accepted in lieu of it three £100 shares of the ex-Panama stock, bearing twenty-five per cent., payable half-yearly at the house of Hocus Brothers, St. Swithin's Lane; three £100 shares, and the second class of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with the ribbon and badge. 'In four years, Eglantine, my boy, I hope to get you the grand cordon of the order,' said Walker; 'I hope to see you a Knight Grand Cross, with a grant of a hundred thousand acres reclaimed from the Isthmus.'
To do my poor Eglantine justice, he did not care for the hundred thousand acres—it was the star that delighted him. Ah! how his fat chest heaved with delight as he sewed on the cross and ribbon to his dress coat, and lighted up four wax candles and looked at himself in the glass. He was known to wear a greatcoat after that—it was that he might wear the cross under it. That year he went on a trip to Boulogne. He was dreadfully ill during the voyage, but as the vessel entered the port he was seen to emerge from the cabin, his coat open, the star blazing on his chest; the soldiers saluted him as he walked the streets, he was called M. le Chevalier, and when he went home he entered into negotiations with Walker to purchase a commission in his Highness' service. Walker said he would get him the nominal rank of captain; the fees at the Panama War Office were five-and-twenty pounds, which sum honest Eglantine produced, and had his commission, and a pack of visiting cards printed as Captain Archibald Eglantine, K. C. F. Many a time he looked at them as they lay in his desk, and he kept the cross in his dressing table, and wore it as he shaved every morning.

His Highness the Cacique, it is well known, came to England, and had lodgings in Regent Street, where he held a levee, at which Eglantine appeared in the Panama uniform, and was most graciously received by his sovereign. His Highness proposed to make Captain Eglantine his aid-de-camp with the rank of colonel, but the captain's exchequer was rather low at that moment, and the fees at the 'War Office' were peremptory. Meanwhile his Highness left Regent Street, was said by some to have returned to Panama, by others to be in his native city of Cork, by others to be leading a life of retirement in the New Cut, Lambeth; at any rate was not visible for some time, so that Captain Eglantine's advancement did not take place. Eglantine was somehow ashamed to mention his military and chivalric rank to Mr. Mossrose when that gentleman came into partnership with him; and left these facts secret until they were detected by a very painful circumstance. On the very day when Walker was arrested at the suit of Benjamin Baroski there appeared in the newspapers an account of the imprisonment of his Highness the Prince of Panama for a bill owing to a licensed victualer in Ratcliff Highway. The magistrate to whom the victualer subsequently came to complain passed many pleasantryes on the occasion. He asked whether his Highness did not drink like a swan with two necks; whether he had brought any Belles
savages with him from Panama, and so forth; and the whole court, said the report, 'was convulsed with laughter when Boniface produced a green and yellow ribbon with a large star of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with which his Highness proposed to gratify him in lieu of paying his little bill.'

It was as he was reading the above document with a bleeding heart that Mr. Mossrose came in from his daily walk to the City. 'Vell, Eglantine,' says he, 'have you heard the newsh?'

'About his Highness?'

'About your friend Walker; he's arrested for two hundred poundsh!'

Eglantine at this could contain no more, but told his story of how he had been induced to accept £300 of Panama stock for his account against Walker, and cursed his stars for his folly.

'Vell, you've only to bring in another bill,' said the younger perfumer; 'swear he owes you a hundred and fifty pounds, and we'll have a writ out against him this afternoon.'

And so a second writ was taken out against Captain Walker.

'You'll have his wife here very likely in a day or two,' said Mr. Mossrose to his partner; 'them chaps always sends their wives, and I hope you know how to deal with her.'

'I don't value her a fig's head,' said Eglantine. 'I'll treat her like the dust of the hearth. After that woman's conduct to me I should like to see her have the haudacity to come here; and if she does you'll see how I'll serve her.'

The worthy perfumer was, in fact, resolved to be exceedingly hard-hearted in his behavior toward his old love, and acted over at night in bed the scene which was to occur when the meeting should take place. Oh, thought he, but it will be a great thing to see the proud Morgiana on her knees to me, and me a-pointing to the door, and saying, 'Madam, you've steeled this 'eart against you, you have—bury the recollection of old times, of those old times when I thought my 'eart would have broke, but it didn't—no, 'earts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die as I thought I should; I stood it, and live to see the woman I despised at my feet—ha, ha, at my feet!'

In the midst of these thoughts Mr. Eglantine fell asleep, but it was evident that the idea of seeing Morgiana once more agitated him considerably, else why should he have been at the pains of preparing so much heroism? His sleep was exceedingly fitful and troubled; he saw Morgiana in a hundred shapes; he dreamed that he was dressing her hair; that he was riding with her to Richmond; that the horse turned into a dragon, and Morgiana into Woolsey, who took him by
the throat and choked him, while the dragon played the key bugle. And in the morning when Mossrose was gone to his business in the City, and he sat reading the Morning Post in his study, ah! what a thump his heart gave as the lady of his dreams actually stood before him!

Many a lady who purchased brushes at Eglantine's shop would have given ten guineas for such a color as his when he saw her. His heart beat violently, he was almost choking in his stays; he had been prepared for the visit, but his courage failed him now it had come. 'They were both silent for some minutes.

'You know what I am come for,' at last said Morgiana from under her veil, but she put it aside as she spoke.

'I—that is—yes—it's a painful affair, mem,' he said, giving one look at her pale face, and then turning away in a flurry. 'I beg to refer you to Blunt, Hone, & Sharpus, my lawyers, mem,' he added, collecting himself.

'I didn't expect this from you, Mr. Eglantine,' said the lady, and began to sob.

'And after what's happened I didn't expect a visit from you, mem. I thought Mrs. Capting Walker was too great a dame to visit poor Archibald Eglantine (though some of the first men in the country do visit him). Is there anything in which I can oblige you, mem?'

'O Heavens!' cried the poor woman; 'have I no friend left? I never thought that you too would have deserted me, Mr. Archibald.'

The 'Archibald,' pronounced in the old way, had evidently an effect on the perfumer; he winced and looked at her very eagerly for a moment. 'What can I do for you, mem?' at last said he.

'What is this bill against Mr. Walker for which he is now in prison?'

'Perfumery supplied for five years; that man used more air-brushes than any duke in the land, and as for eau-de-cologne he must have bathed himself in it. He bordered me about like a lord. He never paid me one shilling; he stabbed me in my most vital part—but, ah! ah! never mind that: and I said I would be revenged, and I am.'

The perfumer was quite in a rage again by this time, and wiped his fat face with his pocket handkerchief, and glared upon Mrs. Walker with a most determined air.

'Revenged on whom? Archibald—Mr. Eglantine, revenged on me—on a poor woman whom you made miserable! You would not have done so once.'
'Ha! and a precious way you treated me once,' said Eglantine; 'don't talk to me, mem, of once. Bury the recollection of once forver! I thought my 'cart would have broke once, but no; 'carts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die as I thought I should; I stood it—and I live to see the woman who despised me at my feet.'

'O Harchibald!' was all the lady could say, and she fell to sobbing again; it was perhaps her best argument with the perfumer.

'O Harchibald, indeed!' continued he, beginning to swell; 'don't call me Harchibald, Morgiana. Think what a position you might have held if you'd chose, when, when—you might have called me Harchibald. Now it's no use,' added he with harrowing pathos; 'but, though I've been wronged, I can't bear to see women in tears—tell me what I can do.'

'Dear, good Mr. Eglantine, send to your lawyers and stop this horrid prosecution—take Mr. Walker's acknowledgment for the debt. If he is free he is sure to have a very large sum of money in a few days, and will pay you all. Do not ruin him—do not ruin me by persisting now. Be the old kind Eglantine you were.'

Eglantine took a hand, which Morgiana did not refuse; he thought about old times. He had known her since childhood almost; as a girl he dandled her on his knee at the Kidneys; as a woman he had adored her—his heart was melted.

'He did pay me in a sort of way,' reasoned the perfumer with himself; 'these bonds, though they are not worth much, I took 'em for better or for worse, and I can't bear to see her crying, and to trample on a woman in distress. Morgiana,' he added, in a loud cheerful voice, 'cheer up; I'll give you a release for your husband; I will be the old kind Eglantine I was.'

'Be the old kind jackass you vash!' here roared a voice that made Mr. Eglantine start. 'Vy, vat an old fat fool you are, Eglantine, to give up our just debts because a woman comes sniveling and crying to you—and such a woman too!' exclaimed Mr. Mossrose, for his was the voice.

'Such a woman, sir?' cried the senior partner.

'Yes; such a woman—vy, didn't she jilt you herself? hasn't she been trying the same game with Baroski? and are you so green as to give up a hundred and fifty pounds because she takes a fancy to come vimpering here? I won't, I can tell you. The money's as much mine as it is yours, and I'll have it, or keep Walker's body, that's what I will.'

At the presence of his partner the timid good genius of
Eglantine, which had prompted him to mercy and kindness, at once outspread its frightened wings and flew away.

"You see how it is, Mrs. W.," said he, looking down; "it's an affair of business—in all these here affairs of business Mr. Mossrose is the managing man; aint you, Mr. Mossrose?"

"A pretty business it would be if I wasn't," replied Mossrose doggedly. "Come, ma'am," says he, "I'll tell you vat I do: I take fifty per shent.—not a farthing less; give me that, and out your husband goes."

"Oh, sir, Howard will pay you in a week."

"Vell, den, let him stop at my uncle Bendigo's for a week, and come out den—he's very comfortable there," said Shylock, with a grin. "Hadn't you better go to the shop, Mr. Eglantine," continued he, "and look after your business? Mrs. Walker can't want you to listen to her all day."

Eglantine was glad of the excuse, and slunk out of the studio, not into the shop, but into his parlor, where he drank off a great glass of Maraschino, and sat blushing and exceedingly agitated, until Mossrose came to tell him that Mrs. W. was gone, and wouldn't trouble him any more. But although he drank several more glasses of Maraschino, and went to the play that night, and to the cider cellars afterward, neither the liquor nor the play nor the delightful comic songs at the cellars could drive Mrs. Walker out of his head, and the memory of old times, and the image of her pale weeping face.

Morgiana tottered out of the shop, scarcely heeding the voice of Mr. Mossrose, who said, "I'll take forty per shent" (and went back to his duty cursing himself for a soft-hearted fool for giving up so much of his rights to a pouting woman)—Morgiana, I say, tottered out of the shop, and went up Conduit Street, weeping, weeping with all her eyes. She was quite faint, for she had taken nothing that morning but the glass of water which the pastry cook in the Strand had given her, and was forced to take hold of the railings of a house for support just as a little gentleman with a yellow handkerchief under his arm was issuing from the door.

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Walker!" said the gentleman. It was no other than Mr. Woolsey, who was going forth to try a body coat for a customer. "Are you ill? What's the matter? For God's sake come in!" and he took her arm under his, and led her into his back parlor, and seated her, and had some wine and water before her in one minute, before she had said one single word regarding herself.

As soon as she was somewhat recovered, and with the inter-
ruption of a thousand sobs, the poor thing told as well as she could her little story. Mr. Eglantine had arrested Mr. Walker; she had been trying to gain time for him; Eglantine had refused.

'The hard-hearted, cowardly brute to refuse her anything!' said loyal Mr. Woolsey. 'My dear,' says he, 'I've no reason to love your husband, and I know too much about him to respect him; but I love and respect you, and will spend my last shilling to serve you.' At which Morgiana could only take his hand and cry a great deal more than ever. She said Mr. Walker would have a great deal of money in a week, that he was the best of husbands, and she was sure Mr. Woolsey would think better of him when he knew him; that Mr. Eglantine's bill was £150, but that Mr. Mossrose would take forty per cent., if Mr. Woolsey could say how much that was.

'I'll pay a thousand pound to do you good,' said Mr. Woolsey, bouncing up; 'stay here for ten minutes, my dear, until my return, and all shall be right, as you will see.' He was back in ten minutes, and had called a cab from the stand opposite (all the coachmen there had seen and commented on Mrs. Walker's woebegone looks), and they were off for Cursitor Street in a moment. 'They'll settle the whole debt for £20,' said he, and showed an order to that effect from Mr. Mossrose to Mr. Bendigo, empowering the latter to release Walker on receiving Mr. Woolsey's acknowledgment for the above sum.

'There's no use paying it,' said Mr. Walker doggedly; 'it would only be robbing you, Mr. Woolsey—seven more detainers have come in while my wife has been away. I must go through the court now; but,' he added in a whisper to the tailor, 'my good sir, my debts of honor are sacred, and if you will have the goodness to lend me the twenty pounds, I pledge you my word as a gentleman to return it when I come out of quod.'

It is probable that Mr. Woolsey declined this; for, as soon as he was gone, Walker, in a tremendous fury, began cursing his wife for dawdling three hours on the road. 'Why the deuce, ma'am, didn't you take a cab?' roared he when he heard she had walked to Bond Street. 'Those writs have only been in half an hour, and I might have been off but for you.'

'O Howard,' said she, 'didn't you take—didn't I give you my—my last shilling?' and fell back and wept again more bitterly than ever.

'Well, love,' said her amiable husband, turning rather red, 'never mind, it wasn't your fault. It is but going through the court. It is no great odds. I forgive you.'
Chapter VI.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER STILL REMAINS IN DIFFICULTIES, BUT SHOWS GREAT RESIGNATION UNDER HIS MISFORTUNES.

The exemplary Walker, seeing that escape from his enemies was hopeless, and that it was his duty as a man to turn on them and face them, now determined to quit the splendid though narrow lodgings which Mr. Bendigo had provided for him, and undergo the martyrdom of the Fleet. Accordingly, in company with that gentleman, he came over to her Majesty's prison, and gave himself into the custody of the officers there; and did not apply for the accommodation of the rules (by which in those days the captivity of some debtors was considerably lightened), because he knew perfectly well that there was no person in the wide world who would give a security for the heavy sums for which Walker was answerable. What these sums were is no matter, and on this head we do not think it at all necessary to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. He may have owed hundreds—thousands; his creditors only can tell; he paid the dividend which has been formerly mentioned, and showed thereby his desire to satisfy all claims upon him to the uttermost farthing.

As for the little house in Connaught Square, when, after quitting her husband, Morgiana drove back thither, the door was opened by the page, who instantly thanked her to pay his wages; and in the drawing room, on a yellow satin sofa, sat a seedy man (with a pot of porter beside him placed on an album for fear of staining the rosewood table), and the seedy man signified that he had taken possession of the furniture in execution for a judgment debt. Another seedy man was in the dining room, reading a newspaper and drinking gin; he informed Mrs. Walker that he was the representative of another judgment debt and of another execution. 'There's another on 'em in the kitchen,' said the page, 'taking an inventory of the furniture; and he swears he'll have you took up for swindling, for pawning the plate.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Woolsey, for that worthy man had conducted Morgiana home—'sir,' said he, shaking his stick at the young page, 'if you give any more of your impudence I'll beat every button off your jacket; ' and as there were some four hundred of these ornaments, the page was silent. It was a great mercy for Morgiana that the honest and faithful tailor had accompanied her. The good fellow had waited very patiently for her for an hour in the parlor or coffee room of the lock-up house, knowing full well that she would want a protector on her
way homeward; and his kindness will be more appreciated when it is stated that, during the time of his delay in the coffee room, he had been subject to the entreaties, nay, to the insults, of Cornet Fipkin of the Blues, who was in prison at the suit of Linsey, Woolsey & Co., and who happened to be taking his breakfast in the apartment when his obdurate creditor entered it. The cornet (a hero of eighteen, who stood at least five feet three in his boots, and owed fifteen thousand pounds) was so enraged at the obduracy of his creditor that he said he would have thrown him out of the window but for the bars which guarded it; and entertained serious thoughts of knocking the tailor’s head off, but that the latter, putting his right leg forward and his fists in a proper attitude, told the young officer to ‘come on’; on which the cornet cursed the tailor for a ‘snob,’ and went back to his breakfast.

The execution people having taken charge of Mr. Walker’s house, Mrs. Walker was driven to take refuge with her mamma near Sadler’s Wells, and the captain remained comfortably lodged in the Fleet. He had some ready money, and with it managed to make his existence exceedingly comfortable. He lived with the best society of the place, consisting of several distinguished young noblemen and gentlemen. He spent the morning playing at fives and smoking cigars; the evenings smoking cigars and dining comfortably. Cards came after dinner; and, as the captain was an experienced player, and near a score of years older than most of his friends, he was generally pretty successful; indeed if he had received all the money that was owed to him he might have come out of prison and paid his creditors twenty shillings in the pound—that is, if he had been minded to do so. But there is no use in examining into that point too closely, for the fact is, young Fipkin only paid him forty pounds out of seven hundred, for which he gave him 10 U’s; Algernon Deneceace not only did not pay him three hundred and twenty which he lost at blind-hookey, but actually borrowed seven-and-sixpence in money from Walker, which has never been repaid to this day; and Lord Doublequits actually lost £19,000 to him at heads and tails, which he never paid, pleading drunkenness and his minority. The reader may recollect a paragraph which went the round of the papers entitled, Affair of Honor in the Fleet Prison.—Yesterday morning (behind the pump in the second court) Lord D—bl-qu-ts and Captain H—w—rd W—lk—r (a near relative, we understand, of his Grace the Duke of N—rf—lk) had a hostile meeting and exchanged two shots. These two young sprigs of nobility
were attended to the ground by Major Flush who, by the way, is flush no longer, and Captain Pam, late of the —— Dragoons. Play is said to have been the cause of the quarrel, and the gallant captain is reported to have handled the noble lord's nose rather roughly at 'one stage of the transaction.' When Morgiana at Sadler's Wells heard these news, she was ready to faint with terror; and rushed to the Fleet Prison, and embraced her lord and master with her usual expansion and fits of tears, very much to that gentleman's annoyance, who happened to be in company with Pam and Flush at the time, and did not care that his handsome wife should be seen too much in the dubious precincts of the Fleet. He had at least so much shame about him, and had always rejected her entreaties to be allowed to inhabit the prison with him.

'It is enough,' would he say, casting his eyes heavenward, and with a most lugubrious countenance—'it is enough, Morgiana, that I should suffer, even though your thoughtlessness has been the cause of my ruin. But enough of that! I will not rebuke you for faults for which I know you are now repentant; and I never could bear to see you in the midst of the miseries of this horrible place. Remain at home with your mother, and let me drag on the weary days here alone. If you can get me any more of that pale sherry, my love, do. I require something to cheer me in solitude, and have found my chest very much relieved by that wine. Put more pepper and eggs, my dear, into the next veal pie you make me. I can't eat the horrible messes in the coffee room here.'

It was Walker's wish, I can't tell why, except that it is the wish of a great number of other persons in this strange world, to make his wife believe that he was wretched in mind and ill in health; and all assertions to this effect the simple creature received with numberless tears of credulity; she would go home to Mrs. Crump and say how her darling Howard was pining away, how he was ruined for her, and with what angelic sweetness he bore his captivity. The fact is, he bore it with so much resignation that no other person in the world could see that he was unhappy. His life was undisturbed by duhs; his day was his own from morning till night; his diet was good, his acquaintances jovial, his purse tolerably well supplied, and he had not one single care to annoy him.

Mrs. Crump and Woolsey, perhaps, received Morgiana's account of her husband's miseries with some incredulity. The latter was now a daily visitor to Sadler's Wells. His love for Morgiana had become a warm, fatherly, generous regard for
her; it was out of the honest fellow's cellar that the wine used to come which did so much good to Mr. Walker's chest; and he tried a thousand ways to make Morgiana happy.

A very happy day, indeed, it was when, returning from her visit to the Fleet, she found in her mother's sitting room her dear grand rosewood piano, and every one of her music books, which the kind-hearted tailor had purchased at the sale of Walker's effects. And I am not ashamed to say that Morgiana herself was so charmed that when, as usual, Mr. Woolsey came to drink tea in the evening, she actually gave him a kiss, which frightened Mr. Woolsey, and made him blush exceedingly. She sat down and played him that evening every one of the songs which he liked—the old songs—none of your Italian stuff. Podmore, the old music master, was there too, and was delighted and astonished at the progress in singing which Morgiana had made; and when the little party separated, he took Mr. Woolsey by the hand and said, 'Give me leave to tell you, sir, that you're a trump.'

'That he is,' said Canterfield, the first tragic—'an honor to human nature. A man whose hand is open as day to melting charity, and whose heart ever melts at the tale of a woman's distress,'

'Pooh, pooh, stuff and nonsense, sir,' said the tailor; but, upon my word, Mr. Canterfield's words were perfectly correct. I wish as much could be said in favor of Woolsey's old rival, Mr. Eglington, who attended the sale too, but it was with a horrid kind of satisfaction at the thought that Walker was ruined. He bought the yellow satin sofa before mentioned, and transferred it to what he calls his 'sitting room,' where it is to this day, bearing many marks of the best bear's-grease. Woolsey bid against Baroski for the piano, very nearly up to the actual value of the instrument, when the artist withdrew from competition; and when he was sneering at the ruin of Mr. Walker, the tailor sternly interrupted him by saying, 'What the deuce are you sneering at? You did it, sir; and you're paid every shilling of your claim, aint you?' On which Baroski turned round to Miss Larkins and said, 'Mr. Woolsey was a 'snop''; the very words, though pronounced somewhat differently, which the gallant Cornet Fipkin had applied to him.

Well, so he was a snob. But vulgar as he was, I declare, for my part, that I have a greater respect for Mr. Woolsey than for any single nobleman or gentleman mentioned in this true history.

It will be seen from the names of Messrs. Canterfield and Podmore that Morgiana was again in the midst of the widow Crump's favorite theatrical society; and this, indeed, was the
case. The widow's little room was hung round with the pictures which were mentioned at the commencement of the story as decorating the bar of the Bootjack; and several times in a week she received her friends from the Wells, and entertained them with such humble refreshments of tea and crumpets as her moderate means permitted her to purchase. Among these persons Morgiana lived and sung quite as contentedly as she had ever done among the demireps of her husband's society; and, only she did not dare to own it to herself, was a great deal happier than she had been for many a day. Mrs. Captain Walker was still a great lady among them. Even in his ruin, Walker, the director of three companies, and the owner of the splendid pony chaise, was to these simple persons an awful character; and when mentioned, they talked with a great deal of gravity of his being in the country, and hoped Mrs. Captain W. had good news of him. They all knew he was in the Fleet; but had he not in prison fought a duel with a viscount? Montmorency (of the Norfolk circuit) was in the Fleet too; and when Canterfield went to see poor Montey, the latter had pointed out Walker to his friend, who actually hit Lord George Tennison across the shoulders in play with a racket bat; which event was soon made known to the whole greenroom.

'They had me up one day,' said Montmorency, 'to sing a comic song, and give my recitations; and we had champagne and lobster salad. such nobs!' added the player. 'Billingsgate and Vauxhalle were there too, and left college at eight o'clock.'

When Morgiana was told of the circumstance by her mother, she hoped her dear Howard had enjoyed the evening, and was thankful that for once he could forget his sorrows. Nor, somehow, was she ashamed of herself for being happy afterwards, but gave way to her natural good humor without repentance or self-rebuke. I believe, indeed (alas! why are we made acquainted with the same fact regarding ourselves long after it is past and gone?)—I believe these were the happiest days of Morgiana's whole life. She had no cares except the pleasant one of attending on her husband, an easy, smiling temperament which made her regardless of to-morrow; and, add to this, a delightful hope relative to a certain interesting event which was about to occur, and which I shall not particularize further than by saying that she was cautioned against too much singing by Mr. Squills, her medical attendant, and that Widow Crump was busy making up a vast number of little caps and diminutive cambric shirts, such as delighted grandmothers are in the habit of fashioning. I hope this is as genteel a way of
signifying the circumstance which was about to take place in the Walker family as Miss Prim herself could desire. Mrs. Walker's mother was about to become a grandmother. There's a phrase! The Morning Post, which says this story is vulgar, I'm sure cannot quarrel with that. I don't believe the whole Court Guide could convey an intimation more delicately.

Well, Mrs. Crump's little grandchild was born, entirely to the dissatisfaction, I must say, of his father; who, when the infant was brought to him in the Fleet, had him abruptly covered up in his cloak again, from which he had been removed by the jealous prison doorkeepers; why, do you think? Walker had a quarrel with one of them, and the wretch persisted in believing that the bundle Mrs. Crump was bringing to her son-in-law was a bundle of disguised brandy!

'The brutes!' said the lady; 'and the father's a brute too,' said she, 'He takes no more notice of me than if I was a kitchenmaid, and of Woolsey than if he was a leg of mutton—the dear, blessed little cherub!'

Mrs. Crump was a mother-in-law; let us pardon her hatred of her daughter's husband.

The Woolsey compared in the above sentence both to a leg of mutton and a cherub was not the eminent member of the firm of Linsey, Woolsey & Co., but the little baby, who was christened Howard Woolsey Walker, with the full consent of the father; who said the tailor was a deuced good fellow, and felt really obliged to him for the sherry, for a frock coat which he let him have in prison, and for his kindness to Morgiana. The tailor loved the little boy with all his soul; he attended his mother to her churching, and the child to the font; and as a present to his little godson on his christening, he sent two yards of the finest white kerseymere in his shop to make him a cloak. The Duke had had a pair of inexpressibles off that very piece.

House furniture is bought and sold, music lessons are given, children are born and christened, ladies are confined and churched—time, in other words, passes—and yet Captain Walker still remains in prison! Does it not seem strange that he should still languish there between palisaded walls near Fleet Market, and that he should not be restored to that active and fashionable world of which he was an ornament? The fact is, the captain had been before the court for the examination of his debts; and the commissioner, with a cruelty quite shameful toward a fallen man, had qualified his ways of getting money in most severe language, and had sent him back to prison again for the space of nine calendar months, an indefi-
nite period, and until his accounts could be made up. This delay Walker bore like a philosopher, and, far from repining, was still the gayest fellow of the tennis court, and the soul of the midnight carouse.

There is no use in raking up old stories, and hunting through files of dead newspapers, to know what were the specific acts which made the commissioner so angry with Captain Walker. Many a rogue has come before the court, and passed through it since then; and I would lay a wager that Howard Walker was not a bit worse than his neighbors. But as he was not a lord, and as he had no friends on coming out of prison, and had settled no money on his wife, and had, as it must be confessed, an exceedingly bad character, it is not likely that the latter would be forgiven him when once more free in the world. For instance, when Doublequits left the Fleet, he was received with open arms by his family, and had two-and-thirty horses in his stables before a week was over. Pam of the dragoons came out, and instantly got a place as government courier—a place found so good of late years (and no wonder—it is better pay than that of a colonel) that our noblemen and gentry eagerly press for it. Frank Hurricane was sent out as registrar of Tobago, or Sago, or Ticonderago; in fact, for a younger son of good family it is rather advantageous to get into debt twenty or thirty thousand pounds; you are sure of a good place afterward in the colonies. Your friends are so anxious to get rid of you that they will move heaven and earth to serve you. And so all the above companions of misfortune with Walker were speedily made comfortable; but he had no rich parents; his old father was dead in York jail. How was he to start in the world again? What friendly hand was there to fill his pocket with gold, and his cup with sparkling champagne? He was, in fact, an object of the greatest pity—for I know of no greater than a gentleman of his habits without the means of gratifying them. He must live well, and he has not the means. Is there a more pathetic case? As for a mere low beggar—some laborless laborer, or some weaver out of place—don’t let us throw away our compassion upon them. Psha! they’re accustomed to starve. They can sleep upon boards, or dine off a crust; whereas a gentleman would die in the same situation. I think this was poor Morgiana’s way of reasoning. For Walker’s cash in prison beginning presently to run low, and knowing quite well that the dear fellow could not exist there without the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, she borrowed money from her
mother, until the poor old lady was a see. She even confessed, with tears, to Woolsey, that she was in particular want of twenty pounds, to pay a poor milliner, whose debt she could not bear to put in her husband’s schedule. And I need not say she carried the money to her husband, who might have been greatly benefited by it—only he had a bad run of luck at the cards; and how the deuce can a man help that?

Woolsey had repurchased for her one of the Cashmere shawls. She left it behind her one day at the Fleet prison, and some rascal stole it there; having the grace, however, to send Woolsey the ticket, signifying the place where it had been pawned. Who could the scoundrel have been? Woolsey swore a great oath, and fancied he knew; but if it was Walker himself (as Woolsey fancied, and probably as was the case) who made away with the shawl, being pressed thereto by necessity, was it fair to call him a scoundrel for so doing, and should we not rather laud the delicacy of his proceeding? He was poor; who can command the cards? but he did not wish his wife should know how poor; he could not bear that she should suppose him arrived at the necessity of pawning a shawl.

She who had such beautiful ringlets of a sudden pleaded cold in the head, and took to wearing caps. One summer evening, as she and the baby and Mrs. Crump and Woolsey (let us say all four babies together) were laughing and playing in Mrs. Crump’s drawing room—playing the most absurd gambols, fat Mrs. Crump, for instance, hiding behind the sofa, Woolsey chuck-chucking, cock-a-doodle-doing, and performing those indescribable freaks which gentlemen with philoprogenitive organs will execute in the company of children—in the midst of their play the baby gave a tug at his mother’s cap; off it came—her hair was cut close to her head!

Morgiana turned as red as sealing wax, and trembled very much; Mrs. Crump screamed, ‘My child, where is your hair?’ and Woolsey, bursting out with a most tremendous oath against Walker that would send Miss Prim into convulsions, put his handkerchief to his face, and actually wept. ‘The infernal bubble-nobble-aekguard!’ said he, roaring and clenching his fists.

As he had passed the Bower of Bloom a few days before, he saw Mossrose, who was combing out a jet-black ringlet, and held it up, as if for Woolsey’s examination, with a peculiar grin. The tailor did not understand the joke, but he saw now what had happened. Morgiana had sold her hair for five guineas; she would have sold her arm had her husband hidden her. On looking in her drawers it was found she had sold almost all
her wearing apparel; the child's clothes were all there, however. It was because her husband talked of disposing of a gilt coral that the child had that she had parted with the locks which had formed her pride.

' I'll give you twenty guineas for that hair, you infamous fat coward,' roared the little tailor to Eglantine that evening.

'Give it up, or I'll kill you—'

'Mr. Mossrose! Mr. Mossrose!' shouted the perfumer.

'Well, vatsh de matter, vatsh de row? Fight away, my boys; two to one on the tailor,' said Mr. Mossrose, much enjoying the sport (for Woolsey, striding through the shop without speaking to him, had rushed into the studio, where he plumped upon Eglantine).

'Tell him about that hair, sir.'

'That hair! Now keep yourself quiet, Mister Timble, and don't tink for to bully me. You mean Mrs. Walker's hair. Vy, she sold it me.'

'And the more blackguard you for buying it! Will you take twenty guineas for it?'

'No,' said Mossrose.

'Twenty-five?'

'Can't,' said Mossrose.

'Hang it, will you take forty? There!'

'I wish I'd kep it,' said the Hebrew gentleman with unfeigned regret. 'Eglantine dressed it this very night.'

'For Countess Balderstiern, the Swedish Ambassador's lady,' says Eglantine (his Hebrew partner was by no means a favorite with the ladies, and only superintended the accounts of the concern). 'It's this very night at Devonshire 'Ouse, with four hostrich plumes, lappets, and trimmings. And now, Mr. Woolsey, I'll trouble you to apologize.'

Mr. Woolsey did not answer, but walked up to Mr. Eglantine, and snapped his fingers so close under the perfumer's nose that the latter started back and seized the bell rope. Mossrose burst out laughing, and the tailor walked majestically from the shop, with both hands stuck between the lappets of his coat.

'My dear,' said he to Morgiana a short time afterward, 'you must not encourage that husband of yours in his extravagance, and sell the clothes off your poor back that he may feast and act the fine gentleman in prison.'

'It is his health, poor dear soul!' interposed Mrs. Walker: 'his chest. Every farthing of the money goes to the doctors, poor fellow!'

'Well, now, listen: I am rich man [it was a great fib, for
Woolsey's income, as a junior partner of the firm, was but a small one; I can very well afford to make him an allowance while he is in the Fleet, and have written to him to say so. But if you ever give him a penny, or sell a trinket belonging to you, upon my word and honor I will withdraw the allowance, and though it would go to my heart, I'll never see you again. You wouldn't make me unhappy, would you?

'I'd go on my knees to serve you, and Heaven bless you,' said the wife.

'Well, then, you must give me this promise.' And she did. 'And now,' said he, 'your mother and Podmore and I have been talking over matters, and we agreed that you may make a very good income for yourself; though, to be sure, I wish it could have been managed any other way; but needs must, you know. You're the finest singer in the universe.'

'La!' said Morgiana, highly delighted.

'I never heard anything like you, though I'm no judge. Podmore says he is sure you will do very well, and has no doubt you might get very good engagements at concerts or on the stage; and as that husband will never do any good, and you have a child to support, sing you must.'

'Oh! how glad I should be to pay his debts, and repay all he has done for me,' cried Mrs. Walker. 'Think of his giving two hundred guineas to Mr. Baroski to have me taught. Was not that kind of him? Do you really think I should succeed.'

'There's Miss Larkins has succeeded.'

'The little, high-shouldered, vulgar thing!' says Morgiana. 'I'm sure I ought to succeed if she did.'

'She sing against Morgiana?' said Mrs. Crump. 'I'd like to see her, indeed! She ain't fit to snuff a candle to her.'

'I dare say not,' said the tailor, 'though I don't understand the thing myself; but if Morgiana can make a fortune, why shouldn't she?'

'Heaven knows we want it, Woolsey,' cried Mrs. Crump. 'And to see her on the stage was always the wish of my heart.' And so it had formerly been the wish of Morgiana; and now, with the hope of helping her husband and child, the wish became a duty, and she fell to practicing once more from morning till night.

One of the most generous of men and tailors who ever lived now promised, if further instruction should be considered necessary (though that he could hardly believe possible), that he would lend Morgiana any sum required for the payment of lessons; and accordingly she once more betook herself, under Podmore's advice, to the singing school. Baroski's academy
was, after the passages between them, out of the question, and she placed herself under the instruction of the excellent English composer Sir George Thrum, whose large and awful wife, Lady Thrum, dragon of virtue and propriety, kept watch over the master and the pupils, and was the sternest guardian of female virtue on or off any stage.

Morgiana came at a propitious moment. Baroski had launched Miss Larkins under the name of Ligonier. The Ligonier was enjoying considerable success, and was singing classical music to tolerable audiences, whereas Miss Butts, Sir George’s last pupil, had turned out a complete failure, and the rival house was only able to make a faint opposition to the new star with Miss M’Whirter, who, though an old favorite, had lost her upper notes and her front teeth, and, the fact was, drew no longer.

Directly Sir George heard Mrs. Walker, he tapped Podmore, who accompanied her, on the waistcoat, and said, ‘Poddy, thank you; we’ll cut the orange boy’s throat with that voice.’ It was by the familiar title of orange boy that the great Baroski was known among his opponents.

‘We’ll crush him, Podmore,’ said Lady Thrum in her deep hollow voice. ‘You may stop and dine.’ And Podmore stayed to dinner, and ate cold mutton, and drank marsala with the greatest reverence for the great English composer. The very next day Lady Thrum hired a pair of horses, and paid a visit to Mrs. Crump and her daughter at Sadler’s Wells.

All these things were kept profoundly secret from Walker, who received very magnanimously the allowance of two guineas a week which Woolsey made him, and with the aid of the few shillings his wife could bring him, managed to exist as best he might. He did not dislike gin when he could get no claret, and the former liquor, under the name of ‘tape,’ used to be measured out pretty liberally in what was formerly her Majesty’s prison of the Fleet.

Morgiana pursued her studies under Thrum, and we shall hear in the next chapter how it was she changed her name to Ravenswing.

Chapter VII.

In which Morgiana advances toward fame and honor, and in which several great literary characters make their appearance.

‘We must begin, my dear madam,’ said Sir George Thrum, ‘by unlearning all that Mr. Baroski (of whom I do not wish to speak with the slightest disrespect) has taught you!’
Morgiana knew that every professor says as much, and submitted to undergo the study requisite for Sir George's system with perfect good grace. *Au fond*, as I was given to understand, the methods of the two artists were pretty similar; but as there was rivalry between them, and continual desertion of scholars from one school to another, it was fair for each to take all the credit he could get in the success of any pupil. If a pupil failed, for instance, Thrum would say Baroski had spoiled her irremediably; while the German would regret 'Dat dat young woman, who had a good organ, should have thrown away her dime wid dat old Drum.' When one of these deserters succeeded, 'Yes, yes,' would either professor cry, 'I formed her, she owes her fortune to me.' Both of them thus, in future days, claimed the education of the famous Ravenswing; and even Sir George Thrum, though he wished to écrasier the Ligonier, pretended that the present success was his work, because once she had been brought by her mother, Mrs. Larkin, to sing for Sir George's approval.

When the two professors met it was with the most delighted cordiality on the part of both. 'Mein lieber Herr,' Thrum would say (with some malice), 'your sonata in x flat is divine.' 'Chevalier' Baroski would reply, 'dat andante movement in w is worthy of Beethoven. I giff you my sacred honor,' and so forth. In fact, they loved each other as gentlemen in their profession always do.

The two famous professors conduct their academies on very opposite principles. Baroski writes ballet music; Thrum, on the contrary, says 'he cannot but deplore the dangerous fascinations of the dance,' and writes more for Exeter Hall and Birmingham. While Baroski drives a cab in the Park with a very suspicious Mme. Léocadie, or Aménaïde, by his side, you may see Thrum walking to evening church with his lady, and hymns are sung there of his own composition. He belongs to the Athenæum Club, he goes to the levée once a year, he does everything that a respectable man should, and if, by the means of this respectability, he manages to make his little trade far more profitable than it otherwise would be, are we to quarrel with him for it?

