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THE

YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS.

BY

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PARIS SKETCH-BOOK," "VANITY FAIR," "PENDENNIS," ETC.

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PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS, a work at the foundation of Mr. Thackeray's fame as a writer, appeared in a London edition in 1841, collected from the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, and edited by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the author's well-known *nom de plume*. An imperfect collection, long since out of print, had previously been published in Philadelphia.

It is now revived, in connection with a number of the author's miscellaneous writings, which will appear in due succession, for its speciality of thought and character, and its exhibition of those fruitful germs of sentiment and observation which have expanded into the pictures of modern society, read throughout the world in the pages of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." In its peculiar line the "Yellowplush Papers" have never been surpassed. The character is well preserved, and unique as the spelling, which shows that there is a genius even for cacography, and a sentiment, as well as a hearty laugh in a wrong combination of letters. It is impossible to resist the infelicities

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of Mr. Yellowplush. His humour, too, is a pretty serious test of the ways of the world, and profit as well as amusement may be got from his Epistles, justifying the remark of an English critic, that "notwithstanding the bad spelling and mustard-coloured unmentionables of Mr. Yellowplush, he is fifty times more of a gentleman than most of his masters."

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1852.

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PAPERS BY MR. YELLOWPLUSH,

SOMETIME

FOOTMAN IN MANY GENTEEL FAMILIES.

I.

MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the year one, of the present or Christian hera, and am, in consquints, seven-and-thirty years old. My mamma called me Charles Edward Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachmin whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this genlmn's name is a diffiklty, or rayther the name of a part of his dress; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by both.

Praps he was my father—though on this subject I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my both in a mistry. I may be illygitmit, I may have been changed at nuss; but I've always had genlmnly tastes

through life, and have no doubt that I come of a gentlemanly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creature was very good to me, and, I fear, had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say; but I always passed as her nevyou. We led a strange life; sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I got kisses, and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang; law bless us! how she used to swear at me, and cuddle me; there we were, quarrelling and making up, sober and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw a vail over the seen, and speak of her no more—its 'sfishant for the public to know, that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Hev'n bless her! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disreppytable creaturs than in half-a-dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Sal's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morrils* wouldn't have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a benny-violent genlman saw me, and put me to school. The academy which I went to was called the Free School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young genlman wore green baize coats, yellow leather whatsisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a

muffing. I stayed there sicks years, from sicks, that is to say, till my twelfth year, during three years of witch, I distinguished myself not a little in the musicle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we used to play the applewoman! and how we put snuff in the old clark's Prayer-book—my eye!); but one day, a genlmn entered the school-room—it was on the very day when I went to subtraxion—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough; and nex day found me sleeping in the skullery, close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country-house at Pentonwille.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield market, and drov a taring good trade, in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year, by letting his front room at hanging time. His winders looked right opsit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hanging there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chap's nex for nex to nothink. But my bisniss was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knife, errint, and stable-boy then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livries, forty pound a year, malt-licker, washin, silk-stocking, and wax candles—not countin wails, which is somethink pretty considerable at *our* house, I can tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young genlmn. who kep a tilbry, and a ridin hoss at

livery, wanted a tiger. I bid at once for the place; and, being a neat tidy-looking lad, he took me. Bago gave me a character, and he my first livery; proud enough I was of it, as you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the city, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbury at the City Road, and had it waiting for him at six; when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest turnouts there. Wery proud I was in a gold laced hat, a drab coat, and a red weskit, to sit by his side, when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals in the carriages, and to feel that longing for fashionabl life which I've had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condict Gardens; and Mr. Frederick Altamont's young man was somebody, I warrant; to be sure there is very few man-servants at Pentonville, the poppylation being mostly gals of all work: and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there, as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singular thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a ground-floor in John Street—a parlor and a bed-room. I slept over the way, and only came in with his boots and brexfast of a morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but prolific couple, who had rented the place for many years; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.

Shum said he had been a hoffer, and so he had. He had been a sub-deputy, assistant, vice-commissary, or some such think; and, as I heerd afterwards, had

been obliged to leave on account of his *nervousness*. He was such a coward, the fact is, that he was considered dangerous to the army, and sent home.

He had married a widow Buckmaster, who had been a Miss Slamcoe. She was a Bristol gal; and her father being a bankrupt in the tallow-chandlery way, left, in course, a pretty little sum of money. A thousand pound was settled on her; and she was as high and mighty as if it had been a millium.

Buckmaster died, leaving nothink; nothink except four ugly daughters by Miss Slamcoe: and her forty found a year was rayther a narrow income for one of her appytite and pretensions. In an unlucky hour for Shum she met him. He was a widower with a little daughter of three years old, a little house at Pentonwille, and a little income about as big as her own. I believe she bullyd the poor creature into marriage; and it was agreed that he should let his ground-floor at John Street, and so add somethink to their means.

They married; and the widow Buckmaster was the gray mare, I can tell you. She was always talking and blustering about her family, the celebrity of the Buckmasters, and the antickety of the Slamcoes. They had a six-roomed house (not counting kitching and sculry), and now twelve daughters in all; whizz.—4 Miss Buckmasters: Miss Betsy, Miss Dosy, Miss Bidy, and Miss Winny; 1 Miss Shum, Mary by name, Shum's daughter, and seven others, who shall be nameless. Mrs. Shum was a fat, red-haired woman, at least a foot taller than S., who was but a yard and a half high, pale-faced, red-nosed, knock-kneed, bald-headed, his nose and shut-frill all brown with snuff.

Before the house was a little garden, where the washin of the famly was all ways hanging. There was so many of 'em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some bit of lining or other. The hall was a regular puddle; wet dabs of dishclouts flapped in your face; soapy smoking bits of flanning went nigh to choke you; and while you were looking up to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung across and about, slap came the hedge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with hagony. The great slattnly doddling girls was always on the stairs, poking about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window-seats with greasy curl-papers, reading greasy novls. An infernal pianna was jingling from morning till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters “Battle of Prag”—six youngest Miss Shums, “In my cottage,” till I knew every note in the “Battle of Prag,” and cussed the day when “In my cottage” was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinnyfores, and dogs-eard gram-mars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothink but lay on the drawing-room sophy, read novels, drink, scold, scream, and go into hystarrix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from weeks' end to weeks' end, when he was not engaged in teachin the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes, for they kep no servant. This house in John Street was in short a regular Pandymony.

What could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place? The reason is hobvius: he adored the fust Miss Shum.

And suttlny he did not shew a bad taste, for though the other daughters were as ugly as their hideous ma, Mary Shum was a pretty, little, pink, modest creatur, with glossy black hair and tender blue eyes, and a neck as white as plaster of Parish. She wore a dismal old black gownd, which had grown too short for her, and too tight; but it only served to shew her pretty angles and feet, and bewchus figger. Master, though he had looked rather low for the gal of his art, had certainly looked in the right place. Never was one more pretty or more hamiable. I gav her always the buttered toast left from our brexfast, and a cup of tea or chocklate as Altamont might fancy; and the poor thing was glad enough of it, I can vouch; for they had precious short commons up stairs, and she the least of all.

For it seemed as if which of the Shum famly should try to snub the poor thing most. There was the four Buckmaster gals always at her. It was, Mary, git the coal-skittle; Mary run down to the public-house for the beer; Mary, I intend to wear your clean stockens out walking, or your new bonnet to church. Only her poor father was kind to her; and he, poor old muff! his kindness was of no use. Mary bore all the scolding like an angel, as she was; no, not if she had a pair of wings and a goold trumpet, could she have been a greater angel.

I never shall forgit one seen that took place. It was when master was in the city; and so, having nothink earthly to do, I happened to be listening on the stairs.

The old scolding was a-going on, and the old tune of that hojus "Battle of Prag." Old Shum made some remark; and Miss Buckmaster cried out, "Law pa! what a fool you are!" All the gals began laffin, and so did Mrs. Shum; all, that is, excep Mary, who turned as red as flams, and going up to Miss Betsy Buckmaster, give her two such wax on her great red ears as made them tingle again.

Old Mrs. Shum screamed, and ran at her likè a Bengal tiger. Her great arms went weeling about like a vinmill, as she cuffed and thumped poor Mary for taking her pa's part. Mary Shum, who was always a-crying before, didn't shed a tear now. I will do it again, she said, if Betsy insults my father. New thumps, new shreex! and the old horridan went on beatin the poor girl, till she was quite exosted, and fell down on the sophy, puffin like a poppus.

"For shame, Mary," began old Shum: "for shame, you naughty gal, you! for hurting the feelings of your dear mamma, and beating kind sister."

"Why, it was because she called you a—"

"If she did, you pert miss," said Shum, looking mighty dignitified, "I could correct her, and not you."

"You correct me, indeed!" said Miss Betsy, turning up her nose, if possible, higher than before; "I should like to see you crect me! Imperence!" and they all began laffin again.

By this time Mrs. S. had recovered from the effex of her exsize, and she began to pour in *her* wolly. Fust, she called Mary names, then Shum.

"O why," screeched she, "why did I ever leave a genteel famly, where I ad every ellygance and lucksry,

to marry a creature like this? He is unfit to be called a mar, he is unworthy to marry a gentlewoman; and as for that hussy, I disown her! Thank Heaven she ant a Slamcoe; she is only fit to be a Shum!"

"That's true, mamma," said all the gals, for their mother had taught them this pretty piece of manners, and they despised their father heartily; indeed, I have always remarked that, in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooney.

Well, when she was exosted again, down she fell on the sofy, at her old trix—more skreeching—more convulshuns—and she wouldn't stop, this time, till Shum had got her half a pint of her old remedy, from the Blue Lion over the way. She grew more easy as she finished the gin; but Mary was sent out of the room, and told not to come back agin all day.

"Miss Mary," says I,—for my heart yurned to the poor gal, as she came sobbing and miserable down stairs; "Miss Mary," says I, "If I might make so bold, here's master's room empty, and I know where the cold bif and pickles is." "O Charles!" said she, nodding her head sadly, "I'm too retched to have any happytite;" and she flung herself on a chair, and began to cry fit to bust.

At this moment, who should come in but my master. I had taken hold of Miss Mary's hand, somehow, and do believe, I should have kist it, when, as I said, Haltamont made his appearance. "What's this?" cries he, lookin at me as black as thunder, or as Mr. Phillips as Hickit, in the new tragedy of Mac Buff.

"It's only Miss Mary, sir," answered I.

“Get out sir,” says he, as fierce as posbil, and I felt somethink (I think it was the tip of his to) touching me behind, and found myself, nex minit, sprawling among the wet flannings, and buckets and things.

The people from up stairs came to see what was the matter, as I was cussin and crying out. “It’s only Charles, ma,” screamed out Miss Betsy.

“Where’s Mary?” says Mrs. Shum, from the sofy.

“She’s in master’s room, miss,” said I

“She’s in the lodger’s room, ma,” cries Miss Shum, heckoing me.

“Very good; tell her to stay there till he comes back.” And then, Miss Shum went bouncing up the stairs again, little knowing of Haltamont’s return.

* * * * *

I’d long before observed that my master had an anchoring after Mary Shum; indeed, as I have said, it was purely for her sake that he took and kep his lodgings at Pentonwille. Excep for the sake of love which is above being mersnary, fourteen shillings a wick was a *little* too strong for two such rat-holes as he lived in. I do blieve the family had nothing else but their lodger to live on: they brekfisted off his tea-leaves, they cut away pounds and pounds of meat from his jint (he always dined at home), and his baker’s bill was at least enough for six. But that wasn’t my business. I saw him grin, sometimes, when I laid down the cold bif of a morning, to see how little was left of yesterday’s sir-line; but he never said a syllabub; for true love don’t mind a pound of meat or so hextra.

At first, he was very kind an attentive to all the gals; Miss Betsy, in partickler, grew mighty fond of

him; they sate, for whole evenings, playing cribbitch, he taking his pipe and glas, she her tea and muffing; but as it was improper for her to come alone, she brought one of her sisters, and this was genrally Mary,—for he made a pint of asking her, too,—and one day, when one of the others came instead, he told her, very quitely, that he hadn't invited her; and Miss Buckmaster was too fond of muffings to try this game on again; besides, she was jealous of her three grown sisters, and considered Mary as only a child. Law bless us! how she used to ogle him, and quot bits of pottry, and play "Meet me by moonlike," on an old gitter; she reglar flung herself at his head, but he wouldn't have it, bein better ockypied elsewhere.

One night, as genteel as possible, he brought home tickets for Ashley's, and proposed to take the two young ladies—Miss Betsy, and Miss Mary, in course. I reckon he called me aside that afternoon, assuming a solamon and misterus hare, "Charles," said he, "*are you up to snuff?*"

"Why sir," said I, "I'm genrally considered tolelably downy."

"Well," says he, "I'll give you half a suffering if you can manage this bisniss for me; I've chose a rainy night on purpos. When the theatre is over, you must be waitin with two umbrellows; give me one, and hold the other over Miss Shum; and, hark ye, sir, *turn to the right* when you leave the theatre, and say the coach is ordered to stand a little way up the street, in order to get rid of the crowd."

We went (in a fly hired by Mr. H.), and never shall I forgit Cartliche's hacting on that memrable night.

Talk of Kimble! talk of Magreedy! Ashley's for my money, with Cartlitch in the principal part. But this is nothink to the porpus. When the play was over, I was at the door with the umbrellos. It was raining cats and dogs, sure enough.

