

THE BUDGET
OF
THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

“Frangas non Flectas.”

“The business of mankind is strangely trifling and transient. Things are so hollow, and so quickly hurried off, that the world looks somewhat like a scene of necromancy, and seems to be more apparition than real life.”—*Meditations of the EMPEROR MARCUS ANTONINUS*.

“Ridendo dicere Verum.”—HORAT.

“Bubble! bubble! toil and trouble!”—MACBETH.



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BY
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AUTHOR OF "CHEVELEY."

IN THREE VOLS.

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DEDICATION.

TO FRANCES TROLLOPE.

MY DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

IN dedicating this book to you, do not suppose that I am actuated by the vanity (laudable as it might be) of publicly associating my name with yours, or even that I am instigated by an admiration of your talents; no, for the latter feeling I long ago invested in the treasury of public opinion, from whence you derive your fame; so that since I have had the real honour and happiness of knowing you personally, you have received nothing further from me on that score; indeed I have almost forgotten that you have talents, so merged has my affection and admiration been for qualities in the possession of which you are, alas! almost unique.

Alphonso Karr says in one number of his admirable "Guêpes," that till the Emperor of China went to war, he had always believed China to be an imaginary place, like Swift's Lilliput! In like manner, till I knew you, I confess I had reason to believe that honesty and justice were fabulous virtues. You have convinced me to the contrary, and my gratitude is as immutable as your integrity. In your ethics, you admit but two principles, RIGHT and WRONG; the former has been your choice, and neither bribes nor threats can ever induce you from expediency to discover an imaginary intermediate path that may eventually lead to the latter. But while all admire your incorruptible honesty, which in you amounts to sublimity, some in detracting from your courage confess their own moral turpitude, by asserting that you stand too high, and are too independent, to suffer from being just and staunch even to me! You do indeed stand too high, but not from the reasons they assign; but because your unflinching integrity approaches you, on all

occasions and under all circumstances, to the divine source from whence it emanates. However, in expressing my gratitude to you, I do not wish to appear ungrateful to others; for their kind words to, and commiseration of, me, I thank them; and for their timid silence to others I do not even blame them, but cannot help regretting the truth of Chamfort's assertion: "Que les gens faibles sont, les troupes légères de l'armée des méchants, ils font plus de mal que l'armée même, ils infestent et ils ravagent." And now, farewell, till we meet on our pleasant journey. At Venice even the walls of the Inquisition may "prate of my whereabouts," if they please, for I shall be with you. But with you, or away from you, you will ever have the fervent blessing of,

MY DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

Your affectionate and grateful,

Though obliged,

ROSINA LYTTON BULWER.

Paris, July 13, 1840.

P R E F A C E.

THIS Book was to have appeared last March. As usual, every thing possible, and almost impossible, has been done to prevent its appearing at all; but as I merely write for bread, I shall continue to write, and to publish what I do write. With regard to the different personages of the "Bubble Family," I have no doubt that their characters will be thought overdrawn—I can only assure the public, for whose opinion I alone care, that every one of their sayings, doings, seeings, and adventures, are subdued far under the originals. I think it, however, right to

state, that none of them live in Shropshire; and furthermore, that I myself have never been there, except to change horses at Shrewsbury;—but as people must live somewhere, I thought it as well to build Bubble Hall where “cakes and ale” still abound. N.B.—Lord John Bubble is not Lord John Russell, who, though a Whig, I believe to be an excellent man and thorough gentleman, worthy of the untainted stock from whence he comes. For the abuse heaped upon my last book, I return my sincere thanks, as it came from those whose praise is a blot, and whose support is a degradation. As I am on my way to Italy, and shall therefore have no opportunity of correcting the proofs of this book, I make a generous present of all the misprints in which it may abound, to the liberal (!) press,

as a foundation whereupon to erect a colossal superstructure of invective; and to the unbought and unbuyable part of the press, the “Diomedæ Aves,”—in fact, who had the courage and the justice to defend me against the literary and political Hectors of Cliqueism on a former occasion,—I gratefully commit myself on this, convinced that there will be more than one Macedonius amongst them, capable of victoriously carrying off and destroying the consecrated palladium of puffery and party.

PARIS, July, 1840.

THE BUDGET

OF

THE BUBBLE FAMILY

A STAGE COACH.—SIMPSON AND CO.'S FIGURES, WITHOUT TROPES.—“TEARS OF BOYHOOD'S YEARS.”

AT an epoch like the present, when the political hemisphere of Great Britain is dazzling the world with its brightness, owing entirely to those stars of the Bubble Family which now sway its destinies—it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to descant, physiologically, or even historically, upon their well-known attributes; suffice it to say, that they have been from time immemorial *Whigs*—a term in itself comprising, and implying that love of civil and religious liberty, which makes men *Arians*, or any-thing-Arians, as occasion, or that most colossal of Whig bulwarks, expediency, may require. Of the antiquity of this widely-spread, and most aristocratic family, no one can be ignorant, who is even slightly acquainted with sacred or profane his-

tory; in the former they may trace their descent from Jacob; and every Bubble can to this day say with him, "I am a smooth man," being equal adepts in pseudology, with that brother-cheating patriarch. In the latter it will be seen that their blood has flowed through countless ages in the veins of the most distinguished poets, painters, warriors, philosophers, and statesmen; but why should I go back to Sallust or Alcibiades, when a subject the Bubbles have always had most at heart, now engrosses my attention,—I mean their own affairs; but this I say in strict confidence to *you*, my dear reader, for it is one of the greatest charms of their name that they always *appear* more interested about others than themselves, and I have no doubt that it was some of their Norman ancestors who first gave our Gallic neighbours the idea of that tapestry for which they have since been so celebrated, and wherein are produced the most high-coloured, smooth, and beautiful effects, on the outward and visible side, by the most cross-grained and contradictory workings on the reverse or invisible one. But, I forget myself! a most unpardonable thing to do, especially in ladies' society, as I venture to hope I now am.

Our hero, Mr. Cecil Bubble Howard's mother,

was a very distant connexion of the Bubble Family; but, being both a beauty and an heiress, and marrying his father, then a man about town, an 'habitué' of Carlton House, a flash speaker in *the* House, a boon companion of Fox and Sheridan, the third wit at Brookes's, and in the *nominal* receipt of ten thousand a-year, the whole family took care to cousin her, while they *cozened* him still more; for the Whigs of his day were not sufficiently pure to shudder at poor relations, as they have virtuously done, since patronage has succeeded patriotism in their calendar.

As for Cecil I confess he had little of the Bubble in him, and had therefore a much more natural leaning towards the Howards, notwithstanding that from the Bubbles came rocking-horses, and Shetland ponies, which gifts were sweetened and cemented with forty-thieve-like jars of marmalade and strawberry jam, and golden tips, upon each of his half yearly flittings from Upper Brook Street to Eaton. Children proverbially delight in Bubbles; it was a wonder then that he should not have doated on such great and glorious ones as these; even the great-unknown, who lived in the English Siberia, Suffolk and Norfolk, forget not their Christmas con-

tributions of turkies, hams, and Ripston pippins; and had 'detur pulchriosi' been inscribed upon each of them, they could not have occasioned greater discord between his brothers and himself than they invariably did.

The only one of the family he ever came personally in contact with, was Lord John Bubble, a personage eminently disqualified for winning the youthful heart, whether male or female; his face always reminded him of the scales of his mother's medicine chest, in which her maid used with dun-like punctuality to weigh out for nursery consumption, three times a-week, equal portions of rhubarb and magnesia; for his hair was of a dingy red, and his face of spotless white, with a good substratum of bilious-looking brass, like the scales aforesaid; and his long, lanky, spiral figure was not inaptly represented by the narrow shadowy strings; his hands were particularly odious, being large, flat and freckled, like the back of a plaice; and in order effectually to keep them from picking and stealing, he always kept them in his pockets—which were in those days as empty as his head. His summer dress invariably consisted of obliterated nankeens, and gaiters to match, terminated by very thick-soled shoes, badly cleaned, a bottle-green coat, gilt

buttons, white cravat, and buff marsalla waist-coat, spotted like a seed-cake. At the time alluded to, Lord John was five-and-thirty, and considered even by his own party a most unpromising *youth*, but he has since attained to office and to fifty, and he is now looked upon by them as a *most promising young man*; his voice was thin and hollow, like the north wind whistling through a key-hole; and he had the very disagreeable peculiarity of never smiling when he bowed, though I firmly believe he was solely indebted to this hiatus in good-breeding for having since obtained the character of a great statesman and a profound thinker. At least I do not know what else it has arisen from, as the world in general is still unacquainted with the fact of his once having given Cecil a tip of ten pounds for murdering Demosthenes' oration for the liberty of the Rhodians, while he and Mr. Howard were prosing over their claret. At that moment Cecil certainly thought him the wisest and best of men; and had the matter been put to the ballot, he would undoubtedly have voted to that effect; but a boy of fourteen may be forgiven for forming a hasty judgment; and ten pound voters *then* were not a whit wiser than they are now.

things were progressing in this state, when his poor mother caught a severe cold at a ball, of which in a few days she died, leaving his father the most resigned of widowers, and an example to all those ill-regulated minds who re went to indulge in inordinate sorrow on such occasions. His mourning was irreproachable; and his respect to his wife's memory equally so, for he never married again, but devoted himself entirely to patriotism, that is, giving dinners to his friends, spending thousands at elections to forward the interests of political aspirants of his own party, and beef-staking it at Bellamy's every day of a great 'delicte.' What was the self-immolation of M. Curtius to this? And, verily, he had his reward, for he lived to see the reform bill passed, his friends in office, and himself forgotten! The *relative* position of the first Whig premier prevented his doing any thing for him, even the trifling favour of getting his son Cecil made paid 'attaché,' after fourteen years penning in Spain, Vienna, the United States, and elsewhere; and each succeeding Whig cabinet were too indefatigably employed evincing their greatness of mind in conciliating their enemies, to be guilty of the vulgar prejudice of attending to their friends.

There is something exceedingly martial in the tactics of Whig policy; all their achievements are conducted upon the plan of a siege, wherein the scaling-ladder is of no use when once the fortress is gained, and may be thrown aside as soon as possible; while the weapons so lately hostilely pointed against them are secured without loss of time, and taken every possible care of, as the chief dependance of those at whose destruction they so long had aimed. But death 'æquo pede' knocks at the door of the happy and the unhappy, the prince and the pauper, the fortunate and the unfortunate; and he called upon Cecil's father, just as his other friends had begun to be less frequent in their visits. Peace be to his manes! He died, leaving our hero his broken fortunes, two brothers, and a sister, unprovided for; and the bitter fruits of his dear-bought experience. To do the world justice, for the first few months after his father's demise, before the house in town, and the villa at Wimbledon were sold, and it was ascertained without a doubt that they were beggars, it was more assiduous than ever in its attentions, and proffers of kindness; but the world is a shrewd world, and seems to have the Spanish proverb always ringing in its ear, which says, "Never take to thy arms

him upon whom fortune frowns, lest her displeasure extend to myself; for misery, like the plague, is apt to be contagious." All that astonished him was, that that portion of society, which is always deemed, and which he had always thought, the most heartless and hollow, namely, the great and the gay, were the only portion of it that continued towards them any particle of that kindness, and good-will, which had formerly greeted them on every side, while the low parasites, whom their former bounty had fed, fled from them like rats from a sinking ship—thereby proving that puddle-blood will tell in them as in beasts.

Lady John Bubble—for Lord John had lately accumulated a wife—and a hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds, kindly recommended that his sister Gertrude should go 'en pension' to some school where she might live cheaply, by assisting in the tuition of the pupils! While Lady Mary Leslie, whom Lady John had been indefatigable in warning her against, as a heartless, extravagant, and improper companion, now came forward in the kindest manner, pressing her to live with her, and assuring her that the obligation was all on her side, as she was too happy to have such a clever, handsome, and agreeable girl staying with her.

Both his brothers were abroad, and poor Gertrude being thus in a manner provided for, Cecil resolved upon visiting some of the numerous zoologicals of his mother's family, scattered about the different parts of the United Kingdom. Previous to his leaving London, he however resolved to make one more effort to obtain his brother George's promotion, who had been broiling as a Lieutenant for the last ten years in India. He was sanguine of success, from a great friend of his father's, an old Colonel Dragglefar, who being Deputy-Adjutant-General, albeit unlike most old Colonels, was the most sentimental of men, and romantically chivalric in his defence of the oppressed, provided their wrongs were literary, or had become historical. With regard to the living he was more prudent, always bearing in mind, that "discretion is the wisest part of valour." His magnanimity with regard to the injured, extended even to works of supererogation; for long after Lord Byron had ceased to be attacked,—but, on the contrary, when a re-action had taken place in his favour,—he published an elaborate defence of him, which, however, had the bad effect of throwing an odium upon that mighty name, which its bitterest enemies had never been able to do before

—that of ridicule. However, love and literature were the poor Colonel's stumbling-blocks, and he was eternally floundering over the one or the other; and such sympathy was there in both, that the former always produced the same effect as the latter, and the latter as the former—laughter! but what was all this to Cecil, when he recollected that in his boyish days, he was wont to rate him as an embryo Cicero; and that, moreover, upon once landing at Plymouth, where he was only to remain two days, he had taken the trouble of posting all the way to Eaton, to see him for half-an-hour! These were obligations not easily forgotten, at least by one who had never as yet received greater from any of his fellow-creatures; so accordingly to the Horse-guards he repaired by twelve the next morning, and urged his request with all the eloquence he was master of. Nothing could be more hand-shakingly kind than Dragglesfar's reception of him; still he could not but observe, that instead of his former professions of going through fire and water to serve him, capped with a climax of—"Sir, the word *difficulty* is not to be found in my vocabulary, where a friend is to be served,"—he had an oracular shrug of the shoulders, and an owl-like elevation

of his ludicrously arched eyebrows, as a sort of running accompaniment to "Why, you see my dear fellow, the bars of military favour are very unbending, but on the *wool*," (as he always called whole), "I'll see what can be done for you; so don't leave town till you hear from me; where are you? eh?"

"At No.—Wilton Street," said Cecil, putting out his hand as he rose to depart.

"Good bye, good bye," said the Colonel, going with him to the door, where stretching his neck into the passage, his adieu terminated in "Ho! Orderly, take this up to the Commander-in-Chief's office," placing a large official packet in the soldier's hand, and waving his own to Cecil, as he retraced his steps into the room, and closed the door. Formerly he would have accompanied him across the court, and have given him a protocol of farewells and professions at the last gate, but 'non sum qualis eram,' thought he; and how could he expect to find others less changed than himself.

The now faint hope of doing something for his brother George, detained him three weeks longer in town; and having resolved upon a visit to the sister-kingdom, he determined upon distributing himself among his relations, and

therefore selected some of the Shropshire Bubbles for his first experiment, as he could take them ‘*chemin faisant*.’ Accordingly he dispatched an epistle to Sir Romulus Bubble, Bart., of Bubble Hall, Shropshire, a forty-fifth cousin of his mother’s, duly apprizing him of his intention, to which he received the following answer by return of post:—

“ TO CECIL BUBBLE HOWARD, ESQ.

“ No. -- Wilton Street,

“ Belgrave Square,

“ London.

“ Dear Cousin Howard,

“ In reply to your’s of yesterday, I have to say, that I and Lady B. shall be happy to see you here as soon as suits convenience, (your convenience understood), as well your cousins Cosmo, Betsey, and Lucy, also their uncle and aunts, my brothers and sisters, Marmaduke, Lucretia, and Prudence. Sorry to hear of your dreadful accident, hope you won’t be the worse of it all your life; glad, however, that your sister is going to be so well married, though cork-legs are now brought to such exactness, no one would ever be the wiser as I’m told. Have goodness to bring me the last

number of the Sporting Magazine, and a guinea cannister of Lundyfoot's Irish Blackguard, which is to be had at Pontet's, in Pall-Mall.

“ Your affectionate Cousin,

“ ROMULUS BUBBLE.

“ P.S. Dine at seven precisely.

“ P.S. Though I hope no pharisee, I'm certainly not a scribe as you'll see; for, on looking over this, I find I've put the cork-leg in the wrong place, but of course you'll understand its meant for you, and not your sister, or the marriage.”

Had this precious document been written in Hebrew, it would have been equally intelligible to Cecil; and the explanatory postscript respecting himself and the cork-leg, only made 'confusion worse confounded;' however, the part he did understand, namely, that about the commissions, he lost no time in attending to—so having ordered his servant Girouette (who, though a Frenchman and a fop, would not forsake him in his fallen fortunes), to take places in the Salopian coach for the next morning, he sallied forth to execute the worthy Baronet's commissions. Just as he was crossing from the colonnade of the Opera to go to Pontet's, Drag-

glefar, "with his long sword, saddle, bridle," galloped past him at such a rate, that he nearly rode over him; but seeing him, or rather two very pretty women getting out of their carriage to go into a shop, he pulled up with an "Ah, my dear Howard, delighted to see you. Sorry I've been unsuccessful about your brother," (this was his first intimation of the fact.) "I've called on you repeatedly at Brookes's, but have never been fortunate enough to find you."

"I don't live at Brookes's," said Cecil coldly, and fixing his eyes steadily upon him.

"Ah true—well, a—but I've not been very well," said this veracious friend, stroaking the gold lace down his right leg, though he had met him on an average three times a-week riding out to Richmond, "and a—I—a could not get as far as your end of the town."

"Good morning; Colonel Dragglesfar," said Cecil, taking off his hat in the most respectful manner, as he turned into Pontet's, in quest of the other blackguard specified in Sir Romulus Bubble's commission.

On his return home, he found Girouette surrounded by a chaos of portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and dressing-boxes, perched upon one of the former, mopping his forehead with a silk

pocket-handkerchief, and looking the very type and picture of desolation. "Well Girouette," said he, "have you taken the places for tomorrow?"

"Ah yes, I take dem, but a—Monsieur nevere like him!"

"Like who?" said Cecil.

"Dat vieille canaille de coach."

"Why?" enquired his master, endeavouring not to laugh.

"Ah bah! c'est une chose ridicule même à voir. No reading lamp, no manière de faire une dormeuse."—"No, noting tall."

"As to that, Girouette," said he soothingly, "one cannot expect a public conveyance to be either as convenient or as comfortable as one's own carriage."

"Ah yes, dere it is comfortable cômfortable; et ce maudit coach, he know noting tall bout *comfortable*;" and here p^or Girouette recommenced folding and unfolding divers and sundry waistcoats and pairs of stockings which lay macadamized about the room—lightening his labours with a few half muttered 'sacres,' which burst into audible thunder at some half-dozen successive knocks as the dressing-room door—all of which heralded in long parallelogramish

bluish paper letters, branded with the dim insignia of red and yellow wafers, which instead of handing to his master, he pettishly threw upon the table.

“Who are those letters for?” said Cecil.

“Pardon, Monsieur, they are no lettre tall, dey are only bills.”

“I’m afraid,” said he, smiling, as he walked over to the table, and opened them one after another, “they have been ordered to lay on the table so often that they must be passed at last.”

“Well, den, saire, pass dem over till your return to town.”

No bad idea this, but like many other fine conceptions, it was admirable in theory, with the slight drawback of being impracticable.

“I have no time just now, in the hurry of packing, for metaphysics,” thought Cecil; “but query, did Bishop Berkeley, or Kant, ever pay a bill?—No—Q. E. D.—or they never would have raved the anti-reality nonsense they did; for when one’s purse becomes a Republic, and one’s last sovereign has quitted the ‘bel retiro’ of its silken domicile, in the discharge of some odious debt—how touching is the Ophelia-like vacuity of that purse! to look upon it, one could almost fancy we heard it exclaim with Medora,

‘It is *no* dream, and I am desolate!’”

Apropos of dreams, having to rise at six the next morning, Cecil thought it as well to go to bed at a primitive hour; but alas! like the hero in Lover’s charming song of Molly Carew:—

“There was no use at all in his going to bed,
For ’twas dreams and not sleep that came into his head.”

He turned and tossed, and tossed and turned, and in that half-real half-imaginary phantasmagoria which passes through one’s brain between sleeping and waking—at one moment he beheld Lord John Bubble in all his senatorial dignity, standing up in his place in the House, advocating the rights of his injured countrymen; and proposing, in a torrent of eloquence, which came on his sleeping ear like the sound of the Falls of Niagara, as heard forty miles off—that the tax be taken off French brandy, and laid upon English mouse-traps—“*hear, hear,*” from the opposition benches, whilst a murmur of disapprobation arose among the tail, and Mr O’Connell’s voice was heard, sweet as the “first flower of the earth,” and clear as the first “*jim of the say,*” above it all, exclaiming “Oh murder, murder, he’ll be at the *rat*-traps next, and that’ll be contumpt of the House. Sure, and then we’ll have to divide (no great matter for that, to be

'sure, as I'll still govern), but if we've to take the sense of the House, what'll we do *then*? for 'ex nihilo nihil fit;' for, as the landlord of the Crown and Py, said of the small-beer, the last time I went down to Derrynane, '*Sure what's in it is out.*'" Still Lord John's eloquence flowed "on and'on for ever," like the mighty torrent already alluded to, and still his right hand thumped with convincing effect the table-rock of the House of Commons, while his ample shirt-collar rising like the white cliffs of his native isle, far above his ears, seemed to give a broad and decisive negative to any modern Marc Antony who should ask him to "lend him his ears." But lo! "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream"—St. Stephen's vanished, Lord John's voice was hushed, and Cecil himself was bounding about a smooth green "plaisance" with *Betsy Bubble*, whose hands he thought were red—but oh her nose was redder Lucy was thumping Sir Roger De Coverly on a spinet; and Lady Bubble, a sort of tableau-vivant of the dome of St. Paul's—her face being the cross on the top of it, was playing piquet with an umbrella-like looking old gentleman by the fire; which, strange to say, with the spinet, formed part of the *al fresco* paraphernalia of

Bubble Hall, as represented in his dream. Presently Sir Romulus himself entered. His 'aboard' was pie-bald with awe and affability: he advanced—Howard advanced—he extended his hand, Cecil extended his, and grasped—an enormous cork-leg!—this was too much! He awoke with a start, and found Girouette shivering by his bed-side, telling him that the sun had risen, and it was time he should follow his example, as the Rocket coach started at six.

“Starts at six does it?” said he, starting with horror, as he jumped out of bed and began his hasty toilet.

Arrived at the White Horse Cellar, Cecil looked in vain for one of those pretty, interesting, mysterious, and captivating looking young ladies, who invariably form one of the passengers of every mail-coach in a novel—but alas! he only saw a very fat lady in a snuff-coloured cloth pelisse, the waist of which resembled “the soul of wit,” inasmuch as that brevity was its chief characteristic. Her head-gear consisted of what (he has since learned from Sally the house-maid at Bubble Hall), is called a Tuscan straw-bonnet, and black lace veil; her capillary ornaments were a few mangy looking dun-coloured ringlets, ycleped by ladies

on the other side Temple Bar, 'a front;'—her eyes were a lightish green, something like badly bottled gooseberries, to which her ample and peony tinged cheeks, formed a glowing contrast, rising rampant as they did on either side of a nose, not unlike a white-washed ace of clubs; her upper lip, notwithstanding it projected like the spout of a butter-boat, was nevertheless eclipsed by the upper one, which had two long buttress-like teeth to prop it up or rather out—her wrists were protected against the morning air by a pair of buff worsted "comforters," which forming a border as it were to her fresh, red, raw, damp-looking fat hands, gave them the exact appearance of a nice tender beef-steak just severed from the rear of a defunct ox in Mr. Giblet's shop; while the thick and tightly laced black leather boots in which her feet were ensconced, evinced that feline antipathy to wet feet, which most of the biped portion of the tribe have in common with their quadruped peers. —A flat, narrow, and high covered basket, a green cotton umbrella, and a short stumpy apple-pudding faced boy, with a white night-cap surmounted by a brown beaver hat, secured to his head by the protecting medium of a pink and white cross-barred

cotton pocket-handkerchief, seemed the peculiar care of this "interesting female," as the police-reports have it, in cases of infanticide. Just as he arrived, the guard was in the act of shampooing the fat lady into the coach, while the coachman was bawling out, "I say, Marm, that ere basket of happles can never go hinside, unless so be as the young gemman likes to go houtside, for there haint no room for it, haint indeed."

"Ho! dear, ho! dear," said the fat lady, almost retrograding, to the frustration of the guard's long and arduous labours, "ho! dear, my James can *niver* go for to ride houtside. What would Mrs. Whabble and the Major say, if they heerd on it? for poor dear child he's so delicate like, and haint been used to no such thing."

"Vel then, marm," responded John, with a chuckle at his own wit, as he shoved the basket of apples on the top of the coach, "the happles wont take no hurt from a little fresh hair; cause vy? they been used to be houtside passengers." This important matter being arranged, and "James" having been stowed by the side of the fat lady (who from the reverential fears expressed by her of Mrs. Whabble and the Major, was

evidently not the maternal perpetrator of the night-capped youth), Cecil turned to reconnoitre his other 'compagnon de voyage,' who was patiently waiting his turn to get into the coach. He was a tall, dingy, bilious-looking man, of about six-and-twenty, who, judging by his unshorn chin and ebony-tipped nails, laboured under a sort of personal hydrophobia; a long French cloak was flung over his left shoulder, while a large anchor of brilliants, attached by a chain to an ample heart, of the same costly gems, transfixed with an arrow (which gave it much the appearance of a plump widgeon ready skewered for the spit), adorned a rather Ethiopian looking shirt; under his arm was a bright purple silk umbrella, with a pink border, carefully protected by a cover of the same; in his right hand was what (if we could have suspected a man of his appearance of such a thing), would have been taken for a dressing-box. Seeing a large brass plate upon it, Cecil could not resist reading the following inscription: "Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, Esq. M. C. B. W. New York." While he was puzzling his brain to know what the M. C. and B. W. could possibly mean, and just as he was deciding that M. C. stood godfather to master of the ceremonies all the

world over, Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson put down the box in question, and withdrew from a fob, deep, dark (and it might be dangerous) as the Gulf of Mexico, a blue enamel watch, set round with pearls, the watch itself being about the size in diameter and flatness of a breakfast plate. Instead of the ordinary black Roman numbers, which designate the hours, they were allegorically, poetically, and tastefully represented by small roses, and "Forget-me-nots," wreathed into figures on the showy dial plate; in the centre of which, in plain unadorned black copperplate, stood the following announcement:—

JOHN SCRAGGS, MAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

This beautiful touch of simplicity, in the midst of so much magnificence, could not fail to remind one of the story of the eastern king, who caused a triumphal arch of the utmost splendor to be built, whercon was emblazoned *his* name and his achievements! But lo! the tide of ages swept over it, the splendor vanished, and dust was in its stead; but, within the keystone of the arch, appeared, what the pomp of its former greatness had hitherto concealed, the name of the architect, in small deep unobtrusive letters. So,

thought Cecil, will it be with Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson's watch, when its flowers shall have faded, "as fade they must;" and when its glories shall have passed away, then shall the name (hallowed by the classic touch of time) of John Scroggs alone stand forth to tell of the mighty things that were!" There is no knowing to what altitudes such a sublime train of thought might have led him, had not Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, at that moment having finished winding his beautiful parterre of a watch, and replunged it into its broad-cloth abyss, accosted him with much nasal dulcetness in the following words:—"Are you part of our fare, sir, cause I calculate we're full late as it is, so you'd better get in, unless you are going outside."

Cecil having proclaimed his destination to be inside, he made way for Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson to enter the vehicle; but he with equal consideration and good-breeding gave place to him, which was an additional corroboration in his mind, of his being a Master of the Ceremonies, with whom, as he once heard an old lady at Margate remark, "*manners is everythang.*" So in he got, followed by Simpson and Co. that is, himself, his watch,

his diamond shirt anchorage, his brass-plated box, and his cerulean umbrella. The fat lady was busily employed in tugging at Master Whable's nose, with a thick cotton pocket-handkerchief, which had other military symptoms about it besides being scarlet, for it had evident marks of having been for some time on active service. After every blow, Master Whable impartially divided his attentions between a large Bath bun that he held in his right hand, and a large green apple that graced his left; and the considerate fat lady filled up the interstices by cramming lumps of Spanish liquorice into his mouth—announcing as she did so, that it was the best possible thing for a cold; while the liquorice oozing out of the corners of his mouth, “cast a browner honour” over his already lachrymose face. A negative turn of the head on the part of the fortunate youth, had just given his fat friend unequivocally to understand that he “could no more;” Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson had buttoned the last button of his bran-new and most respectable spinach-green surtout; Cecil had pulled down the moleskin ears of his green-velvet travelling cap, and all things seemed ready for their departure, when Girouette opened the coach-door, leading poor Bruno, a large black blood-hound

of his master's, by a silk handkerchief, and thrusting his head into the vehicle, extended his hand with an inviting air to Master Whabble, while he addressed the fat lady in the blindest tones to the following effect:—"If de little bon hofnme wil come on de top, it will be more 'agréable' to Monsieur to have de dog inside." The substance of this speech had to be repeated twice, before the fat lady could prevail upon herself to comprehend that such an inhuman proposition could be addressed to her; however, at length closing her lips, as nearly as her teeth would allow, in order to open them again, with a torrent of abuse upon poor Girouette, she thus began: "Why did I ever! vell such a piece of hinsolence I never heerd on in hall my born days; but all them furrineers is the most hunnatteralist, houtlandishest creturs as hever vas, for to go for to turn hout a christian to make room for a dum hænimal has haint paid for his place nor nothink—but its plain to see, munseer, as you haint no nature, or children, or wife, or nothink." Here the eloquent speaker was compelled to pause for want of breath; but true to her charge, she kept a convulsive grasp of Master Whabble's shoulder.

"Why no," said Girouette, with the most provoking calmness, as he pushed Bruno into

the coach, "I have not got no natural children, but for a wife, yes; I have been married dese ten year; my wife is dirty (thirty), and I am dirty two."

"Oh! as to that," said the fat lady, "I haint no doubt whatever of you and your wife both being dirty, for hall you furrineers his nasty filthy creturs."

Here she gave a practical illustration of the superiority of English cleanliness, by another tug at Master Whabble's nose, with the antique Tyrian purple handkerchief aforesaid. As soon as the convulsion of laughter Cœcil was in would allow him to speak, he interfered, commanding Girouette to take Bruno outside with him, and leave Master Whabble in unmolested possession of the place he had paid for. Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, at the same time turning to him, and observing, as he pantomimically washed his hands, "Well sir, I think you've done the right thing, for we gentlemen must not allow the ladies to be annoyed in any way we can prevent. I hope, ma'am, my legs are not in your way?" continued he, addressing the fat lady with a graceful jerk of the knees, which Cecil thought could only belong to the master of the ceremonies at New York.

"Oh dear no, not at all, sir, by no means,"

responded the fat lady, "I have been so used to Mr. Jinks, my usband's legs, which is so terrible long, that I thinks nothink of any one helses."

Peace being restored through the "polite attentions," or as Mrs. Jinks expressed it, the gehteel behaviour of Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson; and the "all right" of the guard having been answered by the crack of the coachman's whip, the party at length found themselves 'en route.'

Cecil was lost in a reverie, painting the Miss Bubbles in the colours of his own imagination.— Betsy he had dashed in, in good broad touches, as a brown bouncing dairy-maid-looking girl;— Lucy was tall, fair, and sentimental, with those half soft, half sparkling play-the-d—l kind of eyes, which always convey to one the idea of nature's having paused over their creation, uncertain whether their possessor should be a victim or a vixen, and budding and blooming like a moss rose in June, all blushes, dimples, and timidity. He was just giving the last 'piquante' turn to her nose, when he was interrupted by the nasal tones of Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson's voice, propounding the following query:—"Going all the way to Ireland, sir, or only going as far as Shropshire?" Recollecting Benjamin Franklin's

grand junction preventive safety-valve for Yankee curiosity, he adopted it, by responding in a clear and audible voice,

“I live in Wilton-street when in London; I am not going to Ireland at present, but intend doing so eventually; to-day I go no further than Bubble Hall, in Shropshire, on a visit to a relation of mine.”

“Oh indeed, sir!” said Mr. Simpson, evidently disappointed that he had not been allowed transatlantically to acquire this important intelligence by interrogatory instalments; and then ensued a pause of some minutes, when Simpson resumed,—“This is *my* first visit to Europe, sir, and I confess I am much surprised at the freedom and immorality of European (vulgo European) manners.”

“Bad enough, certainly,” agreed Cecil.

“Then I’m also greatly surprised at the effeminacy of English gentlemen;—you’ll excuse me, sir, but I mean in *high life*.” (!)

“I cannot coincide in that opinion,” replied Cecil, “for I think manliness of character and bearing is almost the only ancestral virtue left to us; but what is it, may I ask, that has impressed you with such an unfavourable idea of us?”

“Oh sir,” responded Mr. Simpson, still

politely taking the utmost pains to exclude Cecil from the upper classes; "I only mean those chaps in the fashionable world; for what can be more effeminate than shaving every day, and dressing for dinner?"

With difficulty preventing himself from laughing outright, Mr. Howard ventured to suggest, that according to his notions, there could not well be a more unfeminine proceeding than that of shaving, but his Yankee opponent was not to be bearded out of his opinion. Curiosity certainly must be infectious, for Cecil was waxing exceedingly anxious to know the exact meaning of the mystic letters inscribed upon Mr. Simpson's dressing box, or whatever box it was he held upon his knee; but not having had the good fortune to be born at the other side of the Atlantic, he was vainly endeavouring to hit upon an expedient whereby he might appease his curiosity, when Master Whabble, for the first time, favoured them with the sound of his voice, by saying, as he crammed the last lump of apple into his mouth, and pointing with his thereby vacant hand to Mr. Simpson's box,—

"I say, gran ma, what do them letters mean?"

"My dear James, niver pint," said the Chesterfieldian Mrs. Jinks, without even at-

tempting to convey to her grandson the knowledge for which he was thirsting; "it haint genteel; but I'm sure, sir, you're too purlite not to hexcuse him?"

Simpson nodded assent; while James returned to the charge, by reiterating in his former contralto drawl, "Yes, but I say, what are them letters though?"

"Those letters, my little man," said Mr. Simpson, with the most winning affability, "those letters after my name, stand for, Member of Congress, Broadway, New York;—Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, Member of Congress, Broadway, New York."

"Oh!" grunted James, evidently no wiser than he had been before, as he leant his head on Mrs. Jinks's shoulder, and returned tenderly and confidingly into his left hand the only thing in the world that he did seem to understand, namely, the Bath bun, which he had been previously discussing. From the moment Cecil Howard discovered the interesting fact of Mr. Simpson's being a member of Congress, the conversation became political; Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson lauding a republic beyond every other form of government, and stoutly refuting Cecil's objection, that

some nations were essentially anti-republican in their feelings?

“No, sir, no,” said Mr. Simpson, emphatically thumping the large square box on his lap; “I will never believe that a republic is not the natural order of things; why the very birds of the air give us an example of this; storks, for instance, will only live in republics or free states.”

“I am aware,” said Cecil, “that this was an old notion, contrived to advance the opinion of popular policies; and, from antipathies in nature, to disparage monarchical governments; but that there was no truth in these assertions, I think may be clearly proved; for instance, Pliny assures us, that among the Thessalians, who were governed by kings, and much abounded with serpents, it was no less than capital to kill a stork; and that the ancient Egyptians honoured them, whose government was from all times monarchical. Bellonius, too, asserts that the Gauls used to make nests for them; besides, in Persia and Turkey they abound; and even Jeremiah speaks thus to his countrymen, whose government was at that time monarchical: ‘The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times;’ all of which, I think, proves

beyond dispute, that storks, as well as statesmen, may flourish under a monarchical government."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Simpson, gracefully drawing the back of his hand across his nose, "you've got a-head of me *there* I confess; and I suppose the fable of king Log and king Stork had its origin in the facts you have just adduced," continued he, chuckling at what he thought a keen and brilliant piece of satire; "but in literature, sir, in literature it is different; genius can't, and won't be fettered, for which reason you hear of the *republic* of letters, and not the *kingdom* of letters."

"I rather suspect," rejoined Cecil, smiling, "Hood's derivation of that phrase is the true one."

"What may that be, sir?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Why that it is called the *republic* of letters, because authors are such poor devils, that they have not a sovereign amongst them."

Mr. Simpson was bent upon supporting his dignity; consequently, instead of the laugh Cecil expected, he assumed a most owl-like gravity, and waving the subject altogether, after rummaging for some time in his right-hand waistcoat pocket, he withdrew from it a large round copper medal, which he handed to his companion, saying,—

“A beautiful thing, sir, is it not?”

In the centre of the medal stood a lion, with a tail that looked as if it had discovered the longitude; over him was the following inscription:

MY STRENGTH IS IN MY

spa,

the Greek word for tail; while round this beautiful and truly original device, was a border of round spots and shamrocks.

“What may it allude to?” inquired Cecil.

“The reverse side will tell you, sir,” replied Mr. Simpson, waving his hand with great dignity; and accordingly he turned the medal, and read the following inscription:—

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL,
THE GREATEST MAN OF THE AGE,
THE AGITATOR OF IRELAND
AND THE RULER OF ENGLAND;
THIS TRIBUTE OF
ESTEEM AND APPROBATION
IS INSCRIBED
BY TWENTY AMERICAN GENTLEMEN!

Never did mortal run so great a risk of being choked by suppressed laughter, as did Cecil Howard, after the perusal of this grandiloquent inscription, terminating in twenty American gentlemen! for he could not help applying to it Horace Walpole's critique upon “*L'Honnête*

Criminel :” “ Mais ce que je trouve délectable c'est le langage, qui est partout d'un prosaïque bas, et même rampant.” But burying his face within the friendly folds of his pocket handkerchief, he at length ventured to ask what the round spots between the shamrocks might signify ?

“ That, sir,” said Mr. Simpson triumphantly, “ is the most beautiful part of the design ; it is a complimentary allusion to Mr. O'Connell's favourite quotation of ‘ First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea :’ the allusion is this, sir, that the shamrock is the first flower of the earth ; and those round spots are meant for pearls, which are unquestionably the first, and indeed, I believe, the only gems of the sea ; for coral can scarcely be called a gem, and those that have got to the bottom of it by shipwrecks, of course don't count.”

This was too much ; and Cécil was compelled to put his head out of the window and laugh at his ease ; when he drew it in again, Mr. Simpson had replaced the medal ;—and Mrs. Jinks was gently chiding Master Whabble for kicking the flat square basket which reclined at his feet ; and then turning to Mr. Simpson, her face glowing with virtuous indignation, she exclaimed,—

“ I must say, sir, begging your pardon, they

can have but very little sense in Amerrykey, to be giving of medals to sich a feller as Ho'Connell, the most desperatest, deceivingest Radical as ever was; I've no patience with him, I can't a bear his very name; no wonder them poor hignorant Hirish goes on cutting beach hother's throats, when sich a feller as that leads them by the nose;—no, no, as my son-in-law, Major Whabble, says, king and country is my motter, or queen and country I'spose it is now: but dear, dear, to think if the major know'd of Ho'Connell getting a medal, Hi'me sure he'd never wear his own Waterloo or Talewera medal again;—James, my love, don't ee kick that ere basket so, there's a good feller."

"Why, ma'am," replied Mr. Simpson with a smile of pitying contempt, "I am sorry to differ from the ladies whenever it can be avoided, but in this instance, I must say I differ 'in toto;' and I think, if you live to eat a few more Christmas dinners, so will you;—for as one of our great American poets beautifully observes—

'A yellow stream of golden light now floods the world.'

"I don't know if it is a yellow stream of golden light," said Cecil, "but a yellow stream of something certainly floods the coach; for look here," continued he, lifting up the corner of Mr. Simpson's long spinach-coloured vestment, which was dabbled in a saffron tide.

“Oh dear! oh dear!” exclaimed Mrs. Jinks, “if you haint a broke all them new heggs, James, as hi was a taking to your poor ma;— dear sir! Hi’m so sorry, but your coat won’t be nothink the worse if you’ll let me rub it a bit?”

Here the handkerchief that had been so indefatigably active and zealous in the service of James’ nose, was stretched out for the purpose; but even Mr. Simpson, with all his transatlantic notions of freedom, and prejudices in favour of a community of goods, shrank from the contamination of its touch, as he vented his spleen with—“Well! I’ve heard of coals to Newcastle, but I never before heard of taking eggs from London to the country!”

“Oh! law, sir, my Jane, like myself, was born in Lunnun, and she never fancies heggs nor nothink else good hout of Lunnun; but, indeed, sir, Hi’m so sorry for your coat. James, my dear, I was afear’d you’d break ’em, a kicking of the basket so, but tell the gentleman as you’re sorry for it, and don’t cry, don’t ee, there’s a dear. I knew no good would come of talking of that feller Ho’Connell,” muttered Mrs. Jinks, as she mopped up “the golden flood” with the handkerchief of all work.

“Pooh! what a smell!” exclaimed Mr. Simpson.

“There is something rotten in the state of

Denmark," said Howard, opening the window to let in a little fresh air.

"Egzactly," cried Mrs. Jinks, "that's jist what the major always says (out of some play-book, you know, sir) whenever he reads of Ho'Connell's goings hon in the noosepapers."

Mr. Simpson, as much to put an end to Mrs. Jink's animadversions on Flo'Connell, as to evince his forgiving spirit, turned to Master Whabble with Utopian benevolence, begging he would dry his tears, as his coat was of no consequence.

"I haint crying about your coat," responded that amiable youth, "I'm crying for ma's eggs, for I know she'd have given me five shillings for remembering them," and so saying, he turned his right shoulder full in Mr. Simpson's face; but philanthropy like his was not to be vanquished by a cold shoulder; therefore, resuming with a seraphic smile, he said,

"Come, my little man, let us see if you and I can't find out something."

"What?" drawled Master Whabble, half turning his face round with a conflicting expression of sulk and curiosity.

"Why, suppose now," said Mr. Simpson, making a pendulum of the fore-finger of his right hand against the thumb of his left, "suppose Queen Anne had given £500 among her soldiers that were wounded at the battle of Hoch-

sted, and that there were in all three hundred men; that is, two hundred and seventy-five privates, twelve Sergeants, three Ensigns, four Lieutenants, and two Captains, and that each Sergeant had three times as much as a private, each Ensign five times as much, each Lieutenant seven times as much, and a Captain nine times as much, how much would each of them have had, eh?" asked Mr. Simpson, who, like Sir Kenelm Digby, seemed a "gentleman absolute in all numbers."

No answer from Master Whabble, but his eyes and mouth opened wide and vacantly, after the fashion of a galvanized corpse.

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Simpson, "I think it must be this way. Suppose each private soldier had £1, then the number of them being two hundred and seventy-nine, they must have had £279 amongst them, the twelve Sergeants £86, the three Ensigns £15, the four Lieutenants £28, and the two Captains £24; now all this makes but £382, and it should have made £500; therefore say by a rule of three if £382 are derived from one, whence are derived £500? and you will find $\frac{1250}{382}$ or £1. 6s. $\frac{1}{2}$ for each soldier's share, which being known, all the rest is easily known."

Here Mr. Simpson paused, stroking his chin most complacently. Cecil no longer wondered at

the frequent use the Americans make of the phrase "I calculate;" but this arithmetical problem, which Mr. Simpson had solved so much to his own satisfaction, seemed to have a very different effect upon Master Whabble, for, bursting into a roar of crying, his face was again hid upon Mrs. Jinks's shoulder.

"James, my love, James, what his the matter? the gentleman was only trying in the purlitest manner to amuse you."

"I know he was mocking me," whimpered James, "for I can't a bear rethmatic, and he knows it."

"Oh, fie! fie! James, my dear, how should he know it?"

"'Cause every body knows it," logically responded James.

"Law, my dear," said Mrs. Jinks, soothingly, applying the eternal handkerchief to James's eyes, "I'm sure the gentleman is too genteel not to take you for a better scholard than to spose sich a think as you could dislike rethmatic, and I hope you will never let your grand-father Jinks hear you say nothink of the sort, for how would he a made all his money if it hadn't been for rethmatic? and I'm sure, sir," continued she, turning to Mr. Simpson, "my Jinks would have been hedified had he heer'd your puzzle, for he'd

a hunderstood hevery cipher of it, and tho' it was quite beyond my conception and hunderstanding, yet I feel hextremely himproved and obleeged to you for it."

Mr. Simpson looked appeased at this just and flattering tribute to his talents, and nothing of any further importance occurred till they reached Cheltenham, where, while changing horses at the Plough, Mrs. Jinks presented Master Whabble with a lump of bread and two legs of cold goose, observing, as she placed one in either hand, "that she was sure the poor dear child must be starved!" Girouette opened the door to know if his master wanted any thing, and received an order for some soda water, which having brought, the coach again proceeded, and Mr. Simpson dropt into an abstruse sleep: his example soon after being followed by Mrs. Jinks and her grand-son, a charming concert ensued, which lasted all the way to Shrewsbury; the thorough-bass of Mr. Simpson, accompanied as it was by Master Whabble's tenor, and Mrs. Jinks's falsetto, formed, "take it all in all," a melody not likely to be heard again in that short span of time the life of one individual;—and, therefore, being like the Apollo of Belvidere, unique, it long retained a chamber to itself in the memory of Cecil Howard.

CHAPTER II.

“Trouble not yourself with wishing that things may be just as you would have them, but be well pleased they should be just as they are, and then you will live casie.”—EPICTETUS.

“Authority and reason on her wait.”—MILTON.

“Poor legs! how *should* they! such an unmerciful load!”

SCHILLER'S *Piccolomini*.

BUBBLE HALL.—A MEETING—WHICH SHEWETH THE GOOD EFFECTS OF DOING AS OTHER PEOPLE DO—AND HOW BENEFICIAL IS THE CRY OF ‘A LA LANTERNE’ WHEN NOT UTTERED ON REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES.—AUNTS—AND ANTIDOTES IN THEIR RELATIVE POSITIONS.—SUPPER—AND SUPPOSITIONS.—LADY BUBBLE, WHO HAD BEEN A BELLE IN 1798.

It was dark when the coach stopped at the Talbot, at Shrewsbury; therefore the friendly wag of welcome the broken tail of the stone dog gives to every vehicle that drives up to the door, from the motion occasioned thereby, was lost on Cecil and his travelling companions.

“Well, so here you are at last, and I’ve been here with the gig this half hour—heavy baggage always slow, as I tell Mrs. W: ha! ha! ha!”