Sir George, in fact, had every reason to be respectable. He had been a choir-boy at Windsor, had played to the old king's violoncello, had been intimate with him, and had received knighthood at the hand of his revered sovereign. He had a snuffbox which his Majesty gave him, and portraits of him and the young princes all over the house. He had also a foreign
order (no other, indeed, than the Elephant and Castle of
Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel) conferred upon him by the grand
duke when here with the allied sovereigns in 1814. With this
ribbon round his neck on gala days, and in a white waistcoat,
the old gentleman looked splendid as he moved along in a blue
cloak with the Windsor button, and neat black small-clothes
and silk stockings. He lived in an old, tall, dingy house, fur-
nished in the reign of George III., his beloved master, and not
much more cheerful now than a family vault. They are awfully
funereal those ornaments of the close of the last century—tall,
gloomy, horsehair chairs, moldy Turkey carpets, with wretched
druggetstoguardthem, littlecracked sticking-plasterminiatures
ofpeopleintoursandpigtails over high-shouldered mantelpieces,
two dismal urns on each side of a lanky sideboard, and
in the midst a queer twisted receptacle for worn-out knives with
green handles. Under the sideboard stands a cellaret that
looks as if it held half a bottle of currant wine, and a shivering
plate-warmer that never could get any comfort out of the
wretched old cramped grate yonder. Don't you know in such
houses the gray gloom that hangs over the stairs, the dull-
colored old carpet that winds its way up the same, growing
thinner, duller, and more threadbare as it mounts to the bed-
room floors? There is something awful in the bedroom of a
respectable old couple of sixty-five. Think of the old feathers,
turbans, bugles, petticoats, pomatum pots, spencers, white satin
shoes, false fronts, the old flaccid, boneless stays tied up in
faded ribbon, the dusky fans, the old forty-years-old baby linen,
the letters of Sir George when he was young, the doll of poor
Maria, who died in 1803, Frederick's first corduroy breeches,
and the newspaper which contains the account of his dis-
tinguishing himself at the siege of Seringapatam. All these lie
somewhere, damp and squeezed down into glum old presses
and wardrobes. At that glass the wife has sat many times
these fifty years; in that old morocco bed her children were
born. Where are they now? Fred, the brave captain, and
Charles, the saucy colleger; there hangs a drawing of him
done by Mr. Beechey, and that sketch by Cosway was the very
likeness of Lonisa before——

'Mr. Fitz-Boodle! for Heaven's sake come down. What
are you doing in a lady's bedroom?'

'The fact is, madam, I had no business there in life; but,
having had quite enough wine with Sir George, my thoughts
had wandered upstairs into the sanctuary of female excellence,
where your ladyship nightly reposes. You do not sleep so well
now as in old days, though there is no patter of little steps to
wake you overhead.'

They call that room the nursery still, and the little wicket
still hangs at the upper stairs; it has been there for forty years
—bon Dieu! Can't you see the ghosts of little faces peer-
ing over it? I wonder whether they get up in the night as
the moonlight shines into the blank, vacant old room, and play
there solemnly with little ghostly horses, and the spirits of
dolls, and tops that turn and turn but don't hum.

Once more, sir, come down to the lower story—that is, to
the Morgiana story—with which the above sentences have no
more to do than this morning's leading article in The Times;
only it was at this house of Sir George Thrum's that I met
Morgiana. Sir George, in old days, had instructed some of the
female members of our family, and I recollect cutting my
fingers as a child with one of those attenuated green-handled
knives in the queer box yonder.

In those days Sir George Thrum was the first great musical
teacher of London, and the royal patronage brought him a great
number of fashionable pupils, of whom Lady Fitz-Boodle was
one. It was a long, long time ago: in fact, Sir George Thrum
was old enough to remember persons who had been present at
Mr. Braham's first appearance, and the old gentleman's days
of triumph had been those of Billington and Incledon, Catalani
and Mme. Storace.

He was the author of several operas ('The Camel Driver,'
'Britons Alarmed; or the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom,' etc., etc.),
and, of course, of songs which had considerable success in
their day, but are forgotten now, and are as much faded and
out of fashion as those old carpets which we have described
in the professor's house, and which were, doubtless, very
brilliant once. But such is the fate of carpets, of flowers, of
music, of men, and of the most admirable novels—even this
story will not be alive for many centuries. Well, well, why
struggle against Fate?

But, though his heyday of fashion was gone, Sir George
still held his place among the musicians of the old school, con-
ducted occasionally at the Ancient Concerts and the Philhar-
monic, and his glee's are still favorites after public dinners,
and are sung by those old bacchanalians, in chestnut wigs,
who attend for the purpose of amusing the guests on such
occasions of festivity. The great old people of the gloomy
old concerts before mentioned always pay Sir George marked
respect; and, indeed, from the old gentleman's peculiar be-
behavior to his superiors, it is impossible they should not be delighted with him, so he leads at almost every one of the concerts in the old-fashioned houses in town.

Becomingly obsequious to his superiors, he is with the rest of the world properly majestic, and has obtained no small success by his admirable and undeviating respectability. Respectability has been his great card through life; ladies can trust their daughters at Sir George Thrum's academy. 'A good musician, madam,' says he to the mother of a new pupil, 'should not only have a fine ear, a good voice, and an indomitable industry, but, above all, a faultless character—faultless, that is, as far as our poor nature will permit. And you will remark that those young persons with whom your lovely daughter, Miss Smith, will pursue her musical studies, are all, in a moral point of view, as spotless as that charming young lady. How should it be otherwise? I have been myself the father of a family; I have been honored with the intimacy of the wisest and best of kings, my late sovereign George III., and I can proudly show an example of decorum to my pupils in my Sophia. Mrs. Smith, I have the honor of introducing to you my Lady Thrum.'

The old lady would rise at this, and make a gigantic courtesy, such a one as had begun the minuet at Ranelagh fifty years ago, and, the introduction ended, Mrs. Smith would retire, after having seen the portraits of the princes, his late Majesty's snuffbox, and a piece of music which he used to play, noted by himself—Mrs. Smith, I say, would drive back to Baker Street, delighted to think that her Frederica had secured so eligible and respectable a master. I forgot to say that, during the interview between Mrs. Smith and Sir George, the latter would be called out of his study by his black servant, and my Lady Thrum would take that opportunity of mentioning when he was knighted, and how he got his foreign order, and deploiring the sad condition of other musical professors, and the dreadful immorality which sometimes arose in consequence of their laxness. Sir George was a good deal engaged to dinners in the season, and if invited to dine with a nobleman, as he might possibly be on the day when Mrs. Smith requested the honor of his company, he would write back 'that he should have had the sincerest happiness in waiting upon Mrs. Smith in Baker Street, if, previously, my Lord Tweedledale had not been so kind as to engage him.' This letter, of course, shown by Mrs. Smith to her friends, was received by them with proper respect; and thus, in spite of age and new fashions, Sir
George still reigned pre-eminent for a mile round Cavendish Square. By the young pupils of the academy he was called Sir Charles Grandison; and, indeed, fully deserved this title on account of the indomitable respectability of his whole actions.

It was under this gentleman that Morgiana made her débüt in public life. I do not know what arrangements may have been made between Sir George Thrum and his pupil regarding the profits which were to accrue to the former from engagements procured by him for the latter; but there was, no doubt, an understanding between them. For Sir George, respectable as he was, had the reputation of being extremely clever at a bargain; and Lady Thrum herself, in her great high tragedy way, could purchase a pair of soles or select a leg of mutton with the best housekeeper in London.

When, however, Morgiana had been for some six months under his tuition, he began, for some reason or other, to be exceedingly hospitable, and invited his friends to numerous entertainments; at one of which, as I have said, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Walker.

Although the worthy musician’s dinners were not good, the old knight had some excellent wine in his cellar, and his arrangement of his party deserves to be commended.

For instance, he meets me and Bob Fitz-Urse in Pall Mall, at whose paternal house he was also a visitor. ‘My dear young gentlemen,’ says he, ‘will you come and dine with a poor musical composer? I have some comet hock, and, what is more curious to you perhaps, as men of wit, one or two of the great literary characters of London whom you would like to see—quite curiosities, my dear young friends.’ And we agreed to go.

To the literary men he says, ‘I have a little quiet party at home, Lord Roundtowers, the Honorable Mr. Fitz-Urse of the Life Guards, and a few more. Can you tear yourself away from the war of wits, and take a quiet dinner with a few more men about town?’

The literary men instantly purchase new satin stocks and white gloves, and are delighted to fancy themselves members of the world of fashion. Instead of inviting twelve Royal Academicians, or a dozen authors, or a dozen men of science to dinner, as his Grace the Duke of— and the Right Honorable Sir Robert — are in the habit of doing once a year, this plan of fusion is the one they should adopt. Not invite all artists, as they would invite all farmers to a rent dinner; but they should have a proper commingling of artists and men of the world. There is one of the latter whose name is George
Savage Fitz-Boodle, who— But let us return to Sir George Thrum.

Fitz-Urie and I arrive at the dismal old house, and are conducted up the staircase by the black servant, who shouts out, 'Missa Fiss-Boodle—the Honorable Missa Fiss-Urse!' It was evident that Lady Thrum had instructed the swarthy groom of the chambers (for there nothing particularly honorable in my friend Fitz's face that I know of, unless an abominable squint may be said to be so). Lady Thrum, whose figure is something like that of the shot-tower opposite Waterloo Bridge, makes a majestic inclination and a speech to signify her pleasure at receiving under her roof two of the children of Sir George's best pupils. A lady in black velvet is seated by the old fireplace, with whom a stout gentleman in an exceedingly light coat and ornamental waistcoat is talking very busily. 'The great star of the night,' whispers our host. 'Mrs. Walker, gentlemen—the Ravenswing!' She is talking to the famous Mr. Slang, of the theater.

'Is she a fine singer?' says Fitz-Urse. 'She's a very fine woman.'

'My dear young friends, you shall hear to-night! I, who have heard every fine voice in Europe, confidently pledge my respectability that the Ravenswing is equal to them all. She has the graces, sir, of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a siren, sir, without the dangerous qualities of one. She is hallowed, sir, by her misfortunes as by her genius; and I am proud to think that my instructions have been the means of developing the wondrous qualities that were latent within her until now.'

'You don't say so!' says gobemouche Fitz-Urse.

Having thus indoctrinated Mr. Fitz-Urse, Sir George takes another of his guests, and proceeds to work upon him. 'My dear Mr. Bludyer, how do you do? Mr. Fitz-Boodle, Mr. Bludyer, the brilliant and accomplished wit, whose sallies in the Tomahawk delight us every Saturday. Nay, no blushes, my dear sir; you are very wicked, but oh! so pleasant. Well, Mr. Bludyer, I am glad to see you, sir, and hope you will have a favorable opinion of our genius, sir. As I was saying to Mr. Fitz-Boodle, she has the graces of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a siren, without the dangerous qualities of one, etc. This little speech was made to half a dozen persons in the course of the evening—persons, for the most part, connected with the public journals or the theatrical world. There was Mr. Squinny, the editor of the Flowers of Fashion; Mr. Desmond Mulligan, the poet, and reporter for a morning paper;
and other worthies of their calling. For though St. George is a respectable man, and as high-minded and moral an old gentleman as ever wore knee-buckles, he does not neglect the little arts of popularity, and can condescend to receive very queer company if need be.

For instance, at the dinner party at which I had the honor of assisting, and at which, on the right hand of Lady Thrum, sat the obligé nobleman, whom the Thrums were a great deal too wise to omit—the sight of a lord does good to us commoners, or why else should we be so anxious to have one—in the second place of honor, and on her ladyship's left hand, sat Mr. Slang, the manager of one of the theaters; a gentleman whom my Lady Thrum would scarcely, but for a great necessity's sake, have been induced to invite her to her table. He had the honor of leading Mrs. Walker to dinner, who looked splendid in black velvet and turban, full of health and smiles.

Lord Roundtowers is an old gentleman who has been at the theaters five times a week for these fifty years, a living dictionary of the stage, recollecting every actor and actress who has appeared upon it for half a century. He perfectly well remembered Miss Delancy in 'Morgiana'; he knew what had become of Ali Baba, and how Cassim had left the stage, and was now the keeper of a public house. All this store of knowledge he kept quiet to himself, or only delivered in confidence to his next neighbor in the intervals of the banquet, which he enjoys prodigiously. He lives at an hotel; if not invited to dine, eats a mutton chop very humbly at his club, and finishes his evening after the play at Crockford's, whither he goes not for the sake of the play but of the supper there. He is described in the Court Guide as of Simmer's Hotel, and of Roundtowers, county Cork. It is said that the round towers really exist. But he has not been in Ireland since the rebellion; and his property is so hampered with ancestral mortgages, and rent charges and annuities, that his income is barely sufficient to provide the modest mutton chop before alluded to. He has, any time these fifty years, lived in the wickedest company in London, and is, withal, as harmless, mild, good-natured, innocent an old gentleman as can readily be seen.

'Roundy,' shouts the elegant Mr. Slang, across the table, with a voice which makes Lady Thrum shudder, 'Tuff, a glass of wine.'

My lord replies meekly, 'Mr. Slang, I shall have very much pleasure. What shall it be?'

'There is madeira near you, my lord,' says my lady, pointing to a tall thin decanter of the fashion of the year.
'Madeira! Marsala, by Jove, your ladyship means!' shouts Mr. Slang. 'No, no, old birds are not caught with chaff. Thrum, old boy, let's have some of your comet hock.'
'My Lady Thrum, I believe that is marsala,' says the knight, blushing a little, in reply to a question from his Sophia. 'Ajax, the hock to Mr. Slang,'
'I'm in that,' yells Bludyer from the end of the table. 'My lord, I'll join you.'
'Mr. ——, I beg your pardon—I shall be very happy to take wine with you, sir.'
'It is Mr. Bludyer, the celebrated newspaper writer,' whispers Lady Thrum.
'Bludyer, Bludyer? A very clever man, I dare say. He has a very loud voice, and reminds me of Brett. Does your ladyship remember Brett, who played the "Fathers," at the Haymarket in 1802?'
'What an old stupid Roundtowers is!' says Slang archly, nudging Mrs. Walker in the side. 'How's Walker, eh?'
'My husband is in the country,' replied Mrs. Walker hesitatingly.
'Gammon! I know where he is! Law bless you!—don't blush. I've been there myself a dozen times. We were talking about quod, Lady Thrum. Were you ever in college?'
'I was at the Commemoration at Oxford in 1814, when the sovereigns were there, and at Cambridge when Sir George received his degree of Dr. of Music.'
'Laud, Laud, that's not the college we mean.'
'There is also the college in Gower Street, where my grandson—'
'This is the college in Queer Street, ma'am, haw, haw! Mulligan, you divvle [in an Irish accent], a glass of wine with you. Wine, here, you waiter! What's your name, you black nigger? 'Possum up a gum tree, eh? Fill him up. Dere he go'—imitating the Mandingo manner of speaking English.
In this agreeable way would Mr. Slang rattle on, speedily making himself the center of the conversation, and addressing graceful familiarities to all the gentlemen and ladies round him.
It was good to see how the little knight, the most moral and calm of men, was compelled to receive Mr. Slang's stories, and the frightened air with which, at the conclusion of one of them, he would venture upon a commendatory grin. His lady, on her part too, had been laboriously civil; and, on the occasion on which I had the honor of meeting this gentleman and Mrs. Walker, it was the latter who gave the signal for with-
drawing to the lady of the house, by saying, 'I think, Lady Thrum, it is quite time for us to retire.' Some exquisite joke of Mr. Slang's was the cause of this abrupt disappearance. But, as they went upstairs to the drawing room, Lady Thrum took occasion to say, 'My dear, in the course of your profession you will have to submit to many such familiarities on the part of persons of low breeding, such as I fear Mr. Slang is. But let me caution you against giving way to your temper as you did. Did you not perceive that I never allowed him to see my inward dissatisfaction? And I make it a particular point that you should be very civil to him to-night. Your interests—our interests—depend upon it.'

'And are my interests to make me civil to a wretch like that?'

'Mrs. Walker, would you wish to give lessons in morality and behavior to Lady Thrum?' said the old lady, drawing herself up with great dignity. It was evident that she had a very strong desire indeed to conciliate Mr. Slang; and hence I have no doubt that Sir George was to have a considerable share of Morgiana's earnings.

Mr. Bludyer, the famous editor of the Tomahawk, whose jokes Sir George pretended to admire so much (Sir George who never made a joke in his life), was a press bravo of considerable talent and no principle, and who, to use his own words, would 'back himself for a slashing article against any man in England!' He would not only write, but fight on a pinch; was a good scholar, and as savage in his manner as with his pen. Mr. Squinny is of exactly the opposite school, as delicate as milk and water, harmless in his habits, fond of the flute when the state of his chest will allow him, a great practicer of waltzing and dancing in general, and in his journal mildly malicious. He never goes beyond the bounds of politeness, but manages to insinuate a great deal that is disagreeable to an author in the course of twenty lines of criticism. Personally he is quite respectable, and lives with two maiden aunts at Brompton. Nobody, on the contrary, knows where Mr. Bludyer lives. He has houses of call, mysterious taverns where he may be found at particular hours by those who need him, and where panting publishers are in the habit of hunting him up. For a bottle of wine and a guinea he will write a page of praise or abuse of any man living, or on any subject, or on any line of politics. 'Hang it, sir,' says he, 'pay me enough, and I will write down my own father!' According to the state of his credit, he is dressed either almost in rags or else in the ex-
tremendous flush of fashion. With the latter attire he puts on a haughty and aristocratic air, and would slap a duke on the shoulder. If there is one thing more dangerous than to refuse to lend him a sum of money when he asks for it, it is to lend it to him; for he never pays, and never pardons a man to whom he owes. "Walker refused to cash a bill for me," he had been heard to say, "and I'll do for his wife when she comes out on the stage!" Mrs. Walker and Sir George Thrum were in an agony about the Tomahawk; hence the latter's invitation to Mr. Bludyer. Sir George was in a great tremor about the Flowers of Fashion, hence his invitation to Mr. Squinny. Mr. Squinny was introduced to Lord Roundtowers and Mr. Fitz-Urse as one of the most delightful and talented of our young men of genius; and Fitz, who believes everything anyone tells him, was quite pleased to have the honor of sitting near the live editor of a paper. I have reason to think that Mr. Squinny himself was no less delighted; I saw him giving his card to Fitz-Urse at the end of the second course.

No particular attention was paid to Mr. Desmond Mulligan. Political enthusiasm is his forte. He lives and writes in a rapture. He is, of course, a member of an inn of court, and greatly addicted to after-dinner speaking as a preparation for the bar, where as a young man of genius he hopes one day to shine. He is almost the only man to whom Bludyer is civil, for, if the latter will fight doggedly when there is a necessity for so doing, the former fights like an Irishman, and has a pleasure in it. He has been "on the ground." I don't know how many times, and quitted his country on account of a quarrel with government regarding certain articles published by him in the Phoenix newspaper. With the third bottle, he becomes overpoweringly great on the wrongs of Ireland, and at that period generally volunteers a couple or more of Irish melodies, selecting the most melancholy in the collection. At five in the afternoon, you are sure to see him about the House of Commons, and he knows the Reform Club (he calls it the Refawrum) as well as if he were a member. It is curious for the contemplative mind to mark those mysterious hangers-on of Irish Members of Parliament—strange runners and aids-de-camp which all the honorable gentlemen appear to possess. Desmond, in his political capacity, is one of these, and besides his calling as reporter to a newspaper, is "our well-informed correspondent" of that famous Munster paper, the Green Flag of Skibbereen.

With Mr. Mulligan's qualities and history I only became subsequently acquainted. On the present evening he made
but a brief stay at the dinner table, being compelled by his professional duties to attend the House of Commons.

The above formed the party with whom I had the honor to dine. What other repasts Sir George Thrum may have given, what assemblies of men of mere science he may have invited to give their opinion regarding his prodigy, what other editors of papers he may have pacified or rendered favorable, who knows? On the present occasion we did not quit the dinner table until Mr. Slang, the manager, was considerably excited by wine, and music had been heard for some time in the drawing room overhead during our absence. An addition had been made to the Thrum party by the arrival of several persons to spend the evening—a man to play on the violin between the singing, a youth to play on the piano, Miss Horsman to sing with Mrs. Walker, and other scientific characters. In a corner sat a red-faced old lady, of whom the mistress of the mansion took little notice; and a gentleman with a royal button, who blushed and looked exceedingly modest.

'Hang me!' says Mr. Bludyer, who had perfectly good reasons for recognizing Mr. Woolsey, and who on this day chose to assume his aristocratic air; 'there's a tailor in the room! What do they mean by asking me to meet tradesmen?'

'Delaney, my dear,' cries Slang, entering the room with a reel, 'how's your precious health? Give us your hand! When are we to be married? Make room for me on the sofa, that's a duck!'

'Get along, Slang,' says Mrs. Crump, addressed by the manager by her maiden name (artists generally drop the title of honor which people adopt in the world, and call each other by their simple surnames)—'get along, Slang, or I'll tell Mrs. S.!' The enterprising manager replies by sportively striking Mrs. Crump on the side a blow which causes a great giggle from the lady insulted, and a most good-humored threat to box Slang's ears. I fear very much that Marciana's mother thought Mr. Slang an exceedingly gentlemanlike and agreeable person; besides, she was eager to have his good opinion of Mrs. Walker's singing.

The manager stretched himself out with much gracefulness on the sofa, supporting two little dumpy legs encased in varnished boots on a chair.

'Ajax, some tea to Mr. Slang,' said my lady, looking toward that gentleman with a countenance expressive of some alarm, I thought.

'That's right, Ajax, my black prince!' exclaimed Slang, when the negro brought the required refreshment; 'and now
I suppose you'll be wanted in the orchestra yonder. Don't Ajax play the cymbals, Sir George?'

'Ha, ha, ha! very good—capital!' answered the knight, exceedingly frightened; 'but ours is not a military band. Miss Horsman, Mr. Craw, my dear Mrs. Ravenswing, shall we begin the trio? Silence, gentlemen, if you please, it is a little piece from my opera of the "Brigand's Bride." Miss Horsman takes the Page's part, Mr. Craw is Stiletto the Brigand, my accomplished pupil is the Bride; and the music began:

The Bride.
My heart with joy is beating,
My eyes with tears are dim.

The Page.
Her heart with joy is beating,
Her eyes are fixed on him.

The Brigand.
My heart with rage is beating,
In blood my eyeballs swim!

What may have been the merits of the music or the singing, I, of course, cannot guess. Lady Thrum sat opposite the teacups, nodding her head and beating time very gravely. Lord Roundtowers, by her side, nodded his head too, for a while, and then fell asleep. I should have done the same but for the manager, whose actions were worthy of remark. He sang with all the three singers, and a great deal louder than any of them; he shouted bravo! or hissed as he thought proper; he criticised all the points of Mrs. Walker's person. 'She'll do—a splendid arm—you'll see her eyes in the shilling gallery! What sort of a foot has she? She's five feet three, if she's an inch! Bravo—slap up—capital—hurrah!' and he concluded by saying, with the aid of the Ravenswing, he would put Ligonier's nose out of joint!

The enthusiasm of Mr. Slang almost reconciled Lady Thrum to the abruptness of his manners, and even caused Sir George to forget that his chorus had been interrupted by the obstreperous familiarity of the manager.

'And what do you think, Mr. Bludyer,' said the tailor, delighted that his protégé should be thus winning all hearts, 'isn't Mrs. Walker a tip-top singer, eh, sir?'

'I think she's a very bad one, Mr. Woolsey,' said the illustrious author, wishing to abbreviate all communications with a tailor to whom he owed £40.

'Then, sir,' says Mr. Woolsey, fiercely, 'I'll—I'll thank you to pay me my little bill!'

It is true there was no connection between Mrs. Walker's singing and Woolsey's little bill; that the 'Then, sir,' was perfectly illogical on Woolsey's part; but it was a very happy hit for the future fortunes of Mrs. Walker. Who knows what
would have come of her *début* but for that 'Then, sir,' and whether a *smashing article* from the *Tomahawk* might not have ruined her forever?

'Are you a relation of Mrs. Walker's?' said Mr. Bludyer, in reply to the angry tailor.

'What's that to you, whether I am or not?' replied Woolsey fiercely. 'But I'm the friend of Mrs. Walker, sir; proud am I to say so, sir; and, as the poet says, sir, "a little learning's a dangerous thing," sir; and I think a man who don't pay his bills may keep his tongue quiet, at least, sir, and not abuse a lady, sir, whom everybody else praises, sir. You shan't humbug me any more, sir; you shall hear from my attorney to-morrow, so mark that!'

'Hush, my dear Mr. Woolsey,' cried the literary man, 'don't make a noise; come into this window. Is Mrs. Walker really a friend of yours?'

'I told you so, sir.'

'Well, in that case, I shall do my utmost to serve her; and, look you, Woolsey, any article you choose to send about her to the *Tomahawk* I promise you I'll put in.'

'Will you, though? then we'll say nothing about the little bill.'

'You may do on that point,' answered Bludyer haughtily, 'exactly as you please. I am not to be frightened from my duty, mind that; and mind, too, that I can write a slashing article better than any man in England; I could crush her by ten lines.'

The tables were now turned, and it was Woolsey's turn to be alarmed.

'Pooh! pooh! I *was* angry,' said he, 'because you abused Mrs. Walker, who's an angel on earth; but I'm very willing to apologize. I say—come—let me take your measure for some new clothes, eh! Mr. B.?'

'I'll come to your shop,' answered the literary man, quite appeased. 'Silence! they're beginning another song.'

The songs, which I don't attempt to describe (and, upon my word and honor, as far as *I* can understand matters, I believe to this day that Mrs. Walker was only an ordinary singer),—the songs lasted a great deal longer than I liked; but I was nailed, as it were, to the spot, having agreed to sup at Knightsbridge barracks with Fitz-Urse, whose carriage was ordered at eleven o'clock.

'My dear Mr. Fitz-Boodle,' said our old host to me, 'you can do me the greatest service in the world.'

'Speak, sir!' said I.
'Will you ask your honorable and gallant friend, the captain, to drive home Mr. Squinny to Brompton?'

'Can't Mr. Squinny get a cab?'

Sir George looked particularly arch. 'Generalship, my dear young friend—a little harmless generalship. Mr. Squinny will not give much for my opinion of my pupil, but he will value very highly the opinion of the Honorable Mr. Fitz-Urse.'

For a moral man, was not the little knight a clever fellow? He had bought Mr. Squinny for a dinner worth ten shillings, and for a ride in a carriage with a lord's son. Squinny was carried to Brompton, and set down at his aunt's door, delighted with his new friends, and exceedingly sick with a cigar they had made him smoke.

Chapter VIII.

In which Mr. Walker shows great prudence and forbearance.

The describing of all these persons does not advance Morgiana's story much. But perhaps some country readers are not acquainted with the class of persons by whose printed opinions they are guided, and are simple enough to imagine that mere merit will make a reputation on the stage or elsewhere. The making of a theatrical success is a much more complicated and curious thing than such persons fancy it to be. Immense are the pains taken to get a good word from Mr. This of the Star, or Mr. That of the Courier, to propitiate the favor of the critic of the day, and get the editors of the metropolis into a good humor—above all, to have the name of the person to be puffed perpetually before the public. Artists cannot be advertised like macassar oil or blacking, and they want it to the full as much; hence endless ingenuity must be practiced in order to keep a popular attention awake. Suppose a great actor moves from London to Windsor, the Brentford Champion must state that 'Yesterday Mr. Blazes and suite passed rapidly through our city; the celebrated comedian is engaged, we hear, at Windsor, to give some of his inimitable readings of our great national bard to the most illustrious audience in the realm.' This piece of intelligence the Hammersmith Observer will question the next week, as thus: 'A contemporary, the Brentford Champion, says that Blazes is engaged to give Shakspeare readings at Windsor to 'the most illustrious audience in the realm.' We question this fact very much. We would, indeed, that it were true; but the most illustrious audience in the realm prefer foreign melodies to the
native wood-notes wild of the sweet song bird of Avon. Mr. Blazes is simply gone to Eton, where his son, Master Massinger Blazes, is suffering, we regret to hear, under a severe attack of the chicken-pox. This complaint (incidental to youth) has raged, we understand, with frightful virulence in Eton school.'

And if, after the above paragraphs, some London paper chooses to attack the folly of the provincial press, which talks of Mr. Blazes, and chronicles his movements as if he were a crowned head, what harm is done? Blazes can write in his own name to the London journal and say that it is not his fault if provincial journals choose to chronicle his movements, and that he was far from wishing that the afflictions of those who are dear to him should form the subject of public comment, and be held up to public ridicule. 'We had no intention of hurting the feelings of an estimable public servant,' writes the editor; 'and our remarks on the chicken-pox were general, not personal. We sincerely trust that Master Massinger Blazes has recovered from that complaint, and that he may pass through the measles, the whooping-cough, the fourth form, and all other diseases to which youth is subject, with comfort to himself and credit to his parents and teachers.' At his next appearance on the stage after this controversy, a British public calls for Blazes three times after the play; and somehow there is sure to be someone with a laurel wreath in a stage box, who flings that chaplet at the inspired artist's feet.

I don't know how it was, but before the début of Morgiana the English press began to heave and throb in a convulsive manner, as if indicative of the near birth of some great thing. For instance, you read in one paper:

\[Anecdote of Karl Maria Von Weber.\]—When the author of 'Oberon' was in England, he was invited by a noble duke to dinner, and some of the most celebrated of our artists were assembled to meet him. The signal being given to descend to the salle-a-manger, the German composer was invited by his noble host (a bachelor) to lead the way. 'Is it not the fashion in your country,' said he, simply, 'for the man of the first eminence to take the first place?' Here is one whose genius entitles him to be first anywhere.' And, so saying, he pointed to our admirable English composer, Sir George Thrum. The two musicians were friends to the last, and Sir George has still the identical piece of rosin which the author of the 'Freischutz' gave him. —The Moon (morning paper), 2d June.

\[George III. a Composer.\]—Sir George Thrum has in his possession the score of an air, the words from 'Samson Agonistes,' an autograph of the late revered monarch. We hear that that excellent composer has in store for us not only an opera, but a pupil, with whose transcendent merits the élite of our aristocracy are already familiar.—Ibid., June 5.

\[Music with a Vengeance.\]—The march to the sound of which the 49th and 75th regiments rushed up the breach of Badajoz was the celebrated air from 'Britons Alarmed'; or the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom,' by our famous English composer, Sir George Thrum. Marshal Davoust said that the French line never stood when that air was performed to the charge of the bayonet. We hear that the veteran musician has an opera now about to appear, and have no doubt that old England will now, as then, show its superiority over all foreign opponents.—Albion.
We have been accused of preferring the *produit of the stranger* to the talent of our own native shores; but those who speak so little know us. We are *fanatiques* *la musique* wherever it be, and welcome *merit dans chaque pays du monde.* What do we say? *Le mérite n'a point de pays,* as Napoleon said; and Sir George Thrum (Chevalier de l'Ordre de l'Éléphant et Château, de Panama) is a maestro whose name *appartient à l'Europe.*

We have just heard the lovely *diva,* whose rare qualities the cavaliere has brought to perfection—we have heard *The Ravenswing* (*pourquoi cacher un nom que demain un monde va saluer*), and a creature more beautiful and gifted never bloomed before dans nos climats. She sang the delicious duct of the *Nabucodonosore,* with Count Pizzicato, with a *belletta,* a *grandezza,* a *raffia,* that excited in the bosom of the audience a corresponding *furor*; her *scherzando* was exquisite, though we confess we thought the concluding *fortitudo* in the passage in y *flat* a *leettle,* a very *leettle* *sforzata.* Surely the words,

> 'Giorno d'orrore,'
> Delire, dolore,
> Nabucodonosore,'

should be given *andante,* and not *con strepito,* but this is a *faute bien légère* in the midst of such unrivaled excellence, and only mentioned here that we may have *something* to criticise.

We hear that the enterprising *impressario* of one of the royal theaters has made an engagement with the *Diva*; and, if we have a regret, it is that she should be compelled to sing in the unfortunate language of our rude northern clime, which does not *préfe* itself near so well to the *bocca* of the *cantatrice* as do the mellifluous accents of the *Lingua Toscana,* the *langue par excellence* of song.

*The Ravenswing's* voice is a *magnificent contra-basso* of nine octaves. . . —*Flowers of Fashion,* June 10.

Old Thrum, the composer, is bringing out an opera and a pupil. The opera is good, the pupil first-rate. The opera will do much more than compete with the infernal twaddle and disgusting slip-slop of Donizetti, and the milk-and-water fools who imitate him; it will (and we ask the readers of the *Tomahawk* were we ever mistaken?) surpass all these; it is *good,* of downright English stuff. The airs are fresh and pleasing, the choruses large and noble, the instrumentation solid and rich; the music is carefully written. We wish old Thrum and his opera well.

His pupil is a *sure card,* a splendid woman and a splendid singer. She is so handsome that she might sing as much out of *tune* as Miss Ligonier, and the public would forgive her; and sings so well that were she as ugly as the aforesaid Ligonier, the audience would listen to her. *The Ravenswing,* that is her fantastical theatrical name (her real name is the same with that of a notorious sconderel in the Fleet, who invented the Panama swindle, the Pontine Marshes swindle, the soap swindle—*how are you off for soap now, Mr. Wilt-rt*)—*The Ravenswing,* we say, will do. Slang has engaged her at thirty guineas per week, and she appears next month in Thrum's opera, of which the words are written by a great ass with some talent—we mean Mr. Mulligan.

There is a foreign *fool* in the *Flowers of Fashion* who is doing his best to disgust the public by his filthy flattery. It is enough to make one sick. *Why is the foreign beast not kicked out of the paper?*—*The Tomahawk,* June 17.

The three first *anecdotes* were supplied by Mulligan to his paper, with many others which need not here be repeated; he kept them up with amazing energy and variety. Anecdotes of Sir George Thrum met you unexpectedly in queer corners of country papers; puffs of the English school of music appeared perpetually in *notices to correspondents* in the Sunday prints, some of which Mr. Slang commanded, and in others over which the indefatigable Mulligan had a control.

This youth was the soul of the little conspiracy for raising Morgiana into fame; and humble as he is, and great and respectable as is Sir George Thrum, it is my belief that the Ravenswing would never have been the Ravenswing she is but for the ingenuity and energy of the honest Hibernian reporter.

It is only the business of the great man who writes the leading articles which appear in the large type of the daily papers
to compose those astonishing pieces of eloquence; the other parts of the paper are left to the ingenuity of the sub-editor, whose duty it is to select paragraphs, reject or receive horrid accidents, police reports, etc.; with which, occupied as he is in the exercise of his tremendous functions, the editor himself cannot be expected to meddle. The fate of Europe is his province; the rise and fall of empires, and the great questions of state demand the editor's attention: the humble puff, the paragraph about the last murder, or the state of the crops, or the sewers in Chancery Lane, is confided to the care of the sub.; and it is curious to see what a prodigious number of Irishmen exist among the sub-editors of London. When the Liberator enumerates the services of his countrymen—how the battle of Fontenoy was won by the Irish Brigade, how the battle of Waterloo would have been lost but for the Irish regiments, and enumerates other acts for which we are indebted to Milesian heroism and genius—he ought at least to mention the Irish brigade of the press, and the amazing services they do to this country.

The truth is, the Irish reporters and soldiers appear to do their duty right well; and my friend Mr. Mulligan is one of the former. Having the interests of his opera and the Ravenswing strongly at heart, and being among his brethren an exceedingly popular fellow, he managed matters so that never a day passed but some paragraph appeared somewhere regarding the new singer, in whom, for their countryman's sake, all his brothers and sub-editors felt an interest.

These puffs, destined to make known to all the world the merits of the Ravenswing, of course had an effect upon a gentleman very closely connected with that lady, the respectable prisoner in the Fleet, Captain Walker. As long as he received his weekly two guineas from Mr. Woolsey, and the occasional half crowns which his wife could spare in her almost daily visits to him, he had never troubled himself to inquire what her pursuits were, and had allowed her (though the worthy woman longed with all her might to betray herself) to keep her secret. He was far from thinking, indeed, that his wife would prove such a treasure to him.

But when the voice of fame and the columns of the public journals brought him each day some new story regarding the merits, genius, and beauty of the Ravenswing; when rumors reached him that she was the favorite pupil of Sir George Thrum; when she brought him five guineas after singing at the Philharmonic (other five the good soul had spent in purchas-
he who said how Remember Gentlemen, Do You when, andulings, eager little

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using his marital authority, he absolutely forbade Mrs. Walker's appearance on the public stage; he wrote to Sir George Thrum a letter expressive of his highest indignation that negotiations so important should ever have been commenced without his authorization; and he wrote to his dear Slang (for these gentlemen were very intimate, and in the course of his transactions as an agent Mr. W. had had many dealings with Mr. S.) asking his dear Slang whether the latter thought his friend Walker would be so green as to allow his wife to appear on the stage, and he remain in prison with all his debts on his head.

And it was a curious thing now to behold how eager those very creditors who but yesterday (and with perfect correctness) had denounced Mr. Walker as a swindler, who had refused to come to any composition with him, and had sworn never to release him; how they on a sudden became quite eager to come to an arrangement with him, and offered, nay, begged and prayed, him to go free, only giving them his own and Mrs. Walker's acknowledgment of their debt, with a promise that a part of the lady's salary should be devoted to the payment of the claim.

'The lady's salary!' said Mr. Walker indignantly to these gentlemen and their attorneys. 'Do you suppose I will allow Mrs. Walker to go on the stage? Do you suppose I am such a fool as to sign bills to the full amount of these claims against me, when in a few months more I can walk out of prison without paying a shilling? Gentlemen, you take Howard Walker for an idiot. I like the Fleet, and rather than pay I'll stay here for these ten years?'

In other words, it was the captain's determination to make some advantageous bargain for himself with his creditors and the gentlemen who were interested in bringing forward Mrs. Walker on the stage. And who can say that in so determining he did not act with laudable prudence and justice?

'You do not, surely, consider, my very dear sir, that half the amount of Mrs. Walker's salaries is too much for my immense trouble and pains in teaching her?' cried Sir George Thrum (who, in reply to Walker's note, thought it most prudent to wait personally on that gentleman). 'Remember that
I am the first master in England; that I have the best interest in England; that I can bring her out at the Palace, and at every concert and musical festival in England; that I am obliged to teach her every single note that she utters; and that without me she could no more sing a song than her little baby could walk without its nurse.

'I believe about half what you say,' said Mr. Walker.

'Very dear Captain Walker! would you question my integrity?' Who was it that made Mrs. Millington's fortune—the celebrated Mrs. Millington, who has now got £100,000? Who was it that brought out the finest tenor in Europe, Poppleton? Ask the musical world, ask those great artists themselves, and they will tell you they owe their reputation, their fortune, to Sir George Thrum.

'It is very likely,' replied the captain coolly. 'You are a good master, I dare say, Sir George; but I am not going to article Mrs. Walker to you for three years, and sign her articles in the Fleet. Mrs. Walker shan't sing till I'm a free man, that's flat; if I stay here till you're dead she shan't.'

'Gracious powers, sir!' exclaimed Sir George, 'do you expect me to pay your debts?'