Mr. Altamont came out presently, Miss Mary under his arm, and Miss Betsy followin behind, rayther sulky. "This way, sir," cries I, pushin forward; and I threw a great cloak over Miss Betsy, fit to smother her. Mr. A. and Miss Mary skipped on, and was out of sight when Miss Betsy's cloak was settled, you may be sure.

"They're only gone to the fly, miss. It's a little way up the street, away from the crowd of carriages." And off we turned *to the right*, and no mistake.

After marchin a little through the splash and mud, "Has anybody seen Coxy's fly?" cries I, with the most innocent haxent in the world.

"Cox's fly!" hollows out one chap. "Is it the vaggin you want?" says another. "I see the blackin wan pass," giggles out another genlman; and there was such an interchange of complimentins as you never heerd. I pass them over though, because some of 'em were not wery genteel.

"Law, miss," said I, "what shall I do? My master will never forgive me: and I haven't a single sixpence to pay a coach." Miss Betsy was just going to call one when I said that, but the coachman wouldn't have it at that price, he said, and I knew very well that *she* hadn't four or five shillings to pay for a vehicle. So, in the midst of that tarin rain, at midnight, we had to walk four miles, from Westminster Bridge to Penton-

wille; and, what was wuss, *I didn't happen to know the way.* A very nice walk it was, and no mistake.

At about half-past two, we got safe to John Street. My Master was at the garden gate. Miss Mary flew into Miss Betsy's arms, whil master began cussin and swearin at me for disobeying his orders, and *turning to the right instead of to the left!* Law bless me! his acting of anger was very near as natral and as terrybl as Mr. Cartlich's in the play.

They had waited half an hour, he said, in the fly, in the little street at the left of the theatre; they had drove up and down in the greatest fright possible; and at last came home, thinking it was in vain to wait any more. They gave her 'ot rum and water and roast oysters for supper, and this consoled her a little.

I hope nobody will cast an imputation on Miss Mary for *her* share in this adventer, for she was as honest a gal as ever lived, and I do believe is hignorant to this day of our little strattygim. Besides, all's fair in love; and, as my master could never get to see her alone, on account of her infernal eleven sisters and ma, he took this opportunity of expressin his attachment to her.

If he was in love with her before, you may be sure she paid it him back again now. Ever after the night at Ashley's, they were as tender as two tuttle-doves—which fully accounts for the axdent what happened to me, in being kicked out of the room; and in course I bore no mallis.

I don't know whether Miss Betsy still fancied that my master was in love with her, but she loved muffings and tea, and kem down to his parlor as much as ever

Now comes the sing'lar part of my history.

CHAPTER II.

BUT who was this genlman with a fine name—Mr. Frederic Altamont? or what was he? The most mysterious genlman that ever I knew. Once I said to him, on a wery rainy day, “Sir, shall I bring the gig down to your office?” and he gave me one of his black looks, and one of his loudest hoaths, and told me to mind my own bizziness, and attend to my orders. Another day,—it was on the day when Miss Mary slapped Miss Betsy’s face,—Miss M., who adoared him, as I have said already, kep on asking him what was his buth, parentidg, and ediccation. “Dear Frederic,” says she, “why this mistry about yourself and your hactions? why hide from your little Mary”—they were as tender as this, I can tell you—“your buth and your professin?”

I spose Mr. Frederic looked black, for I was *only* listening, and he said, in a voice agitated by a motion, “Mary,” said he, “if you love me, ask me this no more; let it be sfisht for you to know that I am a honest man, and that a secret, what it would be misery for you to larn, must hang over all my actions—that is, from ten o’clock till six.”

They went on chaffin and talking in this melumcolly and mysterious way, and I didn’t lose a word of what they said, for them houses in Pentonwill have only walls made of pasteboard, and you hear rayther better outside the room than in. But, though he kep up his secret, he swore to her his affektion this day pint blank. Nothing should prevent him, he said, from leading her to the halter, from makin her his adoarable wife. After this

was a slight silence. "Dearest Frederic," mumbled out miss, speakin as if she was chokin, "I am yours—yours for ever." And then silence agen, and one or two smax, as if there was kissin going on. Here I thought it best to give a rattle at the door-lock; for, as I live, there was old Mrs. Shum a-walkin down the stairs!

It appears that one of the younger gals, a looking out of the bed-room window, had seen my master come in, and coming down to tea half an hour afterwards, said so in a cussary way. Old Mrs. Shum, who was a dragon of vertyou, cam bustling down the stairs, panting and frowning, as fat and as fierce as a old sow at feedin time.

"Where's the lodger, fellow?" says she to me.

I spoke loud enough to be heard down the street—"If you mean, ma'am, my master, Mr. Frederic Altamont, esquire, he's just stept in, and is puttin on clean shoes in his bed-room."

She said nothink in answer, but flumps past me, and opening the parlor-door, sees master looking very queer, and Miss Mary a drooping down her head like a pale lily.

"Did you come into my family," says she, "to corrupt my daughters, and to destroy the hinnocence of that infamous gal? Did you come here, sir, as a seducer, or only as a lodger? Speak, sir, speak!"—and she folded her arms quite fierce, and looked like Mrs. Siddums in the Tragic Mews.

"I came here, Mrs. Shum," said he, "because I loved your daughter, or I never would have condescended to live in such a beggarly hole. I have treated her in every respect like a genlman, and she is as hin-

nocent now, mam, as she was when she was born. If she'll marry me, I am ready; if she'll leave you, she shall have a home where she shall be neither bullyd nor starved; no hangry frumps of sisters, no cross mother-in-law, only an affeckshnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming."

Mary flung herself into his arms—"Dear, dear Frederic," says she, "I'll never leave you."

"Miss," says Mrs. Shum, "you ain't a Slamcoe nor yet a Buckmaster, thank God. You may marry this person if your pa thinks proper, and he may insult me—brave me—trample on my feelinx in my own house—and there's no-o-o-obody by to defend me."

I knew what she was going to be at: on came her histarrix agen, and she began screechin and roarin like mad. Down comes, of course, the eleven gals and old Shum. There was a pretty row. "Look here, sir," says she, "at the conduck of your precious trull of a daughter—alone with this man, kissin and dandlin, and Lawd knows what besides."

"What, he?" cries Miss Betsy—"he in love with Mary! O, the wretch, the monster, the deceiver!"—and she falls down too, screeching away as loud as her mamma; for the silly creature fancied still that Altamont had a fondness for her.

"*Silence these women!*" shouts out Altamont, thundering loud. "I love your daughter, Mr. Shum. I will take her without a penny, and can afford to keep her. If you don't give her to me, she'll come of her own will. Is that enough?—may I have her?"

"We'll talk of this matter, sir," says Mr. Shum, looking as high and mighty as an alderman. "Gals,

go up stairs with your dear mamma."—And they all trooped up again, and so the skrimmage ended.

You may be sure that old Shum was not very sorry to get a husband for his daughter Mary, for the old creatur loved her better than all the pack which had been brought him or born to him by Mrs. Buckmaster. But, strange to say, when he came to talk of settlements and so forth, not a word would my master answer. He said he made four hundred a-year reg'lar—he wouldn't tell how—but Mary, if she married him, must share all that he had, and ask no questions; only this he would say, as he'd said before, that he was a honest man.

They were married in a few days, and took a very genteel house at Islington; but still my master went away to business, and nobody knew where. Who could he be?

CHAPTER III.

IF ever a young kipple in the middlin classes began life with a chance of happiness, it was Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Altamont. There house at Cannon Row, Islington, was as comfortable as house could be. Carpited from top to to; pore's rates small; furnitur ely-gant; and three deomestix, of which I, in course, was one. My life wasn't so easy as in Mr. A.'s bachelor days; but, what then? The three Ws. is my maxum: plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages. Altamont kep his gig no longer, but went to the city in an omlibuster.

One would have thought, I say, that Mrs. A., with

such an effectshnut husband, might have been as happy as her blessid majisty. Nothink of the sort. For the fust six months it was all very well; but then she grew gloomier and gloomier, though A. did everythink in life to please her.

Old Shum used to come reglarly four times a wick to Cannon Row, where he lunched, and dined, and teed, and supd. The poor little man was a thought too fond of wine and spirits; and many and many's the night that I've had to support him home. And you may be sure that Miss Betsy did not now desert her sister; she was at our place mornink, noon, and night, not much to mymayster's liking, though he was too good natured to wex his wife in trifles.

But Betsy never had forgotten the recollection of old days, and hated Altamont like the foul feind. She put all kinds of bad things into the head of poor innocent missis; who, from being all gaiety and cheerfulness, grew to be quite melumcolly and pale, and retchid, just as if she had been the most miserable woman in the world.

In three months more, a baby comes, in course, and with it old Mrs. Shum, who stuck to Mrs. side as close as a wampire, and made her retchider and retchider. She used to bust into tears when Altamont came home; she used to sigh and wheep over the pore child, and say, "My child, my child, your father is false to me;" or, "your father deceives me;" or, "what will you do when your poor mother is no more?" or such like sentimental stuff.

It all came from Mother Shum, and her old trix, as I soon found out. The fact is, when there is a mistry

of this kind in the house, its a servant's *duty* to listen; and listen I did, one day when Mrs. was cryin as usual, and fat Mrs. Shum a sittin consolin her, as she called it, though, Heaven knows, she only grew wuss and wuss for the consolation.

Well, I listened; Mrs. Shum was a rockin the baby, and missis cryin as youusual.

"Pore dear innocint," says Mrs. S., heavin a great sigh, "you're the child of a unknown father, and a mis-rabble mother."

"Don't speak ill of Frederic, mamma," says missis; "he is all kindness to me."

"All kindness, indeed! yes, he gives you a fine house, and a fine gownd, and a ride in a fly whenever you please; but *where does all his money come from?* Who is he—what is he? Who knows that he mayn't be a murdrer, or a housebreaker, or a utterer of forged notes? How can he make his money honestly, when he won't say where he gets it? Why does he leave you eight hours every blessid day, and won't say where he goes to? Oh, Mary, Mary, you are the most injured of women!"

And with this Mrs. Shum began sobbin; and Miss Betsy began yowling like a cat in a gutter; and pore missis cried, too—tears is so remarkable infekshus.

"Perhaps, mamma," whimpered out she, "Fredric is a shopboy, and don't like me to know that he is not a gentleman."

"A shopboy," says Betsy; "he a shopboy! O no, no, no! more likely a wretched willain of a murderer, stabbin and robing all day, and feedin you with the fruits of his ill-gotten games!"

More cryin and screechin here took place, in which the baby joined; and made a very pretty consort, I can tell you.

“He can’t be a robber,” cries missis; “he’s too good, too kind, for that; besides, murdering is done at night, and Frederic is always home at eight.”

“But he can be a forger,” says Betsy, “a wicked, wicked *forger*. Why does he go away every day? to forge notes, to be sure. Why does he go to the city? to be near banks and places, and so do it more at his convenience.”

“But he brings home a sum of money every day—about thirty shillings—sometimes fifty; and then he smiles, and says its a good day’s work. This is not like a forger,” said pore Mrs. A.

“I have it—I have it!” screams out Mrs. S. “The villain—the sneaking, double-faced Jonas! he’s married to somebody else, he is, and that’s why he leaves you, the base biggymist!”

At this, Mrs. Altamont, struck all of a heap, fainted clean away. A dreadful business it was—hystarrix; then hystarrix, in course, from Mrs. Shum; bells ringin, child squalin, suvvants tearin up and down stairs with hot water! If ever there is a noosance in the world, it’s a house where faintin is always goin on. I wouldn’t live in one,—no, not to be groom of the chambers, and git two hundred a year.

It was eight o’clock in the evenin when this row took place; and such a row it was, that nobody but me heard master’s knock. He came in, and heard the hoopin, and screechin, and roaring. He seemed very much frightened at first, and said, “What is it?”

"Mrs. Shum's here," says I, "and Mrs. in astarrix."

Altamont looked as black as thunder, and growled out a word which I don't like to name,—let it suffice that it begins with a *d* and ends with a *nation*; and he tore up stairs like mad.

He bust open the bed-room door; missis lay quite pale and stony on the sofy; the babby was screechin from the craddle; Miss Betsy was sprawlin over missis; and Mrs. Shum half on the bed and half on the ground; all howlin and squeelin, like so many dogs at the moond.

When A. came in, the mother and daughter stoped all of a sudding. There had been one or two tiffs before between them, and they feared him as if he had been a hogre.

"What's this infernal screeching and crying about?" says he.

"Oh, Mr. Altamont," cries the old woman, "you know too well; it's about you that this darling child is misrable!"

"And why about me, pray, madam?"

"Why, sir, dare you ask why? Because you deceive her, sir; because you are a false, cowardly traitor, sir; because *you have a wife elsewhere, sir!*" And the old lady and Miss Betsy began to roar again as loud as ever.

Altamont pawsed for a minnit, and then flung the door wide open; nex he seized Miss Betsy as if his hand were a vice, and he world her out of the room; then up he goes to Mrs. S. "Get up," says he, thundering loud, "you lazy, trollopping, mischief-making, lying old fool! Get up, and get out of this house. You have been the cuss and bain of my happyniss since you entered it.

With your d—d lies, and novvle reading, and histerrix, you have perworted Mary, and made her almost as mad as yourself.” “My child! my child!” shriex out Mrs. Shum, and clings round missis. But Altamont ran between them, and griping the old lady by her arm, dragged her to the door. “Follow your daughter, ma’am,” says he, and down she went. “*Chawls, see those ladies to the door,*” he hollows out, “and never let them pass it again.” We walked down together, and off they went; and master locked and double-locked the bed-room door after him, intendin, of course, to have a *tator tator* (as they say) with his wife. You may be sure that I followed up stairs again pretty quick, to hear the result of their confidence.