This speech was addressed to Mrs. Jinks by a lanky gentleman much resembling a snipe upon a hop-pole, in a foraging cap, blue military

surtout, and sash, whose identity was proved as that of Major Whabble, by James having addressed to him the endearing epithet of "pa," as he clapped his hands, kicked Mr. Simpson's ancles, and vociferated, "take me out, take me out!" No sooner had James been placed on terra firma, and desisted from clawing his father, than the latter held out both his hands to help Mrs. Jinks to alight, Mr. Simpson kindly applying his knee to her back, and his hands to her shoulders from within, to assist in the 'tableau vivant' of *Multum in parvo* which she had got up in the door way of the coach. The first step had been reached, with a loud "Oh!" of great exertion on the part of Mrs. Jinks, when, unfortunately, her nether drapery hitched against an iron knob, and displayed such an unusual portion of her ancles, that, although she herself could see nothing, the delicacy of her feelings caused her nerves to be much more overcome than those of the waiter and Boots, who stood with a candle at each side of her feet. Now it so happened in this delicate distress, she called so loudly and incoherently for assistance, that the chivalric gallantry of both waiter and Boots clashed upon the occasion, and in their hurry to seize Mrs. Jinks's rebellious garment and bring it down to its proper level, the candles met, and

the wind (which also seemed hurried out of its usual course) blew the flame upwards, which, with the subtilty of that mysterious element, was the first to catch Mrs. Jinks's truant petticoat, and circle it in its destructive clasp. Desperate cases require desperate remedies. Boots, who, albeit, was no Hércules, rushed forward, dropped the sheepish incendiary, and honorably determining to smother the flame he had so unintentionally raised, clasped Mrs. Jinks's 'torso' in his arms! Betwixt fire and fustian never had she endured so warm an embrace before. What wonder, then, if her feelings overpowered her? and with one mighty effort she emancipated herself from the door way. The shock was electric, and communicated itself to her gallant extinguisher, who instantly measured his full length on the pavement, flooring in his downward course the elongated figure of Major Whabble; and there they both lay, bruised and breathless, surmounted by the "too, too solid flesh" of Mrs. Jinks!

"Bless me, mum," said Mr. Simpson, springing out of the coach, "I hope you're not hurt?"

"Hurt!" gasped Mrs. Jinks, digging her right elbow into Boot's chest, in order to raise herself, heedless of the agonized ejaculation that issued from that much put upon individual,— "Hurt!

what a question to ask a person as has been burnt and bruised to death?"

"I say, Sam," said the guard, with a wink to the coachman, "I never knowed the Rocket to blow up before, long as we've come this here road—but lend a hand here to help the lady up will ee, afore them boot parcels is quite suffocated."

Sam and the guard being both strong men, so effectually tugged at Mrs. Jinks's arms, as at the end of five minutes to have succeeded in replacing her on her feet, to the no small relief of Boots and Major Whabble.

"Let me persuade you, mum," said the ever polite Simpson, "to take a glass of brandy and water pretty stiff."

"Stiff!" shrieked Mrs. Jinks, "Law! don't talk to me of stiffness sir. Hi'm as stiff as I can be already—Oh! oh! oh! shall I ever get hover this orrid haccident?"

"Oh dear, yes, Marm, besides it ill be the making of the noosepapers for the next month," soothed the guard. "I've a cousin in the shocking-accident line, living in Tooley Street—he gets up all these here things uncommon well to be sure; you can have no hidear Marm of what your sufferings is, till you see them in the Globe, or the Courier, or the Hexaminer, on a Sunday."

"Boots," said Major Whabble, languidly, to his fellow-sufferer, "order my gig round directly, and see that the lamps are lit."

And where was Mr. Howard all this time? to his shame be it said—in a convulsion of laughter, at one corner of the coach, totally incapacitated thereby from offering any assistance to Mrs. Jinks in her distress.

"Oh! dear, oh! dear, where ever his my front gone to?" cried Mrs. Jinks frantically, raising her hands to her head in quest of that decoration, which had absconded in her fall.

"Why, I declare!" said the coachman, lashing his whip at Bruno, who was busily employed scattering Mrs. Jinks's ringlets to the wind, "if the dog aint a tearing on it to pieces!"

"As he's not a greyhound, I wonder at his being so keen arter the hairs (hares), too," laughed the guard.

"Really, sir," said Cecil, now thinking it necessary to descend from the coach, and addressing Major Wabble, "the lady appears to have had more hair-brêadth escapes than even you as a military man can have encountered."

"Hump," groaned Major Whabble, precipitately buttoning the collar of his coat up round his face, and casting a look like a black-frost over his left shoulder at Cecil—"better take what remains of her home at once; for if it

rains, which I think it will in a few minutes, she'll contrive to get drowned, and I suppose I shall have to swim after her."

"Bad job, that, sir," said Mr. Simpson, 'sotto voce;' "for *you'd* have no chance against such a heavy swell!"

Boots now limped round with the gig: and as he, the guard, coachman, and Mr. Simpson, turned it into a pincushion, by stuffing it with Mrs. Jinks, the former feelingly expressed a hope, that the lady "would give him a trifle."

"That's by way of a change, Bob, I spose," winked the coachman; "for it was no trifle she give you just now."

Mrs Jinks promised to send him something in the morning, expressing a conviction, that any money she might at that time have about her, must be so battered, it could not possibly pass current. Major Whabble then drawing on a pair of pepper-and-salt coloured worsted gloves, and taking the whip which seemed like a smaller edition of himself, glided like a lengthening evening shadow into the gig, after which James was lifted up, and his person equally divided between his father and grandmother, the bulk of it resting upon the lap of the latter, while his legs gracefully dangled over the knees of the former. The horse (a brown cob, with a

wall eye, on whose ribs, James, had he been so inclined, might have learnt arithmetic), then made a bolt forward with its load, an example its legs seemed very unwilling to follow; and the trio got fairly under weigh, amid the laughter of the crowd, and the "good bye, mums," and "safe journey homes" of Mr. Simpson.

"Well, sir," said Mr Simpson, on turning to Cecil, as soon as the gig was out of sight, "and what may your intentions be?"

"If you mean with regard to the fat lady," said Cecil, laughing, "Strictly honourable I assure you."

"Of course, sir, of course!" matter-of-facted Mr. Simpson, with an undoubting motion of his left hand above his eyes, waving his fingers to the left, "but I meant in regard to going or staying—do you push on to-night or remain here; for if so, I should be glad of your company at supper."

"You're very good," said Cecil, "but I shall get on to Bubble Hall as soon as possible; and as it is only three miles from this, I shall walk, and leave my servant to follow in a post-chaise."

"Well then, sir, at that rate I must wish you good bye, as I am off for Ireland in the morning; but I should be sorry our acquaintance was to end here, as I intend, on my return

to New York, publishing a book upon *European* manners and customs; and therefore, sir, if you'll allow me, should be glad of the advantage of corresponding with you?"

Cecil could not help smiling at seeing himself, in his mind's eye, on the strength of a journey from London to Shrewsbury, booked for New York as a sample of "*European*" manners and customs, with sundry Yankee guesses and annotations appended thereto—so cautiously replied, that "he should be happy to give Mr. Simpson any local information in his power, provided his letters were not published, and himself turned into an author minus his identity." Mr Simpson promised all things; and above all, that he would be most punctual in writing!

Cecil not wishing to compromise his veracity, by standing sponsor for an equal punctuality in answering, hastily wished him good-night, and proceeded on his journey, directed by the waiter how to shorten it, by keeping first straight on to the right, and then turning to the left, and then crossing a field and getting into a lane, where he would see a door of one of the gardens of Bubble Hall, which was always open till eleven—which door would open into a garden that would lead him to one of the terraces op-

posite the library windows and portico, at the back of Bubble Hall.

Cecil walked on, followed by Bruno, glad to be released from the coach, and breathe a little fresh air, although that air was chill and damp, for the night was hazy, and the stars almost entirely hidden. At length he had cleared the last stile, and found himself in a lane, bounded on one side by a high brick wall. "This," thought Cecil, "must be the garden wall, if I can but find the door which the waiter described; but it is so terribly dark, one can scarcely see one's hand." However, he had not walked many yards farther, before Bruno came to a full stop; and began alternately sniffing and scratching at a door. "Ho-ho, good dog," said Cecil, patting him as he pressed the latch of the door, which opened on the instant, ringing, as it did so, a bell attached to the back of it. On entering, he found himself, as well as the obscurity of the night would allow him to see, amid a wilderness of cabbages and gooseberry bushes. "I have got into the kitchen-garden, evidently," thought he; "but how on earth I am to get out of it remains to be proved."

He had scarcely ended this mental soliloquy, when he perceived, at a little distance, the figure of a man in a long great-coat, a hat tied down

with a pocket-handkerchief, a blunderbuss under his left arm, and a lantern in his right hand, which he alternately lowered to the cabbages and raised to the fruit-trees along the wall. "An indefatigable gardener," thought Cecil, "who yet hath due consideration for his personal comfort, as the kerchief that prevents 'the winds of heaven visiting his face too roughly,' testifieth. I'll ask him the nearest way to the house." This was scarcely resolved upon, before a large-sized black-and-tan terrier came bounding and barking up to him, like a hostile ambassador from the king of the lantern; the bark, however, subsided with a low growl, and a stiff elongation of the tail, as he walked round Bruno, as though especially inquiring his business.

"Trip—Trip—ho, Trip—here, sir!" cried the man with the lantern; but Trip was not a dog to be led away by a Jack-o'-lantern, and therefore continued his researches, while his master, as he advanced now, for the first time, perceived Cecil and Bruno, and forthwith lowering the lantern, and raising his gun, which he levelled at Mr. Howard, cried, in a voice of tremulous and vacillating defiance, "Stand! or you're a dead man."

"I'll be shot if I do," said Cecil, moving a little on one side. "My good fellow, mind

what you're about. I have come on a visit to Sir Romulus Bubble, and as it wants some hours of the first of September, I have no fancy for being made game of in this way."

"On a visit to Sir Romulus Bubble!" repeated the knight of the lantern, lowering the blunderbuss and raising the lantern. "Sir Romulus, my brother, high sheriff for the county and justice of the peace, has no back door visitors at this time of night; and I must be very unlike other people, if you think you can hum me by such a tale as that. Your name, sir, your name directly,—if you have a name—or your brains, before another minute expires," and again the blunderbuss was raised, and levelled at Cecil's devoted head.

"My dear sir," said Cecil, advancing, "you have announced yourself as a brother of my worthy relative, Sir Romulus Bubble; I have therefore the pleasure of addressing one of my cousins. My name is Howard—Cecil Howard, and I venture to hope, from the kind invitation I received two days since from Sir Romulus, that I am not an 'umbra' at Bubble Hall."

"An 'umbra,'" echoed the first speaker, dropping the blunderbuss precipitately among the cabbages, and clasping his hands. "No—surely no—no thief, house-breaker, or burglar

would use the word 'umbra'; no, if he had used anything even approaching to it, it would have been *umbrella*. Yes, surely yes, you are without doubt or detriment, my cousin, Cecil Howard—a Bubble, by the mother's side; and as such I welcome you to Bubble Hall.'

Having cordially shaken hands with the new arrival, Marmaduke Bubble (for it was no less a personage) then raised the lantern close to Cecil's face, the better to peruse his features, which enabled the latter to return the compliment, and ascertain that the first specimen of the Bubbles was not made after the pattern of ordinary mortals. Marmaduke was about five feet three inches high; his hair was perfectly white and long, divided down the centre of his head, and combed back behind his ears. His eyes were pale and pensive, with an exceeding twinkling of the lids; his cheeks were white and smooth, and had never been guilty of that human brushwood called whiskers, any more than his chin had ever put forth that animal stubble, called beard. His nose was short and thin, and like his thoughts, inclined upwards; his lips were rather thick, and his teeth brilliantly white and even. He always wore his shirt collar turned down, with a broad black ribbon tied under it, and his throat bare, which, with his

white parted hair, gave him the appearance of an exaggerated boy. Though his body was small, he had the heart of a giant; and the angel at his creation had certainly taken the black drop out of it, for his whole life was passed in doing great services to his fellow-creatures, which he cemented with all the little kindnesses and 'prévoyances' of social intercourse; but fearing the gratitude of his protégés might exceed, (Heaven knows a very unfounded fear), he always accompanied his kindest deeds with "most terrible words;" for he could not load a school boy with cherries, without assuring him that he would be flogged before the day was out for taking them; nor rescue a poor wretch from one gaol, without prophetically stocking the vista of his future years with twenty; or praise a young lady's beauty without at the same time deploring her folly; or laud her sense, without regretting that nature had not put a better face upon it. In his younger days, he had lived much in the gayest and most agreeable society, and was in himself an ambulating Biographical Dictionary. Learned he was, moreover—that is, he had

"Loads of learned lumber in his head,
And all such reading as was never read."

He was also a philosopher, in the truest sense of the word; for his was the philosophy of the

heart, that feeling filters from all its dregs. Never in his life had Marmaduke Bubble deviated into saying or doing anything like other people; and yet if there was one thing more than another that he valued himself upon, it was the absence of all oddity, and the being in all things the facsimile of the common herd of men. He generally passed the whole of the day in bed or in books, and issued forth at night, lantern in hand, (as we have just met him), to admire the beauties of nature, or watch the progress of vegetation; but hearing his neighbours talk much of robbers and housebreakers, he never (for fear of being thought odd) sallied forth without the protection of a blunderbuss; and many is the scarecrow he has been known to perforate in his valiant defence of his brother's property. No wonder, then, his reputation for courage stood unrivalled, since all the enemies he had hitherto encountered were *men of straw*. When rallied upon his nocturnal rambles, he has staunchly defended his taste, by averring that he did not like the raw morning air, and had no opinion of the day while it was young and childish. "No no—the night had grown steady and temperate, and knew better than to scorch a man's brain up; *his day* was gone by, and he did not want to meet other people's," and much more, not indeed to the *purpose*, but to the same effect.

Now, Sir Romulus was the very antipodes of his brother, both in mind and matter, being a pompous portly personage, all sound and no sense. His person was rotund, and his face rubicund; he was the most common-place of the common-place, but had as great a mania to be thought uncommon as his brother Marmaduke had to belong to the regular routine genus of human nature. Consequently, Sir Romulus could not point out the most ordinary flower-plot, vulgarly crowded with dahlias and sweet-peas, to a visitor, without observing that *he* liked to have something *out of the common*, or call people's attention to a willow trained into the water, without asking if *it was not a pretty idea?* He was a great politician: that is, he read a newspaper, from the name of the paper down to the printer's name; and what is more extraordinary, so implicitly believed every word in it, that if he read of a person's death, though they were to call at Bubble Hall alive and merry the next day, he would not have credited their living identity, or discredited the death they had met with in the newspaper. In his conjugal capacity, never did man thrive better upon hen-pecking than he did; which arose from the pleasing monomania that he was lord and master in all things, and that after himself Lady Bubble was the cleverest of human beings. She had

been, as the opening of this chapter setteth forth, a beauty in the year 1798, and finding it a habit difficult to shake off, she harassed herself and her friends with all the appendages of one still, which were, as far back as the year 1798, much more cumbersome and obtrusive than they are now a days. She was also one of those exceedingly clever women who have such a grasp of mind, that they never can prevail upon themselves to know the details of anything, and as ‘*qui trop embrasse mal étreint,*’ the most important parts of every subject were apt to escape her researches. Being of Irish parentage, although she had been forty years out of Ireland, she still called first *fast*, *idea idaya*, and pulse *pullse*; and having at the peace of 1814 spent six months in Paris, though she had very honourably abstained from smuggling away a single word of French, she retained such a pleasing recollection of it, that she could not keep from Gallicising all her English, which at least gave a motley to her words if not to her ideas; which, combined with her using a great deal of action, added to great ponderosity of person, rendered her rather a fatiguing companion. The rest of Sir Romulus Bubble’s family consisted of two maiden sisters, Prudence and Lucretia, who both hated Lady Bubble with a degree of sister-in-law hatred, that had almost

reached mother-in-law pitch; three daughters, whose education had been much neglected, and was now patching up with a French governess; one son and heir, his sisters' junior, being only seventeen, and in harness under a Scotch tutor, and abounding in all the horrors of hobbledoyism; Mrs. Manners, Lady Bubble's mother, a little old woman, verging on ninety, who had a funny lisp, and a still funnier brogue, and played whist indefatigably, enlivening the solemnity of the game with snatches of very comical old songs, which she wheezed out in a low, rumbling, mumbling, earthquakey sort of voice, her head wagging facetiously from one side to the other all the time. The maiden sisters thought themselves too young for cards, (Prudence being only fifty-five and a quarter, and Lucretia fifty-six and a half; but the old lady was rich, and might leave her money to whom she pleased, and therefore Sir Romulus very properly told his sisters that it was unamiable in *young people* not to sacrifice something to the little peculiarities of age. Another victim was always ready to preclude the necessity of a dummy, in the person of Theresa Manners, a beautiful girl of nineteen, a niece of Lady Bubbles', who being poor and an orphan, received all the care, kindness, and consideration that poor or-

phans generally do receive from rich aunts and cousins. But it is high time the reader should be introduced to this amiable family, now assembled in the drawing-room at Bubble Hall.

“ Bless me! my dear boy!” said Marmaduke, linking his arm through Cecil’s, “ I am delighted I thought of looking at you before. I fired—terrible thing to have shot you the moment you arrived, for I hate doing any thing unlike other people. I’m an old man, and you’re a young one; depend upon what I tell you, it never does to be unlike other people;—oddities, oddities, my dear sir, are mill-stones round a man’s neck, that prevent him getting on in the world.” And as he spoke, he thumped the butt end of the blunderbuss so violently on the ground, that the trigger getting entangled among the twigs of a gooseberry bush, it went off.

“ Which of you are firing at this time of night?” said Marmaduke, turning angrily round, and never suspecting the real culprit—the gooseberry bush at his side; “ Whoever it is, I’ll turn you away directly.”

“ I rather think,” said Cecil, smiling, as he perceived exactly how the matter stood, “ the delinquent is already *discharged*, for it is no other than the blunderbuss in your hand.”

“ Well, bless me ! now so it is ! why, the very gooseberry-bushes are *odd* in this part of the world—and *shoot* in the month of August ;—but you must be hungry ; and tea, I have no doubt, is ready—and you know Shropshire is famous for its cakes.”

“ I am *so* hungry,” laughed Cecil, “ that

“ *Pane egeo, jam pontificum potiore placentis.*”

“ Then bread you shall have, and meat too,” said Marmaduke, opening a gate that led into the lawn. ‘

It was too dark to see what order of architecture Bubble Hall was of ; but the lamps over the billiard table in the hall threw a light into the portico. And Cecil felt that it was, *or ought to be*, a red brick edifice, with stone copings of James the First’s time ;—and he was right, as the next morning discovered. Trip ran on, and as though well accustomed to the office, turned the handle in his paws, and with considerable rattling, opened the door : his master, Bruno, and Cecil, ascending the steps a few minutes after.

“ You are welcome to Bubble Hall, cousin Howard,” said the former to the latter, shaking him by the hand ; as he placed the blunderbuss and lantern on one of the slabs in the hall ; and then added, turning to two very fat and

shabbily dressed servants in dark blue bishop's livery and cotton stockings, (which, from their innumerable *wrinkles*, must have been very old) "Help Mr. Howard off with his great coat:—have they done tea yet?"

"Yes, sir, it's nearly supper time; a quarter past ten."

"All the better for you, Howard—but make haste, till I introduce you to Lady Bubble, before supper, or you won't be able to eat one morsel, with her incessant questions about London—Lord John—Lady this—and the Duke of that."

"Really," said Cecil, looking down at his travelling dress, "I am not fit to appear before ladies;—is my servant arrived, do you know?"

"A Frenchman in a post-*chay* isn't it, sir?"

"Yes."

"He arrived, sir, about five minutes ago, and is in your room now."

"Will you have the goodness to show me the way to it?"

"No! no!" interposed Marmaduke, "you must show yourself to the women first," gently pulling him by the arm.

"But, my dear sir, my boots are so terribly dirty," remonstrated Cecil, hanging back, "I really must change them."

“There it is!” said Marmaduke, with a peevish pshaw! “*oddity, oddity*, my dear boy, as I before said, will always knock every thing on the head, and prevent a man getting on in the world; the young men of the present day are so cursedly effeminate.”

Cecil smiled, as he thought how well Marmaduke Bubble’s and Mr. Simpson’s ideas of effeminacy would agree; and then added, as a forlorn hope, to achieve the luxury of a little soap and water—“But my boots are so wet, that I am really afraid of getting cold.”

“Oh!—your humble servant!” rejoined Marmaduke, “damp feet—that’s *another* affair, and may fairly damp a man’s gallantry without any tincture of effeminacy;—go—off with you, (Harding, show Mr. Howard to his room), and as soon as you can step into other shoes,—make your appearance in the drawing room; I’ll not say a word of your arrival till you come down, or I’m sure they’d all be after you, girls and all—all except Theresa; she’s a good girl, and never teazes any one.”

On walked Cecil, preceded by Harding with a hand-candle, not a little glad of a quarter of an hour’s reprieve. On leaving the great hall, he came to a smaller one, terminating in a broad black oak staircase, with a nice thick

noise-preventing Axminster carpet; the walls were lined with family portraits, which, from the feeble light of the bed-chamber candle, promised ample amusement for the morning.

“Dinah! Dinah!” called Harding in a stage whisper, on reaching the first landing place, “Mr. Howard, the gentleman, is come—show him to the room where the French *valley* is.”

And lo! a tall thin woman, with a neat Quaker-like high-crowned muslin cap, a chintz gown, tucked-up through the pocket-hole, a clean muslin apron, a green morocco pin-cushion, and a large pair of scissors at her left side, a warming-pan under her right arm, and a clear-starched muslin neckerchief, appeared; making an equally clear-starched curtsy at the head of the stairs, with the concise, but satisfactory reply of

“All ready, Mr. Harding,”—and “this way if you please sir,” to Cecil.—“Sally, more coal on the fire in the green room,” added she to her coadjutor, a cherry-cheeked house-maid, as she passed onward, and threw open the high old oak door of a lofty wainscoated room; in one recess of which, was an old oak bedstead, with embroidered bugle hangings, and ostrich feathers on the top of each post; on the toilet was a point-lace cover, an old black and gold japan-

framed looking-glass, with a drapery of paint round it; and innumerable little quaint-shaped japan boxes, not unlike an old-fashioned supper service, were spread over the table. The window curtains, which were of the same bugle tapestry as the bed hangings, were low down, but in the day-time drew up with a cord, and formed a drapery of their own runnings. The centre of the polished floor was covered with a Turkey carpet; all the washing utensils were of very old silver, and antique shapes; a cheerful wood-fire blazed upon dogs of the same metal, while two colossal easy-chairs graced each side of the fire-place, and seemed, in their white frilled dressing-gowns, as though they were comfortably dozing to the lulling music of the little singing silver kettle; and behind the chair, opposite the door, was a large Indian screen. All Cecil's things were ready put out; before the fire was a curious old-fashioned silver foot-pan, over which, stood Girouette with his arms folded, as though he were mysteriously meditating either upon suicide or supper.

As Cecil Howard was an exceedingly handsome man, his toilette was an affair of no great length; he had no embroidered coats to throw back, no hay-coloured hair to oil and unguent into a bad imitation of Warren's jet blacking;

no curling tongs to give the capillary finish to the poker-perpendicularity of his figure. Now, I know it would be easy, and perhaps much more satisfactory, on reading the announcement that Cecil was an exceedingly handsome man, for as many different young ladies as do me the honour of perusing this work, to exclaim,—“ Ah I understand; I dare say he was like Cecil F—, or Lord E—, or George A—, or Tom D—, or Lord C—, or Frank S—, and so on through the alphabet, as the case might require;—but to avoid all mistakes, I'll describe him. Cecil Howard was about five feet eleven; but in symmetry of figure, the Apollo might have envied him. His features would not, perhaps, critically speaking, have been called handsome—except his forehead, brow and eyes, which were magnificent; the latter were large, dark, and lustrous in the extreme—but then they appeared to float in liquid light, that was as soft as it was brilliant; the brow was low, straight, and intellectual—and seemed like night girding the snowy world of the forehead above it—a forehead so vast, pure, and lofty, that even the shadow of a mean thought never could have flitted across it. His hair was of a purple-black, clustering in rich curls; and withal—

“ Fine as the web of a fairy's thought.”

And the small ear that peeped out at either side was so beautifully modelled that they looked as if love had given them to him on the proviso that they were to hear no voice but his own. After all, if every feature was not perfect, they all had the *effect* of beauty, which *is* beauty; and the voice that issued from it would have made any mouth beautiful. And now, to proceed to extremities, his hands and feet—those unmistakable criterions of gentle blood—were perfectly patrician. I will make no apology for taking up so much time in etching this sketch; for my own part, I like to *see* the people I am expected to take an interest in, and therefore suppose other persons have the same taste; besides, Montaigne observes, and observes truly, that the adventures of an infant would be interesting, if it could tell them; and Goldsmith adds, “and even the life of a beau would be amusing, if he could write it!” Now Cecil Howard was something better than a beau, and if he were not, I have always found that those books which give the most correct inventory of human beings (however insignificant), and stereotype the world as it is, are always thought the most interesting, because the most natural. I am, therefore, well content to be called vulgar, because I make housemaids and helpers speak like housemaids and helpers, and not like shepherdesses out of Arcadia, and phi-

losophers from Utopia; neither shall I sink under the accusation of being cold-blooded, bad hearted, revengeful, and vindictive, by those vestal-thoughted gentlemen, my late reviewers, who with a refinement of metaphysical acumen that is exquisitely incomprehensible, not to say ridiculous, designate *resisted sin* as the *adultery of the mind!* and brand me as a monster for presuming to describe vice as I have seen and suffered from it. But now

“To supper with what appetite we may.”

On opening his bed-room door, Cecil perceived that between each room door on the opposite side of the gallery was a window looking on the stairs, like the houses in Anne's time—those solid and comfortable domiciles that still breathe of Pope, pleasure, patches, politics, beaux, belles, and bohea.

“A nice old house,” thought Cecil, as he descended the stairs. “I must make the acquaintance of my mother's ancestors to-morrow, and if the portraits of the Bubbles at all come up to the original I have already seen, I shall have no lack of diversion.” In the front hall, sitting by the billiard table next the fire, he found Marmaduke Bubble reading a newspaper, which, however, on Cecil's appearance, he instantly put down, and starting from his chair, said,

“ Well, come, I must say you’ve not been long. Now I’ll introduce you to a covey of old women; thrée of the plainest young ones in Europe; one of the prettiest in the same space; an animal by itself, which is a French woman come to years of discretion without having found what she’s come to; a Scotch man longer in the back than he is in the head, tutor to my nephew, Cosmo Bubble, who, heaven knows, *promises* nothing, therefore it is to be hoped he will *do* a great deal, but he has not begun yet, and then there’s my brother; but he’ll speak for himself,” added Marmaduke, throwing open the drawing-room door, which discovered the following groups. At one end of the room sat three old ladies, and a young one, at whist. The eldest of these ladies was Mrs. Manners, who wore a full crowned muslin cap, with a close border, and a profusion of flat round rings of drab-coloured hair on her forehead, a ruff round her neck, and a Canton crape stone-coloured shawl, fastened in front with a square Scotch pebble; her head rose very little above the table, her shoulders were narrow, and her bust flat; but she became not, indeed,

“ Small by degrees, and beautifully less;”

but the very reverse—large by degrees, and wonderfully big in her downward course—after

the graceful disproportions of a Chinese joss. The old lady was now winning everything at sixpenny long-whist, with a very dirty pack of cards, which she maintained were always luckier than clean ones, and she is not the first who has attempted to secure fortune by very dirty means. As was her wont on such joyous occasions, her head was undulating from one side to the other, as she sang the following snatch of a once popular song, with a soft lisp, assisted by a kind of bumble-bee accompaniment between each line, of *um—um—um—um*,

“Thought’s to counthel let uth take,
Um—um—um—um—um.
 To wed or not to wed, that ith the question.”

But, like Johnny Gilpin,

“Though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind,”

for, ever and anon, shutting one eye and opening the other very wide, she would look up at her partner, Miss Prudence Bubble, as she was scrambling up another trick, and exclaim, as a spur to that lady’s dilatory mode of proceeding,

“Ah! *Prudenth*, can’t you play? it *dethroys* the game to be *tho* long about it.”

The third and fourth at this table consisted of Miss Lucretia and her niece, Miss Betsey Bubble; the former, an elongated spinster, dressed in white throughout the year, with a physiognomy

constructed on the antithetical plan of those long wands used in Catholic chapels, with a lighted taper and extinguisher together, at one end. Her nose, which was red and pointed, gave an excellent representation of the latter, while her looks were a perfect fac simile of the former. Miss Betsey was a vulgar, ugly, conceited-looking girl, with thick lips, a trumpeter-nose, a dingy, greasy-looking complexion, and red skinny hands, with divers excrescences in the shape of warts about them. At the other side of the fire-place sat Lady Bubble, playing chess with Mr. McPhin, the tutor. Lady Bubble, though not exactly what

“ Youthful poets fancy when they love,”

was certainly

“ All that *painting* can express ;”

for her cheeks and eye-brows formed a little diorama of a ‘rouge et noir table,’ and being still in her own opinion, “a splendid woman,” she appeared every day ‘en grande toilette.’ On this evening she might have reminded the *Eastern* traveller of the Saracen’s Head at Snow-hill ; for she wore a very large scarlet and yellow turban, with an ‘esprit’ rising perpendicularly from the centre. Round her throat was a plain diamond necklace, about the size of large peas, but so *tight* that it reminded one of the punishment

of Prometheus, when his neck was pierced with diamond nails. Her dress was of amber satin, with innumerable flounces of blonde. Her arms were bare, and covered with huge bracelets; one containing a portrait of Sir Romulus in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform, the other of Master Cosmo, when a baby, in a snow-storm of Mechlin lace. Mr. McPhin had gone beyond six feet by several inches; he had rather handsome features on a large scale, not unlike the heads of Jupiter Tonans. His eyes were a dark blue, but from being exceedingly near-sighted, had a fierce and fixed stare. His hair was light and closely cut to his head behind, with a sort of rampant cockatoo cluster in front. He wore a very stiff, black leather stock, and no visible collar, and a rusty, brown-black satin waistcoat. The back of his coat was even longer than his own back, and the skirts of it swept the ground as he sat. His unthink-of-ables were of blotting-paper-coloured kersymere, without straps, and his colossal feet found an asylum in coarse white-cotton stockings, and very thick shoes, with broad ribbon strings, that were carefully ironed out every day. One of these ponderous legs was now stretched out on either side of the little table on which the chess-board was placed, while the finger and thumb of his left hand lavished sundry little ca-

resses on his chin, as he meditated how he should be able to do what Sir Romulus Bubble had never been able to do, check-mate his partner.

Opposite Mr. McPhin, with a copy of Lord Byron in her hand, (over which she was sighing,) sat Mademoiselle Perpignon, the governess. She fancied herself like Madame Pasta, and dressed accordingly. As far as *size* went there was certainly nothing *wanting* to complete the resemblance, except it might be the beautiful arm; but her forehead was low and red, her eye-brows mangy and very much arched; her eyes, coffee-coloured and large, but exceedingly round, her nose cherry-coloured, small, and very much 'retroussé;' her cheeks excelled Vesuvius, inasmuch as they displayed a *constant eruption*; her mouth was naturally too small, and she made it still smaller by pursing it up into a perfect eyelet-hole; her throat was short, consisting of three rolls of fat, the creases between which, being much fairer than the rolls themselves, looked like a white edge to a scarlet ribbon; her hair was dark and fine, like that of most of her countrywomen, but strained off her forehead, not to hide any of the beauties of the face beneath. This "lovely woman" had long cherished a secret attachment for the cold and ungrateful McPhin; but alas! like Charlotte in the "Sorrows of Werter,"

as represented at the Porte St. Martin, she began to fear and to feel that it never could come to any thing ; while, on the other hand, McPhin, like Werter, thought that in *that* consisted its only charm. Yet, with woman's unvarying constancy, there would she sit, evening after evening, opposite to him, reading poetry, and every time she came to a line applicable to her own case, hurl sighs at him across the chess-board ; but, ingrate that he was, he only thought of his *pawns*, and heeded not her *pledges* of affection.

At a little distance from Mademoiselle Perpignon sat one of her pupils, Lucy Bubble and her brother. The young lady was giggling and whispering, and Cosmo was holding a skein of netting-silk for her to wind, with his mouth open, every now and then raising his right shoulder to rub his nose, which he had no other mode of getting to. He was very tall, and looked still taller through the medium of a skeleton jacket ; his face, though white, was exceedingly fat, and his nose very large and aquiline ; his hair was fiery-red, but, as woolly and curly as a negro's. In short, he had much the appearance of a fair and infant Punch, before the profligate career of that truly great man had made his plump cheeks hollow ; and I have no doubt that had Silvio

Fiorillo* flourished in these our days, he would have been able clearly to have traced his descent. Miss Lucy Bubble was tall and slight; with pink cheeks, blue eyes and light hair; Miss Betsy was fat and short, with a brown skin and dark hair; or, to be more concise, Lucy was long and dismal, like a winter's evening, and Betsy dark and short, like a winter's day. Close to the fire, behind Mr. McPhin, with a little table again behind him, with candles on it, sat Sir Romulus Bubble, reading a newspaper, with a hemming, grunting sort of noise in his throat, not unlike the muffled neighing of a horse. Sir Romulus's face was very red, with a Greek outline; his head was bald, and he wore a wig of brown crisp curls, but very far at the back of his head, voting all the rest of his shorn pate forehead, for he was a great phrenologist. In stature he was very short, but the matter was as broad as it was long. He always wore a blue coat and gilt buttons of an evening, blue cloth trousers, white cotton stockings, and their unpolished shoes; his waistcoats were invariably too short, owing, no doubt, to the rotundity of his person; his fingers were very short and stumpy, and he generally wore a ring about the dimensions of a moderate sized salver, on the little finger of each

* The inventor of the Neapolitan Punch.

hand. When any person or persons annoyed, disappointed or offended him, he invariably called them Algerines; and just at the moment Cecil and Marmaduke made their 'entré,' some Parliamentary proceedings that he was reading having displeased him, he was exclaiming aloud, as he covered his blue cloth continuations with rejected pinches of snuff,—

“The Algerines! the Algerines!”

“Brother,” said Marmaduke, “here is our cousin Howard arrived, and it is, a mercy I did not shoot him, by way of welcome, as he came through one of the kitchen gardens.”

“Bless me!” exclaimed Sir Romulus, starting from his chair, and extending both his hands to Cecil, “and what made the Algerines bring you through the kitchen garden?—delighted to see you—delighted to see you.”

“We had no idaya you'd come so late,” said Lady Bubble, rising and offering her hand, with a great deal of tragedy-queen dignity. “I dar say you found the 'boue' the mud inconvenient on fust setting out.”

Mr. Mac Phin nearly upset the chess table and Sir Romulus's reading table, in backing to take a good view of the new arrival. Mademoiselle Perpignon approached nearer to Mr. Mac Phin for the same purpose; the young ladies

whispered and giggled more than ever; and Cosmo forgot the skein of silk, as he walked round, and, without uttering a syllable, thrust his foggy hand into Cecil's; while the trio at the card table rose simultaneously, and the old lady, opening her left eye wider than ever, turned round and said,

“ Ith that thupper ? ”

“ No, ma'am; it's only Mr. Howard, that we have been expecting from London.”

“ Oh, *heth*, very late; but, of *coorth*, (course) ith a long way to come. Would he like to take a hand at cards ? ”

In due time, poor Cecil returned all their greetings, and gratefully declined the proffered hand at cards.

“ Well, it's perfectly miraculous ! ” said Sir Romulus, looking down at Cecil's feet, as he walked across the room, “ perfectly miraculous ! I had no conception they could bring them to such perfection. Which is it, Cecil ? ”

“ What, sir ? ” inquired Cecil.

“ Why your cork leg—for egad ! it's totally impossible to perceive the slightest difference.”

“ May I ask,” said Cecil, smiling, “ what is this joke about my having a cork leg ? ”

“ Joke, my dear fellow ! it's no joke to lose a

leg, I should think, though you've got over the loss of yours wonderfully."

"Now I am more in the dark than ever," replied Cecil; "for, upon my honour, I never lost a leg. You must, I am happy to say, have been misinformed."

"Misinformed! not in the least—quite true, I give you my word," said Sir Romulus, raising his eyebrows, and hastily taking a pinch of snuff, as he walked over to a table, and withdrew one from a pile of newspapers, which he presented to Cecil, triumphantly pointing out with the middle finger of his right hand a paragraph announcing a fatal accident that had happened to Cécil Howard, Esq. while riding in Hyde Park, by his horse running away, and thereby breaking his leg, which was immediately amputated, the loss, however, being replaced by one of Mr. ——'s inimitable patent cork legs!

"Well," said Cecil, laughing, "I can only repeat that I never broke my leg, never had it amputated, and never had a cork leg."

Sir Romulus shook his head incredulously and somewhat huffily, as he replied, "I suppose the next thing you'll tell me is that your sister is not married either, or going to be married, to that rich man, Lord—Lord—tut, tut—let me see—the man that has that fine place near Cork—

Lord—dear, I shall forget my own name next,” continued he, placing his forefinger on his forehead, “Lord—”

“Dunblarney,” interposed Lady Bubble.

“Ay, Dunblarney, the man who plays so high and lost so much to Count Roulette last year.”

“No,” said Cecil, laughing outright, “I’m happy to say my sister has not got a Cork leg any more than myself.”

“Supper’s on the table, my lady,” said the butler.

“My dear boy,” said Sir Romulus to Cecil (as the latter offered his arm to Lady Bubble), with that solemn dignity which had got him so universally dreaded and respected throughout the neighbourhood, “my dear boy, when you know me better you won’t attempt to impose upon me.”

Having uttered this severe reprimand, Sir Romulus, with the amiable suavity of a great mind, made a sort of ‘pas de zephyr’ across the room to the whist table, exclaiming, “Where’s my mother? where’s my mother?” as he always affectionately called Mrs. Manners, and having secured her, performed a march to her waddle till they reached the supper room.

“Cependant il n’est pas fatal,” said Mademoiselle Perpignon to herself, as she sunk into a chair opposite Cecil.

“ Mr. Howard, shall I send you some pully ?” asked Lady Bubble, in allusion to some chickens before her.

“ If you please, I’ll trouble you.”

“ I’ll tell you what will be a wonderful improvement—wonderful, to the chicken, which is a little tongue,” said Sir Romulus. “ Let me persuade you to try it; I’m very fond of trying experiments in that way, but the Algerines in this part of the world don’t understand anything out of the common routine; and you must know I hate, detest, abominate anything in the common routine.”

“ Meestere Mac Pheen, may I troble you for to send me soam of dat deesh ?” said Mademoiselle, casting a devouring look at that gentleman.

“ What dish, mum? for there are so many, it’s impossible to know which you mean, unless you specify it,” replied the flinty McPhin.

“ Oh, I shall take noan,” sighed Mademoiselle, sinking back in her chair, and shading her eyes with her hand, yet leaving sufficient space between her fingers to gaze steadily on Mr. McPhin through the apertures; “ I am not vere well; I shall not eat, no suppere to-night.”

“ I think you are in the right of it, mum; for they must be very bad for a person so stout as you are.”

“Stout, stout—qu'est ce que c'est que stout?” asked Mademoiselle, looking fatly and fondly at Mr. Mc Phin.

“Why, Mum,” replied he, eating with redoubled rapidity, and never once raising his eyes from his plate, “it means big, fat, large, coarse, unwieldy, in short, just what you are, Mum.”

“Ah, mais c'est tout un dictionnaire dat you tell me, I no onderstan.”

“Tong mew, Mum, tong mew,” responded Mr. Mc Phin, as he hastily filled out a tumbler of water, and drank it off, to wash down his last gallant speech.

“Where's Theresa?” asked Marmaduke Bubble.

“She had a bad headache, and went to bed some time ago,” replied Lady Bubble.

“And I suppose you'll be glad to do the same, for you must be very tired?” added Marmaduke to Cecil.

“I am rather tired.”

“I thuppothe you never go to bed in Lunnon,” said Mrs Manners. “It mutht be a terrible plathe—nothing comfortable or convaynient in it—at laytth not like the country.”

“My mother's idea is,” said Sir Romulus, “that there is no place like the country. Mother, will you take a glass of wine with me?”

“ No, Romuluth, I’ll have a taythpoonful of ehpray, (esprit.)”

“ Fenton,” said Sir Romulus to the butler, “ bring the brandy here.”

After the old lady had had her taythpoonful, she turned to Mademoiselle Perpignon, and offered her some; adding, “ the French papple ’th fond of brandy I belave.”

“ Non, tank you, Madame. I am afraid of de speerit at night.”

“ Some silly people, mum, are afraid of spirits at night,” said Mr. McPhin, as he helped himself to, and tossed off a wine-glassful of brandy

At length the supper ended; and to Cecil’s no small relief, the party separated for their respective bed-chambers. His last thought, as he laid his head upon his pillow, was—“ What a fortune Polito would have made, could he have possessed himself of the inmates of Bubble Hall !”

CHAPTER III.

“ Away these two trudg’d it o’er hills and o’er dales,
 They popp’d at the partridge, frighten’d the quails;
 But to tell you the truth, no great mischief was done,
 Save spoiling the proverb, *as sure as a gun.*”

“ Fair she was—with a silver voice
 That bade e’en sorrow’s self rejoice.”

FAMILY PORTRAITS.—THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER—MARMADUKE BUBBLE MAKETH AN OBLIGING OFFER, UPON WHICH CECIL THROWETH COLD WATER.—WHAT IS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT? —DON’T KNOW—BUT SUPPOSE IT IS THAT TROUBLESOME URCHIN’S SHADOW THAT WE PERCEIVE ON HIS WAY TO US.—VENUS MUST HAVE SPARED THE ROD WITH A VENGEANCE, FOR SHE CERTAINLY SPOILT THAT CHILD—THE RESTLESS, MISCHIEVOUS, TORMENTING, WHINING, CRYING, DESTRUCTIVE BRAT—ALAS! THAT THERE IS NO DO-THE-DANS HALL, WHEREAT HE MIGHT BE SMIKED DOWN.

“ IF,” says Francisco Johon de Salazar, “ Plato took the liberty to constitute a republic in imaginary space, Descartes, to figure to himself a world at his pleasure, and many modern philosophers (Copèrnicus holding the candle, and our friend, Fontenelle, giving it a snuff), to create in their fancy as many thousands of worlds, as there are thousands of fixed stars,

and all inhabited by good and true men of flesh and blood, neither more nor less than our very selves;—tell me, I say, what reason there is, divine, or human, why my imagination should not divert itself in fabricating people, and making them think, act, and hold forth, as I shall take it into my head?—none whatever; nevertheless, dear reader, I am fabricating nothing—every Bubble among them I have seen; not indeed, exactly in the same case, and place, in which I have done them the honour of presenting them to you; but still I have seen them; and as for the twaddle about the impropriety of putting real people into books, that is only a “weak invention of the enemy,” namely, of the people, who beggar description. What arrogance it is of any of us journeymen (for, at best, authors are nothing more), to set themselves up as rivals to Nature, who was the first to take out a patent for human beings—their passions, feelings, thoughts, actions, vices, virtues, oddities, and absurdities, that have never yet been improved upon, nor never will;—witness the miserable failure of the attempts of Messieurs Prometheus and Frankenstein, when they thought fit to set up in the business on their own account; and no wonder—what but monsters could be the result of such a monstrous undertaking? The only man that Nature

ever took into partnership, was one William Shakspeare, for he never, on any single occasion, went beyond her patterns, but copied them so closely, that it would puzzle her to know his work from her own. Never, then, let imagination be any thing but a member of Nature's royal academy, if you expect its pictures to possess any merit; and if it is high colouring you require, my dear public, depend upon it, nature produces greater exaggerations, both in people and events, than the most vivid imagination would ever dare to venture upon. Hoping, before we part, to convince you of this—now let us go down to breakfast.

The weather had changed during the night (as is the custom of our capricious climate), and was warm and sultry in the extreme, with everything gilded into brightness by a glowing sun, when Cecil left his room the morning after his arrival at Bubble Hall. The peacocks were strutting on the velvet terraces before the house, the deer were seeking the shade, oppressed with the noon-day heat, and the air was laden with the breath of mignonette, sweet peas and verbenum. What a generous prodigality of beauty and sweetness there is about autumnal flowers! no wonder their reign is so short!

“The churliest thorn will last the year,
The violets but *once* appear.”

Though it was half-past eleven, none of the Bubbles had risen ; at least they were not down. " Well, there is some virtue in that," thought Cecil, " for it would be dreadful if all I saw last night was to begin at nine in the morning, as I feared it would."

The stair-case at Bubble Hall, as has been before stated, was lined with pictures. Over the window on the first landing-place, was a picture of Bubelus, king of Rome—no doubt the founder of the family, as in the picture he stood considerably higher than the buildings by which he was surrounded, for there is no knowing to what size bubbles may be inflated. Turning the corner of the stair-case, was a large ten-length picture of Sir Romulus and Lady Bubble, in the same frame, done just after their marriage in 1798. Sir Romulus shone forth in a blue coat, very yellow (almost orange coloured) buck-skin unmentionables, top-boots, and a riding-whip in his hand ; while Lady Bubble was attired in a muslin-dress, over which was a short pelisse trimmed with black-lace : round her throat, put on as a cravat, was a yellow-silk Indian pocket-handkerchief, with scarlet spots on it, while round her head was twisted an indescribable something, that looked like another pocket-handkerchief, twin-brother to the cravat ; over which, shrouding the beauty of her face,

hung a long black-lace veil. What elegant simplicity! what conjugal felicity!! what modest majesty!!! was displayed in this truly original picture. A little below it was another, evidently done at a somewhat later period, for it represented Lady Bubble in a crop, with one ostrich-feather rising perpendicularly from the centre of a blue ribbon that was tied round her head. Her dress in this picture also consisted of white muslin, with the addition of what looked very like a blue bed-gown over it, coming very little below her waist. This excrescence, Lady Bubble afterwards informed Cecil, was in the year 1798, called "the Sutton wrap!" But the most remarkable and peculiar feature of this picture, was, that her ladyship evidently looked, "as ladies wish to look who love their lords;" and as she was represented standing in profile, and the picture was only a kit-cat size, she had the wonderful appearance of walking through the frame—but how so wide a circumference was to be got through so narrow a space, remained an unsolved mystery! Next to this, was another very tall full-length picture, of Miss Lucretia Bubble, looking like a sort of Sunday Sappho, in a very neat white gown, looped up at the left knee with a leaf, which though large, was

not botanically defined ; her feet were cased in yellow kid pointed slippers, looking like large quarters of very large lemons. She also had a crop, round which was tied a green-gauze handkerchief, with a bow on one side, her hair curled ‘à-la-Cupidon,’ and rising above it. Her eyes were raised to heaven ; in one hand she held a large lyre, so square, that it might have passed as first cousin to a gridiron ; in the other was a scroll of paper, on which was inscribed—

“ Louisa, or the Victim of Love ;”

the title of a charming little poem Miss Lucretia had written in 1801, for an interesting periodical, called “the Lady’s Museum.” The poem opened with the following thrilling lines—

“ What chaste confusion clouds Louisa’s cheek,
And makes the blushing maid afraid to speak.”