'Yes, old boy,' answered the captain, 'and to give me something handsome in hand, too; and that's my ultimatum; and so I wish you good-morning, for I'm engaged to play a match at tennis I blow.'

This little interview exceedingly frightened the worthy knight, who went home to his lady in a delirious state of alarm occasioned by the audacity of Captain Walker.

Mr. Slang's interview with him was scarcely more satisfactory. He owed, he said £4000. His creditors might be brought to compound for five shillings in the pound. He would not consent to allow his wife to make a single engagement until the creditors were satisfied, and until he had a handsome sum in hand to begin the world with. 'Unless my wife comes out, you'll be in the Gazette yourself, you know you will. So you may take her or leave her, as you think fit.'

'Let her sing one night as a trial,' said Mr. Slang.

'If she sings one night, the creditors will want their money in full,' replied the captain. 'I shan't let her labor, poor thing, for the profit of those scoundrels!' added the prisoner with much feeling. And Slang left him, with much greater respect for Walker than he had ever before possessed. He was struck with the gallantry of the man who could triumph over misfortunes, nay, make misfortune itself an engine of good luck.
Mrs. Walker was instructed instantly to have a severe sore throat. The journals in Mr. Slang's interest deplored this illness pathetically; while the papers in the interest of the opposition theater magnified it with great malice. 'The new singer,' said one, 'the great wonder which Slang promised us, is as hoarse as a raven!' 'Dr. Thorax pronounces,' wrote another paper, 'that the quinsey which has suddenly prostrated Mrs. Ravenswing, whose singing at the Philharmonic, previous to her appearance at the T. R——, excited so much applause, has destroyed the lady's voice forever. We luckily need no other prima donna, when that place, as nightly thousands acknowledge, is held by Miss Ligonier.' The Lookeron said, 'That although some well-informed contemporaries had declared Mrs. W. Ravenswing's complaint to be a quinsey, others, on whose authority they could equally rely, had pronounced it to be a consumption. At all events she was in an exceedingly dangerous state; from which, though we do not expect, we heartily trust she may recover. Opinions differ as to the merits of this lady, some saying that she was altogether inferior to Miss Ligonier, while other connoisseurs declare the latter to be be no means so accomplished a person. This point, we fear,' continued the Lookeron, 'can never now be settled; unless, which we fear is improbable, Mrs. Ravenswing should ever so far recover as to be able to make her début; and even then, the new singer will not have a fair chance unless her voice and strength shall be fully restored. This information, which we have from exclusive resources, may be relied on,' concluded the Lookeron, 'as authentic.'

It was Mr. Walker himself, that artful and audacious Fleet prisoner, who concocted those very paragraphs against his wife's health which appeared in the journals of the Ligonier party. The partisans of that lady were delighted, the creditors of Mr. Walker astounded, at reading them. Even Sir George Thrum was taken in, and came to the Fleet prison in considerable alarm. 'Mum's the word, my good sir!' said Mr. Walker. 'Now is the time to make arrangements with the creditors.'

Well, these arrangements were finally made. It does not matter how many shillings in the pound satisfied the rapacious creditors of Morgiana's husband. But it is certain that her voice returned to her all of a sudden upon the captain's release. The papers of the Mulligan faction again trumpeted her perfections; the agreement with Mr. Slang was concluded; that with Sir George Thrum the great composer satisfactorily arranged; and the new opera underlined in immense capitals.
in the bills, and put in rehearsal with immense expenditure on the part of the scene painter and costumer.

Need we tell what triumphed success the 'Brigand’s Bride' was received? All the Irish sub-editors the next morning took care to have such an account of it as made Miss Ligonier and Baroski die with envy. All the reporters who could spare time were in the boxes to support their friend's work. All the journeymen tailors of the establishment of Linshey, Woolsey & Co., had pit tickets given to them, and applauded with all their might. All Mr. Walker's friends of the Regent Club lined the side-boxes with white kid gloves; and in a little box by themselves sat Mrs. Crump and Mr. Woolsey, a great deal too much agitated to applaud—so agitated that Woolsey even forgot to fling down the bouquet he had brought for the Ravenswing.

But there was no lack of those horticultural ornaments. The theater servants wheeled away a wheelbarrowful (which were flung on the stage the next night over again); and Morgiana blushing, panting, weeping, was led off by Mr. Poppleton, the eminent tenor, who had crowned her with one of the most conspicuous of the chaplets.

Here she flew to her husband, and flung her arms round his neck. He was flirting behind the side-scenes with Mlle. Flicflac, who had been dancing in the divertissement; and was probably the only man in the theater of those who witnessed the embrace that did not care for it. Even Slang was affected, and said with perfect sincerity that he wished he had been in Walker's place. The manager's fortune was made, at least for the season. He acknowledged so much to Walker, who took a week's salary for his wife in advance that very night.

There was, as usual, a grand supper in the greenroom. The terrible Mr. Bludyer appeared in a new coat of the well-known Woolsey cut, and the little tailor himself and Mrs. Crump were not the least happy of the party. But when the Ravenswing took Woolsey's hand, and said she would never have been there but for him, Mr. Walker looked very grave, and hinted to her that she must not, in her position, encourage the attentions of persons in that rank of life. 'I shall pay,' said he proudly, 'every farthing that is owing to Mr. Woolsey, and shall employ him for the future. But you understand, my love, that one cannot at one's own table receive one's own tailor?'

Slang proposed Morgiana's health in a tremendous speech, which elicited cheers, and laughter, and sobs, such as only managers have the art of drawing from the theatrical gentle-
men and ladies in their employ. It was observed, especially among the chorus singers at the bottom of the table, that their emotion was intense. They had a meeting the next day and voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq., for his eminent services in the cause of the drama.

Walker returned thanks for his lady. That was, he said, the proudest moment of his life. He was proud to think that he had educated her for the stage, happy to think that his sufferings had not been in vain, and that his exertions in her behalf were crowned with full success. In her name and his own he thanked the company, and sat down, and was once more particularly attentive to Mlle. Fliclac.

Then came an oration from Sir George Thrum, in reply to Slang's toast to him. It was very much to the same effect as the speech by Walker, the two gentlemen attributing to themselves individually the merit of bringing out Mrs. Walker. He concluded by stating that he should always hold Mrs. Walker as the daughter of his heart, and to the last moment of his life should love and cherish her. It is certain that Sir George was exceedingly elated that night, and would have been scolded by his lady on his return home, but for the triumph of the evening.

Mulligan's speech of thanks, as author of the 'Brigand's Bride,' was, it must be confessed, extremely tedious. It seemed there would be no end to it; when he got upon the subject of Ireland especially, which somehow was found to be intimately connected with the interests of music and the theater. Even the choristers pooh-poohed this speech, coming though it did from the successful author whose songs of wine, love, and battle they had been repeating that night.

The 'Brigand's Bride' ran for many nights. Its choruses were tuned on the organs of the day. Morgiana's airs, 'The Rose upon my Balcony,' and 'The Lightning on the Cataract' (recitative and scena), were on everybody's lips, and brought so many guineas to Sir George Thrum that he was encouraged to have his portrait engraved, which still may be seen in the music shops. Not many persons, I believe, bought proof impressions of the plate, price two guineas; whereas, on the contrary, all the young clerks in banks, and all the first young men of the universities, had pictures of the Ravenswing in their apartments—as Biondetta (the Brigand's Bride), as Zelyma (in the 'Nuptials of Benares'), as Barbareska (in the 'Mine of Tobolsk'), and in all her famous characters. In the latter she disguises herself as an Uhlan, in order to save her father, who is in prison; and the Ravenswing looked so fascinating in this
costume, in pantaloons and yellow boots, that Slang was for having her instantly in Captain Macheath, whence arose their quarrel.

She was replaced at Slang's theater by Snooks, the rhinoceros tamer, with his breed of wild buffaloes. Their success was immense. Slang gave a supper, at which all the company burst into tears; and assembling in the greenroom next day, they, as usual, voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq., for his eminent services to the drama.

In the Captain Macheath dispute Mr. Walker would have had his wife yield; but on this point, and for once, she disobeyed her husband and left the theater. And when Walker cursed her (according to his wont) for her abominable selfishness and disregard of his property, she burst into tears and said she had spent but twenty guineas on herself and baby during the year, that her theatrical dressmaker's bills were yet unpaid, and that she had never asked him how much he spent on that odious French figurante.

All this was true, except about the French figurante. Walker, as the lord and master, received all Morgiana's earnings, and spent them as a gentleman should. He gave very neat dinners at a cottage in the Regent's Park (Mr. and Mrs. Walker lived in Green Street, Grosvenor Square), he played a good deal at the Regent; but as to the French figurante, it must be confessed that Mrs. Walker was in a sad error; that lady and the captain had parted long ago; it was Mme. Dolores de Tras-os-Montes who inhabited the cottage in St. John's Wood now.

But if some little errors of this kind might be attributable to the captain, on the other hand, when his wife was in the provinces, he was the most attentive of husbands; made all her bargains, and received every shilling before he would permit her to sign a note. Thus he prevented her from being cheated, as a person of her easy temper doubtless would have been, by designing managers and needy concert-givers. They always traveled with four horses, and Walker was adored in every one of the principal hotels in England. The waiters flew at his bell. The chambermaids were afraid he was a sad naughty man, and thought his wife no such great beauty; the landlords preferred him to any duke. He never looked at their bills, not he! In fact his income was at least four thousand a year for some years of his life.

Master Woolsey Walker was put to Dr. Wapshot's seminary, whence, after many disputes on the doctor's part as to getting his half-year's accounts paid, and after much complaint of ill-treatment on the little boy's side, he was withdrawn, and
placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Swishtail, at Turnham Green; where all his bills are paid by his godfather, now the head of the firm of Woolsey & Co.

As a gentleman, Mr. Walker still declines to see him; but he has not, as far as I have heard, paid the sums of money which he threatened to refund; and, as he is seldom at home, the worthy tailor can come to Green Street at his leisure. He and Mrs. Crump and Mrs. Walker often take the omnibus to Brentford, and a cake with them to little Woolsey at school; to whom the tailor says he will leave every shilling of his property.

The Walkers have no other children; but when she takes her airing in the Park she always turns away at the sight of a low phaeton, in which sits a woman with rouged cheeks, and a great number of overdressed children with a French bonne, whose name, I am given to understand, is Mme. Dolores de Tras-os-Montes. Mme. de Tras-os-Montes always puts a great gold glass to her eye as the Ravenswing's carriage passes, and looks into it with a sneer. The two coachmen used always to exchange queer winks at each other in the ring, until Mme. de Tras-os-Montes lately adopted a tremendous chasseur, with huge whiskers and a green-and-gold livery; since which time the formerly named gentlemen do not recognize each other.

The Ravenswing's life is one of perpetual triumph on the stage; and, as every one of the fashionable men about town has been in love with her, you may fancy what a pretty character she has. Lady Thrums would die sooner than speak to that unhappy young woman; and, in fact, the Thrums have a new pupil, who is a siren without the dangerous qualities of one, who has the person of a Venus and the mind of a Muse, and who is coming out at one of the theaters immediately. Baroski says, 'De liddle Rafenschwing is just as font of me as ever!' People are very shy about receiving her in society, and when she goes to sing at a concert Miss Prim starts up and skurries off in a state of the greatest alarm, lest 'that person' should speak to her.

Walker is voted a good, easy, rattling, gentlemanly fellow, and nobody's enemy but his own. His wife, they say, is dreadfully extravagant; and, indeed, since his marriage, and in spite of his wife's large income, he has been in the Bench several times; but she signs some bills and he comes out again, and is as gay and genial as ever. All mercantile speculations he has wisely long since given up; he likes to throw a main of an evening, as I have said, and to take his couple of bottles at dinner. On Friday he attends at the theater for his wife's
salary, and transacts no other business during the week. He
grows exceedingly stout, dyes his hair, and has a bloated
purple look about the nose and cheeks very different from that
which first charmed the heart of Morgiana.

By the way Eglantine has been turned out of the Bower of
Bloom and now keeps a shop at Tunbridge Wells. Going
down thither last year without a razor, I asked a fat, seedy
man, lolling in a faded nankeen jacket at the door of a tawdry
little shop in the Pantiles, to shave me. He said in reply,
'Sir, I do not practice in that branch of the profession!' and
turned back into the little shop. It was Archibald Eglantine.
But in the wreck of his fortunes he still has his captain's
uniform and his grand cross of the order of the Elephant and
Castle of Panama.

POSTSCRIPT.

G. FITZ-BOODLE, ESQ., TO O. YORKE, ESQ.

ZUM TRIERISCHEN HOF, COBLENZ, JULY 10, 1843.

My Dear Yorke: The story of the Ravenswing was written a long time since, and I
never could account for the bad taste of the publishers of the metropolis who refused
it an insertion in their various magazines. This fact would never have been alluded to
but for the following circumstance:

Only yesterday, as I was dining at this excellent hotel, I remarked a bald-headed
gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons, who looked like a colonel on half pay, and
by his side a lady and a little boy of twelve, whom the gentleman was cramming with
an amazing quantity of cherries and cakes. A stout old dame in a wonderful cap and
ribbons was seated by the lady's side, and it was easy to see they were English, and I
thought I had already made their acquaintance elsewhere.
The younger of the ladies last made a bow, with an accompanying blush.

' Surely,' said I, 'I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Ravenswing?'
'Mrs. Woolsey, sir,' said the gentleman; 'my wife has long since left the stage,'
and at this the old lady in the wonderful cap trod on my toes very severely, and nodded
her head and all her ribbons in a most mysterious way. Presently the two ladies rose
and left the table, the elder declaring that she heard the baby crying.

'Woolsey, my dear, go with your mamma,' said Mr. Woolsey, patting the boy on the head;
the young gentleman obeyed the command, carrying off a plate of macaroons
with him.

'Your son is a fine boy, sir,' said I.

'My stepson, sir,' answered Mr. Woolsey; and added in a louder voice, 'I knew
you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, at once, but did not mention your name for fear of agitating my
wife. She don't like to have the memory of old times renewed, sir; her former hus-
band, whom you knew, Captain Walker, made her very unhappy. He died in America,
sir, of this, I fear' (pointing to the bottle), 'and Mrs. W. quitted the stage a year
before I quitted business. Are you going on to Wiesbaden?'

They went off in their carriage that evening, the boy on the box making great efforts
to blow out of the postilion's tasseled horn.

I am glad that poor Morgiana is happy at last, and hasten to inform you of the fact;
I am going to visit the old haunts of my youth at Pumpernickel. Adieu.

Yours, G. F.-B.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK BERRY.

Chapter I.

The Fight at Slaughter House.

I am very fond of reading about battles, and have most of
Marlborough's and Wellington's at my fingers' ends; but the
most tremendous combat I ever saw, and one that interests
me to think of more than Malplaquet or Waterloo (which, by the way, has grown to be a downright nuisance, so much do men talk of it afterdinner, prating most disgustingly about 'the Prussians coming up,' and what not)—I say, the most tremendous combat ever known was that between Berry and Biggs, the gown boy, which commenced in a certain place called Middle Briars, situated in the midst of the cloisters that run along the side of the playground of Slaughter House School, near Smithfield, London. It was there, madam, that your humble servant had the honor of acquiring, after six years' labor, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him.

The circumstances of the quarrel were these: Biggs, the gown boy (a man who, in those days, I thought was at least seven feet high, and was quite thunderstruck to find in after life that he measured no more than five feet four), was what we called 'second cock' of the school; the first cock was a great big, good-humored, lazy, fair-haired fellow, Old Hawkins by name, who, because he was large and good humored, hurt nobody. Biggs, on the contrary, was a sad bully; he had half a dozen fags, and beat them all mercilessly. Moreover, he had a little brother, a boarder in Potky's house, whom, as a matter of course, he hated and maltreated worse than anyone else.

Well, one day, because young Biggs had not brought his brother his hoops, or had not caught a ball at cricket, or for some other equally good reason, Biggs the elder so belabored the poor little fellow that Berry, who was sauntering by, and saw the dreadful blows which the elder brother was dealing to the younger with his hockey-stick, felt a compassion for the little fellow (perhaps he had a jealousy against Biggs, and wanted to try a few rounds with him, but that I can't vouch for); however, Berry, passing by, stopped and said, 'Don't you think you have thrashed the boy enough, Biggs?' He spoke this in a very civil tone, for he never would have thought of interfering rudely with the sacred privilege that an upper boy at a public school always has of beating a junior, especially when they happen to be brothers.

The reply of Biggs, as might be expected, was to hit young Biggs with the hockey-stick twice as hard as before, until the little wretch howled with pain. 'I suppose it's no business of yours, Berry,' said Biggs, thumping away all the while, and laid on worse and worse, until Berry (and, indeed, little Biggs) could bear it no longer, and the former, bounding forward, wrenched the stick out of old Biggs' hands, and sent
it whirling out of the cloister window, to the great wonder of a crowd of us small boys, who were looking on. Little boys always like to see a little companion of their own soundly beaten.

'There!' said Berry, looking into Biggs' face as much as to say, 'I've gone and done it'; and he added to the brother, 'Send away, you little thief! I've saved you this time.'

'Stop, young Biggs!' roared out his brother after a pause; 'and I'll break every bone in your infernal scoundrelly skin!'

Young Biggs looked at Berry, then at his brother, then came at his brother's order, as if back to be beaten again, but lost heart and ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him.

'I'll do for him another time,' said Biggs, 'Here, under boy, take my coat;' and we all began to gather round and formed a ring.

'We had better wait till after school, Biggs,' cried Berry, quite cool, but looking a little pale. 'There are only five minutes now, and it will take you more than that to thrash me.'

Biggs upon this committed a great error; for he struck Berry slightly across the face with the back of his hand, saying, 'You are in a funk.' But this was a feeling which Frank Berry did not in the least entertain; for in reply to Biggs' backhander, and as quick as thought, and with all his might and main—pong! he delivered a blow upon old Biggs' nose that made the claret spurt, and sent the second cock down to the ground as if he had been shot.

He was up again, however, in a minute, his face white and gashed with blood, his eyes glaring, a ghastly spectacle; and Berry, meanwhile, had taken his coat off, and by this time there were gathered in the cloisters, on all the windows, and upon each other's shoulders, one hundred and twenty young gentlemen at the very least, for the news had gone out through the playground of 'a fight between Berry and Biggs.'

But Berry was quite right in his remark about the propriety of deferring the business, for at this minute Mr. Chip, the second master, came down the cloisters going into school, and grinned in his queer way as he saw the state of Biggs' face.

'Hullo, Mr. Biggs,' said he, 'I suppose you have run against a finger post.' That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily; as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or anything like a joke. 'You had better go to the pump, sir, and yet yourself washed, and not let Dr. Buckle see you in that condition.' So saying, Mr. Chip disappeared to his duties in the under school, whither all we little boys followed him.
It was Wednesday, a half holiday, as everybody knows, and boiled beef day at Slaughter House. I was in the same boarding house with Berry, and we all looked to see whether he ate a good dinner, just as one would examine a man who was going to be hanged. I recollected, in after life, in Germany, seeing a friend, who was going to fight a duel, eat five larks for his breakfast, and thought I had seldom witnessed greater courage. Berry ate moderately of the boiled beef—boiled child we used to call it at school, in our elegant, jocular way; he knew a great deal better than to load his stomach upon the eve of such a contest as was going to take place.

Dinner was very soon over, and Mr. Chip, who had been all the while joking Berry, and pressing him to eat, called him up into his study, to the great disappointment of us all, for we thought he was going to prevent the fight; but no such thing. The Rev. Edward Chip took Berry into his study, and poured him out two glasses of port wine, which he made him take with a biscuit, and patted him on the back, and went off. I have no doubt he was longing, like all of us, to see the battle; but etiquette, you know, forbade.

When we went out into the green, Old Hawkins was there—the great Hawkins, the cock of the school. I have never seen the man since, but still think of him as something awful, gigantic, mysterious; he who could thrash everybody, who could beat all the masters; how we longed for him to put in his hand and lick Buckle! He was a dull boy, not very high in the school, and had all his exercises written for him. Buckle knew this, but respected him; never called him up to read Greeks plays; passed over all his blunders, which were many; let him go out of half holidays into the town as he pleased: who should any man dare to stop him—the great, calm, magnificent, silent strength! They say he licked a Life Guardsman; I wonder whether it was Shaw, who killed all those Frenchmen? No, it could not be Shaw, for he was dead au champ d'honneur; but he would have licked Shaw if he had been alive. A bargeman I know he licked at Jack Randall's in Slaughter House Lane. Old Hawkins was too lazy to play at cricket; he sauntered all day in the sunshine about the green, accompanied by little Tippins, who was in the sixth form, laughed and joked at Hawkins eternally, and was the person who wrote all his exercises.

Instead of going into town this afternoon Hawkins remained at Slaughter House to see the great fight between the second and third cocks.

The different masters of the school kept boarding houses
MEN'S WIVES.

(such as Potky's, Chip's, Wicken's, Pinney's, and so on), and the playground or 'green,' as it was called, although the only thing green about the place was the broken glass on the walls that separate Slaughter House from Wilderness Row and Goswell Street (many a time have I seen Mr. Pickwick look out of his window in that street, though we did not know him then)—the playground, or green, was common to all. But if any stray boy from Potky's was found, for instance, in, or entering into, Chip's house, the most dreadful tortures were practiced upon him; as I can answer in my own case.

Fancy, then, our astonishment at seeing a little three-foot wretch, of the name of Wills, one of Hawkins' fags (they were both in Potky's), walk undismayed among us lions at Chip's house, as the 'rich and rare' young lady did in Ireland. We were going to set upon him and devour or otherwise maltreat him, when he cried out in a little shrill, impertinent voice, 'Tell Berry I want him!'

We all roared with laughter. Berry was in the sixth form, and Wills or any under boy would as soon have thought of 'wanting' him as I should of wanting the Duke of Wellington.

Little Wills looked round in an imperious kind of way. 'Well,' says he, stamping his foot, 'do you hear? Tell Berry that Hawkins wants him!'

As for resisting the law of Hawkins, you might as soon think of resisting immortal Jove. Berry and Tolmash, who was to be his bottle-holder, made their appearance immediately, and walked out into the green, where Hawkins was waiting, and, with an irresistible audacity that only belonged to himself, in the face of nature and all the regulations of the place, was smoking a cigar. When Berry and Tolmash found him, the three began slowly pacing up and down in the sunshine, and we little boys watched them.

Hawkins moved his arms and hands every now and then, and was evidently laying down the law about boxing. We saw his fists darting out every now and then with mysterious swiftness, hitting one, two, quick as thought, as if in the face of an adversary; now his left hand went up, as if guarding his own head, now his immense right fist dreadfully flapped the air, as if punishing his imaginary opponent's miserable ribs. The conversation lasted for some ten minutes, about which time gown boys' dinner was over, and we saw these youths in their black, horned button jackets and knee breeches, issuing from their door in the cloisters. There were no hoops, no cricket bats, as usual on a half holiday. Who would have thought
of play in expectation of such tremendous sport as was in store for us?

Towering among the gown boys, of whom he was the head and the tyrant, leaning upon Bushby's arm, and followed at a little distance by many curious, pale, awe-stricken boys, dressed in his black silk stockings, which he always sported, and with a crimson bandanna tied round his waist, came Biggs. His nose was swollen with the blow given before school, but his eyes flashed fire. He was laughing and sneering with Bushby, and evidently intended to make minced meat of Berry.

The betting began pretty freely; the bets were against poor Berry. Five to three were offered—in ginger beer. I took six to four in raspberry open tarts. The upper boys carried the thing farther still; and I know for a fact that Swang's book amounted to four pound three (but he hedged a good deal), and Tittery lost seventeen shillings in a single bet to Pitts, who took the odds.

As Biggs and his party arrived, I heard Hawkins say to Berry, 'For Heaven's sake, my boy, fib with your right, and mind his left hand!'

Middle Briars was voted to be too confined a space for the combat, and it was agreed that it should take place behind the under school in the shade, whither we all went. Hawkins, with his immense silver hunting watch, kept the time; and water was brought from the pump close to Notley's, the pastry cook's, who did not admire fistieffs at all on half holidays, for the fights kept the boys away from his shop. Gutley was the only fellow in the school who remained faithful to him, and he sat on the counter—the great gormandizing brute!—eating tarts the whole day.

This famous fight, as every Slaughter House man knows, lasted for two hours and twenty-nine minutes, by Hawkins' immense watch. All this time the air resounded with cries of 'Go it, Berry!' 'Go it, Biggs!' 'Pitch into him!' 'Give it him!' and so on. Shall I describe the hundred and two rounds of the combat? No! It would occupy too much space, and the taste for such descriptions has passed away.*

1st round. Both the combatants fresh, and in prime order. The weight and inches somewhat on the gown boy's side. Berry goes gallantly in, and delivers a clinker on the gown boy's jaw. Biggs makes play with his left. Berry down.

*As it is very probable that many fair readers may not approve of the extremely forcible language in which the combat is depicted, I beg them to skip it and pass on to the next chapter, and to remember that it has been modeled on the style of the very best writers of the sporting papers.
4th round. Claret drawn in profusion from the gown boy’s grogshop. (He went down, and had his front tooth knocked out, but the blow out Berry’s knuckles a great deal.)


20th round. The men both dreadfully punished. Berry somewhat shy of his adversary’s left hand.

29th to 42d round. The Chipsite all this while breaks away from the gown boy’s left, and goes down on a knee. Six to four on the gown boy, until the fortieth round, when the bets became equal.

102d and last round. For half an hour the men had stood up to each other, but were almost too weary to strike. The gown boy’s face hardly to be recognized, swollen and streaming with blood. The Chipsite in a similar condition, and still more punished about his side from his enemy’s left hand. Berry gives a blow at his adversary’s face, and falls over him as he falls.

The gown boy can’t come up to time. And thus ended the great fight of Berry and Biggs.

And what, pray, has this horrid description of a battle and a parcel of schoolboys to do with ‘Men’s Wives?’ What has it to do with ‘Men’s wives.’ A great deal more, madam, than you think for. Only read Chapter II., and you shall hear.

Chapter II.

THE COMBAT AT VERSAILLES.

I afterward came to be Berry’s fag, and, though beaten by him daily, he allowed, of course, no one else to lay a hand upon me, and I got no more thrashing than was good for me. Thus an intimacy grew up between us, and after he left Slaughter House and went into the dragoons the honest fellow did not forget his old friend, but actually made his appearance one day in the playground in mustaches and a braided coat, and gave me a gold pencil-case and a couple of sovereigns. I blushed when I took them, but take them I did; and I think the thing I almost best recollect in my life is the sight of Berry getting behind an immense bay cab horse, which was held by a correct little groom, and was waiting near the school in Slaughter House Square. He proposed, too, to have me to Long’s, where he was lodging for the time; but this
invitation was refused on my behalf by Dr. Buckle, who said, and possibly with correctness, that I should get little good by spending my holiday with such a scapegrace.

Once afterward he came to see me at Christ Church, and we made a show of writing to one another, and didn't, and always had a hearty mutual good will; and though we did not quite burst into tears on parting, were yet quite happy when occasion threw us together, and so almost lost sight of each other. I heard lately that Berry was married, and am rather ashamed to say that I was not so curious as even to ask the maiden name of his lady.

Last summer I was at Paris, and had gone over to Versailles to meet a party, one of which was a young lady to whom I was tenderly—— But, never mind. The day was rainy, and the party did not keep its appointment; and after yawning through the interminable palace picture galleries, and then making an attempt to smoke a cigar in the palace garden—for which crime I was nearly run through the body by a rascally sentinel—I was driven, perforce, into the great, bleak, lonely palace before the palace, with its roads branching off to all the towns in the world, which Louis and Napoleon once intended to conquer, and there enjoyed my favorite pursuit at leisure, and was meditating whether I should go back to Véfour's for dinner, or patronize my friend M. Duboux of the Hôtel des Réservoirs, who gives not only a good dinner, but as dear a one as heart can desire. I was, I say, meditating these things, when a carriage passed by. It was a smart, low calash, with a pair of bay horses and a postilion in a drab jacket, that twinkled with innumerable buttons, and I was too much occupied in admiring the build of the machine, and the extreme tightness of the fellow's inexpressibles, to look at the personages within the carriage, when the gentleman roared out 'Fitz!' and the postilion pulled up, and the lady gave a shrill scream, and a little black-muzzled spaniel began barking and yelling with all his might, and a man with mustaches jumped out of the vehicle, and began shaking me by the hand.

'Drive home, John,' said the gentleman; 'I'll be with you, my love, in an instant—it's an old friend. Fitz, let me present you to Mrs. Berry.'

The lady made an exceedingly gentle inclination of her black velvet bonnet, and said, 'Pray, my love, remember that it is just dinner time. However, never mind me.' And with another slight toss and a nod to the postilion, that individual's white leather breeches began to jump up and down again in
the saddle, and the carriage disappeared, leaving me shaking my old friend Berry by the hand.

He had long quitted the army, but still wore his military beard, which gave to his fair pink face a fierce and lionlike look. He was extraordinarily glad to see me, as only men are glad who live in a small town, or in dull company. There is no destroyer of friendships like London, where a man has no time to think of his neighbor, and has far too many friends to care for them. He told me in a breath of his marriage, and how happy he was, and straight insisted that I must come home to dinner, and see more of Angelica, who had invited me herself—didn't I hear her?

'Mrs. Berry asked you, Frank; but I certainly did not hear her ask me!'

'She would not have mentioned the dinner but that she meant me to ask you. I know she did,' cried Frank Berry. 'And, besides—hang it—I'm master of the house. So come you shall. No ceremony, old boy—one or two friends—snug family party—and we'll talk of old times over a bottle of claret.'

There did not seem to me to be the slightest objection to this arrangement, except that my boots were muddy, and my coat of the morning sort. But as it was quite impossible to go to Paris and back again in a quarter of an hour, and as a man may dine with perfect comfort to himself in a frock coat, it did not occur to me to be particularly squeamish, or to decline an old friend's invitation upon a pretext so trivial.

Accordingly we walked to a small house in the Avenue de Paris, and were admitted first into a small garden ornamented by a grotto, a fountain, and several nymphs in plaster of Paris, then up a moldy old steep stair into a hall, where a statue of Cupid and another of Venus welcomed us with their eternal simper; then through a salle-a-manger, where covers were laid for six; and finally to a little saloon, where Fido, the dog, began to howl furiously according to his wont.

It was one of the old pavilions that had been built for a pleasure house in the gay days of Versailles, ornamented with abundance of damp Cupids and cracked gilt cornices, and old mirrors let into the walls, and gilded once, but now painted a dingy French white. The long low windows looked into the court, where the fountain played its ceaseless dribble, surrounded by numerous rank creepers and weedy flowers, but in the midst of which the statues stood with their bases quite moist and green.

I hate fountains and statues in dark, confined places; that
cheerless, endless plashing of water is the most inhospitable sound ever heard. The stiff grin of those French statues, or ogling Canova Graces, is by no means more happy, I think, than the smile of a skeleton, and not so natural. Those little pavilions in which the old roués sported were never meant to be seen by daylight, depend on't. They were lighted up with a hundred wax candles, and the little fountain yonder was meant only to cool their elaret. And so, my first impression of Berry's place of abode was rather a dismal one. However, I heard him in the salle-à-manger drawing the corks, which went off with a cloop, and that consoled me.

As for the furniture of the rooms appertaining to the Berrys, there was a harp in a leather case, and a piano, and a flute box, and a huge tambour with a Saracen's nose just begun, and likewise on the table a multiplicity of those little gilt books, half sentimental and half religious, which the wants of the age and of our young ladies have produced in such numbers of late. I quarrel with no lady's taste in that way; but heigho! I had rather that Mrs. Fitz-Boodle should read 'Humphrey Clinker'!

Beside these works, there was a 'Peerage' of course. What genteel family was ever without one?

I was making for the door to see Frank drawing the corks, and was bounced at by the amiable little black-muzzled spaniel, who fastened his teeth in my pantaloons, and received a polite kick in consequence, which sent him howling to the other end of the room, and the animal was just in the act of performing that feat of agility, when the door opened and madame made her appearance. Frank came behind her peering over her shoulder with rather an anxious look.

Mrs. Berry is an exceedingly white and lean person. She has thick eyebrows, which meet rather dangerously over her nose, which is Grecian, and a small mouth with no lips—a sort of feeble pucker in the face, as it were. Under her eyebrows are a pair of enormous eyes, which she is in the habit of turning constantly ceilingward. Her hair is rather scarce, and worn in bandeaux, and she commonly mounts a sprig of laurel, or a dark flower or two, which, with the sham tour—I believe that is the name of the knob of artificial hair that many ladies sport—gives her a rigid and classical look. She is dressed in black, and has invariably the neatest of silk stockings and shoes; for, forsooth, her foot is a fine one, and she always sits with it before her, looking at it, stamping it, and admiring it a great deal. 'Fido,' she says to her spaniel, 'you have almost crushed my poor foot'; or, 'Frank,' to her husband, 'bring me a footstool';
or, 'I suffer so from cold in the feet,' and so forth; but be the conversation what it will, she is always sure to put her foot into it.

She invariably wears on her neck the miniature of her late father, Sir George Catacomb, apothecary to George III.; and she thinks those two men the greatest the world ever saw. She was born in Baker Street, Portman Square, and that is saying almost enough of her. She is as long, as genteel, and as dreary as that deadly lively place, and sports, by way of ornament, her papa's hatchment, as it were, as every tenth Baker Street house has taught her.

What induced such a jolly fellow as Frank Berry to marry Miss Angelica Catacomb no one can tell. He met her, he says, at a ball at Hampton Court, where his regiment was quartered, and where, to this day, lives 'her aunt, Lady Pash.' She alludes perpetually in conversation to that celebrated lady; and if you look in the 'Baronetage' to the pedigree of the Pash family, you may see manuscript notes by Mrs. Frank Berry, relative to them and herself. Thus, when you see in print that Sir John Pash married Angelica, daughter of Graves Catacomb, Esq., in a neat hand you find written, and sister of the late Sir George Catacomb, of Baker Street, Portman Square. 'A. B.' follows of course. It is a wonder how fond ladies are of writing in books and signing their charming initials! Mrs. Berry's before-mentioned little gilt books are scored with pencil marks, or occasionally at the margin with a!—note of interjection, or the words 'Too true, A. B.' and so on. Much may be learned with regard to lovely woman by a look at the books she reads in; and I had gained no inconsiderable knowledge of Mrs. Berry by the ten minutes spent in the drawing room while she was at her toilet in the adjoining bedchamber.

'You have often heard me talk of George Fitz,' says Berry, with an appealing look to madame.

'Very often,' answered his lady in a tone which clearly meant 'a great deal too much.' 'Pray sir,' continued she, looking at my boots with all her might, 'are we to have your company at dinner?'

'Of course you are, my dear; what else do you think he came for? You would not have the man go back to Paris to get his evening coat, would you?'

'At least, my love, I hope you will go and put on yours, and change those muddy boots. Lady Pash will be here in five minutes, and you know Dobus is as punctual as clockwork.' Then turning to me with a sort of apology that was as consoling as a box on the ear, 'We have some friends at dinner,
sir, who are rather particular persons; but I am sure when they hear that you only came on a sudden invitation, they will excuse your morning dress. 'Bah, what a smell of smoke!'

With this speech madame placed herself majestically on a sofa, put out her foot, called Fido, and relapsed into an icy silence. Frank had long since evacuated the premises, with a rueful look at his wife, but never daring to cast a glance at me. I saw the whole business at once; here was this lion of a fellow tamed down by a she Van Amburgh, and fetching and carrying at her orders a great deal more obediently than her little yowling, black-muzzled darling of a Fido.

I am not, however, to be tamed so easily, and was determined in this instance not to be in the least disconcerted, or to show the smallest sign of ill humor: so to renouer the conversation I began about Lady Pash.

'I heard you mention the name of Pash, I think?' said I. 'I know a lady of that name, and a very ugly one it is, too.'

'It is most probably not the same person,' answered Mrs. Berry, with a look that intimated that a fellow like me could never have had the honor to know so exalted a person.

'I mean old Lady Pash of Hampton Court. Fat woman—fair, aint she?—and wears an amethyst in her forehead, has one eye, a blond wig, and dresses in light green?'

'Lady Pash, sir, is MY AUNT,' answered Mrs. Berry (not altogether displeased, although she expected money from the old lady; but you know we love to hear our friends abused when it can be safely done).

'Oh, indeed! she was a daughter of old Catacomb's of Windsor, I remember, the undertaker. They called her husband Callipash, and her ladyship Pishpash. So you see, madam, that I know the whole family!'

'Mr. Fitz-Simons!' exclaimed Mrs. Berry, rising, 'I am not accustomed to hear nicknames applied to myself and my family; and must beg you, when you honor us with your company, to spare our feelings as much as possible. Mr. Catacomb had the confidence of his sovereign, sir, and Sir John Pash was of Charles II.'s creation. The one was my uncle, sir, the other my grandfather!'

'My dear madam, I am extremely sorry, and most sincerely apologize for my inadvertence. But you owe me an apology too: my name is not Fitz-Simons, but Fitz-Boodle.'

'What! of Boodle Hall—my husband's old friend; of Charles I.'s creation? My dear sir, I beg you a thousand pardons, and am delighted to welcome a person of whom I have
heard Frank say so much. Frank!' (to Berry, who soon entered in very glossy boots and white waistcoat), 'do you know, darling, I mistook Mr. Fitz-Boodle for Mr. Fitz-Simons—that horrid Irish horse-dealing person; and I never, never, never can pardon myself for being so rude to him.'

The big eyes here assumed an expression that was intended to kill me outright with kindness: from being calm, still, reserved, Angelica suddenly became gay, smiling, confidential, and jolâtre. She told me she had heard I was a sad creature, and that she intended to reform me, and that I must come and see Frank a great deal.

Now, although Mr. Fitz-Simons, for whom I was mistaken, is as low a fellow as ever came out of Dublin, and having been a captain in somebody's army, is now a blackleg and horse dealer by profession, yet if I had brought him home to Mrs. Fitz-Boodle to dinner I should have liked far better that that imaginary lady should have received him with decent civility, and not insulted the stranger within her husband's gates. And although it was delightful to be received so cordially when the mistake was discovered, yet I found that all Berry's old acquaintances were by no means so warmly welcomed; for another old school chum presently made his appearance, who was treated in a very different manner.