As they say at St. Stevenses, it was rayther a stormy debate. “Mary,” says master, “you’re no longer the merry, grateful gal, I knew and loved at Pentonwill; there’s some secret a pressin on you—there’s no smilin welcom for me now, as there used formly to be! Your mother and sister-in-law have perworted you, Mary; and that’s why I’ve drove them from this house, which they shall not re-enter in my life.”

“O, Frederic! it’s *you* is the cause, and not I. Why do you have any mistry from me? Where do you spend your days? Why did you leave me, even on the day of your marridge, for eight hours, and continue to do so every day?”

“Because,” says he, “I makes my livelihood by it. I leave you, and don’t tell you *how* I make it: for it would make you none the happier to know.”

It was in this way the convysation ren on—more tears and questions on my missises part, more sturm-

ness and silence on my master's: it ended, for the first time since their marriage, in a regular quarrel. Wery different, I can tell you, from all the hammerous billing and kewing which had proceeded their nupshuls.

Master went out, slamming the door in a fury; as well he might. Says he, "If I can't have a comfortable life, I can have a jolly one;" and so he went off to the hed tavern, and came home that evening beesly intoxicated. When high words begin in a family, drink generally follows on the genlman's side; and then, fear-well to all conjubial happiness! These two pibble, so fond and loving, were now sirly, silent, and full of il wil. Master went out earlier, and came home later; misses cried more, and looked even paler than before.

Well, things went on in this uncomfortable way, master still in the mopes, missis tempted by the deamons of jellosy and curoosity; until a singlar axident brought to light all the goings on of Mr. Altamont.

It was the tenth of January; I recklect the day, for old Shum gev me half-a-crownd (the fust and last of his money I ever see, by the way): he was dining along with master, and they were making merry together.

Master said, as he was mixing his fifth tumler of punch, and little Shum his twelfth, or so—master said, "I see you twice in the City to-day, Mr. Shum."

"Well that's curious!" says Shum. "I *was* in the City. To-day's the day when the divvydins (God bless 'em) is paid; and me and Mrs. S. went for our half-year's inkem. But we only got out of the coach, crossed the street to the Bank, took our money, and got in agen. How could you see me twice?"

Altamont stuttered, and stammered, and hemd, and

hawd. "O!" says he, "I was passing—passing as you went in and out." And he instantly turned the conversation, and began talking about pollytix, or the weather, or some such stuf.

"Yes, my dear," said my missis; "but how could you see papa *twice*?" Master didn't answer, but talked pollytix more than ever. Still she would continy on. "Where was you, my dear, when you saw pa? What were you doing, my love, to see pa *twice*?" and so forth. Master looked angrier and angrier, and his wife only pressed him wuss and wuss.

This was, as I said, little Shum's twelfth tumler; and I knew pritty well that he could git very little further; for, as reglar as the thirteenth came, Shum was drunk. The thirteenth did come, and its consquinzes. I was obliged to leed him home to John Street, where I left him in the hangry arms of Mrs. Shum.

"How the d—," sayd he all the way, "how the ddd—the deddy—deddy—devil—could he have seen me *twice*?"

CHAPTER IV.

It was a sad slip on Altamont's part, for no sooner did he go out the next morning than missis went out too. She tor down the street, and never stopped till she came to her pa's house at Pentonwill. She was clositid for an hour with her ma, and when she left her she drove straight to the City. She walked before the Bank, and behind the Bank, and round the Bank: she came home disperryted, having learned nothink.

And it was now an extraordinary thing, that from

Shum's house, for the next ten days, there was nothink but expyditions into the City. Mrs. S., tho her dropsicle legs had never carred her half so fur before, was eternally on the *key veve*, as the French say. If she didn't go, Miss Betsy did, or misses did: they seemed to have an attractshun to the Bank, and went there as natral as an omlibus.

At last one day, old Mrs. Shum comes to our house—(she wasn't admitted when master was there, but came still in his absints—and she wore a hair of tryumph as she entered.

“Mary,” says she, “where is the money your husbind brought to you yesterday?” My master used always to give it to missis when he returned.

“The money, ma!” says Mary. “Why here!” And, pulling out her puss, she shewed a sovrin, a good heap of silver, and an odd-looking little coin.

“THAT'S IT! that's it!” cried Mrs. S. “A Queene Anne's sixpence, isn't it dear—dated seventeen hundred and three?”

It was so sure enough: a Queen Ans sixpince of that very date.

“Now, my love,” says she, “I have found him! Come with me to-morrow, and you shall KNOW ALL!”

And now comes the end of my story.

* * * * *

The ladies nex morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nose-gy and a goold stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—we walked to the Bank. We were crossing from that heddyfiz to the

other side of Cornhill, when all of a sudden, missis shrieked, and fainted spontaceously away.

I rushed forrard, and raised her to my arms: spilling thereby a new weskit, and a pair of crimson smaldoes. I rushed forrard, I say, very nearly knocking down the old sweeper, who was hobbling away as fast as posibil. We took her to Birch's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every luksury, and carried her home to Islington.

* * * * *

That night master never came home. Nor the nex night, nor the nex. On the fourth day, an octioneer arrived; he took an infantry of the furnitur, and placed a bill in the window.

At the end of the wick, Altamont made his appearance. He was haggard and pale; not so haggard, however, not so pale, as his miserable wife.

He looked at her very tendrilly. I may say, it's from him that I coppied *my* look to Miss ——. He looked at her very tendrilly, and held out his arms. She gev a suffycating shriek, and rusht into his umbraces.

“Mary,” says he, “you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pound for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furnitur, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad and love each other, has formly.”

And now you ask me, Who he was? I shudder to relate.—Mr. Haltamont SWEEP THE CROSSIN FROM THE BANK TO CORNHILL!!

Of cors, *I* left his servis. I met him, few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respectid, and pass for pipple of propaty.

THE AMOURS OF MR. DEUCEACE.

DIMOND CUT DIMOND.

THE name of my nex master was, if posbil, still more ellygant and youfonious than that of my fust. I now found myself boddy servant to the Honrabble Halgernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgernon was a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Court Temple; a vulgar naybrood, witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say, its on the confines of the citty, and the choasen aboad of the lawyers of this metrappolish.

When I say that Mr. Deuceace was a barrystir, I don't mean that he went sesshums or surcoats (as they call'em), but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Court, and looked out for a commitionarship, or a revisinship, or any other place that the Wig guvvyment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me), and had been a Toary pier. The fack is, his lordship was so poar, that he would be any-think or nothink, to get provisions for his sons and an inkum for him self.

I phansy that he aloud Halgernon two hundred a-

year; and it would have been a very comfortable maintenance, only he never paid him.

Owever, the young gentleman was a gentleman, and no mistake; he got his allowances of nothink a-year, and spent it in the most honorable and fashionable manner. He kept a kab—he went to Holmax—and Crockfud's—he moved in the most exquisite suckles—and troubled the law book very little, I can tell you. Those fashionable gents have ways of getting money, which common people do not understand.

Though he only had a third floor in Pump Court, he lived as if he had the wealth of Cresas. The tenpenny notes flew about as common as haypence—clarrit and shampang was at his house as vulgar as gin; and very glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobility.

Deuceace had, in his sitting-room, a large picture on a sheet of paper. The names of his family were written on it; it was written in the shape of a tree, a groin out of a man-in-armor's stomach, and the names were on little plates among the bows. The picture said that the Deuceaces came into England in the year 1066, along with William Conquerors. My master called it his pedigree. I do believe it was because he had this picture, and because he was the *Honorable* Deuceace, that he managed to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swindler. It's only rank and birth that can warrant such singularities as my master showed. For it's no use disguising it—the *Honorable* Halgerton was a GAMBLER. For a man of vulgar family, it's the worst trade that can be—for a man of common feelings of honesty, this profession is

quite imposbill; but for a real thorough-bread genlman, it's the esiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may, praps, appear curous that such a fashnabble man should live in the Temple; but it must be recklected, that its not only lawyers who live in what's called the Ins of Cort. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lor, have here their loginx; and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twise in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple, instead of Bon Street, Pickledilly, or other fashnabble places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called), there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was, bottom floor, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys; fust floor, Mr. Sergeant Flabber—opsite, Mr. Counslor Bruffy; and secknd pair, Mr. Haggerston, an Irish counslor, praktising at the Old Baly, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

MR. RICHARD BLEWITT;

and on the thud floar, with my master, lived one Mr. Dawkins.

This young fellow was a new comer into the Temple, and unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born; for its my firm apinion that the Temple ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and Mr. Dick Blewitt, as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young man, had jest left the Universary of Oxford, and had a pretty little fortin of his own—six thousand pound, or so—in the stox. He was jest of age, an or fin who had lost his father and mother; and having distinkwished hissself at collitch, where he gained seff-

ral prices, was come to town to push his fortn, and study the barryster's bisness.

Not bein of a verry high famm.y hisself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chismonger, or some-think of that lo sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford frend, Mr. Blewitt, yonger son to rich Squire Blewitt, of Listershire, and to take rooms so sear him.

Now, tho' there was a considrable intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters,—mine being too much of the aristoxty to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they call a bettin man; he went reglar to Tattlesall's, kep a pony, wore a white hat, a blue berd's-eye hankercher, and a cut-away coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a slim, ellygant man, as ever I see—he had very white hands, rayther a sallow face, with sharp dark ise, and small wiskus neatly trimmed, and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watchin the person with whom he was in convysation, and always flatterd every body. As for Blewitt, he was quite of another sort. He was always swearin, singing, and slappin people on the back, as hearty as posbill. He seemed a merry, careless, honest cretur, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins, at least; who, though a quiet young man, fond of his boox, novvles, Byron's poems, flook-playin, and such like scientafic amusemints, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honrabble Halgernon. Poor Daw! he thought he was makin good connexions, and real frends

—he had fallen in with a couple of the most etrocious swinlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrivial in our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condysended to speak to Mr. Blewitt: it was only about a month after that suckumstance that my master, all of a sudding, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear,—Deuceace *wanted him*. Dawkins had not been an hour in master's company before he knew that he had a pidgin to pluck.

Blewitt knew this too; and bein very fond of pidgin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusin to see the Honrabble Halgernon manuvring to get this pore bird out of Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for that very porpus, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower spear than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealins and caracters pufflickly well.

“Charles, you scoundrel,” says Deuceace to me one day (he always spoak in that kind way), “who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers, and plays the flute so industrusly?”

“It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great friend of Mr. Blewittses, sir,” says I, “they seem to live in each other's rooms.”

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin! Not the fowl find himself could snear more satannickly.

I knew what he meant :

Imprimish. A man who plays the froot is a simpleton.

Secknly. Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thirdmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what as well as my master; it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see; Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinses, Mr. Blewitt's, and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did theirselves. Frinstance, I can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or mimerandum, which I hadn't read as well as he: with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read 'em all. There wasn't a bottle of wine that we didn't get a glas, nor a pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cubbards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd the best pickens out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the force-mit balls out of the soup, the eggs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the laws of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, esquire, was sityouated as follows: He'd an inkum of three hunderd a-year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hunderd and ninety for money

borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on bord waxis, and about three hunderd and fifty for a sepprat establishmint in the Regency Park; besides this, his pockit money, say a hunderd, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hunderd moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashnable man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more money. There was fust:

Account <i>contray</i> , at Crockford's . . .	£3711	0	0
Bills of xchange and I. O. U.'s (but he didn't pay these in most cases) . . .	4963	0	0
21 tailor's bills, in all	1306	11	9
3 hossdealer's do.	402	0	0
2 coachbilder	506	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambritch	2193	6	8
Sundries	987	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£14069	8	5

I give this as a curoosity—pipple doant know how in many cases fashnable life is carried on; and to know even what a real gnlmn *owes* is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tail. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I mentioned already, he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs; and byoutiffle it was to see how this gnlman, who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweatest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said,

in the most frenly tone of vice posbill, "What? Mr. Blewitt? It is an age since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom!"

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door, in a pe-green dressing-gown, smoakin a segar, and singin a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then suspicious.

"Why, yes," says he, "it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time."

"Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey's. By the by, what an evening that was—hay, Mr. Blewitt? what wine! what capital songs! I recollect your 'May-day in the morning'—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the duke, I think."

Mr. Blewitt said, quite surly, "No, I don't."

"Not know him!" cries master; "why, hang it, Blewitt! he knows *you*, as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in everybody's mouth at Newmarket."

And so master went on chaffin Mr. Blewitt. That genlman at fust answered him quite short and angry; but, after a little more flumery, he grew as pleased as posbill, took in all Deuceace's flatry, and bleeved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went in to Mr. Blewitt's chambers together.

Of course I can't say what past there; but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo smoke. I never see any genlman more sick than he was; *he'd been smoakin sea-gars* along with Blewitt. I said nothink, in course, tho'

I'd often heard him xpress his horrow of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn't a chap to do a thing without a reason : if he'd been smoakin, I warrant he had smoked to some porpus.