The first line cannot fail to remind the classical reader of the late Sir William Curtis’s celebrated toast of the three C’s—“ Cox, King, and Curtis !” though it must be confessed that the fair authoress possesses much more richness of imagery, as she has got *four* C’s into one line,—while the second evinces a matchless delicacy of thought and diction ; what a rare ! what a sublime ! what an exquisite picture is conjured up—indeed, now a-days, I might add, what a phenomenon !—by the idea of a *blushing*

maid being afraid to speak!—I defy even the most “gifted ‘boy’” of the present day, in or out of a half-crown epic, to write anything equal to it!—‘*Mais revenons à nos moutons.*’

Under this picture of Miss Lucretia, was a half-length of Mrs. Manners in her younger days; in a black mode cloak, a fly-cap, three patches, an étui, and a large fan. Next to Mrs. Manners’ picture was one of her three grand-daughters, when children, standing in a group, with their arms round each other’s necks, with frocks of a scarlet abomination, called in the war—Salisbury flannel. Their hair being short, straight, and rampant, gave them much the appearance of a bunch of hearth brushes, with red handles, hanging out at the door of a turner’s shop. Next to them was a picture of their brother Cosmo, at the interesting age of nine; he was portrayed in a scarlet jacket, studded with silver sugar-loaf buttons and nankeen trowsers; into the pockets of which were stuffed his hands, while his feet were wide a-part, in imitation of the Colossus of Rhodes; and under his right foot was a roll of twine, from which rose a kite; the upward progress of which this interesting youth was watching, with eyes, nose, and mouth; so that little of his face was to be seen, except the

tip of his chin and his scarlet hair. Then came another picture of Mrs. Manners, as Cecil had seen her the night before at the card-table—her head on one side in the act of singing; this likeness was rendered the more striking, by the painter not having forgotten to throw a fine Rembrandt-shade over the cards the old lady held in her hand. Next to this was a full-length portrait of Percy Manners dressed as Hamlet;—a very handsome man—a brother of Lady Bubble's, who had been dead some years. Marmaduke Bubble also figured on a little plump brown poney; in shoes and stockings, and no straps to his trowsers, with his dog Trip trotting after him.

The other pictures were really old, and some of them very finely done—especially one of Sir Lyle Bubble, with a large 'cortège' of knights and ladies assembled before Bubble Hall, ready to go hawking; while Sir Lyle was holding the stirrup of his majesty King James the First's saddle. There was another equally good—of Sir Hugh Bubble calling upon poor Ascham, to impart the joyous tidings, that Henry the Eighth had granted him a pension for his "Toxophilus."—The portrait of Sir Hugh was portly and burley, as that of every Bubble should be; there was a frank 'bonhomme' in his face, as he advanced towards the poor

scholar, who was seated at a rough oak table, covered with his favourite Latin authors, while the floor was equally strewed with books and rushes. On the top of the high-backed chair on which he was sitting, was perched a tame merlin; while Ascham, pointing to the open volume of his own book before him, seemed to be saying to Sir Hugh,—

“ I wrote my *Toxophilus* not so much with a design to do honour to archery, or to direct the practice of it, as to try the experiment whether the treatise might not improve my circumstances, which are low indeed—lower than the common condition of the studious.”*

And poor Roger was right; his “*School Master*” is far more eloquent, and better written than his *Toxophilus*; but he might have gone on writing in that style till now, (could he have lived so long) without gaining a single ‘doit,’ had he not catered for the gratification of a king.

* “*Scripti ego Toxophilum meum, non tam quod honestatem sagittationis et ejus usum scripto me illustrare instituerim, quam potissimum, ut hâc viâ insisterem, periculum facturus, num ea aliquando vitæ meæ rationes tenues admodum, et infra communem studiosorum conditionem positas promovere potuerit; intellexi enim aliquot peritos sagittarios summa beneficia a regiâ majestate accepisse.*” Lib. ii.

There was also another large picture of Sir Cephalus Bubble—a worthy knight, well skilled in woodcraft,—who was portrayed, amicably riding through Sherwood Forest with Little John;—this was a delicious picture. The greenery of the forest, the golden sunlight playing bo-peep through the leaves, the dun-deer stalking leisurely through the thicket, as though death and they never were to be acquainted; the sly humour lurking at the corner of Little John's eyes, as they glanced askance at the venison vertex of Sir Cephalus Bubble's face;—all made one long for the days of Robin Hood and forest roving.

This picture naturally bringing to Cecil's mind, from association, venison pasties and flasks of Rhenish, made him resolve upon tarrying no longer amid the ideal; but descending at once to the substantial realities of the breakfast room. Upon entering the dining room, where they had supped the preceding night, he found it empty, and no preparation whatever for breakfast—no symptoms of eating beyond what were to be found in some of the Flemish pictures that decorated the walls, and which abounded in chickens, lobsters, raw oysters, figs, cut lemons, melons, and fat women, with equally fat men looking over their shoulders,

and dividing a loving glance between them and the provisions—while a large tortoiseshell cat, purloining a suspended partridge, formed the back ground. This was a long room, with four windows; the blinds of which being closed, Cecil could not see what part of it the grounds looked out upon; the walls were of Tyrian purple, or Pompeian red, in compartments of framed gold work; the mantel-piece was, though of marble, very high, and elaborately carved—supported by pillars, sculptured into Egyptian palm-trees: the side-board was also of marble, and very old—consisting of circular steps, something like those of St. Peter's at Rome—which formed a buffet, on each step of which was ranged massive old silver cups and tankards, salvers, and Benvenuto-Cellini-embossed circular dishes, of gold and silver; on each side of this side-board were old marble fountains—the design of which, was Venus in the shell, rising from the sea—and the water which continually flowed from her head, over her shoulders, formed a silver veil over the goddess—and caused a sort of tinkling lulling sound, that was extremely pleasant.

“Well, there is variety enough in this house at all events,” thought Cecil,—“for it appears to me half Gothic, half Elizabethan, half

Italian, and half Dutch;—but no doubt such a variety of inmates have exercised a diversity of tastes on it. Just as he was about to leave the room, his eye was attracted by a Sir Peter Lely—a young lady about eighteen, and of great beauty, which bore a striking resemblance to Cecil's first love, Lady Annette Lovell, whom he had dreamt himself into the belief was the most perfect, and, above all, the most devoted and disinterested of human beings; for she had, on one occasion, refused three partners running, in the expectation of his arrival from Melton;—and on another, when she had been on a visit to his sister—had stayed away from a court ball to make tea for him! as he was sofa-bound with a sprained ancle. But alas! when his fortunes changed, she did—or at least her father did; and, with well regulated young ladies, that is (or ought to be) the same thing. She took to reasoning, what she had never indulged in before; and argued logically enough, that it was impossible to live upon nothing, or without a carriage;—and even if love could at all times command it, his mother's was only an open one, and could not weather the inclemency of winter winds: besides, moreover, her doves would be tired to death in the short campaign of a single morning's visiting.

Cecil, on his side, recovered his eye-sight, without even the aid of Mr. Alexander, wonderfully—and discovered that Lady Annette's nose was apt to flush a *leettle* after dinner—and that, without going to China, he had seen smaller feet.

“Thank God!” said he aloud, in a brave and beauty-proof voice,^a as he quitted the dining-room—“there are no more Annette Lovells for me in the world—it will not be easy to make me dream again, now that I am once awake.”

“Oh yes, sir, they're all awake, and her ladyship will be down in a few ~~minutes~~ minutes,” said Fenton, leading the way to the breakfast-room, which was at the other side of the hall.

Cecil could not help smiling, in the midst of his confusion, at the interpretation the butler had put upon his soliloquy. The room he was now ushered into, was in a different style again from those he had already seen—being a cozey, sunny, cake-and-custard Clarissa-Harlow-looking apartment. Opposite the door, was the glass door of a closet, arched at the top; in this closet was a quantity of old china bowls, cups, plates, teapots, monsters, mandarins, cameos, Turkish slippers, pipes, and ostrich eggs; then came a very high old carved chimney-piece, on the top of which was a china Falstaff, and two

Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses making love under a rose-tree : at the other side of the chimney-piece was another closet, or buffet, with a glass door, and filled with china to correspond with the first. Then came a deep window and window seat—then a glass door, opening with steps, crowded with flower pots, into a beautiful lawn, and covered with a verandah of Cape jessamine and roses ; then came another window and deep window-seat, showing the velvet lawn through the half-raised French blind. All the tables and chairs in this room were black mahogany, in the heavy, old George the First taste. The walls were of apricot-coloured damask, with blue true-lover's knots dispersed about it. At equal distances, there were innumerable prints about this room, in shabby, gilt, oval frames ; one larger than the rest, over the mantle-piece, being of her most gracious Majesty Queen Charlotte, seated at a tambour-frame ; the princess royal at a harpsichord, with a broad blue Persian sash, and her hair curled down her back ; the princess Mary on a stool at the Queen's feet, dressing a doll ; the princess Amelia reading ; the prince of Wales on a rocking-horse, and the duke of York in a sort of scarlet groom's-frock, row-de-dow-dowing upon a drum. After which, followed prints of Sir

Charles Grandison bowing over Miss Byron's hand; Clarissa Harlow stepping into the post-chaise with Lovelace, of which there was nothing to be seen but that profligate's well-ruffled hand, the hind-wheels of the chaise, and the profile of that unfortunate young lady's hoop. Then came another of the prince of Wales on horseback, in the uniform of the Twelfth Light Dragoons, framed oval, with a picture of Lord Malden escorting Mrs. Robinson across the ferry at Kew; to match which, on the opposite side of the room (over a long, old fashioned sofa, covered with apricot-damask, the same as the walls and curtains, and with a back much resembling one of the arches of Westminster bridge), hung one large, square-framed, coloured engraving of his majesty George the Third reviewing the troops at Wimbledon, into which were introduced portraits of the prince of Wales, duke of York, lords Bute, Moira, &c.; and opposite this hung a big, humorous, coloured engraving of Voltaire and Piron, fighting it out in dead silence, while waiting for an audience at Madame de Pompadour's: Voltaire had just put on his black cap, and taken out his biscuit to munch; Piron, ditto his hat and phial of brandy; Voltaire had his right foot in his left hand, crossed over his left knee, as he scowled crucibles of muriatic

acid at Piron ; while Piron sat with his feet crossed like a tailor's, at the foot of his chair, as he looked retorts at Voltaire.

Cecil was amusing himself with this picture, when the glass door opened, and a young lady, in a blue dress and a white bonnet, entered, looking fresher than the morning, and beautiful as the sky above it. She was tall, with a very slight, yet beautifully rounded figure ; her skin was dazzlingly white, with a polished satiny surface ; the shape of her face, which was a perfect oval, was almost as beautiful as the features of which it was composed ; her lips were literally like twin cherries, and the teeth within them were so white and fairy-like, that they looked as if the blossoms had still lingered with the fruit ; her nose was slightly aquiline, but so delicately chiselled, and of such ivory whiteness, that had she lived to be a hundred, it never could have grown into that colossal buttress that some old ladies walk behind with such impunity. Her eyes were of that changing, bright, laughing hazel, that look like dark pebbles in a clear brook when the sun is on the waters ; her forehead was high and white, with beautifully pencilled low eyebrows. She had not more colour than has a blush rose, except when she blushed, and that was often ; and as she took off her bonnet

and threw it into the window seat, she discovered a profusion of the most beautiful hair imaginable, being of that bright, burnished, dark, satiny brown, like the outer husk of a horse chestnut, which fell in a profusion of rich thick ringlets round her face, while at the back it was twisted round her head in a thick cable, and fastened with a plain gold comb. *

“What a lovely creature,” thought Cecil; “she is much more beautiful than Annette Lovel. Pshaw! what put her into my head?”

Some readers are dull at discoveries, so I may as well introduce them at once to Theresa Manners, who is the young lady that has just made her ‘entrée’ at the glass door, and caused Mr. Howard to make the above comparison. As soon as she perceived him, with a manner totally divested either of forwardness or shyness, Theresa advanced towards him, and said, in a voice whose witchery kept pace with that of her appearance,

“I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Howard, whom my uncle and aunt expected last night?”

“Yes,” bowed Cecil, “and I fear I arrived here at a very unseasonable hour.”

“Oh, not at all,” replied Theresa, as she laughingly pointed to the still unoccupied chairs round the breakfast table; “we are not very

early people here, as you may perceive; but as I saw Lady Bubble's windows open when I crossed the park, I'll ring for the urn, as I suppose she will soon be down; at all events, it is not fair to keep you starving. The urn, Harding," continued she, as the servant answered her summons.

"What a beautiful place this is," said Cecil, looking full at Miss Manners very beautiful face, as he made the assertion.

"Then you've been out already?" interrogated the young lady.

"Me—me—no, not exactly," stammered Cecil; "but what I have seen of it from that door appears to me very beautiful."

"It is a nice old place—at least, I love every blade of grass in it; and if you are fond of genuine English lane and meadow scenery, I think you will not be disappointed in the ride's drives and walks about here; but I must warn you," added she, with an arch smile, "against trusting yourself to the ciceroneship of dear uncle Marmaduke, and still more of accepting the proffered services of a certain favourite quadruped of his, called Kicksywicksy, who not conceiving herself by any means a beast of burden, is apt to disembarass herself of her rider, and deposit him or her in the first convenient ditch."

Here Harding reappeared with the urn, a tall,

slender, old-maidish looking piece of silver, surmounted with a green pineapple, and followed by Fenton and his coadjutor, John, the former bearing two long-necked bottles, and the latter a swan pie, both of which were placed on the already well laden side tables. As Miss Manners took off her gloves to make tea, which she did in several old fashioned, spinster-like, green, pine-appled teapots, evidently near relations of the urn, Mr. Howard had the still further satisfaction of discovering that her hands were as beautiful as any hands need be, being small, with long taper fingers, yet plump and dimpled, of an ivory whiteness without, while pink, as though tinged with henna, within. He was just wondering how on earth such a gem could have got among the Bubbles, when the door opened, and Lady Bubble, looking like an ambulating Alp, in a green satin dress, and a whirlwind of lace round her cap and collar, entered the room, and shaking hands with Cecil, said, she'd "no idaya that he, being a London man, would be in the *salle à manger* so soon." Next followed the old lady, leaning on Miss Prudence and Lucretia. Luckily, the younger branches, being engaged at their studies, breakfasted earlier with their respective instructors, and consequently did not appear. After having at length fussed and fidgetted herself into her chair, and disburdened herself of

her opinion of London, by saying to Cecil, "I blave the ateing ith very indifferenz in Lunnun, at latht not aqual to what it ith in the country," she commenced her breakfast by upsetting her tea ; and disdaining the assistance of her napkin, which remained carefully folded up by the side of her plate, she drew from her pocket a very antediluvian-looking pocket handkerchief, which she forthwith converted into a sponge.

"Oh, mother, let me send up for another pocket handkerchief for you," remonstrated Lady Bubble.

"Whath that you thay, Margafet?" asked the old lady.

"Your handkerchief is so shockingly dirty, ma'am."

"Then indade, Margaret, it bath no buthli-neth to be dirty, for I had it clane latht Thunday wake."

At this, Cecil's gravity evaporated in a fit of coughing, at the thought of Master Whabble's kerchief, and wondered if it was the fashion throughout Shropshire to make Mede and Persian laws about pocket handkerchiefs. Just at this juncture, Sir Romulus tripped into the room a pinch of snuff between the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, some slips of paper between the other fingers, and a round pewter office ink-stand in his left hand.

“ And how are the girls using you ?” said he, accosting Cecil, and extending the little finger of his right hand to him. “ The Algerines have been keeping me all the morning with their licenses—they won’t apply in time ; and as I like a little poetry in what I do, and to have things out of the common, I always write them with goose or crow quills, and never with steel pens ; so that keeps me twice as long—twice as long ;” and then, turning to Mrs. Manners, added, “ What beautiful weather we’ve got to-day, ma’am—quite the summer come back to us.”

Now both the old lady and her son-in-law being famous for what the Spaniards call “ *perogrulladas*,” or Pero Grullo’s* truths, she pithily replied :

“ Oh, indade, Romuluth, I’ve remarked that the futtr part of Theptember ith apt to be fine.”

“ True, true,” verified Sir Romulus ; “ and the end of October cold.” And then, turning to Cecil, “ and what sort of a calamity (do you approve of that name for a wife ?) has Lord John got ?”

* Pero Grullo’s truths are self-evident things, formally asserted ; called so from a simpleton of that name, who thought himself mighty wise in making discoveries of things known to the whole world. One of these truths is said to be, ‘ *Comer por la boca*,’ &c.—that it is customary for people to eat with their mouths !

“She is a calamity, at least I should think her such,” replied Cecil; “for nature has been as niggardly to her as she is to every one else. But Lord John bears her, like every other affliction, with great fortitude.”

“So she’s an Algerine, is she?” said Sir Romulus, walking to the side table, and helping himself to a hecatomb of cold beef.

“Will you teke tay, coffee or chocolate fust, Mr. Howard, or begin with mate and wine?” inquired Lady Bubble.

“Tea, if you please,” said Cecil.

“Not at all,” interposed Sir Romulus; “this is the first of September, and you must take something more substantial against the field. Ah! here comes a devil—the *very thing!* to taste some as good hock as, I flatter myself, you’ll find in England.”

Cecil excused himself on the plea of never taking wine at breakfast; but Sir Romulus was absolute, and ‘*nolens volens,*’ poor Cecil’s cup was superseded by a green-eyed monster of a glass.

“What do you think of *that*, my böy?” said Sir Romulus, when Mr. Howard had gone through the ceremony of putting it to his lips.

“Why,” smiled Cecil, “in order to pronounce its eulogium, I must honour a favourite distich

of an old tutor of mine, who was more famous for his length than his Latin,

“‘Hæc de vitifera venisse picata Vienna,
Ne dubites, misit *Romulus* ipse mihi.’”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Sir Romulus.

“Pray, Mr. Howard,” said Miss Lucretia, deliberately stirring her tea, clearing her throat three times, and speaking in a kind of “notice to correspondents” voice, “are you acquainted with many of the leading authors of the day?—our cousin, for instance, Sir Narcissus Bubble—what a charming man he must be! for, judging by his works, I should think he was the victim of sentiment and sensibility!—he certainly beats all the modern authors hollow.”

“I never heard of his beating any one but his wife,” replied Cecil dryly.

Miss Lucretia was about to put forth a veto of incredulity, when a great commotion was heard at the door, and Marmaduke Bubble, preceded by Trip and two setters, entered the room. On his head was a black velvet hunting-cap, fastened to the button of a green shooting-jacket, by a piece of whip-cord; below the shooting-jacket appeared a pair of Nankin brevities, with long streamers of the same coloured ribbon at each knee, which gave a peculiar grace to a pair of flesh-coloured ribbed silk stockings, which termi

nated in black leather half-boots, laced up the front; under *each* arm was a gun, and across his shoulder was slung a powder-horn and shot-bag. Cecil could not help smiling at his grotesque appearance.

“Why, Marmaduke!” said Sir Romulus, as the former seated himself next Mrs. Manners, “you must have had a conspiracy with the larks to be stirring so soon—it’s only a quarter-past twelve!”

“First of September,” said Marmaduke, sticking his knife into a roll; “been up these two hours. You know, brother, I hate being different from other people, and, therefore, like to commence hostilities against the partridges early!”

“Why, then,” cried Mrs. Manners, turning suddenly round, “if you’ve bane up the the two hourths, what on earth kep you? for I’m never five minutes from the time I get out of bed till the time I get down to breakfast.”

“Humph!—skould like to swim you then for fifteen,” said Marmaduke, involuntarily backing his chair from the vicinity of the expeditious and anti-amphibious old lady.

“Howard, I’ll trouble you for some butter,” said Marmaduke, as soon as he had moved into a more salubrious atmosphere.

“I must tell you my name for those,” cried Sir Romulus, addressing Cecil, and pointing to the pat of butter on his brother’s plate—“Irishmen’s children—Irishmen’s children, because they’re *little Pats*.”

“Oh! Sir Romulus,” said Lady Bubble, turning her head aside and pantomimically pushing her ‘sposò’ away with her right hand, “I’ll engage Mr. Howard is shocked at you!”

“Dear me,” exclaimed Marmaduke, pulling out his watch, “it’s time to be off.—Howard, I’ll mount you on the nicest shooting-poney you ever saw—I’ll back Kicksywicksy against any quadruped in England!”

Cecil cast a sly glance at Theresa Manners, and encountered one much more sly as he declined his cousin’s obliging offer, by saying he was ^{not} very well, and therefore should not go out shooting that day.

“Well, then,” said Sir Romulus, “I’m your man—I’m your man—I’m going to see my friend Tristram Town to-day, and I’ll take you with me. You’ve heard of Town, of course—the celebrated scientific Town?”

“No,” hesitated Cecil, as he thought with a blush how many celebrated people there are whom one has never heard of.

“Bless me! is it possible?” said Sir Romulus;

“why, I thought every one had heard of Town. He is constructing a plan for a submarine railroad from Dover to Calais.—Wonderful thing!—wonderful thing! if he can but bring it to bear: you’re to be put into a bucket at Dover and emptied out at Calais, or ‘vice versa.’ Mrs. Town is a wonderful woman, too! the smallest person, perhaps, you ever saw—not above four feet three inches high, and yet teaches her boys entirely herself—great big fellows they are, too, sixteen, seventeen and eighteen—never been to school, and never had a tutor—a prodigiously clever woman, as you may suppose.”

“Fudge!” said Marmaduke; “she’s a prodigious humbug, and always reminds me of Trajan’s description of Juliopolis, ‘a very small town loaded with great charges.’”

“Oh! oh! my dear Marmaduke,” fumbled Sir Romulus, “you are unjust; as you will perceive, Howard, when I introduce you to Mrs. Town to-day.”

“Thank you,” said Cecil, disconsolately, for he had sundry visions of walks in green lanes with Theresa Manners; “if you will allow me, I think I would rather remain at home to-day, or at least, only explore your grounds.”

“Well, just as you like, you want to be the pet of the petticoats! is that it?” said Sir Romulus.

“Talking of petticoats,” said Lady-Bubble, “I dar say the Queen’s drawing-rooms are very well attended?”

“Oh dear!” exclaimed Miss Prudence Bubble;—but the reader has not yet been introduced to her. Miss Prudence was a little woman always dressed in a rusty black silk gown, and a yellow white muslin ruff; a sort of skull cap of Urling’s lace, lined with brown silk, little bunches of fawn-coloured curls on her forehead secured with a broadish band of black velvet, to which the border of her cap was fastened in front by a small square pearl brooch. Her face was pale, and much wrinkled, and her lips were so tucked in as to be invisible to the naked eye, which made whatever she said nearly unintelligible, as, instead of coming out of her mouth, the words seemed to return inwards from whence they came. As she spoke, she always worked her fingers about, holding her hands straight out and her fingers apart; but if seated at table, as on the present occasion, resting her wrists on the table, and pointing her restless fingers upwards like a ‘chevaux-de-frise.’ When her gloves were on, the ends of the glove fingers invariably extended an inch and a half beyond her own. To relieve the black dress, she always wore white cotton stockings, with black men-shaped leather shoes, bound with leather. Economy

and theology were her fortes; as a proof of which she always thought a sermon she could not understand, or slept through, particularly edifying, and she made a saving of one syllable in the termination of nearly every word, by substituting uncommon for uncommonly, prodigious for prodigiously, &c; and often she would retrench in letters, by saying partiklar for particular, and promiscus for promiscuous. Her brother Romulus she thought the first man in the kingdom; Marmaduke (though she would not publicly acknowledge it) she thought half-witted, from the manner in which he lavished his money on all occasions. For her sister Lucretia's literary talents she had great veneration, but regretted she should be quite so much addicted to poetry and pathos. Of her younger relatives, Cosmo, as being the embryo baronet, was her favourite, and of this she gave unequivocal proofs, by each succeeding year augmenting his Christmas-box a whole half-crown.

If any one happened unintentionally to misstate her tastes, by presuming that she did or did not like sugar with her tea, mint sauce with lamb, or vinegar with lobster, she would indignantly argue the point for an hour, as though she had been libelled, beyond the boundaries to which Christian forgiveness could be expected

to extend, especially if Lady Bubble was the person who displayed such unpardonable ignorance; for then, goaded by her sister-in-law-dislike to her, she would return to the charge every five minutes in the day, her fingers working double tides as she would burst into a reproachful tirade of, “Well, I wonder at any one that pretends to common sense being so silly as to say I don’t like cold pig, when every one knows that I’m particklar partial to it! O dear! there’s Doctor Damnemall, our “new evangelical preacher, (such a good nfan), and Mrs. Town, and Mrs. Whabble, and Lord Francis Fitznoodle, and so many people in the neighbourhood, always make it a point to have cold pig when I go to their houses—my taste is so well known in that respect, so that it is most truly ridiclus—oh, ridiclus in the extreme, to go and say I don’t like it! I should have been sorry, I assure you, Lady Bubble, that you should have committed yourself by saying such a thing before any one; for I’m sure they’d have laughed at you. Well, to be sure, I never—it only shows what things may be said of one! After that, nobody is safe. I’m sure I thought my taste was known, in this house, at least; but some people never choose to know anything but what they ought not.”

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Miss Prudence, “I would not go to this queen’s court, on any account. I assure you, I mean what I say.”

“Oh, Prue, Prue, I’m ashamed of you,” said Sir Romulus. “I won’t own a sister that is such an Algerine as to say she won’t go to Victoria’s court.”

“May I ask,” said Cecil, smiling, “what are your reasons?”

“Oh dear, sir, I’ve very good reasons, I assure you.”

“Well, can’t you let us hear them?” said Marmaduke.

“There’s no necessity for my giving my reasons, as you do your money, brother, the moment they are asked for,” said Miss Prudence, tartly.

“Oh, the Algerine! I don’t believe ~~she~~ has any reasons,” said Sir Romulus, taking a decided pinch of snuff.

“Now, brother, that you say that, you provoke me into telling them” (and Miss Prudence’s fingers zigzagged about like fork-lightning.) “I have reasons, and you ought to know them, only it’s the fashion in this house to forget everything. (Here occurred an angry glance at Lady Bubble.) Now, I’ll just ask Mr. Howard, or any one, if I am not right. You must know, sir,” continued

she, turning to Cecil, "when I was a girl—I mean quite a young girl—I had the honour of dancing with his late Majesty, King William the Fourth, then a midshipman in the royal navy at Plymouth. Oh, dear, good man the late King was as ever was; and after that, don't you think I should be very ungrateful and particklar disloyal, if I could go up to the court of any person who had taken his place?"

Luckily for Cecil, Sir Romulus set the example of a laugh, which being universally followed, Miss Prudence rose from her chair with great indignation, saying, as she left the room:

"You may all laugh as you please, which I think particklar rude; but I'll never desert his late Majesty for all the queens in England!"

"Well but, Prudenth," said the old lady, "you can't exthpect him to come back and danth with you now, sure?"

"Not unless she makes a *dead* set at him, Ma'am," said Sir Romulus; "ha! ha! ha! Prudence, do you hear my wit—not unless you make a *dead* set at him!" But Prudence had closed the door, and Sir Romulus had the joke all to himself.

"Well, if you won't come with me, Howard," said Marmaduke, rising and ringing the bell, "I must send for Mc Phin; he's a great acqui-

sition outshooting, for he's so tall he has only to raise his arm, and lift the birds off the trees, without shooting them."

After a further delay of ten minutes, Mr. Mc Phin appeared. His costume was unchanged, (at least, unvaried) from the preceding night. Having cast a furtive glance round the room, and ascertained that Mademoiselle Perpignon was not there, he *boo'd* to those who were, and pronounced it "a vary gude day for a pop."

"I fear we shall have rain, though," said Marmaduke, closing his right eye tightly, as he bent his head and raised the other to the bright and cloudless sky above the French blind.

"It's vary possible," responded Mc Phin.

"Yet no—the sky is too blue," resumed Marmaduke.

"Eh, and so it is," acquiesced the ~~canai-~~ tutor, who had an accommodating sort of Polonius fashion of arranging the focus of his vision on all occasions, by the medium of other people's words, and obligingly finding things 'like a camel,' 'backed like a weasel,' or 'very like a whale,' as the occasion might require.

At length, these two worthies departed, being joined at the door by a reinforcement of three Newfoundland puppies, whose company Mr. Mc Phin strongly objected to, not indeed as re-

garded the partridges, but as regarded his own heels, which, from their ossified appearance, presented irresistible attractions to the gnawing propensities of puphood; but Marmaduke declared the poor things should not be disappointed of their run.

“Eh, it’s vary wael, sir, for you who are mounted; but it’s nae pleasant for a puir pedestrian to be troobled with the fony that he’s marching straight for the infernal regions by having relays of a detoched Sareberus (Cerberus) ot his heels every step he endeavouris to tak.”

“Oh, if that’s all,” said Marmaduke, instantly dismounting from Kicksywicksy, “up with you; for I’d as soon walk.”

Here Mr. Mc Phin, who in his system of education was a great advocate for practical illustration; from the indisputable fact of their making things more clear to every capacity, threw one foot east and the other west, and suffering Kicksywicksy quietly to walk through him, convinced all beholders that that incomparable animal had no more power than the speaker of the House of Commons has over its members, to prevent his being on his legs; and then added a verbal commentary, by saying: “Besides, I’m not skeeled in equestrian exerceses.”

“On the contrary,” replied Marmaduke, re-

mounting Kicksywicksy, whose extraordinary lungings, plungings, and caprioles, convinced Cecil that Miss Manners's warning had not been given without cause. "On the contrary, I should say you appear perfectly grounded in them."

Off trotted Kicksywicksy, on trudged Mr. Mc Phin, who, before he had advanced a hundred yards, had occasion to turn round, and level the muzzle of his double-barrelled Manton at the heads of the canine triumvirate that were assailing his heels."

"Hold! hold! Mc Phin," cried Marmaduke, reining in Kicksywicksy, and making a sudden summerset in his saddle, which brought him exactly opposite to Mr. Mc Phin's face and Kicksywicksy's tail; "hold! if you must drive them away with the gun, do it with the butt end."

"Eh, and so I would, had they run at me with their tails; but it's their domed muzzles that have been at my heels ever since we set oot," replied Mc Phin, thereby evincing his strong sense of retributive justice.

As everything at Bubble Hall seemed to be organized on an inverse ratio of other people's habits and hours, after breakfast the whole family repaired to the chapel to prayers, Sir Romulus officiating as chaplain, on account of

Mr. Mc Phin's absence. To gratify Miss Lucretia's nice sense of propriety, the men occupied one side of the chapel and the women the other; for, as there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven," she did not know what might be the result of masculine and feminine prayers ascending in couples. Further distinction Sir Romulus very properly would not allow to be made, as he thought, with truth, there is no aristocracy of souls, though there is of sanctity; and, therefore, servants and all knelt as they came, which caused Mr. Howard to disapprove of Mrs. Nettletop, the housekeeper's taste in dress, and wish she would not wear such a high-crowned cap, as it rose like a fog before the bright face of Theresa Manners; while Bridget Bond, the dairymaid's ample green-quilted petticoat equally shared his animadversions from the fact of its forming a complete screen to that young lady's figure. It was very wrong, and I'm sure I don't attempt to defend it—but, as Cecil looked towards the spot where Theresa knelt, the following four lines came into his head:

" On dit que deux âmes qui prient,
L'un pour l'autre en même foi,
Dans l'éternité se marient,
Quand vous priez priez pour moi."

Oh! mystery of mysteries! what is love?

It is 'poison in nectar,'—sunlight to heaven—perfume to the rose—the music of sound—the poetry of feeling—the 'madness of many,'—the 'gain' of 'but few.' It is more than all these,—it is an especial Providence; only let us feel convinced of its existence, and we care not how improbable the chances may be of our happiness, still we are happy. It is the opium of Nature, that conjures up dreams so intoxicating, that they distance, and make us independent of all realities; it is a creator who makes everything out of nothing, and out of whose chaos is formed the universe of the heart; 'it is a chameleon that lives on air, and whose ever-changing hues are derived from the atmosphere of the one being, in whose presence it exists; it is a giant to dare, and a child to fear; it is a spendthrift to give, yet a miser to hoard; it is an 'abject' slave, yet like all such, in its turn a fell tyrant; it is a magician, who, in a desert, can raise up an Eden, bright, beautiful, and pure as the primeval one; but it is a serpent to tempt—and woe to those who live to find that it has lured them to

'Pluck the *one* blossom that grew on earth's tree!'

CHAPTER IV.

“ Le souvenir d'Adèle se mêlait en effet à tout ses pensées. Il avait beau dire mille fois par jour qu'il fallait l'oublier ! ”—

ADELA DE SENANGE.

“ As vain is the hope of retreating
 From peril that lurks in the eyes,
 When glances too frequent are meeting,
 And sighs are re-echoed by sighs ;
 When thus with two hearts that are tender,
 The folly so equal hath been,
 'Tis meet that they *both* should surrender,
 And share the soft bondage between.”

LOVER.

MR. HOWARD IS SEIZED WITH A COMPLAINT IN THE HEART, WHICH PROVES CONTAGIOUS.—CATO—A PREVENTED TRAGEDY.—A WORTHY WOMAN SUFFERS A FINE, AND RECOVERY.—REMEDY IS IN SOME INSTANCES WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.—CUT AND COME AGAIN, OR A FATAL WARNING TO ALL GOOD HOUSEWIVES TO KEEP THEIR KNIVES WELL SHARPENED.

It was about a month after Marmaduke Bubble and Mr. McPhin had returned from their shooting expedition,—their only trophy of which was a solitary crow, that bore evident marks of having been defunct prior to coming into their possession ; though whether it had or had not for

a long time afforded a crow to pluck between them,—that Cecil Howard was guilty of asking himself the impertinent question, of what he meant by thinking of no other human being from morning till night, and night till morning, but Theresa Manners? He had nothing, and she had nothing; two sums, which, when joined together in holy matrimony, make a great deal—of misery. He could not think of laying himself and his father's debts at her feet; and yet he felt an irresistible curiosity to know whether they would produce the same effect upon her, that they had done upon Lady Annette Lovell? but this was selfish and dishonourable; and Cecil Howard being neither, then began playing the Mentor to his own Telemachus. “Yes, Theresa is certainly a charming girl, a very charming girl, but do I not overrate her, ~~from~~ seeing her among her awkward, vulgar, and above all, ugly cousins? amidst whom she certainly is a diamond among pebbles.” Then he would shut his eyes, and pressing his hand tightly over them, a whole phalanx of the most attractive London beauties would rise up with “wreathed smiles” before him, and he would open them again, exclaiming, “no, no, Theresa is more beautiful than all of them put together. She is so clever, too; and I hate fools,

they fray one's temper, as a burn does one's clothes; then her conduct to these people is so exactly what it ought to be, it would be impossible for them, do what they would, to turn her into an humble dependent, for she never shows, but always proves her superiority. Still I cannot quite make her out: at one moment there is a depth of feeling in her eyes, and a softness and gentleness in her manner, that is perfectly infectious, yet, no sooner has it become so, than it changes. She bounds off, as it were, into another self, and seems, as though beyond mirth and laughter, she had no existence. Can she be a coquette? no, for she would not coquette with Marmaduke, and sometimes he may beg in vain for a song, while at others, she will for hours read to him the dullest books, or enter into philosophical discussions with him, and foil him at his own weapons; while to those stupid cousins, she is taste, hands, and understanding, crowning the whole with the rare art of making every one do exactly as she pleases, leaving them under the pleasing delusion that they are having their own way. She seems to me to manage every thing, where there is any management about this place. What a wife she would make if we were married! Lord John must do something for me; besides, when one sees the

trash that sells, I'm sure I could write. Theresa is an encyclopedia in herself. Ah! if I could but earn a reputation worthy of her!—women, love, fame, and

'Digito monstrari et dicier hic est,'

has won many a heart, but"—here his soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of the subject of his thoughts, in the same avenue where he was walking.

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Howard," said she laughingly, holding up a despatch about the size of a glove-box, but with a proportionately large seal; "and were it not for its being redolent of tobacco, I should say it was a love-letter from the seal. I know not which is the most original, the device or the motto.—It must be owned the lady hath a nice invention."

"Lady!" repeated Cecil, taking the letter, and vexed he knew not why at Theresa's manner. "She does not care for me," thought he, "that's plain, or she would not treat the matter so lightly, if she thought it was a love letter."—So thinking, he was about, in his usual impatient manner, to break open the seal.

"Nay, nay," said Theresa, placing her beautiful little hand on his, "for once let time yield to taste. I must intercede for that exquisite seal." At the touch of her hand, Cecil trem-

bled violently, and the letter dropped from his. Theresa stooped to pick it up, her glove dropped as she did so, and while Cecil involuntarily concealed it as she secured the letter, their hands again met!

“ Good heavens ! that is—you—I—Ther—Miss Manners, I beg your pardon,” stammered Cecil, “ I hope your letter is not injured.”

“ Then do you mean to give me the whole letter, as well as the seal ? before you’ve read it too ! well, come, that really is generous,” laughed Theresa, holding the letter above her head.

Cecil was just beginning to acquire the pleasing consciousness that he was looking exceedingly silly, and therefore making at one and the same time, a snatch at the letter, and an effort to rally, said, “ Nay, that’s asking too much before I’ve even seen the seal you admire so much.”

“ Well, I think so, too,” said Theresa, giving him the letter, “ for it certainly is unique.”

Cecil took the letter, and had no sooner examined the seal, than he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, as well he might. In the centre of a very large and well-fed looking heart, was a cupid, that certainly did not look as if he had come out of a union-workhouse ; his face was turned inwards, and on his hands

were a pair of boxing-gloves, with which he seemed to be thumping at the heart for admittance! The motto round this charming device, was

“With love my heart is beating!”

“Who on earth can this be from?” said Cecil, as he opened the letter. Why, who could such a seal come from, but Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson! The letter began—“My dearest friend,” was very closely written, and was crossed and recrossed in every direction. Even under the seal were some very small characters, which Cecil at length deciphered into “pretty isn’t it? my own invention.” The letter ended by requesting, that his “dearest friend” would answer it by return of post, under cover to his friend, at whose house he was then staying—O’Gander Braddle, Esq. M.P., Bally Braddle, county Wicklow. What more the letter contained, Mr. Howard, to his shame be it said, is to this day ignorant, as he put it in his pocket without further scrutiny—it being the second letter he had received in answer to an answer which he had written to Mr. Simpson’s first epistle. “It is from my Yankee friend that I met in the coach,” said Cecil, “and he has certainly lost no time in fulfilling his threat of corresponding with me.”

“And did you never see him before?” inquired Theresa.

“Never,” replied Cecil.

“Then he has certainly lost no time, either, in becoming your dearest friend;—but I suppose the Americans apply steam to their friendships, as they do to every thing else.”

Here they came to the end of the avenue, and Theresa stopped, as though she expected Cecil would leave her. “Will you allow me, Miss Manners,” said he, “to accompany you in your walk?”

“Certainly,” replied she, “but my walk will only extend to the dairy;—Bridget has sent for me, touching some special misdemeanour, committed by a feline protégé of mine, named Cato;—he is addicted to astronomy, but unfortunately all his researches are in the milky way—to Bridget’s infinite annoyance, who depreciates his talents, by insisting that he only skims the cream of her labours.”

“I hope,” said Cecil, smiling, “that he is not to be sentenced to condign punishment, merely for his epicurean propensities.”

“That’s exactly what I’m going to prevent,” replied Theresa, “for he’s as clever as Houlglass—and I think a cat of such genius ought to be exempt from the penalties attached to the

peccadilloes of subordinate grimalkins. If talents in men are sufficient to procure them a 'carte blanche,' for every villany, meanness, and vice, I don't see why capacity in a cat should not secure him the one immunity of cream !"

"Very logically argued," laughed Cecil, as they reached the dairy-door, "and such philo-feline feelings do you infinite credit."

Bridget Bond was busily employed churning, but her face was so like a thunder cloud, that all the cream in the pans was visibly turning.

"Oh, Miss !" said she, desisting from her labours, and dropping a curtsey as Cecil and Theresa entered,—“ I should be very sorry to do anything to vex you, but I must kill that villain Cato—neither butter nor cream can I keep for him ;—and it's not only his stealing, but he's so oudacious when he's done it ; no sense of shame-like—but there he'll sit before my very eyes, licking his paws, and staring me in the face, as bold as brass—as though, instead of lapping up a whole pan of cream, he had only killed a mouse ;—oh ! Miss ! depend upon it, he's a hardened wretch.”

Here a low rumbling wail, like that of a cat in custody, stole upon the air,—“ Ah,” resumed Bridget, “ he's hid himself—but if I once

find him, his days are numbered, that I've sworn," said she, with the air of a Lady Macbeth, as she seized the churn dash, and vehemently resumed her occupation.

"Then you must unswear, Bridget," coaxed Theresa, who hearing another low melancholy squall, raised her eyes to a walnut tree opposite the dairy door, and amid the friendly shelter of its umbrageous leaves, there beheld the large, round, verdant, disconsolate orbs of Cato, tenderly and imploringly fixed upon her, while his tail wagged languidly to and fro round his fore paws, in affectionate recognition of his patroness. "You know," resumed Theresa, "that I promised you a new gown. I cannot break my word; but if you do anything approaching to murder on that poor cat, I here make another promise, that I will faithfully keep, which is, that it shall be the ugliest gown that I can get in all Shrewsbury."

"Oh, miss! sure you wouldn't be so hard on me?" said Bridget, relaxing into a smile, as she put her hands before her very flat broad waist, and smoothed down her apron.

"Yes, indeed, but I will though, unless you promise not to harm a hair of Cato's whiskers."

"Well, but, Miss, I must correct him in some way; for my lady do scold so about the cream,

and miss Lucy do want such a load to take off the freckles, and there's never none set by for her, but what that villain of a cat comes and takes it; and if he does not have some sort of eddycation, there'll be no bearing on him."

"Well, send him to school, if you like," laughed Theresa; "but remember, hurt he must not and shall not be.

"I think," said Cecil, slipping a sovereign into Bridget's hand, "Cato would have even more respect for a new cap than a new gown; so try what effect that will have on him."

"La, sir!" exclaimed Bridget, opening her eyes with delight, as she curtseyed down to the very ground; "I'm sure you be too good; and Cato is a most fortunat cat to have so many friends among the gentlefolks. I'll not hurt him, Miss Theresa; only I raley must do something to bring him to his senses the next time I catches him."

"Do what you like," said Theresa, as she left the Dairy, "provided you don't hurt him; but," added she, raising her finger, and flinging an arch look at Bridget over her shoulder, of which poor Cecil had the full benefit, (and which made him think that she had no business to look so provokingly beautiful, as long as he was obliged to keep at arm's length, and call her Miss Manners) "remember the ugly gown."

No sooner had they left the dairy, than Theresa put out her hand to Cecil, and said :

“ Thank you, Mr. Howard, for helping me to bribe that bondwoman not to kill that poor cat.”

Cecil took the proffered hand, attempted to speak, coloured, and remained silent ; but, like “ the stupid young gentleman,” thought the more. What an infectious mystery is love ! I maintain that it is born a twin and never can exist ; at least for any length of time, singly. The ‘ *besoin d’aimer*,’ under which all labour more or less, may indeed be a sort of impetus that sometimes impels the heart towards an object that feels no reciprocity for it ; but all such are mistaken missions that soon terminate. Just as we often enter a room, in quest of some particular person, and not finding them there to meet us, quit it instantly—so it is with the affections. No heart ever lingers on another, that has no corresponding sympathy to greet it. A freemason would hardly repeat the sign of his order where he found it was not understood ; and the freemasonry of love requires an equal return ; for which reason, no love that is not mutual can be either deep or lasting. That great theologian of the heart, poor Maturin, who had genius enough to have founded a dozen reputations, has beautifully remarked : “ How much more delicious is the first inarticulate murmur

of love, with all its feebleness of expression, its poverty of words, and eloquence of blushes—its feelings that disdain the medium of language and trust their rich secret to the *respiration of the eyes*,—how much more powerful is its silent expression than all that words can utter or volumes contain.” And how is this silent language to be understood, unless through the electric medium of mutual feeling? The great difference between the dawn of love and its meridian is, that in the former, words seem a sort of sacrilege that would dispel the hallowed mysteries of its faith; while, after its revelations have once taken place, vows and protestations are necessary to the assurance of its worship; for there is a prodigality in the wealth of love that needs exaggeration to satisfy it.

Why did Theresa blush when Cecil released her hand? She knew not. Had it been to do over again, she could not for worlds have offered it to him; yet she felt intensely happy. Why then should she be so confused as to be utterly unable to break a silence that every instant became more embarrassing? Theresa knew not that at the birth of love Fate suspends her balance beyond our reach, lest a breath should turn the scale, till she has meted out to us a destiny over which we have no control.

They had reached the end of the avenue when they were startled by loud sobs proceeding from a person apparently in great distress, and on approaching the house they descried a woman standing under the library windows, crying bitterly. No sooner did she perceive Theresa than she advanced towards her, and clasping her hands imploringly, said :

“ Oh, Miss Manners ! I’ve had such a misfortin !—My husband ! my husband !—I’m worse off than ever ; if Sir Romulus would but see me !—but he won’t, and I don’t know what to do.”

“ I hope, Mrs. Fine, he has not been ill-using you again ?”

“ Oh, Miss, it’s worse than ever, and I’ve no ope unless Sir Romulus will do something for me !—if you would get him to see me this once I’d never tease him no more.”

“ Well, I’ll see what I can do,” said Theresa, “ but really, you come with such incessant complaints, that I don’t wonder at his refusing to see you.”

“ God bless you, Miss !” sobbed Mrs. Fine ; “ indeed, I’ll never trouble his worship again.”

“ That woman,” said Theresa, as she and Cecil entered the house, “ is the landlady of a small public house, called the Pug and Primrose, about five miles off. She is afflicted with a drunken

husbands, and they indulge in the luxury of quarrelling to a degree far beyond what becomes people of their humble sphere of life. My uncle, from having given her so many sovereign remedies for scratched faces and bruised arms, has been so pestered by her that he has at length refused to see her; but if I can prevail upon him to relent for the nonce, you may perhaps be amused at the dignified manner in which he performs his magisterial duties."

Cecil smiled as he followed Theresa to the library door.

"Come in," cried Sir Romulus, in reply to Miss Manners' knock. He was busily employed in poring over and misunderstanding Mr. Tristram Town's plan for a submarine rail-road, and looked altogether most portentous.

"I beg your pardon, dear uncle," said Theresa, "but poor Mrs. Fine is here in such terrible distress—"

"Oh, the Algerine!" interrupted Sir Romulus; "I'll take away her license if she annoys me any more. Tell her to get about her business directly."