This was no other than poor Jack Butts, who is a sort of small artist and picture dealer by profession, and was a day boy at Slaughter House when we were there, and very serviceable in bringing in sausages, pots of pickles, and other articles of merchandise which we could not otherwise procure. The poor fellow has been employed, seemingly, in the same office of fetcher and carrier ever since; and occupied that post for Mrs. Berry. It was, 'Mr. Butts, have you finished that drawing for Lady Pash's album?' and Butts produced it; and, 'Did you match the silk for meat Delilac's?' and there was the silk, bought, no doubt, with the poor fellow's last five francs; and, 'Did you go to the furniture man in the Rue St. Jacques; and bring the canary seed, and call about my shawl at that odious, dawdling Mme. Fichet's; and have you brought the guitar strings?'

Butts hadn't brought the guitar strings; and therenupon Mrs. Berry's countenance assumed the same terrible expression which I had formerly remarked in it, and which made me tremble for Berry.

'My dear Angelica,' though said he with some spirit, 'Jack Butts isn't a baggage wagon, nor a Jack-of-all-trades; you make him paint pictures for your women's albums, and look
after your upholsterer, and your canary bird, and your milliners, and turn rusty because he forgets your last message.'

'I did not turn rusty, Frank, as you call it elegantly. I'm very much obliged to Mr. Butts for performing my commissions—very much obliged. And as for not paying for the pictures to which you so kindly allude, Frank, I should never have thought of offering payment for so paltry a service; but I'm sure I shall be happy to pay if Mr. Butts will send me in his bill.'

'By Jove, Angelica, this is too much!' bounced out Berry; but the little matrimonial squabble was abruptly ended, by Berry's Frenchman flinging open the door and announcing Miladi Pash and Dr. Dobus, which two personages made their appearance.

The person of old Pash has been already parenthetically described. But quite different from her dismal niece in temperament, she is as jolly an old widow as ever wore weeds. She was attached somehow to the court, and has a multiplicity of stories about the princesses and the old king, to which Mrs. Berry never fails to call your attention in her grave, important way. Lady Pash has ridden many a time to the Windsor hounds; she made her husband become a member of the Four-in-hand Club, and has numberless stories about Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir John Lade, and the old heroes of those times. She has lent a rouleau to Dick Sheridan, and remembers Lord Byron when he was a sulky, slim young lad. She says Charles Fox was the pleasantest fellow she ever met with, and has not the slightest objection to inform you that one of the princesses was very much in love with her. Yet somehow she is only fifty-two years old, and I have never been able to understand her calculation. One day or other, before her eye went out, and before those pearly teeth of hers were stuck to her gums by gold, she must have been a pretty looking body enough. Yet in spite of the latter inconvenience, she eats and drinks too much every day, and tosses off a glass of maraschino with a trembling, pudgy hand, every finger of which twinkles with a dozen, at least, of old rings. She has a story about every one of those rings, and a stupid one too. But there is always something pleasant, I think, in stupid family stories: they are good-hearted people who tell them.

As for Mrs. Muchit, nothing need be said of her: she is Pash's companion; she has lived with Lady Pash since the peace. Nor does my lady take any more notice of her than of the dust of the earth. She calls her 'poor Muchit,' and considers her a half-witted creature. Mrs. Berry hates her cor-
dially, and thinks she is a designing toad-eater, who has formed a conspiracy to rob her of her aunt's fortune. She never spoke a word to poor Muchit during the whole of dinner, or offered to help her to anything on the table.

In respect to Dobus, he is an old Peninsular man, as you are made to know before you have been very long in his company; and like most army surgeons, is a great deal more military in his looks and conversation than the combatant part of the forces. He has adopted the sham Duke of Wellington air, which is by no means uncommon in veterans; and though one of the easiest and softest fellows in existence, speaks slowly and briefly, and raps out an oath or two occasionally, as it is said a certain great captain does. Besides the above, we sat down to table with Captain Goff, late of the —— Highlanders; the Rev. Lemuel Whey, who preaches at St. Germains; little Cutler, and the Frenchman, who always will be at English parties on the continent, and who, after making some frightful efforts to speak English, subsides, and is heard of no more. Young married ladies and heads of families generally have him for the purpose of waltzing, and in return he informs his friends of the club or the café that he has made the conquest of a charmante Anglaise. Listen to me, all family men who read this! and never let an unmarried Frenchman into your doors. This lecture alone is worth the price of the book. It is not that they do any harm in one case out of a thousand, Heaven forbid! but they mean harm. They look on our Susannahs with unholy, dishonest eyes. Hearken to two of the grinning rogues, chattering together, as they clink over the asphalt of the boulevard with lacquered boots, and plastered hair, and waxed mustaches, and turned-down shirt collars, and stays and goggling eyes, and hear how they talk of a good, simple, giddy, vain, dull Baker Street creature, and canvass her points, and show her letters, and insinuate—never mind, but I tell you my soul grows angry when I think of the same; and I can't hear of an English woman marrying a Frenchman without feeling a sort of shame and pity for her.*

To return to the guests. The Rev. Lemuel Whey is a teaparty man, with a curl on his forehead and a scented pocket handkerchief. He ties his white neckcloth to a wonder, and I believe sleeps in it. He brings his flute with him; and pre-

* Every person who has lived abroad can, of course, point out a score of honorable exceptions to the case above hinted at, and knows many such unions in which it is the Frenchman who honors the English lady by marrying her. But it must be remembered that marriage in France means commonly fortune hunting; and as for the respect in which marrying is held in France, let all the French novels in M. Rolandi's library be perused by those who wish to come to a decision upon the question.
fers Handel, of course; but has one or two pet profane songs of the sentimental kind, and will occasionally lift up his little pipe in a glee. He does not dance, but the honest fellow would give the world to do it; and he leaves his clogs in the passage, though it is a wonder he wears them, for in the muddiest weather he never has a speck on his foot. He was at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was rather gay for a term or two, he says. He is, in a word, full of the milk and water of human kindness, and his family lives near Hackney.

As for Goff, he has a huge, shining, bald forehead, and immense bristling Indian-red whiskers. He wears white wash-leather gloves, drinks fairly, likes a rubber, and has a story for after dinner, beginning, 'Doctor, ye racklaekt Sandy M'Lellan, who joined us in the West Indies. Wal, sir,' etc. These and little Cutler made up the party.

Now it may not have struck all readers, but any sharp fellow conversant with writing must have found out long ago that if there had been something exceedingly interesting to narrate with regard to this dinner at Frank Berry's I should have come out with it a couple of pages since, nor have kept the public looking for so long a time at the dish covers and ornaments of the table.

But the simple fact must now be told that there was nothing of the slightest importance occurred at this repast, except that it gave me an opportunity of studying Mrs. Berry in many different ways; and, in spite of the extreme complaisance which she now showed me, of forming, I am sorry to say, a most unfavorable opinion of that fair lady. Truth to tell, I would much rather she should have been civil to Mrs. Muchit than outrageously complimentary to your humble servant; and, as she professed not to know what on earth there was for dinner, would it not have been much more natural for her not to frown and bob and wink and point and pinch her lips as often as M. Anatole, her French domestic, not knowing the ways of English dinner-tables, placed anything out of its due order? The allusions to Boodle Hall were innumerable, and I don't know any greater bore than to be obliged to talk of a place which belongs to one's elder brother. Many questions were likewise asked about the dowager and her Scotch relatives, the Plumduffs, about whom Lady Pash knew a great deal, having seen them at court and at Lord Melville's. Of course she had seen them at court and at Lord Melville's, as she might have seen thousands of Scotchmen besides; but what mattered it to me, who care not a jot for old Lady Fitz-Boodle? 'When you write, you'll say you met an old friend
of her ladyship's,' says Mrs. Berry, and I faithfully promised I would when I wrote; but if the new post office paid us for writing letters (as very possibly it will soon), I could not be bribed to send a line to old Lady Fitz.

In a word, I found that Berry, like many simple fellows before him, had made choice of an imperious, ill-humored, and underbred female for a wife, and could see with half an eye that he was a great deal too much her slave.

The struggle was not over yet, however. Witness that little encounter before dinner; and once or twice the honest fellow replied rather smartly during the repast, taking especial care to atone as much as possible for his wife's inattention to Jack and Mrs. Muchit by particular attention to those personages, whom he helped to everything roundabout and pressed perpetually to champagne: he drank but little himself, for his amiable wife's eye was constantly fixed on him.

Just at the conclusion of the dessert, madame, who had bowed Berry during dinner time, became particularly gracious to her lord and master, and tenderly asked me if I did not think the French custom was a good one of men leaving table with the ladies.

'Upon my word, ma'am,' says I, 'I think it's a most abominable practice.'

'And so do I,' says Cutler.

'A most abominable practice! Do you hear that?' cries Berry, laughing, and filling his glass.

'I'm sure, Frank, when we are alone you always come to the drawing room,' replies the lady sharply.

'Oh, yes! when we're alone, darling,' says Berry, blushing; 'but now we're not alone—ha, ha! Anatole, du Bordeaux!'

'I'm sure they sat after the ladies at Carlton House; didn't they, Lady Pash?' says Dobus, who likes his glass.

'That they did!' says my lady, giving him a jolly nod.

'I racklackt,' exclaims Captain Goff, 'when I was in the Mauritius, that Mestress MacWhirt, who commanded the Sixty-Sackond, used to say, 'Mac, if ye want to get lively, ye'll not stop for more than two hours after the leddies have left ye; if ye want to get drunk, ye'll just dine at the mass.' So ye see, Mestress Barry, what was Mac's allowance—haw, haw! Mester Whey, I'll trouble ye for the o-lives.'

But although we were in a clear majority, that indomitable woman Mrs. Berry determined to make us all as uneasy as possible, and would take the votes all round. Poor Jack of course sided with her, and Whey said he loved a cup of tea.
and a little music better than all the wine of Bordeaux. As for the Frenchman, when Mrs. Berry said, 'And what do you think, M. le Vicomte?'

'Vat you speak?' said M. de Blagneval, breaking silence for the first time during two hours; 'ayse—eh? to me you speak?'

'Apry deeny, aimy-voo ally avee les dam?'

'Comment avee les dames?'

'Ally avee les dam com a Parry, on resty avec les messew com on Onglyterre?'

'Ah, madame! vous me le démandez?' cries the little wretch, starting up in a theatrical way, and putting out his hand, which Mrs. Barry took, and with this the ladies left the room. Old Pash trotted after her niece with her hand in Whey's, very much wondering at such practices, which were not in the least in vogue in the reign of George III.

Mrs. Berry cast a glance of triumph at her husband at the defection; and Berry was evidently annoyed that three-eighths of his male forces had left him.

But fancy our delight and astonishment when in a minute they all three came back again, the Frenchman looking entirely astonished, and the parson and the painter both very queer. The fact is, old downright Lady Pash, who had never been in Paris in her life before, and had no notion of being deprived of her usual hour's respite and nap, said at once to Mrs. Berry, 'My dear Angelica, you're surely not going to keep these three men here? Send them back to the dining room, for I've a thousand things to say to you.' And Angelica, who expects to inherit her aunt's property, of course did as she was bid; on which the old lady fell into an easy-chair, and fell asleep immediately—so soon, that is, as the shout caused by the reappearance of the three gentlemen in the dining room had subsided.

I had meanwhile had some private conversation with little Cutler regarding the character of Mrs. Berry. 'She's a regular screw,' whispered he; 'a regular Tartar. Berry shows fight, though, sometimes, and I've known him have his own way for a week together. After dinner he is his own master, and hers when he has had his share of wine; and that's why she will never allow him to drink any.'

Was it a wicked or was it a noble and honorable thought which came to us both at the same minute to rescue Berry from his captivity? The ladies, of course, will give their verdict according to their gentle natures; but I know what men of courage will think, and by their jovial judgment will abide.

We received, then, the three lost sheep back into our inno-
cent fold again with the most joyous shouting and cheering. We made Berry (who was, in truth, nothing loth) order up I don’t know how much more elate. We obliged the Frenchman to drink malgré lui, and in the course of a short time we had poor Whey in such a state of excitement that he actually volunteered to sing a song, which he said he had heard at some very gay supper party at Cambridge, and which begins:

A pye sat on a pear tree,
A pye sat on a pear tree,
A pye sat on a pear tree,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

Fancy Mrs. Berry’s face as she looked in, in the midst of that Baechanalian ditty, when she saw no less a person than the Rev. Lemuel Whey caroling it!

‘Is it you, my dear?’ cried Berry, as brave now as any Petruchio. ‘Come in, and sit down, and hear Whey’s song.’

‘Lady Pash is asleep, Frank,’ said she.

‘Well, darling! that’s the very reason. Give Mrs. Berry a glass, Jack, will you?’

‘Would you wake your aunt, sir?’ hissed out madam.

‘Never mind me, love! I’m awake, and like it!’ cried the venerable Lady Pash from the salon. ‘Sing away, gentlemen!’

At which we all set up an audacious cheer; and Mrs. Berry flounced back to the drawing room, but did not leave the door open, that her aunt might hear our melodies.

Berry had by this time arrived at that confidential state to which a third bottle always brings the well-regulated mind; and he made a clean confession to Cutler and myself of his numerous matrimonial annoyances. He was not allowed to dine cut, he said, and but seldom to ask his friends to meet him at home. He never dared to smoke a cigar for the life of him, not even in the stables. He spent the mornings dawdling in eternal shops, the evenings at endless tea parties, or in reading poems or missionary tracts to his wife. He was compelled to take physic whenever she thought he looked a little pale, to change his shoes and stockings whenever he came in from a walk. ‘Look here,’ said he, opening his chest and shaking his fist at Dobus; ‘look what Angelica and that infernal Dobus have brought me to.’

I thought it might be a flannel waistcoat into which madam had forced him; but it was worse: I give you my word of honor it was a pitch plaster!

We all roared at this, and the doctor as loud as anyone; but he vowed that he had no hand in the pitch plaster. It was a favorite family remedy of the late apothecary Sir George Catacomb, and had been put on by Mrs. Berry’s own fair hands.
When Anatole came in with coffee Berry was in such high courage that he told him to go to the deuce with it; and we never caught sight of Lady Pash more, except when, muffled up to the nose, she passed through the salle-à-manger to go to her carriage, in which Dobus and the parson were likewise to be transported to Paris. 'Be a man, Frank,' says she, 'and hold your own,'—for the good old lady had taken her nephew's part in the matrimonial business,—'and you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, come and see him often. You're a good fellow, take old one-eyed Callipash's word for it. Shall I take you to Paris?'

Dear, kind, Angelica, she had told her aunt all I said!

'Don't go, George,' says Berry, squeezing me by the hand. So I said I was going to sleep at Versailles that night; but if she would give a convoy to Jack Butts it would be conferring a great obligation on him; with which favor the old lady accordingly complied, saying to him, with great coolness, 'Get up and sit with John in the rumble, Mr. What-d'yé-call-'im.' The fact is, the good old soul despises an artist as much as she does a tailor.

Jack tripped to his place very meekly; and 'Remember Saturday,' cried the doctor; and 'Don't forget Thursday,' exclaimed the divine—'a bachelors' party, you know.' And so the cavalcade drove thundering down the gloomy old Avenue de Paris.

The Frenchman, I forgot to say, had gone away exceedingly ill long before; and the reminiscences of 'Thursday' and 'Saturday' evoked by Dobus and Whey, were, to tell the truth, parts of our conspiracy: for in the heat of Berry's courage we had made him promise to dine with us all round en garçon; with all except Captain Goff, who 'rakclacted' that he was engaged every day for the next three weeks: as indeed he is, to a thirty-sous ordinary which the gallant officer frequents when not invited elsewhere.

Cutler and I, then, were the last on the field; and though we were for moving away, Berry, whose vigor had, if possible, been excited by the bustle and colloquy in the night air, insisted upon dragging us back again, and actually proposed a grill for supper!

We found in the salle-à-manger a strong smell of an extinguished lamp, and Mrs. Berry was snuffing out the candles on the sideboard.

'Hullo, my dear!' shouts Berry. 'Easily, if you please! we've not done yet!'

'Not done yet, Mr. Berry!' groans the lady in a hollow, sepulchral tone.

'No, Mrs. B., not done yet. We are going to have some supper, aint we, George?'
I think it's quite time to go home,' said Mr. Fitz-Boodle (who, to say the truth, began to tremble himself).
'I think it is, sir; you are quite right, sir; you will pardon me, gentlemen; I have a bad headache, and will retire.'
'Good-night, my dear!' said the audacious Berry. 'Anatole, tell the cook to broil a fowl and bring some wine.'

If the loving couple had been alone, or if Cutler had not been an attaché to the embassy, before whom she was afraid of making herself ridiculous, I am confident that Mrs. Berry would have fainted away on the spot; and that all Berry's courage would have tumbled down lifeless by the side of her. So she only gave a martyred look, and left the room; and while we partook of the very unnecessary repast, was good enough to sing some hymn tunes to an exceedingly slow movement in the next room, intimating that she was awake, and that, though suffering, she found her consolations in religion.

These melodies did not in the least add to our friend's courage. The deviled fowl had, somehow, no devil in it. The champagne in the glasses looked exceedingly flat and blue. The fact is that Cutler and I were now both in a state of dire consternation, and soon made a move for our hats, and lighting each a cigar in the hall, made across the little green where the Cupids and nymphs were listening to the dribbling fountain in the dark.

'I'm hanged if I don't have a cigar too!' says Berry, rushing after us; and accordingly putting in his pocket a key about the size of a shovel, which hung by the little handle of the outer grille, forth he sallied, and joined us in our fumigation.

He stayed with us a couple of hours, and returned homeward in perfect good spirits, having given me his word of honor he would dine with us the next day. He put in his immense key into the grille, and unlocked it; but the gate would not open: it was bolted within.

He began to make a furious jangling and ringing at the bell; and, in oaths, both French and English, called upon the recalcitrant Anatole.

After much tolling of the bell, a light came cutting across the crevices of the inner door; it was thrown open, and a figure appeared with a lamp—a tall, slim figure of a woman, clothed in white from head to foot.

It was Mrs. Berry, and when Cutler and I saw her we both ran away as fast as our legs could carry us.

Berry at this shrieked with a wild laughter. 'Remember to-morrow, old boys,' shouted he—'six o'clock;' and we were a quarter of a mile off when the gate closed, and the little
mansion of the Avenue de Paris was once more quiet and dark.

The next afternoon, as we were playing at billiards, Cutler saw Mrs. Berry drive by in her carriage; and as soon as rather a long rubber was over, I thought I would go and look for our poor friend, and so went down to the pavilion. Every door was open, as the wont is in France, and I walked in unannounced, and saw this:

He was playing a duet with her on the flute. She had been out but for half an hour, after not speaking all the morning; and having seen Cutler at the billiard room window, and suspecting we might take advantage of her absence, she had suddenly returned home again, and had flung herself, weeping, into her Frank's arms, and said she could not bear to leave him in anger. And so, after sitting for a little while sobbing on his knee, she had forgotten and forgiven everything.

The dear angel! I met poor Frank in Bond Street only yesterday; but he crossed over to the other side of the way. He had on goloshes, and is grown very fat and pale. He has shaved off his mustaches, and instead, wears a respirator. He has taken his name off all his clubs, and lives very grimly in Baker Street. Well, ladies, no doubt you say he is right: and what are the odds so long as you are happy?

DENNIS HAGGARTY'S WIFE.

There was an odious Irishwoman and her daughter who used to frequent the Royal Hotel at Leamington some years ago, and who went by the name of Mrs. Major Gam. Gam had been a distinguished officer in his Majesty's service, whom nothing but death and his own amiable wife could overcome. The widow mourned her husband in the most becoming bombazine she could muster, and had at least half an inch of lampblack round the immense visiting tickets which she left at the houses of the nobility and gentry her friends.

Some of us, I am sorry to say, used to call her Mrs. Major Gammon; for if the worthy widow had a propensity, it was to talk largely of herself and family—of her own family, for she held her husband's very cheap—and of the wonders of her paternal mansion, Molloyville, county of Mayo. She was of the Molloys of that county; and though I never heard of the family before, I have little doubt, from what Mrs. Major Gam stated, that they were the most ancient and illustrious family of that part of Ireland. I remember there came down to see his aunt a young fellow with huge red whiskers and tight nankeens,
a green coat and an awful breastpin, who after two days' stay at the Spa, proposed marriage to Miss S., or, in default, a duel with her father; and who drove a flash curricle with a bay and a gray, and who was presented with much pride by Mrs. Gam as Castlereagh Molloy of Molloyville. We all agreed that he was the most insufferable snob of the whole season, and were delighted when a bailiff came down in search of him.

Well, this is all I know personally of the Molloyville family; but at the house if you met the Widow Gam, and talked on any subject in life, you were sure to hear of it. If you asked her to have pease at dinner, she would say, 'Oh, sir, after the pease at Molloyville, I really don't care for any others—do I, dearest Jemima? We always had a dish in the month of June, when my father gave his head gardener a guinea (we had three at Molloyville), and sent him with his compliments and a quart of pease to our neighbor, dear Lord Marrowfat. What a sweet place Marrowfat Park is; isn't it, Jemima?' If a carriage passed by the window, Mrs Major Gammon would be sure to tell you that there were three carriages at Molloyville, 'the barouche, the chawiot, and the covered eyar.' In the same manner she would favor you with the number and names of the footmen of the establishment; and on a visit to Warwick Castle (for this bustling woman made one in every party of pleasure that was formed from the hotel), she gave us to understand that the great walk by the river was altogether inferior to the principal avenue of Molloyville Park. I should not have been able to tell so much about Mrs. Gam and her daughter, but that, between ourselves, I was particularly sweet upon a young lady at the time, whose papa lived at the Royal, and was under the care of Dr. Jephson.

The Jemima appealed to by Mrs. Gam in the above sentence was, of course, her daughter, apostrophized by her mother, 'Jemima, my soul's darling!' or, 'Jemima, my blessed child!' or, 'Jemima, my own love!' The sacrifices that Mrs. Gam had made for that daughter were, she said, astonishing. The money she had spent in masters upon her, the illnesses through which she had nursed her, the ineffable love the mother bore her, were only known to Heaven, Mrs. Gam said. They used to come into the room with their arms round each other's waists; at dinner between the courses the mother would sit with one hand locked in her daughter's; and if only two or three young men were present at the time, would be pretty sure to kiss her Jemima more than once during the time while the bohea was poured out.
As for Miss Gam, if she was not handsome candor forbids me to say she was ugly. She was neither one nor t’other. She was a person who wore ringlets and a band round her forehead; she knew four songs, which became rather tedious at the end of a couple of months’ acquaintance; she had excessively bareshoulders; she inclined to wear numbers of cheap ornaments, rings, brooches, ferronières, smelling bottles, and was always, we thought, very smartly dressed; though, hold Mrs. Lynx hinted that her gowns and her mother’s were turned over and over again, and that her eyes were almost put out by darning stockings.

These eyes Miss Gam had very large, though rather red and weak, and used to roll them about at every eligible unmarried man in the place. But though the widow subscribed to all the balls, though she hired a fly to go to the meet of the hounds, though she was constant at church, and Jemima sang louder than any person there except the clerk, and though, probably, any person who made her a happy husband would be invited down to enjoy the three footmen, gardeners, and carriages at Molloyville, yet no English gentleman was found sufficiently audacious to propose. Old Lynx used to say that the pair had been at Tunbridge, Harrogate, Brighton, Ramsgate, Cheltenham, for this eight years past; where they had met, it seemed, with no better fortune. Indeed, the widow looked rather high for her blessed child; and as she looked with the contempt which no small number of Irish people feel upon all persons who get their bread by labor or commerce; and as she was a person whose energetic manners, costume, and brogue were not much to the taste of quiet English country gentlemen, Jemima—sweet, spotless flower—still remained on her hands, a thought withered, perhaps, and seedy.

Now, at this time, the 120th Regiment was quartered at Weedon Barracks, and with the corps was a certain Assistant Surgeon Haggarty, a large, lean, tough, rawboned man, with big hands, knock-knees, and carrot whiskers, and, withal, as honest a creature as ever handled a lancet. Haggarty, as his name imports, was of the very samation as Mrs. Gam, and, whatismore, the honest fellow had some of the peculiarities which belonged to the widow, and bragged about his family almost as much as she did. I do not know of what particular part of Ireland they were kings, but monarchs they must have been, as have been the ancestors of so many thousand Hibernian families; but they had been men of no small consideration in Dublin, ‘where my father,’ Haggarty said, ‘is as well known as King William’s statue, and where he “rowls his carriage,” too, let me tell you.’
Hence, Haggarty was called by the wags 'Rowl the carriage,' and several of them made inquiries of Mrs. Gam regarding him: 'Mrs. Gam, when you used to go up from Mollovylle to the Lord Lieutenant's balls, and had your town house in Fitzwilliam Square, used you to meet the famous Dr. Haggarty in society?'

'Is it Surgeon Haggarty of Gloucester Street ye mean? The black Papist! D'ye suppose that the Molloys would sit down to table with a creature of that sort?'

'Why, isn't he the most famous physician in Dublin, and doesn't he rowl his carriage there?'

'The horrid wretch! He keeps a shop, I tell ye, and sends his sons out with the medicine. He's got four of them off into the army, Ulick and Phil, and Terence and Denny, and now it's Charles that takes out the physic. But how should I know about these odious creatures? Their mother was a Burke, of Burke's Town, county Cavan, and brought Surgeon Haggarty two thousand pounds. She was a Protestant; and I am surprised how she could have taken up with a horrid, odious, Popish apothecary!'

From the extent of the widow's information I am led to suppose that the inhabitants of Dublin are not less anxious about their neighbors than are the natives of English cities; and I think it is very probable that Mrs. Gam's account of the young Haggartys who carried out the medicine is perfectly correct, for a lad in the 120th made a caricature of Haggarty coming out of a chemist's shop with an oilcloth basket under his arm, which set the worthy surgeon in such a fury that there would have been a duel between him and the ensign, could the fiery doctor have had his way.

Now, Dionysius Haggarty was of an exceedingly inflammable temperament, and it chanced that of all the invalids, the visitors, the young squires of Warwickshire, the young manufacturers from Birmingham, the young officers from the barracks—it chanced, unluckily for Miss Gam and himself, that he was the only individual who was in the least smitten by her personal charms. He was very tender and modest about his love, however, for it must be owned that he respected Mrs. Gam hugely, and fully admitted, like a good simple fellow as he was, the superiority of that lady's birth and breeding to his own. How could he hope that he, a humble assistant surgeon, with a thousand pounds his aunt Kitty left him for all his fortune—how could he hope that one of the race of Mollovylle would ever condescend to marry him?
Inflamed, however, by love, and inspired by wine, one day at a picnic at Kenilworth, Haggarty, whose love and raptures were the talk of the whole regiment, was induced by his waggish comrades to make a proposal in form.

'Are you aware, Mr. Haggarty, that you are speaking to a Molloy?' was all the reply majestic Mrs. Gam made when, according to the usual formula, the fluttering Jemima referred her suitor to 'mamma.' She left him with a look which was meant to crush the poor fellow to earth; she gathered up her cloak and bonnet, and precipitately called for her fly. She took care to tell every single soul in Leamington that the son of the odious Papist apothecary had had the audacity to propose for her daughter (indeed a proposal, coming from whatever quarter it may, does no harm), and left Haggarty in a state of extreme depression and despair.

His downheartedness, indeed, surprised most of his acquaintances in and out of the regiment, for the young lady was no beauty, and a doubtful fortune, and Dennis was a man outwardly of an unromantic turn, who seemed to have a great deal more liking for beefsteak and whisky punch than for women, however fascinating.

But there is no doubt this shy, uncoth, rough fellow had a warmer and more faithfui heart hid within him than many a dandy who is as handsome as Apollo. I, for my part, never can understand why a man falls in love, and heartily give him credit for so doing, never mind with what or whom. That I take to be a point quite as much beyond an individual's own control as the catching of the smallpox or the color of his hair. To the surprise of all, Assistant Surgeon Dionysius Haggarty was deeply and seriously in love; and I am told that one day he very nearly killed the before-mentioned young ensign with a carving knife, for venturing to make a second caricature, representing Lady Gammon and Jemima in a fantastical park, surrounded by three gardeners, three carriages, three footmen, and the covered eyar. He would have no joking concerning them. He became moody and quarrelsome of habit. He was for some time much more in the surgery and hospital than in the mess. He gave up the eating, for the most part, of those vast quantities of beef and pudding, for which his stomach had used to afford such ample and swift accommodation; and when the cloth was drawn, instead of taking twelve tumblers, and singing Irish melodies, as he used to do, in a horrid cracked yelling voice, he would retire to his own apartment, or gloomily pace the barrack-yard, or madly whip and spur a gray mare
he had on the road to Leamington, where his Jemima (although invisible for him) still dwelt.

The season at Leamington coming to a conclusion by the withdrawal of the young fellows who frequented that watering place, the Widow Gam retired to her usual quarters for the other months of the year. Where these quarters were, I think we have no right to ask, for I believe she had quarreled with her brother at Molloyville, and besides was a great deal too proud to be a burden on anybody.

Not only did the widow quit Leamington, but very soon afterward the 120th received its marching orders, and left Weedon and Warwickshire. Haggarty's appetite was by this time partially restored, but his love was not altered, and his humor was still morose and gloomy. I am informed that at this period of his life he wrote some poems relative to his unhappy passion; a wild set of verses of several lengths, and in his handwriting, being discovered upon a sheet of paper in which a pitch-plaster was wrapped up, which Lieutenant and Adjutant Wheezer was compelled to put on for a cold.

Faney then, three years afterward, the surprise of all Haggarty's acquaintances on reading in the public papers the following announcement:

Married, at Monkstown, on the 12th instant, Dionysius Haggarty, Esq., of H. M. 120th Foot, to Jemima Amelia Wilhelmina Molloy, daughter of the late Major Lancelot Gam, R. M., and granddaughter of the late, and niece of the present Burke Bodkin Blake Molloy, Esq., Molloyville, county Mayo.

'Has the course of true love at last begun to run smooth? thought I, as I laid down the paper; and the old times, and the old leering, bragging, widow, and the high shoulders of her daughter, and the jolly days with the 120th, and Dr. Jephson's one-horse chaise, and the Warwickshire hunt, and—and Louisa S., but never mind her—came back to my mind. Has that good-natured, simple fellow at last met with his reward? Well, if he has not to marry the mother-in-law too, he may get on well enough.

Another year announced the retirement of Assistant Surgeon Haggarty from the 120th, where he was replaced by Assistant Surgeon Angus Rothsay Leech, a Scotchman, probably; with whom I have not the least acquaintance, and who has nothing whatever to do with this little history.

Still more years passed on, during which time I will not say that I kept a constant watch upon the fortunes of Mr. Haggarty and his lady, for, perhaps, if the truth were known, I never thought for a moment about them; until one day, being at Kingstown, near Dublin, dawdling on the beach, and star-
ing at the Hill of Howth, as most people at that watering place do, I saw coming toward me a tall gaunt man, with a pair of bushy red whiskers, of which I thought I had seen the like in former years, and a face which could be no other than Haggarty's. It was Haggarty, ten years older than when we last met, and greatly more grim and thin. He had on one shoulder a young gentleman in a dirty tartan costume, and a face exceedingly like his own peeping from under a battered plume of black feathers, while with his other hand he was dragging a light green go-cart, in which reposed a female infant of some two years old. Both were roaring with great power of lungs.

As soon as Dennis saw me, his face lost the dull, puzzled expression which had seemed to characterize it; he dropped the pole of the go-cart from one hand, and his son from the other, and came jumping forward to meet me with all his might, leaving his progeny roaring in the road.

' Bless my soul,' says he, 'sure it's Fitz-Boodle? Fitz, don't you remember me? Dennis Haggarty of the 120th? Leamington, you know? Molloy, my boy, hould your tongue and stop your screeching, and Jemima's too; d'ye hear? Well, it does good to sore eyes to see an old face. How fat you're grown, Fitz; and were ye ever in Ireland before? and ain't ye delighted with it? Confess, now, isn't it beautiful?'

This question regarding the merits of their country, which I have remarked is put by most Irish persons, being answered in a satisfactory manner, and the shouts of the infants appeared from an apple stall hard by, Dennis and I talked of old times; I congratulated him on his marriage with the lovely girl whom we all admired, and hoped he had a fortune with her, and so forth. His appearance, however, did not bespeak a great fortune; he had an old gray hat, short old trousers, an old waistcoat with regimental buttons, and patched Blucher boots, such as are not usually sported by persons in easy life.

'Ah!' says he, with a sigh, in reply to my queries, 'times are changed since them days, Fitz-Boodle. My wife's not what she was—the beautiful creature you knew her. Molloy, my boy, run off in a hurry to your mamma, and tell her an English gentleman is coming home to dine; for you'll dine with me, Fitz, in course?' And I agreed to partake of that meal; though Master Molloy altogether declined to obey his papa's orders with respect to announcing the stranger.

'Well, I must announce you myself,' said Haggarty, with a smile. 'Come, it's just dinner time, and my little cottage is not a hundred yards off.' Accordingly, we all marched in pro-
cession to Dennis' little cottage, which was one of a row and a half of one-storied houses, with little courtyards before them, and mostly with very fine names on the doorposts of each. 'Surgeon Haggarty' was emblazoned on Dennis' gate, on a stained green copperplate; and, not content with this, on the doorpost above the bell was an oval with the inscription of 'New Molloyville.' The bell was broken, of course; the court, or garden path, was moldy, weedy, seedy; there were some dirty rocks, by way of ornament, round a faded grassplat in the center, some clothes and rags hanging out of most part of the windows of New Molloyville, the immediate entrance to which was by a battered scraper, under a broken trellis-work, up which a withered creeper declined any longer to climb.

'Small, but snug,' says Haggarty; 'I'll lead the way, Fitz; put your hat on the flower pot there, and turn to the left into the drawing room.' A fog of onions and turf smoke filled the whole of the house, and gave signs that dinner was not far off. Far off? You could hear it frizzling in the kitchen, where the maid was also endeavoring to hush the crying of a third refractory child. But as we entered, all three of Haggarty's darlings were in full war.

'Is it you, Dennis?' cried a sharp raw voice from a dark corner of the drawing room to which we were introduced, and in which a dirty tablecloth was laid for dinner, some bottles of porter and a cold mutton bone being laid on a rickety grand piano hard by. 'Ye're always late, Mr. Haggarty. Have you brought the whisky from Nowlan's? I'll go bail ye've not, now.'

'My dear, I've brought an old friend of yours and mine to take pot-luck with us to-day,' said Dennis.

'When is he to come?' said the lady. At which speech I was rather surprised, for I stood before her.

'Here he is, Jemina, my love,' answered Dennis, looking at me. 'Mr. Fitz-Boodle; don't you remember him in Warwickshire, darling?'

'Mr. Fitz-Boodle! I am very glad to see him,' said the lady, rising and courtesying with much cordiality.

Mrs. Haggarty was blind.

Mrs. Haggarty was not only blind, but it was evident that smallpox had been the cause of her loss of vision. Her eyes were bound with a bandage, her features were entirely swollen, scarred, and distorted by the horrible effects of the malady. She had been knitting in a corner when we entered, and was wrapped in a very dirty bedgown. Her voice to me was quite different to that in which she addressed her husband.
She spoke to Haggarty in broad Irish; she addressed me in that most odious of all languages—Irish-English, endeavoring to the utmost to disguise her brogue, and to speak with the true dawdling distinguished English air.

'Are you long in I-a-land?' said the poor creature in this accent. 'You must find it a sad ha'ba'ous place, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, I'm shu-ah! It was very kaind of you to come upon us en famille, and except a dinner sans cérémonie. Mr. Haggarty, I hope you'll put the waine into aice; Mr. Fitz-Boodle must be melted with this hot weathah.'

For some time she conducted the conversation in this polite strain, and I was obliged to say in reply to a query of hers that I did not find her the least altered, though I should never have recognized her but for this rencontre. She told Haggarty with a significant air to get the wine from the cellah, and whispered to me that he was his own butlah; and the poor fellow, taking the hint, scudded away into the town for a pound of veal cutlets and a couple of bottles of wine from the tavern.

'Will the children get their potatoes and butther here?' said a barefoot girl with long black hair flowing over her face, which she thrust in at the door.

'Let them sup in the nursery, Elizabeth, and send—ah! Edwards to me.'

'Is it cook you mane, ma'am?' said the girl.

'Send her at once!' shrieked the unfortunate woman; and the noise of frying presently ceasing, a hot woman made her appearance, wiping her brows with her apron, and asking, with an accent decidedly Hibernian, what the misthress wanted.

'Lead me up to my dressing room, Edwards: I really am not fit to be seen in this dishabille by Mr. Fitz-Boodle.'

'Fait' I can't!' says Edwards; 'sure the masther's out at the butcher's, and can't look to the kitchen fire!'

'Nonsense, I must go!' cried Mrs. Haggarty; and so Edwards, putting on a resigned air, and giving her arm and face a further rub with her apron, held out her arm to Mrs. Dennis, and the pair went upstairs.

She left me to indulge my reflections for half an hour, at the end of which period she came downstairs dressed in an old yellow satin, with the poor shoulders exposed just as much as ever. She had mounted a tawdry cap, which Haggarty himself must have selected for her. She had all sorts of necklaces, bracelets, and earrings in gold, in garnets, in mother-of-pearl, in ormolu. She brought in a furious savor of musk, which drove the odors of onions and turf-smoke before it; and she
waved across her wretched, angular, mean, scarred features an old cambric handkerchief with a yellow lace border.

'And so you would have known me anywhere, Mr. Fitz-Boodle?' said she, with a grin that was meant to be most fascinating. 'I was sure you would; for though my dreadful illness deprived me of my sight, it is a mercy that it did not change my features or complexion at all!'

This mortification had been spared the unhappy woman; but I don't know whether, with all her vanity, her infernal pride, folly, and selfishness, it was charitable to leave her in her error.

Yet why correct her? There is a quality in certain people which is above all advice, exposure, or correction. Only let a man or woman have DULLNESS sufficient, and they need bow to no extant authority. A dullard recognizes no betters; a dullard can't see that he is in the wrong; a dullard has no scruples of conscience, no doubts of pleasing or succeeding or doing right; no qualms for other people's feelings; no respect but for the fool himself. How can you make a fool perceive that he is a fool? Such a personage can no more see his own folly than he can see his own ears. And the great quality of dullness is to be unalterably contented with itself. What myriads of souls are there of this admirable sort—selfish, stingy, ignorant, passionate, brutal; bad sons, mothers, fathers, never known to do kind actions!