I didn't hear the convysation between 'em ; but Mr. Blewitt's man did : it was,—“ Well, Mr. Blewitt, what capital seagars ! Have you one for a friend to smoak ?” (The old fox, it wasn't only the *seagars* he was a smoakin !) “ Walk in,” says Mr. Blewitt ; and they began a chaffin together ; master very ankshous about the young gintleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr. Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject,—sayin that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly ; how glad he'd be, for his part, to know Mr. Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr. Dick, however, seamed quite aware of the trap laid for him. “ I really don't no this Dawkins,” says he : “ he's a chis-monger's son, I hear ; and tho' I've exchanged visits with him, I doant intend to continyou the acquaintance, —not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pipple.” So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

“ Confound the vulgar thief !” muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy, after being so very ill ; “ I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The cursed swindling boor ! he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheesemonger, does he ? I'll step in, and *warn* him.”

I thought I should bust a laffin, when he talked in this style. I knew very well what his “ warning” meant, —lockin the stable-door, but stealin the hoss fust.

Next day, his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins, we exicuted, and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the fload, Mr. Dawkins, I must tell you, had some other parshallities—wiz., he was very fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over his music and boox all day, this young genlmm used to sally out of evenings, dine sumptuously at a tavern, drinkin all sots of wine along with his friend Mr. Blewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust; but it was Mr. B. who (for his own porpuses, no doubt,) had got him into this kind of life. Well, I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner, and drinks too much overnight, wants a bottle of soda-water, and a gril, praps, in the morning! Such was Mr. Dawkineses case; and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from Dix Coffy-House was to be seen on our stairkis, bringing up Mr. D.'s hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was anythink in such a trifling cirkumstance; master did, though, and pounced upon it like a cock on a barleycorn.

He sent me out to Mr. Morell's in Pickledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug-pie—in French, a "*patty defaw graw*." He takes a card, and nails it on the outside case (patty defaw graws come generally in a round wooden box, like a drumb); and what do you think he writes on it? why, as follos:—"For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, &c. &c. &c. With Prince Talleygrand's compliments."

Prince Tallyram's complimentins, indeed! I laff when I think of it still, the old surpint! He *was* a surpint, that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extrornary piece of ill-luck, the nex

day punctially as Mr. Dawkinses brexfas was coming *up* the stairs, Mr. Halgernon Percy Deuceace was going *down*. He was as gay as a lark, humming an Oppra tune, and twizzting round his head his hevvy gold-headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the waiter's tray, and away went Mr. Dawkinses gril, kayann, kitchup, soda-water, and all! I can't think how my master should have choas such an exact time; to be sure, his windo looked upon the cort, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the axdent had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in befor; he swoar at the waiter in the most dreddfle way; he threatened him with his stick, and it was only when he see that the waiter was rayther a bigger man than his self that he was in the least pazyfied. He returned to his own chambres; and John, the waiter, went off for more grill to Dixes Coffy-House.

"This is a most unlucky axdent, to be sure, Charles," says master to me, after a few minnits paws, during which he had been and wrote a note, put it into an anvelope, and sealed it with his bigg seal of arms. "But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pye you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!"

These kind of prommisses were among the few which I knew him to keep: and as I loved boath my skinn and my boans, I carried the noat, and, of cors, said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Dawkinses chambus for a few minnits, I returned to my master with an anser. I may

as well give both of these documence, of which I happen to have taken coppies.

I.

“THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE TO T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ.

“Temple, Tuesday.

“Mr. Deuceace presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

“May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbour’s privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favour to partake of the contents of the accompanying case (from Strasburg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace’s awkwardness destroyed.

“It will, also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *pâté*, when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

“*T. S. Dawkins, Esq., &c. &c. &c.*”

II.

“FROM T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ., TO THE HON. A. P.
DEUCEACE.

“Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins presents his grateful

compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace's generous proffer.

"It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins's life, if the Hon. Mr. Deuceace would *extend his generosity* still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *munificent politeness* has furnished.

"Temple, Tuesday."

Many and many a time, I say, have I grind over these letters, which I had wrote from the original by Mr. Bruffy's copyin clark. Deuceace's flam about Prince Tallyram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delite as he red the note; he toar up for or five sheets before he composed the answer to it, which was as you red abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with pleasyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumph in Deuceace's wicked black eyes, when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can phansy 1, a holding a writhing soal on his pitch-frock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he went, after sending me over to say that he would xcept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation begun betwixt the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivating. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most respectful and flatrin manner,—agread in every think he said,—prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nolledge, and his playin on the fload; you'd have thought, to hear him, that such a polygon of exlens as Də z zins

did not breath,—that such a modist, sinsear, honrable genlman as Deuceace was to be seen no where xcept in Pump Cort. Poor Daw was complitly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nobs more, till Dawkins was quite intawsicated with pleasyour. I know as a fac (and it pretty well shows the young genlman's carryter), that he went that very day and ordered 2 new coats, on porpos to be introjuiced to the lords in.

But the best joak of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink—up stares came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins's door, shouting out, "Daw, my old buck, how are you?" when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stror would knock him down. "My dear Mr. Blewitt," says my master, smilin, and offring his hand, "how glad I am to see you. Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony! Pray sit down."

Blewitt did; and now was the question, who should sit the other out; but, law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master; all the time he was fidgetty, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flo of conversatin, or so many wit-tacisms as he uttered. At last, completely beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf; that instant master followed him; and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affeckshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long story about the Duke of Dancaster, Blewitt burst out—

“A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr. Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I an't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-winded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you, and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't,—no, by —— you shant.” (The reader must reckon that the oaths which interspiced Mr. B's conversation I have left out.) Well, after he'd fired a volley of em, Mr. Deuceace spoke as cool and slow as possible.

“Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to hector with me, I will cane you; if you want more, I'll shoot you; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you have already won two-hundred pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny.” It's quite true that master knew things; but how was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B's. face during this dialogue, being on the wrong side of the door; but there was a considerable pause after those compliments had passed between the two gentlemen,—one walking quickly up and down the room,—together, angry and stupid, sitting down, and stamping with his foot.

“Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt,” continues master at last; “if you're quiet, you shall have half this fellow's money: but venture to win a shilling from him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril.”

"Well, well, Mr. Deuceace," cries Dick, "it's very hard, and, I must say, not fair: the game was of my startin, and you've no right to interfere with my friend."

"Mr. Blewitt, you are a fool! You professed yesterday not to know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honour I am bound to give him up to you?"

It was charmin to hear this pair of raskles talkin about *honour*. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honour was, *I* did; and never, never did I tell tails about my masters when in their sarvice—*out*, in cors, the hobligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nex day there was a gran dinner at our chambers. White soop, turbit, and lobstir sos; saddil of Scoch muttn, grou, and M'Arony; wines, shampang, hock, maderia, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compny presint was three; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Exquires. My i, how we genlmm in the kitchin did enjy it. Mr. Blewittes man eat so much grou (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik; Mr. Dawkineses gnlmm (who was only abowt 13 years of age) grew so il with M'Arony and plumb puddn, as to be obleeged to take sefral of Mr. D's. pils, which $\frac{1}{2}$ kild him. But this is all promiscuous: I an't talkin of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bleev it? After dinner and praps 8 bottles of wine betwin the 3) the genlm sat down to *écarty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's ony 3, one looks on.

Fust, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill; and about supper-time (when grilled am, more shampang, devld biskits, and other things, was brot in) the play stood thus: Mr. Dawkins had won 2 pounds; Mr. Blewitt, 30 shillings; the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace having lost 3*l.* 10*s.* After the devvle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bet. I thought, to be sure, after hearing the compliments between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now poor Dawkins's time was come.

Not so: Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was abowt five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

"Blewitt," says he, "I've been unlucky. I owe you—let me see—yes, five-and-forty pounds?"

"Five-and-forty," says Blewitt, "and no mistake!"

"I will give you a cheque," says the honrabble genlmn.

"Oh! don't mention it my dear Sir!" But master got a grate sheet of paper, and drew him a check on Messeers Pump, Algit, and Co., his bankers.

"Now," says master, "I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backd your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of monee. *Voyons*, thirteen points, at a pound—it is easy to calculate;" and drawin out his puss, he clinked over the table 13 goolden suverings, which shon till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinses, as he put out his hand, all trembling, and drew them in.

“Let me say,” added master, “let me say (and I’ve had some little experience), that you are the very best *écarté* player with whom I ever sat down.”

Dawkinses eyes glissened as he put the money up, and said “Law, Deuceace, you flatter me !”

Flatter him ! I should think he did. It was the very thing which master ment.

“But mind you, Dawkins,” continyoud he, “I must have my revenge ; for I’m ruined—positively ruined—by your luck.”

“Well, well,” says Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a millium, “shall it be to-morrow ? Blewitt, what say you ?”

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master, after a little demurring, consented too. “We’ll meet,” says he, “at your chambers. But mind, my dear fello, not too much wine : I can’t stand it at any time, especially when I have to play *écarté* with you.”

Pore Dawkins left our rooms as happy as a prins. “Here, Charles,” says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow ! pore fellow ! I knew what was a comin !

But the best of it was, that these 13 sovings which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt !* I brought ’em, with 7 more, from that young genlmn’s chambers that very morning : for, since his interview with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

Well, shall I continue the tail ? If Mr. Dawkins

had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months befoar he lost his money ; as it was, he was such a confounded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thursday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,—dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the bisniss was pretty serious, for we suvvants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers—no master—he kem in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilit, ordered more devvles and soda-water, and back again he went to Mr. Dawkins's.

They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seam-ed to eat, for all the vittles came out to us genlmn : they had in more wine though, and must have drunk at least 2 dozen in the 36 hours.

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw him before, namly, reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he danced, he hickipd, he swoar, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down ex-osted on his bed ; I pullin off his boots and close, and makin him comfrable.

When I had removed his garmints, I did what it's the duty of every servant to do—I emtied his pockits, and looked at his pockit-book and all his letters ; a number of axdents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockyment :

<p>I. O. U.</p> <p>£4700.</p> <p>THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS.</p> <p><i>Friday,</i> <i>16th January.</i></p>

There was another bit of paper of the same kind—"I. O. U. four hundred pounds, Richard Blewitt:" but this, in cors, ment nothink.

* * * * *

Nex mornin, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judg. He drest, and was off to Mr. Dawkins. At 10, he ordered a cab, and the two genlm went together.

"Where shall he drive, sir," says I.

"Oh, tell him to drive to THE BANK."

Pore Dawkins! his eyes red with remors and sleep-liss drunkenniss, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the vehicle; and they drove on.

That day he sold out every hapny he was worth, xcept five hundred pounds.

* * * * *

About 12 master had returned, and Mr. Dick Blewitt came stridin up the stairs with a sollum and important hair.

"Is your master at home?" says he.

"Yes, sir," says I; and in he walks. I, in coars, with my ear to the keyhole, listning with all my mite

"Well," says Blewitt, "we maid a pretty good night

of it, Mr. Deuceace. You've settled, I see, with Dawkins."

"Settled!" says master. "Oh, yes—yes—I've settled with him."

"Four thousand seven hundred, I think?"

"About that—yes."

"That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty; which I'll thank you to fork out."

"Upon my word—why—Mr. Blewitt," says master, "I don't really understand what you mean."

"*You don't know what I mean!*" says Blewitt, in an accent such as I never before heard; "You don't know what I mean! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn't I lend you twenty sovereigns the other night to pay our losings to Dawkins? Didn't you swear, on your honour as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?"

◊ "Agreed, sir," says Deuceace; "agreed."

"Well, sir, and now what have you to say?"

"Why, *that I don't intend to keep my promise!* You infernal fool and ninny! do you suppose I was labouring for *you*? Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here—I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have never known Mr. Algernon Deuceace."

I've seen pibble angry before now, but never any like Blewitt. He stormed, groaned, belloed, swar! At last, he fairly began blubbring; now cussing and nash-

ing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heavn bless us! it's well I didn't tumble, hed over eels, into the room!), and said, "Charles, show the gentleman down stairs!" My master looked at him quite stedly. Blewitt slunk down, as misrabbble as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, Heaven knows where he was!

* * * * *

"Charles," says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, "I'm going to Paris; you may come, too, if you please."

SKIMMINGS FROM "THE DAIRY OF
GEORGE IV."

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH ESQ., TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR WHY,—Takin advantage of the Crissmiss holidays, Sir John and me (who is a member of parlyment) had gone down to our place in Yorkshire for six wicks, to shoot grows and woodcox, and enjoy old English hospatalaty. This ugly Canady bisniss unluckaly put an end to our sports in the country, and brot us up to Buckly Square as fast as four postereses could gallip. When there, I found your parcel, containing the two volums of a new book, witch, as I have been away from the literary world, and emplied soly in athlatic exorcises, have been laying neglected in my pantry, among my knife-cloaths, and dekanTERS, and blacking-bottles, and bed-room candles, and things.

This will, I'm sure, account for my delay in notusing the work. I see sefral of the papers and magazeens have been befoarhand with me, and have given their apinions concerning it; specially the *Quotly Review*, which has most mussilessly cut to peases the author of this *Dairy of the Times of George IV.**

* Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth,

That it's a woman who wrote it is evydent from the style of the writing, as well as from certain proofs in the book itself. Most suttnly a femail wrote this *Dairy*; but who this *Dairy-maid* may be, I, in coarse, cant conjecter: and indeed, common galliantry forbids me to ask. I can only judge of the book itself, which, it appears to me, is clearly trenching upon my ground and favrite subjicks, viz. fashnable life, as igsibited in the houses of the nobility, gentry, and rile fammly.

But I bare no mallis—infamation is infamation, and it doesn't matter where the infamy comes from; and whether the *Dairy* be from that distinguished pen to witch it is ornarily attributed—whether, I say, it comes from a lady of honor to the late quean, or a scullion to that diffunct majisty, no matter; all we ask is nollidge, never mind how we have it. Nollidge, as our cook says, is like trikel-possit—its always good, though you was to drink it out of an old shoo.