"I really think something worse than usual has happened," resumed Theresa, "for she seems in such terrible affliction—*do*, dear uncle, see her this once—only this once. You know you pro-

mised me the other day, that if I found your spectacles for you, you would grant me the first favour I asked you,—and I ask it now.”

“Um—un—um,” bumble-bee’d Sir Romulus. “My dear, I meant for yourself, and not for such an Algerine as this.”

“Well, uncle, but what does it matter, as long as it is to please me?—so I may bring her in?”

And without waiting for further permission, she left the room.

“That young Algerine does whatever she pleases with one,” said Sir Romulus to Cecil, precipitately taking a pinch of snuff. “One might as well be hen-pecked by a *calamity* as have that little jade to coax one into and out of every thing.”

“A great deal better,” *thought* Cecil.

Marmaduke Bubble (who, since Howard’s arrival had, out of compliment to him, taken to *early rising*, and as it now wanted a quarter to four, had just come down), meeting Theresa at the door, went with her and Mrs. Fine into the library; for he was fond of **throwing** oil on the troubled sea of his brother’s inflexible justice, during which process he never sat still, but invariably walked up and down with his hands in his pockets.

Cecil leant against the mantelpiece, and Theresa seated herself on the sofa, while Mrs. Fine with her apron in both her hands, before both her eyes, advanced with loud sobs, and placed herself before the awful tribunal of Sir Romulus Bubble's library chair.

“Um—um—um,” commenced the worthy magistrate, taking off his spectacles and leaning back in his chair, while he gracefully crossed his right leg over his left knee, thereby displaying a considerable portion of his white cotton sock, with an insertion of bare skin, rendered visible by his blue cloth trowsers rising higher in the world than the tailor in his most sanguine moments ever could have anticipated. “Um—um—um—I suppose the Pug and Primrose is no more—that you are burnt out, and are come to tell me, that from pipe to puncheon all is demolished; for nothing else can have made you infringe my positive commands, by coming here again, Mrs. Fine.”

“Oh! oh! oh! worse than that, your worship. My husband—”

“What of him, the Algerine?” asked Sir Romulus, resolutely buttoning up his pockets as he spoke.

“Se—se—such a misfortune.”

“The old story—drubbing and drinking, eh?”

but it won't do—I've no money to-day, Mrs. Fine."

"Oh, sir, he te—te—tookt a carving knife and cut his throat, yesterday !"

Sir Romulus unbuttoned *one* pocket,—Marmaduke came to a full stop,—Cecil shuddered,—Theresa groaned and covered her eyes.

"That is certainly very shocking," resumed Sir Romulus, "but still he was such a bad husband that you must look upon it as a release, after all."

"Oh, but your worship!" cried Mrs. Fine, wringing her hands and bursting into a fresh roar of genuine and unrestrained regret, "they te—te—tookt him to the hospital and sewed it up again, and he's now doing as well as ever! Oh! oh! oh! my art will break!"

"Serve you right!" said Marmaduke, rummaging in his pocket for a five-pound note; "why don't you keep your knives properly sharpened?"

"I will, for the futer, sir," sobbed Mrs. Fine; and it is but justice to add, never was promise made with more sincerity.

"So he is recovering," said Sir Romulus.

"Oh, yes sir; there is no ope! no ope! he drank half a pint of brandy this morning, and he'll soon be as well as ever."

“Well, that’s as God pleases,” said Sir Romulus, “and I can do nothing in the business.”

“I thought perhaps your worship might be able to get him kept longer in the hospital, or sent to prison for attempting his own life.”

“The attempt was very bad, certainly,” said Marmaduke; “he should have done it effectually, or let it alone.”

“That’s just what Patty said when she was scrubbing the boards, after it; for you’ve no idear what a mess he made in the bar. But lor, sir, that’s the way he bungles every thing—never does nothing properly.”

At this juncture the door opened, and Lady Bubble put in her head, inquiring if Theresa was there?

Bourdaloue says: “On voit des femmes qui se sentent chargées d’elles-mêmes, jusqu’à ne pouvoir en quelque sorte se supporter, ni supporter personne.” Lady Bubble was one of them. She thought there was some hitch in nature, whenever her business or pleasure was at a stand. She had lately taken it into her head that a Colonel King, quartered at Shrewsbury, might, with proper management, be got to take her daughter Lucy, for better for worse; and that even, from the force of example, his friend Captain Russell might

convert Miss Betsy Bubble into Mrs. Russell. These two gentlemen, with Lord Francis Fitznoodle, Mr. Tristram Town, Lady and Sir George Langton—a newly made baronet—and some other persons in the neighbourhood, were that day to dine at Bubble-hall, and Theresa, who upon all such occasions was expected to perform miracles upon her cousin's appearance, had, as usual, promised to give Miss Lucy some hints about her dress. But Lady Bubble, who, whatever the result might be, was never satisfied, unless her niece was victimized at least two or three hours longer than was necessary, now came to know why on earth she was idling away her time, instead of showing Stephens, as she had promised, how to make the Gabrielle rosettes for Lucy's dress?

"Dear aunt," said Theresa, rising to leave the room, knowing that from her aunt's fiat there was no appeal, "it is now only four o'clock, and we don't dine till seven."

"You are a terrible procrastinator, Theresa," said her ladyship, following her out of the room. "People of much mind never put off what must be done, because it causes a confusion of idayas. Dear me, three excuses!" cried Lady Bubble, opening three notes the servant had just brought her; "but not of any consequence."

Whether Cecil had put off doing any thing that he ought to have done, I know not; but certain it was, that when Theresa left the room, he was labouring under such a confusion of ideas that he did not perceive the graceful farewell curtsy Mrs. Fine dropped before him as she quitted the library, with five pounds (a much larger sum, it must be owned, than husbands in general, and her husband in particular, was worth) on the part of Marmaduke, and a promise from Sir Romulus that he would exert his influence to keep Mr. Fine in the hospital till his health was perfectly re-established. It suddenly occurred to Mr. Howard that Miss Manners might be in Mademoiselle Perpignon's room, alias the school-room:—no, this was not what occurred to him—he merely recollected that he should like to borrow the ‘*Bibliothèque des Romains*’ from Mademoiselle. So he left the brothers together and repaired to her apartments; but, not finding Miss Manners there, strange to say, he forgot what he had come for, and hearing at the end of the corridor a colloquial duet between Cosmo and Mr. McPhin, he retired till dinner-time to the solitude of his own room.

THE BUDGET OF

CHAPTER V.

Touchstone. "Lovers are given to poetry."—
As You Like It.

"Cinna cédait le pas à l'odieux Jeannot, et le misanthrope reculait devant l'inépuisable cadet Roussel."

"Why am I left here alone to be undone?"
Soliloquy of a Safely Delivered Parcel.

"I'll pond—I'll tail him! in a voice of thunder
He recommenced his fury and his fuss,
Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,
Like one of those great guns that end in buss."
T. HOOD.

DINNER PARTY.—LOVE — PAST—PRESENT—AND TO
COME.—"MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN
ARE DREAMT OF IN THEIR PHILOSOPHY."—MR. MC PHIN,
IN AVOIDING SCYLLA, SPLITS UPON CHARYBDIS.—A
CATASTROPHE.—THE DANGERS OF A LONE WOMAN,
OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER.

How very restless some persons are—Cecil was one of them; and had therefore wandered into the drawing-room a full hour before dinner—and finding no one there, he took up an old volume of "The Literary Souvenir," which opened at those exquisitely beautiful lines of Alaric Watts's, on the picture of a girl in a

Florentine costume; he thought, or rather felt every line was applicable to Theresa, and therefore read them three times over:—

“ Art thou some vision of the olden time,—

Some glowing type of beauty, faded long;

A radiant daughter of that radiant clime

Renowned for sunshine, chivalry, and song?

Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain

The love-lorn plainings of his matchless lyre;

Was thine the frown that chilled him with disdain,—

Crushed his wild hopes, and quenched his minstrel fire?

Or art thou she for whom young Guido pined;

Whom Raffaele saw in his impassioned dream;

The ray that flashed in slumber on his mind,

And o'er his canvas shed so bright a beam?

No, no,—a masquer in its gay attire,

A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace,—

Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire

With more than all the sweetness in thy face.

I see thee stand in beauty's richest bloom,—

In youth's first budding spring,—before me now.

A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,

Tempering the brightness of thy jewelled brow!

Thy dark hair clustering round thy pensivè face,

Like shadowy clouds above a summer moon;

Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace;

Thy cheek soft blushing like a rose in June.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye

Whose chastened light bespeaks the soul within;

Lips full of sweetness;—maiden modesty,

That awes the bosoms it hath deigned to win.

There stand for aye; defying time or care

To make thee seem less beautiful than now!

Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,

Nor grief indent thy pure and polished brow.

Whilst unto her from whom those lines had birth,
 A briefer span, but brighter doom is given;
 To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
 And only know immortal bloom in Heaven."

Cecil had read over this gem for the third time, when the door opened; it was only Marmaduke!

"What! are none of those girls down yet?" said he: "it is quite shocking the time their foolish mother makes them spend in decking themselves out for a husband-hunt, the moment an unmarried man is expected to dinner. The way English girls are trained for this chace always reminds me of a trifling diversion, Sir Anthony Sherley relates, as being followed by the Persian kings, which he calls *hawking in miniature*. Sparrows instead of hawks are reclaimed, as the term is, or broken in, and taught to fly after butterflies, and bring them to their masters. And are not those human sparrows, English young ladies, duly instructed by their mammas in the same papilionaceous pursuit, while, their wings are *imped* with every possible folly, the better to insure success? I tell you what, Howard, politics are all humbug; there can be no such thing as national improvement till the women are first made rational beings, and then treated as such. It is a disgrace to us that this should be the only country in Europe where

there is not a single law for woman. And let us rant and cant about liberty and independance as we will, this savours strongly of a degrading remnant of savage barbarism; as it is a self-evident proposition that the world cannot go on without them. What earthly good can accrue from first making women fools, and then treating them accordingly? It is a futile argument to assert that those poor scarecrows, *honour* and *public opinion*, keep men in order: they do not, nor ever will, as long as falsehood and hypocrisy can circumvent them; besides, if they did, its wrong, all wrong; why should there be laws which, if they possess a corrupting influence even on the minds of men who administer them, though their characters may have been improved by a liberal education, and elevated by nobler views,—how much more baneful must they be to the mass of mankind, who can resort to them as a protection for vice in their own sex, and a warrant for cruelty and injustice towards the other? As the law now stands, it is a Catholic sanctuary for all iniquity, making villainy secure, and punishment impossible. ‘Oh! it is villainous!’ and they should ‘reform it altogether.’ Luckily for themselves, half the women in the world, as society is now constituted, are so ignorant and so silly, that they do not see

all the misery and injustice of their position; and they are too selfish to see or feel for it in others, as long as it does not come home personally and individually to themselves. As for the Miss Bubbles, I have no doubt they will get through the world very well, for they have no hearts to break; but I grow cross and uncomfortable, when I think that there is even a chance of a high-minded, clear-headed, deep-feeling woman like Theresa Manners, being subjected to what there is no law to redress."

"I quite coincide with all you have said," replied Cecil, "but with regard to Miss Manners, surely the world does not contain a wretch that would be base enough to treat her ill!"

Marmaduke turned suddenly round, and eyeing Cecil from head to foot, with a glance of mingled scrutiny, surprise, and contempt, said, or rather thundered, "Sir, you talk like a fool, or a man in love, which is the same thing. Are you in love, sir?—were you ever in love?"

Luckily for Cecil, who, at this abrupt and unwarrantable interrogation, felt as if the room was being swallowed up by an earthquake, Marmaduke did not wait for a reply, but went on to say, as he paced hurriedly up and down the room, "If you were not, sir, I was! and

with a woman worth a whole wilderness of Theresa Manners!" (here Cecil thought he had gone mad in good earnest), "yet she married a brute—there was no law—no redress—no divorce for her. She'd have taken me, then, if there had been—but I wouldn't have taken her—no, no, no—anything second-hand but a second-hand wife! Pshaw, one must be like other people in this world;" and to prove the assertion, Marmaduke threw up one of the windows, and though a distance of five feet from the ground, jumped out into the very midst of—a parterre, ankle-deep in clay, and then cooled himself by going up stairs to dress over again! While Cecil stood rooted to the spot with amazement, the door again opened, and Miss Manners appeared. She never wore anything but white muslin; not from choice, but necessity; but then her muslin always looked whiter, and softer, and finer, than any other muslin in the world; and her bouquet was always so fresh, and so 'recherché,' that it gave to her appearance as much brilliancy as diamonds generally give to that of others. She looked like some fair northern spirit emerging from a drift of snow. Cecil actually forgot that she was human, and gazed upon her as though she had been some beautiful statue;—but not to lose time,

contrived to make the valuable discovery, that women should never wear anything but white. Seeing that he had no idea of being guilty of the civility of addressing her, Theresa broke the awkward silence by saying, "I thought I heard my uncle Marmaduke's voice here?"

"No—yes, that is, he was here just now," said Cecil, at length finding the power of speech, "but I fear I said something that annoyed him;" and here he related the scene that had taken place, up to Marmaduke's lover's leap from the window.

"Poor uncle Marmaduke!" sighed Theresa, "you wouldn't suppose it, but he was—nay, I verily believe is to this day, madly romantically in love; and I'll tell you who it's with, that you may not mention her by accident—Lady Mornington."

"Indeed!—well, but she's been a widow these two years."

"There it is," replied Theresa, "he won't even go to London for fear he should meet her. She was his first, indeed his only love. Her father, Sir Headworth Clavering, first encouraged it, and then Lord Mornington having just arrived from abroad, and falling in love with her, her father thought it a better match, and insisted upon her marrying him. She did so, and he made her a most atrocious husband."

“ I have often thought,” said Cecil, “ how very handsome she must have been. Her son, Lord Erdly, or Lord Mornington I should say now, was at Eton with me, and an uncommonly nice fellow he is—poor Marmaduke !”

“ Poor Marmaduke ! indeed,” sighed Theresa, and then added with one of her sunniest smiles, and most tantalizing looks, “ but how silly people are to be in love; are they not, Mr. Howard ?”

Cecil pressed his hand tightly over his eyes, and had got as far as “ Oh ! Miss Manners,” in a reply, when luckily for him, or for her, or perhaps for both, the door opened, and the old lady, with her usual supporters, Miss Lucretia, and Miss Prudence Bubble, entered; and immediately after Sir Romulus ‘ pas de zephyr’d’ into the room, inquiring if his “ calamity” and those two “ Algerines” were not down yet; and having been answered in the negative, he turned to Mrs. Manners, and asked her if she had been reading any new books lately.

“ Oh indade, Romuluth,” replied she, “ I don’t much care about rading now; but talking of books reminds me of wantht (once) when I wath a girl, I wath reading of Claritha Harlowe, and a lady who came to call upon my mother said : ‘ Ma’am, I think it ith bad for Mith Nelly to be rading thim thört of dull books; why

don't you let her rade Tom Jones, Peregrine Pickle, and the rest of the British clathics (classics). Oh, and I'll tell you, Romuluth, another book, that wath a great book in my day—the British Apollo; there wath all thorts of divarting and plathing (pleasing) information in it. They don't write thim thort of books now; but indade everything ith grately fallen off to what it uthed to be. I don't think the papele are near ath'good-looking either ath they were when I wath young; and I often think I'm greatly altered myself since I have bane in England: thereth thomthing in the air that preventh my being ath active or ath sprightly ath I uthed to be. I remember before the rebellion (but then that wath in Ireland), I uthed to think nothing of walking ten miles, and wontht I walked thirtane with Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

The old lady might have talked thirteen more, had not Lady Bubble, her daughters, and Marmaduke now made their appearance, the latter looking as calm and collected as a fresh pair of nankeens and blue-ribbed silk stockings could make him, and to all appearance having forgotten that there was such tender ground as mud and Mornington in the world. Mr. Town was the first to arrive, with an apology from his wife, who was exceedingly sorry, but she had to re-

main at home to see her sons take a lesson in pugilism. Next came Sir George and Lady Langton—good practical illustrations of the force of contrast; she being a very handsome woman, with a dazzling complexion and beautifully fair, and rounded hands and arms; while he was thin and dark, bald, beaky, and bare-looking, like a half-fledged snipe. Lord Francis Fitznoodle was the third arrival, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Stuart Vernon, a remarkably handsome young man—so handsome, that while Lord Francis was apologising to Lady Bubble for having taken the liberty of bringing him, Cecil thought it was exceedingly impertinent his having done so; nor did his going on to say that he had arrived unexpectedly, and that he (Lord Francis) neither liked to forego the pleasure of his nephew's company, or that of his friends at Bubble Hall, induce Mr. Howard, in the slightest degree, to change his opinion. At length, to Miss Lucy's and her sister's great relief, Colonel King and Captain Russell were announced. Colonel King was remarkably tall, and stiff in proportion; his face, as well as his figure, was in uniform, being red all over; his hair was brown, and though bald at the top, was exceedingly bushy at the sides; his eyes were grey and small, his nose long, and aquiline,

his whiskers very redundant, and his teeth very white, which he kept continually before the public by means of an incessant grin, that accompanied his favourite exclamation of "A—just so—just so—a", which formed his universal answer to every observation. Indeed, there was a story current among his brother officers, that upon one occasion, at the mess, a man had said to him, in the heat of argument, "King, you are a confounded fool!" and that prior to the ceremony of calling him out, he had acknowledged the fact by replying, "A—just so—just so—a." Captain Russell's beauty was of a less commanding order, being dark and short, with rather Calmuc-Tartar features, strangely relieved by remarkably blue eyes, while his head was undeviatingly kept in a perpendicular position by a Jack-Ketch sort of black stock, that always appeared in the act of strangling him.

"I began to fear," said Sir Romulus, as soon as these two heroes appeared, "that the Chartists had abducted you."

"A—just so—just so—a," replied Colonel King, as he seated himself in a vacant chair next Miss Lucy. There was also a seat on the ottoman, next her sister, perfectly at Captain Russell's service; but he held his head so high, he could not see anything but the gilding on

the ceiling, and the drapery of the curtains. Marmaduke was standing with his back to the fire, and his hands behind him, occasionally snubbing his sisters, and shaking up the old lady's sofa pillow. Lady Bubble was all dignity and diamonds, seated on another sofa, talking to Lady Langton. Lord Francis, Sir Romulus, and Mr. Town had formed a button-hole alliance in a corner to themselves, the better to discuss railroads and beer bills; and Mr. Stuart Vernon, having entered into conversation with Miss Manners, through the oriental medium of her bouquet, was gracefully bending over her 'Prie Dieu,' uttering, she and himself alone knew what, in so low and musical a voice, that it caused Mr. Howard to feel so exceedingly uncomfortable, as he sat at a distant table, turning over H.B.'s last new caricatures, that he bit his nether lip; which, strange to say, did not in the least add to his comfort. The half hour had long expired, Sir Romulus had already rung and ordered dinner, which nevertheless not being announced, he at last in despair turned to Lady Bubble, and bumble-bee'd,—

“Um—um—um—my dear—my dear, this is really too bad! that Algerine ought to be transported!” Having passed this sentence by no means ‘sotto voce,’ Lady Bubble thought it

better to reply, in the same 'pro bono' voice, "Why, my dear, there is some excuse for Leslie to-day; her child is so ill, it is not expected to live."

"Ah," growled Marmaduke, in his peculiar, short paradoxical manner, "that is the most sensible thing in Homer, when Achilles, in the last book of the Iliad, moved by the distress of Priam, endeavours to give him consolation, in order to tempt him to partake of some refreshment, he says to him: '*Now let us think about supper; for the fair-haired Niobe did not forget her meals, although she had a dozen children lying dead in her palace.*'"

"Yes, but the dark-haired Leslie seems to have forgotten ours," said Sir Romulus, taking three consecutive pinches of snuff. Dinner was at length announced. Cecil cast one hasty glance round the room, and had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon offer his arm to Miss Manners, although he had actually advanced two steps, with the velocity of a snail, for that purpose. No wonder, then, that he should feel ill-used and indignant, and with a 'sans-souci,' nay, almost with a triumphant air, offer his arm to Miss Lucretia. On entering the dining-room, she was afraid of being too warm, and therefore, to Mr. Howard's great annoy-

ance, seated herself at the centre of the table, where the plateau preserved an impervious 'incogniti' for Mr. Stuart Vernon and Miss Manners. Nevertheless, he found nothing particularly reprehensible in the soup; but Miss Lucretia had a disagreeable trick of scratching her knife against her plate; and, as the dinner progressed, Mr. Howard's sensitive nerves discovered that steel and silver coming in contact formed a peculiarly inharmonious sound. Mr. Town, who was a dark, pale, fattish, dingy-looking man, with a nose big enough to have colonized half a dozen physiognomies, very short and thick-necked, with a white cravat, that evinced a proper fear of apoplexy, by keeping several inches respectfully aloof from his throat, and who had, moreover, a most impertinently confidential manner of poking his head into people's faces, and saying everything in a whisper, had seated himself next to Marmaduke, to whom at all times he was obnoxious, but doubly so at dinner, when he invariably preferred eating to talking. Becoming every moment more irritated at Mr. Town's confidential whispers, in order to screw his ire as it were to the sticking-place, he delighted everything he eat with Cayenne pepper; and then, drinking off a glass of madeira, so effectually inflamed both his throat and his temper, that he turned suddenly round

in the midst of one of Mr. Town's most mysterious murmurings, and said, 'à haute voix':

"Sir, as you appear to eat both 'en amateur' and 'en connoisseur,' I should particularly recommend to your notice the excellent advice old Bulwer gives to all gastronomes in the quaint pages of his 'Anthropometamorphosis,' in the three following rules: 'Stridor dentium—altum silentium—rumor gentium;'* for this, as he most truly observes, 'adjourns discourse till the stomach is full, at *what* time men are at better leisure, and may more securely venture upon table-talk; the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who, endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape."

"A—just so—just so—a," chimed in Colonel King.

"Indeed, sir," said Mr. Town, guiltless of understanding one word Marmaduke had uttered; and then relapsing into his former mumbleiana, added, "I was going to say, my dear sir, when you interrupted me, that I should be so grateful—so very grateful, and I'm sure Mrs. Town would also—if you would use your influ-

* Which have been thus facetiously translated:

"Work for the jaws,
A silent pause,
Frequent ha, ha's."

ence with Lord John Bubble, to try and get a place for my youngest boy, Cadwallader; as Mrs. Town says, 'he has a vast deal in him'—indeed, she makes the observation every day after dinner. But, then, he is a peculiar boy, sir—a very peculiar boy—and it is difficult to get it out of him."

"Humph—champagne! how old is he?" asked Marmaduke, as soon as he had drunk his champagne.

"Fifteen, the twenty-fourth of last May, sir."

"Humph—never knew a boy of fifteen fit for any situation but that of dry nurse to the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens, or scare-crow in a cherry orchard."

"A—just so—just so—a," again assented Colonel King.

"Sir!" said Mr. Town, turning full round upon the gallant Colonel, and for the first time speaking above a whisper, "had you any knowledge of my Cadwallader, or of the feelings of a father, you would think differently."

"A—just so—just so—a," which acknowledgment on the part of Colonel King seemed to appease Mr. Town. Marmaduke, who in spite of himself, never could bear to hurt people's feelings, also made the 'amende honorable,' by saying aloud to Mr. Town:

“No wonder your sons are paragons, though, when I believe all antiquity does not furnish an example of such a matron as Mrs. Town.”

Mr. Town bowed in silence; for a well regulated husband is sure to be silenced by his wife, be she absent or present. Sir Romulus, who could not distinctly hear what was going on, but feared, from the loud tone of his brother's voice that he was waxing angry, and might be uncivil to his “friend Town,” whom he would not for worlds offend, having many shares in the Sub-Marine Railroad; and just catching the words “matron,” and “antiquity,” in Marmaduke's last speech, called out from the foot of the table “a glass of wine with you, Town?” and then added “I suppose Marmaduke is riding his favourite hobby, about the moderns having invented nothing, and the ancients having possessed, not only all that we have, but a great deal more. However, one thing is certain, they had not a Sub-Marine Railroad,—eh Town?”

“Oh dear,” squeaked Miss Prudence, turning from Lady Langton, to whom she had been talking and speaking in the highest pitch of her ghost-of-a-penny-trumpet voice—“Oh dear, I can't think how Marmaduke can be so silly, when there's such a many things the

ancients knew nothing about—plum-pudding and iced ‘soufflés’ for instance; and Lady Langton has just been telling me that the hail-storm last night broke ever so much of the glass of her conservatory—and I’m very certain that the ancients had neither conservatories or green-houses.”

“Pardon me,” said Cecil, who was determined that Theresa should hear the sound of his voice—“Martial has two epigrams, which clearly prove that they had,—don’t you remember?” said he, turning to Marmaduke, “in the 14th epistle, I think, of the 8th book—

‘Pallida ne ciliam timeant pomaria brumam,
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus,
Hibernis et objecta notis specularia puros
Admittunt soles, et sine face diem.’**

And again—which is plainer still—

“Invida purpureas urat ne bruma racemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi muncra frigus edat,
Condita perspicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva lætet.”†

*Lest wintry frosts should blast the shrinking fruit,
Or winds too piercing nip the tender shoot,
Through lucid walls that check cold Eurus, play
Sol’s purest rays, the genuine warmth of day.”

† On Bacchus’ gifts lest envious winter prey,
And blast the purple produce on the spray,
Beneath the crystal roof the vintage glows,
And screened, not hid, the happy cluster grows.

“Oh, dear!” said Miss Prudence pettishly, “I *do* dislike Latin and Greek beyond every thing, particularly at meals.”

“Well, never mind, Prudence,” pacified Lady Bubble—“it was the moderns at all events who discovered America;—neither Mr. Howard nor Marmaduke can take *that* from them.”

“Still they were before-hand with us even there,” said the provoking Marmaduke, “for Seneca most clearly prophecies the discovery, in his chorus to his Medea, when he says—

‘———Venient annis
 Secula seris quibus *oceanus*,
 Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
 Pateat tellus, Tiphysque *novos*
 Detegat orbes.’

Which is obviously and undeniably fulfilled, by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America.”

Sir Romulus seeing the case was hopeless, made another effort to turn the conversation, by asking Lord Francis if he expected his brother, the duke of Arlington, down?”

“Not unless there should be a dissolution,” replied he, “which, however, is loudly talked of.”

“It is astonishing,” added Lord Francis, “how pertinaciously *your friends* the Whigs keep in, let what will happen.”

“Ah!” said the incorrigible Marmaduke,

who was the only Conservative of the family, beside his cousin Howard,—“when Tully declared that the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, the pirate, bore testimony against the Gods;—and Seneca said of Sylla—

‘Deorum, *crimen*, Sylla tam felix,’

what *would* they have said to the prosperity of the Whigs?”

“Why, that Providence had made them his especial care,” crowed Sir Romulus, taking what he considered a conclusive pinch of snuff.”

“To talk of them and Providence together,” retorted the *unstoppable* Marmaduke, “reminds me of an anecdote of old Lord Holland and Dr. Campbell.”

“A, just so—just so—a,” acquiesced Colonel King,—“but a-what was it—pray favour us with it?”

“Why,” re-commenced Marmaduke, too glad to talk his brother down at any time—“Lord Holland was sitting one morning with Dr. Campbell, condoling with each other on their mutual infirmities; and lamenting, with a considerable degree of petulance, the inconveniences to which ill-health subjected people in advanced years, when the door opened, and a well-known knavish pay-master and contractor entered the room, florid and full of health.

They congratulated him on his sanguine looks. 'Yes,' said he, 'Providence has been very good to me, for I have never known a moment's illness in the whole course of my life;' this declaration by no means softened the asperity of Lord Holland's countenance. The contractor saw all was not right, and took his leave. 'There now, Campbell,' said he; 'there now,' pointing to the door—'you see what Providence has been about! taking care of that scoundrel's health; forsooth! and not minding what became of your dropsy, or of my d—d ringworm!' "

The universal laugh that followed this story had scarcely subsided, or Colonel King's "a just so—just so a," ceased to vibrate above it, ere it struck Sir Romulus that he might steer through the safe course of asking Lady Langton to take wine, and bending across the table for that purpose, addressed her as Mrs. Langton. "Hang those foundation titles," thought he; "one never can remember them:" and without knowing it he sympathized with the French herald's compassion for Adam, who, being the first of his race, could not possibly amuse himself by tracing his genealogical honours! Dinner was scarcely over before Marmaduke darted out of the room to take his nocturnal ramble. The old lady soon

fell fast asleep and announced the fact audibly. The subject of trains and tuckers was exhausted by the other ladies. Captain Russell had responded to Miss Betsy's warm eulogium upon the fascinations of a military life, by helping her to an iced peach. Colonel King had for the fiftieth time said "a just so—just so a," in answer to one of Miss Lucy's original observations upon the weather. Mr. Town was, with fingers that considerably "dimmed the brightness of the crystal flood," pressing walnut shells down to the bottom of a finger-glass, no doubt, in commemoration of his submarine railroad. Sir George Langton was abstractedly looking at the crimson reflection a glass of claret threw over his hand, as it rested on the table, which could not fail to have reminded him of his new blown honours. Lord Francis Fitznoodle had his right hand gracefully placed in his bosom, while, with his left he raised his wine-glass to the scrutiny of the light. Even Sir Romulus was silently paying his 'devoirs' to his snuff-box; and although Mr. Stuart Vernon had done his uttermost to play the agreeable, Miss Manners was beginning to think it was the longest dinner she had ever sat out, when Lady Bubble bowed to Lady Langton, and gave the signal for the ladies to adjourn. Cecil rose to open the door,

the old lady was gently awakened, and escorted out of the room by her usual 'garde de corps.' The rest followed in succession; but Theresa, as she passed, dropped her handkerchief. Cecil, of course, stooped to pick it up; and whether it was the tone in which she said "thank you," or the look that accompanied the words, I know not, but Mr. Howard felt so gratefully happy, that in the prodigality of his gratitude, he would have even signed a compact making over all the rest of Miss Manners's looks and words "for that night only," as the play-bills say, to Mr. Stuart Vernon, and even condescended to seat himself in the chair she had occupied next to him, as soon as the door had closed upon that young lady.

Upon returning to the drawing-room, they found it occupied by Mademoiselle Perpignon, Mr. McPhin, and Cosmo, who were, however, antipodically dispersed at the greatest possible distances from each other, like the three legs in the Isle of Man Arms. Cosmo was unbending his intellectual bow with the innocent recreation of cup and ball in one of the windows. At the far end of the room, Mademoiselle was sitting on one sofa, ostensibly netting a purse, but in reality gazing upon—not, indeed, Mr. McPhin's face, for he had taken the precaution of spread-

ing his pocket-handkerchief over it, and was executing a loud and evidently artificial sleeping aria, by way of giving notice to his 'vis-à-vis' that he was not to be disturbed; but upon his elongated limbs and white-cotton stockings, she was wasting innumerable looks of love and admiration! however, upon the arrivals from the dining-room, Mr. McPhin was instantly "on his legs," and his pocket-handkerchief as instantaneously returned to his pocket.

"Cosmo, my love," said Lady Bubble, "you may go to your papa, in the dining-room—and my dear," added she, calling him back as he was leaving the room—"say we are going to have a little music. I know Colonel King is very fond of music," continued she, turning to Lady Langton, "and Sir Romulus has no idaya how long he sits after dinner, unless he's told of it. Mr. McPhin, have the goodness to ring for coffee."

"Hole up your head," whispered Mademoiselle to Lucy; "tenez comme ça," continued she, drawing herself up to her full height as she spoke, and gazing upwards at Mr. McPhin, as he walked over to ring the bell; "Monsieur le Colonel he is tall; how should I ever see Mistere McPheen, if I stoop and poke my head as you?"

“It is better not to look so high,” giggled Miss Betsy.

“Ah, que c’est mauvais ton les calembourgs,” shrugged Mademoiselle, lowering the corners of her mouth as she threw up her hands. But Miss Betsy little heeded the reproof, as she turned away to select from a pile of music “The Soldier’s Tear,” with which she intended to commence the evening’s attack.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Stuart Vernon were the first to make their appearance in the drawing-room; Mr. Town and Captain Russell followed; and not to lose time, the former was almost instantaneously overpowered with “The Soldier’s Tear,” which he repaid with the soldier’s smile, as the peacock-tones of Miss Betsy’s voice grated on his ear.

Mr. Town had whispered Mr. McPhin into a corner, and a nice observer might have discovered that his communications had cast a shade over that worthy man’s countenance, especially as the words “impossible—indeed, I can do no more,” floated on the air, though instantly hushed into silence by Mr. Town.

“Theresa, my dear,” said Lady Bubble, “do sing that pretty French thing you were singing the other day—oh, ‘Tourment de’ something—what is it?”

“Oh, ‘*Tourment de Veuvage*,’ is that what you mean?” asked Theresa.

“Yes, that’s it.”

“I shall be very happy, by-and-by, but I have just taken some coffee, and, my dear aunt, I can never sing immediately after.”

“Well, then, Mr. Howard, you must sing, for I won’t let you all be idle,” said Lady Bubble. “Mr. Stuart Vernon, do you sing?”

“In a way,” laughed Mr. Stuart Vernon.

“Then we must hear in what way,” said Lady Bubble, actually forcing him to the piano, where he good-humouredly sat down and sang that beautiful Pretender ballad of “Prince Charlie” most exquisitely, and acceded to an encore.

“Now, Mr. Howard, you have no excuse,” cried her ladyship. “I delight in his voice; you have no idaya, Mr. Stuart Vernon, how well he sings.”

“After such a formidable announcement, I don’t know whether I shall have courage to sing at all,” laughed Cecil—“perhaps Miss Manners will have the goodness to accompany me?”

“With pleasure,” replied Theresa, taking off her gloves, and placing them on the piano.

Cecil turned over a book full of songs till he came to that most exquisite of all Beethoven’s

compositions, "Adelaida," or rather, "Rosalie," for it is nothing as "Adelaida," and the most beautiful thing that ever was conceived as "Rosalie." There was a triumph in Cecil's deep and beautiful voice as he burst into the opening lines—

"Oh thou wert bright, wert bright as opening day,
And blooming as the rose of May,
When first I yielded to thy sway,
Fair, fair Rosalie!"

which subsided into the softest tenderness, when he came to the refrain of—

"Dear, dearest Rosalie!"

and sunk almost into a whispered echo at the line—

"And when I breathed, I breathed the vows of love,
Thine answers whispered—whispered like the dove,
Softly murmuring in a shady grove,
Sweet, sweet Rosalie!"

While his *acting*—for it was more than singing—was perfectly electrical in the mad *scena* at the end; beginning—

"Oh fickle, fickle as the changing wind!
I'll tear thine image from my mind!
Broke is thy chain—it's spell is gone!
The links are severed, one by one,
False! false Rosalie!"

till he came to the last cadenza of all, when the

exhausted—subdued—relenting—yet *still* adoring tone in which he gave the final words of—

“False!—but *dear* Rosalie!”

was perfectly overpowering, and Theresa fairly burst into tears, in which, strange to say, her cousins joined. Theresa, who, from the consciousness of all she felt, was ashamed of showing any particle of feeling, dried her eyes, and by way of apology, stammered out—

“That song is so very beautiful that I never can hear it without making a goose of myself.”

“How can you say so?” said Lucy. “I’m sure, Theresa, I don’t think you ever shed a tear at it before; but then, indeed, we never heard it sung as Mr. Howard sang it—so we may all be forgiven.”

As far as Cecil was concerned, he was perfectly willing to forgive the Miss Bubbles their tears—nay, more—he would even have excused them; but for Theresa’s! *could he ever forget them?* There are *moments*, in existence that condense a whole life of happiness, and this was one of them. Not even the hand Mr. ~~Stuart~~ Vernon had stretched out for Miss Manners’ gloves could crumple the rose leaves upon which Cecil’s heart at that instant reposed, nor the sigh that escaped him as he presented them to her, leave one breath to dim the mirror of bright

dreams Howard's imagination had conjured up ; for Hope was the ministering angel that presided over them. ' Alas ! what are hopes but the falling stars of the heart, which, if they wander from out the heaven of imagination, are dashed into nothing the moment they come in contact with the realities of earth. It was on that evening that Cecil proclaimed his love for Theresa, and that she confessed her's for him ; though it was not for a considerable time after that his proclamation, or her confession, found their way into words.

When Colonel King made his entré, he had paid so much attention to wine that he was incapable of paying any to women. And Sir Romulus, who was a great fabricator of wonders, requested they would all adjourn to the hall-door, to see a most extraordinary appearance in the heavens—"something quite out of the common—like a globe of fire !"

They needed no second invitation, but rushed (all except the old lady, who was again asleep) simultaneously into the hall. Poor short-sighted mortals that they were ; though it must be confessed,

"Their stars were more in fault than they."

No sooner had Sir Romulus, who led the advanced guard, opened the hall-door, than in

rushed a something with fiery eyes, howling, yelling, and hissing in a most awful and unearthly manner; but whether it was man, beast, or devil, remained to be proved. As far as the panic its appearance excited among the assembled group, allowed them the use of their eyes, it seemed to each person as if the apparition was making towards them individually, and 'sauve qui peut' became not, indeed, their general cry, but their general conduct.—Colonel King being instantly sobered, in default of a sword seized the poker, determined to show fight, were it man or devil; while Captain Russell armed himself with the shovel, which served the double purpose of weapon and shield. Mr. Town, with more prudence than any of them, acquired, no doubt, from his deep-laid calculations touching the sub-marine rail-road, retreated back into the drawing-room, and double-locked the door. Lord Francis Fitznoodle made, instinctively, for the back staircase leading to the maids' dormitories;—while Mr. McPhin rushed in the opposite direction, to the inner hall, followed by ~~Made~~ Mademoiselle Perpignon. Cosmo, with greater genius than any of them next to Mr. Town, had rushed out at the hall-door when the mysterious intruder had rushed in. Cecil and Theresa had got upon a table, and Mr. Stuart Vernon on a window-seat, where Miss Lucretia and Pru-

dence both threw themselves into his arms!—Lady Bubble had scrambled up the back of the porter's chair, where, holding on, might and main, she hung over in front till she was nearly black in the face, her feet kicking vehemently all the while, on a balance of power principle. Sir Romulus had taken shelter on a marble slab; but, unfortunately, from jumping up too nimbly, his wig had caught on the branch of one of the antlers that graced the wall, where it now hung, leaving his organs more fully developed than ever; while the two young ladies, by dodging after Colonel King and Captain Russell, wherever they moved, seemed to be performing a sort of variation upon puss in the corner. To complete the tableau, the hall door again opened, and Marmaduke, lantern in hand, and his hat carefully tied down, entered. After looking round at the scene before him for about a minute, in perfect amazement, he exclaimed, "Eh! what the d—l, are you all mad?"

"Don't talk of the d—l, Marmaduke," gasped ~~Sir~~ Romulus, fanning himself with his pocket-handkerchief; "I believe the Algerine is actually here."—Hiss, squeak, yell, waugh, waugh, and something nearly flew in Marmaduke's face, and darted off again in a circular direction, yelling horribly.

"Why, it's a cat!" said Marmaduke, look-

ing after it. "What a set of fools you must be," added he, walking over to the bell and ringing it violently.

"A—just so, just so, a—" corroborated Colonel King, which was the first intimation he had given of a lucid interval. "Horrible creature! how its eyes glare upon me!"

"Well, if they do," said Marmaduke, with provoking sang froid, "I suppose a cat may look at a king."

"The creature is mad," cried Sir Romulus, retreating so far back into the wall, that he completely hid the head of the stag, by placing his own before it, immediately between the antlers; so that being a sort of buck in his way, they had all the appearance, pro tempore, of belonging to him. "Ring again, Marmaduke, I'll have the Algerine instantly caught and killed."

Here a momentary pause ensued, when Mr. McPhin's voice, in accents of the wildest despair, was heard exclaiming in the inner hall, "Oh! oh! oh! was ever mon so persecuted—will no one take this infernel old cat from my throat, before I die of it?"

Marmaduke with his lantern rushed to the rescue, followed by the rest of the party, who, to their credit be it spoken, forgot their own

personal fears at this heart-rending appeal. On reaching the spot, they beheld Mr. McPhin in the dark, at the foot of the stairs, more dead than alive, leaning against the banister for support; while Mademoiselle Perpignon's arms were clasped so tightly round his neck, that from the fact of his pulling one way, as fast as she pulled another, the poor man was nearly strangled.

"Save me! save me!" panted he, making sundry lunges with the fore-finger of his right hand towards Mademoiselle. Marmaduke took the hint, and dragged her by main force from the throat of her victim; when seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon, standing sufficiently near for the experiment, she fell back into his arms, darting a fine last-scene-of-the-fifth-act look at Mr. McPhin, as she did so, and exclaiming, "Vit-il encore?"

"No encores, mum, if you please, or I'm a dead man!"

"Dead—mort! et pour moi! oh he is too much!" shrieked Mademoiselle, letting her head fall gracefully on Mr. Stuart Vernon's shoulder, and closing her eyes once more on the bystanders.

"Sir Romulus, Sir Romulus," called Lady Bubble from the outer hall, "you have no

idaya what I'm suffering; do come and help me down, or I shall expire."

"Bless me! only think of my leaving my calamity in such suspense," said Sir Romulus, as he tripped into the front hall, facetiously adding, "I'm coming 'ma *chair* amie,' as the French say."

Scarcely had Lady Bubble been got safely down from the top of the porter's chair, before the same awful feline sounds were again heard; and Cato, for it was no less a personage, seen darting once more up and down, to and fro in every direction. All the servants had by this time assembled, and by dint of throwing cold water on the unfortunate hero, and then flinging a napkin over his head, he was at length secured; when Bridget Bond acknowledged, that, by way of a slight punishment, she had left a quantity of butter in the dairy, (knowing he would pay his nightly visit to it), well kneaded with cayenne pepper.

"For shame! Bridget," said Theresa, "do you call driving the poor animal mad, a slight punishment?"

"Lor! Miss, I humbly beg your pardon, but I had no idear that it would do any such thing."

"Why, you must have known," said Marma-

duke, "that such a quantity of pepper is the right way to make a devil of anything."

"At all events, the Algerine shall be hung up, neek and heels to-morrow, for giving us all such a fright," said Sir Romulus.

"Hush! listen! what's that?" cried Lady Bubble. Every ear was now on the 'qui vive,' and they soon heard the drawing-room door violently shaken, as though some one was trying to burst it open from within. They all with one accord advanced towards it, when they distinctly heard, between the interstices of the assault and battery on the door, Mrs. Manners' faint lisp pouring out the following eloquent appeal to the besieging Town—"Ah can't you let me out? ith dithgrathful to you to shut me up in thith way, when I tell you that I never wath, in the whole coorth (course), of my life, locked into a room alone with a man, except wanth, (once), in the rebellion, and then I had loaded pistols; and though I have no fire-armth now, I assure you I know Pamela by heart, and if you were to keep me here a wake, (week), I'd never lave off screaming; tho you'd better let me out at wantht!"

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Town, audibly retreating as he spoke, "my revered friend, Sir Romulus knows me too well, to believe me capable

of any impropriety of conduct towards you; and I hope I know my distance, and am but too well inclined to keep it, to detain you here against your will, could I find the key of the door, which, in my fright, I unfortunately dropped."

But the old lady, who, from the tittering without, did not hear one word of all this, merely replied, "Oh! indeed, nothing you can say will justify your conduct. You must be a most artful designing villain, to contrive to get them all out of the room!"

"Sir Romulus, Sir Romulus, for heaven's sake break open the door from without?" cried Mr. Town, applying his mouth to the key-hole, "I cannot by any possibility make Mrs. Manners understand the nature of the case; for waking up and finding herself alone with me, and the door locked, she has gone back fifty years, and come to a wrong conclusion."

One of the housemaids, having been sent for some other room-door keys, they were alternately tried, till one was found to fit, when the prisoners were released.

"I thuppho," said the old lady, seizing Sir Romulus's arm for protection, "I might have lived in Ireland for a hundred years longer, and no man would have thought of offering me thus an affront."

It took a whole fortnight to make the old lady comprehend the cause of her ‘tête-à-tête’ with Mr. Town; therefore this chapter being already of the longest, we will not now relate the process by which she was eventually convinced of the erroneusness of her suspicions;—suffice it is to say, that as soon as Lord Francis Fitznoodle could be excavated from the attics,—and Sir George and Lady Langton had emerged from the dining-room, where they had taken refuge, and remained the whole time,—the party, after reciprocal hand-shakings, and adieus, separated, to dream over the wonders of this eventful night, Sir Romulus winding up with one of his usual jeux d’esprit, by saying, or rather singing to the old lady, as he lighted her hand-candle, and offered his arm to escort her up stairs,—

“Oh Nelly (not Nanny) wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave this flaunting Town,”

pointing to that gentleman, as he was terminating his mackintosh in a red-worsted comforter.

CHAPTER VI.

“Honour and honesty must not be renounced, although a thousand modes of right and wrong were to occupy the degrees of morality between Zeno and Epicurus.”—JUNIUS.

“Gorgon, Icon, et Amazon!”

Propria quæ Maribus.

“C’est le sort des amours,
De se plaindre toujours.”

LE CHEVALIER DE MENILCLAISE.

MR. HOWARD MAKES A RESOLUTION WHICH HE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP, BUT KEEPS IT NEVERTHELESS.—BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.—SHOPPING.—HUSBAND’S TEA. THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO MRS. WHABBLE.—MR. MC PHIN ADVOCATES THE JEWISH MODE OF DIVORCE.—SHABBY CLOTHES.—A MYSTERY.

It is strange, yet no less strange than true, that men in all ages should have done their best—namely, their worst—to vilify and depreciate women; always taking care, from the ancient Egyptians downwards, to offer the degrading would-be compensation of false compliments for real defamation. “We should,” says Junius, “guard against the folly of accepting trifling or moderate compensation for extraordinary and essential injuries.” Had women

always done so, or could they be got to do so, the flattery they received might certainly be less—but their fates would as certainly be better. It is with individuals as with nations; solitary and unorganized efforts can only come under the head of, and meet with the punishment of treason; it is the united and unanimous struggle of the mass that can alone work a salutary revolution, and retain a victory. From time immemorial, whether in the mythological and imaginary world, or in the moral and material one, men have *first made* the characters they have afterwards condemned. No modern genius could treat women in a more unjust and unmanly style than Virgil did; therefore, though Dryden is right in saying that Venus is too impudently presuming, in expecting that her husband, Mr. Vulcan, should make armour for Master Cupid, the son of her lover Mr. Mars; yet was it not the education and attributes she had received at the hands of men, that was the cause of it all? The women of Plutus are almost invariably bad; and those in Terence a perfect match for them; nay, the only one among them who stumbles upon a good action by accident—that of saving her child from being murdered, as her husband and its father had ordered—humbly asks pardon of

that husband for her *disobedience*, in the following submissive confession,—

“ Mi Chreme, peccavi, fateor, vincor.”*

Now what a high and pure morality is here inculcated; nothing less than that every crime should be committed to gratify a husband's pleasure, and every virtue avoided that may cause his displeasure!—fie on it! fie on it!