To pause, however, in this disquisition, which was carrying us far off Kingstown, New Molloyville, Ireland—nay, into the wide world wherever dullness inhabits, let it be stated that Mrs. Haggarty, from my brief acquaintance with her and her mother, was of the order of persons just mentioned. There was an air of conscious merit about her, very hard to swallow along with the infamous dinner poor Dennis managed, after much delay, to get on the table. She did not fail to invite me to Molloyville, where she said her cousin would be charmed to see me; and she told me almost as many anecdotes about that place as her mother used to impart in former days. I observed, moreover, that Dennis cut her the favorite pieces of the beefsteak, that she ate thereof with great gusto, and that she drank with similar eagerness of the various strong liquors at table. 'We Irish ladies are all fond of a leetle glass of punch,' she said with a playful air, and Dennis mixed her a powerful tumbler of such violent grog as I myself could swallow only with some difficulty. She talked of her suffering a great deal, of her sacrifices, of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed before marriage—in a word, of a hundred of
those themes on which some ladies are in the custom of enlarging when they wish to plague some husbands.

But honest Dennis, far from being angry at this perpetual wearisome, impudent recurrence to her own superiority, rather encouraged the conversation than otherwise. It pleased him to hear his wife discourse about her merits and family splendors. He was so thoroughly beaten down and henpecked that he, as it were, gloried in his servitude, and fancied that his wife’s magnificence reflected credit on himself. He looked toward me, who was half sick of the woman and her egotism, as if expecting me to exhibit the deepest sympathy, and flung me glances across the table as much as to say, ‘What a gifted creature my Jemima is, and what a fine fellow I am to be in possession of her!’ When the children came down she scolded them, of course, and dismissed them abruptly (for which circumstance, perhaps, the writer of these pages was not in his heart very sorry), and after having sat a preposterously long time, left us, asking whether we would have coffee there or in her boudoir.

‘Oh! here, of course,’ said Dennis with rather a troubled air, and in about ten minutes the lovely creature was led back to us again by Edwards, and the coffee made its appearance. After coffee her husband begged her to let Mr. Fitz-Boodle hear her voice: ‘He longs for some of his old favorites.’

‘No! do you?’ said she; and was led in triumph to the jingling old piano, and with a screechy, wiry voice, sung those very abominable old ditties which I had heard her sing at Leamington ten years back.

Haggarty, as she sang, flung himself back in the chair delighted. Husbands always are, and with the same song, one that they have heard when they were nineteen years old, probably; most Englishmen’s tunes have that date, and it is rather affecting, I think, to hear an old gentleman of sixty or seventy quavering the old ditty that was fresh when he was fresh and in his prime. If he has a musical wife, depend on it he thinks her old songs of 1788 are better than any he has heard since: in fact he has heard none since. When the old couple are in high good humor the old gentleman will take the old lady round the waist, and say, ‘My dear, do sing me one of your own songs,’ and she sits down and sings with her old voice, and, as she sings, the roses of her youth bloom again for a moment, Ranelagh resuscitates, and she is dancing a minuet in powder and a train.

This is another digression. It was occasioned by looking at poor Dennis’ face while his wife was screeching (and, believe
me, the former was the most pleasant occupation). Bottom tickled by the fairies could not have been in greater ecstasies. He thought the music was divine; and had further reason for exulting in it, which was, that his wife was always in a good humor after singing, and never would sing but in that happy frame of mind. Dennis had hinted so much in our little colloquy during the ten minutes of his lady's absence in the 'boudoir'; so, at the conclusion of each piece, we shouted 'Bravo!' and clapped our hands like mad.

Such was my insight into the life of Surgeon Dionysius Haggarty and his wife; and I must have come upon him at a favorable moment too, for poor Dennis has spoken, subsequently, of our delightful evening at Kingstown, and evidently thinks to this day that his friend was fascinated by the entertainment there. His inward economy was as follows: he had his half pay, a thousand pounds, about a hundred a year that his father left, and his wife had sixty pounds a year from the mother; which the mother, of course, never paid. He had no practice, for he was absorbed in attention to his Jemima and the children, whom he used to wash, to dress, to carry out, to walk, or to ride, as we have seen, and who could not have a servant, as their dear blind mother could never be left alone. Mrs. Haggarty, a great invalid, used to lie in bed till one, and have breakfast and hot luncheon there. A fifth part of his income was spent in having her wheeled about in a chair, by which it was his duty to walk daily for an allotted number of hours. Dinner would ensue, and the amateur clergy who abound in Ireland, and of whom Mrs. Haggarty was a great admirer, lauded her everywhere as a model of resignation and virtue, and praised beyond measure the admirable piety with which she bore her sufferings.

Well, every man to his taste. It did not certainly appear to me that she was the martyr of the family.

'The circumstances of my marriage with Jemima,' Dennis said to me in some after conversations we had on this interesting subject, 'were the most romantic and touching you can conceive. You saw what an impression the dear girl had made upon me when we were at Weedon; for from the first day I set eyes on her, and heard her sing her delightful song of 'Dark-eyed Maiden of Araby,' I felt, and said to Turniquet of ours, that very night, that she was the dark-eyed maid of Araby for me—not that she was, you know, for she was born in Shropshire. But I felt that I had seen the woman who was to make me happy or miserable for life. You know how I proposed for
her at Kenilworth, and how I was rejected, and how I almost shot myself in consequence,—no, you don't know that, for I said nothing about it to anyone, but I can tell you it was a very near thing; and a very lucky thing for me I didn't do it; for—would you believe it? —the dear girl was in love with me all the time.'

'Was she really?' said I, who recollected that Miss Gam's love of those days showed itself in a very singular manner; but the fact is, when women are most in love they most disguise it.

'Over head and ears in love with poor Dennis,' resumed that worthy fellow. 'Who'd ever have thought it? But I have it from the best authority, from her own mother, with whom I'm not over and above good friends now; but of this fact she assured me, and I'll tell you when and how.

'We were quartered at Cork three years after we were at Weedon, and it was our last year at home; and a great mercy that my dear girl spoke in time, or where should we have been now? Well, one day, marching home from parade, I saw a lady seated at an open window by another who seemed an invalid, and the lady at the window, who was dressed in the profoundest mourning, cried out, with a scream, "Gracious Heavens! it's Mr. Haggarty of the 120th."

"Sure I know that voice," says I to Whiskerton.

"It's a great mercy you don't know it a deal too well," says he; "it's Lady Gammon. She's on some husband-hunting scheme, depend on it, for that daughter of hers. She was at Bath last year on the same errand, and at Cheltenham the year before, where, Heaven bless you! she's as well known as the Hen and Chickens."

"I'll thank you not to speak disrespectfully of Miss Jemima Gam," said I to Whiskerton; "she's of one of the first families in Ireland, and whoever says a word against a woman I once proposed for insults me—do you understand?"

"Well, marry her, if you like," says Whiskerton, quite peevish; "marry her, and be hanged!"

'Marry her! the very idea of it set my brain a-whirling, and made me a thousand times more mad than I am by nature.

'You may be sure I walked up the hill to the parade ground that afternoon, and with a beating heart too. I came to the widow's house. It was called New Molloyville, as this is. Wherever she takes a house for six months she calls it New Molloyville; and has had one in Mallow, in Bandon, in Sligo, in Castlebar, in Fernoy, in Drogheda, and the deuce knows where besides; but the blinds were down, and, though I thought I saw somebody behind 'em, no notice was taken of poor Denny
Haggarty, and I paced up and down all mess time in hopes of catching a glimpse of Jemima, but in vain. The next day I was on the ground again; I was just as much in love as ever, that's the fact. I'd never been in that way before, look you; and when once caught, I knew it was for life.

'There's no use in telling you how long I beat about the bush, but when I did get admittance to the house (it was through the means of young Castlereagh Molloy, whom you may remember at Leamington, and who was at Cork for the regatta, and used to dine at our mess, and had taken a mighty fancy to me)—when I did get into the house, I say, I rushed in medias res at once; I couldn't keep myself quiet, my heart was too full.

'O Fitz! I shall never forget the day—the moment I was intthrojuiced into the dthrawing room' (as he began to be agitated, Dennis' brogue broke out with greater richness than ever; but though a stranger may catch, and repeat from memory, a few words, it is next to impossible for him to keep up a conversation in Irish, so that we had best give up all attempts to imitate Dennis). 'When I saw old Mother Gam,' said he, 'my feelings overcame me all at once. I rowled down on the ground, sir, as if I'd been hit by a musket-ball. "Dearest madam," says I, "I'll die if you don't give me Jemima."

"Heavens, Mr. Haggarty!" says she, "how you seize me with surprise! Castlereagh, my dear nephew, had you not better leave us?" and away he went, lighting a cigar, and leaving me still on the floor.

"Rise, Mr. Haggarty," continued the widow. "I will not attempt to deny that this constancy toward my daughter is extremely affecting, however sudden your present appeal may be. I will not attempt to deny that, perhaps, Jemima may have a similar feeling; but, as I said, I never could give my daughter to a Catholic."

"I'm as good a Protestant as yourself, ma'am," says I; "my mother was an heiress, and we were all brought up her way."

"That makes the matter very different," says she, turning up the whites of her eyes. "How could I ever have reconciled it to my conscience to see my blessed child married to a Papist? How could I ever have taken him to Molloyville? Well, this obstacle being removed, I must put myself no longer in the way between two young people. I must sacrifice myself; as I always have when my darling girl was in question. You shall see her, the poor dear, lovely, gentle sufferer, and learn your fate from her own lips."

"The sufferer, ma'am," says I; "has Miss Gam been ill?"
"What! haven't you heard?" cried the widow. "Haven't you heard of the dreadful illness which so nearly carried her from me? For nine weeks, Mr. Haggarty, I watched her day and night, without taking a wink of sleep—for nine weeks she lay trembling between death and life; and I paid the doctor eighty-three guineas. She is restored now; but she is the wreck of the beautiful creature she was. Suffering, and, perhaps, another disappointment—but we won't mention that now—have so pulled her down. But I will leave you, and prepare my sweet girl for this strange, this entirely unexpected visit."

"I won't tell you what took place between me and Jemima, to whom I was introduced as she sat in the darkened room, poor sufferer! nor describe to you with what a thrill of joy I seized (after groping about for it) her poor emaciated hand. She did not withdraw it; I came out of that room an engaged man, sir; and now I was enabled to show her that I had always loved her sincerely, for there was my will, made three years back, in her favor; that night she refused me, as I told ye. I would have shot myself, but they'd have brought me in non compos; and my brother Mick would have contested the will, and so I determined to live, in order that she might benefit by my dying. I had but a thousand pounds then; since that my father has left me two more. I willed every shilling to her, as you may fancy, and settled it upon her when we married, as we did soon after. It was not for some time that I was allowed to see the poor girl's face, or, indeed, was aware of the horrid loss she had sustained. Fancy my agony, my dear fellow, when I saw that beautiful wreck!"

There was something not a little affecting to think, in the conduct of this brave fellow, that he never once, as he told his story, seemed to allude to the possibility of his declining to marry a woman who was not the same as the woman he loved; but that he was quite as faithful to her now as he had been when captivated by the poor tawdry charms of the silly Miss of Leamington. It was hard that such a noble heart as this should be flung away upon yonder foul mass of greedy vanity. Was it hard or not that he should remain deceived in his obstinate humility, and continue to admire the selfish, silly being he had chosen to worship?

"I should have been appointed surgeon of the regiment," continued Dennis, "soon after, when it was ordered abroad to Jamaica, where it now is. But my wife would not hear of going, and said she would break her heart if she left her mother. So I retired on half pay, and took this cottage; and in case any
practice should fall in my way—why, there is my name on the brass plate, and I'm ready for anything that comes. But the only case that ever did come was one day when I was driving my wife in the chaise, and another, one night, of a beggar with a broken head. My wife makes me a present of a baby every year, and we've no debts; and between you and me and the post, as long as my mother-in-law is out of the house, I'm as happy as I need be.'

'What! you and the old lady don't get on well?' said I.

'I can't say we do; it's not in nature, you know,' said Dennis, with a faint grin. 'She comes into the house, and turns it topsy-turvy. When she's here I'm obliged to sleep in the scullery. She's never paid her daughter's income since the first year, though she brags about her sacrifices as if she had ruined herself for Jemima; and besides, when she's here there's a whole clan of the Molloys, horse, foot, and dragoons, that are quartered upon us, and eat me out of house and home.'

'And is Molloyville such a fine place as the widow described it?' asked I, laughing, and not a little curious.

'Oh, a mighty fine place entirely!' said Dennis. 'There's the oak park of two hundred acres, the finest land ye ever saw, only they've cut all the wood down. The garden in the old Molloy's time, they say, was the finest ever seen in the West of Ireland; but they've taken all the glass to mend the house windows; and small blame to them either. There's a clear rent roll of three and fifty hundred a year, only it's in the hand of receivers; besides other debts, on which there is no land security.'

'Your cousin-in-law, Castlereagh Molloy, won't come into a large fortune?'

'Oh, he'll do very well,' said Dennis. 'As long as he can get credit, he's not the fellow to stint himself. Faith, I was fool enough to put my name to a bit of paper for him, and as they could not catch him in Mayo, they laid hold of me at Kingstown here. And there was a pretty to do. Didn't Mrs. Gam say I was ruining her family, that's all! I paid it by installments (for all my money is settled on Jemima), and Castlereagh, who's an honorable fellow, offered me any satisfaction in life. Anyhow, he couldn't do more than that.'

'Of course not, and now you're friends?'

'Yes, and he and his aunt had a tiff, too; and he abuses her properly, I warrant ye. He says that she carried about Jemima from place to place, and flung her at the head of every unmarried man in England a most—my poor Jemima, and she all the while dying in love with me! As soon as she got over the smallpox—she took it at Fermoy—God bless her, I wish
I'd been by to be her nurse-tender—as soon as she was rid of it, the old lady said to Castlereagh, "Castlereagh, go to the barricks, and find out in the Army List where the 120th is." Off she came to Cork hot foot. It appears that while she was ill, Jemima's love for me showed itself in such a violent way that her mother was overcome, and promised that, should the dear child recover, she would try and bring us together. Castlereagh says she would have gone after us to Jamaica.

'I have no doubt she would,' said I.

'Could you have a stronger proof of love than that?' cried Dennis. 'My dear girl's illness and frightful blindness have, of course, injured her health and her temper. She cannot in her position look to the children, you know, and so they come under my charge for the most part; and her temper is unequal, certainly. But you see what a sensitive, refined, elegant creature she is, and may fancy that she's often put out by a rough fellow like me.'

Here Dennis left me, saying it was time to go and walk out the children; and I think his story has matter of some wholesome reflection in it for bachelors who are about to change their condition, or may console some who are mourning their celibacy. Marry, gentlemen, if you like; leave your comfortable dinner at the club for cold mutton and curl papers at your home; give up your books or pleasures, and take to yourselves wives and children; but think well on what you do first, as I have no doubt you will after this advice and example. Advice is always useful in matters of love; men always take it; they always follow other people's opinions, not their own; they always profit by example. When they see a pretty woman, and feel the delicious madness of love coming over them, they always stop to calculate her temper, her money, their own money, or suitableness for the married life. . . . Ha, ha, ha! Let us fool in this way no more. I have been in love forty-three times with all ranks and conditions of women, and would have married every time if they would have let me. How many wives had King Solomon, the wisest of men? And is not that story a warning to us that love is master of the wisest? It is only fools who defy him.

I must come, however, to the last, and perhaps the saddest part of poor Denny Haggarty's history. I met him once more, and in such a condition as made me determine to write this history.

In the month of June last I happened to be at Richmond, a delightful little place of retreat; and there, sunning himself upon the terrace, was my old friend of the 120th; he looked
older, thinner, poorer, and more wretched than I had ever seen him. 'What! you have given up Kingstown?' said I, shak-
ing him by the hand.

'Yes,' says he.

'And is my lady and your family here at Richmond?'

'No,' says he, with a sad shake of the head; and the poor fellow's hollow eyes filled with tears.

'Good Heavens, Denny! what's the matter?' said I. He was squeezing my hand like a vise as I spoke.

'They've left me!' he burst out with a dreadful shout of passionate grief—a horrible scream which seemed to be wrenched out of his heart. 'Left me!' said he, sinking down on a seat, and clinching his great fists, and shaking his lean arms wildly. 'I'm a wise man now, Mr. Fitz-Boodle. Jemima has gone away from me, and yet you know I loved her, and how happy we were! I've got nobody now; but I'll die soon, that's one comfort; and to think it's she that'll kill me after all!'

The story, which he told with a wild and furious lamenta-
tion such as is not known among men of our cooler country, and such as I don't like now to recall, was a very simple one. The mother-in-law had taken possession of the house, and had driven him from it. His property at his marriage was settled on his wife. She had never loved him, and told him this secret at last, and drove him out of doors with her selfish scorn and ill-temper. The boy had died; the girls were better, he said, brought up among the Molloys than they could be with him; and so he was quite alone in the world, and was living, or rather dying, on £40 a year.

His troubles are very likely over by this time. The two fools who caused his misery will never read this history of him; they never read godless stories in magazines; and I wish, honest reader, that you and I went to church as much as they do. These people are not wicked because of their religious observances, but in spite of them. They are too dull to under-
stand humility, too blind to see a tender and simple heart under a rough ungainly bosom. They are sure that all their conduct toward my poor friend here has been perfectly righteous, and that they have given proofs of the most Christian virtue. Haggarty's wife is considered by her friends as a martyr to a savage husband, and her mother is the angel that has come to rescue her. All they did was to cheat him and desert him. And safe in that wonderful self-complacency with which the fools of this earth are endowed, they have not a single pang of conscience for their villainy toward him, and consider their heartlessness as a proof and consequence of their spotless piety and virtue.
THE
BEDFORD ROW CONSPIRACY.*

CHAPTER I.

OF THE LOVES OF MR. PERKINS AND MISS GORONG, AND OF THE TWO GREAT Factions IN THE TOWN OF OLDBOROUGH.

'My dear John,' cried Lucy, with a very wise look indeed, 'it must and shall be so. As for Doughty Street, with our means, a house is out of the question. We must keep three servants, and Aunt Biggs says the taxes are one-and-twenty pounds a year.'

'I have seen a sweet place at Chelsea,' remarked John: 'Paradise Row, No. 17—garden—greenhouse—fifty pounds a year—omnibus to town within a mile.'

'What! that I may be left alone all day, and you spend a fortune in driving backward and forward in those horrid breakneck cabs? My darling, I should die there—die of fright; I know I should. Did you not say yourself that the road was not as yet lighted, and that the place swarmed with public houses and dreadful tipsy Irish bricklayers? Would you kill me, John?'

'My da—arling,' said John with tremendous fondness, clutching Miss Lucy suddenly round the waist, and rapping the hand of that young person violently against his waistcoat—'My—da—arling, don't say such things, even in a joke. If I objected to the chambers, it is only because you, my love, with your birth and connections, ought to have a house of your own. The chambers are quite large enough, and certainly quite good enough, for me.' And so after some more sweet parley on the part of these young people, it was agreed that they should take up their abode, when married, in a part of the house number one hundred and something Bedford Row.

It will be necessary to explain to the reader that John was no other than John Perkins, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and that Miss Lucy was the daughter of the late Captain Gorgon, and Marianne Biggs, his wife. The captain being of noble connections, younger son of a baronet, cousin

*A story of Charles de Berard furnished the plot of 'The Bedford Row Conspiracy.'
to Lord X., and related to the Y. family, had angered all
his relatives by marrying a very silly, pretty young woman,
who kept a ladies' school at Canterbury. She had £600 to
her fortune, which the captain laid out in the purchase of a
sweet traveling carriage and dressing case for himself; and
going abroad with his lady, spent several years in the prin-
cipal prisons of Europe, in one of which he died. His wife
and daughter were meantime supported by the contributions
of Mrs. Jemima Biggs, who still kept the ladies' school.
At last a dear old relative—such a one as one reads of in
romances—died and left £7000 apiece to the two sisters,
whereupon the elder gave up schooling and retired to London,
and the younger managed to live with some comfort and
decency at Brussels upon £210 per annum. Mrs. Gorgon never
touched a shilling of her capital, for the very good reason that
it was placed entirely out of her reach; so that when she died
her daughter found herself in possession of a sum of money
that is not always to be met with in this world.
Her aunt the baronet's lady, and her aunt the ex-school-
mistress, both wrote very pressing invitations to her, and she
resided with each for six months after her arrival in England.
Now, for a second time, she had come to Mrs. Biggs, Caroline
Place, Mecklenburgh Square. It was under the roof of that
respectable old lady that John Perkins, Esq., being invited to
take tea, wooed and won Miss Gorgon.
Having thus described the circumstances of Miss Gorgon's
life, let us pass for a moment from that young lady, and lift
up the veil of mystery which envelops the deeds and char-
acter of Perkins.
Perkins, too, was an orphan; and he and his Lucy, of sum-
mer evenings, when Sol descending lingered fondly yet about
the minarets of the Foundling, and gilded the grassplots of
Mecklenburgh Square—Perkins, I say, and Lucy would often
sit together in the summer-house of that pleasure ground, and
muse upon the strange coincidences of their life. Lucy was
motherless and fatherless; so, too, was Perkins. If Perkins
was brotherless and sisterless, was not Lucy likewise an only
child? Perkins was twenty-three; his age and Lucy's united
amounted to forty-six; and it was to be remarked, as a fact
still more extraordinary, that while Lucy's relatives were aunts,
John's were uncles. Mysterious spirit of love! let us treat
thee with respect and whisper not too many of thy secrets.
The fact is, John and Lucy were a pair of fools (as every
young couple ought to be who have hearts that are worth a
farthing), and were ready to find coincidences, sympathies, hidden gushes of feeling, mystic unions of the soul, and what not, in every single circumstance that occurred from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and in the intervals. Bedford Row, where Perkins lived, is not very far from Mecklenburgh Square; and John used to say that he felt a comfort that his house and Lucy's were served by the same muffinman.

Further comment is needless. A more honest, simple, clever, warm-hearted, soft, whimsical, romantical high-spirited young fellow than John Perkins did not exist. When his father, Dr. Perkins, died, this, his only son, was placed under the care of John Perkins, Esq., of the house of Perkins, Scully & Perkins, those celebrated attorneys in the trading town of Oldborough, which the second partner, William Pitt Scully, Esq., represented in parliament and in London.

All John's fortune was the house in Bedford Row, which, at his father's death, was let out into chambers, and brought in a clear hundred a year. Under his uncle's roof at Oldborough, where he lived with thirteen red-haired male and female cousins, he was only charged fifty pounds for board, clothes, and pocket money, and the remainder of his rents was carefully put by for him until his majority. When he approached that period—when he came to belong to two spouting clubs at Oldborough, among the young merchants and lawyers' clerks—to blow the flute nicely, and play a good game at billiards—to have written one or two smart things in the Oldborough Sentinel—to be fond of smoking (in which act he was discovered by his fainting aunt at three o'clock one morning)—in one word, when John Perkins arrived at manhood, he discovered that he was quite unfit to be an attorney; that he detested all the ways of his uncle's stern, dull, vulgar, regular, red-headed family, and he vowed that he would go to London and make his fortune. Thither he went, his aunt and cousins, who were all 'serious,' vowing that he was a lost boy; and when this history opens John had been two years in the metropolis, inhabiting his own garrets; and a very nice, compact set of apartments, looking into the back garden, at this moment falling vacant, the prudent Lucy Gorgon had visited them, and vowed that she and her John should there commence housekeeping.

All these explanations are tedious, but necessary; and, furthermore, it must be said that as John's uncle's partner was the Liberal member for Oldborough, so Lucy's uncle was its ministerial representative.
This gentleman, the brother of the deceased Captain Gorgon, lived at the paternal mansion of Gorgon Castle, and rejoiced in the name and title of Sir George Grimsby Gorgon. He too, like his younger brother, had married a lady beneath his own rank in life, having espoused the daughter and heiress of Mr. Hicks, the great brewer at Oldborough, who held numerous mortgages on the Gorgon property, all of which he yielded up, together with his daughter Juliana, to the care of the baronet. What Lady Gorgon was in character this history will show. In person, if she may be compared to any vulgar animal, one of her father's heavy, healthy, broad-flanked, Roman-nosed white dray horses might, to the poetical mind, appear to resemble her. At twenty she was a splendid creature, and though not at her full growth, yet remarkable for strength and sinew; at forty-five she was as fine a woman as any in his Majesty's dominion. Five feet seven in height, thirteen stone, her own teeth and hair, she looked as if she were the mother of a regiment of grenadier guards. She had three daughters of her own size, and at length, ten years after the birth of the last of the young ladies, a son—one son—George Augustus Frederick Grimsby Gorgon, the godson of a royal duke, whose steady officer in waiting Sir George had been for many years.

It is needless to say; after entering so largely into a description of Lady Gorgon, that her husband was a little, shriveled, wizen-faced creature, eight inches shorter than her ladyship. This is the way of the world, as every single reader of this book must have remarked; for frolic love delights to join giants and pygmies of different sexes in the bonds of matrimony. When you saw her ladyship, in flame-colored satin and gorgeous toque and feathers, entering the drawing room, as footmen along the stairs shouted melodiously, 'Sir George and Lady Gorgon,' you beheld in her company a small, withered old gentleman, with powder and large royal household buttons, who tripped at her elbow as a little weak-legged colt does at the side of a stout mare.

The little general had been present at about a hundred and twenty pitched battles on Hounslow Heath and Wormwood Scrubs, but had never drawn his sword against an enemy. As might be expected, therefore, his talk and tenue were outrageously military. He had the whole army list by heart—that is, as far as the field officers; all below them he scorned. A bugle at Gorgon Castle always sounded at breakfast and dinner; a gun announced sunset. He eluig to his pigtail for many years after the army had forsaken that ornament, and
could never be brought to think much of the Peninsular men for giving it up. When he spoke of the Duke he used to call him "My Lord Wellington—I recollect him as Captain Wellesley." He swore fearfully in conversation, was most regular at church, and regularly read to his family and domestics the morning and evening prayer; he bullied his daughters, seemed to bully his wife, who lead him whither she chose; gave grand entertainments, and never asked a friend of chance; had splendid liveries, and starved his people; and was as dull, stingy, pompous, insolent, cringing, ill-tempered a little creature as ever was known.

With such qualities you may fancy that he was generally admired in society and by his country. So he was: and I never knew a man so endowed whose way through life was not safe—who had fewer pangs of conscience—more positive enjoyments—more respect shown him—more favors granted to him, than such a one as my friend the general.

Her ladyship was just suited to him, and they did in reality admire each other hugely. Previously to her marriage with the baronet many love passages had passed between her and William Pitt Scully, Esq., the attorney; and there was especially one story apropos of certain sillabubs and Sally-Lunn cakes, which seemed to show that matters had gone very far. Be this as it may, no sooner did the general (Major Gorgon he was then) cast an eye on her than Scully's five years' fabric of love was instantly dashed to the ground. She cut him pitilessly, cut Sally Scully, his sister, her dearest friend and confidante, and bestowed her big person upon the little aid-de-camp at the end of a fortnight's wooing. In the course of time their mutual fathers died; the Gorgon estates were unencumbered; patron of both the seats in the borough of Oldborough, and occupant of one, Sir George Grimsby Gorgon, Baronet, was a personage of no small importance.

He was, it scarcely need be said, a Tory; and this was the reason why William Pitt Scully, Esq., of the firm of Perkins & Scully, deserted those principles in which he had been bred and christened; deserted that church which he had frequented, for he could not bear to see Sir George and my lady flaunting in their grand pew;—deserted, I say, the church, adopted the conventicle, and became one of the most zealous and eloquent supporters that Freedom has known in our time. Scully, of the house of Scully & Perkins, was a dangerous enemy. In five years from that marriage, which snatched from the jilted solicitor his heart's young affections, Sir George Gorgon found
that he must actually spend £700 to keep his two seats. At the next election a Liberal was set up against his man, and actually ran him hard; and finally, at the end of eighteen years, the rejected Scully—the mean attorney—was actually the first member for Oldborough, Sir George Grimsby Gor-
gon, Baronet, being only the second!

The agony of that day cannot be imagined—the dreadful curses of Sir George, who saw fifteen hundred a year robbed from under his very nose—the religious resignation of my lady—the hideous window smashing that took place at the Gorgon Arms, and the discomfiture of the pelted mayor and corpo-
ration. The very next Sunday Scully was reconeiled to the church (or attended it in the morning, and the meeting twice in the afternoon), and as Dr. Snorter uttered the prayer for the High Court of Parliament, his eye—the eye of his whole party—turned toward Lady Gorgon and Sir George in a most unholy triumph. Sir George (who always stood during prayers like a military man) fairly sunk down among the hassocks, and Lady Gorgon was heard to sob as audibly as ever did little beadle-belabored urchin.

Scully, when at Oldborough, came from that day forth to church. 'What,' said he, 'was it to him? Were we not all brethren?' Old Perkins, however, kept religiously to the Squaretoes congregation. In fact, to tell the truth, this sub-
ject had been debated between the partners, who saw the ad-
vantage of courting both the Establishment and the Dissenters—a maneuver which, I need not say, is repeated in almost every country town in England, where a solicitor's house has this kind of power and connection.

Three months after this election came the races at Old-
borough, and the race ball. Gorgon was so infuriated by his defeat that he gave 'the Gorgon cup and cover,' a matter of fifteen pounds. Scully 'although anxious,' as he wrote from town, 'anxious beyond measure to preserve the breed of horses for which our beloved country has ever been famous, could at-
tend no such sports as these, which but too often degenerated into vice.' It was voted a shabby excuse. Lady Gorgon was radiant in her barouche and four, and gladly became the patroness of the ball that was to ensue, and which all the gentry and townspeople, Tory and Whig, were in the custom of attending. The ball took place on the last day of the races. On that day the walls of the market house, the prin-
cipal public buildings, and the Gorgon Arms Hotel itself were plastered with the following:
LETTER FROM OUR DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE, WILLIAM P. SCULLY, ESQ., ETC., ETC.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 1, 18—.

MY DEAR HEELTAP: You know my opinion about horse racing, and though I blame neither you nor any brother Englishman who enjoys that manly sport, you will, I am sure, appreciate the conscientious motives which induce me not to appear among my friends and constituents on the festival of the 3d, 4th, and 5th instant. If I, however, cannot allow my name to appear among your list of stewards, one, at least, of the representatives of Oldborough has no such scruples. Sir George Gorgon, is among you; and though I differ from that honorable baronet on more than one vital point, I am glad to think that he is with you. A gentleman, a soldier, a man of property in the county, how can he be better employed than in forwarding the county's amusements, and in forwarding the happiness of all?

Had I no such scruples as those to which I have just alluded, I must still have refrained from coming among you. Your great Oldborough common drainage and inclosure bill comes on to-morrow, and I shall be at my post. I am sure, if Sir George Gorgon were here, he and I should on this occasion vote side by side, and that party strife would be forgotten in the object of our common interest—our dear native town.

There is, however, another occasion at hand in which I shall be proud to meet him. Your ball is on the night of the 6th. Party forgotten—brotherly union—inocent mirth—beauty, our dear town's beauty, our daughters in the joy of their expanding loveliness, our matrons in the exquisite contemplation of their children's bliss—can you, can I, can Whig or Tory, can any Briton be indifferent to a scene like this, or refuse to join in this heart-stirring festival? If there be such let them pardon me. If, for one, my dear Heeltap, will be among you on Friday night—aye, and hereby invite all pretty Tory misses who are in want of a partner.

I am here in the very midst of good things, you know, and we old folks like a supper after a dance. Please to accept a brace of bucks and a turtle, which come herewith. My worthy colleague, who was so liberal last year of his soup to the poor, will not, I trust, refuse to taste a little of Alderman Birch's—"He offered on my part with hearty good will. Hey for the 6th, and vive la jote!"

Ever, my dear Heeltap, your faithful

W. PITT SCULLY.

P.S.—Of course this letter is strictly private. Say that the venison, etc., came from a well-wisher to Oldborough.

This amazing letter was published, in defiance of Mr. Scully's injunctions, by the enthusiastic Heeltap, who said bluntly in a preface, 'that he saw no reason why Mr. Scully should be ashamed of his action, and he, for his part, was glad to let all friends at Oldborough know of it.'

The allusion about the Gorgon soup was killing; thirteen paupers in Oldborough had, it was confidently asserted, died of it. Lady Gorgon, on the reading of this letter, was struck completely dumb; Sir George Gorgon was wild. Ten dozen of champagne was he obliged to send down to the Gorgon Arms to be added to the festival. He would have stayed away if he could, but he dared not.

At nine o'clock, he in general's uniform, his wife in blue satin and diamonds, his daughters in blue crepe and white roses, his niece, Lucy Gorgon, in white muslin, his son, George Augustus Frederick Grimsby Gorgon, in a blue velvet jacket, sugar-loaf buttons, and nankeens, entered the north door of the ballroom to much cheering and the sound of 'God Save the King.'

At that very same moment, and from the south door, issued William Pitt Scully, Esq., M. P., and his staff. Mr. Scully had a brand-new blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, white kerseymetights, pumps with large rosettes, and pink silk stockings,
‘This wool,’ said he to a friend, ‘was grown on Oldborough sheep, this cloth was spun in Oldborough looms, these buttons were cast in an Oldborough manufactory, these shoes were made by an Oldborough tradesman, this heart first beat in Oldborough town, and pray Heaven may be buried there!"

Could anything resist a man like this? John Perkins, who had come down as one of Scully’s aids-de-camp, in a fit of generous enthusiasm leaped on a whist table, flung up a pocket handkerchief, and shrieked, ‘Scully forever!’

Heeltap, who was generally drunk, fairly burst into tears, and the grave tradesmen and Whig gentry, who had dined with the member at his inn, and accompanied him thence to the Gorgon Arms, lifted their deep voices and shouted ‘Hear!’ ‘Good!’ ‘Bravo!’ ‘Noble!’ ‘Scully forever!’ ‘God bless him!’ and ‘Hurrah!’

The scene was tumultuously affecting; and when young Perkins sprang down from the table and came blushing up to the member, that gentleman said, ‘Thank you, Jack! thank you, my boy! thank you,’ in a way which made Perkins think that his supreme cup of bliss was quaffed; that he had but to die; for that life had no other such joy in store for him. Scully was Perkins’ Napoleon—he yielded himself up to the attorney, body and soul.

While this scene was going on under one chandelier of the ballroom, beneath the other, scarlet little General Gorgon, sumptuous Lady Gorgon, the daughters and niece Gorgons, were standing surrounded by their Tory court, who affected to sneer and titter at the Whig demonstrations which were taking place.

‘What a howwid thnell of whithkey!’ lisped Cornet Fitch of the dragoons to Miss Lucy, confidentially. ‘And thethe are what they call Whigth, are they? he! he!’

‘They are drunk, ——me—drunk by——!’ said the general to the mayor.

‘Which is Scully?’ said Lady Gorgon, lifting her glass gravely (she was at that very moment thinking of the sillabubs). ‘Is it that tipsy man in the green coat, or that vulgar creature in the blue one?"

‘Law, my lady,’ said the mayoress, ‘have you forgotten him? Why, that’s him in blue and buff.’

‘And a monthous fine man too,’ said Cornet Fitch. ‘I wish we had him in our twoop—he’th thix feet thwee, if he’th an inch; aint he, genewal.’

No reply.

‘And Heavens! mamma,’ shrieked the three Gorgons in
a breath, 'see, one creature is on the whist table. Oh, the wretch!'

'I'm sure he's very good-looking,' said Lucy simply.

Lady Gorgon darted at her an angry look, and was about to say something very contemptuous, when, at that instant, John Perkins' shout taking effect, Master George Augustus Frederick Grimsby Gorgon, not knowing better, incontinently raised a small shout on his side.

'Hear! good! bravo!' exclaimed he. 'Scully forever! Hurra-a-a-ay!' and fell skipping about like the Whigs opposite.

'Silence, you brute you!' groaned Lady Gorgon; and seizing him by the shirt-frill and coat collar, carried him away to his nurse, who, with many other maids of the Whig and Tory parties, stood giggling and peeping at the landing place.

Fancy how all these small incidents augmented the heap of Lady Gorgon's anger and injuries! She was a dull phlegmatic woman for the most part, and contented herself generally with merely despising her neighbors; but oh! what a fine active hatred raged in her bosom for victorious Scully! At this moment Mr. Perkins had finished shaking hands with his Napoleon—Napoleon seemed bent upon some tremendous enterprise. He was looking at Lady Gorgon very hard.

'She's a fine woman,' said Scully thoughtfully; he was still holding the hand of Perkins. And then, after a pause, 'Gad! I think I'll try.'

'Try what, sir?'

'She's a decorous fine woman!' burst out again the tender solicitor. 'I will go. Springer, tell the fiddlers to strike up.'

Springer scuttled across the room, and gave the leader of the band a knowing nod. Suddenly 'God save the King' ceased, and 'Sir Roger de Coverley' began. The rival forces eyed each other; Mr. Scully, accompanied by his friend, came forward, looking very red, and fumbling two large kid gloves.

'He's going to ask me to dance,' hissed out Lady Gorgon, with a dreadful intuition, and she drew behind her lord.

'D—it, madam, then dance with him!' said the general. 'Don't you see that the scoundrel is carrying it all his own way? — him! and —— him! and —— him!' (All of which dashes the reader may fill up with oaths of such strength as may be requisite.)

'General!' cried Lady Gorgon, but could say no more. Scully was before her.

'Madam!' exclaimed the Liberal member for Oldborough, 'in a moment like this—I say—that is—that on the present
occasion—your ladyship—unaccustomed as I am—pooh, psha—
will your ladyship give me the distinguished honor and pleasure
of going down the country dance with your ladyship?'

An immense heave of her ladyship's ample chest was per-
ceptible. Yards of blond lace, which might be compared to
a foam of the sea, were agitated at the same moment, and by
the same mighty emotion. The river of diamonds which flowed
round her ladyship's neck seemed to swell and to shine more
than ever. The tall plumes on her ambrosial head bowed
down beneath the storm. In other words, Lady Gorgon, in a
furious rage, which she was compelled to restrain, trembled,
drew up, and bowing majestically, said:

'Sir, I shall have much pleasure.' With this she extended
her hand. Scully, trembling, thrust forward one of his huge
kid gloves, and led her to the head of the country dance. John
Perkins—who I presume had been drinking pretty freely, so
as to have forgotten his ordinary bashfulness—looked at the
three Gorgons in blue, then at the pretty smiling one in white,
and stepping up to her, without the smallest hesitation, asked
her if she would dance with him. The young lady smilingly
agreed. The great example of Scully and Lady Gorgon was
followed by all dancing men and women. Political enmities
were forgotten. Whig voters invited Tory voters' wives to the
dance. The daughters of Reform accepted the hands of the
sons of Conservatism. The reconciliation of the Romans and
Sabines was not more touching than this sweet fusion. Whack
—whack! Mr. Springer clapped his hands; and the fiddlers
adroitly obeying the cheerful signal, began playing 'Sir Roger
de Coverley' louder than ever.