Well, then, although this *Dairy* is likely searusly to injur my pussonal intrests, by fourstalling a deal of what I had to say in my private memoars—though many, many guineas, is taken from my pocket, by cuttin short the tail of my narratif—though much that I had to say in souperior languidge, greased with all the ellygance of my orytory, the benefick of my classicle reading, the chawms of my agreble wit, is thus abruptly brot befor the world by an inferor genus, neither

interspersed with original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons.

“Tôt ou tard, tout se sçait.”—MAINTENON.

In 2 vols. London, 1838. Henry Colburn.

knowing nor writing English, yet I say, that nevertheless I must say, what I am puffically prepared to say, to gainsay which no man can say a word—yet I say, that I say I consider this publication welkom. Far from viewing it with enfy, I greet it with applaws; because it increases that most exlent specious of nollidge, I mean “FASHNABBLE NOLLIDGE;” compayred to witch all other nollidge is nonsince—a bag of goold to a pare of snuffers.

Could Lord Broom, on the Canady question, say moar? or say what he had to say better? We are marters, both of us, to prinsple; and every body who knows eather knows that we would sacrafice anythink rather than that. Fashion is the goddiss I adoar. This delightful work is an offering on her srine; and as sich all her wushippers are bound to hail it. Here is not a question of trumpry lords and honrabbles, generals and barronites, but the crown itself, and the king and queen’s actions; witch may be considered as the crown jewels. Here’s princes, and grand-dukes and airspar-ent, and Heaven knows what; all with blood-royal in their veins, and their names mentioned in the very fust page of the peeridge. In this book you become so intimate with the Prince of Wales, that you may follow him, if you please, to his marridge-bed; or, if you prefer the Princiss Charlotte, you may havè with her an hour’s tator-tator.*

Now, though most of the remarkable extrax from this book have been given already (the cream of the

* Our estimable correspondent means, we presume, *tête-à-tête*.—O. Y.

Dairy, as I wittily say), I shall trouble you, nevertheless, with a few; partly because they can't be repeated too often, and because the toan of obsyvation with witch they have been genrally received by the press, is not igsackly such as I think they merit. How, indeed, can these common magaseen and newspaper pippel know anythink of fashnabble life, let alone ryal?

Conseaving, then, that the publication of the *Dairy* has done reel good on this scoar, and may probly do a deal moor, I shall look through it, for the porpus of selecting the most ellygant passidges, and which I think may be peculiarly adapted to the reader's benefick.

For you see, my dear Mr. Yorke, that in the fust place, that this is no common catchpny book, like that of most authors and authoresses who write for the base looker of gain. Heaven bless you! the Dairy-maid is above any thing musnary. She is a woman of rank, and no mistake; and is as much above doin a common or vulgar action as I am supearor to taking beer after dinner with my cheese. She proves that most satisfackarily, as we see in the following passidge:—

“Her royal highness came to me, and, having spoken a few phrases on different subjects, produced all the papers she wishes to have published:—her whole correspondence with the prince relative to Lady J——’s dismissal; his subsequent neglect of the princess; and, finally, the acquittal of her supposed guilt, signed by the Duke of Portland, &c., at the time of the secret inquiry: when, if proof could have been brought against her, it certainly would have been done; and which acquittal, to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time. A common criminal is publicly condemned or acquitted. Her royal highness commanded me to have these letters pub-

lished forthwith, saying, ‘You may sell them for a great sum.’ At first (for she had spoken to me before concerning this business), I thought of availing myself of the opportunity; but, upon second thoughts, I turned from this idea with detestation: for, if I do wrong by obeying her wishes and endeavouring to serve her, I will do so at least from good and disinterested motives, not from any sordid views. The princess commands me, and I will obey her, whatever may be the issue; but not for fare or fee. I own I tremble, not so much for myself, as for the idea that she is not taking the best and most dignified way of having these papers published. Why make a secret of it at all? If wrong, it should not be done; if right, it should be done openly, and in the face of her enemies. In her royal highness’s case, as in that of wronged princes in general, why do they shrink from straightforward dealings, and rather have recourse to crooked policy? I wish, in this particular instance, I could make her royal highness feel thus: but she is naturally indignant at being falsely accused, and will not condescend to an avowed explanation.’”

Can anything be more just and honrabbble than this? The Dairy-lady is quite fair and aboveboard. A clear stage, says she, and no faviouir! “I won’t do behind my back what I am ashamed of before my face: not I!” No more she does; for you see that, though she was offered this manyscrip by the princess *for nothink*, though she knew that she could actially get for it a large sum of money, she was above it, like an honest, noble, grateful, fashnabble woman, as she was. She aboars secrecy, and never will have recors to disguise or crookid polacy. This ought to be an ansure to them *Raddicle sneerers*, who pretend that they are the equals of fashnabble pepple; whareas it’s a well-known fact, that the vulgar roagues have no notion of honour.

And after this positif declaration, which reflex hon

or on her ladyship (long life to her! I've often waited behind her chair!)—after this positif declaration, that, even for the porpus of *defending* her missis, she was so hi-mindid as to refuse anythink like a peculiary consideration, it is actially asserted in the public prints by a booxeller, that he has given her *a thousand pound* for the *Dairy*. A thousand pound! nonsince!—it's a phigment! a base lible! This woman take a thousand pound, in a matter where her dear mistriss, frend, and benyfactriss was concerned! Never! A thousand baggonits would be more prefrabble to a woman of her xquizzit feelins and fashion.

But, to proseed. It's been objected to me, when I wrote some of my expearunces in fashnable life, that my languidge was occasionally vulgar, and not such as is generally used in those exquizzit famlies which I frequent. Now, I'll lay a wager that there is in this book, wrote as all the world knows, by a rele lady, and speak in of kings and queens as if they were as common as sand-boys—there is in this book more wulgarity than ever I displayed, more nastiness than ever I would dare *to think on*, and more bad grammar than ever I wrote since I was a boy at school. As for authografy, evry genlm has his own: never mind spellin, I say, so long as the sence is right.

Let me here quot a letter from a corryspndent of this charming lady of honour; and a very nice coiry-spondent he is, too, without any mistake:

“Lady O——, poor Lady O——! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin Grammars: or she hat^l let her brother, who is a sad

swine, become master of her secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the *mélange* in the newspapers; but not the report that Mr. S—— is about to publish a pamphlet, as an addition to the Harleian Tracts, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to buy it, of course crying ‘Shameful’ all the while; and it is said that Lady O—— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and handsome, and give some well-timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with any thing like impunity. People were full as galling many years ago. But the days are gone by wherein my lord-protector of the commonwealth of England was wont to go a love-making to Mrs. Fleetwood, with the Bible under his arm.

“And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate! She and Lord Stair should marry and have children, in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she’s a Venus well suited for such a Vulcan,—whom nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published, full of sad scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely a word is true. In former times, the Duchess of St. A——’s made use of these elegant epistles, in order to intimidate Lady Johnstone: but that *ruse* would not avail; so, in spite, they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures! Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of Pandemonium.

“*Tuesday morning.*—You are perfectly right respecting the hot rooms here, which we all cry out against, and all find very comfortable—much more so than the cold sands and bleak neighbourhood of the sea; which looks vastly well in one of Vander Velde’s pictures hung upon crimson damask, but hideous and shocking in reality. H—— and his ‘*elle*’ (talking of parties) were last night at Cholmondeley House, but seem

not to ripen in their love. He is certainly good-humoured, and, I believe, good-hearted, so deserves a good wife; but his *cara* seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable helpmate? For me, I like not her origin, and deem many strange things to run in blood, besides madness and the Hanoverian evil.

“*Thursday*.—I verily do believe that I shall never get to the end of this small sheet of paper, so many unheard of interruptions have I had; and now I have been to Vauxhall, and caught the tooth-ache. I was of Lady E. B——m and H——’s party: very dull—the Lady giving us all a supper after our promenade—

‘Much ado was there, God wot;
She would love, but he would not.’

He ate a great deal of ice, although he did not seem to require it; and she ‘*faisoit les yeux doux*,’ enough not only to have melted all the ice which he swallowed, but his own hard heart into the bargain. The thing will not do. In the mean time, Miss Long hath become quite cruel to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Lords Killeen and Kilworth, two as simple Irishmen as ever gave birth to a bull. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for all this pother gives one a disgusting picture of human nature.”

A disgusting pictur of human nature, indeed—and isn’t he who moralises about it, and she to whom he writes, a couple of pretty heads in the same piece? Which, Mr. Yorke, is the wust, the scandler or the scandler-mongers? See what it is to be a moral man of fashn. Fust, he scrapes together all the bad stoaries about all the people of his acquentance—he goes to a ball, and laffs or snears at everybody there—he is asked to a dinner, and brings away, along with meat and wine to his heart’s content, a sour stomick, filled with nasty stories of all the people present there. He has such a

squeamish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him. And what has he got to say to his delicate female friend? Why that—

Fust. Mr. S. is going to publish indesent stoaries about Lady O——, his sister, which everybody's goin to by.

Nex. That Miss Gordon is going to be cloathed with an usband; and that all their matramonial corry-spondins is to be published too.

3. That Lord H. is goin to be married; but there's something rong, in his wife's blood.

4. Miss Long has cut Mr. Wellesley, and is gone after two Irish lords.

Wooden you phancy, now, that the author of such a letter, instead of writin about pippel of tip-top qualaty, was describin Vinegar Yard? Would you beleave that the lady he was a ritin to was a chased, modist lady of honour, and mother of a famly? *O trumpery, O morris!* as Homer says, this is a higeous pictur of manners, such as I weap to think of, as evry morl man must weap.

The above is one pritty pictur of nearly fashnable life: what follows is about famlies even higher situated than the most fashnable. Here we have the princess-regint, her daughter the Princess Sharlot, her grand-mamma the old quean, and her madjisty daughters the two princesses. If this is not high life, I don't know where it is to be found; and it's pleasing to see what affeckshn and harmny rains in such an exólted spear.

"*Sunday, 24th.*—Yesterday, the princess went to meet the Princess Charlotte at Kensington. Lady —— told me that,

when the latter arrived, she rushed up to her mother, and said, 'For God's sake, be civil to her,' meaning the Duchess of Leeds, who followed her. Lady — said she felt sorry for the latter; but when the Princess of Wales talked to her, she soon became so free and easy, that one could not have any *feeling* about her *feelings*. Princess Charlotte, I was told, was looking handsome, very pale, but her head more becomingly dressed,—that is to say, less dressed than usual. Her figure is of that full round shape which is now in its prime; but she disfigures herself by wearing her boddice so short, that she literally has no waist. Her feet are very pretty; and so are her hands and arms, and her ear, and the shape of her head. Her countenance is expressive, when she allows her passions to play upon it; and I never saw any face, with so little shade, express so many powerful and varied emotions. Lady — told me that the Princess Charlotte talked to her about her situation, and said, in a very quiet, but determined way, she *would not bear it*, and that, as soon as parliament met, she intended to come to Warwick House, and remain there; that she was also determined not to consider the Duchess of Leeds as her *governess*, but only as her *first lady*. She made many observations on other persons and subjects; and appears to be very quick, very penetrating, but imperious and wilful. There is a tone of romance, too, in her character, which will only serve to mislead her.

"She told her mother that there had been a great battle at Windsor between the queen and the prince, the former refusing to give up Miss Knight from her own person to attend on Princess Charlotte as sub-governess. But the prince-regent had gone to Windsor himself, and insisted on her doing so; and the 'old Beguin' was forced to submit, but has been ill ever since: and Sir Henry Halford declared it was a complete breaking up of her constitution—to the great delight of the two princesses, who were talking about this affair. Miss Knight was the very person they wished to have; they think they can do as they like with her. It had been ordered that the Princess Charlotte should not see her mother alone for a single moment; but the latter went into her room, stuffed a

pair of large shoes full of papers, and, having given them to her daughter, she went home. Lady —— told me every thing was written down, and sent to Mr. Brougham *next day.*”

See what dishcord will creap even into the best regulated famlies. Here are six of 'em—viz., the quean and her two daughters, her son, and his wife and daughter; and the manner in which they hate one another is a compleat puzzle.

The Prince hates { his mother.
his wife.
his daughter.

Princess Charlotte hates her father.

Princess of Wales hates her husband.

The old quean, by their squobbles, is on the pint of death; and her two jewtiful daughters are delighted at the news. What a happy, fashnabble, Christian famly! O Mr. Yorke, Mr. Yorke, if this is the way in the drawin rooms, I'm quite content to live below, in pease and charaty with all men; writin, as I am now, in my pantry, or els havin a quite game at cards in the servants-all. With *us* there's no bitter, wicked, quarling of this sort. *We* don't hate our children, or bully our mothers, or wish em ded when they're sick, as this Dairy-woman says kings and queans do. When we're writing to our friends or sweethearts, *we* don't fill our letters with nasty stoaries, takin away the carrier of our fellow-servants, as this maid of honour's amusin, moral, frend does. But, in coarse, it's not for us to judge of our betters;—these great people are a supearur race, and we can't comprehend their ways.