As for Horace—that very clever and agreeable ancient Roman “man about town,”—in all his ladies, he has fully proved Pope's assertion, that “most women have no character at all;” to be sure he has been pleased to pay Livia, the wife of Augustus, the following compliment—

“ Unico, gaudens mulier, marito.”

But had he had the patience to have lived till now, I could have found him, hundreds of women who distance Livia hollowly; from the well-authenticated fact, that they would be *more content* to have *no husband at all!* and Horace evidently, only condoles with Neobule, on her uncle's cruelty, in forbidding her a lover, and interdicting her the use of wine—in which the ladies of her time were wont to indulge so freely—because' it put a woman the less in his power to abuse. As for Juvenal,

* “I was *wrong!* my Chremes, I own it—I am *convinced of it!*”

Miss Squeer's plan of pitying and despising, is the best that can be adopted towards him. And the prose libellers of the Augustan era, may share it with him if they please;—even my favourite Seneca, the virtues of whose wife ought to have pleaded for her sex, has behaved shamefully to us. And, St. Clement, if he is not greatly belied (in two letters published at Leyden, in 1754, in Latin, with a Syriac translation, and said to be written by him), indulges in a strain of selfish, exclusive, and slave-driving impertinence towards women, that could not be equalled by an English political club-going husband of the nineteenth century.

Among modern antiques, Shakspeare has behaved *rather* more justly to us; but then he had too much of the God in him to do otherwise. The lugubrious impertinences of old Antony à Wood are too contemptible to notice; and as for the beneficial effects produced on Selden by his learning, no one will attempt to dispute it who reads this memorable assertion of his: “It is reason, a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, it is fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.” Now the foregoing part of this aphorism is sensible enough; but some persons,

when they attempt fine perorations, never know where to stop, and the learned Selden appears to have been one of them. To a man in love, the woman he is in love with is "the sex;" consequently, it may be inferred that Cecil Howard was *Eve-angelical* in his creed of them at this period of his life. Yet he was but a man, and whenever those superior beings contemplate the slightest meanness, they are so shocked at it and themselves, that they settle the question instanter by rechristening it magnanimity! Were he at once to declare his love, what opportunity could he have of testing the depth and sincerity of Theresa's? Nay more, did she accept him, he could not marry upon nothing; no, that would be selfish, and was not his intention. He must first secure the means of supporting her; yes, but in order to do so, he must, for a time, leave her, and that was disagreeable. Besides, he was not yet quite sure that she did love him; true, he had thought it—dreamt it—hoped it; but, oh, how delightful, if her incertitude about his feelings towards her should be the means of surprising her into revealing her feelings for him!

"Hang these razors! what the deuce makes Girouette sharpen them so confoundedly?" was the exclamation that broke in upon the above reverie, as some drops of blood fell on the toilet;

for, shall we confess it, Mr. Howard had indulged in it while shaving. As heroines, however redundant their ringlets may be, never require to go through the vulgar process of having their hair curled, doubtless heroes, by a parity of reasoning, however smooth-faced they may be, should never be under the disagreeable necessity of shaving; but so it was in the present instance, and I can't help it. If the blood fell on the table, it also mounted into Cecil's cheek, at the declaration he had planned for Theresa to make to him. So putting down the razor, and abstractedly passing a comb through his very beautiful hair, he again exclaimed aloud, in answer to his own thoughts :

“ No, hang it ! that would be base and unworthy, which I will never be to her ! No, no ; I have no right to aspire to her. That legion-curse, poverty, extends even to the heart, and denies the luxury of love ! Stuart Vernon evidently admires her ; he is rich—handsome, too. I wonder if she likes light hair ? ” Here the hair he had been unconsciously combing over his eyes was as consciously strained back, so as to display his own magnificent forehead, as he added, “ and a low forehead ? If he does love her—*if*—oh, who can help it ? He will not, that is, he cannot remain a month without proposing

for her; and should she accept him? Well, if she does, why she will be rich and happy, and I shall have done my duty, instead of entrapping her into uniting her fate to a beggar's!" here 'all the blood of all the Howards' again mounted. "At all events, I'll try it."

"What will Monsieur please to try—de coat dat come down from Staub yesterday?" asked Girouette, as he entered with a pair of boots.

"Yes—no—that is—what's o'clock?"

"He is half ten of de past, monsieur."

"No one down, I suppose?"

"Personne, monsieur, que la belle Demoiselle Manners."

"Oh, then I need not hurry," said Mr. Howard, with a 'nonchalant' look intended to mystify Girouette and all the world, had they been there to witness it. But Girouette was a Frenchman, and however deficient his talents might be for seeing into a mill-stone, he could see as far into an 'affaire du cœur' as any one; and while he came to his own conclusions and mixed some arquebusade and water for his master's teeth at one and the same time, Mr. Howard, as he progressed in his toilet, qualified his magnanimous resolves by the consoling reflection, that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

Upon descending to breakfast, he descried

Theresa, through the half-open door, in the breakfast room, and therefore stoically determined upon not entering it till some of the rest of the party had come down; but as he had been in the habit of gathering Miss Manners a bouquet every morning, he did not see why he should desist from so laudable a practice; and therefore repaired to the garden to gather the happy flowers that were to grace the most beautiful bosom in the world. If lovers had but the power of transforming themselves into things, what strange metamorphoses there would be in this world! and what a beautiful sprig of 'Love lies bleeding' Mr. Howard would have become, as he entered the breakfast room, and presented the bouquet to Miss Manners, whom "he hoped was not the worse for the panic Cato had caused the night before?"

"Not in the least," said she; "but all the better, as he and I drove to Shrewsbury this morning, where, poor fellow, I have placed him beyond the reach of pepper and persecution."

To Cecil's surprise, Marmaduke was already down, and apparently in a very bad humour, pshawing and fudging over a newspaper, or rather over the inordinate puffs of a new play, the extracts from which by no means justified the praise.

"It is perfectly disgusting!" said he, flinging

down the paper, "the purchased and concentrated puffing that goes on now-a-days!"

"Yes, certainly; never was there an age when cliqueism and critical prostitution were at such a pitch," replied Cecil.

"And yet I don't know," said Marmaduke; "human nature has been always the same, and no pinnacle in the temple of fame seems high enough to exclude the meanest vanity. Cardinal Richelieu, when at the zenith of his glory and power, wrote a tragedy entitled 'Europe,' and brought it on the French stage; but as the piece was neither more nor less than a political dialogue between the European nations, in which the comparative state of their revenues, forces, commerce, &c. &c. was brought forward, it was barely heard, from respect to the writer; but when it was given out for another representation, a murmur of disapprobation arose, and the 'Cid' of Corneille was loudly demanded by the audience; which so hurt the vanity of this great statesman and little man, that he actually contrived to get a long and regular critique written by the academicians of Paris, throwing ridicule on the ill-fated 'Cid,' which had been set up as a rival to the progress of his tragedy. Again, too, when a friend wrote to the elder Scaliger to tell him that he should mention him in a work he was about to publish, and, therefore, wished

to know what he should say of him, his well-known reply was, 'Endeavour to collect your best ideas of what Massinissa, what Xenophon, and what Plato were, and your portrait will bear *some*, although an *imperfect* resemblance of me!' No, no! as usual, the 'moderns have hit upon nothing new.'

"Except, sir, strangling a mon to prevent his being scratched by a cat," said Mr. McPhin, as he entered the room and seated himself at the table; for he was to go with Sir Romulus immediately after breakfast, to attend Mr. Town's sub-marine rail-road committee. Such was the lachrymose look and tone of Mr. McPhin, as he uttered this assertion, that it set every one laughing.

"Really," said Marmaduke, "after such an unequivocal display of affection as she made last night, I think you are bound in honour to convert Mademoiselle Perpignon into Mrs. McPhin."

"Neyer, sir! never!" exclaimed Mr. McPhin, energetically, thumping the handle of his knife on the table, "unless augh could get the Jewish divorce bill carried into execution the next minute."

"And pray, how may the sons of Levi manage those matters?" laughed Cecil.

"Augh, copitally, sir! copitally!—so much to

the purpose, and no delay. They merely appear before a Rabbi, and, stating their grievances, demand a writ of divorce, which he instantly hands to them; whereupon, they mutually advance with great alocrity, as it is for the last time, and spitting in each other's faces, exclaim with heartfelt sencerity, 'Accursed be he who shall ever attempt again to bring us together!' Augh, sir, it's a monstrous good law—monstrous good."

As soon as the laugh had subsided which Mr. McPhin's energetic manner had given rise to, Marmaduke said,

"Well, but I don't understand how that tallies with the discovery of the Cabalists, who have found out that in the two Hebrew words signifying 'man' and 'woman,' are contained two letters which together form one of the names of 'God;' but if these letters be taken away, there remain letters which signify 'fire.' Hence, argue they, we may find that when man and wife agree together, and live in union, God is with them; but when they separate themselves from God, fire attends their path."

"All that that proves, sir," cried the unconquincible McPhin, vehemently breaking the top of his third egg, "is thot St. Paul was wrong, and thot it's better to burn thon marry."

The rest of the party now arrived, all except

the old lady, who declared "she was ashamed to face the servants, after Mr. Town's conduct on the preceding night, especially in times like the present, when, from every thing getting into the Sunday papers, no woman's character was safe!" This fact Sir Romulus announced with a laugh that was echoed by every one present. Seeing him equipped for riding in a spencer and a pair of hessians, Lady Bubble inquired if he was going to ride with the girls? who were to ride with Colonel King and Captain Russell at half-past one.

"Um—um—um, my dear, I can't; I have to attend that Algerine of a committee at two. We'll all be millionaires by and by, and as soon as Town's sub-marine rail-road is finished, the struggle will be for people—not to keep their heads above water—but to get them under water."

A groan from Mr. McPhin.

"McPhin," continued Sir Romulus, "if you've a pencil about you, put that down; it will make a capital hit for my speech at the Mayor's dinner, where I intend to bring in Town's plan." "And here Sir Romulus repeated slowly and sonorously, that a syllable might not be lost, waving his hand oratorically as he spoke, and finally clenching it, in order to conclude

with a thump on the table:—"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the Corporation,—the struggle will then—be—not—for—people to—keep—their—heads—*above*!—water—but—to get—them—*under*—water! Have you written it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; then just put 'Cheers' after it—it gives one spirits to go on—and by means of a little wit and humour, I can make these Algerines do whatever I please!"

"Well then, as Sir Romulus can't ride with the girls, will you drive with me, Prudence? for I don't like to let them ride with young men quite alone."

"Oh, dear! it surprises me beyond every thing, that you should ask me to do such a thing," said Miss Prudence, twitching her fingers with a forty-fidget power; "when you know what to-morrow is."

"No, I don't; I've no idaya what you mean," replied Lady Bubble.

"Oh, dear! it's perfectly ridiculous. I think some people would forget their mouths if it was was not for their dinner!"

"What will to-morrow be, then?" asked Cecil, "for I don't know either."

"Oh, dear! you are perfectly excusable in not knowing, for you've never been told; I'm

confident, if you had, it's not a thing you'd forget. But Lady Bubble does surprise me, beyond every thing! Why, I'll tell you—tomorrow is the 29th of September, and my birth-day, and it's now three-and-twenty years—no, two-and-twenty—let me see—no, it is three-and-twenty years since I've always made it a rule to give myself a present on my birth-day. Oh, dear! I should now think it so unlucky if I did'nt. I assure you, I mean what I say, and Lady Bubble knows I always buy it the day before; therefore I am so surprised that she should think of asking me to drive with her in the pony phaeton, when she knows I'm going into Shrewsbury."

Cecil was almost suffocated with suppressed laughter at the idea of Miss Prudence's affectionate remembrance of herself, and anticipating precautions about her own birth-day, which reminded him of a certain Queen Aterhatis, who forbid her subjects ever to touch fish, lest, as she observed, with an uncommon degree of calculating forecast, "there should not be enough left to regale their sovereign!"

"I quite forgot that it was Prudence's birth-day; so, perhaps, you'll drive with me, Lucretia?" said Lady Bubble.

"I shall be most happy," replied the amiable

Lucretia, "for on a fine autumnal day, like this, with me—

'Excursive Fancy's even on the wing.'

"Augh'll trouble you for the other wing of that chicken then, mum, if you please," said Mr. McPhin, holding out his plate, which was already like a miniature panorama of the Isles of Bones in China. Just as it was finally arranged that Lady Bubble, and Miss Lucretia, should chaperon the young ladies at an obliging distance in the pony chaise, and that Theresa, Cecil, and Marmaduke should accompany Miss Prudence in her shopping expedition to Shrewsbury, to assist her in chusing a birth-day gift that should be worthy of herself, the letters and papers arrived.

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried Lady Bubble, announcing that she had had a letter from her brother, Colonel Manners, in India, whom she had not seen since he was twelve years old, and who was a rich bachelor, and brother to Theresa's father, Percy Manners, whose picture, dressed as Hamlet, hung on the stairs,

"Here's a letter from Lionel; he says he should so like to have one of his pieces sent out to him; he does not say which, as he writes in a great hurry, but promises to write again by the next ship; and that there are some Delhi scarfs and Bangolas lying for me at the India House. Will you write about them, dear?"

“Um—um—um—my dear,” said Sir Romulus, taking a triple pinch of snuff, and looking up from the letter he was reading, “I can’t be thinking of womankind, and rattle-traps, when the fate of the nation is at stake. Here’s a letter from Lord John; he says there must be a dissolution in the spring, and that it will, therefore, be better to begin canvassing, as it were, immediately, as it will seem more disinterested, and be infinitely more secure; he also says, that that Algerine Whabble has been wavering for some time, and that I must try and clench him by all means, as he can command four-and-twenty votes. I wish, my dear, you would call upon his calamity, and don’t forget to say to her, that a brevet will be out immediately, and that Lord John mentions it almost as a certainty that that distinguished officer, Major Whabble, will be included in it. Don’t forget the word distinguished, because one must do things a little out of the common at election times; and let Nefiletop know that Lord John comes down on Saturday.”

Cecil did not know why, but he felt annoyed and uncomfortable at the idea of Lord John’s arrival; for, independent of the way in which he knew he would drive him about to electioneer, a letter he had just received from his sister threw out a hint about Lord John’s

intending to make him his private secretary. This, were he ten times worse off, Cécil was determined to decline, as from his own political views he could not with honour accept such a post, because he could not conscientiously fill it. Gertrude ended her letter by saying that she had been up late at a ball at Lady Mornington's at Richmond, and that she had danced chiefly with Lord Mornington, on the strength of which Lady John had driven her into town that morning, and given her a new ball dress at Devey's, trimmed with blush roses. Under the seal was written: "You never told me that Lord Mornington was at Eton with you; what sort of person is he?" Cecil was disappointed that he had not got a letter from another friend and school-fellow of his, Frank Greville; he might have written to him at the present crisis, if it were only to tell him what was going on; but, then he was a great deal with old Dragglesfar, and no doubt he had turned with that respectable time-server against him. Alas! Cecil had yet to learn, and a most disagreeable study it is, that half we ascribe to enmity in this world should be attributed to indifference—people are not thinking or troubling their heads about us;—knowledge of the world does not so much prove to us that we have many enemies as convince us that we have few friends. Hundreds of persons we are

continually told 'speak most kindly' of us, who, nevertheless, would not walk across a room to serve or to right us ; indeed, the great difference between friends and foes, appears to be this : friendship in nine cases out of ten seems to act upon the worthy individual who professes it, as a sort of moral paralysis which prevents their stirring one inch to evince it ; while, on the contrary, enmity contrives to strip both Mercury and Time of their wings to carry its feelings into action.

Sir Romulus and Mr. McPhin having taken their departure for Mr. Town's committee, Lady Bubble having gone up stairs to get ready for her drive, and the carriage having come round to convey Miss Prudence, Theresa, and Cecil, to Shrewsbury, while Kicksywicksy was in attendance for Marmaduke, they also adjourned to put on their things, and shortly after set out, accompanied by Cosmo, who had begged to be of the party.

"Oh, dear ! what should you advise me to get ?" asked Miss Prudence, as soon as she was seated in the carriage.

"That depends upon what you yourself like," smiled Theresa.

"Oh ! but I should like your opinion ; I assure you I mean what I say ; but I don't mean to go

beyond twenty pounds. Now, I've been thinking of a tea-pot."

"Why, the house positively swarms with tea-pots," said Theresa.

"Yes, but I think the tea would taste better if I had one of my own, you know. Oh! 'tis so different from other people's things; and Sampson has such a pretty one; I'm sure I should enjoy my tea out of it beyond every thing! What do you think, Mr. Howard?"

But Mr. Howard, who was sitting opposite Miss Manners, with his arm listlessly slung through one of the holders, and his eyes riveted on that young lady's face, had to be appealed to twice before his understanding was sufficiently awakened to give his vote in favour of the tea-pot.

"And what do you think I'd better get, Cosmo, my dear?" said Miss Prudence, bending forward, and spreading her hands out over her knees, while the unfilled finger ends of her dark tea-coloured leather gloves wriggled about like the tails of lively leeches.

"Why, I think, aunt," drawled Cosmo, as if just awaking from a profound sleep, opening his eyes very wide, and dropping his jaw, "I think, aunt, that you'd better get the most you can for your money."

"Oh dear! 'tis such a comfort to find him so

sensible at his age—don't you think it is, Mr. Howard?"

"Very tormenting, indeed," said Cecil.

"I didn't say tormenting, I said it was a comfort; but you're like me, a little hard of hearing in a carriage—oh dear! I can feel for you there."

Cecil's martyred face looked as if it said, "I'd rather you'd feel for me here, and let me alone."

Miss Prudence now began to fumble in her pocket, and at length withdrew from it a Russian-leather purse with a steel clasp, and diving to the bottom of it with her finger and thumb, addressed her nephew with "Cosmo, my love, what's the Latin for sixpence?"

Cosmo opened his mouth, but he didn't speak.

"What did the ancient Romans call it, my dear?" reiterated Miss Prudence, propounding the query in a more intelligible form.

"Oh—" said Cosmo, "they had no sixpences."

"Nor mince pies, I dare say, nor nothing; and yet to hear Marmaduke talk about the ancients, ch! it provokes me beyond everything. Well, never mind, my dear, even if you can't translate it, you shall have the sixpence all the same." But Cosmo took the sixpence, and did translate it into—his pocket.

“ Oh dear ! now, I wish you would decide, Theresa,” said Miss Prudence, as the carriage drove into Shrewsbury.

“ I thought you had decided on the teapot,” replied Theresa, with a smile.

“ Yes, but I don't like to have all the responsibility on my head—oh dear ! nor all the mud in my face !” cried Prudence, applying her pocket-handkerchief to remove a large splash of mud that Kicksywicksy had deposited on her nose, as she galloped past the carriage, which drove to the Talbot to put up, as Miss Prudence preferred walking, that she might not, as she said, be hurried in her shopping. Cecil could not help thinking of the ostler and boots, that had been hurled downward in Mrs. Jinks's “ decline and fall,” and inquired of the waiter how they were ?—the ostler was quite well, but boots was still lame.

“ Are you going to the library, or are you coming with us ?” said Cecil to Marmaduke, when he had finished giving his microscopic orders about Kicksywicksy's comforts—gastro-nomic and personal.

“ I mean, to-day, to devote myself to the ‘ mundus muliebris,’ and go with you,” replied Marmaduke, as he offered his arm to Prudence,

to Cecil's great relief. The finest day that ever issued from the heavens, Miss Prudence never ventured ten yards without an umbrella; with the assistance of which, and her brother's arm, she now trudged on to Mr. Sampson the jeweller's, while Cosmo brought up the rear, carrying a paper parcel, containing a cap of his aunt's, that she was going to leave at a milliner's to be altered;—for though she wore an Urling's lace skull-cap of a morning, she always, as the Roman poet describes it, "built a head" of an evening, and wore a cap with a rampant border, which looked like half a sun-flower endeavouring to imitate the tower of Babel. In one shop the good lady had a paper of pins to buy, in another a yard of ribbon, in a third a sheet of sticking plaister, and in a fourth a black-lead pencil, with which her nieces might have supplied her; but *oh dear!* she so much preferred having things of her own." All these important purchases, as the intelligent reader may easily suppose, took up a considerable time, but at length the Philistines appeared before Sampson, and every teapot in his shop was examined and re-examined, ere Miss Prudence made up her mind to select the ugliest—a plain unembossed one, strongly resembling an octagon box! Having desired Mr. Sampson to engrave

her initials in cypher on it, and also the following inscription:—

“THE GIFT OF PRUDENCE SOPHIA BUBBLE,
To Herself, on her Birth-day,
September 29th, 18—.”

she turned to Marmaduke, and said, “now I think you ought to give me a motto for it.”

“Why, you hate Latin, or I would.”

“Oh dear! I don’t mind it on a teapot; it’s very well in its place you know, only I dislike it beyond every thing to be talked about at meals!”

“Well, then, Mr. Sampson may engrave this upon it,” said Marmaduke, writing on the back of a letter the following line from Terence—

“Tædet harum quotidianarum formarum.”

Seeing Cecil laugh, as he read it over Marmaduke’s shoulder, Miss Prudence inquired what the meaning of it was?

“I fear,” said he, “it would lose all its beauty if translated.”

“Oh dear! but how am I to know what it’s about.”

“Very true,” replied Marmaduke; “it means I’m sick of this dull dose of daily trash.”

“Oh dear! that will never do, ’cause ’tis so very false, for I enjoy my tea beyond every thing!”

“ Well, then, if you don’t like that,” said Marmaduke, “ put ‘Cupping done here,’ on it.”

“ Oh how can you be so silly, ’tis such a bad example to Cosmo, to be sure. No, don’t put anything, Mr. Sampson, if you please—only the inscription I told you.”

“ Very well, ma’am,” bowed Mr. Sampson, as the party left the shop.

“ Now, my dear,” said Miss Prudence to Cosmo, “ you’d like to go to the confectioner’s, shouldn’t you, to buy some kisses?”

Cosmo assented, with a look that clearly proved he would all his life have to purchase any kisses he might want; so accordingly to the confectioner’s they proceeded. Mrs. Stafford, the confectioner, also sold Howqua’s tea; and at the time Miss Prudence and her party entered the shop, a tall raw-boned Amazonian-looking woman, in an expensive but much soiled silk dress, an Indian shawl equally ill-used, and a flaunting scarlet-velvet bonnet, with a black feather in it, was making the following complaint, in a high-toned vulgar voice, to Mrs. Stafford.

“ Oh, Mrs. Stafford! that last tea which you sent over to Gorget cottage, was so bad, that it was perfectly undrinkable.”

“ Indeed, ma'am ! I'm very sorry, it must be a mistake—I'll change it with pleasure.”

“ Oh no,” said the first speaker, “ its not worth while to do that, for it will do very well for the Major and the children, but let me have some better now.”

“ Oh dear ! well now, that really is what I call a remarkable coincidence ; you are buying tea, and I've been buying a teapot !—now is'nt it ?” said Miss Prudence, as she walked up to, and shook hands with, Mrs. Whabble, for such the lady proved to be. Mrs. Whabble was every inch an officer's wife ; she talked barracks, and looked bayonets ; drilled her children daily, and cashiered her cook weekly ; knew to an hour when Jackson “ joined,” or when Smith got a “ step ;” could tell to a bottle how many dozens of wine were drank at the mess, and to a whiff how many cigars were smoked in the barrack-yard. She never allowed a very smart dress or bonnet to remain in single-blessedness more than three days among the female part of the corps, when she invariably appeared in a similar one ; and though she took annual precautions to prevent the house of Whabble from becoming extinct, yet she was always declaring that she could not conceive how Nixon could allow his wife to go on so with Brown, or why Grabham did not

insist upon Snooks marrying his daughter. Her maternal feelings were all wrapped up in swaddling clothes. While her children were babies, Mrs. Whabble thought the sun ought to stand still, and the world retrograde on its axis for them; for she was a woman (and many such there be), who never cared to encounter "a grown-up idea;" but the moment they arrived at six or seven, to all, except the pride of the family, her son James, kisses were exchanged for cuffs, and sugar-plums for scoldings. She was very fond of asking Lord Linden and Colonel King, the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the regiment (the —— Lancers) to dinner; and, with genuine hospitality, thought nothing of giving four guineas for a haunch of venison on such occasions, which, with equally laudable economy, she made up for by keeping the Major and the children on hashed mutton and rabbits for three weeks after. The only person she could not thoroughly conquer was Lady Linden, a beautiful high-bred woman, who was content to encounter everything for her husband's sake, except an intimacy with Mrs. Whabble. But for this Mrs. Jinks had a panacea, by telling her daughter to hold up her head, and not mind Lady Linden's airs; for one of these days she'd be a "colonel's lady too," and then she'd be as

good as her." The only speck on the horizon of this bright vision was a doubt that would occasionally obtrude itself into her mind, as to whether both nature and art had not made a marked distinction between majors and colonels, and whether she could put a colonel off with the scraps, cracked looking-glasses, and weak tea, that did very well for a major? At all events, it was a paradox; for, in this instance, the major was the minor consideration.

"How d'ye do?" said Mrs. Whabble, returning Miss Prudence's salutation; "how is Lady Bubble, and Sir Romulus, and the young ladies?"

"Quite well, thank you. Oh, I enjoyed that cold pig at your house, the other day, beyond everything! I assure you, I mean what I say."

"Ah, Mr. Bubble and Miss Manners—delighted to see you. What a handsome man, my dear!—is he an officer?"

"No," said Theresa, into whose cheeks Mrs. Whabble's exclamation had whispered the 'eloquent blood.'

"Then I'm sure he deserves to be," rewhispered Mrs. Whabble, looking field-marshal at Cecil.

"Oh dear, Romulus has had a letter from Lord John this morning, and there's a message

for you in it; but I've quite forgot what it is—let me see," continued Miss Prudence, looking down, and pausing in the very act of breaking a bun in two.

"For me?" said Mrs. Whabble, "impossible! for I have not the honour of knowing his Lordship." (Mrs. Whabble always talked Morning Post and wrote Court Journal.)

"Oh, not to you, but something about you, or about the Major—same thing, you know—man and wife's one flesh—Dr. Damnemall told us that on Sunday. Oh dear, he is such a good man!—but how stupid I am, to be sure. Marmaduke, what was it that Lord John said in his letter about Major Whabble?"

But Marmaduke, who could most probably have described the exact thickness of Cicero's sandals, or to a nicety the shade of purple in Cæsar's toga; to a mullet what Horace had for supper; and to a drop how far the Nympha extended in the old Greek epigram on Bacchus, never could remember what had taken place within two hours, therefore veraciously replied:

"I don't know what you allude to."

"Oh dear, how can you say such a thing? Theresa, what was it Lord John said in his letter? Something about clench—clench votes; no—let me see—that was not it."

Now Theresa knew very well that Lady Bubble liked to do all the electioneering herself, and would be very angry if any one forestalled her in the flummerizing department; and not being malicious enough to let Miss Prudence "betray the secrets of the prison-house," by telling Mrs. Whabble that her husband was to be courted and coloneled in order to clench his four-and-twenty votes, she replied, that she too had forgotten; but that she knew her aunt meant to have the pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Whabble tomorrow.

Mrs. Whabble, of course, was always 'proud' and 'delighted' to see any of the Bubble family, which she perorated with another whisper in Theresa's ear, to beg she would introduce that handsome man to her, as he would be such an ornament to her party, and she meant to give one soon.

No sooner had the introduction taken place, than Cecil, not knowing well what to say, said he believed he had had the honour of travelling with two members of her family; he hoped Mrs. Jinks had recovered from the effects of her fall, and that master Whabble had got rid of the cold in his head?—which last hope was perfectly sincere, as the electioneering might, and most probably would, again bring him in contact with

that interesting youth. From the grateful compliments that issued on the part of Mrs. Whabble, capped with a regret that Mr. Howard should have found James so backward in arithmetic—which she hoped would not always be the case, as a friend of hers, Mrs. Town, who was a great phrenologist, assured her that he had the organ of calculation very fully developed,—Cecil perceived that she mistook him for Mr. Simpson; and however flattering such a mistake might have been to his vanity, the integrity of his character prevented him from ever taking credit upon false pretences. He, therefore, lost no time in undeceiving her; whereupon, Mrs. Whabble revealed that James had confessed that he liked the other gentleman much the best, as he had not teased him by talking to him. Cecil begged of Mrs. Whabble to convey his assurances to her son, that should he ever again have the happiness of meeting him, he should carefully pursue the same line of conduct, in the hope of retaining his good opinion; which Mrs. Whabble said she was sure James must be most grateful for and flattered at; after which, the party separated. But “out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and again, in the street, Miss Prudence reiterated her grateful reminiscences of the cold pig; but unfortunately, as she did so,

standing on the edge of the pavement, her foot slipped, and occasioned her the bore of falling backward into the mud. Now Junius has very truly observed, that "it is only the partiality of friends that balances the defects of the heart with the superiority of the understanding." With equal truth it might have been said, on the present occasion, that it was only the partiality of friends that balanced the superiority of the heart with the defects of the *understanding*; for although Mrs. Whabble fully appreciated the gratitude of Miss Prudence's heart, in again alluding to the cold pig, still the little boys, yea, and the little girls too, who witnessed her 'faux pas,' set up an unfeeling laugh at the weakness of her ancles.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed she, when she had regained her equilibrium, "I do dislike stumbling, especially in the mud, beyond everything."

Mrs. Whabble endeavoured to console her with the assurance, that she never should find Gorget Cottage without a pig, whenever she honoured it with her presence. Whatever put it into Mr. Howard's head to make such a remark I know not, but he, 'à propos des bottes,' exclaimed:

"Then it is not your intention to send Master Whabble back to school again?"

“Oh yes, it is, poor dear,” said his tender mother; “he’s only at home for a short time. He spent the Midsummer holidays with his grandmamma in London; and getting the measles, I thought country air would be good for him; but he returns to town in a fortnight. Dear me, perhaps you may be going back about that time, Mr. Howard? If so, it would be delightful for James and my mother—”

“No, no,” said Cecil, with a mental ‘thank God!’ “I have no intention of leaving Shropshire just yet.”

As he said this, his eyes and Theresa’s met; and whether from that circumstance, or from what he had said about remaining in Shropshire, he knew not; but he thought the blush on her cheek looked a peculiarly happy one. Ah, happy age!—ere the feelings have shared the fate of the German wanderer,* and lost their shadows; those shadows which make the faces of the young so beautiful, when the heart is

“Like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
And turning, trembles too!”

Mrs. Whabble had walked on a few yards, when Miss Prudence followed her, and again

standing on the edge of that dangerous precipice, the pavement, assured her that she should be most happy to give her tea, any evening, out of her new tea-pot ; and then added, " Don't have a pig roasted this week, because I promised to go and dine with Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall, in the family way."

Now, it so happened, that while Miss Prudence was making this interesting communication to her friend, a drove of the swinish multitude, whose roasted infancy she so much delighted in, passed close behind her, and one of them grunting up to her, and poking it's head between her heels, would again have occasioned her an epileptic fit, had she not, in falling backwards, come in contact with her nephew, who pushed her forward against Mrs. Whabble. Nevertheless, the mob, especially the pig-driver, began to laugh and hiss most vociferously.

" Never mind," laughed Marmaduke, " it is only your initiation into the classics, my dear Prudence, for you are now fairly enrolled among the ' epicuri de grege porcos ' of Horace,

" Claudian has described the scene," whispered Cecil, smiling, " in his account of the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators, don't you remember—

' Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi ! ' "

“Ha! ha! ha! exactly so; or, as Colonel King says,—just so—just so a,” said Marmaduke.

“Oh, dear! how can you both be talking Latin,” whimpered Miss Prudence, “when I’ve been so nearly rolled in the mud by those horrid pigs?”

“Why, it is throwing pearls before swine, certainly,” replied Marmaduke.

“Oh, dear! it is your coming out with Greek and Latin on all occasions, let what will happen, that makes me dislike it beyond every thing. Oh, dear, dear! how very tiresome!—I’m all over mud!”

“Never mind,” said Marmaduke, “you are not the Roman Senate, which Cicero said ‘should be pure from all blemish, and an example of manners to all the other orders of the city.’”*

“And I’m sure you are ~~no~~ example of manners,” replied Miss Prudence, tartly, “to be always talking about the Romans—a set of people no one knows anything about. Oh, dear! ’tis so different from Dr. Daninemall, who must know more of the Romans than you, on ac-

* “Censores probrum in senatu ne reliquunt,
Is ordo vitio caret, Ceteris specimen esto.”

count of having to abuse the Roman Catholics professionally, and yet no one ever hears him say a word about them, except in the pulpit, when he gives out the Lessons, if they happen to be one of Paul's Epistles to the Romans."

The conclusion of this lecture from Miss Prudence found them at the gates of "The Talbot," where Marmaduke put an end to all further discussion, by ordering Kicksywicksy and the carriage round immediately.

As they were entering the house, a poor, miserable, half-starved looking man, dressed in rusty black, which, though thread-bare, was, nevertheless, scrupulously brushed, was standing against the door-way. His cheeks were hollow, and his features and eyes very handsome, although the charnel hues of death seemed already glaring in them. Notwithstanding the squalid poverty of his appearance, he was evidently the dregs of a gentleman. He cast an eager, yet furtive glance at the party, and seemed watching till they had all passed but Theresa, when, in a hurried and mysterious manner, while a crimson spot suddenly glowed in one cheek, he put a note into her hand, and Cecil distinctly heard him say, in a low and hollow voice—

"If you refuse, my life is not worth a pin's fee!"

“Go,” murmured she hastily, and in evident confusion, “I’ll send you an answer.”

The man instantly obeyed and vanished, but whether through the earth or wall, Cecil knew not; for all he saw was the nervous, excited embarrassment of Theresa’s manner, who seemed not to have even the presence of mind to utter a single word. Here, then, was a whole year’s misery and mystery, ready-made for his use, without Mr. Howard’s having the trouble of inventing or imagining a single particle of it. What clandestine intercourse could Miss Manners (for she was no longer even thought of as Theresa) have with such a disreputable-looking man? Alas! with the best and kindest of us, poverty and disreputability are often confounded, and what wonder when poverty is (both on vice, its paternal, and misfortune, its maternal side) first cousin to suspicion; and to Cecil’s heated imagination, the keenness of famine which had glared in the stranger’s eyes, as he fixed them upon Miss Manners, seemed the look of authorised and exacting love! Then her unconcealable confusion, her hurried—“go, I’ll send you an answer.”—Oh, yes, it was all clear as noon-day! the young, the beautiful, the clever, the apparently ingenuous Theresa Manners, was, in reality, an artful, designing, degraded woman,

carrying on a clandestine engagement with some low man, unknown to her family. Thank heaven! he had not played the fool by declaring his love, which might have had the honour of playing second to that of the person he had just seen. Here then was poor Theresa invested with a very tolerable catalogue of crimes, by Mr. Howard's vivid imagination, in the short space of half a minute. Dear reader! I can only hope that you have not joined in the conspiracy against her? as, indeed, she does not deserve that you should. Tears in her eyes, too! what deceit! what wickedness! she is capable of anything!

“Mr. Howard,” said Miss Manners, in a voice that sounded as innocently as though she had been the best person in the world, “may I trouble you to tell one of the waiters to bring me a pen and ink and some paper—into this room,” added she, turning into a small room off the passage, the door of which was open.

“Oh, certainly, certainly! perhaps you'd like me to take it to him!” replied Cecil, in a dry, deliberate, sarcastic tone, his arms folded, and his eyes glaring fearfully as he spoke, while his cheeks and lips were perfectly bloodless.

“Take what?—good God!” said Theresa, raising her eyes to the wild, haggard face before her, “you are not well!”

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! perfectly well. I have come to my senses, and never was better. What may I have the honour of doing for Miss Manners ?”

“Dear Mr. Howard ! indeed, you are not well ; do sit down, and let me send for a physician !” and Theresa drew a chair and placing her hand upon his arm, entreated him to take it. Cecil recoiled as though an adder had stung him, and then, looking for a moment at her anxious—nay, almost agonized face, he flung himself into the chair, and, burying his face in his hands, stammered out—

“Oh ! Miss Manners ! can you forgive me ?—I am a wretch—a madman—a brute !”

“You are ill—very ill,” said Theresa ; and as she spoke, one large hot tear fell on Cecil’s hand.

“Oh, this, is too much,” cried he, kissing it off—“will you—can you ever——.”

“Theresa, Theresa,” called Marmaduke, at the foot of the stairs—and two minutes after he entered the room, followed by Prudence, who expressed all sorts of wonders at her not having allowed them up stairs.

“Mr. Howard was taken very ill,” said Theresa, with a deep blush, and much confusion of manner ; which, strange to say, Cecil

did not think argued the slightest deceit, or want of candour.

“I am much better now, thank you,” said he, still retaining a languid air, to confirm Miss Manners’ statement.

“My dear fellow,” said Marmaduke, feeling his pulse as he spoke—“you’d much better let me send for Churchill, for you appear to me to be in a high fever; your pulse is going a sort of rail-road pace.”

“No, it’s nothing—indeed I’m quite well now,” replied Cecil, rising, and walking hastily over to the window; from which he returned, however, almost as hastily, to ring the bell for the pen, ink, and paper, Miss Manners had requested him to order some time before, and which had been the innocent cause of all his recent indisposition.

“Oh dear! you do look prodigious pale,” said Miss Prudence, “I’ll tell you what, I’m confident it arises from fasting so long; now, I’m sure if you’d have a couple of dozen of oysters, and some bottled porter, you’d feel quite different in yourself: I always take them every day before dinner to give me an appetite; and I assure you I enjoy them beyond everything!”

As an oyster may be crossed in love, why should not an Oxonian? Cecil, half sigh-

ing, half swearing, thanked Miss 'Prudence for her advice, but declined it.

"Well, if you won't let me send for Churchill," said Marmaduke, "the carriage is at the door, and Kicksywicksy don't like to be kept waiting."

"I must keep you two minutes longer," said Theresa, "while I write a note."

"Make haste then," said Marmaduke, "and, waiter, let my pony be put up again till I ring—and send Master Bubble here."

Cecil, despite his momentary contrition and self-reproach for his late suspicions, would have given the world, had such things been admissible, to have looked over Theresa's shoulder, to see how she began her note—who it was to, and what it was about: but this being impossible, he came to the resolution—that "tomorrow" should, *coute qui coute*, decide his fate;—that he would declare his love, his poverty and his prospects, his hopes, his fears—and then he would have a right to ask, and, what was infinitely more to the purpose, to know, who the man in black was? and what that odious note was about? and in the meanwhile, not to worry himself, if possible; yet the very next minute, he asked Miss Manners if he should take the note out for the waiter to send?

and felt exceedingly doubtful and indignant when she thanked him, and said she would do it herself.

As Miss Prudence got into the carriage, she declared she was half-starved, and should enjoy her dinner beyond everything!—after which, she closed her eyes, in quest of sleep. And as Cosmo followed her example, Mr. Howard had a good opportunity (as far as the twilight would permit him to see it) of gazing on Miss Manners' face; which, from sundry anxious looks she bestowed on his, he thought had never looked more lovely.

On arriving at Bubble Hall, she contrived, however, to commit a fresh misdemeanor; for, upon looking at the cards upon the hall table, and seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon's among them, she said,—“Oh, so Mr. Vernon has been here; he's rather an agreeable person.”

“So you appeared to think,” replied Cecil, in a voice whose asperity was nothing softened by the sudden recollection of the man in black. Neither was his troubled spirit at all allayed at hearing that it was so late when the young ladies returned from their ride, that Lady Bubble had asked Colonel King and Captain Russell to stay dinner; as he felt by no means inclined to endure a sitting with them after-

wards. However, as no animal in the creation but a husband can be always out of humour, he rallied during the evening;—and when Theresa, at Lucy's request, sang "The Bashful Lover," as a hint to Colonel King, she sang the two lines

"Though I swear to adore her each morning I rise,
Yet when once I'm before her, all my eloquence flies!"

so harshly, that Mr. Howard took it as a personal reflection on himself; and doubly resolved that it should lose its application by to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

“Dormez-vous, Monsieur? pour moi je ne ferme pas l'œil, et cette manière d'alonger ma vie me déplaît fort.”

Lettres de MADAME DU DEFFAND.

“With so high reverence and observance,
As well in speche as in his contenance,
That Gawain with his old curtesie,
Though he were come agein out of faerie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word.”

CHAUCER.

EARLY RISING NOT ALWAYS THE WAY TO GROW HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE NINTH PART OF A MAN.—MR. MC PHIN MEETS WITH AN INEXPRESSIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.—ILLNESS ITS EFFECTS ON DIFFERENT PERSONS.—MISS PRUDENCE EVINCES WONDERFUL FORESIGHT IN THE CELEBRATION OF HER BIRTH-DAY.—A LETTER—HOPES AND FEARS.—MR. HOWARD UNEXPECTEDLY OBTAINS A PRIZE.

WHEN once a man, or woman either, are fairly “in for it,” their thoughts find that their hearts, like the enchanted mule in the fairy tale, are sure to carry them, without guide or rein, unerringly to their destination. When Theresa went to bed, on the night of her return from Shrewsbury, she could not sleep; her thoughts were continually reverting to Cecil's evident

anger and agitation at her meeting with the stranger at the inn. "If," said she, "he did not care for me, what could it be to him who I met or what I did? But why was I so silly as to cry when I thought he was ill? How contemptible I must have appeared to him!—yet no—his manner changed, and became kinder afterwards. To-night, too, when my aunt asked him to sing, he refused; yet the moment I asked him, he did so," and with this reflection, she became perfectly happy.

When the Hindoo girls invoke the Indian Cupid, Manmaden, (a very appropriate name, by the bye), they float rose-leaves down the Ganges, and augur their future weal or woe, that is, their chances for or against propitiating the god, in proportion as the current impels the leaves forward or drives them back; and do we not all test the wayward deity after the same fashion?—for, from the moment we upraise an altar to him in our hearts, is it not the merest trifles floating on the surface of life's current which furnish our stock of hopes and happiness, or misery and despair, during every day and night of our existence? When once a woman has made the discovery that she loves, her only goal—the one point she steers to—is the affection of her lover. Having discovered and explored this

new and mighty world, she has no room for monitory or admonitory calculations; after reaching the certainty of being loved, all else is a sort of moral polar boundary, beyond which the universe of her imagination cannot extend. Never, at the onset, does fear of the leper poverty scare from the holy temple of a woman's heart those gentle spirits that preside over it; and when, towards the vespers of her worship, reason points out the danger of its vicinity, it is always for another she dreads the contagion, not for herself. While at the first a man shrinks from it, till impelled by a stronger feeling, he gradually contemplates it with calmness and resignation, till after eventually inviting it to his home, he is often the first, and it may be the only one, to complain of its presence, and writhe under its effects. But, to return, all lovers, like Hamlet, eat of "the chameleon's dish, the air," and apparently it is a light and nutritious food for their complaint. But no sooner has that great homocopathist, marriage, with its small daily doses of poison, wrought an effectual cure (as in nine cases out of ten it does), than the patient, or more properly speaking, the impatient, requires more substantial fare; and woe to the time when sighs and sonnets are superseded by cross looks and cold words, 'vice' money and mutton absent without leave.

However, all this never once entered Theresa's head; for she was too busy wondering whether Cecil was sleeping or waking—if the former, was he dreaming of her? and if the latter, was he thinking of her? These were difficult solutions to achieve; consequently, six in the morning found Miss Manners wide awake, in a burning fever, and with a violent head-ache. Poor Cecil! he had risen at eight, in order to brace his nerves with a sufficient quantum of fresh morning air, prior to the portentous communication he had to make to her. Having stripped the gardens of the very few flowers which autumn had left them, and robbed the conservatory to better effect, he repaired to the breakfast room, determined to meet Theresa, and decide his fate before any one else was down. Alas! breakfast was not even laid; to be sure, it was only half-past nine, and the earliest breakfast ever remembered at Bubble Hall had began at eleven. But still breakfast should have been laid;—very tiresome if they came fussing in and out of the room with things, when Theresa came down—servants are so confoundedly stupid!

Having uttered this truth aloud, Mr. Howard, being, like all clever people, a person of great resource, opened one of the buffets, and toiled away the time till half-past ten, by breaking an

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

ostrich egg, indenting the filigree of a modest, unoffending, little Turkish coffee-cup, that had ensconced itself far behind an Archangel bowl, hoping, no doubt, by so doing to live and die in peace—cramming the bowl of a hookah full of mignonette—winding a curious old German hunting horn, and violently bobbing the head of a China mandarin, till it rolled at his feet. Just as this decapitation had taken place, Mr. McPhin entered the room, his hands behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground—and, in short, looking so melancholy, that Cecil could not but ask him if anything had occurred?

“Eh—no—yes—that is—no,” replied Mr. McPhin, without raising his eyes, but removing his hands from behind his back as he spoke, and mechanically putting them into the pockets of his trowsers, and turning the aforesaid empty appendages inside out. “No, nothing—absolutely nothing,” continued he; “that’s the order of the day, sir.”

“By the bye,” said Cecil, “I think you mentioned, some time ago, that you had some Submarine Railroad shares to sell: is it so? for a Yankee acquaintance of mine, upon my telling him of Mr. Town’s plan, as one of the European wonders, expressed himself, in a letter I got from him the other day, anxious to purchase them. Have you any?”

“Eh, plenty—he’s welcome! “Would all New York like ony, think you?” cried Mr. McPhin, with greater animation than he had yet evinced. “I neever knew that the Americans were so easily—I mean to say, so enterprising, sir.”

“Oh, they’re the greatest vapourers in the world.”

“Eh, then they are accustomed to have all their speculations end in smoke?”

“Of course, when steam is the aim and object of their lives,” responded Cecil.

“I’ll go on and get the shares for you instanter,” said Mr. McPhin, about to leave the room for that purpose.

“Archy Dunn, the tailor, sir, if you please, from Dunderhead Common, is below, and says you appointed him to be here this morning,” said Harding, opening the door, as Mr. McPhin was about to exit.