I do not know by what extraordinary charm (nescio qua
prater solitum, etc.), but young Perkins, who all his life had
hated country dances, was delighted with this one, and skipped
and laughed, poussetting, crossing, down-the-middling, with his
merry little partner, till every one of the bettermost sort of the
thirty-nine couples had dropped panting away, and till the
youngest Miss Gorgon, coming up to his partner, said, in a loud,
hissing, scornful whisper, 'Lucy, mamma thinks you have
danced quite enough with this—this person.' And Lucy, blushing,
starting back, and looking at Perkins in a very melancholy
way, made him a little courtesy, and went off to the Gorgonian
party with her cousin. Perkins was too frightened to lead her
back to her place—too frightened at first, and then too angry.
'Person!' said he; his soul swelled with a desperate republican-
ism; he went back to his patron more of a radical than ever,
He found that gentleman in the solitary tea room, pacing up and down before the observant landlady and handmaidens of the Gorgon Arms, wiping his brows, gnawing his fingers—his ears looming over his stiff white shirt collar as red as fire. Once more the great man seized John Perkins' hand as the latter came up.

'D—— the aristocrats!' roared the ex-follower of Squaretoes.

'And so say I; but what's the matter, sir?'

'What's the matter? Why that woman—that infernal haughty, straight-laced, cold-blooded brewer's daughter! I loved that woman, sir—I kissed that woman sir, twenty years ago; we were all but engaged, sir; we've walked for hours and hours, sir—us and the governess—I've got a lock of her hair, sir, among my papers now; and to-night, would you believe it?—as soon as she got to the bottom of the set, away she went—not one word would she speak to me all the way down; and when I wanted to lead her to her place, and asked her if she would have a glass of negus, "Sir," says she, "I have done my duty; I bear no malice; but I consider you a traitor to Sir George Gorgon's family—a traitor and an upstart! I consider your speaking to me as a piece of insolent vulgarity, and beg you will leave me to myself!" There's her speech, sir. Twenty people heard it, and all her Tory set too. I'll tell you what, Jack; at the next election I'll put you up. Oh, that woman! that woman!—and to think that I love her still!' Here Mr. Scully paused, and fiercely consoled himself by swallowing three cups of Mrs. Rincer's green tea.

The fact is, that Lady Gorgon's passion had completely got the better of her reason. Her ladyship was naturally cold and artificially extremely squeamish; and when this great red-faced enemy of hers looked tenderly at her through his little red eyes, and squeezed her hand and attempted to renew the old acquaintance, she felt such an intolerable disgust at his triumph, at his familiarity, and at the remembrance of her own former liking for him, that she gave utterance to the speech above correctly reported. The Tories were delighted with her spirit, and Cornet Fitch, with much glee, told the story to the general; but that officer, who was at whist with some of his friends, flung down his cards, and coming up to his lady, said briefly:

'Madam, you are a fool!'

'I will not stay here to be bearded by that disgusting man! Mr. Fitch, call my people—Henrietta, bring Miss Lacy from that linen draper with whom she is dancing. I will not stay, general, once for all.'

Henrietta ran—that she hated her cousin; Cornet Fitch was
departing. 'Stop, Fitch,' said Sir George, seizing him by the arm. 'You are a fool, Lady Gorgon,' said he, 'and I repeat it—a —— fool! This fellow Scully is carrying all before him; he has talked with everybody—and you, with your infernal airs—a brewer's daughter, by ——! must sit like a queen and not speak to a soul! You've lost me one seat of my borough with your infernal pride—fifteen hundred a year, by Jove!—and you think you will bully me out of another, No, madam, you shall stay, and stay supper too; and the girls shall dance with every cursed chimney sweep and butcher in the room, they shall—confound me!'

Her ladyship saw that it was necessary to submit; and Mr. Springer, the master of the ceremonies, was called, and requested to point out some eligible partners for the young ladies. One went off with a Whig auctioneer, another figured in a quadrille with a very Liberal apothecary, and the third, Miss Henrietta, remained.

'Hallo, you, sir!' roared the little general to John Perkins, who was passing by. John turned round and faced him.

'You were dancing with my niece just now—show us your skill now, and dance with one of my daughters. Stand up, Miss Henrietta Gorgon—Mr. What's-your-name?'

'My name,' said John with marked and majestic emphasis, 'is Perkins.' And he looked toward Lucy, who dared not look again.

'Miss Gorgon—Mr. Perkins. There, now, go and dance.'

'Mr. Perkins regrets, madam,' said John, making a bow to Miss Henrietta, 'that he is not able to dance this evening. I am this moment obliged to look to the supper; but you will find, no doubt, some other person who will have much pleasure.'

'Go to ——, sir!' screamed the general, starting up, and shaking his cane.

'Calm yourself, dearest George,' said Lady Gorgon, clinging fondly to him. Fitch twiddled his mustaches. Miss Henrietta Gorgon stared with open mouth. The silks of the surrounding dowagers rustled—the countenances of all looked grave.

'I will follow you, sir, wherever you please; and you may hear of me whenever you like,' said Mr. Perkins, bowing and retiring. He heard little Lucy sobbing in a corner. He was lost at once—lost in love; he felt as if he could combat fifty generals! he never was so happy in his life!

The supper came; but as that meal cost five shillings a head, General Gorgon dismissed the four spinsters of his family homeward in the carriage, and so saved himself a pound.
This added to Jack Perkins' wrath; he had hoped to have seen Miss Lucy once more. He was a steward, and, in the general's teeth, would have done his duty. He was thinking how he would have helped her to the most delicate chicken wings and blancmanges, how he would have made her take champagne. Under the noses of indignant aunt and uncle, what glorious fun it would have been!

Out of place as Mr. Scully's present was, and though Lady Gorgon and her party sneered at the vulgar notion of venison and turtle for supper, all the world at Oldborough ate very greedily of those two substantial dishes; and the mayor's wife became from that day forth a mortal enemy of the Gorgons; for, sitting near her ladyship, who refused the proffered soup and meat, the mayoress thought herself obliged to follow this disagreeable example. She sent away the plate of turtle with a sigh, saying, however, to the baronet's lady, 'I thought, mem, that the Lord Mayor of London always had turtle to his supper?'

'And what if he didn't, Biddy?' said his Honor the Mayor.

'A good thing's a good thing, and here goes!' wherewith he plunged his spoon into the savory mess. The mayoress, as we have said, dared not; but she hated Lady Gorgon, and remembered it at the next election.

The pride, in fact, and insolence of the Gorgon party rendered every person in the room hostile to them, so soon as gorged with meat, they began to find that courage which Britons invariably derive from their viands. The show of the Gorgon plate seemed to offend the people. The Gorgon champagne was a long time, too, in making its appearance. Arrive, however, it did. The people were waiting for it; the young ladies, not accustomed to that drink, declined pledging their admirers until it was produced; the men, too, despised the boccellas and sherry, and were looking continually toward the door. At last, Mr. Rineer, the landlord, Mr. Hock, Sir George's butler, and sundry others entered the room. Bang! went the corks—fizz the foamy liquor sparkled into all sorts of glasses that were held out for its reception. Mr. Hock helped Sir George and his party, who drank with great gusto; the wine which was administered to the persons immediately around Mr. Scully was likewise pronounced to be good. But Mr. Perkins, who had taken his seat among the humbler individuals, and in the very middle of the table, observed that all these persons, after drinking, made to each other very wry and ominous faces, and whispered much. He tasted his wine; it was a villainous compound of sugar, vitriol, soda water, and green gooseberries. At
this moment a great clatter of forks was made by the president's and vice-president's party. Silence for a toast—'twas silence all.

'Landlord,' said Mr. Perkins, starting up (the rogue, where did his impudence come from?) 'have you any champagne of your own?'

'Silence! down!' roared the Tories, the ladies looking aghast. 'Silence, sit down you!' shrieked the well-known voice of the general.

'I beg your pardon, general,' said young John Perkins; 'but where could you have bought this champagne? My worthy friend I know is going to propose the ladies; let us at any rate drink such a toast in good wine. ['Hear, hear!']

Drink her ladyship's health in this stuff? I declare to goodness I would sooner drink it in beer!'

No pen can describe the uproar which arose; the anguish of the Gorgonites—the shrieks, jeers, ironic cries of 'Swipes!' etc., which proceeded from the less genteel but more enthusiastic Scullyites.

'This vulgarity is too much,' said Lady Gorgon, rising; and Mrs. Mayoress and the ladies of the party did so too.

The general, two squires, the clergyman, the Gorgon apothecary and attorney, with their respective ladies, followed her: they were plainly beaten from the field. Such of the Tories as dared remained, and in inglorious compromise shared the jovial Whig feast.

'Gentlemen and ladies,' hiccoughed Mr. Heeltap, 'I'll give you a toast. "Champagne to our real—hie—friends," no, "Real champagne to our friends," and—hie—pooh! "Champagne to our friends, and real pain to our enemies"—huzzay!'

The Scully faction on this day bore the victory away, and if the polite reader has been shocked by certain vulgarities on the part of Mr. Scully and his friends, he must remember *imprimis* that Oldborough was an inconsiderable place—that the inhabitants thereof were chiefly tradespeople, not of refined habits—that Mr. Scully himself had only for three months mingled among the aristocracy—that his young friend Perkins was violently angry—and finally, and to conclude, that the proud vulgarity of the great Sir George Gorgon and his family was infinitely more odious and contemptible than the mean vulgarity of the Scullyites and their leader.

Immediately after this event Mr. Scully and his young friend Perkins returned to town, the latter to his garrets in Bedford Row—the former to his apartments on the first floor of the same house. He lived here to superintend his legal
business: his London agents, Messrs. Higgs, Biggs & Blatherwick, occupying the ground floor; the junior partner, Mr. Gustavus Blatherwick, the second flat of the house. Scully made no secret of his profession or residence; he was an attorney, and proud of it; he was the grandson of a laborer, and thanked God for it; he had made his fortune by his own honest labor, and why should he be ashamed of it?

And now, having explained at full length who the several heroes and heroines of this history were, and how they conducted themselves in the country, let us describe their behavior in London, and the great events which occurred there.

You must know that Mr. Perkins bore away the tenderest recollections of the young lady with whom he had danced at the Oldborough ball, and, having taken particular care to find out where she dwelt when in the metropolis, managed soon to become acquainted with Aunt Biggs, and made himself so amiable to that lady that she begged he would pass all his disengaged evenings at her lodgings in Caroline Place. Mrs. Biggs was perfectly aware that the young gentleman did not come for her bohea and muffins, so much as for the sweeter conversation of her niece Miss Gorgon; but seeing that these two young people were of an age when ideas of love and marriage will spring up, do what you will; seeing that her niece had a fortune, and Mr. Perkins had the prospect of a place, and was moreover a very amiable and well-disposed young fellow, she thought her niece could not do better than marry him; and Miss Gorgon thought so too. Now the public will be able to understand the meaning of that important conversation which is recorded at the very commencement of this history.

Lady Gorgon and her family were likewise in town; but, when in the metropolis, they never took notice of their relative, Miss Lucy; the idea of acknowledging an ex-schoolmistress living in Mecklenburgh Square being much too preposterous for a person of my Lady Gorgon's breeding and fashion. She did not, therefore, know of the progress which sly Perkins was making all this while; for Lucy Gorgon did not think it was at all necessary to inform her ladyship how deeply she was smitten by the wicked young gentleman who had made all the disturbance at the Oldborough ball.

The intimacy of these young persons had, in fact, become so close that on a certain sunshiny Sunday in December, after having accompanied Aunt Biggs to church, they had pursued their walk as far as that rendezvous of lovers, the Regent's Park, and were talking of their coming marriage with much
confidential tenderness, before the bears in the Zoological Gardens.

Miss Lucy was ever and anon feeding those interesting animals with buns, to perform which act of charity she had clambered up on the parapet which surrounds their den. Mr. Perkins was below; and Miss Lucy, having distributed her buns, was on the point of following—but whether from timidity, or whether from a desire to do young Perkins an essential service, I know not; however, she found herself quite unwilling to jump down unaided.

'My dearest John,' said she, 'I never can jump that.'

Whereupon, John stepped up, put one hand round Lucy's waist, and as one of hers gently fell upon his shoulder, Mr. Perkins took the other and said:

'Now jump.'

Hoop! jump she did, and so excessively active and clever was Mr. John Perkins that he jumped Miss Lucy plump into the middle of a group formed of

Lady Gorgon,
The Misses Gorgon,
Master George Augustus Frederick Grimsby Gorgon,

And a footman, poodle, and French governess; who had all been for two or three minutes listening to the billings and cooings of these imprudent young lovers.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWS HOW THE PLOT BEGAN TO THICKEN IN OR ABOUT BEDFORD ROW.

'Miss Lucy!'

'Upon my word!'

'I'm hanged if it ain't Lucy! How do, Lucy?' uttered Lady, the Misses, and Master Gorgon in a breath.

Lucy came forward, bending down her ambrosial curls, and blushing, as a modest young woman should: for, in truth, the scrape was very awkward. And as for John Perkins, he made a start, and then a step forward, and then two backward, and then began laying hands upon his black satin stock—in short, the sun did not shine at that moment upon a man who looked so exquisitely foolish.

'Miss Lucy Gorgon, is your aunt—is Mrs. Briggs here?' said Lady Gorgon, drawing herself up with much state.

'Mrs. Biggs, aunt,' said Lucy demurely.

'Biggs or Briggs, madam, it is not of the slightest conse-
quence. I presume that persons in my rank of life are not expected to know everybody’s name in Madgeburg Square?’ (Lady Gorgon had a house in Baker Street, and a dismal house it was.) ‘Not here,’ continued she, rightly interpreting Lucy’s silence, ‘not here? and may I ask how long is it that young ladies have been allowed to walk abroad without chaperons, and to—to take a part in such scenes as that which we have just seen acted?’

To this question—and indeed it was rather difficult to answer—Miss Gorgon made no reply. There were the six gray eyes of her cousins glowering at her; there was George Augustus Frederick examining her with an air of extreme wonder, mademoiselle the governess turning her looks demurely away, and awful Lady Gorgon glancing fiercely at her in front. Not mentioning the footman and poodle, what could a poor modest, timid girl plead before such an inquisition, especially when she was clearly guilty? Add to this that as Lady Gorgon, that majestic woman, always remarkable for her size and insolence of demeanor, had planted herself in the middle of the path, and spoke at the extreme pitch of her voice, many persons walking in the neighborhood had heard her ladyship’s speech and stopped, and seemed disposed to await the rejoinder.

‘For Heaven’s sake, aunt, don’t draw a crowd around us,’ said Lucy, who, indeed, was glad of the only escape that lay in her power. ‘I will tell you of the—of the circumstances of—of my engagement with this gentleman—Mr. Perkins,’ added she, in a softer tone—so soft that the erkins was quite inaudible. ‘A Mr. what? An engagement without consulting your guardians!’ screamed her ladyship. ‘This must be looked to! Jerningham, call round my carriage. Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to walk home with Master Gorgon, and carry him, if you please, where there is wet; and, girls, as the day is fine, you will do likewise. Jerningham, you will attend the young ladies. Miss Gorgon, I will thank you to follow me immediately.’ And so saying, and looking at the crowd with ineffable scorn, and at Mr. Perkins not at all, the lady bustled away forward, the files of Gorgon daughters and governess closing round and enveloping poor Lucy, who found herself carried forward against her will, and in a minute seated in her aunt’s coach, along with that tremendous person.

Her case was bad enough, but what was it to Perkins’? Fancy his blank surprise and rage at having his love thus suddenly ravished from him, and his delicious tête-à-tête interrupted. He managed, in an inconceivably short space of time,
to conjure up half a million obstacles to his union. What should he do? He would rush on to Baker Street, and wait there until his Lucy left Lady Gorgon's house.

He could find no vehicle for him in the Regent's Park, and was in consequence obliged to make his journey on foot. Of course he nearly killed himself with running, and ran so quick that he was just in time to see the two ladies step out of Lady Gorgon's carriage at her own house, and to hear Jerningham's fellow-footman roar to the Gorgonian coachman, 'Half-past seven!' at which hour we are, to this day, convinced that Lady Gorgon was going out to dine. Mr. Jerningham's associate having banged to the door, with an insolent look toward Perkins, who was prying in with the most suspicious and indecent curiosity, retired, exclaiming, 'That chap has a hit to our greatcoats, I reckon!' and left John Perkins to pace the street and be miserable.

John Perkins, then, walked resolutely up and down dismal Baker Street, determined on an éclaircissement. He was for some time occupied in thinking how it was that the Gorgons were not at church, they who made such a parade of piety; and John Perkins smiled as he passed the chapel, and saw that two charity sermons were to be preached that day—and therefore it was that General Gorgon read prayers to his family at home in the morning.

Perkins, at last, saw that little general, in blue frock coat and spotless buff gloves, saunter scowling home; and half an hour before his arrival, had witnessed the entrance of Jerningham, and the three gaunt Miss Gorgons, poodle, son and heir, and French governess, protected by him, into Sir George's mansion.

'Can she be going to stay all night?' mused poor John after being on the watch for three hours: 'that footman is the only person who has left the house;' when presently, to his inexpressible delight, he saw a very dirty hackney coach clatter up to the Gorgon door, out of which first issued the ruby plush breeches and stalwart calves of Mr. Jerningham; these were followed by his body, and then the gentleman, ringing modestly, was admitted.

Again the door opened: a lady came out, nor was she followed by the footman, who crossed his legs at the doorpost and allowed her to mount the jingling vehicle as best she might. Mr. Jerningham had witnessed the scene in the Park Gardens, had listened to the altercation through the library keyhole, and had been mighty sulky at being ordered to call a coach for this young woman. He did not therefore deign to assist her to mount.
But there was one who did! Perkins was by the side of his Lucy: he had seen her start back and cry, 'La John!'—had felt her squeeze his arm—had mounted with her into the coach, and then shouted with a voice of thunder to the coachman, 'Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square.'

But Mr. Jerningham would have been much more surprised and puzzled if he had waited one minute longer, and seen this Mr. Perkins, who had so gallantly escaladed the hackney coach, step out of it with the most mortified, miserable, chap-fallen countenance possible.

The fact is he had found poor Lucy sobbing fit to break her heart, and instead of consoling her, as he expected, he only seemed to irritate her further, for she said, 'Mr. Perkins—I beg—I insist, that you leave the carriage.' And when Perkins made some movement (which, not being in the vehicle at the time, we had never been able to comprehend), she suddenly sprang from the back seat and began pulling at a large piece of cord which communicated with the wrist of the gentleman driving; and, screaming to him at the top of her voice, bade him immediately stop.

This Mr. Coachman did, with a curious, puzzled, grinning air. Perkins descended, and on being asked, 'Vere han I to drive the young 'oman, sir?' I am sorry to say muttered something like an oath, and uttered the above-mentioned words, 'Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square,' in a tone which I should be inclined to describe as both dogged and sheepish—very different from that cheery voice which he had used when he first gave the order.

Poor Lucy, in the course of those fatal three hours which had passed while Mr. Perkins was pacing up and down Baker Street, had received a lecture which lasted exactly 180 minutes—from her aunt first, then from her uncle, whom we have seen marching homeward, and often from both together.

Sir George Gorgon and his lady poured out such a flood of advice and abuse against the poor girl that she came away from the interview quite timid and cowering; and when she saw John Perkins (the sly rogue! how well he thought he had managed the trick!) she shrunk from him as if he had been a demon of wickedness, ordered him out of the carriage, and went home by herself, convinced that she had committed some tremendous sin.

While, then, her coach jingled away to Caroline Place, Perkins, once more alone, bent his steps in the same direction. A desperate, heart-stricken man, he passed by the beloved's door, saw lights in the front drawing room, felt probably that
she was there; but he could not go in. Moodily he paced down Doughty Street, and turning abruptly into Bedford Row, rushed into his own chambers, where Mrs. Snooks, the laundress, had prepared his humble Sabbath meal.

A cheerful fire blazed in his garret, and Mrs. Snooks had prepared for him the favorite blade-bone he loved (blest four-days' dinner for a bachelor—roast, cold, hashed, grilled blade-bone, the fourth being better that the first); but although he usually did rejoice in this meal—ordinarily, indeed, grumbling that there was not enough to satisfy him—he, on this occasion, after two mouthfuls, flung down his knife and fork, and buried his two claws in his hair.

'Snooks,' said he at last very moodily, 'remove this d---mutton; give me my writing things and some hot brandy and water.'

This was done without much alarm; for you must know that Perkins used to dabble in poetry, and ordinarily prepared himself for composition by this kind of stimulus.

He wrote hastily a few lines.

'Snooks, put on your bonnet,' said he, 'and carry this—*you know where!*' he added in a hollow heart-breaking tone of voice that affected poor Snooks almost to tears. She went, however, with the note, which was to this purpose:

Lucy! Lucy! my soul's love—what, what has happened? I am writing this [a gulp of brandy and water] in a state bordering on distraction—madness—insanity [another].

Why did you send me out of the coach in that cruel, cruel way? Write to me a word, a line—tell me, tell me, I may come to you—and leave me not in this agonizing condition. Your faithful [glog—glog—glog—the whole glass] J. P.

He never signed John Perkins in full—he couldn't, it was so unromantic.

Well, this missive was dispatched by Mrs. Snooks, and Perkins, in a fearful state of excitement, haggard, wild, and with more brandy and water, awaited the return of his messenger.

When at length, after about an absence of forty years, as it seemed to him, the old lady returned with a large packet, Perkins seized it with a trembling hand, and was yet more frightened to see the handwriting of Mrs. or Miss Biggs.

My Dear Mr. Perkins [she began]: Although I am not your soul's adored, I performed her part for once, since I have read your letter, as I told her. You need not be very much alarmed, although Lucy is at this moment in bed and unwell: for the poor girl has had a sad scene at her grand uncle's house in Baker Street, and came home very much affected. Rest, however, will restore her, for she is not one of your nervous sort; and I hope when you come in the morning you will see her as blooming as she was when you went out to-day on that unlucky walk.

See what Sir George Gorgon says of us all! You won't challenge him, I know, as he is to be your uncle, and so I may show you his letter.

Good-night, my dear John. Do not go quite distracted before morning; and believe me your loving aunt, Jemima Biggs.
Baker Street, 11th December.

Major-General Sir George Gorgon has heard, with the utmost disgust and surprise, of the engagement which Miss Lucy Gorgon has thought fit to form.

The major-general cannot conceal his indignation at the share which Miss Biggs has taken in this disgraceful transaction.

Sir George Gorgon puts an absolute veto upon all further communication between his niece and the lowborn adventurer who has been admitted into her society, and begs to say that Lieutenant Fitch of the Life Guards is the gentleman who he intends shall marry Miss Gorgon.

It is the major-general's wish that on the 28th Miss Gorgon should be ready to come to his house in Baker Street, where she will be more safe from impertinent intrusions than she has been in Mucklebury Square.

Mrs. Biggs,
Caroline Place,
Mucklebury Square.

When poor John Perkins read this epistle blank rage and wonder filled his soul at the audacity of the little general, who thus, without the smallest title in the world, pretended to dispose of the hand and fortune of his niece. The fact is, that Sir George had such a transcendent notion of his own dignity and station that it never for a moment entered his head that his niece, or anybody else connected with him, should take a single step in life without previously receiving his orders; and Mr. Fitch, a baronet's son, having expressed an admiration of Lucy, Sir George had determined that his suit should be accepted, and really considered Lucy's preference of another as downright treason.

John Perkins determined on the death of Fitch as the very least reparation that should satisfy him; and vowed too that some of the general's blood should be shed for the words which he had dared to utter.

We have said that William Pitt Scully, Esq., M. P., occupied the first floor of Mr. Perkins' house in Bedford Row; and the reader is further to be informed that an immense friendship had sprung up between these two gentlemen. The fact is, that poor John was very much flattered by Scully's notice, and began in a very short time to fancy himself a political personage; for he had made several of Scully's speeches, written more than one letter from him to his constituents, and, in a word, acted as his gratis clerk. At least a guinea a week did Mr. Perkins save to the pockets of Mr. Scully, and with hearty good will too, for he adored the great William Pitt, and believed every word that dropped from the pompous lips of that gentleman.

Well, after having discussed Sir George Gorgon's letter, poor Perkins, in the utmost fury of mind that his darling should be slandered so, feeling a desire for fresh air, determined to descend to the garden and smoke a cigar in that rural, quiet spot. The night was very calm. The moonbeams slept softly upon the herbage of Gray's Inn gardens, and bathed with silver
splendor Theobald's Row. A million of little frisky twinkling stars attended their queen, who looked with bland round face upon their gambols, as they peeped in and out from the azure heavens. Along Gray's Inn wall a lazy row of cabs stood listlessly, for who would call a cab on such a night? Meanwhile their drivers, at the alehouse near, smoked the short pipe or quaffed the foaming beer. Perhaps from Gray's Inn Lane some broken sounds of Irish revelry might rise. Issuing perhaps from Raymond Buildings gate, six lawyers' clerks might whoop a tipsy song—or the loud watchman yell the passing hour; but beyond this all was silence; and young Perkins, as he sat in the summerhouse at the bottom of the garden, and contemplated the peaceful heaven, felt some influences of it entering into his soul, and almost forgetting revenge, thought but of peace and love.

Presently he was aware there was someone else pacing the garden. Who could it be? Not Blatherwick, for he passed the Sabbath with his grandmamma at Clapham; not Scully surely, for he always went to Bethesda Chapel, and to a select prayer meeting afterward. Alas! it was Scully; for though that gentleman said that he went to chapel, we have it for a fact that he did not always keep his promise, and was at this moment employed in rehearsing an extempore speech which he proposed to deliver at St. Stephen's.

'Had I, sir,' spouted he, with folded arms, slowly pacing to and fro—'had I, sir, entertained the smallest possible intention of addressing the House on the present occasion—hum, on the present occasion—I would have endeavored to prepare myself in a way that should have at least shown my sense of the greatness of the subject before the House's consideration, and the nature of the distinguished audience I have the honor to address. I am, sir, a plain man—born of the people—myself one of the people, having won, thank Heaven, an honorable fortune and position by my own honest labor; and standing here as I do—'

Here Mr. Scully (it may be said that he never made a speech without bragging about himself; and an excellent plan it is, for people cannot help believing you at last)—here, I say, Mr. Scully, who had one arm raised, felt himself suddenly tipped on the shoulder, and heard a voice saying, 'Your money or your life!'

The honorable gentleman twirled round as if he had been shot; the papers on which a great part of this impromptu was written dropped from his lifted hand, and some of them were
actually borne on the air into neighboring gardens. The man was, in fact, in the direst fright.

'Vet's only I,' said Perkins, with rather a forced laugh, when he saw the effect that his wit had produced.

'Only you! And pray what the dev—what right have you to—to come upon a man of my rank in that way, and disturb me in the midst of very important meditations?' asked Mr. Scully, beginning to grow fierce.

'I want your advice,' said Perkins, 'on a matter of the very greatest importance to me. You know my idea of marrying?'

'Marry!' said Scully. 'I thought you had given up that silly scheme. And how, pray, do you intend to live?'

'Why, my intended has a couple of hundreds a year, and my clerkship in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office will be as much more.'

'Clerkship—Tape and Sealing Wax Office—government sinecure! Why, good Heavens! John Perkins, you don't tell me that you are going to accept any such thing?'

'It is a very small salary, certainly,' said John, who had a decent notion of his own merits; 'but consider, six months' vacation, two hours in the day, and those spent over the newspapers. After all, it's—'

'After all, it's a swindle,' roared out Mr. Scully—'a swindle upon the country; an infamous tax upon the people, who starve that you may fatten in idleness. But take this clerkship in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office,' continued the patriot, his bosom heaving with noble indignation, and his eye flashing the purest fire—'take this clerkship, John Perkins, and sanction tyranny by becoming one of its agents; sanction dishonesty by sharing in its plunder—do this, but never more be friend of mine. Had I a child,' said the patriot, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, 'I would rather see him dead, sir—dead, dead at my feet, than the servant of a government which all honest men despise.' And here, giving a searching glance at Perkins, Mr. Scully began tramping up and down the garden in a perfect fury.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the timid John Perkins, 'don't say so. My dear Mr. Scully, I'm not the dishonest character you suppose me to be—I never looked at the matter in this light. I'll—I'll consider of it. I'll tell Crampton that I will give up the place; but for Heaven's sake, don't let me forfeit your friendship, which is dearer to me than any place in the world.'

Mr. Scully pressed his hand, and said nothing; and though their interview lasted a full half hour longer, during which they
paced up and down the gravel walk, we shall not breathe a single syllable of their conversation, as it has nothing to do with our tale.

The next morning, after an interview with Miss Lucy, John Perkins, Esq., was seen to issue from Mrs. Biggs’ house, looking particularly pale, melancholy, and thoughtful; and he did not stop until he reached a certain door in Downing Street, where was the office of a certain great minister, and the offices of the clerks in his lordship’s department.

The head of them was Mr. Josiah Crampton, who has now to be introduced to the public. He was a little old gentleman, some sixty years of age, maternal uncle to John Perkins—a bachelor, who had been about forty-two years employed in the department of which he was now the head.

After waiting for hours in an anteroom, where a number of Irishmen, some newspaper editors, many pompous-looking political personages asking for the ‘first lord,’ a few sauntering clerks, and numbers of swift active messengers passed to and fro—after waiting for four hours, making drawings on the blotting book, and reading the Morning Post for that day week, Mr. Perkins was informed that he might go into his uncle’s room, and did so accordingly.

He found a little hard old gentleman seated at a table covered with every variety of sealing wax, blotting paper, envelopes, dispatch boxes, green tapers, etc., etc. An immense fire was blazing in the grate, an immense sheet almanac hung over that, a screen, three or four chairs, and a faded Turkey carpet formed the rest of the furniture of this remarkable room—which I have described thus particularly because, in the course of a long official life, I have remarked that such is the invariable decoration of political rooms.

‘Well, John,’ said the little hard old gentleman, pointing to an armchair, ‘I’m told you’ve been here since eleven. Why the deuce do you come so early?’

‘I had important business,’ answered Mr. Perkins stoutly; and as his uncle looked up with a comical expression of wonder, John began in a solemn tone to deliver a little speech which he had composed, and which proved him to be a very worthy, easy, silly fellow.

‘Sir,’ said Mr. Perkins, ‘you have known for some time past the nature of my political opinions, and the intimacy which I have had the honor to form with one—with some of the leading members of the Liberal party.’ (A grin from Mr. Crampton.) ‘When first, by your kindness, I was promised the clerkship in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, my opinions
were not formed as they are now; and having taken the advice
of the gentlemen with whom I act' (an enormous grin)—
'the advice, I say, of the gentlemen with whom I act, and
the counsel likewise of my own conscience, I am compelled, with
the deepest grief, to say, my dear uncle, that I—I——'

'That you—what, sir?' exclaimed little Mr. Crampton,
bouncing off his chair. 'You don't mean to say that you are
such a fool as to decline the place?'

'I do decline the place,' said Perkins, whose blood rose at
the word 'fool.' 'As a man of honor I cannot take it.'

'Not take it! and how are you to live? On the rent of that
house of yours? For, by gad, sir, if you give up the clerk-
ship I never will give you a shilling.'

'It cannot be helped,' said Mr. Perkins, looking as much like
a martyr as he possibly could, and thinking himself a very
fine fellow. 'I have talents, sir, which I hope to cultivate;
and am member of a profession by which a man may hope to
rise to the very highest offices of the state.'

'Profession, talents, offices of the state! Are you mad,
John Perkins, that you come to me with such insufferable
twaddle as this? Why, do you think if you had been capable
of rising at the bar I would have taken so much trouble about
getting you a place? No, sir; you are too fond of pleasure
and bed, and tea parties and small talk, and reading novels,
and playing the flute, and writing sonnets. You would no
more rise at the bar than my messenger, sir. It was because
I knew your disposition—that hopeless, careless, irresolute
good humor of yours—that I had determined to keep you out
of danger by placing you in a snug shelter, where the storms
of the world would not come near you. You must have prin-
ciples forsooth! and you must marry Miss Gorgon, of course;
and by the time you have gone ten circuits, and had six chil-
dren, you will have eaten up every shilling of your wife's for-
tune, and be as briefless as you are now. Who the deuce has
put all this nonsense into your head? I think I know.'

Mr. Perkins' ears tingled as these hard words saluted them;
and he scarcely knew whether he ought to knock his uncle
down, or fall at his feet and say, 'Uncle, I have been a fool,
and I know it.' The fact is, that in his interview with Miss
Gorgon and her aunt in the morning, when he came to tell
them of the resolution he had formed to give up the place, both
the ladies and John himself had agreed, with a thousand rapt-
turous tears and exclamations, that he was one of the noblest
young men that ever lived, had acted as became himself, and
might with perfect propriety give up the place, his talents being so prodigious that no power on earth could hinder him from being Lord Chancellor. Indeed, John and Lucy had always thought the clerkship quite beneath him, and were not a little glad, perhaps, at finding a pretext for decently refusing it. But as Perkins was a young gentleman whose candor was such that he was always swayed by the opinions of the last speaker, he did begin to feel now the truth of his uncle's statements, however disagreeable they might be.

Mr. Crampton continued:

'I think I know the cause of your patriotism. Has not William Pitt Scully, Esq., had something to do with it?'

Mr. Perkins could not turn any redder than he was, but confessed with deep humiliation that 'he had consulted Mr. Scully among other friends.'

Mr. Crampton smiled—drew a letter from a heap before him, and tearing off the signature, handed over the document to his nephew. It contained the following paragraphs:

'Hawksby has sounded Scully; we can have him any day we want him. He talks very big at present, and says he would not take anything under a — This is absurd. He has a Yorkshire nephew coming up to town and wants a place for him. There is one vacant in the Tape Office, he says: have you not a promise of it?'

'I can't—I can't believe it,' said John; 'this, sir, is some weak invention of the enemy. Scully is the most honorable man breathing.'

'Mr. Scully is a gentleman in a very fair way to make a fortune,' answered Mr. Crampton. 'Look you, John—it is just as well for your sake that I should give you the news a few weeks before the papers, for I don't want you to be ruined if I can help it, as I don't wish to have you on my hands. We know all the particulars of Scully's history. He was a Tory attorney at Oldborough; he was jilted by the present Lady Gorgon, turned Radical, and fought Sir George in his own borough. Sir George would have had the peerage he is dying for had he not lost that second seat (by the by, my lady will be here in five minutes), and Scully is now quite firm there. Well, my dear lad, we have bought your incorruptible Scully. Look here'—and Mr. Crampton produced three Morning Posts.


'Hawksby is our neutral, our dinner-giver.

"Lady Diana Doldrum's Rout.—W. Pitt Scully, Esq.," again.
"The Earl of Mantrap's Grand Dinner."—A duke—
four lords—"Mr. Scully, and Sir George Gorgon."

'Well, but I don't see how you have bought him; look at
his votes.'

'My dear John,' said Mr. Crampton, jingling his watch
seals very complacently, 'I am letting you into fearful secrets.
The great common end of party is to buy your opponents—the
great statesman buys them for nothing.'

Here the attendant genius of Mr. Crampton made his appear-
ance, and whispered something, to which the little gentleman
said, 'Show her ladyship in,' when the attendant disappeared.

'John,' said Mr. Crampton, with a very queer smile, 'you
can't stay in this room while Lady Gorgon is with me; but
there is a little clerk's room behind the screen there where you
can wait until I call you.'

John retired, and as he closed the door of communication,
strange to say, little Mr. Crampton sprang up and said, 'Con-
found the young ninny, he has shut the door!'

Mr. Crampton, then, remembering that he wanted a map in
the next room, sprang into it, left the door half open in coming
out, and was in time to receive her ladyship with smiling face
as she, ushered by Mr. Strongitharm, majestically sailed in.

CHAPTER III.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

In issuing from and leaving open the door of the inner
room, Mr. Crampton had bestowed upon Mr. Perkins a look
so peculiarly arch that even he, simple as he was, began to
imagine that some mystery was about to be cleared up, or
some mighty matter to be discussed. Presently he heard the
well-known voice of Lady Gorgon in conversation with his
uncle. What could their talk be about? Mr. Perkins was
dying to know, and, shall we say it? advanced to the door on
tiptoe and listened with all his might.

Her ladyship, that Juno of a woman, if she had not borrowed
Venus' girdle to render herself irresistible, at least had adopted
a tender, coaxing, wheedling, frisky tone, quite different from
her ordinary dignified style of conversation. She called Mr.
Crampton a naughty man for neglecting his old friends, vowed
that Sir George was quite hurt at his not coming to dine—not
fixing a day when he would come—and added, with a most
engaging ogle, that she had three fine girls at home, who would
perhaps make an evening pass pleasantly, even to such a gay
bachelor as Mr. Crampton.
'Madam,' said he with much gravity, 'the daughters of such a mother must be charming; but I, who have seen your ladyship, am, alas! proof against even them.'

Both parties here heaved tremendous sighs, and affected to be wonderfully unhappy about something.

'I wish,' after a pause said Lady Gorgon—'I wish, dear Mr. Crampton, you would not use that odious title "my ladyship"; you know it always makes me melancholy.'

'Melancholy, my dear Lady Gorgon, and why?'

'Because it makes me think of another title that ought to have been mine—ours (I speak for dear Sir George's and my darling boy's sake, Heaven knows, not mine). What a sad disappointment it has been to my husband that after all his services, all the promises he has had, they have never given him his peerage. As for me, you know—'

'For you, my dear madam, I know quite well that you care for no such bauble as a coronet, except in so far as it may confer honor upon those most dear to you—excellent wife and noble mother as you are. Heigho! what a happy man is Sir George!'

Here there was another pause, and if Mr. Perkins could have seen what was taking place behind the screen he would have beheld little Mr. Crampton looking into Lady Gorgon's face, with as love-sick a Romeo gaze as he could possibly counterfeit; while her ladyship, blushing somewhat and turning her own gray gogglers up to heaven, received all his words for gospel, and sat fancying herself to be the best, most meritorious, and most beautiful creature in the three kingdoms.