Do you recklect—it's twenty years ago now—how

a bewtiffle princess died in givin both to a poar baby, and how the whole nation of Hengland wep, as though it was one man, over that sweet woman and child, in which were sentered the hopes of every one of us, and of which each was as proud as of his own wife or infnt? Do you recklect how pore fellows spent their last shillin to buy a black crape for their hats, and clergymen cried in the pulpit, and the whole country through was no better than a great dismal funeral? Do you recklect, Mr. Yorke, who was the person that we all took on so about? We called her the Princiss Sharlot of Wales; and we valyoud a single drop of her blood more than the whole heartless body of her father. Well, we looked up to her as a kind of saint or angle, and blest God (such foolish loyal English pippel as we ware in those days) who had sent this sweet lady to rule over us. But, Heaven bless you! it was only souperstition. She was no better than she should be, as it turns out—or at least the Dairy-maid says so—no better?—if my daughters or yours was $\frac{1}{2}$ so bad, we'd as leaf be dead ourselves, and they hanged. But listen to this pritty charitable storry, and a truce to reflexshuns:—

“*Sunday, January 9, 1814.*—Yesterday, according to appointment, I went to Princess Charlotte. Found at Warwick House the harp-player Dizzi; was asked to remain and listen to his performance, but was talked to during the whole time, which completely prevented all possibility of listening to the music. The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter were in the room, but left it soon. Next arrived Miss Knight, who remained all the time I was there. Princess Charlotte was very gracious—showed me all her *bonny dyes*, as B—— would have called them—pictures, and cases, and jewels, &c. She talked in a very desultory way, and it would be difficult to say of

what. She observed her mother was in very low spirits. I asked her how she supposed she could be otherwise? This *questioning* answer saves a great deal of trouble, and serves two purposes—*i. e.* avoids committing oneself, or giving offence by silence. There was hung in the apartment one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of D—— I asked Miss Knight whom it represented. She said that was not known; it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender, when young. This answer suited my thoughts so comically I could have laughed, if one ever did at courts any thing but the contrary of what one was inclined to do.

“Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance—a play of features, and a force of muscle, rarely seen in connection with such soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful; but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother’s: in short, it is the very picture of her, and *not in miniature*. I could not help analyzing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more of them than I did of her. Why was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person, set in the shade of circumstances and of years? It is that youth, and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed for interested calculations, what effect must not the same causes produce on the generality of mankind?

“In the course of the conversation, the Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done on *isinglass*, and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency. It was, I thought, a pretty enough conceit, though rather like dressing up a doll. ‘Ah!’ said Miss Knight, ‘I am not content though, madam—for I yet

should have liked one more dress—that of the favourite Sultana.’

“‘No, no!’ said the princess, ‘I never was a favourite, and never can be one,’—looking at a picture which she said was her father’s, but which I do not believe was done for the Regent any more than for me, but represented a young man in a husar’s dress—probably a former favourite.

“The Princess Charlotte seemed much hurt at the little notice that was taken of her birthday. After keeping me for two hours and a half she dismissed me; and I am sure I could not say what she said, except that it was an *olio* of *déc.usus* and heterogeneous things, partaking of the characteristics of her mother, grafted on a younger scion. I dined *tête-à-tête* with my dear old aunt: hers is always a sweet and soothing society to me.”

There’s a pleasing, lady-like, moral extrack for you! An innocent young thing of fifteen has picturs of *two* lovers in her room, and expex a good number more. This dellygate young creature *edges* in a good deal of *tumdedy* (I can’t find it in Johnson’s Dixionary), and would have *gone on with the thing* (ellygence of languidge), if the dairy-lady would have let her.

Now, to tell you the truth, Mr. Yorke, I doant believe a single syllible of this story. This lady of honner says, in the fust place, that the princess would have talked a good deal of *tumdedy*: which means, I suppose, indeasnsy, if she, the lady of honner *would have let her*. This *is* a good one! Why, she lets every body else talk tumdedy to their hearts’ content; she lets her friends *write* tumdedy, and, after keeping it for a quarter of a sentry, she *prints* it. Why, then, be so squeamish about *hearing* a little! And, then, there’s the stoary of the two portricks. This woman has the hon-

ner to be received in the frendlyest manner by a British princess; and what does the grateful loyal creature do? 2 picturs of the princess's relations are hanging in her room, and the dairy-woman swears away the poor young princess's carrickter, by swearing they are picturs of her *lovers*. For shame, oh, for shame! you slanderin backbitin, dairy-woman you! If you told all them things to your “dear old aunt,” on going to dine with her, you must have have had very “sweet and soothing society,” indeed.

I had marked out many moar extrax, witch I intended to write about; but I think I have said enough about this Dairy: in fack, the butler, and the gals in the servants' hall, are not well pleased that I should go on readin this naughty book; so we'll have no more of it, only one passidge about Pollytics, witch is sertnly quite new:—

“No one was so likely to be able to defeat Bonaparte as the Crown Prince, from the intimate knowledge he possessed of his character. Bernadotte was also instigated against Bonaparte by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave the Crown Prince both information and advice how to act. This was no less a person than Madame de Stael. It was not, as some have asserted, *that she was in love with Bernadotte*; for, at the time of their intimacy, *Madame de Stael was in love with Rocca*. But she used her influence (which was not small) with the Crown Prince, to make him fight against Bonaparte, and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. Bernadotte has raised the flame of liberty, which seems fortunately to blaze all around. May it liberate Europe; and from the ashes of the laurel may olive branches spring up, and overshadow the earth!”

There's a discovery! that the overthrow of Boney-part is owing to *Madame de Stael!* What nonsence for Colonel Southey, or Doctor Napier, to write histories of the war with that Capsican hupstart and murderer, when here we have the whole affair explained by the lady of honour!

"*Sunday, April 10, 1814.*—The incidents which take place every hour are miraculous. Bonaparte is deposed, but alive; subdued, but allowed to choose his place of residence. The island of Elba is the spot he has selected for his ignominious retreat. France is holding forth repentant arms to her banished sovereign. The Poissardes who dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold are presenting flowers to the Emperor of Russia, the restorer of their legitimate king! What a stupendous field for philosophy to expatiate in! What an endless material for thought! What humiliation to the pride of mere human greatness! How are the mighty fallen! Of all that was great in Napoleon, what remains? Despoiled of his usurped power, he sinks to insignificance. There was no moral greatness in the man. The meteor dazzled, scorched, is put out,—utterly, and for ever. But the power which rests in those who have delivered the nations from bondage, is a power that is delegated to them from Heaven; and the manner in which they have used it is a guarantee for its continuance. The Duke of Wellington has gained laurels unstained by any useless flow of blood. He has done more than conquer others—he has conquered himself: and in the midst of the blaze and flush of victory, surrounded by the homage of nations, he has not been betrayed into the commission of any act of cruelty or wanton offence. He was as cool and self-possessed under the blaze and dazzle of fame as a common man would be under the shade of his garden-tree, or by the hearth of his home. But the tyrant who kept Europe in awe is now a pitiable object for scorn to point the finger of derision at; and humanity shudders as it remembers the scourge with which this man's

ambition was permitted to devastate every home tie, and every heartfelt joy.”

And now, after this sublime passidge, as full of awful reflections and pious sentiments as those of Mrs. Cole in the play, I shall only quot one little extrack more :—

“All goes gloomily with the poor princess. Lady Charlotte Campbell told me she regrets not seeing all these curious personages; but she says, the more the princess is forsaken, the more happy she is at having offered to attend her at this time. *This is very amiable in her*, and cannot fail to be gratifying to the princess.”

So it is—wery amiable, wery kind and considrate in her, indeed. Poor Princess! how lucky you was to find a frend who loved you for your own sake, and when all the rest of the wuld turned its back kep steady to you. As for beleaving that Lady Sharlot had any hand in this book,* Heaven forbid! she is all gratitude, pure gratitude, depend upon it. *She* would not go for to blacken her old frend and patron’s carrickter, after having been so outragusly faithful to her; *she* wouldn’t do it, at no price, depend upon it. How sorry she must be that others a’nt quite so squemish, and show up in this indesent way the follies of her kind, genrus, foolish bennyfactriss!

* The “authorized” announcement, in the *John Bull* newspaper, sets this question at rest. It is declared that her ladyship is not the writer of the *Diary*.—O. Y.

FORING PARTS.

It was a singular proof of my master's modesty, that though he had won this handsome sum of Mr. Dawkins, and was inclined to be as extravagant and ostentatious as any man I ever seed, yet, when he determined on going to Paris, he didn't let a single friend know of all them winnings of his, didn't acquaint my Lord Crabs, his father, that he was about to leave his native shoars—neigh, didn't even so much as call together his tradesmen, and pay off their little bills before his departure.

On the contrary, "Chawles," said he to me, "stick a piece of paper on my door," which is the way that lawyers do, and write 'Back at seven' upon it." Back at seven I wrote, and stuck it on our outer oak. And so mistearus was Deuceace about his continental tour (to all except me), that when the landriss brought him her account for the last month (amountain, at the very least, to 2*l.* 10*s.*), master told her to leave it till Monday mornin, when it should be properly settled. It's extrodny how ickonomical a man becomes, when he's got five thousand lbs. in his pocket.

Back at 7 indeed! At 7 we were a roalin on the Dover Road, in the Reglator Coach—master inside, me out. A strange company of people there was, too, in that vehicle,—3 sailors; an Italyin, with his music-box and munky; a missionary, going to convert the

heathens in France ; 2 oppra girls (they call 'em figure-aunts), and the figure-aunts' mothers inside ; 4 Frenchmin, with gingybred caps, and mustashes, singin, chatterin, and jesticlating in the most vonderful vay. Such compliments as passed between them and the figure-aunts ! such a munchin of biskits and sippin of brandy ! such *O mong Jews*, and *O sacrrrés*, and *kill fay frwaws* ! I didn't understand their languidge at that time, so of course can't igsplain much of their conversation ; but it pleased me, nevertheless, for now I felt that I was reely going into foring parts, which, ever sins I had had any edication at all, was always my fondest wish. Heaven bless us ! thought I, if these are specimeens of all Frenchmen, what a set they must be. The pore Italyin's monky, sittin mopin and meluncolly on his box, was not halfso ugly, and seamed quite as reasonable.

Well, we arrived at Dover—Ship Hotel—weal cutlets half a ginny, glas of ale a shilling, glas of neagush, half-a-crownd, a hapn'y-worth of wax-lites four shillings, and so on. But master paid without grumling ; as long as it was for himself, he never minded the expens : and nex day we embarked in the packit for Balong sir mare—which means in French, the town of Balong sityouated on the sea. I, who had heard of foring wonders, expected this to be the fust and greatest : phansy, then, my disapintment, when we got there, to find this Balong, not sityouated on the sea, but on the *shoar*.

But, oh ! the gettin there was the bisniss. How I did wish for Pump Court agin, as we were tawsing about in the Channel ! Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion ?—"The sea, the sea, the hopen sea !" as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our

little wessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher), as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waives, black and frothy, like fresh-drawn porter, a dashin against the ribbs of our galliant bark, the keal, like a wedge, splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flaffin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the mask-head, the steward a gettin ready the basins and things, the captin proudly tredding the deck and givin orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany and the bathin-masheens disappearin in the distans—then, then I felt, for the first time, the mite, the madgistry of existence. “Yellowplush, my boy,” said I, in a dialog with myself, “your life is now about to commens—your carear, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious—forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games—throw off your childish habbits with your inky clerk's jackit—throw up your ——”

* * * * *

Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the fust place singlar, in the nex place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had come upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and I now found myself in a sityouation which Dellixy for Bids me to discribe. Suffis to say, that now I dixcovered what basins was made for—that for many, many hours, I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers tramplink over my body—the panes of purgertory going on inside.

When we'd been about four hours in this sityouation (it seam'd to me four ears), the steward comes to that part of the deck where we servants were all huddled up together, and calls out, "Charles!"

"Well," says I, gurgling out a faint "yes, what's the matter?"

"You're wanted."

"Where?"

"Your master's wery ill," says he with a grin.

"Master be hanged!" says I, turning round more miserable than ever. I woodn't have moved that day for twenty thousand masters—no, not for the Empror of Russia or the Pop of Room.

Well, to cut this sad subjick short, many and many a voyitch have I sins had upon what Shakespur calls "the wasty dip," but never such a retched one as that from Dover to Balong, in the year Anna Domino 1818. Steamers were scarce in those days; and our journey was made in a smack. At last, when I was in such a stage of despere and exostion as reely to phansy myself at Death's doar, we got to the end of our journey. Late in the evening we hailed the Gaelic shoars, and hankered in the arbour of Balong sir Mare.

It was the entrans of Parrowdice to me and master; and as we entered the calm water, and saw the comfrable lights gleaming in the houses, and felt the roal of the vessel degreasing, never was two mortials gladder, I warrant, than we were. At length our capting drew up at the key, and our journey was down. But such a bustle and clatter, such jabbering, snch shrieking and swaring, such wollies of oafs and axicrations as saluted us on landing, I never knew! We were boarded,

in the fust place, by customhouse officers in cock-hats, who seased our luggitch, and called for our passpots: then a crowd of inn-waiters came, tumbling and screaming, on deck—"Dis way, sare," cries one; "Hotel Meurice," says another; "Hotel de Bang," screeches another chap—the tower of Bayble was nothink to it. The fust thing that struck me on landing was a big fellow with ear-rings, who very nigh knock me down, in wrenching master's carpet-bag out of my hand, as I was carrying it to the hotell. But we got to it safe at last; and, for the fust time in my life, I slep in a foring country.