“Eh, and so augh did; but I’ve hod occasion to alter my intentions since; however, let him come up. Poor Archy Dunn!” continued Mr. McPhin, turning to Cecil, when the servant left the room; “he’s a Perthshire mon, sir, a countrymon of mine,—was starving when he came to this perty of the world, and I set him up in business on Dunderhead Common, just within a blink of the Pug and Primrose pooblic-house,

where ye heard of Tony Fine, the londlady's husband, cutting his throat the other day. Well, augh assure ye, sir, Archy's by no means flagitious for a country proctitioner, as is proved by the great custom he has got. He maks for me, sir, three churchwardens, onnd the workhouses of two parishes; onnd Mr. Bubble was gude enough to get from him thot vary tasty shooting-jocket ye saw him in the first morning after yer arrival. If yc would employ him, sir, his fortune would be made; onnd I'm sure, after what I've told ye, ye cannot doobt his giving ye sosisfoction."

Whatever Cecil's doubts or certainties might be on this matter, he merely replied, with a smile, that he thought the very name of Dunn was detrimental to a tailor. Mr. Mc Phin was about to observe, that if he had been christened William, which in the endearments of friendship could not have failed to degenerate into Bill, and that it had appeared in conjunction with the name of Dunn, it might indeed have proved a fatal barrier to his prospects of advancement as a decorator of the human figure. But before he had time to shape this defence into words, the door opened, and the subject of their conversation appeared, bobbing his head up and down, by way of a bow, much after the fashion of that illustrious hero Mr. Punch, when he is

successfully endeavouring to avoid the civilities of Mr. John Ketch.

Mr. Archibald Dunn, formerly of four pair of stairs, Mull Lane, Perth, and presently of No. 3, third and last house on Dunderhead Common, was rather below than above the middle-size; his hair was sandy, his face long and pale, and much pitted with the small-pox. Whether panic-struck at the window-tax, or from any other motive of economy, I know not, but nature had closed up one eye, whereupon the other thought it incumbent on it to be doubly vigilant, and blinked incessantly; his nose had also been suppressed, and from being as flat as Salisbury Plain, was scarcely visible to the naked eye; his mouth was small and close like one of his own button-holes, while his upper-lip was long, and deeply indented like a water-spout; one ear was very large and very red, (evidently having purloined all the colour intended for his cheeks), the other might have been large too, but that a considerable piece was missing from the top, which, from the triangular shape of the deficit, looked as if his own shears had snipped it off by mistake, that there might be no cause for jealousy between his figure and his face; one shoulder was considerably higher than the other, his chest sunk in-

wards; his limbs were long, though his body was short, his knees always looked as if they were going to whisper each other, and his feet (one of which was a club-foot) had, from the force of habit, acquired the same cross-look, whether standing or walking, that they had when reposing on his own work-board. To add to the grace of his appearance, he wore a white beaver hat, much too small for his head, very round, and embellished with a piece of black crape, which did for all family mournings as they occurred; a pepper-and-salt jacket, with very short skirts, and large plain bright flat silver buttons, like unstamped shillings; a white marsalla waistcoat, with black sprigs upon it; a blue bird's-eye handkerchief round his throat; the sleeves of his coat always very short—as he said it left his hands more liberty to take patterns—an example, without the same motive, which his brown corduroy trowsers followed, to the full display of a very thick pair of half boots, laced up the front with the same material. Now, it so happened, that Mr. McPhin, in the liberality of his heart, and zeal to serve his 'protégé,' often ordered articles of dress, which prudence afterwards, in the attenuated form of an empty purse, compelled him to counter-order: on all such occasions he was particularly affable and

complimentary to Archy—endeavouring at the same time to heal the disappointment by securing him another customer. Indeed, if the truth must be told, many was the inkstand he had upset accidentally on purpose, prior to these counter-orders, over Cosmo's unoffending nankeens and white waistcoats, in pretended violence at some expediently got-up piece of stupidity on the part of that exemplary youth; but such was Mr. McPhin's innate sense of justice, that no sooner was the ink safely deposited, than he would discover his mistake, and instantly apologise and atone for his error, by "prating of the whereabouts," of sundry orchards to the west of Dunderhead Common, or roundly assert his knowledge of the locale of three owls'-nests—assuring Cosmo, that if he could but contrive to eat three owls' eggs a-day, for a month, he would rival Solomon in wisdom!

Cosmo was determined to try the experiment; the only difficulty was in getting the eggs—were they but once obtained, he would commence wise-acre 'ab'ovo.'

The cause of Mr. Archibald Dunn's present appearance, arose from a determination formed by his patron the day before, to celebrate Lord John Bubble's advent with a pair of black kersey mere epigrams, which he had resolved to

impress upon Archy should be fine, soft, and elegantly turned—why, or wherefore, heaven only knows; but Mr. McPhin had taken it into his head that it would be disrespectful to appear before a cabinet-minister in any other costume. Perhaps his prophetic spirit whispered, that the best way to get on with the Whigs, is to shew as much of the calf as possible; be this as it may, he had resolved that Archy should be the favoured master of the ceremonies, that should have the honour of introducing his to Lord John; and nothing but some very untoward pecuniary intelligence which he had received that morning, could have caused him to curtail his intentions, instead of his garments.

“Eh! Archy, hauld up yer head, mon. Augh’ve been reecommending ye to this gentleman, Mr. Hoord. Augh hop ye’ve hod an eye to the poor-law commessioners’ coats when they’ve been at Dunderhead, for, coming from London, Mr. Hooard is opt to be particular.”

Archy replied with great modesty and truth, blinking and bobbing all the while, that he did not know what Mr. Hoord’s axpectations might be, but that three lods hod been possed from London to the Dunderhead union-workhouse lost week, and they declared they hod

never been fitted sae weel before, 'os his were the first clathe gear they'd ever hod. But sir," added Mr. Dunn to his patron, "as in duty boond, I must tak your orders first, and then I shall be hoppy to sarve this gentleman;" and as he spoke, he drew from his pocket an interminable measure, and thirew it out behind Mr. McPhin, as though he was going to harpoon a whale.

"Ahem!—ahem! oh Archy, ye see, augh won't have them just yet."

"What may ye hove been contemplating, sir?"

"Why, a pair of block small-clothes, Archy."

"Ond what pette of your dress might they be?" interrogated Archy, sending his one eye from the sole of Mr. McPhin's foot to the top of his head, when, naturally tired after so very long a journey, it subsided into a blink, accompanied by a smiling elongation of his button-hole mouth.

"Archy! Archy! those may laugh that win," frowned his patron; "ond my winnings to-day are not sufficient to season the remembrance of the best joke that ever was heerd."

"Sir," said Archy, assuming a solemn look and tone, "it is not in mortals to commond success," as my father, whom ye ken weel was a schoolmaster, used to observe; but you do mair,

ye deserve it—and I can only say, win or lose, I shall be hoppy to mak for you at all times.”

“ Thank you, Archy, thank you,” said Mr. McPhin, walking away, much moved by Archy’s disinterestedness, while Cecil resolved upon losing no time (through Theresa’s assistance), of finding out some man, poor enough, and patient enough, to allow Mr. Dunn to exercise his talents upon him; and telling Archy that “ he should soon transmit some orders to him,” the latter boo’d himself out of the room with reiterated thanks.

“ Mr. Dunn! Mr. Dunn!” cried Cecil, as Archy was leaving the room.

“ At your sarvice, sir,” said Archy returning.

“ Is not Gorget Cottage, where Major Whabble lives, near Dunderhead Common?”

“ Ainly a motter of twa miles or thereaboot, sir, from it.”

“ Well, then,” said Cecil, with a face grave and dignified as that of a judge, “ I wish you would call there,—ask to see Mrs. Jinks and Mrs. Whabble, and say that I took the liberty of sending you, merely to tell them, that the pelisses mostly worn by ladies of fashion, now in London, are pepper-and-salt coloured cloth, like your jacket, braided with black. Lady Davenent,” continued he, writing the names on

a card as he spoke, "the Duchess of Honiton, Lady Mary Marsham, Lady Lucy Leitrim, the Duchess of Arlington, and the young Fitznoodles, her sons, all wear them, and I think they would be particularly becoming to Mrs. Jinks and Mrs. Whabble."

"Eh, sir," exclaimed Archy, throwing up his hands, and at the same time bowing down to the ground, "I don't doot but yer as gude os Miss Manners, God bless her! who got me to mak a reegemental hobit for Mrs. Whabble; but I suppose she thinks it too gude to wear, as I neever see her in it."

"Well, I shall be sadly disappointed if I don't see her in the pepper and-salt-pelisse," said Cecil, "and you may tell her so."

"Mony, mony thanks, sir, I'll not fail." And this time Archy bowed himself out of the room in good earnest, delighted at the anticipated harvest he should reap at Gorget Cottage.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Cecil, flinging himself back in his chair, as soon as he thought Archy was out of hearing, "Mrs. Jinks and her daughter will never be proof against all the duchesses and countesses I have traduced into pepper-and-salt cloth pelisses! and your poor friend will make his fortune."

"The Lord grant it may be so," said Mr.

McPhin abstractedly, as he paced up and down the room, with his hands again behind his back, and his eyes again bent upon the floor, "but, eh! sir, fortunes are easier marred than made!"

The servants now came to lay the breakfast, and seeing that Mr. McPhin had no intention either of conversing or of leaving the room, Cecil recollected that Theresa must pass through the hall, and therefore repaired thither, and began pushing about the billiard balls; but, strange to say, one after another appeared, but Theresa did not appear. Cecil was growing almost angry from disappointment:—she should have known by intuition that he had been up since eight o'clock, and meant to propose for her. At length, as much to avoid Miss Prudence's remonstrances about remaining in the hall, when breakfast was ready, as to pursue a dignified line of conduct, he returned into the breakfast room.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Prudence, as soon as she was seated, "how very late Theresa is this morning, I never knew her so before; I take it particlular unkind of her not to be up in time to wish me joy on my birth-day; I assure you I mean what I say. Now I should have been down half an hour ago, but that I always say an extra prayer for myself on my birth-day. Oh,

dear! I think it is only what is due to the Almighty. I'm confident, Mr. Howard," continued she, looking virgin-thorns at poor Lady Bubble, "that you won't forget my birth-day, Michaelmas day, 29th of September, every one celebrates it; always a goose at table you know on Michaelmas day; so it's nonsense people pretending to forget it. Now 'tis a most remarkable circumstance that 'we are all born on a particklar day: I on the 29th of September; Romulus the first of April; Marmaduke on Christmas day; Lucretia on the anniversary of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. Doctor Damnemall explained to us how this was. Lucy on the 29th of May, King Charles and the Oak you know; Betsy on Shrove Tuesday, pancake-day; and Cosmo on St. Swithin's day; which I've always maintained, and always shall maintain, in spite of all the faculty, is the reason why he cried so prodigiously when a baby. Oh! dear, here's my new tea-pot; I shall enjoy my tea out of it beyond every thing; but I must say, 'tis remarkably remiss in Theresa not being down in time to-day, of all days in the year.

Cecil silently coincided in this opinion, and Lady Bubble told Fenton to send up word to Miss Manners that they were waiting breakfast.

A message was instantly returned: "Miss Manners' love to her Ladyship, and she had such a bad headache, she should not come down to breakfast." It is to be supposed this intelligence made Mr. Howard very uncomfortable; for he certainly ate no breakfast, and continued silent. Mr. McPhin was equally taciturn, though not equally abstemious. Marmaduke was not up. Miss Lucretia kept her room, to finish a birthday-ode to her sister, which began:

"Joy to thee, dearest sister P.,
A grey-goose quill I pluck for thee,
To make your name on British shores,
Bright as your nice new tea-pot pours."

Sir Romulus was even more pompous and profound than usual, with innumerable slips of written paper attached together with red wafers, which he was bumbling over with much intensesness. The old lady was pocketing some dry toast, which she said agreed with her better at dinner than bread, and which she also declared she liked better out of that dimity oven than when fresh made! so that the meal passed off almost in silence, after Miss Prudence's harangue, except by a laugh created at Cecil's saying to Lady Bubble, when her sleeve was in her tea, "Lady Bubble, your Theresa is in your cup!" After breakfast, Cecil wandered from room to room, and from passage to passage, till

at length he met Stephens, Lady Bubble's maid, of whom he inquired how Theresa was?

"Why indeed, sir, I think she's very poorly—very poorly indeed, poor thing; she cannot raise her head from her pillow. I tell my lady that she ought to send for Dr. Churchill."

"Good God! and has she not?" said Cecil.

"Not yet, sir; she says she will by and bye, if she don't get better."

Cecil waited to hear no more; but, rushing out of the house, was the next moment in the stable. Finding no one there, he himself saddled a hunter, and in less than twenty minutes, was galloping through Shrewsbury, and never drew bridle but to ask where Dr. Churchill lived? Having been informed, and luckily finding the worthy doctor's carriage at the door, he hurried him into it, and back to Bubble Hall immediately. Cecil, who had galloped on before, and left his horse in the stable, entered the house in a dreadful state of excitement, at the snail's pace he decided the doctor was coming. If horses had but wings to their heels, made of lover's hearts, how they would fly! In the hall he met Lady Bubble, sailing through it.

"You've no idaya, Mr. Howard, how ill Theresa is! I'm going to send for Dr. Churchill." But, as she spoke, the doctor's carriage drove up

“ Oh, Dr. Churchill,” said Lady Bubble, “ you’ve come at a most ‘ à propos’ time; you’ve no idaya how ill poor Miss Manners ‘is !”

Dr. Churchill was too much a man of the world to say he’d been sent for, when he found that that fact was not known, and compared it with the agony of Mr. Howard’s looks; but merely replied :

“ Then if your ladyship will allow me, I’ll go to Miss Manners directly. Has she been long ill ?”

“ Only since this morning; she was perfectly well yesterday, but did not come down to breakfast to-day; and I have been with her just now, and found her in a high fever.”

“ Dear me ! that’s very sad,” said the doctor, as Cecil mechanically followed him and Lady Bubble up stairs. Theresa’s room was within three doors of his own, and when the doctor and Lady Bubble had closed the door, he paced up and down the passage for a quarter of an hour, till they reappeared.

“ Well, Doctor ?” said he, darting forward; and another word he could not utter, had worlds depended on it. But the doctor felt, from the tone in which those were spoken, that life and death hung upon his answer.

“ Sir, Miss Manners is young, has a fine constitution, and I have no doubt, in a short time

we shall have the pleasure of seeing her perfectly re-established, and, indeed, better than before her illness."

"And what is her malady?" asked Cecil.

"Why, sir—but—I assure you—and I would not deceive you—there is no positive danger—it is the small-pox."

"Good heavens!—the small-pox! How on earth could she get it?"

"Sir, Miss Manners is a very amiable young lady—spends half her time among the poor, rendering them every service in her power; and it is to be feared that in some of her charitable visits she may have caught it. But," added the doctor, considerately, "having been vaccinated three times, I feel certain she won't be marked."

"The poor," murmured Cecil; and he thought of the man in black, and hated and suspected him more than ever, thinking he was the member of the poor, from whom she had caught this terrible malady.

"I shall send a nurse back immediately on my return home," resumed Dr. Churchill, "and I have no doubt that a few days will see her out of even the shadow of danger; but, at all events, I'll look in again myself this evening."

To judge from the cordial manner in which Mr. Howard shook Dr. Churchill's hand, it

would have appeared as though he had been inoculated from Mr. Simpson in the art of forming sudden friendships, especially as he added, at the hall door: "I hope we shall see you early in the evening?"

Great was the commotion that Miss Manners' illness created at Bubble Hall, when it was known to be the small-pox. Among the household, it was unalloyed regret, and a fear that her beauty would be spoilt. Among the family,—all except Marmaduke, whom nothing could keep out of Theresa's room, and Mr. Mc Phin, who offered, with tears in his eyes, to sit up with the poor dear young lady all night, and even to co-operate with Mademoiselle Perpignon in attending her, if such a sacrifice were necessary,—an unmitigated fear of infection was the only feeling displayed. Sir Romulus instantly wrote to put off Lord John, especially as he had again written to say that he should bring Lady John and their little girl with him. Lady Bubble, her daughters, son, Miss Lucretia, and the old lady, lost no time in conveying themselves down to the steward's house; but as it was only two miles at the other end of the park, neither Sir Romulus nor Miss Prudence, (following her name) thought that far enough removed: so he resolved upon a flitting to Mr. Town's, while

Miss Prudence selected Dr. Damnemall's hospitable roof as her sanctuary, having a vague and unacknowledged superstition that so orthodox an atmosphere would exorcise anything like infection.

The Tartars have a ridiculous superstition that the world is supported upon a golden frog, and that the awkward attempts this animal makes to scratch itself is the cause of earthquakes! So, in like manner, Miss Prudence began oh-dearing and wondering how Theresa had caught the small-pox; and at length ended by roundly asserting that she was "confident it was that horrid drove of Irish pigs that had upset her, that had brought the horrid disorder all the way from Ireland, and given it to her!! But," said she to Cecil, when she was getting into the pony phaeton to go to Dr. Damnemall's, and poking her new teapot between the cushions, observing that, now she had got it, she should not enjoy her tea out of any other; and placing a basket of sandwiches and a flask of wine and water at her feet, a necessary precaution, as it was two hours since she had breakfasted, and had a long journey of four miles to go—"But what does Dr. Churchill say of Theresa, Mr. Howard?"

Cecil, who felt a sort of consolation and reas-

surance in repeating the Doctor's words in the same confident tone he had uttered them, replied,—

“Why, he says there's not the least danger, and that he thinks Miss Manners' health will be better after this illness.”

Now, Miss Prudence never liked any one to be too comfortable, or happy, and, therefore, exclaimed, as she tucked up her black-silk gown pinned it in front, spread a black and white blanket-shawl over her knees, carefully tucking it in at each side, and stowing away her umbrella in front of the phaeton, “Oh, dear, I don't hold with what the faculty say, for they always tell people there's no danger when there's the greatest, and that there is danger when there's none at all. Oh, 'tis just to make much of themselves, and get money out of people's pockets. Now, George,” added she, turning to the groom, “you may go on;—oh, stop, though—did Leslie put up the goose I ordered? not that I think it likely Mrs. Damnemall should be without a goose to-day! yet sometimes people forget. It would be different if they knew I was coming; for then I'm confident they'd make a point of having one, as it is my birthday! But I think it always the safest way to see to things of consequence myself.”

George assured her that the goose had been put up, but as she justly observed, "seeing is believing," and, therefore, would not be satisfied till it was excavated from the well of the carriage and placed upon her lap! when she instantly assumed a most maternal look as she exclaimed,—

"'Tis an uncommon fine one, to be sure!" and saying it would be safer if she carried it, desired the servant to drive on.

To describe the agony of grief and fear that depressed Cecil's heart, the first night he passed almost alone in that deserted house, is utterly impossible. As he watched silently and breathlessly at Theresa's door, listening for every sound from within, sometimes he'd catch the low moaning of extreme pain, and could scarcely refrain from entering. At others, he'd hear the whispered consultations of Marmaduke and the nurse, and wondered if they wanted anything; if he could but over-hear that they did, it would be a pretext to him to go in, but suddenly the murmuring would cease, and all again was hushed into silence. Yet, when we listen with our hearts, we can hear what to the duller outward sense can only be seen; and through that long and weary night, Cecil fancied he heard every time Theresa opened and shut her

eyes. Night after night did he watch at that door, apparently independent of the ordinary laws of nature ; for he literally neither eat nor slept till the ninth critical night, when he was in his own room in a state of mind almost bordering on insanity, waiting for Dr. Churchill's bulletin. How prophetic is even the echo of the footstep of a person who has good or bad tidings to impart ! The buoyancy of Dr. Churchill's, as he entered the room, proclaimed, before his words, that a favourable crisis had taken place in the disorder, and that all danger was at an end.

“Thank God !” exclaimed Cecil, burying his face in his hands, and bursting into tears, as the Doctor left the room, in a pretended hurry, that he might have an opportunity of giving way to his feelings. Cecil was sitting by the bed-side when Dr. Churchill came in, and no sooner had he gone than his head sunk on the pillow, and for the first time for nine nights, he slept soundly for four hours, when he was awakened by hearing Mrs. Brand, the nurse, walking in the passage. He started up, and opening the door softly inquired what was the matter.

“Oh, nothing particular, sir, only Doctor Churchill desired that Miss Manners should have some tamarind tea, and I've just been up

to Mrs. Nettletop about it, and only fancy ! there is not such a thing in the house ! a pretty thing, truly, sir, a house like this without tamarinds, and a lady so long ill in it ! but Mr. Bubble is going off to Shrewsbury himself for some."

"Don't allow him," said Cecil, clearing the first flight of stairs at one bound, as he spoke ; "tell him I'm gone, and shall be back before he could be ready."

Ever since Theresa's illness, a horse had been kept ready saddled, night and day. This Cecil was aware of, and, therefore, lost no time in preparations ; for, although upon opening the hall-door, he found it was a deluge of rain, and thundering and lightening awfully, he would not turn back for a great coat, as he felt a sort of extravagant pleasure in braving and buffeting the elements for Theresa's sake ; indeed, could he have had a choice of dangers, he would have preferred an earthquake to a tempest, as being the most formidable of the two ; and though all the dangers he could have encountered would have done her no earthly good (but a great deal of harm, had she known it, inasmuch as it would have grieved her sadly), yet who ever truly loved that did not take a prodigal delight in wasting even useless sacrifices on what they love ?

"For love's deep thirst for, age doth crave a draught,
Costly as that the enamoured Roman quaff'd."

Love having the whole world for his empire, can well afford that his extravagance should be boundless;—but it is his poor subjects that suffer: how often do they find, that in order to do homage to a single visit from him, they run through their hearts, and have not sufficient feeling left, to make a decent appearance for the rest of their lives; while others act more wisely, and make an hôtel of theirs, to receive him as often as he pleases to come; for which they are amply repaid, and are sure never to break.

Saint Theresa describes the Devil as “an unhappy being, who never could know what it was to love.” If that was his only source of misery, I doubt his being so unhappy; but then to be sure I speak femininely; masculinely it may not be so. The Germans, according to Tacitus, believed that there was something divine in young women;—“*Inesse quinetiam sanctum aliquid, et providum putant;*” and all lovers, of whatever country, seem of the same opinion: but no sooner are they transformed into husbands, than they appear to fly back to the council of the enlightened prelates of Maçon, in France, and question the pretension of women to be human beings! nor do they always arrive at the conclusion, that the learned

prelates did at last—namely that they are human beings.*

When Cecil arrived at the chemist's, he rang so loudly and impatiently, that he was not long before he knocked them up, and obtained what he wanted;—and presented himself to Mrs. Brand, on his return, with the tamarinds, before the hurricane, and all other drawbacks considered, she thought he could have got half-way to Shrewsbury.

Two hours after his arrival, she told him, with an air of mysterious importance, that Miss Manners was a deal better; for that she had spoken, and asked questions—and when told that Mr. Howard had himself been good enough to go to Shrewsbury in all the storm, she seemed so sorry, yet so grateful, and desired that the tamarind-stones might be taken care of, as she wanted them. Was not this an ample reward for all the storms he could have

* Lest this fact should be doubted, I shall quote the original passages, in which the decision was given:—

“Cum inter tot sanctos patres episcopos, quidam statueret, non posse, nec debere mulieres vocari *homines*, timore Dei, publicè ibi ventilaretur. Et tandem, post multas vexatæ hujus quæstionis disceptationes, concluderetur, quod *mulieres* sint *hominines*. (Polygamia Triumphatrix.)

“Extitit enim, in hac Synodo quidam ex episcopis, qui dicebat mulierem hominem non posse vocitari,” &c. &c. &c.—Gregor. Tur., Lib. viii.

braved? at least it was to Cecil, who once more laid down with a lighter heart, and slept a calm sleep, peopled with beautiful dreams of Theresa.

It was now about a month since Miss Manners had been taken ill; Marmaduke had scarcely ever left her room, or Cecil her door. Poor Mr. Mc Phin had stolen up two or three times every day, to know how she was; and Cosmo, who at length had actually got an owl's egg—put his friendship to the test, by sending it to his dear cousin Theresa; though, as he gallantly observed at the time, “she had no need of being wiser than she was.” Lady Bubble, her daughters, and Miss Lucretia, were punctual in their messages of inquiry. Mademoiselle Perpignon had also begged of Mr. Mc Phin (whose stolen visits she had discovered) to be the bearer of the new pattern for a nightcap, which she had just got from Paris; Sir Romulus had called at the lodge twice a-week, to receive a bulletin; and on one occasion, had left an affectionate message, to say—“it was too bad of the little Algerine to get ill, just as Lord John was coming down to settle the affairs of the nation!” and within the last week, Miss Prudence had kindly sent over a message, through Dr. Churchill, to know if there was anything she fancied to eat, and

whether Dr. Dammell should come over and read her a sermon, as he had lately purchased a very rare and excellent collection of old ones, of which she sent her a list, in case she should like to choose one out of them, and let the Dr. know.—The list was as follows :

“ A Brieffe Polemicall Dissertation, concerning the true time of the Inchoation and Determination of the Lord's day Sabbath.

Wherein is clearly and irrefragably manifested by Scripture, Reason, Authorities, in all ages till the present: that the Lord's day begins and ends at evening; and ought to be solemnized from evening till evening; against the novel errors, mistakes of such, who groundlessly assert, that it begins and ends at midnight, or day-breaking; and ought to be sanctified from midnight to midnight, or morning to morning; whose arguments are here examined, refuted as unsound, absurd, frivolous.

Compiled in the Tower of London; and now published, for the information, reformation of all contrary judgment or practise. By WILLIAM PRYNNE, of Swainswick, Esq., London. Printed by T. Mabb, for Edw. Thomas, dwelling in Green Arbour, 1655.”

This brief dissertation contained twenty-two closely printed quarto pages. The next were—

“ The Way to be Content, A Sermon appointed for the Crosse, but preached in the Cathedrall Church of St. Paul, in London, on Monday, in Whitson-weeke, being the 26th day of May, Anno Dom. 1634.

By JOHN GORE, Rector of Wenden-Loft, in Essex.

Printed at London, by T. Cotes, for Thomas Alchorne; and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Green Dragon.”

Next followed—

“Israel’s Call to March Out of Babylon into Jerusalem, published by order of the House of Commons, 1645.”

“A Sermon preached at Lincoln, July the 29th, 1683, by JOHN CURTOIS, M.A. Published at the request of many loyal gentlemen who heard it preached.”

“The Dean of Peterborough’s Sermon, before the Lord Mayor, at St. Bridget’s Church, in Easter-week, 1694.”

“The Bishop of Bath and Wells’s Sermon, before the House of Peers, on January the 30th, 1691.”

and divers others, too numerous to mention. I fear both Dr. Damnemall and Miss Prudence thought Theresa no better than she should be; but she civilly declined them all. Among the numerous inquiries for Miss Manners, was a daily one on the part of Mr. Stuart Vernon. Theresa was now sufficiently recovered to sit up for about half an hour in her own room every day; and Cecil contrived to rob the conservatory of a bunch of violets, daily, to greet her rising, even when they had eluded the gardener’s vigilance.

He was one morning returning from his usual voyage of discovery, when he saw Mr. Stuart Vernon ride up to the door, dismount, and order the groom to lead the horses up and down; which he had no sooner done than his master drew from his pocket two letters, which he gave with his card to the servant. Cecil did not know why, but he walked round to the back

of the house to avoid meeting him, and got in by the conservatory through the drawing-room. He knew he should meet the servant with the letters as he crossed the hall, but he could not openly ask to see them, and, therefore with a deep sense of humiliation that flushed his whole face, had recourse to a subterfuge.

“Fenton,” said he, “didn’t I see Mr. Stuart Vernon at the door just now?”

“Yes, sir; he’s this moment ridden away.”

“Oh, indeed! did he leave any message or—or—a letter for me?”

“No, sir; he left one for Sir Romulus, and one for Miss Manners.”

Cecil bit his lip and walked silently away. When he reached his own room he locked the door, and flung himself into a bergère. “So,” said he, folding his arms and grinding his teeth, “he has written to her—he has proposed for her—of course she will have him!”

And having come to this conclusion, he paced up and down the room, tore his hair, dashed the tears indignantly from his eyes, and, in short, became as frantically and hopelessly wretched, as if Theresa had not only accepted Mr. Stuart Vernon, but was to be married to him the next hour.

Some three hours had passed away, and Cecil

was still trying to walk himself into resignation at the irrevocable loss of Theresa, which he had quite decided was to be his fate, when a gentle tap at the door asked admittance on the part of some one. He unlocked it and tried to look as calm as possible. It was Mrs. Brand.

“I only came to say, sir, that Miss Manners is not quite so well to-day. She’s not able to sit up, and is gone back to bed; but she asked if there were no violets? so I thought I would come and see if you had got her any.”

“The delight of that letter has overpowered her,” thought Cecil; but his words were, “Not so well! has she over-exerted herself?—has anything excited her?—is she—”

“No, sir, nothing. She got a letter, to be sure, and reading it might have tired her; though I don’t think it did.”

“A letter! Did it agitate her?—did she seem annoyed, or pleased?—happy, or sad?”

“No, indeed! neither, sir. She merely threw the letter on the table, and told me to put it into her writing-desk, as she must answer it one day or other. So I don’t think there was anything in that; but you know, sir, invalids will be better and worse from one day to another.”

And so saying, Mrs. Brand departed with the violets, and left Cecil to seek some new source of

torment, which he speedily did. To any reasonable man (but when was a man in love reasonable?) it would have been sufficient consolation to have heard how carelessly and coolly Theresa had received Mr. Stuart Vernon's letter—aye—but was it his letter? Might it not as well be from any one else? and even granting that it was from him, perhaps it was not a declaration, and from that might arise her annoyance! To a person so skilled in the art of self-tormenting, there is no knowing to what lengths he might have proceeded, had not dinner at length put an end to his surmises.

After Marmaduke had, for the thirtieth time (it being the last day of the month) expressed his delight at the absence of the rest of the party, which he hoped would long continue, provided Theresa was soon able to form a triumvirate at their dinner-table, he drew a volume from his pocket and began reading.

“I don't think,” said he, a short time after laying down the book, “that if Socrates in the superabundance of his wisdom did not trifle so flagrantly, I should be ever tired of ‘Xenophon's Memorabilia.’”

“I don't know,” replied Cecil. “I read them at school, in Greek, and thought them delightful; but whether it arose from reading them after-

wards in English, I know not, but I found them prosing and tedious, and in many parts vapid in the extreme."

"There may be something in that," said Marmaduke, "for we possess no equivalent style in English that could do justice to, or give the full change for his Greek. After all, it is to light literature, such as memoirs, comedies, and, in our own time, novels, that posterity should be grateful, for they it is which alone bequeath them facts. It is to Aristophanes, Plautus, Apuleius and Terence, and not to Thucydides, Livy or Cæsar, that we owe our knowledge of the private fashions, habits and manners of the Greeks and Romans. One might as well fancy that one knew a man by seeing him on the stage, as suppose that we could learn the customs of a people, their character and bearing, from epic poems and tragedies, wherein human nature is always acting."

"Very true, but—"

"But me no buts," said Marmaduke, suddenly rising; "here am I talking away just as if that poor child was not lying ill up stairs. I don't know how it is, but I love her as well as if I really was her uncle. I suppose it is from her always calling me so;" and with this speech and another glass of wine, he darted out of the room,

leaving Cecil to dispose of himself as he thought best.

How many echoes and shadows there are that steal through the heart, which are neither audible nor visible to the external senses, and yet which act as internal forewarnings to our feelings! The whole of that evening, as Cecil kept his usual watch in the gallery leading to Theresa's room, there was a sort of noiseless stirring, a gentle and voiceless murmuring at his heart that he could neither define nor account for. Towards midnight Marmaduke opened the door softly, and stepping into the passage, whispered Cecil that the nurse was asleep, and that, feeling chilly, he wanted to go and put on his night-cap and dressing-gown. "Now, my dear fellow," continued he, "as Theresa is also asleep, and I fear to leave her alone, will you just sit by the bed-side till I return?"

"Will I!" said Cecil, and luckily it was all he could say. Much as he had always liked Marmaduke, he now could have worshipped him, the more so that his room was a considerable way off in the other wing of the house, and it would take him some time to go and return. He entered the room with a measured step and suspended breath. The fire-light, besides the candles on the toilet, discovered Mrs. Brand in

a profound slumber, and also fell full upon Theresa's pale but still beautiful face. Cecil had never once asked during her illness, whether her looks had been impaired. He thought he should have loved her all the same, nevertheless it was a relief to find that they were not. He stood for a few moments gazing upon her: one arm was under her head, the other hung listlessly out of bed. Cecil could not resist the temptation of kissing the beautiful little hand before him—gently as he did so, Theresa stirred slightly, and in moving, a stray lock of hair escaped from under her cap, and wandered down her neck.—What an opportunity!—should he ever again have such another? he walked over to the table for a pair of scissors, in another moment the lock was severed

“From the lovely head where once it grew,”

and deposited safely in his bosom. If he had committed a murder, he could scarcely have felt more alarm, as he replaced the scissors, and looked timidly round the room, but he saw nothing but his own pale and agitated face in the glass. Had he secured more than half the world, he could not have felt more elated as he re-approached the bed. Oh! it is a mysterious and a holy thing, to share singly with the unseen angels, their vigils over the sleeping being

that we love—to watch the helpless beauty of the form that is our all—to feel that its hushed spirit is cradled in our prayers, that it is alone with God and us! and that we curtain it over with fond looks from the harsh glare of other eyes;—if there be a moment of unalloyed happiness it is this! As Cecil bent over Theresa, and felt her soft breath upon his cheek, he experienced

“A feeling yet without a name,
Each sordid thought of self above,
Warmer than friendship’s wavering flame,
But softer than the fires of love.”

The tone even of his imagination seemed lulled and subdued into unison with the calm music of the beautiful and passionless face before him. One unworthy, nay, almost one earthly thought, he felt would be a desecration of the shrine of purity and innocence at which his prostrate soul now worshipped. He did not even think of Theresa as his, he only thought of her as God’s—a link between him and heaven!

CHAPTER VIII.

“Magazine—a repository of provisions, a miscellaneous pamphlet.”—*JOHNSON’S Dictionary.*

“But by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.”

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

MARMADUKE IS LED AWAY BY AN EASY CHAIR, INTO FORGETTING THE PERILOUS SITUATION IN WHICH HE HAS LEFT MR. HOWARD—AND CHEATS THE NIGHT OUT OF A GOOD HALF-HOUR, BY READING, AND HAVING HIS FEET SHAMPOOED—“AY, THERE’S THE RUB!”

WHEN Marmaduke left Theresa’s room, and reached his own, he found his feet extremely cold, and the bright fire and the easy chair both looking exceedingly inviting. He placed himself in the one before the other, and rang for his man to rub his feet, which was a nightly ceremony with him. On the table beside him was a pile of magazines that had arrived that evening; and, taking up one, he began with the notice to correspondents on the wrapper, some of which were as follows:—

“A. Z.’s ‘Ode to Solitude’ had better remain in that state it so highly lauds.

“G. F.’s ‘Invocation to Sleep’ is duly attended to, for it comes on the perusal of his lines.

“ The sonnet commencing—

‘ Her eyes they are as black as sloes,
And oh ! so beautiful her nose,’

we fear would not interest the unimpassioned public, though no doubt it will produce a great effect upon the fortunate lady to whom it is addressed.

“ Has A. S. S. no sincere friend who would throw his pens and ink out of the window, and burn his paper for him?

“ The Essay on Indifference is too indifferent for our columns. We feel deeply for the afflicted author of the lines beginning—

‘ Dear Miss, I hope that you will not refuse,
To pardon this first effort of my muse ;
I swear to you by all the powers above,
That I am over head and ears in love !’

as, if his passion is not more eloquent than his poetry, the lady must be over head and ears in debt, for she never can repay it.”

Marmaduke then turned over the leaves ; and, as his right foot had still to be rubbed, read the following tale :—

“ THE ‘ KETCH ’ FAMILY.

‘ I see you go as slyly as you think,
To steal away, yet I will pray for you.’

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

‘ Yet she that loves him best is Cleopatra.’—DRYDEN.

‘ Stulta est clementia perituræ parcere chartæ.’—JUV.

“ “ What a handsome man !” exclaimed Miss Cleopatra Ketch to her sister, Miss Jemima of

the same name, as they ostensibly sat at work in the bay window of their lodgings at Brighton, overlooking the Steyne.

“ ‘ Who? where?’ asked Miss Jemima, at once coming to the point by running the needle into her finger; while her equally agitated sister broke off the thread of her discourse and her work at the same time, and relapsed into silence, the more effectually to send her eyes on an embassy to some individual without the window; in short, the one whom she had so complimentarily apostrophised at the commencement of this page, and who was a tall ‘ young man,’ elaborately chained, ringed, waistcoated, gauntleted, and French polished, on a job-horse, and in job-mustachios. This latter Mezentius*-proceeding being unfortunately but too prevalent among second-hand D’Orsays, and free-list play-goers.

“ ‘ I should think,’ resumed Miss Cleopatra, ‘ from his always looking so earnestly at all the houses as he passes, that he must either be in love, or be a genius; an author perhaps.’

“ ‘ No,’ objected Jemima, pointing to a small drab-coloured pamphlet, with a white strip across it, marked 2s. 6d. that lay on the work-table. ‘ No, he cannot be a genius, for as this author

*Mezentius tied a dead body to a living one.

says of himself, light hair is the 'indisputable badge of genius;' and as she spoke she complacently twisted her own hay-coloured ringlets.

" 'Perhaps so,' responded Cleopatra, with a sort of 'vale Antoni' sigh, as she caught the last glimpse of the tail of the handsome man's horse, as he turned the corner of the Steyne, 'but dark hair is much handsomer for a man.'

"The paternal progenitor of these two interesting young ladies was a retired stockbroker:—for many years had they 'wasted their sweetness in the desert air' of Gracechurch Street,—with no more defined ideas of pleasure than a walk to Primrose Hill, or of 'fashionable life,' than was afforded by an attentive scrutiny of the external forms of the gay bipeds that alighted from their carriages at the Zoological Gardens on a Sunday. But a little pleasure, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing, as it always engenders an insatiable thirst for more. Their case would have been a sad one, were not ambition's wings always 'imped' with hope; and for once hope did not tell a flattering tale, for 'one Monday morning, right early in the year,' their illustrious sire, Mr. Samuel Ketch, returned home, by a lucky chance on Change, the envied and enviable possessor of a hundred thousand

pounds! That very day Mrs. Ketch discharged a slender youth of fifteen, with aventurine coloured hair, and London-smoke coloured eyes, hitherto the ‘largo al factotum,’ of the Ketch family, for incontinently propounding his usual post meridian question, of ‘if so be she would like the vest end buss stopped at four?’ And despatching her son, Mr. John Ketch (who from that hour was never again called by his endearing, but in his case somewhat alarming diminutive of Jack), for a neat glass coach; and in it repairing to Long Acre, did, then and there, purchase a commodious family carriage, as smart as blue-bell pannels and a butter-cup lining could make it. Miss Jemima, who was of a more aspiring disposition than her more ambitiously named sister, strongly insisted that a carriage was nothing without very tall footmen—in short they should be steeples in plush. Mrs. Ketch acquiesced, and promised to look out. In their way home there was, at the narrow door of a narrow street, a tempting tableau of all the burkers, surmounted by an announcement of the most wonderful Irish giant ever yet secured alive—all to be seen for sixpence!

“ ‘Dear me!’ said Mrs. Ketch, taking the precaution, (there being no check) to let down the back window and nearly pull the driver into

the carriage, as she spoke, in order to stop him, 'Dear me, girls, I'll treat you to this here sight.'

" 'Exhibition, ma,' corrected Jemima.

" 'I don't think it's genteel—do you think it is, Mima—to go to such places?' said Cleopatra.

" 'Why I don't know,' responded Jemima, divided between her love of amusement, and her love of aristocracy, 'it's not as if we were in our own carriage yet, you know; that would be different, for then the carriage might be known.'

" 'Ah, sure, Mima is right,' said Mrs. Ketch, tucking up her petticoats as she descended from the carriage; adding, in a loud voice to the driver, when she reached the ground, in order to 'set on some few barren spectators,' 'I say, coachee, be sure to keep egzactly afore the door, for not aving my hown carriage and osses to-day, I'm balways sadly afearred of strange osses.'

" The young ladies followed their 'ma' into a narrow sauded passage, where the fumes of Geneva and tobacco strowe equally for pre-eminence. At the foot of a flight of stairs, not much wider than a worsted needle, stood a blind fiddler, his face intersected with the small-pox, and his sightless eyes Homerically raised to heaven, while he scraped indefatigably, on his three-stringed violin, the very exhilarating coun-

try dance called 'Such a getting up stairs.'— It was a getting up stairs! for before Mrs. Ketch and her double-refined daughters was a very greasy butcher, who was almost pressed flat in the narrow stair-way, and every now and then stopped to smooth his hair down with a pocket-handkerchief, containing a lilac representation of her Majesty proroguing parliament. To the skirt of his blue frock was tethered a skewer of a boy, who obligingly told his sire that 'them ladies wanted to pass.' The top of the staircase was at length gained, and a leopard-skin-patterned chintz curtain was drawn aside by a very dirty hand belonging to a man in a hat without a crown, mud-coloured brevities untied at the knee, and a pair of cotton stockings 'a world too wide for his shrunk calf,' to whom having paid the money, the ladies passed on through a concourse of wax effigies of Messieurs Hare, Burke, and other worthies.

"'And now, ladies and genlem,' said the man who had pointed out the wax-works with a long rod, which, as he spoke, he employed in drawing aside a green-baize curtain, 'you'll please to hobserve the most wonderfulest gigantic-est giant as never vas seed in hancient or modern times—stands seven feet three hanches vithout his shoes—eats ten pounds of solid meat per day, drinks

in perportion, and has no parents to signify ! Here the undrawn curtain exhibited to the wondering and admiring eyes of Mrs. and the Miss Ketch's, the butcher and his son ' the gigantic-est giant of hancient or modern times,' dressed as the Grand Turk, who having taken two or three turns to and fro, like a lion in his den, for the satisfaction of the spectators, gracefully reseated himself in a large arm-chair.

" ' Well, he is a prize beast !—isn't he, Bill ?' said the butcher to his son, as he departed. But Mrs. Ketch still lingered, gazing on this truly great man. As soon as she perceived that the coast was clear, she said something in a confidential whisper to the showman, which was nothing more nor less than whether she could have a few moments' private conversation with the giant !

" ' Vy, if you partiklar vishes it, marm, you can,' replied the astonished ciceroni ; and then, turning to the giant, added, ' Mr. O'Sham, this lady vishes to speak to you.'

" ' She's welcome,' replied Mr. O'Sham.

" ' Ahem—ahem—' hesitated Mrs. Ketch, advancing towards the rising giant, whom she begged would remain seated, or she should never be able to make him hear what she had to say.

" ' Jist as you plase, ma'am ; for I niver stand upon trifles.'

“ ‘ Ahem—I was a-thinkin’g,’ resumed Mrs. Ketch, “that a heligable and permanent situation like would suit you better than this here promiscus sort of life.’

“ ‘ May be it’s a swaddler you are, ma’am, and it’s the life to come you’d be discoorsing me about?’

“ ‘ Dear ! how funny he talks, to be sure !’ tittered Mrs. Ketch. ‘ No, in plain English, should you like to be a lady’s footman ?’

“ ‘ Whisht ! now you’re laughing at me entirely—for how could I be a lady’s fut, when there’s seven feet five inches of me already ; and sure no lady ever had a fut that size ? for if there was, no man in Ireland itself would ever get the length of it !’

“ ‘ I can’t understand you, and it seems you dont understand me ; but what I mean is, should you like to go behind a carriage?’ said Mrs. Ketch.

“ ‘ I’m infinitely obliged to you, ma’am ; but, if it’s the same to you, I’d rather go inside it nor behind it.’

“ ‘ Dear, dear—how tiresome !’ cried Mrs. Ketch. ‘ I mean, should you like to be a servant ?’

“ ‘ Oh, your humble sarvant is it, ma’am ?’

“ ‘ Yes ; to come and live with me, and walk out with us ?’

“ ‘Oh now, ma’am dear, you’re laughing at me again; for I’m sure you nor the young ladies would niver condescend to walk out wid the likes o’ me.’

“ ‘No—not with you, but for you to walk after us.’

“ ‘What for, ma’am?’

“ ‘Why, to protect us—to—a—take care of us.’

“ ‘Oh indade, ma’am, if you’re not ould enough to take care of yourselves, it’s little care I could take of yez.’

“ ‘Well, well, what wages would you expect?’ said Mrs. Ketch, growing explicit from desperation.

“ ‘Why,’ replied Mr. O’Sham, pulling his left ear, raising his eyebrows, and protruding his lips, ‘av coorse as much as I could get, which is but reasonable.’

“ ‘What would you think of thirty guineas?’

“ ‘Why, I’d think a great dale of it, ma’am; thirty guineas a-week is a mighty purty little pittance.’

“ ‘Not a-week—a-year!’ almost shrieked Mrs. Ketch.

“ ‘Whew! lullibolero!—that’s too little entirely for taking care of three of yez, and, may be, tagging after you from morning till night.’

“ ‘Yes, but think of the ten pounds of meat you eat a-day.’

“ ‘ Oh indade, ma’am, I think very little of that ; for it’s nothing at all when one’s used to it ; and I just trate my meals as some pable do their friends—never trouble my head about them when once they are *down*.’ ”

“ After a few more indispensable preliminaries, Mrs. Ketch became the joyful mistress of Mr. O’Sham ; yet like all who have much, she then wanted more, and therefore inquired if he had a brother ; but he ‘ had no brother—was like no brother, he was himself alone ! ’ not having, as the showman had already explained, even any parents to signify, which being interpreted, meant that their stature did not exceed those of ordinary mortals. Shortly after the addition of Mr. O’Sham to the Gracechurch Street establishment, Mr. Ketch took a house in Gloucester Place ; and the young ladies never even walked inside Portman Square, without Mr. O’Sham walking after them, looking wistfully at all the passengers without, and thinking, with a retrospective sigh, of all the sixpences he might have earned, had he remained among his friends, the Burkers,—which he calculated by analogy from all the looks he attracted. Six weeks after their removal to Gloucester Place, Mr. Ketch and his family left town for Brighton, accompanied by a maiden sister of Mr. Ketch senior, Miss

Kitty Ketch, who was like all ladies not withering but withered on the virgin thorn—or, in other words, like what Baretti says of the vermin of Aldegallego, the pasquin-makers of Rome, and the monthly reviewers of England,—she ‘would have done harm if she could,’ for she would have prevented her nieces spending so much, dressing so much, flirting so much, and talking so much—yes, all this the barbarous old woman would have prevented if she could—but she couldn’t. It was luckily for the Miss Ketches and for posterity—and above all for the readers of this periodical—and they are all the world—it was luckily impossible! So now let us go back to the bay-window overlooking the Steyne.