'You men are terrible flatterers,' continued she; 'but you say right: for myself I value not these empty distinctions. I am growing old, Mr. Crampton—yes, indeed, I am, although you smile so incredulously—and let me add that my thoughts are fixed upon higher things than earthly crowns. But tell me, you who are all in all with Lord Bagwig, are we never to have our peerage? His Majesty, I know, is not averse; the services of dear Sir George to a member of his Majesty's august family, I know, have been appreciated in the highest quarter. Ever since the peace we have had a promise. Four hundred pounds has Sir George spent at the Herald's Office (I myself am one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, Mr. Crampton), and the poor dear man's health is really ruined by the anxious, sickening feeling of hope so long delayed?

Mr. Crampton now assumed an air of much solemnity.

'My dear Lady Gorgon,' said he 'will you let me be frank
with you, and will you promise solemnly that what I am going to tell you shall never be repeated to a single soul?

Lady Gorgon promised.

'Well, then, since the truth you must know, you yourselves have been in part the cause of the delay of which you complain. You gave us two votes five years ago, you now only give us one. If Sir George were to go up to the peers we should lose even that one vote; and would it be common sense in us to incur such a loss? Mr. Scully, the Liberal, would return another member of his own way of thinking; and as for the lords, we have, you know, a majority there.'

'Oh, that horrid man!' said Lady Gorgon, cursing Mr. Scully in her heart, and beginning to play a rapid tattoo with her feet, 'that miscreant, that traitor, that—that attorney has been our ruin.'

'Horrid man if you please, but give me leave to tell you that the horrid man is not the sole cause of your ruin—if ruin you will call it. I am sorry to say that I do candidly think ministers think Sir George Gorgon has lost his influence in Oldborough as much through his own fault as through Mr. Scully's cleverness.'

'Our own fault! Good Heavens! Have we not done everything—everything that persons of our station in the county could do, to keep those misguided men? Have we not remonstrated, threatened, taken away our custom from the mayor; established a Conservative apothecary—in fact, done all that gentlemen could do? But these are such times, Mr. Crampton; the spirit of revolution is abroad, and the great families of England are menaced by democratic insolence.'

This was Sir George Gorgon's speech always after dinner, and was delivered by his lady with a great deal of stateliness. Somewhat, perhaps, to her annoyance, Mr. Crampton only smiled, shook his head, and said:

'Nonsense, my dear Lady Gorgon—pardon the phrase, but I am a plain old man, and call things by their names. Now will you let me whisper in your ear one word of truth? You have tried all sorts of remonstrances, and exerted yourself to maintain your influence in every way, except the right one, and that is——'

'What, in Heaven's name?'

'Conciliation. We know your situation in the borough. Mr. Scully's whole history, and, pardon me for saying so (but we men in office know everything), yours——'

Lady Gorgon's ears and cheeks now assumed the hottest hue of crimson. She thought of her former passages with Scully, and of the days when—but never mind when; for she suffered
her veil to fall, and buried her head in the folds of her handkerchief. Vain folds! The wily little Mr. Crampton could see all that passed behind the cambric, and continued:

'Yes, madam, we know the absurd hopes that were formed by a certain attorney twenty years since. We know how, up to this moment, he boasts of certain walks—'

'With the governess—we were always with the governess!' shrieked out Lady Gorgon, clasping her hands. 'She was not the wisest of women.'

'With the governess of course,' said Mr. Crampton firmly. 'Do you suppose that any man dare breathe a syllable against your spotless reputation? Never, my dear madam; but what I would urge is this—you have treated your disappointed admirer too cruelly.'

'What! the traitor who has robbed us of our rights?'

'He never would have robbed you of your rights if you had been more kind to him. You should be gentle, madam; you should forgive him—you should be friends with him.'

'With a traitor, never!' Think what made him a traitor, Lady Gorgon; look in your glass, and say if there be not some excuse for him? Think of the feelings of the man who saw beauty such as yours,—I am a plain man and must speak,—virtue such as yours, in the possession of a rival. By Heaven, madam, I think he was right to hate Sir George Gorgon! Would you have him allow such a prize to be ravished from him without a pang on his part?'

'He was, I believe, very much attached to me,' said Lady Gorgon, quite delighted; 'but you must be aware that a young man of his station in life could not look up to a person of my rank.'

'Surely not; it was monstrous pride and arrogance in Mr. Scully. But que voulez-vous? Such is the world's way. Scully could not help loving you—who that knows you can? I am a plain man, and say what I think. He loves you still. Why make an enemy of him, who would at a word be at your feet? Dearest Lady Gorgon, listen to me. Sir George Gorgon and Mr. Scully have already met—their meeting was our contrivance. It is for our interest, for yours, that they should be friends. If there were two ministerial members for Oldborough do you think your husband's peerage would be less secure? I am not at liberty to tell you all I know on this subject; but do, I entreat you, be reconciled to him.'

And after a little more conversation, which was carried on by Mr. Crampton in the same tender way, this important interview closed, and Lady Gorgon, folding her shawl round
her, threaded certain mysterious passages and found her way to her carriage in Whitehall.

'I hope you have not been listening, you rogue?' said Mr. Crampton to his nephew, who blushed most absurdly by way of answer. 'You would have heard great state secrets if you had dared to do so. That woman is perpetually here, and if peerages are to be had for the asking she ought to have been a duchess by this time. I would not have admitted her but for a reason that I have. Go you now and ponder upon what you have heard and seen. Be on good terms with Scully, and, above all, speak not a word concerning our interview—no, not a word even to your mistress. By the way, I presume, sir, you will recall your resignation?'

The bewildered Perkins was about to stammer out a speech, when his uncle, cutting it short, pushed him gently out of the door.

At the period when the important events occurred which have been recorded here parties ran very high, and a mighty struggle for the vacant speakership was about to come on. The Right Honorable Robert Pincher was the ministerial candidate, and Sir Charles Macabaw was patronized by the opposition. The two members for Oldborough of course took different sides, the baronet being of the Pincher faction, while Mr. William Pitt Scully strongly supported the Macabaw party.

It was Mr. Scully's intention to deliver an impromptu speech upon the occasion of the election, and he and his faithful Perkins prepared it between them; for the latter gentleman had wisely kept his uncle's counsel and his own, and Mr. Scully was quite ignorant of the conspiracy that was brooding. Indeed so artfully had that young Machiavel of a Perkins conducted himself that when asked by his patron whether he had given up his place in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, he replied that 'he had tendered his resignation,' but did not say one word about having recalled it.

'You were right, my boy, quite right,' said Mr. Scully. 'A man of uncompromising principles should make no compromise.' And herewith he sat down and wrote off a couple of letters, one to Mr. Hawksby, telling him that the place in the Sealing Wax Office was, as he had reason to know, vacant, and the other to his nephew, stating that it was to be his. 'Under the rose, my dear Bob,' added Mr. Scully, 'it will cost you £500; but you cannot invest your money better.'

It is needless to state that the affair was to be conducted 'with the strictest secrecy and honor,' and that the money was to pass through Mr. Scully's hands.
While, however, the great Pincher and Maeabaw question was yet undecided an event occurred to Mr. Scully which had a great influence upon his after-life. A second grand banquet was given at the Earl of Mantrap's; Lady Mantrap requested him to conduct Lady Gorgon to dinner; and the latter, with a charming timidity, and a gracious melancholy look into his face (after which her veined eyelids veiled her azure eyes), put her hand into the trembling one of Mr. Scully and said, as much as looks could say, 'Forgive and forget.'

Down went Scully to dinner. There were dukes on his right hand and earls on his left; there were but two persons without title in the midst of that glittering assemblage; the very servants looked like noblemen. The cook had done wonders; the wines were cool and rich, and Lady Gorgon was splendid! What attention did everybody pay to her and to him! Why would she go on gazing into his face with that tender, imploring look? In other words, Scully, after partaking of soup and fish (he, during their discussion, had been thinking over all the former love and hate passages between himself and Lady Gorgon), turned very red, and began talking to her.

'Were you not at the opera on Tuesday?' began he, assuming at once the airs of a man of fashion. 'I thought I caught a glimpse of you in the Duchess of Diddlebury's box.'

'Opera, Mr. Scully?' (pronouncing the word 'Scully' with the utmost softness). 'Ah, no! we seldom go, and yet too often. For serious persons the enchantments of that place are too dangerous. I am so nervous—so delicate, the smallest trifle so agitates, depresses, or irritates me, that I dare not yield myself up to the excitement of music. I am too passionately attached to it; and, shall I tell you? it has such a strange influence upon me that the smallest false note almost drives me to distraction, and for that very reason I hardly ever go to a concert or a ball.'

'Egad,' thought Scully, 'I recollect when she would dance down a matter of five-and-forty couple, and jingle away at the "Battle of Prague" all day.'

She continued: 'Don't you recollect—I do, with—oh, what regret!—that day at Oldborough race ball when I behaved with such sad rudeness to you? You will scarcely believe me, and yet I assure you 'tis the fact, the music had made me almost mad. Do let me ask your pardon for my conduct. I was not myself. Oh, Mr. Scully! I am no worldly woman; I know my duties and I feel my wrongs. Nights and nights have I lain awake weeping and thinking of that unhappy day
—that I should ever speak so to an old friend; for we were old friends, were we not?"

Scully did not speak, but his eyes were bursting out of his head, and his face was the exact color of a deputy-lieutenant's uniform.

"That I should ever forget myself and you so! How I have been longing for this opportunity to ask you to forgive me! I asked Lady Mantrap, when I heard you were to be here, to invite me to her party. Come, I know you will forgive me—your eyes say you will. You used to look so in old days, and forgive me my caprices then. Do give me a little wine—we will drink to the memory of old days."

Her eyes filled with tears, and poor Scully's hand caused such a rattling and trembling of the glass and the decanter that the Duke of Doldrum—who had been, during the course of this whispered sentimentality, describing a famous run with the queen's hounds at the top of his voice—stopped at the jingling of the glass, and his tale was lost forever. Scully hastily drank his wine, and Lady Gorgon turned round to her next neighbor, a little gentleman in black, between whom and herself certain conscious looks passed.

"I am glad poor Sir George is not here," said he, smiling.

Lady Gorgon said, 'Pooh, for shame!' The little gentleman was no other than Josiah Crampton, Esq., that eminent financier, and he was now going through the curious calculation before mentioned by which you buy a man for nothing. He intended to pay the very same price for Sir George Gorgon too, but there was no need to tell the baronet so; only of this the reader must be made aware.

While Mr. Crampton was conducting this intrigue, which was to bring a new recruit to the ministerial ranks, his mighty spirit condescended to ponder upon subjects of infinitely less importance, and to arrange plans for the welfare of his nephew and the young woman to whom he had made a present of his heart. These young persons, as we said before, had arranged to live in Mr. Perkins' own house in Bedford Row. It was of a peculiar construction, and might more properly be called a house and a half; for a snug little tenement of four chambers protruded from the back of the house into the garden. These rooms communicated with the drawing rooms occupied by Mr. Scully; and Perkins, who acted as his friend and secretary, used frequently to sit in the one nearest the member's study, in order that he might be close at hand to confer with that great man. The rooms had a private entrance too, were newly decorated, and in them the young couple proposed to live,
the kitchen and garrets being theirs likewise. What more could they need? We are obliged to be particular in describing these apartments, for extraordinary events occurred therein.

To say the truth, until the present period Mr. Crampton had taken no great interest in his nephew's marriage, or, indeed, in the young man himself. The old gentleman was of a saturnine turn, and inclined to undervalue the qualities of Mr. Perkins, which were idleness, simplicity, enthusiasm, and easy good nature.

'Such fellows never do anything in the world,' he would say, and for such he had accordingly the most profound contempt. But when, after John Perkins' repeated entreaties, he had been induced to make the acquaintance of Miss Gorgon, he became instantly charmed with her, and warmly espoused her cause against her overbearing relations.

At his suggestion she wrote back to decline Sir George Gorgon's peremptory invitation, and hinted at the same time that she had attained an age and a position which enabled her to be the mistress of her own actions. To this letter there came an answer from Lady Gorgon which we shall not copy, but which simply stated that Miss Lucy Gorgon's conduct was unchristian, ungrateful, unladylike, and immodest; that the Gorgon family disowned her for the future, and left her at liberty to form whatever base connections she pleased.

'A pretty world this,' said Mr. Crampton in a great rage, when the letter was shown to him. 'This same fellow Scully dissuades my nephew from taking a place because Scully wants it for himself. This prude of a Lady Gorgon cries out shame, and disowns an innocent, amiable girl; she, a heartless jilt herself once, and a heartless flirt now. The Pharisees, the Pharisees! And to call mine a base family, too!'

Now Lady Gorgon did not in the least know Mr. Crampton's connection with Mr. Perkins, or she would have been much more guarded in her language; but whether she knew it or not, the old gentleman felt a huge indignation, and determined to have his revenge.

'That's right, uncle! Shall I call Gorgon out!' said the impetuous young Perkins, who was all for blood.

'John, you are a fool,' said his uncle. 'You shall have a better revenge: you shall be married from Sir George Gorgon's house, and you shall see Mr. William Pitt Scully sold for nothing.' This to the veteran diplomatist seemed to be the highest triumph which man could possibly enjoy.

It was very soon to take place; and, as has been the case ever since the world began, woman, lovely woman, was to be
the cause of Scully's fall. The tender scene at Lord Mantrap's was followed by many others equally sentimental. Sir George Gorgon called upon his colleague the very next day, and brought with him a card from Lady Gorgon inviting Mr. Scully to dinner. The attorney eagerly accepted the invitation, was received in Baker Street by the whole amiable family with much respectful cordiality, and was pressed to repeat his visits as country neighbors should. More than once did he call, and somehow always at the hour when Sir George was away at his club, or riding in the Park, or elsewhere engaged. Sir George Gorgon was very old, very feeble, very much shattered in constitution. Lady Gorgon used to impart her fears to Mr. Scully every time he called there, and the sympathizing attorney used to console her as best he might. Sir George's country agent neglected the property—his lady consulted Mr. Scully concerning it. He knew to a fraction how large her jointure was; how she was to have Gorgon Castle for her life; and how in the event of the young baronet's death (he too was a sickly poor boy), the chief part of the estates, bought by her money, would be at her absolute disposal.

'What a pity these odious politics prevent me from having you for our agent,' would Lady Gorgon say; and indeed Scully thought it was a pity too. Ambitious Scully! what wild notions filled his brain. He used to take leave of Lady Gorgon and ruminate upon these things; and when he was gone, Sir George and her ladyship used to laugh.

'If we can but commit him—if we can but make him vote for Pincher,' said the general, 'my peerage is secure. Hawksby and Crampton as good as told me so.'

The point had been urged upon Mr. Scully repeatedly and adroitly. 'Is not Pincher a more experienced man than Macabaw?' would Sir George say to his guest over their wine. Scully allowed it. 'Can't you vote for him on personal grounds, and say so in the House?' Scully wished he could—how he wished he could! Every time the general coughed, Scully saw his friend's desperate situation more and more and thought how pleasant it would be to be lord of Gorgon Castle.

'Knowing my property,' cried Sir George, 'as you do, and with your talents and integrity, what a comfort it would be could I leave you as guardian to my boy! But these cursed politics prevent it, my dear fellow. Why will you be a Radical?' And Scully cursed politics too. 'Hang the lowbred rogue,' added Sir George when William Pitt Scully left the house: 'he will do everything but promise.'
My dear general," said Lady Gorgon, sidling up to him and patting him on his old yellow cheek—"my dear Georgy, tell me one thing—are you jealous?"

"Jealous, my dear! and jealous of that fellow—pshaw!"

"Well, then, give me leave, and you shall have the promise to-morrow."

To-morrow arrived. It was a remarkably fine day, and in the forenoon Mr. Perkins gave his accustomed knock at Scully's study, which was only separated from his own sitting room by a double door. John had wisely followed his uncle's advice, and was on the best terms with the honorable member.

"Here are a few sentences," said he, "which I think may suit your purpose. Great public services—undeniable merit—years of integrity—cause of reform, and Macabaw forever!" He put down the paper. It was, in fact, a speech in favor of Mr. Macabaw.

"Hush," said Scully rather surlily, for he was thinking how disagreeable it was to support Macabaw; and besides, there were clerks in the room, whom the thoughtless Perkins had not at first perceived. As soon as that gentleman saw them, "You are busy, I see," continued he in a lower tone. "I came to say that I must be off duty to-day, for I am engaged to take a walk with some ladies of my acquaintance."

So saying, the light-hearted young man placed his hat unceremoniously on his head, and went off through his own door, humming a song. He was in such high spirits that he did not even think of closing the doors of communication, and Scully looked after him with a sneer.

"Ladies, forsooth," thought he; "I know who they are. This precious girl that he is fooling with, for one, I suppose." He was right: Perkins was off on the wings of love to see Miss Lucy; and she and Aunt Biggs and Uncle Crampton had promised this very day to come and look at the apartments which Mrs. John Perkins was to occupy with her happy husband.

"Poor devil"—so continued Mr. Scully's meditations—"it is almost too bad to do him out of his place; but my Bob wants it, and John's girl has, I hear, seven thousand pounds. His uncle will get him another place before all that money is spent." And herewith Mr. Scully began conning the speech which Perkins had made for him.

He had not read it more than six times—in truth, he was getting it by heart—when his head clerk came to him from the front room, bearing a card: a footman had brought it, who said his lady was waiting below. Lady Gorgon's
name was on the card! To seize his hat and rush downstairs was, with Mr. Scully, the work of an infinitesimal portion of time.

It was indeed Lady Gorgon, in her Gorgonian chariot.

'Mr. Scully,' said she, popping her head out of window and smiling in a most engaging way, 'I want to speak to you on something very particular indeed—and she held him out her hand. Scully pressed it most tenderly; he hoped all heads in Bedford Row were at the windows to see him. 'I can't ask you into the carriage, for, you see, the governess is with me, and I want to talk secrets to you.'

'Shall I go and make a little promenade?' said mademoiselle innocently. And her mistress hated her for that speech.

'No, Mr. Scully, I am sure, will let me come in for five minutes?' Mr. Scully was only too happy. My lady descended and walked upstairs, leaning on the happy solicitor's arm. But how should he manage? The front room was consecrated to clerks; there were clerks too, as ill luck would have it, in his private room. 'Perkins is out for the day,' thought Scully; 'I will take her into his room.' And into Perkins' room he took her—aye, and he shut the double doors after him too, and trembled as he thought of his own happiness.

'What a charming little study,' said Lady Gorgon, seating herself. And indeed it was very pretty, for Perkins had furnished it beautifully, and laid out a neat tray with cakes, a cold fowl, and sherry, to entertain his party withal. 'And do you bachelors always live so well?' continued she, pointing to the little cold collation.

Mr. Scully looked rather blank when he saw it, and a dreadful suspicion crossed his soul; but there was no need to trouble Lady Gorgon with explanations; therefore, at once, and with much presence of mind, he asked her to partake of his bachelor's fare (she would refuse Mr. Scully nothing that day). A pretty sight would it have been for young Perkins to see strangers so unceremoniously devouring his feasts. She drank—Mr. Scully drank—and so emboldened was he by the draught that he actually seated himself by the side of Lady Gorgon, on John Perkins' new sofa.

Her ladyship had of course something to say to him. She was a pious woman, and had suddenly conceived a violent wish for building a chapel-of-ease at Oldborough, to which she entreated him to subscribe. She enlarged upon the benefits that the town would derive from it, spoke of Sunday schools, sweet spiritual instruction, and the duty of all well-minded persons to give aid to the scheme.
'I will subscribe a hundred pounds,' said Scully at the end of her ladyship's harangue: 'would I not do anything for you?'

'Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Scully,' said the enthusiastic woman. (How the 'dear' went burning through his soul!) 'Ah!' added she, 'if you would but do anything for me—if you, who are so eminently, so truly distinguished, in a religious point of view, would but see the truth in politics too; and if I could see your name among those of the true patriot party in this empire, how blest—oh! how blest, should I be! Poor Sir George often says he should go to his grave happy could he but see you the guardian of his boy; and I, your old friend (for we were friends, William), how have I wept to think of you as one of those who are bringing our monarchy to ruin. Do, do promise me this too!' And she took his hand and pressed it between hers.

The heart of William Pitt Scully during this speech was thumping up and down with a frightful velocity and strength. His old love, the agency of the Gorgon property—the dear widow—five thousand a year clear—a thousand delicious hopes rushed madly through his brain, and almost took away his reason. And there she sat—she, the loved one, pressing his hand and looking softly into his eyes.

Down, down he plumped on his knees.

'Juliana!' shrieked he, 'don't take away your hand! My love—my only love!—speak but those blessed words again! Call me William once more, and do with me what you will.'

Juliana cast down her eyes and said, in the very smallest type,

'William!'

—when the door opened, and in walked Mr. Crampton, leading Mrs. Biggs, who could hardly contain herself for laughing, and Mr. John Perkins, who was squeezing the arm of Miss Lucy. They had heard every word of the two last speeches.

For at the very moment when Lady Gorgon had stopped at Mr. Scully's door the four above-named individuals had issued from Great James Street into Bedford Row.

Lucy cried out that it was her aunt's carriage, and they all saw Mr. Scully come out, bareheaded, in the sunshine, and my lady descend, and the pair go into the house. They meanwhile entered by Mr. Perkins' own private door, and had been occupied in examining the delightful rooms on the ground floor, which were to be his dining room and library—from which they ascended a stair to visit the other two rooms, which were to form Mrs. John Perkins' drawing room and bedroom. Now
whether it was that they trod softly, or that the stairs were covered with a grand new carpet and drugget, as was the case, or that the party within were too much occupied in themselves to heed any outward disturbances, I know not; but Lucy, who was advancing with John (he was saying something about one of the apartments, the rogue!)—Lucy suddenly started and whispered, 'There is somebody in the rooms!' and at that instant began the speech already reported, 'Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Scully,' etc., etc., which was delivered by Lady Gorgon in a full, clear voice; for, to do her ladyship justice, she had not one single grain of love for Mr. Scully, and during the delivery of her little oration was as cool as the coolest cucumber.

Then began the impassioned rejoinder, to which the four listened on the landing place; and then the little 'William,' as narrated above; at which juncture Mr. Crampton thought proper to rattle at the door, and after a brief pause to enter with his party.

'William,' had had time to bounce off his knees, and was on a chair at the other end of the room.

'What, Lady Gorgon!' said Mr. Crampton with excellent surprise, 'how delighted I am to see you! Always, I see, employed in works of charity' (the chapel-of-ease paper was on her knees), 'and on such an occasion, too—it is really the most wonderful coincidence! My dear madam, here is a silly fellow, a nephew of mine, who is going to marry a silly girl, a niece of your own.'

'Sir, I——' began Lady Gorgon, rising.

'They heard every word,' whispered Mr. Crampton eagerly. 'Come forward, Mr. Perkins, and show yourself.' Mr. Perkins made a genteel bow. 'Miss Lucy, please to shake hands with your aunt; and this, my dear madam, is Mrs. Biggs of Mecklenburgh Square, who, if she were not too old, might marry a gentleman in the Treasury, who is your very humble servant.' And with this gallant speech, old Mr. Crampton began helping everybody to sherry and cake.

As for William Pitt Scully, he had disappeared, evaporated, in the most absurd, sneaking way imaginable. Lady Gorgon made good her retreat presently, with much dignity, her countenance undismayed, and her face turned resolutely to the foe.

Above five days afterward that memorable contest took place in the House of Commons in which the partisans of Mr. Macabaw were so very nearly getting him the speakership. On the day that the report of the debate appeared in The
Times there appeared also an announcement in the Gazette as follows:

The king has been pleased to appoint John Perkins, Esq., to be Deputy-Subcontroller of his Majesty’s Tape Office and Custos of the Sealing Wax Department.

Mr. Crampton showed this to his nephew with great glee, and was chuckling to think how Mr. William Pitt Scully would be annoyed, who had expected the place, when Perkins burst out laughing, and said, ‘By Heavens, here is my own speech! Scully has spoken every word of it; he has only put in Mr. Pincher’s name in the place of Mr. Macabaw’s.’

‘He is ours now,’ responded his uncle, ‘and I told you we would have him for nothing. I told you, too, that you should be married from Sir George Gorgon’s, and here is proof of it.’

It was a letter from Lady Gorgon, in which she said that, ‘had she known Mr. Perkins to be a nephew of her friend Mr. Crampton, she never for a moment would have opposed his marriage with her niece, and she had written that morning to her dear Lucy, begging that the marriage breakfast should take place in Baker Street.’

‘It shall be in Mecklenburgh Square,’ said John Perkins stoutly; and in Mecklenburgh Square it was.

William Pitt Scully, Esq., was, as Mr. Crampton said, hugely annoyed at the loss of the place for his nephew. He had still, however, his hopes to look forward to, but these were unluckily dashed by the coming in of the Whigs. As for Sir George Gorgon, when he came to ask about his peerage, Hawksby told him that they could not afford to lose him in the Commons, for a Liberal member would infallibly fill his place.

And now that the Tories are out and the Whigs are in, strange to say a Liberal does fill his place. This Liberal is no other than Sir George Gorgon himself, who is still longing to be a lord, and his lady is still devout and intriguing. So that the members for Oldborough have changed sides, and taunt each other with apostasy, and hate each other cordially. Mr. Crampton still chuckles over the manner in which he tricked them both, and talks of those five minutes during which he stood on the landing place, and hatched and executed his ‘Bedford Row Conspiracy.’
A LITTLE
DINNER AT TIMMINS'.

I.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Timmins live in Lilliput Street, that neat little street which runs at right angles with the Park and Brobdingnag Gardens. It is a very genteel neighborhood, and I need not say they are of a good family.

Especially Mrs. Timmins, as her mamma is always telling Mr. T. They are Suffolk people, and distantly related to the Right Honorable the Earl of Bungay.

Besides his house in Lilliput Street, Mr. Timmins has chambers in Fig-tree Court, Temple, and goes the Northern Circuit.

The other day, when there was a slight difference about the payment of fees between the great parliamentary counsel and the solicitors, Stoke & Pogers of Great George Street sent the papers of the Lough Foyle and Lough Corrib Junction Railway to Mr. Fitzroy Timmins, who was so elated that he instantly purchased a couple of looking-glasses for his drawing rooms (the front room is 16 by 12, and the back, a tight but elegant apartment, 10 ft. 6 by 8 ft. 4), a coral for the baby, two new dresses for Mrs. Timmins, and a little rosewood desk, at the Pantechnicon, for which Rosa had long been sighing, with crumpled legs, emerald-green and gold morocco top, and drawers all over.

Mrs. Timmins is a very pretty poetess (her 'Lines to a Faded Tulip' and her 'Plaint of Plinlimmon' appeared in one of last year's Keepsakes); and Fitzroy, as he impressed a kiss on the snowy forehead of his bride, pointed out to her, in one of the innumerable pockets of the desk, an elegant ruby-tipped pen and six charming little gilt blank books, marked 'My Books,' which Mrs. Fitzroy might fill, he said (he is an Oxford man, and very polite), 'with the delightful productions of her Muse.' Besides these books there was pink paper, paper with crimson edges, lace paper, all stamped with R. F. T. (Rosa Fitzroy Timmins) and the hand and battleax, the crest of the Timminses (and borne at Ascalon by Roaldus de Timmins, a Crusader, who is now buried in the Temple Church, next to Sergeant Snooks) and yellow, pink, light-blue, and other
scented sealing waxes, at the service of Rosa when she chose to correspond with her friends.

Rosa, you may be sure, jumped with joy at the sight of this sweet present; called her Charles (his first name is Samuel, but they have sunk that) the best of men; embraced him a great number of times, to the edification of her buttony little page, who stood at the landing; and as soon as he was gone to chambers, took the new pen and a sweet sheet of paper, and began to compose a poem.

'What shall it be about?' was naturally her first thought. 'What should be a young mother's first inspiration?' Her child lay on the sofa asleep before her; and she began in her neatest hand.

LINES

ON MY SON, BUNGAY DE BRACY GASHLEIGH TYMIMNS, AGED TEN MONTHS.

How beautiful! how beautiful thou seemest,
My boy, my precious one, my rosy babe!
Kind angels hover round thee as thou dreamest;
Soft lashes hide thy beauteous azure eye which gleamest.

'Gleamest? thine eye which gleamest! Is that grammar?' thought Rosa, who had puzzled her little brains for some time with this absurd question, when the baby woke. Then the cook came up to ask about dinner; then Mrs. Fundy slipped over from No. 27 (they are opposite neighbors, and made an acquaintance through Mrs. Fundy's macaw); and a thousand things happened. Finally, there was no rhyme to babe except Tippoo Saib (against whom Major Gashleigh, Rosa's grandfather, had distinguished himself), and so she gave up the little poem about her De Bracy.

Nevertheless, when Fitzroy returned from chambers to take a walk with his wife in the Park, as he peeped through the rich tapestry hanging which divided the two drawing rooms, he found his dear girl still seated at the desk, and writing, writing away with her ruby pen as fast as it could scribble.

'What a genius that child has!' he said; 'why, she's a second Mrs. Norton!' and advanced, smiling, to peep over her shoulder and see what pretty thing Rosa was composing.

It was not poetry, though, that she was writing, and Fitz read as follows:

LILLIPUT STREET, Tuesday, 22d May.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Tymimns request the pleasure of Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury's company at dinner on Wednesday, at 7.30 o'clock.

'My dear!' exclaimed the barrister, pulling a long face.

'Law, Fitzroy!' cried the beloved of his bosom, 'how you do startle one!'
'Give a dinner party with our means!' said he.
'Aint you making a fortune, you miser?' Rosa said. 'Fifteen guineas a day is four thousand five hundred a year; I've calculated it.' And, so saying, she rose, and, taking hold of his whiskers (which are as fine as those of any man of his circuit), she put her mouth close up against his and did something to his long face which quite changed the expression of it, and which the little page heard outside the door.
'Our dining room won't hold ten,' he said.
'We'll only ask twenty, my love. Ten are sure to refuse in this season, when everybody is giving parties. Look, here is the list.'
'Earl and Countess of Bungay, and Lady Barbara Saint Marys.'
'You are dying to get a lord into the house,' Timmins said (he has not altered his name in Fig-tree Court yet, and, therefore, I am not so affected as to call him Tymmins).
'Law, my dear, they are cousins and must be asked,' Rosa said.
'Let us put down my sister and Tom Crowder, then.'
'Blanche Crowder is really so very fat, Fitzroy,' his wife said, 'and our rooms are so very small.'
Fitz laughed. 'You little rogue,' he said, 'Lady Bungay weighs two of Blanche, even when she's not in the f——'
'Fiddlesticks!' Rose cried out. 'Dr Crowder really cannot be admitted; he makes such a noise eating his soup that it is really quite disagreeable.' And she imitated the gurgling noise performed by the doctor while inhausting his soup in such a funny way that Fitz saw inviting him was out of the question.
'Besides, we mustn't have too many relations,' Rosa went on. 'Mamma, of course, is coming. She doesn't like to be asked in the evening; and she'll bring her silver bread basket and her candlesticks, which are very rich and handsome.'
'And you complain of Blanche for being too stout!' groaned out Timmins.
'Well, well, don't be in a pet,' said little Rosa. 'The girls won't come to dinner but will bring their music afterward.' And she went on with the list.
'Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, 2. No saying no; we must ask them, Charles. They are rich people, and any room in their house in Brodhdngnag Gardens would swallow up our humble cot. But to people in our position in society they will be glad enough to come.' The City people are glad to mix with the old families.
'Very good,' says Fitz, with a sad face of assent—and Mrs. Timmins went on reading her list.

'Mr. and Mrs. Topham Sawyer, Belgravine Place.'

'Mrs. Sawyer hasn't asked you all the season. She gives herself the airs of an empress; and when—'

'One's Member, you know, my dear, one must have,' Rosa replied, with much dignity; as if the presence of the representative of her native place would be a protection to her dinner. And a note was written and transported by the page early next morning to the mansion of the Sawyers, in Belgravine Places.

The Topham Sawyers had just come down to breakfast; Mrs. T. in her large dust-colored morning dress and Madonna front (she looks rather scrappy of a morning, but I promise you her ringlets and figure will stun you of an evening); and having read the note, the following dialogue passed:

Mrs. Topham Sawyer.—'Well, upon my word, I don't know where things will end. Mr. Sawyer, the Timminseses have asked us to dinner.'

Mr. Topham Sawyer.—'Ask us to dinner! What d—-impudence!'

Mrs. Topham Sawyer.—'The most dangerous and insolent revolutionary principles are abroad, Mr. Sawyer; and I shall write and hint as much to these persons.'

Mr. Topham Sawyer.—'No, d—-it, Joanna; they are my constituents and we must go. Write a civil note, and say we will come to their party.' (He resumes the perusal of 'The Times,' and Mrs. Topham Sawyer writes):

My Dear Rosa:

We shall have great pleasure in joining your little party. I do not reply in the third person, as we are old friends, you know, and country neighbours. I hope your mamma is well; present my kindest remembrances to her, and I hope we shall see much more of each other in the summer, when we go down to the Sawpits (for going abroad is out of the question in these dreadful times). With a hundred kisses to your dear little pet, believe me your attached,

J. T. S.

She said pet, because she did not know whether Rosa's child was a girl or boy; and Mrs. Timmins was very much pleased with the kind and gracious nature of the reply to her invitation.

II.

The next persons whom little Mrs. Timmins was bent upon asking were Mr. and Mrs. John Rowdy, of the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy & Co., of Brobdinngnag Gardens, of the Prairie, Putney, and of Lombard Street, City.

Mrs. Timmins and Mrs. Rowdy had been brought up at the
same school together, and there was always a little rivalry between them, from the day when they contended for the French prize at school to last week, when each had a stall at the Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Daughters of Decayed Muffin-men; and when Mrs. Timmins danced against Mrs. Rowdy in the Seythe Mazurka at the Polish Ball, headed by Mrs. Hugh Slasher. Rowdy took £23 more than Timmins in the Muffin transaction (for she had possession of a kettle-holder worked by the hands of R-y-lty, which brought crowds to her stall); but in the Mazurka Rosa conquered: she has the prettiest little foot possible (which in a red boot and silver heel looked so lovely that even the Chinese ambassador remarked it), whereas Mrs. Rowdy's foot is no trifle, as Lord Cornbury acknowledged when it came down on his lordship's boot-tip as they danced together among the Seythes.

'These people are ruining themselves,' said Mrs. John Rowdy to her husband, on receiving the pink note. It was carried round by that rogue of a buttony page in the evening; and he walked to Brobdinngnag Gardens, and in the park afterward, with a young lady who is kitchen-maid at 27, and who is not more than fourteen years older than little Buttons.

'These people are ruining themselves,' said Mrs. John to her husband, 'Rosa says she has asked the Bungays.'

'Bungays indeed! Timmins was always a tuft-hunter,' said Rowdy, who had been at college with the barrister, and who, for his own part, has no more objection to a lord than you or I have; and adding, 'Hang him, what business has he to be giving parties?' allowed Mrs. Rowdy, nevertheless, to accept Rosa's invitation.

'When I go to business to-morrow I will just have a look at Mr. Fitz's account,' Mr. Rowdy thought; and if it is overdrawn, as it usually is, why—' The announcement of Mrs. Rowdy's brougham here put an end to this agreeable train of thought; and the banker and his lady stepped into it to join a snug little family party of two-and-twenty, given by Mr. and Mrs. Seendochap at their great house on the other side of the Park.

'Rowdys 2, Bungays 3, ourselves and mamma 3, 2 Sawyers,' calculated little Rosa.

'General Gulpin,' Rosa continued, 'eats a great deal and is very stupid, but he looks well at table with his star and ribbon. Let us put him down!' and she noted down 'Sir Thomas and Lady Gulpin, 2. Lord Castlemouldy, 1.'

'You will make your party abominably genteel and stupid,' groaned Timmins. 'Why don't you ask some of our old
friends? Old Mrs. Portman has asked us twenty times, I am sure, within the last two years.'

'And the last time we went there, there was pea soup for dinner!' Mrs. Timmins said, with a look of ineffable scorn.

'Nobody can have been kinder than the Hodges have always been to us; and some sort of return we might make, I think.'

'Return indeed! A pretty sound it is on the staircase to hear "Mr. and Mrs. 'Odge and Miss 'Odges" pronounced by Billiter, who always leaves his h's out. No, no; see attorneys at your chambers, my dear—but what could the poor creatures do in our society?' And so, one by one Timmins' old friends were tried and eliminated by Mrs. Timmins, just as if she had been an Irish attorney-general, and they so many Catholics on Mr. Mitchel's jury.

Mrs. Fitzroy insisted that the party should be of her very best company. Funnyman, the great wit, was asked, because of his jokes; and Mrs. Butt, on whom he practices; and Potter, who is asked because everybody else asks him; and Mr. Ranville Ranville of the Foreign Office, who might give some news of the Spanish squabble; and Botherby, who has suddenly sprung up into note because he is intimate with the French Revolution, and visits Ledru-Rollin and Lamartine. And these, with a couple more who are amis de la maison, made up the twenty, whom Mrs. Timmins thought she might safely invite to her little dinner.

But the dence of it was that when the answers to the invitations came back everybody accepted! Here was a pretty quandary. How they were to get twenty into their dining room was a calculation which poor Timmins could not solve at all; and he paced up and down the little room in dismay.

'Pooh!' said Rosa, with a laugh. 'Your sister Blanche looked very well in one of my dresses last year; and you know how stout she is. We will find some means to accommodate them all, depend upon it.'

Mrs. John Rowdy's note to dear Rosa, accepting the latter's invitation, was a very gracious and kind one; and Mrs. Fitz showed it to her husband when he came back from chambers. But there was another note which had arrived for him by this time from Mr. Rowdy—or rather from the firm, and to the effect that Mr. F. Timmins had overdrawn his account £28 18s. 6d., and was requested to pay that sum to his obedient servants, Stumpy, Rowdy & Co.

And Timmins did not like to tell his wife that the contend-
ing parties in the Lough Foyle and Lough Corrib Railroad had come to a settlement, and that the fifteen guineas a day had consequently determined. 'I have had seven days of it, though,' he thought; 'and that will be enough to pay for the desk, the dinner, and the glasses, and make all right with Stumpy & Rowdy.'

III.

The cards for dinner having been issued, it became the duty of Mrs. Timmins to make further arrangements respecting the invitations to the tea party which was to follow the more substantial meal.