I shan't describe this town of Balong, which, as it has been visited by not less (on an avaridge) than two milliuns of English since I fust saw it twenty years ago, is tolrabbly well known already. It's a dingy, melumcolly place, to my mind: the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down 'em. As for wooden shoes, I saw few of 'em; and for frogs, upon my honour, I never see a single Frenchman swallow one, which I had been led to beleave was their reglar, though beastly, custom. One thing which amazed me was the singlar name which they give to this town of Balong. It's divided, as every boddy knows, into an upper town (sityouate on a mounting, and surrounded by a wall, or *bullyvar*), and a lower town, which is on the level of the sea. Well, will it be believed that they call the upper town the *Hot Veal*, and the other the *Base Veal*, which is, on the contry, genrally good in France, though the beaf it must be confest, is exscrabble.

It was in the Base Veal that Deuceace took his lodgian, at the Hotel de Bang, in a very crooked street called the Rue del Ascaw; and if he'd been the

Archbishop of Devonshire, or the Duke of Canterbury, he could not have given himself greater hairs, I can tell you. Nothink was too fine for us now; we had a sweet of rooms on the first floor, which belonged to the prime minister of France (at least the landlord said they were the *premier's*); and the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace, who had not paid his landriss, and came to Dover in a coach, seamed now to think that goold was too vulgar for him, and a carridge and six would break down with a man of his weight. Shampang flew about like ginger-pop, besides bordo, clarit, burgundy, burgong, and other wines, and all the delixes of the Balong kitchins. We stopped a fortnit at this dull place, and did nothing from morning to night excep walk on the beach, and watch the ships going in and out of arber; with one of them long, sliding opra-glasses, which they call, I don't know why, tallow-scoops. Our amusements for the fortnit we stopt here were both numerous and daliteful; nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say. In the morning before breakfast, we both walked on the Peer; master in a blue mareen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry; both provided with long sliding opra-glasses, called as I said (I don't know Y, but I spose it's a scientafick term) tallow-scoops. With these we igsamined, very attentively, the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbles, the dead cats, the fishwimmin, and the waives (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumbling over I and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry firmy*.

After brexfast, down we went again (that is, master

on his beat, and me on mine,—for my place in this for-
ing town was a complete *shiny cure*), and puttin our
tally-scoops again in our eyes, we egsamined a little
more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on ; and this
lasted till dinner, and dinner till bed-time, and bed-time
lasted till nex day, when came brexfast, and dinner, and
tally-scooping, as befoar. This is the way with all peo-
ple of this town, of which, as I've heard say, there is ten
thousand happy English, who lead this plesnt life from
year's end to year's end.

Besides this, there's billiards and gambling for the
gentlemen, a little dancing for the gals, and scandle for
the dowyers. In none of these amusements did we
partake. We were a *little* too good to play crown pints
at cards, and never get paid when we won ; or to go
dangling after the portionless gals, or amuse ourselves
with slops and penny-wist along with the old ladies.
No, no ; my master was a man of fortun now, and be-
hayved himself as sich. If ever he condysended to go
into the public room of the Hotel de Bang—the French
(doubtless for reasons best known to themselves) call
this a sallymanjy—he swoar more and lowder than any
one there ; he abyoused the waiters, the wittles, the
wines. With his glas in his i, he staired at every body.
He took always the place before the fire. He talked
about “My carridge,” “My currier,” “My servant ;”
and he did wright. I've always found through life,
that if you wish to be respected by English people, you
must be insalent to them, especially if you're a sprig of
nobillaty. We *like* being insulted by noablemen,—it
shows they're familiar with us. Law bless us ! I've
known many and many a genlmn about town who'd

rather be kicked by a lord than not be noticed by him; they've even had an aw of *me*, because I was a lord's footman. While my master was hectoring in the parlor, at Balong, pretious airs I gave myself in the kitching, I can tell you; and the consequents was, that we were better served, and moar liked, than many pippel with twice our merrit.

Deuceace had some particklar plans, no doubt, which kep him so long at Balong; and it clearly was his wish to act the man of fortune there for a little time before he tried the character of Paris. He purchased a carridge, he hired a currier, he rigged me in a fine new livry blazin with lace, and he past through the Balong bank a thousand pounds of the money he had won from Dawkins, to his credit at a Paris house; showing the Balong bankers at the same time, that he'd plenty moar in his potfolie. This was killin two birds with one stone; the bankers' clerks spread the nuse over the town, and in a day after master had paid the money every old dowyger in Balong had looked out the Crab's family podigree in the Peeridge, and was quite intimate with the Deuceace name and estates. If Sattn himself were a Lord, I do beleave there's many vurtuous English mothers would be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Now, though my master had thought fitt to leave town without excommunicating with his father on the subject of his intended continental tripe, as soon as he was settled at Balong he roat my lord Crabbs a letter, of which I happen to have a copy. It run thus:—

Boulogne, January 25.

My dear Father,—I have long, in the course of my

legal studies, found the necessity of a knowledge of French, in which language all the early history of our profession is written, and have determined to take a little relaxation from chamber reading, which has seriously injured my health. If my modest finances can bear a two months' journey, and a residence at Paris, I propose to remain there that period.

"Will you have the kindness to send me a letter of introduction to Lord Bobtail, our ambassador? My name, and your old friendship with him, I know would secure me a reception at his house; but a pressing letter from yourself would at once be more courteous, and more effectual.

"May I also ask you for my last quarter's salary? I am not an expensive man, my dear father, as you know; but we are no chameleons, and fifty pounds (with my little earnings in my profession) would vastly add to the *agrémens* of my continental excursion.

"Present my love to all my brothers and sisters. Ah! how I wish the hard portion of a younger son had not been mine, and that I could live without the dire necessity for labour, happy among the rural scenes of my childhood, and in the society of my dear sisters and you! Heaven bless you, dearest father, and all those beloved ones now dwelling under the dear old roof at Sizes.

"Ever your affectionate son.

"ALGERNON.

"*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, &c.*

"*Sizes Court, Bucks.*"

To this affectshnat letter his lordship replied, by return of poast, as follos :

“My dear Algernon,—Your letter came safe to hand, and I enclose you the letter for Lord Bobtail as you desire. He is a kind man, and has one of the best cooks in Europe.

“We were all charmed with your warm remembrances of us, not having seen you for seven years. We cannot but be pleased at the family affection which, in spite of time and absence, still clings so fondly to home. It is a sad, selfish world, and very few who have entered it can afford to keep those fresh feelings which you have, my dear son.

“May you long retain them, is a fond father’s earnest prayer. Be sure, dear Algernon, that they will be through life your greatest comfort, as well as your best worldly ally ; consoling you in misfortune, cheering you in depression, aiding and inspiring you to exertion and success.

“I am sorry, truly sorry, that my account at Coutts’s is so low, just now, as to render a payment of your allowance for the present impossible. I see by my book that I owe you now nine quarters, or 450*l*. Depend on it, my dear boy, that they shall be faithfully paid over to you on the first opportunity.

“By the way, I have enclosed some extracts from the newspapers, which may interest you : and have received a very strange letter from a Mr. Blewitt, about a play transaction, which, I suppose, is the case alluded to in these prints. He says you won 4700*l*. from one Dawkins ; that the lad paid it ; that he, Blewitt, was to go what he calls ‘snacks’ in the winning ; but that you refused to share the booty. How can you, my dear boy, quarrel with these vulgar people, or lay yourself in

any way open to their attacks? I have played myself a good deal, and there is no man living who can accuse me of a doubtful act. You should either have shot this Blewitt or paid him. Now, as the matter stands, it is too late to do the former; and, perhaps, it would be Quixotic to perform the latter. My dearest boy! recollect through life that *you never can afford to be dishonest with a rogue*. Two thousand four hundred pounds was a great *coup* to be sure.

“As you are now in such high feather, can you, dearest Algernon! lend me five hundred pounds? Upon my soul and honour, I will repay you. Your brothers and sisters send you their love. I need not add, that you have always the blessings of your affectionate father.

“CRABS.

“P. S.—Make it 550, and I will give you my note of hand for a thousand.”

* * * * *

I neadnt say, that this did not *quite* enter into Deuceace’s eyedeers. Lend his father 500 pound, indeed! He’d as soon have lent him a box on the year! In the fust place, he hadn seen old Crabs for seven years, as that nobleman remarked in his epistol; in the secknd, he hated him, and they hated each other; and nex, if master had loved his father ever so much, he loved somebody else better—his father’s son, namely: and, sooner than deprive that exlent young man of a penny, he’d have sean all the fathers in the world hangin at Newgat, and all the “beloved ones.” as he

called his sisters, the Lady Deuceacisses, so many convix at Bottomy Bay.

The newspaper parrografs showed that, however secret *we* wished to keep the play transaction, the public know it now full well. Blewitt, as I found after, was the author of the libles which appeared, right and left :

“GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE: the *Honorable* Mr. De—c—ce again!—This celebrated whist-player has turned his accomplishments to some profit. On Friday, the 16th January, he won five thousand pounds from a *very* young gentleman, Th—m—s Sm—th D—wk—ns, Esq., and lost two thousand five hundred to R. Bl—w—tt, Esq., of the T—mple. Mr. D. very honourably paid the sum lost by him to the honourable whist-player, but we have not heard that, *before his sudden trip to Paris*, Mr. D—uc—ce paid *his* losings to Mr. Bl—w—tt.”

Nex came a “Notice to Corryspondents :”

“Fair Play asks us, if we know of the gambling doings of the notorious Deuceace? We answer, WE DO; and, in our very next Number, propose to make some of them public.”

* * * * *

They didn't appear, however; but, on the contry, the very same newspepper, which had been before so abusiff of Deuceace, was now loud in his praise. It said :

“A paragraph was inadvertently admitted into our paper of last week, most unjustly assailing the character of a gentleman of high birth and talents, the son of the exemplary E—rl of Cr—bs. We repel, with scorn and indignation, the dastardly falsehoods of the malignant slanderer who villified Mr. De—ce—ce, and beg to offer that gentleman the only reparation in our power for having thus tampered with his unsullied

name. We disbelieve the *ruffian* and *his story*, and most sincerely regret that such a tale, or *such a writer*, should ever have been brought forward to the readers of this paper."

This was satisfactory, and no mistake; and much pleased we were at the denial of this conshentious editor. So much pleased, that master sent him a ten-pound noat, and his complymints. He'd sent another to the same address, *before* this parrowgraff was printed; *why*, I can't think: for I woodnt suppose any thing musnary in a littery man.

Well, after this bisniss was concluded, the currier hired, the carridge smartened a little, and me set up in my new livries, we bade ajew to Bulong in the grandest state posbill. What a figger we cut! and, my i, what a figger the postillion cut! A cock-hat, a jackit made out of a cow's skin (it was in cold weather), a pig-tale about 3 fit in lenth, and a pare of boots! Oh, sich a pare! A bishop might almost have preached out of one, or a modrat-sized famly slep in it. Me and Mr. Schwigschnaps, the currier, sate behind, in the rumbill; master aloan in the inside, as grand as a Turk, and rapt up in his fine fir-cloak. Off we sett, bowing gracefly to the crowd; the harniss-bells jinglin, the great white hosses snortin, kickin, and squeelin, and the postillium cracking his wip, as loud as if he'd been drivin her majesty the quean.

* * * * *

Well, I shant describe our voyitch. We passed sefral sitties, willitches, and metrappolishes; sleeping the fust night at Amiens, witch, as every boddy knows, is famous ever since the year 1802 for what's called the

Pease of Amiens. We had some, very good, done with sugar and brown sos, in the Amiens way. But, after all the boasting about them, I think I like our marrow-phats better.

Speaking of wedgytables, another singler axdent happened here concerning them. Master, who was brexfasting before going away, told me to go and get him his fur travling-shoes. I went and toald the waiter of the inn, who stared, grinned (as these chaps always do), said "*Bong*" (which means, very well), and presently came back.

I'm blest if he didn't bring master a plate of cabbitch! Would you bleave it, that now, in the nineteenth sentry, when they say there's schoolmasters abroad, these stewpid French jackasses are so extonishingly ignorant as to call a *cabbidge* a *shoo!* Never, never let it be said, after this, that these benighted, souperstitious, misrabbble *savidges*, are equill, in any respex, to the great Brittish people! The moor I travvle, the moor I see the world, and other natiums, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the retchid ignorance of the rest of Yourup.

* * * * *

My remark on Parris you shall have by an early opportunity. Me and Deauceace played some curious pranx there, I can tell you.

MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO BUNDLES OF HAY.

LEFTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE GRIFFIN, K. C. B., was about seventy-five years old when he left this life, and the East India army, of which he was a distinguished ornament. Sir George's first appearance in Injar was in the character of a cabbingsboy to a vessel; from which he rose to be clerk to the owners at Calcutta, from which he became all of a sudden a captaining in the Company's service; and so rose and rose, until he rose to be a lieutenant-general, when he stopped rising all together—hopping the twigg of this life, as drummers, generals, dustmen, and emperors, must do.

Sir George did not leave any mal hair to perpetuate the name of Griffin. A widow of about twenty-seven, and a daughter avaritching twenty-three, was left behind to deploar his loss, and share his proppaty. On old Sir George's deth, his intresting widdo and orfan, who had both been with him in Injer, returned home --tried London for a few months, did not like it, and resolved on a trip to Paris, where very small London people become very great ones, if they've money, as these Griffinses had. The intelligent reader kneed not

be told that Miss Griffin was not the daughter of Lady Griffin; for though marritches are made tolrabbly early in Injer, people are not quite so precoashoos as all that: the fact is, Lady G. was Sir George's second wife. I need scarcely add, that Miss Matilda Griffin was the offspring of his fust marritch.