“As we have before intimated, Miss Jemima was of an aspiring temperament, and therefore, in her matrimonial dreams, never succumbed to less than a Marquis; while the highest summit at which the gentler Cleopatra aimed, was a pair of mustachios!—thus

‘Beauty drew her with a single hair.’

and caused her in the present instance to remain in the bay window, with her eyes riveted on the spot where she had caught the last glimpse of the handsome man’s mustachios. If Miss Jemima was less susceptible, she was more as-

sured of her conquests; for like the Athenian idiot, who fancied that all the ships that came into the Pyreum port, belonged to him—so she imagined that all the looks men had to bestow, were directed to her; while her more generous sister gave where she never received.

“ ‘John,’ said Cleopatra, raising the window, and calling to her brother, a roly-poly young gentleman, with a bay-window figure, and pale but cherubimical face, who was at one and the same moment smoking a cigar, and looking powder puffs at a pretty little ‘modiste’ that was ringing at the next door to the house of his respected parents; ‘John, I wish you would walk with me on the beech?’ (the mustachios had vanished seaward.)

“ ‘Well, I don’t care if I do—anything to oblige a pretty girl,’ and he cast another goose-down look at the little milliner, as Miss Cleopatra put down the window and the compliment together, declaring to her sister as she left the room, to equip herself for walking—‘that really John had become quite polished since he had seen more of the world.’—They had been ten days at Brighton!

“ Miss Cleopatra and her brother had just turned the corner of the Steyne, when they met Mrs. Ketch, followed by O’Sham, with a cargo

of novels.—‘ Where are you going, dears,’ inquired the tender mother.

“ ‘ Only for a blow-out upon the beach,’ replied John, ‘ as the governor hasn’t given one at home since we’ve been here.’

“ ‘ Why, you see, Jack,—’

“ ‘ Mother, remember ! no more Jacks,’ interrupted Mr. John, making an allegorical slip-knot on his pocket-handkerchief, and giving his revered parent a significant look.

“ ‘ Oh, hang it, I always forget ; but,’ resumed Mrs. Ketch, ‘ I was a going to say, that we don’t know people enough yet ; though the Wiggins’s did promise that they’d introduce us to a sight of fine people—three Irish members of Parliament, who, they said, would be happy to dine with us any day, or every day,—Mr. Fibwell, the great attorney—Mr. Scrub, a first-rate literary gentleman, who writes for the noosepapers on both sides—Dr. and Mrs. Classicgander, who finish young noblemen and gentlemen before they go on the grand tower—and Sir Endymion Fribble, who was made a barrowknight a few weeks ago ; and aving behaved hill to his wife, goes about, as Mrs. Wiggins tells me, trying to make himself populous.’

“ ‘ Popular, ma !’ corrected Cleopatra.

“ ‘ Well, my dear, isn’t it all the same thing ?’

“ ‘Not quite,’ said Mr. John.

“ ‘O’Sham,’ said Mrs. Ketch, ‘I’ll walk on to the beach with Miss Cleopatra, and you may leave those books at home, and then go and ask how old Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins are.’

“ ‘I shall, ma’am,’ responded O’Sham, and strode away on his homeward mission. Miss Cleopatra could well have dispensed with this maternal reinforcement; but out of every misfortune comes some good, as the termination of her walk on that day clearly demonstrated. As usual, it blew a hurricane on the beach; and Mrs. Ketch, as Mr. Liston truly observes, having, like all fine women, run to seed very fast her ancles were like those of an elephant, and sunk to a proportionable depth in the sand every step she advanced. Now, although she had never read Junius, she was intuitively aware that ‘we incline the balance as effectually by lessening the weight in one scale as by increasing it in the other,’ and therefore ordered Cleopatra to leave her brother, and come round and give her the assistance of another arm. The Egyptian queen’s namesake obeyed, ‘mentally ejaculating,’ as the war novels say, ‘how very disagreeable if we should meet him!’—the mustachios understood. Mr. John and his sister had spent about a quarter of an hour in the

filial exercise of fowing their revered parent, when suddenly the echoes of a horse's hoofs were heard; the wind rose still higher—so did Miss Cleopatra's hopes—the handsome owner of the mustachios appeared. She had just time to untie her bonnet, (a 'ruse' she had decided upon previous to leaving home) when on came the stranger's horse, and off flew Miss Cleopatra's bonnet, rolling in playful caprioles before the fiery Bucephalus of the handsome man.

“ Miss Ketch had not read through the whole of the Minerva Press without being perfectly aware that a scream was as indispensable to a heroine as a sword is to a soldier; accordingly, uttering one skilfully attuned to the right 'conquer or die' pitch, she faintly articulated 'Oh, my bonnet!' and then clung to her brother in the most beautiful attitudes of feminine distress, so as effectually to prevent his moving one step in pursuit of it. What was to be done? Nothing but what was done; the handsome man reined in his steed, from which he dismounted, and after a five minutes' fruitless chase after the truant 'capotte,' succeeded in securing it on the top of his whip, and triumphantly flourishing it in the air, like a cap of liberty, gracefully advanced, and presented it to Miss Cleopatra, who murmured something about 'gratitude to her de-

liverer,' and then cast upon his mustachios such a look of caloric circumvallation, as must inevitably have melted the wax by which those capillary graces adhered to his upper lip, had he not instantly taken the precaution of pressing them down with his pocket handkerchief.

“ ‘I’m sure, sir,’ said Mrs. Ketch, spreading out her left hand upon her hip, fanning herself with her handkerchief that she held in her right, moving her head from one side to another, and panting as she spoke, ‘I’m sure, sir, both I and my daughter is (*are, ma,*’ whispered Cleopatra), are exceedingly obleeged to you for the courage you’ve displayed on this here occasion.’

“ ‘Quite so—quite so—ha! ha! ha!’ laughed Mr. John, ‘and—’

“ ‘My dear, let me speak,’ said Mrs. Ketch, laying her white silk gloved hand upon the bottle-green sleeve of her son’s arm. ‘We shall be most appy, sir—Mr. Ketch, my husband, and I—to get acquainted with you. Praps if you aint a-going nowhère else, rather than stay at home by yourself, you’ll come and dine with us to-day?’

“ Never, according to Miss Cleopatra’s judgment, had her mother uttered so much sense in such few words.

“ ‘I shall be most proud—most appy,’ said the stranger, bowing to Mrs. Ketch, but looking at her daughter, whose cheek was slightly tinged at his repetition of the word ‘appy,’ which she had a misgiving was a quotation from her mother; but further acquaintance convinced her that the whole family of the h’s must have unaccountably offended him, as they never were, by any chance, invited to the intellectual feasts of his conversation.

“ ‘Ha ! ha ! ha ! that’s right !’ said Mr. John. ‘Here’s my card and address—may I ask the pleasure of yours?’

“ ‘Certainly,’ replied the stranger, withdrawing a slip of pasteboard from a card-case, which he presented to Mr. John, which bore the inscription of

‘CAPTAIN FITZPRIGEM,
BERKELEY SQUARE.’

an effacing line drawn through the Berkeley Square, and ‘Dorset Gardens’ written above it. When Mr. John had sufficiently spelt over the name to admit of audible, and accurate repetition, he undertook the part of lord-in-waiting, and presented their new acquaintance in due form to his mother and sister.

“ ‘Captain Fitzprigem, my mother, Mrs. Ketch; my sister, Miss Cleopatra Ketch.’

“ Fitzprigem smiled and bowed, and bowed and smiled in couplets; and then, as the party walked on, murmured low in Miss Ketch’s ear, while a kind of St. Antony’s-fire seemed to suffuse her face, ‘Cleopatra!—what a—a—celestial name—positively eavenly!’

“ ‘We are obleeged to dine at the unfashnable hour of six, on ’count of Mr. Ketch’s elth, sir,’ apologized Mrs. Ketch, as they parted with their new friend at the corner of the Steyne.

“ ‘At five, mother,’ revised Mr. John.

“ ‘No, six, my dear; and I’m sure that is hairly enough,’ frowned Mrs. Ketch, with a little by-play that her son perfectly understood.

“ ‘I don’t care what hour I dine at,’ said the gallant Captain; ‘hours were made for slaves, as the late Mr. Wilberforce used so justly to observe.’

“ ‘Used he, indeed, sir?’ responded Mrs. Ketch; ‘then, I suppose, he was a great West Ingee perpriotor?’

“ ‘Well, never mind if we do dine at six,’ said Mr. John, with an energetic slap on his right knee; ‘we’ll break into some of the governor’s best claret.’

“ At the phrase ‘break into,’ the refined Fitzprigem, no doubt shocked at its vulgarity, hurled a kind of Old Bailey look at Mr. John,

under which he might have felt disagreeably restrained, had not his mother come to his assistance, by saying :

“ ‘ My dear, I’m sure you can’t have any better claret than what we have every day.’ ”

“ Mr. John looked oblivious and interrogatory, and Captain Fitzprigem took advantage of the pause to make his adieux, promising punctually to remember six.. ”

“ ‘ My dear Jack,’ said Mrs. Ketch, ‘ you should not let out that we dine at five before such a fashionable man as Captain Fitzprigem, when you know none of the quality ever dines before eight.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, but we do dine at five, mother, and one can’t always remember to tell lies, and I’m sure your memory is no better than mine, for, after all your promises, you will go on calling me Jack.’ ”

“ ‘ I’ll never call you Jack again,’ said Mrs. Ketch, with tears in her eyes, ‘ if you’ll remember not to be so free-spoken before strangers : and then talking of the best claret,—enough to make people think that we hadn’t the best every day.’ ”

“ ‘ No more we have,’ retorted Mr. John, ‘ for we’ve no claret at all, except when there’s company.’ ”

“ ‘Dear me!’ said Mrs. Ketch, as she knocked at her own door, ‘I hope your father is in a good humour, for I’ve three things to bring about: first to tell him about having asked the Captain; next about having put off the dinner till six, which I know will make him very cross; and next to get him to dress for dinner, which I’m sadly afraid I shall not be able to do. You must come and help me, Cleo, to talk him over.’

“ ‘Indeed, ma, I can’t; for it’s now three, and it always takes Dumps three hours to plat my hair in a Grecian plat, and she says she can’t do it under.’

“ ‘Then let her do it over,’ said Mr. John, who was the wit of the family.

“ ‘Well, I don’t wonder at your wishing to look well for the Captain,’ cried Mrs. Ketch; ‘so tell Mima to come to me—and John, remember, if nothing else can get your father to be grateful to the Captain, and receive him in a genteel manner, we must make out that Cleo, but for him, would have been half-drowned.’

“ ‘Oh, half-seas-over, if you like, provided you put in for the best claret,’ acquiesced Mr. John.

“ ‘Upon reaching the drawing-room, they found Mr. Ketch senior seated in an arm-chair in the

window, with his hat on his head and his spectacles on his nose, reading a newspaper. His dress consisted of a blue coat and buff waistcoat, mud-coloured unmentionables, and gaiters. His feet were stretched out horizontally, and his under-lip in the same direction, as he held the newspaper at a respectful distance from him, the better to scan its contents. Mrs. Ketch knew, by the horizontal under-lip, that she must at once resort to the worst. So, rushing into the room and clasping her hands 'à la Siddons,' she exclaimed,

“ ‘ Oh ! Samuel ! my dear ! our Cleo has had such an escape ! must have been lost !! destroyed !!! drowned ! ! ! ! but for the gallant conduc of a young hofficer !’

“ ‘ Why,’ said Mr. Ketch, ‘ has the girl been in the sea ?’

“ ‘ No, my dear ; but the sea was a coming to her as fast as hever ‘ it could, and all her things blew off, when a young man—’

“ ‘ All her things, Mrs. Ketch !’ exclaimed Mr. Ketch, actually taking off his spectacles ; ‘ All her things ! how very shocking, scandalous and improper !’

“ ‘ No, my dear, not all ; but her bonnet and collar—only you’re so quick you never let one finish what one is saying—and but for Captain

Fitzprigem, she might have been brought home to you a dead corpse!

“ ‘And pray, who is this Captain Fitzprigem?’ inquired Mr. Ketch, still unroused into a proper degree either of paternal gratitude, or hospitable feeling.

“ ‘Why, my dear, he lives in Berkeley-square!’ Still, even under that galvanic announcement, Mr. Ketch remained immoveable. ‘And,’ continued Mrs. Ketch, fixing her eyes full upon him, ‘he’s quite the gentleman! has evidently moved in the first class!’

“ ‘Humph! likely enough!’ grunted Mr. Ketch. ‘Since the rail-roads have been established, many people do move in the first class.’

“ ‘Oh, my dear! how can you?’ expostulated Mrs. Ketch; ‘and, besides, he seemed so taken with Cleo.’

“ ‘Did he?’ said Mr. Ketch, instinctively buttoning up the pockets of his mud-coloured inconceivables; for, like every ‘Faber suæ fortunæ,’ he had an insuperable mixture of contempt and suspicion of a man who could give no proofs of being of the same genus. ‘Did he! hope he won’t be mistaken in her.’

“ ‘He appeared a deuced sharp, shrewd, clever fellow,’ diplomated Mr. John, who began to fear there would be no chance of the claret if he did not put in his oar.

“ ‘ Oh, indeed ! and who do you say he is ? ’ said Mr. Ketch, turning to his son, and for the first time condescending to interest himself in the business.

“ ‘ A Captain Fitzprigem—evidently, as my mother says, a gentleman—for he has very black mustachios, and—and—very bland manners.’

“ ‘ Fitzprigem !—Fitzprigem !—let me see ? ’ mused Mr. Ketch, calculating on his fingers, during which (with him at all times solemn and portentous ceremony) Mrs. Ketch scarcely dared to breathe. ‘ Is there not a rich Lord Fitzprigem that lately bought a villa near Richmond ? ’

“ ‘ Surely,’ said Mr. John, ‘ he bought it, if you remember, after making that immense speck in the Spanish Bonds.’

“ ‘ And is this man any relation to him ? ’ asked Mr. Ketch, speaking energetically, and turning quickly round in his chair.

“ ‘ Most likely his son,’ said Mr. John, in a confident and courageous voice ; ‘ but we can ask him to-day at dinner—as my mother, you know, could not do less (nor more, according to English notions of gratitude), sir, than ask him to dinner, after saving Cleopatra’s life ! ’ added Mr. John, walking with the air of a Ju-

puter up to the glass, raising his shirt-collar about a quarter of an inch on each side, and then precipitately placing his hands on the hind pockets of his coat, as though to ascertain that all there was safe. His mother looked laurel-groves at him for his heroic conduct, while his father quietly said, without further comment :

“ ‘ So he dines here—does he—I should like to know if he is that very clever man’s son; Jack, don’t forget to ask him.’ ”

“ ‘ I won’t, sir; but in case he should be as I’ve no doubt he is, don’t you think it would be as well to have some of the best claret out?’ ”

“ ‘ Well thought of,’ cried Mr. Ketch, quickly unbuttoning one of the so recently buttoned pockets, and withdrawing from it the key of the cellar, with which his son instantly quitted the room. Mrs. Ketch and her bosom’s lord were now tête-à-tête; but one difficulty more remained to be surmounted, thanks to the enterprising conduct of her son; and rather than do any thing that could for a moment risk the new-born popularity of Lord Fitzprigem’s son, with that real genius that is ever quick to decide, and bold to undertake, in cases of emergency, she resolved to calumniate the cook. This was bad, certainly; but to have had Captain Fitzprigem badly received would have been worse.

So advancing to the back of Mr. Ketch's chair, and leaning fondly over it, said, as she looked tenderly in his face: 'Really, dear, that cook is too tiresome, she says the venison came in so late, she cannot possibly get dinner ready before six;—tiresome is'nt it, love?'

" 'Discharge her to-morrow!' " thundered Mr. Ketch, which convinced Mrs. Ketch (who was a woman of great penetration, and as soon as any thing happened, always perceived exactly what it was), that it would have been madness to have let Captain Fitzprigem rest under the odium of delaying the dinner.

" At half-past five the young ladies were dressed and in the drawing-room, where they fidgetted from chair to sofa, and sofa to ottoman, in a state of strong nervous excitement, till six o'clock precisely, when a cabriolet—the cabriolet drove up to the door. The sisters were at the window instantly, peeping through the blind, 'Is'nt he handsome?' asked Cleopatra.

" 'Why, how strange,' said Jemima, 'I do think I saw him shake hands with his groom.'

" 'Nonsense!' scoffed Cleopatra, with the look of a Zenobia.

" Whether Captain Fitzprigem, heard the voices, if not the words, through the open window, I know not, but he again turned to his

groom, and placing his hand upon his arm, as though to enforce his directions, said, in an audible voice, 'Be sure you send those letters off immediately—and—a—Jenkins—the cab at eleven.' Two minutes after, Captain Fitzprigem was announced, and perfectly dazzled the young ladies with the gilt ginger-bread gorgeousness of his appearance: he wore a pink satin waistcoat, and innumerable little shirt frills, like a cauliflower run to seed, and studded like a firmament with jewels; his coat was embroidered, and turned back, which gave him a magnificent spread eagle appearance; thick masses of curls graced each side of his head, resembling from their rigidity the stone representation of a Greek mask more than anything human; while his hands, from the quantity of rings he wore, looked like a diorama of a jeweller's tray; his voice was somewhat peculiar, as though he had plums in his mouth, that gave it a certain unintelligible thickness, which was not relieved by his smile, which was more muscular than mental, merely distending his mouth, without illuminating his other features. Such was the fascinating Fitzprigem, as he entered Mrs. Ketch's drawing-room. Mr. Ketch had been prevailed upon to dress for Lord Fitzprigem's son, but could not be prevailed upon to deviate from his usual custom of never

meeting his guests till he met them in the dining-room. Every thing was beautifully arranged; for, although Captain Fitzprigem was obliged to take Mrs. Ketch down to dinner, Miss Cleopatra contrived that he should sit next her. Mr. Ketch received his 'distinguished guest' as though he had been drinking 'the glorious, pious, and immortal memory' in solemn silence; which awful pause continued for some seconds, till Mrs. Ketch (who was never ashamed to mention the Wiggins's because they were richer even than the Ketches, and consequently great people in her estimation), turned round to O'Sham, and said, 'Did you go to know how old Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins were?'

" 'I did, ma'am, and Mr. Wiggins is seventy-two, but they did not know how old Mrs. Wiggins was.'

" 'Dear me, how stupid you are,' said Mrs. Ketch, 'I sent you to know how their health was—not what their age was; and then leaning over to Captain Fitzprigem, added in a whisper, 'what stupid people the Irish is—aint they?'

" 'Why,—a—yes—we find them 'great blunderers in our profession.'

" 'Indeed? I always thought they were reckoned good soldiers,' ventured Miss Cleopatra.

" 'Yes—a—I—a—believe they are,' said

Captain Fitzprigem, abstractedly balancing on his fore-finger a massive gilt fork. This was in Cleopatra's eyes a decided proof of his genius, for all geniuses are absent, especially when they are present.

“ ‘Ave you been at the hopera, Captain?’ asked Mrs Ketch.

“ Cleopatra was in an agony whenever her mother opened her mouth for any other purpose than to eat her dinner—for beside her feuds with the ‘h’s,’ there were as many ‘says I’s,’ and ‘says she’s’ in her conversation, as there are in Fontenelle’s ‘Plurality of Worlds.’

“ To this last question, Captain Fitzprigem not only replied in the affirmative, but ran out into such raptures about Taglioni, that Miss Cleopatra felt towards that divine danseuse with the epic feet and musical limbs, almost as spitefully, as Martial expresses himself about the Betic and Gaditon female dancers.

“ ‘What I so particularly admire in Taglioni,’ pursued Captain Fitzprigem, ‘is the breathless attention with which she rivets all beholders. I really believe, while she is dancing, you might cut off people’s heads, and they’d never feel it!’

“ ‘I ax (o) your pardon, Captain,’ said Mr. John, ‘ha! ha! ha!’

“ ‘Pray, sir,’ cried Mr. Ketch, tired of bursting in ignorance—‘may I ask if you are any relation of Lord Fitzprigem’s?’

“ ‘A no—a no—I—a—ave merely been at his ouse—our’s is the elder branch of the family, we are linally descended from an ancestor who suffered crucifixion in Tiberius Cæsar’s time.’

“ ‘Then,’ said Mr. John, quaffing another glass of champagne, ‘I should fear there was a cross in the breed.’

“ ‘Ha! ha! ha! deuced good,’ laughed Captain Fitzprigem, but Jemima frowned her brother into silence; while Mr. Ketch senior plunged into a reverie not of the pleasantest kind, at the idea of his best claret being drank by a man who was not Lord Fitzprigem’s son! he even whispered Mr. John, to know if there was not any other out, but Mr. John gave a shake of the head, that assured him he was in for it.

“ Each succeeding day, Captain Fitzprigem ingratiated himself more and more into the good graces of every member of the Ketch family, except, indeed, Mr. Ketch senior, who some how or other did not take to him, though the gallant Captain assured him, that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, had been closely

‘liée’ with a family of the name of Ketch—in-
deed there had been such a friendship between
them, that the Fitzprigems had been known to
lay down their lives for the Ketches. It has
been truly observed, that ‘one-half of human
life is made up of wasted consideration.’ The
high-ways of the world are strewed with the
sand of thoughts cast away. The events over
which we have no controul affect our destiny a
thousand-fold more than the few that we can
govern; and while we ponder over our deci-
sion, fate decides for us, and the game is play-
ed!’ But Captain Fitzprigem eschewed this
mode of proceeding, and wisely resolved to leave
nothing to fate that he could avoid. Accord-
ingly, about a week after his debüt at Mr. Ketch’s
dinner-table, he determined to propose for Miss
Cleopatra; and as genius always makes the
opportunities it cannot find, he fabricated the
following one for the medium of his proposal.
Miss Cleopatra was sitting accidentally on pur-
pose alone in the back drawing-room, one Thurs-
day morning, at the hour when Captain Fitz-
prigem was wont to call. After the first saluta-
tions, the Captain sighed; Miss Cleopatra
blushed, but as a woman is always the first to
break silence on these embarrassing occasions,
she ventured to ask to what regiment Captain
Fitzprigem belonged?

“ ‘ I am—that is, I was till I knew you ! ’ replied he, flinging himself on one knee, ‘ Unattached. Oh Cleopatra ! ’ Here Captain Fitzprigem buried his face in his handkerchief. Now every one knows, who knows anything (and those who know nothing one can never enlighten) that, oh Cleopatra ! or oh Julia ! or oh Fanny ! as the case may be, when coupled with a pocket handkerchief to the face, is, or ought to be, a proposal. So, accordingly, Miss Cleopatra ‘ owned the soft impeachment,’ and then suddenly recollected, as she raised her head from Captain Fitzprigem’s shoulder, that she had a father, and that it was generally customary on such occasions to make him a party concerned;—a custom, it is true, which she thought would be ‘ better honoured in the breach than in the observance ;’ but necessity has no law, while, on the other hand, law has so many necessities, that it is better if possible to comply with them.

“ Mr. Ketch’s first question, when applied to, was, what Captain Fitzprigem would settle on his daughter ? Captain Fitzprigem looked as if he was willing to settle himself immediately, with a promissory look that he would settle his wife the moment they were married, and then murmured something about writing to his agent for papers and title-deeds, trusting in the meanwhile to his Cleopatra’s devotion, to allow no such mun-

dane delays to retard their happiness. Mrs. Ketch was all point-lace and preparation, and Miss Jemima was in a perfect fever of rever-sionary tremours and trousseaus. Mr. John looked twenty per cent. fatter and fiercer. Miss Kitty Ketch, the maiden aunt, was alone calm, calculating, and cantankerous; and was even vindictive enough to beg Miss Cleopatra would peruse the following domestic epic she had just received from a friend:—

“ ‘ Fanny, bent on love and marriage,
 Scoff’d at wealth, despised a carriage;
 And took, as all young ladies do,
 Advice like gall, because ’twas true.
 ‘ Pause, love,’ cried her anxious mother,
 ‘ Weigh well,’ urged her prudent brother;
 ‘ Fan, a cot is not a palace,’
 (This she thought fraternal malice),
 ‘ Then think how wretched is the life,
 Of a poor, lone, neglected wife;
 And men you know are prone to range.’
 ‘ Yes, but my Charles can never change!’
 His eyes are like the star that throws
 Its glance upon the Persian rose,
 Brightest of all that’s bright above,
 The very cynosure of love! •
 His hands as lily bells are white,
 His silken hair as black as night;
 His flower-breath’d voice is silver sweet—
 Nay, there’s e’en music in his feet.’ • •
 ‘ Fudge!’ cried her brother, ‘ what’s all this
 To do with weekly bills, pray Miss?
 His hair though black won’t turn to coals,
 Nor his white hands to penny rolls!
 And though at you he casts sheep’s eyes,
 They cannot change to mutton pies!’

'George, how can you be so horrid?'
 Fanny cried, and press'd her forehead,
 'I'd rather live with Charles on beans,
 Than like Lord Melbourne feast with queens.
 For him I'd gladly beg, starve, die!'

'For shame!' frowned George, 'Oh Fanny, fie!'

Just as George flash'd his angry glance,
 An ancient dame called—fresh from France,
 To see Fanny and her mother,
 Who chimed in with her rude brother.

'My dearest child, mind what I say,
 I know de men dis many day;
 De dark, de fair, de short, de tall,
 From nort to sout, I watch dem all;
 And I have found from west to east,
 Yes, 'pon my word, ALL MAN IS BEAST!'^{*}

No sooner shall you be deir femme,
 Den dey begin deir prank Goat d——m.'
 Despite this eloquent appeal,
 Fanny prepared to sign and seal.
 Wedded she was, and in a hurry
 'The happy pair' set off for Surrey.
 For the first month, or thereabout,
 'Angels' and 'darlings' help'd them out,
 But full soon the moon of honey
 Turned to gall, for want of money!

^{*} As it is only geniuses of the highest order that are entitled to the *dolce far niente* luxury of plagiarism, I think it right to state, that this sublime aphorism, containing as it does the nucleus of all philosophy and metaphysics; was uttered by an old French lady, married to a Dutch man. It was the result of seventy-two years experience. This ornament to her sex had the face of a Bônassus, and the courage of a Boadicea; and this striking truth was elicited, by hearing a beautiful young friend, recently married, ask her husband to go to the opera with another lady—whereupon, the wisdom of ages burst forth in the following sentence—"What for you let your husband go to de opera wid dat woman? you young wife, I old wife, and I tell you from experience, dat ALL MAN IS BEAST!"

And oh! must we own it? Charles would chide
 To find 'the wife dearer than the bride!'
 He soon kiss'd less, and eat much more,
 Thought dining tête-à-tête a bore.
 Said rude things, half grave, half joking,
 Left off singing, took to smoking!
 Thought that Fanny was grown thinner,
 And apt to flush after dinner!
 As husbands love too well to flatter,
 He wish'd her, like Miss Vernon, fatter.
 Soon 'business' kept him long in town,
 Yet once a fortnight he'd run down,
 Just for to get a pipe, of book,
 And give his wife a hasty look,
 Or say, 'he thought it very odd,
 She could not flourish like a sod,
 With fresh water and fresh air,
 And unmolested time to spare.'
 'Then back to busy life again,'
 With his enlightened fellow-men.
 He'd forget sorrow, care, and strife,
 Or, in one word, forget his wife!
 Poor Fanny's lot's by no means rare
 Amid what's called the 'British fair!'
 Through life's dull game they still must smart,
 Who vainly throw away their heart;
 Still must wives weep in 'doleful dumps,'
 As long as clubs alone are trumps;
 And Fanny be nor last nor least,
 To prove indeed—'all man is beast!'

"This charming poem (!) had no salutary effect upon the modern Cleopatra, who was resolved upon lavishing the pearl of single blessedness on the vinegar of matrimony. She and Captain Fitzprigem had got long past music and moonlight, and were progressing fast towards the almost conjugal state of tiffs and tears—he anathema-

tized his agent's delay—she pleaded her father's authority. But what may not 'truths divine' effect when they come 'mended' from a pair of mustachios?—father and agent were at length both forgotten, and Cleopatra promised to elope with Captain Fitzprigem on the following night!

“The following night at length arrived. Miss Cleopatra had received a note, early in the day, from her adorer, saying he thought it would be more prudent to defer their expedition till two or three in the morning, when the whole family would be sure to be fast asleep, in which she acquiesced. But sleep for her was, of course, out of the question. In all the novels in which there were any elopements, she knew it was 'de rigueur' for the heroine to leave a letter on the table prior to her departure, to inform her disconsolate parents of the event. Miss Cleopatra had just sealed and superscribed one to 'Samuel Ketch, Esq.' that she had copied verbatim from the second volume of 'The History of Miss Emily D——,' and was descending with it to the library, which adjoined the dining-room, when she was startled by a sort of whispering noise. On entering the room, she perceived Mr. O'Sham at a table, with a book before him, out of which he was copying the printed letters on a sheet of blank paper; or, in other words, in-

structing himself in the art of writing and orthography.

“ ‘Is that yourself, miss?’ said he, dropping his pen, and blotting the result of all his labours at the apparition of Miss Cleopatra, who instead of replying to his question touching her own identity, inquired what on earth kept him up till that time of night?

“ ‘The butler’s out, miss, and I promised I’d sit up and let him in.’

“ ‘Very improper,’ said Cleopatra, with a mistress of the house air, ‘to be up at such an hour.’

“ While she spoke, O’Sham heard the butler’s signal, and went to the door to let him in. Cleopatra left the letter, and was preparing to return up stairs, when the butler, who remembered he had left some gold plate on the side-board that evening, passed through the library into the dining-room, which he had scarcely done before he called loudly to O’Sham, who instantly came to his assistance, followed by his young mistress, who there beheld the butler in the act of tearing a black mask from one man’s face, while O’Sham lost no time in securing the other, when—oh, horror of horrors!—she beheld the adored features of her much loved Fitzprigem! Still, she thought it was for her

he had incurred all this danger, though the packets of plate he and his servant Jenkins, (alias his accomplice), had brought up from the pantry, might have instantaneously convinced a more suspecting person to the contrary. Mr. O'Sham, who never relaxed his grasp of the gallant Captain, threw up the window, and invoked the aid of the police, who had no sooner come to his assistance, than they pronounced Messieurs Fitzprigem and Jenkins, alias Scott and Jackson, to be two of a gang of notorious housebreakers, whom they had long been in search of. Miss Cleopatra fainted; but not before she had seen her once idolized almost husband dragged to prison. But one blow her too susceptible heart was spared—his mustachios were not of the party! * * *

“The next day the Ketches left Brighton. Miss Cleopatra has never been a Ketch to any second Fitzprigem—shielded, no doubt, by the unalterable conviction that

ALL MAN IS BEAST !”

“Humph,” said Marmaduke, “that’s not far from the truth—and I am one of the number; for here have I been all this time away from Theresa—and where the deuce did I leave Howard?”

CHAPTER IX.

“Vous n'en penserez plus, et cela m' console,
 S'il a pu m'échapper un ordre, une parole,
 Un regard qui vous blesse, il faut tout oublier.”

C. DELAVIGNE.

“As I trembled, look'd and sigh'd,
 His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me,
 Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy
 Fast throbbing stole its treasures from my heart,
 And mantling upwards, turned my face to crimson.”

BROOKE'S *Gustavus Vasa*.

A NEW EDITION OF THE REJECTED ADDRESSES.—EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF LORD AND LADY JOHN BUBBLE—HOPES AND FEARS RELATIVE THERETO.—MISS PRUDENCE ABLY VINDICATES DR. DEMETRIUS DAMNEMALL FROM THE ACCUSATION OF THEOLOGICAL INTOLERANCE.—MR. HOWARD BECOMES CONVINCED IN THIS CHAPTER OF WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONVINCED LONG AGO.

How different is admiration from affection. “We always admire what we love, but we do not always love what we admire,” says La Bruyère, and he says truly. Admiration is a separate and distinct feeling. Affection is the only coin that can purchase affection. When we mourn for the dead, it is not so much the recollection of their great talents, their great ser-

vices, or even their great virtues, that makes us weep, for these were not so much ours, as the world's and posterity's, and the world's and posterity's it is to mourn for and reward them. No, it is the remembered kind look, the soft word, the little wish anticipated, the fault pardoned, or kindly reprov'd, the nameless attentions, nothing in themselves, but everything to those on whom they are bestowed—these are our own—these it is that we never forget, and the memory of which causes the tears that keep green the graves of the dead, and raise to them monuments that cannot perish, and epitaphs that cannot flatter. We are told that the soldier's mistress was more grateful to Peter the Great, for never forgetting that she was fond of wallflowers, and always bringing her home some whenever he met with them, than for making her Empress of Russia. I can readily believe it. The works of God are alone sufficient to make us wonder, admire, and worship; but the Great Being who knows the heart he has made, wins us to love Him, by telling us to "cast our burden upon Him, who careth for us"—he does not say on Him who is superior to us, and in whose power we are.

Mr Stuart Vernon had, in a very disinterested, high-minded, and chivalric manner proposed

for Miss Manners during her illness; and lest her delicacy should be shocked at the suddenness of the proceeding, he had, with the true honour of a generous mind, conducted the whole matter so as to exalt her in every possible way—first he had obtained the approbation of his father and mother, Lord and Lady Mendip; who had humoured their mutual idol, as they had given their consent by expressing almost as much anxiety for the match as he did himself; and secondly, he assured Theresa that his motive for proposing for her thus precipitately, was in case she should have lost her beauty by the terrible illness she had sustained. To convince her, that although it might, and certainly had attracted him, yet it was not for it alone that he loved her. If she did not already like him, he implored her to take time, and try and do so. All this was very ‘preux chevalier’-like, and uncommon certainly in the nineteenth century; and it was with real pain that Theresa was obliged to reject so much devotion and magnanimity. She admired so fine a nature as it deserved, yet she could not love him, for all her memories and associations were with Cecil, to whom, indeed, she had been so forward as to surrender her heart before he had even asked it; and not having a ‘cœur d’hôpital,’ she had

no room for more.—Poor Mr. Stuart Vernon ! Horace, such a pretty name too—but “ what’s in a name ?” in any name ? except the name we love—and that indeed contains the “ open sesame” to the most secret recesses of all that constitutes our world ;—another proof, by the bye, were it wanted, that Petrarch did not love Laura, or he would never have changed her real name of Lauretta, for the sake of harmonious versification. —Had he loved her, were her name Judy, it would have seemed to him the most beautiful and the most poetical of names.

It was about a fortnight after the night on which Marmaduke had asked Cecil to watch in Theresa’s room till his return, that she was sufficiently well to get as far as a pleasant up-stairs morning room, with a southern aspect at the end of the gallery. All the family had returned to Bubble Hall about a week, and had each in their turn paid Theresa a visit on that morning, announcing collectively, and individually, the to them elating tidings, that Lord and Lady John, and their only hope, Johndina (a name invented in the overflowings of Lady John’s conjugal affection), were to arrive in a fortnight ! Lady Bubble had expressed her wonder as to whether Lady John dressed well—and whether marriage had improved Lord John—

and whether Johndina was fair like her mother, or freckled like her father? The young ladies had stated their hopes that Sir Romulus would ask some fashionable men to the house during Lord John's stay. Mademoiselle Perpignon had been undergoing a course of 'Numa Pompilius,' prior to his arrival, and vented some of its effects on Theresa. Cosmo hoped that Lord John would not presume upon his intimacy with the Latin grammar, so as to talk of it as a mutual acquaintance—and that Johndina was not a ticklish child, that screamed every time she was touched. Miss Lucretia wondered if Lord John had ever written anything for the 'Antijacobin,' at the time Mr. Canning wrote for it—and whether Lady John having been nobody (she was the daughter of a respectable lead merchant who had turned his lead to gold), was all soul? Miss Prudence wondered whether they liked French or English cooking best—and hoped they attended divine service punctually, or Dr. Darnemall would be so disappointed, as she knew he expected preferment upon Lord John's coming into Shropshire, and Sir Romulus had announced that he should spare neither turtle nor tokay during the stay of his distinguished relative;—to which Miss Pru-

dence had replied from the very depth of her digestion—"Oh dear! I do think you are so much in the right of it, Romulus."

Theresa was half-lying half-sitting upon the sofa, wrapped in a white cashmere shawl, her face partly shaded by the lace of a morning cap, which even Mademoiselle Perpignon had pronounced to be 'charmante,' and her head half-buried in two delicately trimmed pillows, that were scarcely whiter than the beautiful little hand that was placed between them and her cheek; Miss Prudence, the last of her levée, sitting beside her on a chair, and helping to heighten the very becoming flush the others had talked into her face, when another knock came to the door,—it was Marmaduke, followed by Cecil, who, however, did not advance, till the former said, "Well, Theresa, do you feel sufficiently grand to receive another visitor to-day? but why have you not a warmer shawl? I thought you promised to buy one with the ten guineas I gave you on your birth-day." All women are naturally coquettes, and Theresa's quick eye having caught a glimpse of Cecil's head, replied, as she raised herself to receive Marmaduke's salutation, without answering his question about the shawl, "Yes, quite well enough, dear uncle, to see any one you bring."

“ Then, Cecil Howard, come into court.”

Every one knows that love's but a child, and they also know that children can't talk as soon as they walk. Accordingly Cecil advanced, but did not utter one word. However, Miss Manners saved him the trouble, by extending her hand, and saying, “ How can I ever thank you sufficiently, Mr. Howard, for all your kindness while I was ill ?”

In his reply to which, Mr. Howard could get no farther than a crimson glow, and an “ oh ! Miss Manners !” which might have appeared awkward on his part, had not Miss Prudence filled up the pause by working her fingers and turning round to her brother, on whom she opened the following battery—

“ Oh, dear, Marmaduke ! 'tis so wrong of you, never by any chance to call on Dr. Damn-
emall, and he saw Kicksywicksy standing at the door of the ‘ Pug and Primrose,’ the other day, and it is but a quarter of a mile from his house. He is such a good man—he's been so kind to Mrs. Fine, in her late misfortunes—does everything he can to console her, and tells her she must be prepared, in case her husband should cut his throat again, when it might be

* An injunction, which it will be found in the course of this chapter, Mr. Howard appears, from his subsequent obedience, to have taken literally.

effectually. And you can't think how resigned and comfortable she seems when he talks to her so. It shows what a good man he is."

"He's a rare old humbug, and a terrible old bigot,—so horridly intolerant about Roman Catholics."

"Now, I'm so glad you've said that, for I have it in my power to give you a proof to the contrary; for an Irish gentleman, a Mr. Bogbrogue, dined with him, the other day: what's more, he brought him some whiskey from Ireland, and the Doctor seemed to enjoy it beyond everything, and that gentleman was a Roman Catholic!—there!! now what do you think of that?" and as she concluded, she gave the unoffending table before which she sat a very sharp slap.

"Why," replied Marmaduke, "I tremble for the established church, to think that one of her greatest pillars, Doctor Demetrius Damnemall, should sit at the same table with a papist, imbibing the very spirit of Catholicism!"

"Oh, dear, no! there you're wrong again: I'm confident the Doctor will never do that, for he's as staunch a Protestant as ever. I heard him tell Mr. Bogbrogue, with my own ears, that he disapproved of the fasts in the Roman Catholic Church beyond everything."

“ I dare say he had no objection to the feasts, though.”

“ Oh, I did not hear him say anything about them, but I should think not ; 'cause, of course, he'd not make too many alterations at once, you know. But, I assure you, Mr. Bogbrogue is an extremely agreeable man, and so well-informed ! Now, his learning is of some use. Oh, dear ! he related such an interesting circumstance, which was, that before the true cross fell into the hands of the infidels, all children used to have thirty or thirty-two teeth ; but since that fatal time they have never had more than twenty-three.* Poor little dears ! they must have enjoyed their dinners so much more, with such a number of teeth !”

“ Humph ! at all events, that accounts for their being so cross when they are cutting them !” said Marmaduke. “ Come in,” added he, in reply to a knock at the door. It was Cosmo.

“ Uncle,” said the latter, “ papa wants to speak to you in the library ;” and as he spoke, he took up a silk-bound book, with very marbly-

* A grave historian, Rigordus, who wrote a book in the thirteenth century, entitled “ Gesta Philippi Augusti,” gravely asserts this as a fact ; at all events, it must have been a sad disappointment, to the infidels, to find that people were converted to Christianity in spite of their teeth.

looking hands, and began looking over the plates.

“Cosmo,” said Marmaduke.

“Yes, uncle,” responded Cosmo, looking incipiently frightened.

“I never can see you claw a book with those Ethiopian hands of yours, without longing to admonish you in the words of the American epitaph that Matthews tells us of, and cry out, ‘Paws! reader! paws!’”

“Oh, dear! you should not talk to a youth of his tender years, of such dismal things as epitaphs—’tis so wrong of you.”

“What! you think the subject too grave a one, eh?”

“Oh, decidedly; no doubt of that. Dear me!” continued Miss Prudence, looking on the blanched surface of a turnip-faced watch that she had first drawn from her pocket, and then from a chamois-leather case, “it’s ten minutes past two, and the bell has not rung for luncheon yet! Now, do you know, I would not keep the best servants breathing, if they did not ring the bell for meals punctually. I assure you, I mean what I say. Oh, dear! ’tis so very wrong of Lady Bubble not to speak about it; but I don’t think Irish people mind about having their meals comfortable. Cosmo, my dear, I hope

you'll never marry a wife that don't attend to these things!"

"Why, as dinner-bells are the only belles he is ever likely to know anything about, he had certainly better be as attentive to them as possible."

"Yes, uncle, I shall know about other bells by and by—diving-bells, I mean, when Mr. Town's sub-marine rail-road is finished."

"Oh, that will be a most desperate affair, as you'll most undoubtedly be over head and ears there."

"Well," said Miss Prudence, rising and following her brother and nephew out of the room, "I shall go down stairs to luncheon. As for you, Mr. Howard, I can't think how you live, for you don't seem to me ever to eat." So saying, she closed the door, and Cecil found himself alone with Theresa. If hypocrisy be the homage that virtue renders to vice, timidity is as certainly the homage respect renders to love. The moment that Cecil had looked for, longed for, prayed for, had now arrived, and yet he was silent!—silent in words and in gesture. But the heart has a peculiar and separate eloquence of its own, and in looks Cecil's knelt to Theresa.

"May I trouble you, Mr. Howard," said she,

in order to break what was to her an embarrassing absence of sound, that only made the deep pleading of Cecil's looks echo more audibly through her heart, "May I trouble you to light that taper, as I must send off this letter?"

"Certainly," replied he, starting from his seat. "Allow me to seal it for you," added he, seeing Theresa's hand tremble violently. "I fear you have exerted yourself too much—I mean, that we have all talked too much!"

"No—only I am still very weak," said Theresa, leaning back, after giving Cecil the letter.

When he had sealed it, contrary to every rule of propriety and good-breeding, he could not resist looking at the address, which was neither more nor less than

"THE HONOURABLE
HORACE STUART VERNON."

"Theresa,—Miss Manners!" exclaimed Cecil, flinging himself at her feet, "all further disguise is useless—all further restraint is impossible! I love—I adore you! I have no thought—no life—no hope beyond you. For you I live, move, and have my being—with you it rests whether I shall continue to do so, or receive at your hands a moral annihilation. Theresa, mine is no passing fancy, born of a look and quenched at a word—no boyish madness, which

time can cool into reason, or interest tame into subjection. You are my sun—my soul—without which my world is darkened—my existence ceases! At your mercy I place it—but be merciful—and if you do not, cannot love me, say so at once!”

“Not love you!” said Theresa, bursting into tears, as her head sank on Cecil’s shoulder; “would that be possible?”

What a divine spirit seems to mingle with our clay when we hear for the first time that we are loved, and compass, with our single arm, all that we love on earth! It is then—and then only—we feel that Time has shaken from his glass over our existence the one moment which outweighs the misery of a world, by concentrating the happiness of a life! So at least felt Cecil and Theresa, as their tears mingled and their lips met—for theirs was

“A love which pure from soul to soul might pass,
As light transmitted through a crystal glass.”

For some moments, they continued silent. Theresa could not, nor had she any wish, to recall what she had said; and Cecil felt that any sound louder than the whispered murmuring of a kiss, would displace those which had made him the happiest of created beings. At length, when they did speak, it was not as each had in-

tended, to descant on their poverty, and honourably set forth all the disadvantages by which they were surrounded—but to ask how and when and where they had first loved? Then came Cecil's catalogue of all he had endured on such a day and in such a place—when he had been certain that Theresa did not care for him, not forgetting the torments the man in black had excited in him.

“ Well, to punish you for such unworthy suspicions,” said Theresa, smiling, “ it shall still be a mystery to you, at least for a day or two.” And here followed her reminiscences of Cecil's cold looks and variation of manner which she could not understand beyond that they had the power of making her miserable or the reverse, just according to their different alternations. “ And pray,” added she, playfully, “ if you have loved me for the immense space of two months, how came you never to tell me so before?”

“ Why,” said Cecil, clasping her beautiful little hands in his, as he again knelt before her and looked up into her blushing face, “ I can only answer you in the words of Dryden :

‘ I knew ’twere madness to declare this truth,
 And yet ’twere baseness to deny my love,
 But such a love kept at such awful distance,
 As what it loudly dares to tell a rival,
 Shall fear to whisper there ! queens may be lov'd,

And so may gods ; else why their altars rais'd,
 Why shine the sun, but that he may be view'd,
 But oh ! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
 'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness."

And I felt, dearest, that you were all too bright for me. What business had I, with broken fortunes and not over fair prospects, to aspire to you?"

"Nay," replied Theresa, as a crimson flush suffused her face, "don't you know that I have nothing; and, worse than nothing—no prospects?"

"You have yourself," said Cecil, kissing her passionately, "beyond which earth contains neither wealth nor fame for me; besides, money may be made—I feel that wealth will yet be ours."

Alas! all lovers are like the Athenian youth, who was the first discoverer of that exquisitely beautiful red called minium, and who had no sooner found it than he believed gold might be made from it;—for to them the blush with which love tinges the cheek of beauty always appears to indicate an embryo El Dorado.

"I confess," said Theresa, with a sigh, "I dread the very natural and perhaps very prudent objections of our relations, upon whom we are both but too dependant; and with your talents they will naturally persuade you to a more advantageous, if not more ambitious course."

“And with your talents and your beauty,” interrupted Cecil, “they will of course forbid your throwing yourself away upon me : here then, at least, we are upon equal terms.”

“Ah Cecil,” said Theresa ; (but it was the first time she had called him by his name, and a kiss was the result—a barrier that for a few seconds prevented her finishing her speech), “I was going to say,” continued she, “that you talk from the present without any reference to the future. From all I have heard of Lord John, he is not the sort of person to advance your fortunes if you married me ; and one daily and hourly sees how Love flags and eventually flies from those who have to toil through this work-a-day world. He is an epicurean who only thrives on luxury and leisure ; and I frankly tell you, there is but one thing I could not bear for your sake—I could not bear to see and feel your regret at being pushed into a subordinate position through me—to know that the very struggles and sacrifices I made for you, by wounding your pride, would infallibly lessen your love ;—for such, alas ! is but too often the result in such cases.”