These arrangements are difficult, as any lady knows who is in the habit of entertaining her friends. There are People who are offended if you ask them to tea while others have been asked to dinner;

People who are offended if you ask them to tea at all; and cry out furiously, 'Good Heavens! Jane, my love, why do these Timmins suppose that I am to leave my dinner table to attend their — soirée?' (the dear reader may fill up the — to any strength, according to his liking)—or, 'Upon my word, William, my dear, it is too much to ask us to pay twelve shillings for a brougham, and to spend I don't know how much in gloves, just to make our courtesies in Mrs. Timmins' little drawing room,' Mrs. Moser made the latter remark about the Timmins affair, while the former was uttered by Mr. Grumpley, barrister-at-law, to his lady, in Gloucester Place.

That there are people who are offended if you don't ask them at all is a point which I suppose nobody will question. Timmins' earliest friend in life was Simmins, whose wife and family have taken a cottage at Mortlake for the season.

'We can't ask them to come out of the country,' Rosa said to her Fitzroy (between ourselves, she was delighted that Mrs. Simmins was out of the way, and was as jealous of her as every well-regulated woman should be of her husband's female friends)—'we can't ask them to come so far for the evening.'

'Why, no, certainly,' said Fitzroy, who has himself no very great opinion of a tea party; and so the Simmins were cut out of the list.

And what was the consequence? The consequence was that Simmins and Timmins cut when they met at Westminster; that Mrs. Simmins sent back all the books which she had borrowed from Rosa, with a withering note of thanks; that Rosa goes about saying that Mrs. Simmins squints; that Mrs. S., on
her side, declares that Rosa is crooked, and behaved shamefully to Captain Hicks in marrying Fitzroy over him, though she was forced to do it by her mother, and prefers the captain to her husband to this day. If, in a word, these two men could be made to fight, I believe their wives would not be displeased; and the reason of all this misery, rage, and dissension lies in a poor little twopenny dinner party in Lilliput Street.

Well, the guests, both for before and after meat, having been asked, old Mrs. Gashleigh, Rosa's mother—(and, by consequence, Fitzroy's dear mother-in-law, though I promise you that 'dear' is particularly sarcastic)—Mrs. Gashleigh of course was sent for and came with Miss Eliza Gashleigh, who plays on the guitar, and Emily, who limps a little, but plays sweetly on the concertina. They live close by—trust them for that. Your mother-in-law is always within hearing, thank our stars for the attention of the dear women. The Gashleighs, I say, live close by, and came early on the morning after Rosa's notes had been issued for the dinner.

When Fitzroy, who was in his little study, which opens into his little dining room—one of those absurd little rooms which ought to be called a gentleman's pantry, and is scarcely bigger than a shower bath, or a state cabin in a ship—when Fitzroy heard his mother-in-law's knock, and her well-known scuffling and chattering in the passage—in which she squeezed up young Buttons, the page, while she put questions to him regarding baby, and the cook's health, and whether she had taken what Mrs. Gashleigh had sent overnight, and the housemaid's health, and whether Mr. Timmins had gone to chambers or not—and when, after this preliminary chatter, Buttons flung open the door, announcing, 'Mrs. Gashleigh and the young ladies,' Fitzroy laid down his Times newspaper with an expression that had best not be printed here, and took his hat and walked away.

Mrs. Gashleigh has never liked him since he left off calling her mamma, and kissing her. But he said he could not stand it any longer—he was hanged if he would. So he went away to chambers, leaving the field clear to Rosa, mamma, and the two dear girls.

Or to one of them, rather; for before leaving the house he thought he would have a look at little Fitzroy upstairs in the nursery, and he found the child in the hands of his maternal aunt Eliza, who was holding him and pinching him as if he had been her guitar, I suppose; so that the little fellow bawled painfully—and his father finally quitted the premises.

No sooner was he gone, although the party was still a fort-
night off, than the women pounced upon his little study, and began to put it in order. Some of his papers they pushed up over the bookcase, some they put behind the encyclopedia, some they crammed into the drawers—where Mrs. Gashleigh found three cigars, which she pocketed, and some letters, over which she cast her eye; and by Fitz's return they had the room as neat as possible, and the best glass and dessert service mustered on the study table.

It was a very neat and handsome service, as you may be sure Mrs. Gashleigh thought, whose rich uncle had purchased it for the young couple, at Spode & Copeland's; but it was only for twelve persons.

It was agreed that it would be, in all respects, cheaper and better to purchase a dozen more dessert plates; and with 'my silver basket in the center,' Mrs. G. said (she is always bragging about that confounded bread basket), 'we need not have any extra china dishes, and the table will look very pretty.'

On making a roll-call of the glass it was calculated that at least a dozen or so tumblers, four or five dozen wines, eight water bottles, and a proper quantity of ice plates were requisite; and that, as they would always be useful, it would be best to purchase the articles immediately. Fitz tumbled over the basket containing them, which stood in the hall, as he came in from chambers, and over the boy who had brought them—and the little bill.

The women had had a long debate, and something like a quarrel, it must be owned, over the bill of fare. Mrs. Gashleigh, who had lived a great part of her life in Devonshire, and kept house in great state there, was famous for making some dishes, without which, she thought, no dinner could be perfect. When she proposed her mock-turtle and stewed pigeons and gooseberry cream, Rosa turned up her nose—a pretty little nose it was, by the way, and with anatural turn in that direction.

'Mock-turtle in June, mamma!' said she.

'IT was good enough for your grandfather, Rosa,' the mamma replied; 'it was good enough for the Lord High Admiral when he was at Plymouth; it was good enough for the first men in the county, and relished by Lord Fortyskewer and Lord Rolls; Sir Lawrence Poker ate twice of it after Exeter Races; and I think it might be good enough for——'

'I will not have it, mamma!' said Rosa, with a stamp of her foot; and Mrs. Gashleigh knew what resolution there was in that. Once, when she had tried to physic the baby, there had been a similar fight between them.
So Mrs. Gashleigh made out a carte, in which the soup was left with a dash—a melancholy vacuum; and in which the pigeons were certainly thrust in among the entrées; but Rosa determined they never should make an entrée at all into her dinner party, but that she would have the dinner her own way.

When Fitz returned, then, and after he had paid the little bill of £6 14s. 6d. for the glass, Rosa flew to him with her sweetest smiles, and the baby in her arms. And after she had made him remark how the child grew every day more and more like him, and after she had treated him to a number of compliments and caresses, which it were positively fulsome to exhibit in public, and after she had soothed him into good humor by her artless tenderness, she began to speak to him about some little points which she had at heart.

She pointed out with a sigh how shabby the old curtains looked since the dear new glasses which her darling Fitz had given her had been put up in the drawing room. Muslin curtains cost nothing, and she must and would have them.

The muslin curtains were accorded. She and Fitz went and bought them at Shoolbred's, when you may be sure she treated herself likewise to a neat, sweet, pretty half-mourning (for the court, you know, is in mourning)—a neat, sweet barege, or calimanco, or bombazine, or tiffany, or some such thing; but Mme. Camille of Regent Street made it up, and Rosa looked like an angel in it on the night of her little dinner.

'And, my sweet,' she continued, after the curtains had been accorded, 'mamma and I have been talking about the dinner. She wants to make it very expensive, which I cannot allow. I have been thinking of a delightful and economical plan, and you, my sweetest Fitz, must put it into execution.'

'I have cooked a mutton chop when I was in chambers,' Fitz said, with a laugh. 'Am I to put on a cap and an apron?'

'No; but you are to go to the Megatherium Club (where, you wretch, you are always going without my leave), and you are to beg M. Mirobolant, your famous cook, to send you one of his best aids-de-camp, as I know he will, and with his aid we can dress the dinner and the confectionery at home for almost nothing, and we can show those purse-proud Topham Sawyers and Rowdys that the humble cottage can furnish forth an elegant entertainment as well as the gilded halls of wealth.'

Fitz agreed to speak to M. Mirobolant. If Rosa had had a fancy for the cook of the prime minister, I believe the deluded
creature of a husband would have asked Lord John for the loan of him.

IV.

Fitzroy Timmins, whose taste for wine is remarkable for so young a man, is a member of the committee of the Megatherium Club, and the great Mirobolant, good-natured as all great men are, was only too happy to oblige him. A young friend and protégé of his, of considerable merit, M. Cavalcadour, happened to be disengaged through the lamented death of Lord Hauncher, with whom young Cavalcadour had made his début as an artist. He had nothing to refuse to his master, Mirobolant, and would impress himself to be useful to a gourmet so distinguished as M. Timmins. Fitz went away as pleased as Punch with this encomium of the great Mirobolant, and was one of those who voted against the decreasing of Mirobolant’s salary, when the measure was proposed by Mr. Parings, Colonel Close, and the Screw party in the committee of the club.

Faithful to the promise of his great master, the youthful Cavalcadour called in Lilliput Street the next day. A rich crimson velvet waistcoat, with buttons of blue glass and gold, a variegated blue satin stock, over which a graceful mosaic chain hung in glittering folds, a white hat worn on one side of his long curling ringlets, redolent with the most delightful hair oil—one of those white hats which looks as if it had been just skinned—and a pair of gloves not exactly of the color of beurre frais, but of beurre that has been up the chimney, with a natty cane with a gilt knob, completed the upper part, at any rate, of the costume of the young fellow whom the page introduced to Mrs. Timmins.

Her mamma and she had been just having a dispute about the gooseberry cream when Cavalcadour arrived. His presence silenced Mrs. Gashleigh; and Rosa, in carrying on a conversation with him in the French language—which she had acquired perfectly in an elegant finishing establishment in Kensington Square—had a great advantage over her mother, who could only pursue the dialogue with very much difficulty, eyeing one or other interlocutor with an alarmed and suspicious look, and gasping out ‘We’ whenever she thought a proper opportunity arose for the use of that affirmative.

‘I have two leetl menus weez me,’ said Cavalcadour to Mrs. Gashleigh.

‘Minews—yes—oh, indeed?’ answered the lady.
'Two little cartes,'

'Oh, two carts! Oh, we,' she said. 'Coming, I suppose?'

And she looked out of the window to see if they were there.

Cavalcadour smiled. He produced from a pocketbook a pink paper and a blue paper, on which he had written two bills of fare—the last two which he had composed for the lamented Hauncher—and he handed these over to Mrs. Fitzroy.

The poor little woman was dreadfully puzzled with these documents (she has them in her possession still), and began to read from the pink one as follows:

**Dîner pour 16 Personnes.**

**Potage (clair) à la Rigodon.**

**Do. à la Prince de Tombuctou.**

**Saumon de Severne**

À la Bondicée.

**Deux Poissons.**

**Rougets Gratinés**

à la Cléopatre.

**Deux Relevés.**

Le Chapeau-à-trois-cornes farci à la Robespierre.

Le Tire-botte à l’Odalisque.

**Six Entrées.**

Santé de Hannetons à l’Epinglière

Côtelettes à la Megathérium.

Bourrasque de Veau à la Paisamblé.

Laitances de Carpe en goguette à la Reine Pomare.

Turban de Volaille à l’Archevêque de Cantorbéry.

And so on with the _entremets_ and _hors d’œuvres_, and the _rôtis_ and the _relevés._

'Madame will see that the dinners are quite simple,' said M. Cavalcadour.

'Oh, quite!' said Rosa, dreadfully puzzled.

'Which would madame like?'

'Which would we like, mamma?' Rosa asked; adding, as if after a little thought, 'I think, sir, we should prefer the blue one.' At which Mrs. Gashleigh nodded as knowingly as she could; though pink or blue, I defy anybody to know what these cooks mean by their jargon.

'If you please, madame, we will go down below and examine the scene of operations,' M. Cavalcadour said; and so he was marshaled down the stairs to the kitchen, which he didn’t like to name, and appeared before the cook in all his splendor.

He cast a rapid glance round the premises, and a smile of something like contempt lighted up his features. 'Will you bring pen and ink, if you please, and I will write down a few of the articles which will be necessary for us? We shall require, if you please, eight more stewpans, a couple of braising pans, eight santé pans, six bain-marie pans, a freezing pot with acces-
sories, and a few more articles of which I will inscribe the names.' And Mr. Cavalcadour did so, dashing down, with the rapidity of genius, a tremendous list of ironmongery goods, which he handed over to Mrs. Timmins. She and her mamma were quite frightened by the awful catalogue.

'I will call three days hence and superintend the progress of matters; and we will make the stock for the soup the day before the dinner.'

'Don't you think, sir,' here interposed Mrs. Gashleigh, 'that one soup—a fine rich mock-turtle, such as I have seen in the best houses in the West of England, and such as the late Lord Fortyskewer——'

'You will get what is wanted for the soups, if you please,' Mr. Cavalcadour continued, not heeding this interruption, and as bold as a captain on his own quarter-deck: 'for the stock of clear soup you will get a leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham.'

'We, munseer,' said the cook, dropping a terrified courtesy; 'a leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham.'

'You can't serve a leg of veal at a party,' said Mrs. Gashleigh; 'and a leg of beef is not a company dish.'

'Madame, they are to make the stock of the clear soup,' Mr. Cavalcadour said.

'What!' cried Mrs. Gashleigh; and the cook repeated his former expression.

'Never, while I am in this house,' cried out Mrs. Gashleigh indignantly; 'never in a Christian English household; never shall such sinful waste be permitted by me. If you wish me to dine, Rosa, you must get a dinner less expensive. The Right Honorable Lord Fortyskewer could dine, sir, without these wicked luxuries, and I presume my daughter's guests can.'

'Madame is perfectly at liberty to decide,' said M. Cavalcadour. 'I came to oblige madame and my good friend Mirobolant, not myself.'

'Thank you, sir; I think it will be too expensive,' Rosa stammered in a great flutter; 'but I am very much obliged to you.'

'Il n'y a point d'obligation, madame,' said M. Aleide Camille Cavalcadour in his most superb manner; and, making a splendid bow to the lady of the house, was respectfully conducted to the upper regions by little Buttons, leaving Rosa frightened, the cook amazed and silent, and Mrs. Gashleigh boiling with indignation against the dresser.

Up to that moment Mrs. Blowser, the cook, who had come out of Devonshire with Mrs. Gashleigh (of course that lady garrisoned her daughter's house with servants, and expected
them to give her information of everything which took place there)—up to that moment, I say, the cook had been quite contented with that subterraneous station which she occupied in life, and had a pride in keeping her kitchen neat, bright, and clean. It was in her opinion the comfortablest room in the house (we all thought so when we came down of a night to smoke there), and the handsomest kitchen in Lilliput Street.

But after the visit of Cavalcadour the cook became quite discontented and uneasy in her mind. She talked in a melancholy manner over the area railings to the cooks at twenty-three and twenty-five. She stepped over the way, and conferred with the cook there. She made inquiries at the baker’s and at other places about the kithens in the great houses in Brobdignag Gardens, and how many spits, bangmarrp pans, and stoopans they had. She thought she could not do with an occasional help, but must have a kitchenmaid. And she was often discovered by a gentleman of the police force, who was, I believe, her cousin, and occasionally visited her when Mrs. Gashleigh was not in the house or spying it—she was discovered seated with ‘Mrs. Rundell’ in her lap, its leaves bespattered with her tears. ‘My pease be gone, Pelisse,’ she said, ‘zins I zaw that ther Frenchman!’ And it was all the faithful fellow could do to console her.

‘The dinner!’ said Timmins, in a rage at last. ‘Having it cooked in the house is out of the question. The bother of it, and the row your mother makes, are enough to drive one mad. It won’t happen again, I can promise you, Rosa. Order it at Fubsby’s at once. You can have everything from Fubsby’s—from footmen to saltspoons. Let’s go and order it at Fubsby’s?‘

‘Darling, if you don’t mind the expense, and it will be any relief to you, let us do as you wish,’ Rosa said; and she put on her bonnet, and they went off to the grand cook and confectioner of the Brobdignag quarter.

V.

On the arm of her Fitzroy, Rosa went off to Fubsby’s, that magnificent shop at the corner of Parliament Place and Aligompayne Square—a shop into which the rogue had often cast a glance of approbation as he passed: for there are not only the most wonderful and delicious cakes and confections in the window, but at the counter there are almost sure to be three
or four of the prettiest women in the whole of this world, with little darling caps of the last French make, with beautiful wavy hair, and the neatest possible waists and aprons.

Yes, there they sit; and others, perhaps, besides Fitz have cast a sheep's eye through those enormous plate glass window-panes. I suppose it is the fact of perpetually living among such a quantity of good things that makes those young ladies so beautiful. They come into the place, let us say, like ordinary people, and gradually grow handsomer, and handsomer, until they grow out into the perfect angels you see. It can't be otherwise; if you and I, my dear fellow, were to have a course of that place, we should become beautiful too. They live in an atmosphere of the most delicious pineapples, blancmanges, creams (some whipt, and some so good that of course they don't want whipping), jellies, tipsy-cakes, cherry brandy—one hundred thousand sweet and lovely things. Look at the preserved fruits, look at the golden ginger, the outspreading ananas, the darling little rogues of China oranges, ranged in the gleaming crystal cylinders. Mon Dieu! Look at the strawberries in the leaves. Each of them is as large nearly as a lady's reticule, and looks as if it had been brought up in a nursery to itself. One of those strawberries is a meal for those young ladies behind the counter; they nibble off a little from the side, and if they are very hungry, which can scarcely ever happen, they are allowed to go to the crystal canisters and take out a rout cake or macaroon. In the evening they sit and tell each other little riddles out of the bonbons; and when they wish to amuse themselves they read the most delightful remarks, in the French language, about love and Cupid and beauty before they place them inside the crackers. They always are writing down good things into Mr. Fubsby's ledgers. It must be a perfect feast to read them. Talk of the Garden of Eden! I believe it was nothing to Mr. Fubsby's house; and I have no doubt that after those young ladies have been there a certain time, they get to such a pitch of loveliness at last that they become complete angels, with wings sprouting out of their lovely shoulders, when (after giving just a preparatory balance or two) they fly up to the counter and perch there for a minute, hop down again, and affectionately kiss the other young ladies, and say, 'Good-by, dears! We shall meet again là haut.' And then, with a wirr of their deliciously scented wings, away they fly for good, whisking over the trees of Brodidingnag Square, and up into the sky, as the policeman touches his hat.

It is up there that they invent the legends for the crackers,
and the wonderful riddles and remarks on the bonbons. No mortal, I am sure, could write them.

I never saw a man in such a state as Fitzroy Timmins in the presence of those ravishing hours. Mrs. Fitz having explained that they required a dinner for twenty persons, the chief young lady asked what Mr. and Mrs. Fitz would like, and named a thousand things, each better than the other, to all of which Fitz instantly said yes. The wretch was in such a state of infatuation that I believe if that lady had proposed to him a fricassee of elephant, or a boa constrictor in jelly, he would have said, 'Oh, yes, certainly; put it down.'

That peri wrote down in her album a list of things which it would make your mouth water to listen to. But she took it all quite calmly. Heaven bless you! they don't care about things that are not delicacies to them! But whatever she chose to write down, Fitzroy let her.

After the dinner and dessert were ordered (at Fubsby's they furnish everything; dinner and dessert, plate and china, servants in your own livery, and, if you please, guests of title too) the married couple retreated from that shop of wonders, Rosa delighted that the trouble of the dinner was all off their hands; but she was afraid it would be rather expensive.

'Nothing can be too expensive which pleases you, dear,' Fitz said.

'By the way, one of those young women was rather good-looking,' Rosa remarked; 'the one in the cap with the blue ribbons. (And she cast about the shape of the cap in her mind, and determined to have exactly such another.)

'Think so? I didn't observe,' said the miserable hypocrite by her side; and when he had seen Rosa home he went back, like an infamous fiend, to order something else which he had forgotten, he said, at Fubsby's. Get out of that paradise, you cowardly, creeping, vile serpent you!

Until the day of the dinner the infatuated fop was always going to Fubsby's. He was remarked there. He used to go before he went to chambers in the morning, and sometimes on his return from the Temple; but the morning was the time which he preferred; and one day, when he went on one of his eternal pretexts, and was chattering and flirting at the counter, a lady who had been reading yesterday's paper and eating a halfpenny bun for an hour in the back shop (if that paradise may be called a shop)—a lady stepped forward, laid down the Morning Herald, and confronted him.

That lady was Mrs. Gashleigh. From that day the miser-
able Fitzroy was in her power; and she resumed a sway over his house to shake off which had been the object of his life, and the result of many battles. And for a mere freak (for on going into Fubsby's a week afterward he found the peris drinking tea out of blue cups, and eating stale bread and butter, when his absurd passion instantly vanished)—I say for a mere freak the most intolerable burden of his life was put on his shoulders again—his mother-in-law.

On the day before the little dinner took place—and I promise you we shall come to it in the very next chapter—a tall and elegant middle-aged gentleman, who might have passed for an earl but that there was a slight incompleteness about his hands and feet, the former being uncommonly red, and the latter large and irregular, was introduced to Mrs. Timmins by the page, who announced him as Mr. Truncheon.

'I'm Truncheon, ma'am,' he said, with a low bow.

'Indeed!' said Rosa.

'About the dinner, m'm, from Fubsby's, m'm. As you have no butler, m'm, I presume you will wish me to act as such. I shall bring two persons as haids to-morrow; both answers to the name of John. I'd best, if you please, inspect the premisis, and will think you to allow your young man to show me the pantry and kitching.'

Truncheon spoke in a low voice, and with the deepest and most respectful melancholy. There is not much expression in his eyes, but from what there is you would fancy that he was oppressed by a secret sorrow. Rosa trembled as she surveyed this gentleman's size, his splendid appearance, and gravity. 'I am sure,' she said, 'I never shall dare to ask him to hand a glass of water.' Even Mrs. Gashleigh, when she came on the morning of the actual dinner party to superintend matters, was cowed, and retreated from the kitchen before the calm majesty of Truncheon.

And yet that great man was, like all the truly great—affable.

He put aside his coat and waistcoat (both of evening cut, and looking prematurely splendid as he walked the streets in noonday), and did not disdain to rub the glasses and polish the decanters, and to show young Buttons the proper mode of preparing these articles for a dinner. And while he operated, the maids and Buttons and cook, when she could—and what had she but the vegetables to boil?—crowded round him, and listened with wonder as he talked of the great families as he had lived with. That man, as they saw him there before them, had been cab boy to Lord Tantallan, valet to the Earl
of Bareacres, and groom of the chambers to the Duchess Dowager of Fitzbattleax. Oh, it was delightful to hear Mr. Truncheon.

VI.

On the great, momentous, stupendous day of the dinner my beloved female reader may imagine that Fitzroy Timmins was sent about his business at an early hour in the morning, while the women began to make preparations to receive their guests. 'There will be no need of your going to Fubsby's,' Mrs. Gashleigh said to him, with a look that drove him out of doors. 'Everything that we require has been ordered there! You will please to be back here at six o'clock, and not sooner; and I presume you will acquiesce in my arrangements about the wine!'

'Oh, yes, mamma,' said the prostrate son-in-law.

'In so large a party—a party beyond some folks' means—expensive wines are absurd. The light sherry at 26s., the champagne at 42s.; and you are not to go beyond 36s. for the claret and port after dinner. Mind, coffee will be served, and you come upstairs after two rounds of the claret.'

'Of course, of course,' acquiesced the wretch; and hurried out of the house to his chambers, and to discharge the commissions with which the womankind had intrusted him.

As for Mrs. Gashleigh, you might have heard her bawling over the house the whole day long. That admirable woman was everywhere: in the kitchen until the arrival of Truncheon, before whom she would not retreat without a battle; on the stairs; in Fitzroy's dressing room; and in Fitzroy minor's nursery, to whom she gave a dose of her own composition, while the nurse was sent out on a pretext to make purchases of garnish for the dishes to be served for the little dinner! Garnish for the dishes! As if the folks at Fubsby's could not garnish dishes better than Gashleigh, with her stupid old-world devices of laurel leaves, parsley, and cut turnips! Why, there was not a dish served that day that was not covered over with skewers, on which truffles, crayfish, mushrooms, and forced meat were impaled. When old Gashleigh went down with her barbarian bunches of holly and greens to stick about the meats, even the cook saw their incongruity, and, at Truncheon's orders, flung the whole shrubbery into the dust house, where, while poking about the premises, you may be sure Mrs. G. saw it.

Every candle which was to be burned that night (including
the tallow candle, which she said was a good enough bed-light for Fitzroy) she stuck into the candlesticks with her own hands, giving her own high-shouldered plated candlesticks of the year 1798 the place of honor. She upset all poor Rosa's floral arrangements, turning the nosegays from one vase into the other without any pity, and was never tired of beating and pushing and patting and whapping the curtain and sofa draperies into shape in the little drawing room.

In Fitz's own apartments she revelled with peculiar pleasure. It has been described how she had sacked his study and pushed away his papers, some of which, including three cigars, and the commencement of an article for the Law Magazine, 'Lives of the Sheriffs' Officers,' he has never been able to find to this day. Mamma now went into the little room in the back regions, which is Fitz's dressing room (and was destined to be a cloak room), and here she rummaged to her heart's delight.

In an incredibly short space of time she examined all his outlying pockets, drawers, and letters; she inspected his socks and handkerchiefs in the top drawers; and on the dressing table, his razors, shaving strop, and hair oil. She carried off his silver-topped scent bottle out of his dressing case, and a half dozen of his favorite pills (which Fitz possesses in common with every well-regulated man), and probably administered them to her own family. His boots, glossy pumps, and slippers she pushed into the shower bath, where the poor fellow stepped into them the next morning in the midst of a pool in which they were lying. The baby was found sucking his boot hooks the next day in the nursery; and as for the bottle of varnish for his shoes (which he generally paints upon the trees himself, having a pretty taste in that way), it could never be found to the present hour; but it was remarked that the young Master Gashleighs, when they came home for the holidays, always wore lacquered high-lows; and the reader may draw his conclusions from that fact.

In the course of the day all the servants gave Mrs. Timmins warning.

The cook said she couldn't bear it no longer, 'aving Mrs. G. always about her kitching, with her fingers in all the sauce-pans. Mrs. G. had got her the place, but she preferred one as Mrs. G. didn't get for her.

The nurse said she was come to nuss Master Fitzroy, and knew her duty; his grandmamma wasn't his nuss, and was always aggravating her; missus must shoot herself elsewhere.
The housemaid gave utterance to the same sentiments in language more violent.

Little Buttons bounced up to his mistress, said he was butler of the family, Mrs. G. was always poking about his pantry, and damn if he’d stand it.

At every moment Rosa grew more and more bewildered. The baby howled a great deal during the day. ‘His large china christening bowl was cracked by Mrs. Gashleigh altering the flowers in it, and pretending to be very cool while her hands shook with rage.

‘Pray go on, mamma,’ Rosa said with tears in her eyes. ‘Should you like to break the chandelier?’

‘Ungrateful, unnatural child!’ bellowed the other. ‘Only that I know you couldn’t do without me I’d leave the house this minute.’

‘As you wish,’ said Rosa; but Mrs. G. didn’t wish; and in this juncture Truncheon arrived.

That officer surveyed the dining room, laid the cloth there with admirable precision and neatness, ranged the plate on the sideboard with graceful accuracy, but objected to that old thing in the center, as he called Mrs. Gashleigh’s silver basket, as cumbrous and useless for the table, where they would want all the room they could get.

Order was not restored to the house, nor, indeed, any decent progress made, until this great man came; but where there was a revolt before, and a general disposition to strike work and to yell out defiance against Mrs. Gashleigh, who was sitting, bewildered and furious, in the drawing room—where there was before commotion, at the appearance of the master spirit all was peace and unanimity: the cook went back to her pans; the housemaid busied herself with the china and glass, cleaning some articles and breaking others; Buttons sprang up and down the stairs, obedient to the orders of his chief, and all things went well and in their season.

At six the man with the wine came from Binney & Latham’s. At a quarter past six Timmins himself arrived.

At half-past six he might have been heard shouting out for his varnished boots—but we know where those had been hidden—and for his dressing things; but Mrs. Gashleigh had put them away.

As in his vain inquiries for these articles he stood shouting, ‘Nurse! Buttons! Rosa, my dear!’ and the most fearful execrations up and down the stairs, Mr. Truncheon came out on him.

‘Igsceuse me, sir,’ says he, ‘but it’s impawsable. We can’t
dine twenty at that table—not if you set 'em out awinder, we can't.'

'What's to be done?' asked Fitzroy in an agony. 'They've all said they'd come.'

'Can't do it,' said the other: 'with two top and bottom—and your table is as narrow as a bench—we can't hold more than heighteen, and then each person's elbows will be into his neighbor's cheer.'

'Rosa! Mrs. Gashleigh!' cried out Timmins, 'come down and speak to this gent—this—'

'Truncheon, sir,' said the man.

The women descended from the drawing room. 'Look and see, ladies,' he said, inducting them into the dining room: 'there's the room, there's the table laid for heighteen, and I defy you to squeege in more.'

'One person in a party always fails,' said Mrs. Gashleigh, getting alarmed.

'That's nineteen,' Mr. Truncheon remarked. 'We must knock another hoff, ma'm.' And he looked her hard in the face.

Mrs. Gashleigh was very red and nervous, and paced, or rather squeezed, round the table (it was as much as she could do). The chairs could not be put any closer than they were. It was impossible, unless the convive sat as a centerpiece in the middle, to put another guest at that table.

'Look at that lady movin' round, sir. You see now the diffickly. If my men wasn't thinner they couldn't hoperate at all,' Mr. Truncheon observed, who seemed to have a spite to Mrs. Gashleigh,

'What is to be done?' she said with purple accents.

'My dearest mamma,' Rosa cried out, 'you must stop at home—how sorry I am!' And she shot one glance at Fitzroy, who shot another at the great Truncheon, who held down his eyes. 'We could manage with heighteen,' he said mildly.

Mrs. Gashleigh gave a hideous laugh.

She went away. At eight o'clock she was pacing at the corner of the street, and actually saw the company arrive. First came the Topham Sawyers, in their light-blue carriage with the white hammercloth and blue and white ribbons—their footmen drove the house down with the knocking.

Then followed the ponderous and snuff-colored vehicle, with faded gilt wheels and brass earl's coronets all over it, the conveyance of the House of Bungay. The Countess of Bungay and daughter stepped out of the carriage. The fourteenth Earl of Bungay couldn't come.
Sir Thomas and Lady Gulpin’s fly made its appearance, from which issued the general with his star, and Lady Gulpin in yellow satin. The Rowdys’ brougham followed next; after which Mrs. Butt’s handsome equipage drove up.

The two friends of the house, young gentlemen from the Temple, now arrived in cab No. 9996. We tossed up, in fact, which should pay the fare.

Mr. Ranville walked, and was dusting his boots as the Templars drove up. Lord Castlemouldy came out of a twopenny omnibus. Funnyman, the wag, came last, whirling up rapidly in a hansom, just as Mrs. Gashleigh with rage in her heart was counting that two people had failed, and that there were only seventeen after all.

Mr. Truncheon passed our names to Mr. Billiter, who bawled them out on the stairs. Rosa was smiling in a pink dress, and looking as fresh as an angel, and received her company with that grace which has always characterized her.

The moment of the dinner arrived, old Lady Bungay scuffled off on the arm of Fitzroy, while the rear was brought up by Rosa and Lord Castlemouldy of Ballyshanvanvoght Castle, Co. Tipperary. Some fellows who had the luck took down ladies to dinner. I was not sorry to be out of the way of Mrs. Rowdy, with her dandified airs, or of that high and mighty county princess Mrs. Topham Sawyer.

VII.

Of course it does not become the present writer, who has partaken of the best entertainment which his friends could supply, to make fun of their (somewhat ostentations, as it must be confessed) hospitality. If they gave a dinner beyond their means it is no business of mine. I hate a man who goes and eats a friend’s meat, and then blabs the secrets of the mahogany. Such a man deserves never to be asked to dinner again; and though at the close of a London season that seems no great loss, and you sicken of a whitebait as you would of a whale—yet we must always remember that there’s another season coming, and hold our tongues for the present.

As for describing, then, the mere victuals on Timmins’ table, that would be absurd. Everybody (I mean of the genteel world, of course, of which I make no doubt the reader is a polite ornament)—everybody has the same everything in London. You see the same coats, the same dinners, the same boiled fowls and mutton, the same cutlets, fish, and cucumbers,
the same lumps of Wenham Lake ice, etc. The waiters with white neck cloths are as like each other everywhere as the peas which they hand round with the ducks of the second course. Can't anyone invent anything new?

The only difference between Timmins' dinner and his neighbors' was that he had hired, as we have said, the greater part of the plate, and that his cowardly conscience magnified faults and disasters of which no one else probably took heed.

But Rosa thought, from the supercilious air with which Mrs. Topham Sawyer was eying the plate and other arrangements, that she was remarking the difference of the ciphers on the forks and spoons (which had, in fact, been borrowed from every one of Fitzroy's friends—I know, for instance, that he had my six, among others, and only returned five, along with a battered old black-pronged plated abomination, which I have no doubt belongs to Mrs. Gashleigh, whom I hereby request to send back mine in exchange)—their guilty consciences, I say, made them fancy that everyone was spying out their domestic deficiencies, whereas, it is probable that nobody present thought of their failings at all. People never do: they never see holes in their neighbors' coats—they are too indolent, simple, and charitable.

Some things, however, one could not help remarking; for instance, though Fitz is my closest friend, yet could I avoid seeing and being amused by his perplexity and his dismal efforts to be facetious? His eye wandered all round the little room with quick uneasy glances, very different from those frank and jovial looks with which he is accustomed to welcome you to a leg of mutton; and Rosa, from the other end of the table, and over the flowers, entrée dishes, and wine-coolers, telegraphed him with signals of corresponding alarm. Poor devils! why did they ever go beyond that leg of mutton!

Funnyman was not brilliant in conversation, scarcely opening his mouth, except for the purposes of feasting. The fact is, our friend Tom Dawson was at table, who knew all his stories, and in his presence the greatest wagis always silent and uneasy.

Fitz has a very pretty wit of his own, and a good reputation on circuit; but he is timid before great people. And indeed the presence of that awful Lady Bungay on his right hand was enough to damp him. She was in court mourning (for the late Prince of Schlippenchloppen). She had on a large black funereal turban and appurtenances, and a vast breastplate of twinkling, twiddling black bugles. No wonder a man could not be gay in talking to her.
Mrs. Rowdy and Mrs. Topham Sawyer love each other as women do who have the same receiving nights, and ask the same society; they were only separated by Ranville Ranville, who tries to be well with both; and they talked at each other across him.

Topham and Rowdy growled out a conversation about rum, Ireland, and the navigation laws, quite unfit for print. Sawyer never speaks three words without mentioning the House and the speaker.

The Irish peer said nothing (which was a comfort); but he ate and drank of everything which came in his way; and cut his usual absurd figure in dyed whiskers and a yellow under-waistcoat.

General Gulpin sported his star, and looked fat and florid, but melancholy. His wife ordered away his dinner, just like honest Sancho's physician at Barataria.

Botherby's stories about Lamaratine are as old as the hills, since the barricades of 1848; and he could not get in a word or cut the slightest figure. And as for Tom Dawson, he was carrying on an undertoned small-talk with Lady Barbara St. Marys, so that there was not much conversation worth record going on within the dining room.

Outside it was different. Those houses in Lilliput Street are so uncommonly compact that you can hear everything which takes place all over the tenement; and so

In the awful pauses of the banquet, and the hall door being furthermore open, we had the benefit of hearing:

The cook, and the occasional cook, below stairs, exchanging rapid phrases regarding the dinner;

The smash of the soup tureen, and swift descent of the kitchenmaid and soup ladle down the stairs to the lower regions. This accident created a laugh, and rather amused Fitzroy and the company, and caused Funnyman to say, bowing to Rosa, that she was mistress of herself, though China fell. But she did not heed him, for at that moment another noise commenced, namely that of

The baby in the upper rooms, who commenced a series of piercing yells, which, though stopped by the sudden clapping to of the nursery door, were only more dreadful to the mother when suppressed. She would have given a guinea to go upstairs and have done with the whole entertainment.

A thundering knock came at the door very early after the dessert, and the poor soul took a speedy opportunity of summoning the ladies to depart, though you may be sure it was
only old Mrs. Gashleigh, who had come with her daughters—of course the first person to come. I saw her red gown whisking up the stairs, which were covered with plates and dishes, over which she trampled.

Instead of having any quiet after the retreat of the ladies, the house was kept in a rattle, and the glasses jingled on the table as the flymen and coachmen plicated the knocker, and the soirée came in. From my place I could see everything: the guests as they arrived (I remarked very few carriages, mostly cabs and flies), and a little crowd of blackguard boys and children, who were formed round the door, and gave ironical cheers to the folks as they stepped out of their vehicles.

As for the evening party, if a crowd in the dog days is pleasant poor Mrs. Timmins certainly had a successful soirée. You could hardly move on the stair. Mrs. Sternhold broke in the banisters, and nearly fell through. There was such a noise and chatter you could not hear the singing of the Miss Gashleighs, which was no great loss. Lady Bungay could hardly get to her carriage, being entangled with Colonel Wedgewood in the passage. An absurd attempt was made to get up a dance of some kind; but before Mrs. Crowder had got round the room the hanging lamp in the dining room below was stove in, and fell with a crash on the table, now prepared for refreshment.

Why, in fact, did the Timminses give that party at all? It was quite beyond their means. They have offended a score of their old friends, and pleased none of their acquaintances. So angry were many who were not asked that poor Rosa says she must now give a couple more parties and take in those not previously invited. And I know for a fact that Fubsby’s bill in not yet paid; nor Binney & Latham’s, the wine merchants; that the breakage and hire of glass and china cost ever so much money; that every true friend of Timmins has cried out against his absurd extravagance, and that now, when everyone is going out of town, Fitz has hardly money to pay his circuit, much more to take Rosa to a watering place, as he wished and promised.

As for Mrs. Gashleigh, the only feasible plan of economy which she can suggest, is that she should come and live with her daughter and son-in-law, and that they should keep house together. If he agrees to this she has a little sum at the banker’s, with which she would not mind easing his present difficulties; and the poor wretch is so utterly bewildered and crestfallen that it is very likely he will become her victim.
The Topham Sawyers, when they go down into the country, will represent Fitz as a ruined man and reckless prodigal; his uncle, the attorney, from whom he has expectations, will most likely withdraw his business, and adopt some other member of his family—Blanche Crowder, for instance, whose husband, the doctor, has had high words with poor Fitzroy already, of course at the women's instigation. And all these accumulated miseries fall upon the unfortunate wretch because he was good-natured, and his wife would have a Little Dinner.