“Good heavens ! what a wretch you must think me ! You make struggles and sacrifices for me, and I requite them in any way but by adoring you, if possible, even more than I do at this moment. Ah, Theresa ! you do not,

cannot love one of whom you think so unworthily !”

“ Not unworthily,” said Theresa, raising her eyes steadily to his ; “ but I have seen enough of the world, though little, to know the difference between men and women’s love. We only love the more those for whom we struggle and sacrifice. But in jostling through the intricate bye-paths of life, the rivets of a man’s heart are nearly always loosened, and his best feelings lost.”

“ Well,” replied Cecil, in a suffocating, and somewhat angry voice, as he took up the letter he had sealed, and re-read the address. “ here is a person who will never have to jostle through the intricate and bye-paths of life, and who, consequently, is more worthy of Miss Manners than one whose brittle and valueless heart is not deemed capable by her of standing so severe a test !”

“ Nay,” said Theresa, placing her small white hand on his arm, “ you wrong me ; it is not you I doubt so much as myself. I doubt my power of atoning and sufficing for all that for me you must give up ;—all that through me you will encounter. You are not, believe me you are not, calculated to vegetate in the shade of a country life, or even stagnate in mere sun-shine. You—”

“But I do not mean,” interposed Cecil, “to live in the country, and try the dangerous experiment of love in a cottage. We will live in London, where I feel that I can and must win my way.”

“Ah! there it is,” sighed Theresa, “that is what I dread. Country poverty is never vulgar, because nature is never vulgar, and it’s luxuries are for ‘all. But in artificial life, the vulgar aristocracy of wealth must of necessity be paramount, especially in England, where poverty is the only crime punishable by the laws of society. To be poor, is to lack merit, talents, beauty, and to lose caste; or, in one word, to lack advancement. And to what disadvantage does a poor wife appear, when compared to the rich, brilliant and careless beauties who fill the pageants of the world. Then, worst of all, comes custom! that false god at whose shrine all men worship, more or less, till they follow Ben Jonson’s advice, and think that

“—————Husbands must take heed,
They give no glut of kindness to their wives,
But use them like their horses.”

“Theresa!” cried Cecil, his whole face working convulsively as he spoke, “answer me truly, has Mr. Stuart Vernon proposed for you? and—and—de—do you love him?”

“Your last question,” replied Theresa, haughtily withdrawing her hand which he had seized, “is an insult, after what has passed between us. But this letter,” continued she, breaking the seal and presenting the one she had written to Mr. Stuart Vernon to Cecil, “will answer both:”

He ran his eye hastily over the letter, which was an unequivocal refusal of Mr. Stuart Vernon’s offer, but a grateful acknowledgment of the honourable and disinterested manner in which it had been made.

“Forgive me, dearest,” cried he, dropping the letter and falling at her feet. “Never, never again shall my heart be darkened by a doubt of your affection. But oh, Theresa! I do so adore you, that I should be jealous of myself if I thought you loved me better at one moment than another.”

“Then, truly, will you be jealous without cause,” said Theresa, smiling through her tears, as Cecil kissed them off. “And now,” continued she, “as I know you are all suspicion and suspense about the poor man you saw speaking to me at Shrewsbury, I may as well tell you.”

“You shall tell me nothing,” said Cecil, placing his arm round her waist, and drawing her

gently towards him, as he kissed her into silence, "except that you love me, and that you may tell me again and again, until I forget that there are any other words in the world but those, and parrot-like can repeat no other."

"But what if you should have a relapse about the man in black, as you call him?" said she, smiling archly, "don't you think I had better tell you, for fear of accidents?"

"No, no; there is no fear," replied he. "I don't want to know; the whole world may be men in black, or black men, for aught I care. You love me! you have told me so! and that is enough. We will not even talk of our future plans, for they include others. Neither is there any use, till I have officially encountered Lord John's pomposity, in even letting Marmaduke, kind as he is, into our secrets. As for the others, they are, of course out of the question."

In this Theresa acquiesced; for she felt, without shaping her feelings into words, that this was their dream of life, which, if realities did not dispel, they would at least disturb, and the heart is always for dreaming on. As for Cecil, in the intoxication of his present happiness, he forgot

"Friendship itself, the vanity of fame,
And all but love, for love is more than all."

CHAPTER X.

“Some good we can all do ; and if we do all that is in our power, however little that power may be, we have performed our part.”—Miss BOWDLER’s *Essays*.

“Methinks I see him now—

Fallen his crest, his glory gone ;
The opening laurel fading on his brow—
Silent the trump of his aspiring fame !
No future age shall hear his name.”

AFFABLE BEHAVIOUR OF LORD AND LADY JOHN BUBBLE AMONG THE NATIVES.—MR. MC PHIN HAS MORE PUPILS THAN HE BARGAINS FOR, AND IS AFTERWARDS ON HIS HIGH HORSE.—NOT SO SIR ROMULUS.—CHIVALRIC CONTRETEMPS.—ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. SIMPSON—AND ONE FROM GERTRUDE, WHICH MAKES MR. HOWARD RESOLVE ON RUSHING INTO PRINT.

IT was now nearly the middle of December, and Lord and Lady John Bubble had been about a fortnight at Bubble Hall, where they had evinced much affability and alacrity in accepting invitations to dinner round the neighbourhood. A ball was also pending at Mrs. Whatble’s ; and Sir Romulus, bent upon having, as he said, “something out of the common,” had inclosed a part of the common, at the back of Bubble Hall, as an amphitheatre, and issued a

proclamation, bidding every one to a tournament on the first of January; for, as he justly observed to Lord John, this would be an effectual means of collecting the whole county together, and giving him an opportunity of seeing what could be done with those Tory Algerines. Lady John was to be the queen of the tournament, and great were the preparations and rehearsals that took place. Sir Romulus had decided that Mr. McPhin, from his height, should be the first to enter the lists as Don Quixote, and run a tilt with every unknown knight that might appear, while he himself was to officiate as Sancho Panza, mounted on Kicksywicksy; and Mr. Town, from having so long been his own trumpeter, was appointed herald. Cecil was to be a knight of the swan, in bright steel chain-armour; and Marmaduke had volunteered his services as his esquire, while Cosmo (though he had moved an amendment, which had been carried *nem. con.*, namely, that to prevent accidents, the lances should be made of barley sugar, affixed to telescope handles), preferred acting as page to Lady John, justly considering that in all cases where there was the remotest danger,

“The post of honour is a private station.”

Cecil had never liked Lord John, but now he

almost hated him, for, since his arrival, he had been in the habit of expressing a hope, whenever Theresa did not come down to dinner, ‘that the young person up-stairs was not worse?’ What a man to be obliged to consult upon that on which the happiness of one’s life depended,—a man whose very nerves, if he had any, seemed all made of toads and tortoises, things instinct with prolonged and unfeeling life. At all events, Cecil determined to put off the evil day as long as possible, and the perpetual bustle, and external ferment, Sir Romulus kept his lordship in, furnished a good pretext for so doing. As for Lady John, she was a corresponding torpidity. Her complexion and hair were of a light-drab colour; her eyes of a pale and delicate green; her nose long and thin, with a slight tinge of carnation towards the end; her lips were thin and compressed; her teeth good, but too large; and on her left cheek was a mole, out of which sprouted two long light hairs; her figure was long and flat, as if it had been pressed in a cheese-vat; her hands were large and freckled, and she always kept them crossed over her wrists, to avoid the possibility of shaking hands with any one; her voice was wiry, high-toned, and jirky, like a wheel going over a rut. The phrase “very pretty,” or, as she pronounced it,

“putty,” she applied to everything, from a thunder-storm down to a toasting-fork, or from an epaulet up to an epic. There was not that living thing Lady John could not get something out of. She would have courted a spider had she wanted to get rid of a fly; and her charities were invariably dispensed through the medium of subscriptions levied on her acquaintance. She was a great person for bazaars and fancy-fairs—the surplus of which she always bought up for a song, and either appropriated to her own use, or sold at some future charity for treble the original value. As a parent, she spared no words; and if talking about it constitutes education, Johndina’s was perfect. Poor child! although she was never let to touch fruit or sweetmeats, and was condemned to the most stoical abstinence; yet was a whole pharmacopœia wasted on her daily, and never was she allowed to move, sit, or stand as nature dictated, being always warned into an opposite course by an admonitory “Johndina, my love—your head,” or, “Johndina, my dear—your feet,” or, “Miss Bubble—your chin.” In person, Johndina combined the angles of her mother with the awkwardness of her father; and Lady Bubble had ascertained, to her full satisfaction, that she also combined the fairness of the

one and the freckles of the other. For the rest, as far as could be surmised from so very undemonstrative a little being, she was not without feeling. Since Lady John's arrival at Bubble Hall, it had occurred to her, in the plenitude of her maternal solicitude, that Johndina might 'pick up' something by being in the room while her cousin Cosmo was receiving his Latin lesson; so accordingly, every day at one, Lady John and her daughter, to Mr. McPhin's great annoyance, were to be found occupying the black leather sofa in Cosmo's school-room; yet, notwithstanding her mother's injunctions to be very attentive and learn all she could, Johndina appeared to devote more time to getting Cosmo out of scrapes, and helping him to look out words in the dictionary, than to illicit attempts to purloin his classic lore.

If it is a misfortune in some cases, it is an equal blessing in others, that children do not always grow as they are trained. The only Latin that Louis the Eleventh of France allowed his son Charles the Eighth to be taught, was the infamous maxim of Tiberius: 'Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.' Yet his 'bon naturel' conquered this pernicious education, and gave Philip de Comines reason to say of him, 'Qu'il n'était pas possible de voir un meilleur

créature.' And in spite of Lady John's indefatigable efforts to make self her object, it appeared the only one of whom poor Johndina was perfectly careless.

As Lady John was sitting one morning, cutting strips of paper for poor people's pillows, Johndina helping her, and Mr. McPhin's temper oozing out at every pore at Cosmo's more than usual stupidity, his good-natured little cousin thought to divert Mr. McPhin's anger and attention by soliciting a piece of information from her mother; and therefore said, in a mild and hesitating voice, during an awful pause, in which Cosmo was twisting the leaves of his Virgil to alumettes, and Mr. McPhin had his despotic ruler already upraised for a rap on the knuckles of his devoted pupil—"Mamma."

"Hush, my dear! you'll disturb Mr. McPhin and your cousin."

But this being precisely Johndina's aim, she returned to the charge, saying in a more assured voice, as though she would be answered,

"Mamma, I only want to ask you one question: are tories born wicked, or do they become so?*

"Why—a—my love—they are born so; for virtue and vice are always hereditary."

* This enlightened query was really put a short time ago, by a young lady, of Whig extraction, to her mother!

as Sir Romulus was again on his feet, had re-adjusted his wig, and consoled himself with a pinch of snuff, he turned to Lady John, saying,

“ Well, I think we have had enough of fun for to-day. What do you think of it ? ”

“ Oh very putty—very putty indeed,” drawled Lady John.

“ I had no idaya, my dear,” said Lady Bubble, “ that such a little animal could have thrown you to such a distance.”

“ It only shows,” replied Marmaduke, “ that the greatest man may be laid low in a moment.”

“ A—just so—just so—a,” assented Colonel King.

“ Oh dear ! I don’t know when I’ve heard you talk so sensible, Marmaduke—now quite remarkable so ;—’tis like an observation Dr. Damnemall would have made.”

“ How very well you have arranged all this,” said Colonel King, looking round the amphitheatre ; “ uncommonly well ! ”

“ What do you think of the paintings ? pretty—ain’t they ? ” asked Miss Prudence.

“ A—very—a—very. Do you draw at all ? ” inquired the affable Colonel, by way of saying something more than from any desire to acquire the information he asked.

“ Oh dear, no—not at all ; but I’ve a new teapot that draws uncommon well.”

'Here Lord John made his appearance, looking like an embodied frost; and after his best county shake of the hand with Colonel King and Captain Russel, he presented several letters to Sir Romulus, Lady Bubble, and Cecil, who with Theresa retired to read his. One was from Gertrude, by which it was evident that she was becoming attached to Lord Mornington, and it might be fairly surmised he had given her cause so to be; a whole page she then devoted to praises of his mother, and lamentations over the bad health and low spirits of Lady Mornington's brother, Sir Headworth Clavering, who had lost all his children. Gertrude ended her letter by saying, that a furious attack had just appeared on the Duke of Arlington, in the shape of a very clever pamphlet, the author of which nobody knew. Cecil's other letter was from Mr. Simpson, filled with statistical descriptions of Ireland and the Irish, and a minute account of the approaching nuptials of his friend Mr. O'Gander Braddle, for whom he had designed two bridal offerings in the shape of seals. One was to consist simply of his crest, a stag's head, while the other was to be an anchor, wreathed with heart's-ease, with the charming motto, "May they be yours."

After perusing this interesting document,

Cecil again read his sister's letter, and ended by writing up to Ridgway for the pamphlet she mentioned, determining to answer it. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Duke of Arlington's public and private character. But this was not all : he could not come into public notice under fairer auspices than by a successful defence of that great man. Alas ! poor human nature ! Science itself might remain dormant, and philosophy stand still, but for the impetus of private motives. I very much doubt if Descartes would ever have attempted to subvert Peripateticism, had he not been addicted to passing sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty in bed.

CHAPTER XI.

“Preachers have I heard, who were just for all the world like mummers, which I once saw at Villadolid, when I went upon some business of the Holy office; and there were stage-plays acted;—just so they throw about their hands as the toppingest man among the mummings.”—FRIAR GERUND.

DR. DAMNEMALL PREACHES BEFORE LORD JOHN.—DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN MARMADUKE AND MISS PRUDENCE, AS TO THE MERITS OF HIS DISCOURSE.—TALES OF THE WOODS AND FIELDS—NOT THOSE OF THE CHARMING AUTHOR OF “TWO OLD MEN’S TALES.”—MR. HOWARD DEFENDS THE DUKE OF ARLINGTON.—MARMADUKE SUGGESTS THE EXPEDIENCY OF A “FLAGELLUM PARLIAMENTARIUM” FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

THE day after the rehearsal for the tournament being Sunday, all the family at Bubble Hall proceeded to church, Lord and Lady John, and Sir Romulus and Lady Bubble occupying one carriage, while Miss Prudence, Mademoiselle Perpignon, and Cosmo, filled another. The rest of the party, consisting of Cecil, Theresa, Marmaduke, the two young ladies, and Miss Lucretia, preferred walking, as the morning was fine, and the church only the distance of a mile across the fields. This was Lord and Lady

thodox and excellent, but by no means puritanical, clergyman, of the name of Faithful, read the church service, which he did twice a-week at Shrewsbury;—consequently, as parochial business must be attended to, Dr Damnemall took his text from chap. xxx. of Isaiah:—“Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me.” After for some time forcibly anathematising the sin of disobedience, the Doctor got into the midst of the Deluge, and floated for some time on the surface of the waters, till the ark landed; when he pointed out how the best men may be tempted to err, and lamented over Noah’s inebriety—adding, “Oh my infantine brethren!—for it is to you I address myself—Drunkenness is a dreadful sin! In the archives of our erring sister, the Roman Church, it is related, that the devil (for oh! he is a subtle devil), offered a poor saint his choice of three sins, compelling him to chuse one. Thinking to chuse the least, he selected drunkenness—but when drunk, lo! he committed the other two! therefore, I say unto ye, beware! beware! beware!” Here the Doctor’s ‘verbum ardens’ and happy facility of expression, hurried him on, till he found himself at Belshazzar’s feast, when he exclaimed—“What a fine sight this must have been, a thousand o

his lords!!! Our House of Lords! my beloved sinners! is a very pleasing, nay, a very edifying sight; but what is that compared to Belshazzar's, with his thousand lords all seated side by side at a sumptuous feast, where was no doubt every delicacy of the season!!* As I always endeavour to instil into you, my Christian brethren, respect for your superiors is one of your greatest virtues! Moses was a weak young man! still he was God's prime-minister! and, as such, to be respected!!!"

"Insufferable stuff!" said Marmaduke, as the Doctor concluded; "it is a disgrace to allow such people to profane God's temple, and scandalize religion."

"Oh, dear, what an edifying discourse!" exclaimed Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall. "I assure you, the way in which the Doctor described Belshazzar's feast, made me quite hungry. Oh, dear! I could actually see the things before me. It shows what a clever man he is. If Lord John does not get him made a Dean after that sermon, I'll never say that any one can live by their wits again!"

* I think it right to state, lest I should incur the odium of treating irreverently so sacred a subject, that this sermon was actually preached, verbatim, with what follows about Moses, six months ago, by a clergyman of the Established Church!—not at Shrewsbury, but in one of the eastern counties.—*Sicutur ad astra.*

“I hope I see your ladyship quite well?” said Mrs. Whabble, simpering up to Lady Bubble; and then added in a whisper, “Do you think I could prevail upon Lord and Lady John to come to my ball on the 26th? I should be so proud if they would, and I assure you some of the most genteel people in the neighbourhood are coming to me.”

“I’m sure they’d be very happy,” replied Lady Bubble, who knew how anxious Lord John was to be introduced to Major Whabble’s four-and-twenty votes. “I’ll introduce you to Lady John. Lady John, allow me to introduce you to Major and Mrs. Whabble—Lord John, Major and Mrs. Whabble.”

“Most happy to have the opportunity of making Colonel Whabble’s acquaintance,” said Lord John, looking as if he was going to be hanged.

“Your lordship has promoted me, for I’m only a major yet,” said that worthy individual.

“No, but Her Majesty soon will promote you,” chimed in Sir Donulus. “So you see the colonel (kernel) lies in a nutshell—lies in a nutshell! ha! ha! ha! do you approve of my wit, Lord John?”

“Wit?” responded Lord John, innocently; “oh—ah—yes, very good.”

“Are you Lady John Bubble?” said Master Whabble, grasping her ladyship’s dress so emphatically that he nearly severed it from her body as he stared up into her face.

• “Yes, my dear, I am,” replied she, with great elective-franchise suppression of temper.

“Ma—ma—I say, ma,” vociferated that charming child, mistaking his mother’s boa for a bell-rope, and tugging at it accordingly, “she’s just like any other woman!”

“Hush, James; you should never make remarks.”

“Oh, I think it’s so putty to hear his remarks,” fibbed Lady John, and thought that if that did not secure Major Whabble’s four-and-twenty votes, her husband had no chance of his election.

“Oh, sir,” cried Mrs. Jinks, puffing and panting up to Cecil, while she made ineffectual efforts to disencumber her right hand of a plum-coloured leather glove, “Oh, sir, I’m so glad to see you again. I assure you, I often talk to my daughter, Mrs. Major Whabble, who, I believe, you’ve had the pleasure of being introduced to, of the agreeable journey we had together from Lunnun. I hope the ’Merican gentleman was quite well when you heard from him, for I everheard him saying as he should write to you.

He banged Cocker at 'retimatic, didn't he? lor! I never! But ow ave you been since, sit?"

"Quite well, I thank you. May I venture to hope that you have quite recovered the effects of your fall?"

"Oh, lor! don't talk of it! we make a joke of it now. The Major, he's so full of his fun, that he says I might have seen by the halminack that there would be a fall of some kind about that time, and that the Rocket being a hopposition coach, that was the reason as they lowered the fare. We do run on so, to be sure; but lor! I was such a mass of bruises for more nor six weeks after. You can't think how quite black and gray! like this here p'lese. Dear! sir, it was uncommon kind of you to tell Dunn what all the fine ladies in Lunnun was a wearing, for I do love anything flashy and genteel in the way of dress; and doesn't Mrs. Major look particklar well in hers?"

"Annihilatingly so, indeed," smiled Cecil.

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Jinks, "for Jane, I mean Mrs. Major Whabble, is so partial to fashionable men, you can't think."

"Pitiable creatures!" murmured Cecil.

"Doctor," said Sir Romulus, as he stepped into the carriage, "will you and Mrs. Damnemal dine with us to-morrow?—and you'll meet with a liberal turtle and a tory duke."

The Doctor, justly 'considering both excellent things 'in their way, and in his way, accepted the invitation. As the carriages drove off, and the pedestrians paired off, Mrs. Jinks again wrung Cecil's hand, and, indeed, his heart, by expressing a fervent wish that they might always travel together. While Dr. Damnemall, after expressing a great deal of vulgar surprise at Marmaduke's early rising within the last few months, added,

"But, my dear sir, how uncommonly well you are looking !"

"Well, sir," said Marmaduke, thumping his stick on the ground, and giving the Doctor a sort of ogre-in-Puss-in-boots look (that is, as if he was going to transform him from a lion into a mouse), "Well, sir, if I am, what of that?—there's no act of Parliament against my looking well, is there?"

"Certainly not, my dear sir, certainly not," replied the terrified divine; "but you are looking so wonderfully well !"

"Glad, of it !—glad of it !—shows there's no resemblance between my looks and your preaching. Good morning to you !—and 'Good Lord deliver us' from Dr. Damnemall !" added he, as he cleared the stile from the churchyard into the field. "That man is too much for my tem-

per," continued Marmaduke; "and yet I've no doubt that unmitigated old fool, my sister Prudence, will tell us all when we get home, that she enjoyed the tissue of nonsense that fellow called a sermon 'beyond everything.'"

"I think," remarked Miss Lucretia, mildly, "that it was too political."

"Political! what do you mean by that? As far as the church went, it was most impolitic; for it was enough to bring any church into disgrace."

"Why—a—I mean calling Moses a weak young man, and God's prime-minister, was evidently an allusion to Lord John," said Miss Lucretia.

"Couldn't be—couldn't be; for he's a weak old man, and not a prime-minister—only a man who primes the minister. Would to heaven he'd make him *go off!*"

"Oh well, you gentlemen know best," deferred Lucretia; "but I should have thought it a political sermon."

"Who'd have thought it? Moses caught it," laughed Marmaduke.

Here Cecil, who was walking on before with the two young ladies and Theresa, and who was afraid the wind blew too coldly in her face, stopped to settle her veil, which had come un-

up tied; and as Marmáduke and Lucretia brought up the rear, they stopped too, when from behind the hedge they overheard the following colloquy :

“ John, why doesn't spake ?”

“ Got nothink to syc (say).

“ Why doesn't tell me eh lovest me ?”

“ I tauld ee that afore.”

“ Why doesn't kiss me then ?”

“ I wull present-ly.”*

“ I tell ee what, John Brough, there's no use in our keeping company if you goes on in this way.”

“ You be always in such a hurry, and no good ever comes along of being in a hurry.”

“ Missis says as she'll get another servant gal if I asks leave to go out so often; and she do storm so about the butter, I shall have to leave off giving ee buttered toast with ee tea.”

“ No don't ee,” responded John, “ and I'll kiss ee now.”

As Sir Giles Overreach says, the kiss “ came twangingly off,” and the first speaker resumed, “ You don't know how out a-pocket I be along of you, John. Missis (drat her !) never leaves the key in the tea-chest now.”

“ I tauld ee I'd make ee the feller to it, if so

* This dialogue is taken down, verbatim, from one that a friend of the author's overheard in Berkshire.

“Eh, not so Latin,” groaned Mr. McPhin.

“Poor people!” sighed Johndina; • “then they can’t help it; for we can’t be born what we please, can we, mamma?”

“Don’t talk nonsense, my dear,” said Lady John, in answer to her daughter’s philosophical truism, and as she spoke, she looked as profound as her words.

“I naver heered less nonsense from one of the name,” muttered Mr. McPhin; and then added aloud, addressing himself to Cosmo, and pointing to a duodecimo birch-tree, in the shape of a rod, and two crossed canes, that formed a sort of scholastic escutcheon over the mantelpiece, “Augh tell ye what it is, Maister Bubble:—ye see those instruments of war out yander? well, ye’ll either pay attention, or I promise ye they shan’t have a sinecure ony more than myself.”

Cosmo unrolled the leaf he had so indefatigably rolled, and again began:

“Infernus”—

“Look at yer booke, sir!” thundered Mr. McPhin, the ruler descending forcibly on the table within a hair’s-breadth of Cosmo’s hand, “look at yer booke, and see, if it is ‘infernus.’ ‘Infernal’ would be ‘more germain to the matter.’”

Cosmo recommenced in a whimpering voice, and the tears that fell seemed to clear his sight.

“ ‘Infernas accede domos ; et Averna per alta
Congressus pectate nate, meos.’ ”

“ Eh, at last ! aum glod to see the cataract has fallen from yer eyes to some purpose,” said Mr. McPhin, brushing away as he spoke, with one flourish of his handkerchief, Cosmo’s fast falling tears, that deluged the book.”

“ Oh the Algerine is here ! ” cried Sir Romulus, flinging open the door, followed by Archy Dunn and John Nolan, the village blacksmith, while he himself glittered in a partial suit of black-till armour : I say partial, as there was an evident discrepancy in front, while Sir Romulus held in his right hand what had every appearance of being a colossal blancmange shape.

“ Your Ladyship here ! ” said he, turning to Lady John ; “ and what have you done with my calamity ? ”

“ Lady Bubble said she should go to the amphitheatre,” replied Lady John, “ when I left her.”

“ Not she,” said Sir Romulus ; “ there’s no collecting any of them ! And McPhin, I sent six messengers after you ; what the deuce have you been about ? ”

“ Eh sir ! ” sighed Mr. McPhin, placing his

hand on Cosmo's shoulder as he spoke; "here have I been all the morning, like Tarquin the Proud (with a difference), conquering the Gabii (Gaby)."

"Oh! the Algerines, there are nothing but gabies. I have had a world of trouble about my armour, and have at length been obliged to contrive this myself," said Sir Romulus, placing the Brobdignag jelly-shape before him, which then discovered its meaning to be a sort of casket for the bay-window promontory of his figure. "The Algerines never had the wit to invent this—and consequently, my armour, as Dunn had planned it, and Nolan had executed it, was a sort of universal thumb-screw! whereas, now," continued he, turning leisurely round, taking off his helmet, and bowing to himself in the glass, "I'm the very glass of fashion!"

"To say nothing of the mould of form," rejoined Mr. McPhin, pointing to the blancmange shape with which Sir Romulus had filled up the gap, or rather covered the promontory, in the front of his armour.

"Well quoted, Mr. McPhin, well quoted," reiterated Sir Romulus, but I want Lady John and you to come to the amphitheatre, and I'll shew her a little fun, in the way of one of our rehearsals; for Lord Francis writes me word,

that the Duke and Duchess of Arlington want to come over to see our arrangements on Monday; and it's the very thing—Don Quixote and Sancho riding, not reading, before the Duke and Duchess—do you approve of that variation, Lady John? riding, not reading, this is just the sort of pleasantry and wit (!) to delight the Duke.

“The Duke of Arlington is a very clever person,” said Lady John.

“Very clever,” assented Sir Romulus, it is a pity he is such a tory; but we'll see if we can't tilt some of his toryism out of him. McPhin, they have brought your armour home too, and I wish you would go and try it on. The gridiron bars to the vizor have a tremendous effect!—a tremendous effect! The Algerines will be frightened at the very sight of you—but away with you now and try it on, and then follow us to the amphitheatre.”

“The tin you shewed me strook me as being rather slight and easy to be perforated,” said Mr. McPhin, addressing Nolan.

“Eh, sir,” chimed in Archy, in a stage whisper, “I took the precaution of advising him to line all the bock with a solid plate of iron, that they may spear ot till they're tired, and it will have nae effect.”

“Hoot, mon, what would ye insinuate?” re-

plied Mr. McPhin aloud, with a mingled look of valour and vengeance; “gin yer eyes looked straight like other mortals, I should not wonder at yer seeing all things in the same point of view, but, conseedering they have chosen suth opposite directions, ye might ken, that though larning generally travels by a bock road, courage does not tak the same direction.”

“Um—um—um”—bumble-bee’d Sir Romulus, “Dunn is right, precaution is every thing, and prudence the invariable badge of a hero. Marshal Saxe never would fight a duel—looked carefully under his bed every night, and never got into it without locking his door, for fear the Algerines should murder him.—Ahem, Nolan, I think a plate of iron would be an improvement down the back of my corselet, just to steady it, nothing more.”

While Sir Romulus was thus evidently taking pains to avoid a servile imitation of the great Condé, however he might laud Marshal Saxe, Lady John looked ready to exclaim with the sister of the former, M^{me}. de Longueville, “je n’aime point les amusemens honnêtes,” as she took Sir Romulus’s glittering arm, while he led the way like an ambulating tin-mine to the amphitheatre. Upon arriving there, they found the rest of the family assembled. On the walls behind the seats were rude frescoes,

on one side representing the Borgo and Città of St. Marino, and on the other the interior of the chapel, with the people at high-mass, expelling Cardinal Alberoni, and his attendants, when, in 1749, he made an attempt to bring their little republic under the dominion of the Pope.

“How beautiful,” said Cecil, pointing to the mimic representation of the Borgo—“are those Tuscan plains, even in this daub !”

“Um—um—um—Tuscan ! my dear fellow, I’m surprised at you. St. Marino is only twelve miles from Rimini. If that Algerine, Cosmo, had made such a mistake, I should not have been surprised—but you !”

“He has made no mistake,” interposed Marmaduke, while Cecil contented himself with a compassionate smile, “he is perfectly justifiable in calling them Tuscan plains. Polybius describes that immense plain bounded by the Alps, the Apennines, and the Hadriatic, and also the plains about Mola and Capua, called the Phlegraran Fields, as anciently inhabited by the Tuscans—and this people’s territory, he says, formed incomparably the finest portion of Europe. However, before Polybius wrote his history, the dominions of the Tuscans had contracted to a narrow span : and, according to the parlance of the modern Italians, while the Pope possesses the marrow, the Grand Duke has now

only the bones of Italy.—So, 'classically speaking, Howard made no mistake at all."

"Oh dear!" said Miss Prudence, calling to Cosmo to come and help her down off the benches upon which she had clambered—carefully tucking up her gown all round her,—“Oh dear! the carpenter has made a very great mistake—he's gone and nailed up this door."

"Oh my dear, the mistake was in the Algerine's making a door there at all—it would have killed all the people with the draught that came from it."

"But what I look to, Romulus," rejoined Miss Prudence, "is the immense way they'll have to bring the refreshments round; and at this time of the year, all the soups and things will get stone-cold, and I do dislike cold soup beyond everything."

"What you want, I suppose," laughed Sir Romulus, "is to have the thing conducted on the plan of the Lord Mayor's journeys—when the papers inform us that his Lordship stops every quarter-of-an-hour to take luncheon till dinner is ready."

"One thing is certain," said Marmaduke. "Prudence's 'Réunions' would differ widely from the 'Symposia' of the Greeks, or the 'Convivia' of the Romans; for, instead of

philosophical dialogues, and epideiktic orations, she would have nothing discussed but soups and sirloins. All else is caviar [to her multitude.]”

“Oh, dear! how very tiresome it is that one cannot mention a cow’s horn, Marmaduke, but what you will dose one with Greek and Latin, which you know I dislike beyond everything! You don’t tease Lucretia in that way, and I can’t see why you should me.”

“Most worthy Prue, the difference is great between you. Lawyer-like, you eat your terms, and, therefore, are entitled to a little civil strife. Whereas, ‘Lucretia’s life is modelled on the ‘nocte sera deditam lanæ inter lucubrantes ancillas,’ which Livy ascribes to her Roman namesake; but that Prudence may no longer pity you for my neglect,—what art reading, Lucretia?” added he, turning to that amiable spinster, who, not to lose time, was never without a book, and was now applying her handkerchief to her eyes, on the perusal of some tender tale, described on hot-pressed paper, and bound in crimson silk.

“Oh, a tale of simple village-love that is most touching!” responded Miss Lucretia, “between Betty Barton, a dairy-maid, and John Jenkins, a carpenter. John has just seized

Betty's soft white hand, and in the most refined and respectful manner says to her, 'Betty, cannot my feelings blush themselves into your notice! or must they resort to the coarse medium of words to make themselves understood?' is it not beautiful?" murmured Miss Lucretia, again using her handkerchief.

"Fudge!" cried Marmaduke, "no Betty Barton and John Jenkins in England ever made love in that way; and these arcadian descriptions of the lower orders of the English make me sick, it is such d—d nonsense!"

"How does your ladyship approve of this sort of thing!" inquired Sir Romulus of Lady John, alluding to his preparations for the tournament; but following as it did so closely on the heels of Marmaduke's philippic, she concluded it related to that, and merely replied:

"Oh, very putty!" which she thought must please all parties, as Lucretia might take it in the light of a panegyric on the tale she admired, Marmaduke as an acquiescence in his critique, and Sir Romulus as a satisfactory and complimentary answer to his question.²

Here Mr. McPhin appeared, heralded by peals of laughter on the part of Cosmo, and great neighing on that of Kicksywicksy, who was led in by a groom in the rear of the large

white cart-horse, on which Mr. McPhin was mounted, no other having been deemed sufficiently strong to bear so great a hero. The tin in the pseudo knight of La Mancha's armour was, as he had before hinted, rather thin; consequently, every movement he made, it flashed and rattled into dimples, alias bulges like itinerant thunder and lightning, packed in a strolling company's caravan. His helmet was painted black, with a small white windmill on the top, and a vizard of black gridiron bars, which had, as Sir Romulus had announced, "a tremendous effect." A lion's tail had been purchased from a neighbouring menagerie, which, hanging gracefully down from the back of his helmet, considerably added to his formidable appearance. On his shield was emblazoned an appropriate coat of arms. Crests, a goose gorged with a broken heart, and donkey rampant, three gules argent. On the dexter side, a cap of maintenance with bells. Ground or, a cat's paw, with three chestnuts azure. Supporters, two female figures in white. Motto, 'Certum pete finem.'

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Sir Romulus. "Cervantes himself would be delighted with you; and here is your Dulcinea all ready," added he, pointing to Mademoiselle Perpignon, who had provided herself with a lap full of beans,

in order to 'Del Toboso' Mr. McPhin as much as possible.

"Eh, sir," cried the latter, wheeling his huge quadruped short round, out of the meridian glare of Mademoiselle's glances, "Au've always conseedered that fat scullion os the most superfluous and inconvenient p'erte of the booke."

"Oh, you Algerine! you've no gallantry in you; but just get down and help me up, will you, for this little devil is plunging and capering worse than ever."

Mr. McPhin did as he was desired; but just as he had placed one foot on the ground, and was in the act of releasing the other from the stirrup, Kicksywicksy seemed to resent his want of politeness in turning his back to her, for she no sooner perceived it than she began butting her head vehemently, when, getting on the blind side of Mr. McPhin, she charged so furiously against the anterior part of his armour, that, but for the plate of iron Archy Dunn had had the precaution to have it lined with, she must have executed an indenture so disadvantageous to Mr. McPhin as to have irrevocably disqualified him from resuming his seat. However, no sooner was Sir Romulus, by the joint assistance of himself and the groom, safely mounted, than he began practically to illustrate the motto on his

shield, by aiming a blow at the sure end of Kicksywicksy, which so exasperated that high-mettled little animal, that she reared up on her hind legs, thereby disencumbering herself of Sir Romulus, who rolled to a considerable distance in the saw-dust, his very worldly wig and helmet deserting him in his misfortunes, while the springs of the blancmange shape being loosened in the fall, it flew upwards and descended upon his rampant feet, fettering him beyond all power of extrication, while Kicksywicksy set off full gallop, racing round and round the amphitheatre, putting every one to flight before her, and considerably exhilarated by the screams of the ladies.

“Stop that Algerine of a pony!” cried Sir Romulus, as soon as he could speak. “Where’s my calamity?”

“Where is it not?” said Marmaduke, taking the tin shape off his feet; “for you appear overwhelmed with calamities of every kind.”

“A—just so—just so—a,” chimed in Colonel King, entering at a side door, and picking up, on the end of his cane, Sir Romulus’s wig and helmet, while Captain Russell succeeded in catching Kicksywicksy’s bridle; upon which the ladies ventured to descend from the upper benches, where they had taken refuge. As soon

serge became so tremendous, that it resembled the whizzing sound of the approach of the Glums and Gowries as described in "Peter Wilkins," and caused Lady John to remark to her Lord, that it was a very "putty" sight to see so many of the *rising* generation together. Miss Prudence had gone into Mrs. Damnemall's pew, where she had an opportunity of remarking that there were five more loaves on the shelf to be given out on this Sunday than the last; and also how exceedingly well the doctor was looking in his new surplice; and for her part she was not sure that she did not prefer the church to the army or the royal navy!

In figure Dr. Demetrius Damnemall gave one the idea of Sir John Falstaff in full canonicals. His face was of a ruddy purple; his cheeks ample, and overflowing as it were, on his snow-white muslin cravat; his forehead was low; his eyebrows bushy; his eyes dark; his right eyelid drooping exceedingly; his nose was small and straight; his lips voluminous; his teeth white; and his chin cleft like a peach; his ears were red and downy, like large red gooseberries, the ample ends of which were doubled up by the interference of his cravat; his hands were very large and very white; his nails very long, and very pointed; on the little-finger of his left

hand he wore a large oval red cornelian antique, representing the miracle of the loaves and fishes—on that of the right hand, an equally large emerald, formerly in the possession of Thomas-à-Becket. “Take him for all in all,” a portly-looking man was Dr. Demetrius Damnell—and no wonder Miss Prudence preferred the church in that form, to either the army, or “the Royal Navy!”

The church at Bubbleton not possessing an organ, the Doctor had been particular in getting extra musicians against Lord John’s arrival; and most of his parishioners being puritanical like himself, had volunteered their services, so that he had secured the reinforcement of a clarinet, and a sort of Sternhold and Hopkins’ edition of King David on the harp;—to be sure they were not exactly in unison, but this only produced the more variety. Peter Partridge, the clerk, who, from his lathy appearance, had obtained the soubriquet of “long cloth,” in contrary distinction to the Doctor’s ‘nom de guerre’ of “broad cloth,” had, from officiating in the double capacity of waiter and clerk, contracted a habit of bowing every time he opened his mouth; and report went so far as to say, that at several of the vestal tea parties where he attended, he had been heard, when

asked for, or told to do anything, to reply "Amen." Seeing that Lord and Lady John were seated, and all the silks and satins in the church comfortably adjusted, he gave out in a truly forlorn-hope whine, the following hymn:—

"The saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Lord he will appear."

"Oh dear! 'tis so applicable to Lord John," whispered Miss Prudence to Mrs. Dannemall, while twang went the harp, and out squeaked the clarinet, accompanied by the dulcifluous nasalities of the charity-children.

"That Algerine of a clarinet," murmured Sir Ronulus to Lord John, "is out of tune. My calamity has a prodigiously fine ear; had they consulted her, she would have put them right."

The service then proceeded much as usual, except that in the litany the Doctor delivered with peculiar emphasis—"That it may please Thee to endue the Lords of the Council, and all the nobility, with grace, wisdom, and understanding," looking full at Lord John.

There had been great feuds in the parish lately; several of the children's parents, and consequently the children themselves, stealing away whenever they could, to hear a very ortho-

be you could lay hold on it for half an hour; and then you no call to be out of pocket, Sal."

"It's more easily said than done, John Brough. An honest, hardworking, 'dustrious gal has no chance with such an old skin-flint as she. Mary Cook, at Mrs. Whabble's, do a-complain sadly; but as I tells her, her missis be a lady mayoress to Mrs. Town. Lor! if there aint a man's hat a-listening, t'other side of the hedge!" almost screamed Sally. "Why don't ee wallup un, John?"

"I wull present-ly," answered the procrastinating John. This was enough. Marmaduke and Cecil burst into a loud laugh; and, not waiting for Mr. Brough's 'present-ly' walked on.

"Now is not this exactly what I always tell you?" said Marmaduke to Miss Lucretia; "common people invariably pair (for I cannot call it making love) after this fashion, and do not, as described by some Arcadian writers, talk lilies and roses, and look doves and deities."

"I should hope," said Miss Lucretia, sentimentally, "that those wretches are a solitary instance, and that more pure ethereal refinement palpitates in humble hearts, and sublimes rural love than in any other."

"D——d nonsense!" cried Marmaduke—an

exclamation he continued to mutter till he reached home, where the rest of the party had arrived before them. In the library he found Mr. Town confidentially sycophantizing to Lord John, from whom he had extorted a promise to lay his plan for a submarine railroad before the House of Commons; and in return, like a true insect, he thought the best way of buzzing his flattery into Lord John's ear, was to sting the reputation of the Duke of Arlington, whose speaking he was depreciating as tame and cold. Had Mr. Town made his misstatement to Cécil alone (coming as it did from so insignificant a quarter), he would not have thought it worth refuting; but being anxious that Lord John should not labour under any false impression as to his political tenets, he rejoined, with some warmth, and rather ironically:

“Notwithstanding the veto of so good a judge, I cannot coincide in that opinion; for if (which I am willing to admit) the Duke sometimes creeps with Timæus, he as often, if not oftener, lightens and thunders with Pericles; and, as too many of his contemporaries have reason to know, his invective is so withering and terrible, that all things perish beneath its influence, like vegetation over which a sirocco has passed; and his irony, however strong, is

always dignified, while his power of ridicule is perfectly irresistible. In fact, as an orator, I never heard or read of any one who possesses such light and shade : for whether he rises to epic sublimity or sinks to colloquial familiarity, the result is always the same—that of leaving a fact or an image the more in one's memory or one's imagination. But more than all, I venerate his total absence of party spirit—that only test of unimpeachable political integrity ;—for whether the caprice of a monarch or the prejudices of a people are to be offended, and consequently his favour with the one or his popularity with the other to be risked, he cares not, as long as right is to be pursued or good to be achieved, though I grant that nature must claim the merit of this ; for his is one of those master spirits that never can sink to the grovelling paths of meaner minds. In fact, what was said of Napoleon may be with truth asserted of him :

“ The ebb and flow of his single mind,
Are as tides to the rest of mankind.”

Therefore, born to sway and to command, it is not likely that he should ever succumb either to murmuring complaisance or to spurious pride, that licks the dust.”

“ Really,” replied Lord John, raising his eyebrows and pitching his voice three degrees

below zero, "such intemperate zeal in behalf of the Duke of Arlington, I must observe, Mr. Howard, comes with a bad grace from any relative of mine, however distant, sir—however distant."

"I am sorry," said Cecil, "that my manner should have offended you. The utterance of my opinions I certainly may suppress; but the opinions themselves I cannot alter."

"God forbid that you should!" exclaimed Marmaduke; and then added, "I tell you what, Cecil—suppose you and I write an 'abstract and brief chronicle' of both Houses of Parliament, eh? We'd have 'em on the hip there!"

"What, like Mr. Greville's delightful 'Book of Maxims'?" asked Cecil.

"No, no; more to the purpose that that—plain truths, and no fiction. Stay, like this," continued Marmaduke, reaching down a small volume, entitled 'Flagellum Parliamentarium; being Sarcastic Notices of the First Parliament after the Restoration,' and then read out the following passages from it:

"DEVON.—Sir Thomas Clifford. — The grandson of a poor Devonshire vicar—treasurer of the Household—one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury—Bribe-master-General.

"Sir Gilbert Talbot.—The King's Jeweller

—a great cheat at bowls and cards; not born to a shilling.

“ ‘ Sir Courtney Poole.—The first mover for chimney-money, for which he had the court thanks, but no snip.

“ ‘ Peter Prideaux.—A secret pensioner of £200 per annum and his daily food.

“ ‘ Henry Ford.—So much in debt he cannot help taking his bribe and promise of employment.

“ ‘ Sir John Shaw.—First a vintner’s poor boy, afterwards a customer that cheated the nation of £100,000.

“ ‘ Anthony Ashley—son to the lord that looks on both sides, and one Wry, who is the great bribe taker, and has got and cheated, £150,000.

“ ‘ ESSEX.—Sir Harbottle Grimston—Master of the Rolls.

“ ‘ Then comes Sir Richard Wiseman, with no comment, good, bad, or indifferent, appended to his name, and, like many of the wise men of the present day, I doubt not, felt himself more aggrieved than any of them, by such total oblivion. Next follows

“ ‘ Thomas King—a poor beggarly fellow, who sold his voice to the Treasury for £50 bribe.

“ ‘ GLOUCESTER.—Sir Bayn Throgmorton—who has £300 per annum in land given him.

“ ‘ Sir Edward Massy—a Command in Ireland, and £10,000 per annum there.

“ ‘ HEREFORD.—Thomas Price—a debtor to the King £1,500.

“ ‘ Roger Vaughan—a pitiful pimping bed-chamber man to his Highness, and Captain of a foot company.

“ ‘ Sir John Barnaby’—(another nonentity.)

“ ‘ HERTFORD.—Samuel Grimstone—a silly son of the Master of the Rolls, and son-in-law to the Attorney-General.

“ ‘ Thomas Lord Fanshaw—a pensioner, and much in debt.

“ ‘ LINCOLN.—Sir Robert Carr—married first his mother’s maid, to whom he gave a £1,000 that she would not claim him, because he was married to Secretary Bennett’s sister. He had a list of his debts given into the bribe-master Clifford’s hands, who has already paid off £7,000 of them.’

“ Now here,” continued Marmaduke, “ is a poor man that is to be pitied—one of the members for Cambridge,

“ ‘ Sir Charles Wheeler, a foot Captain, once flattered with hopes of being Master of the Rolls, now Governor of Nevis, and a Privy-chamber man.

“ ‘ William Lord Allington—a Chatham collector, and a court cully, laugh’d at by them.

“LANCASTER.—Sir William Bucknell—once a poor Factor to buy malt for the brewers, now a farmer of the revenues of England and Ireland, on the account of the Duchess of Cleveland, who goes snip with him, to whom he has given £20,000.

“WILTS.—Sir Stephen Fox—once a link boy, then a singing boy at Salisbury, then a serving man, and permitting his wife to be a philanthropic beyond the seas; at the Restoration was made Paymaster to the Guards, where he has cheated £100,000, and is one of the green cloth.

“Henry Clark—hath had a lick at the bribe jar.

“William Ashburnham—not born to a farthing—now Cofferer.

“WALES.—Edward Progers.—A bed-chamberman, not born to a farthing.

“Sir Herbert Price.—Master of the king's household: pays no debts; his son in the guards, his daughter with the queen.

“Roger Whitby.—Knight Harbinger, means honestly, but dares not show it.

“Poor, pitiful knave!” exclaimed Marmaduke, “he is worse than if he meant dishonestly, and dared show it, inasmuch as that cowardice and hypocrisy are the worst of sins: but don't

you think a very amusing comparative analysis might be written of the House of Commons of the present day?"

"If true, it would, I fear, be more disgraceful than amusing," replied Cecil.

"Such a work," said Lord John, taking his hat, and leaving the room, followed by Mr. Town, "would be a violation of the laws of the land, and of the laws of society!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Marmaduke, "the laws of the land, and the laws of society, a fine peroration! but he'd better have kept it for the opening of the next budget!"

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