Miss Leonora Kicksey, a ansum, lively Islington gal, taken out to Calcutta, and, amongst his other goods, very comfortably disposed of by her uncle, Capting Kicksey, was one-and-twenty when she married Sir George at seventy-one; and the 13 Miss Kickseys, nine of whom kep a school at Islington (the other 4 being married variously in the city), were not a little envious of my lady's luck, and not a little proud of their relationship to her. One of 'em, Miss Jemima Kicksey, the oldest, and by no means the least ugly of the sett, was staying with her ladyship, and gev me all the par-tecklars. Of the rest of the famly, being of a lo sort, I in course no nothink; *my* acquaintance, thank my stars, don't lie among them, or the likes of them.

Well, this Miss Jemima lived with her younger and more fortnat sister, in the qualaty of companion, or todody. Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave, as lead the life she did! Every body in the house despised her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the tea, she whipped the chocklate, she cleaned the Canary birds, and gev out the linning for the wash. She was my lady's walking pocket, or ryttycule; and fetched and carried her handkercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spaniel. All night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills (nobody

ever thought of asking *her* to dance!); when Miss Griffing sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, reglarly unwell in a carridge, she never got any thing but the back seat. Poar Jemima! I can see her now in my lady's *secknd-best* old clothes (the ladies-maids always got the prime leavings): a liloc sattn gown, crumpled, blotched, and greasy; a pair of white sattn shoes, of the colour of Inger rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartifishl flowers run to sead, and a bird of Parrowdice perched on the top of it, melumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in his unfortunate tail.

Besides this ornymnt to their saloon, Lady and Miss Griffin kep a number of other servants in the kitching; 2 ladies-maids; 2 footmin, six feet high each, crimson coats, goold knots, and white cassymear panty-loons; a coachmin to match; a page: and a Shassure, a kind of servant only known among forriners, and who looks more like a major-general than any other mortal, wearing a cock-hat, a unicorn covered with silver lace, mustashos, eplets, and a sword by his side. All these to wait upon two ladies; not counting a host of the fair six, such as cooks, scullion, housekeepers, and so forth.

My Lady Griffin's lodging was at forty pound a week, in a grand sweet of rooms in the Plas Vandome at Paris. And, having thus described their house, and their servants' hall, I may give a few words of description concerning the ladies themselves.

In the fust place, and in coarse, they hated each

other. My lady was twenty-seven—a widdo of two years—fat, fair, and rosy. A slow, quiet, cold-looking woman, as those fair-haired gals generally are, it seemed difficult to rouse her either into likes or dislikes; to the former, at least. She never loved any body but *one*, and that was herself. She hated, in her calm, quiet way, almost every one else who came near her—every one, from her neighbour the duke, who had slighted her at dinner, down to John the footman, who had torn a hole in her train. I think this woman's heart was like one of them lithographic stones, you *can't rub out any thing* when once it's drawn or wrote on it; nor could you out of her ladyship's stone—heart, I mean—in the shape of an affront, a slight, or real or phansied injury. She boar an exlent, irreproachable character, against which the tongue of scandale never wagged. She was allowed to be the best wife posbill—and so she was; but she killed her old husband in two years, as dead as ever Mr. Thurtell killed Mr. William Weare. She never got into a passion, not she—she never said a rude word; but she'd a genius—a genius which many women have—of making *a hell* of a house, and tort'ring the poor creatures of her family, until they were wellnigh drove mad.

Miss Matilda Griffin was a good deal uglier, and about as amiable as her mother-in-law. She was crooked, and squinted; my lady, to do her justice, was straight, and looked the same way with her i's. She was dark, and my lady was fair—sentimental, as her ladyship was cold. My lady was never in a passion—Miss Matilda always; and awfille were the scenes

which used to pass between these 2 women, and the wickid, wickid quarls which took place. Why did they live together? There was the mistry. Not related, and hating each other like pison, it would surely have been easier to remain seprat, and so have detested each other at a distans.

As for the fortune which old Sir George had left, that, it was clear, was very considrable—300 thow-snd lb. at the least, as I have heard say. But nobody knew how it was disposed of. Some said that her ladyship was sole mistriss of it, others that it was divid-ed, others that she had only a life inkum, and that the money was all to go (as was natral) to Miss Matilda. These are subjix which are not, praps, very interesting to the British public; but were mighty important to my master, the Honrable Algernon Percy Deuceace, esquire, barrister-at-law, etsettler, etsettler.

For I've forgot to inform you that my master was very intimat in this house; and that we were now comfortably settled at the Hotel Mirabew (pronounced Marobo in French), in the Rew delly Pay, at Paris. We had our cab, and two riding horses; our banker's book, and a thousand pound for a balants at Lafitt's; our club at the corner of the Rew Gramong; our share of a box at the oppras; our apartments, spacious and elygant; our swarries at court; our dinners at his exlency Lord Bobtail's and elsewhere. Thanks to poar Dawkins's five thousand pound, we were as complete gentlemen as any in Paris.

Now my master, like a wise man as he was, seaing himself at the head of a smart sum of money, and in a country where his debts could not bother him, deter-

mined to give up for the presnt every think like gambling—at least, high play; as for losing or winning a ralow of Napoleuuns at whist or ecarty, it did not matter: it looks like money to do such things, and gives a kind of respectabillaty. “But as for play, he wouldn’t—O no! not for worlds!—do such a thing.” He *had* played, like other young men of fashn and won and lost [old fox! he didn’t say he had *paid*]; but he had given up the amusement, and was now determined, he said, to live on his inkun.” The fact is, my master was doing his very best to act the respectable man: and a very good game it is, too; but it requires a precious great roag to play it.

He made his appearans reglar at church—me carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer-book and Bible, with the psalms and lessons marked out with red ribbings; and you’d have thought, as I graivly laid the volloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before survice began, that such a pious, proper, morl, young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyger at my Lord Bobtail’s turned up the wights of their i’s when they spoke of him, and vowed they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and, oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortnatty, most of them were poar; and love and a cottidge was not quite in master’s way of thinking

Well, about this time my Lady Griffin and Miss G. maid their appearants at Parris, and master, who was

up to snough, very soon changed his noat. He sate near them at chapple, and sung hims with my lady: he danced with 'em at the embassy balls; he road with them in the Boy de Balong and the Shandleasies (which is the French High Park); he roat potry in Miss Griffin's halbim, and sang jewets along with her and Lady Griffin; he brought sweat-meats for the puddle-dog; he gave money to the footmin, kisis and gloves to the sniggering ladies-maids; he was sivvle even to poar Miss Kicksey; there wasn't a single soal at the Griffinses that didn't adoar this good young man.

The ladies, if they hated befoar, you may be sure detested each other now wuss than ever. There had been always a jallowy between them; miss jellows of her mother-in-law's bewty; madam of miss's espre: miss taunting my lady about the school at Islington, and my lady snearing at miss for her squint and her crookid back. And now came a stronger caws. They both fell in love with Mr. Deuceace—my lady, that is to say, as much as she could, with her cold selfish temper. She liked Deuceace, who amused her and made her laff. She liked his manners, his riding, and his good loox; and, being a *pervinew* herself, had a dubble respect for real aristocratick flesh and blood. Miss's love, on the contry, was all flams and fury. She'd always been at this work from the time she had been at school, where she very nigh run away with a French master; next with a footman (which I may say, in confidence, is by no means unnatral or unusyouall, as I *could shew if I liked*); and so had been going on sins fifteen. She reglarly flung herself at Deuceace's head—such sighing, crying, and ogling, I never see Often

was I ready to bust out laffin, as I brought master skoars of rose-coloured *billydoos*, folded up like cock-hats, and smellin like barber's shops, which this very tender young lady used to address to him. Now, though master was a scoundrill, and no mistake, he was a gentlemint, and a man of good breeding; and miss *came a little too strong* (pardon the vulgarity of the xpression) with her hardor and attachmint, for one of his taste. Besides, she had a crookid spine, and a squint; so that (supposing their fortns tolrabbly equal) Deuceace reely preferred tne mother-in-law.

Now, then, it was his bisniss to find out which had the most money. With an English famly this would have been easy: a look at a will at Doctor Commons's would settle the matter at once. But this India naybob's will was at Calcutty, or some outlandish place; and there was no getting sight of a copy of it. I will do Mr. Algernon Deuceace the justass to say, that he was so little musnary in his love for Lady Griffin, that he would have married her gladly, even if she had ten thousand pounds less than Miss Matilda. In the mean time, his plan was to keep 'em both in play, until he could strike the best fish of the two—not a difficult matter for a man of his genus; besides, Miss was hooked for certain.

CHAPTER II.

“HONOUR THY FATHER.”

I SAID that my master was adoared by every person in my Lady Griffin's establishmint. I should have said

by every person excep one,—a young French gnlmn, that is, who, before our appearants, had been mighty particklar with my lady, ockupying by her side exackly the same pasition, which the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace now held. It was bewtiffle and headifying to see how coolly that young nobleman kicked the poar Shevalliay de L'Orge out of his shoes, and how gracefully he himself stept into 'em. Munseer de L'Orge was a smart young French jentleman, of about my master's age and good looks, but not possest of $\frac{1}{2}$ my master's impidince. Not that that quallaty is uncommon in France; but few, very few, had it to such a degree as my exlent employer, Mr. Deuceace. Besides De L'Orge was reglarly and reely in love with Lady Griffin, and master only pretending: he had, of coars, an advantitch, which the poar Frenchman never could git. He was all smiles and gaty, while Delorge was ockward and melumcolly. My master had said twenty pretty things to Lady Griffin, befor the shevalier had finished smoothing his hat, staring at her, and sighing fit to bust his weskit. O luv, luv! *This* is'nt the way to win a woman, or my name's not Fitzroy Yellowplush! Myself, when I begun my carear among the fair six, I was always sighing and moping, like this poar Frenchman. What was the consquints? The foar fust women I adoared lafft at me, and left me for somethink more lively. With the rest I have edopted a diffrent game, and with tolrabble suxess, I can tell you. But this is eggatism, which I aboar.

Well, the long and the short of it is, that Munseer Ferdinand Hyppolite Xavier Stanislas, Shevalier de L'Orge, was reglar cut out by Munseer Algernon Percy

Deuceace, Exquire. Poar Ferdinand did not leave the house—he had'nt the heart to do that—nor had my lady the desire to dismiss him. He was usefle in a thousand diffrent ways, gitting oppra boxes, and invitations to French swarries, bying gloves, and O de Colong, writing French noats, and such like. Always let me recommend an English famly, going to Paris, to have at least one young man of the sort about them. Never mind how old your ladyship is, he will make love to you ; never mind what errints you send him upon, he'll trot off and do them. Besides, he's always quite and well-dresst, and never drinx moar than a pint of wine at dinner, which (as I say) is a pint to consider. Such a conveniants of a man was Munseer de L'Orge—the greatest use and comfort to my lady posbill ; if it was but to laff at his bad pronunciatium of English, it was somethink amusink : the fun was to pit him against poar Miss Kicksey, she speakin French, and he our naytif British tong.

My master, to do him justace, was perfickly sivvle to this poar young Frenchman ; and, having kicked him out of the place which he occupied, sertingly treated his fallen anymy with every respect and consideration. Poar modist down-hearted little Ferdinand adoared my lady as a goddice ; and so he was very polite, likewise, to my master—never ventring once to be jellows of him, or to question my Lady Griffin's right to change her lover, if she choase to do so.

Thus, then, matters stood ; master had two strinx to his bo, and might take either the widdo or the orfn, as he preferred : *com bong lwee somblay*, as the French say His only pint was to discover how the money was dis-

posed off, which evidently belonged to one or other, or both. At any rate, he was sure of one; as sure as any mortal man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttu excep unsertaty.

* * * * *

A very unixpected insdint here took place, which in a good deal changed my master's calkylations.

One night, after conducting the two ladies to the oppra, after suppink of white soop, sammy-deperdrow, and shampang glassy (which means, eyced), at their house in the Plas Vandom, me and master droav hoam in the cab, as happy as possbill.

“Chawls, you d—d scoundrel,” says he to me (for he was in an exlent humer), “when I’m marrid, I’ll dubbil your wagis.”

This he might do, to be sure, without injaring himself, seeing that he had as yet never paid me any. But, what then? Law bless us! things would be at a pretty pass if we suvvants only lived on our *wagis*; our puckwisits is the thing, and no mistake.

I ixprest my gratatude as best I could; swear that it wasnt for wagis I served him—that I would as leaf weight upon him for nothink; and that never, never, so long as I livd, would I, of my own acord, part from such an exlent master. By the time these two spitches had been made—my spitch and his—we arrived at the Hotel Mirabeu; which, as every body knows, aint very distant from the Plas Vandome. Up we marched to our apartmince, me carrying the light and the cloax, master hummink a hair out of the oppra, as merry as a lark.

I opened the door of our salong. There was lights

alrea.ly in the room ; an empty shampang bottle roaling on the floar, another on the table ; near which the sofy was drawn, and on it lay a stout old genlmn, smoaking seagars as if he'd bean in an inn tap-room.

Deuceace (who abommanates seagars, as I've already shewn) bust into a furious raige against the genlmn, whom he could hardly see for the smoak ; and, with a number of oaves quite unnecessary to repeat, asked him what bisniss he'd there.

The smoakin chap rose, and, laying down his seagar, began a ror of laffin, and said, "What Algy ! my boy ! don't you know me ?"

The reader may, praps, recklect a very affecting letter which was published in the last chapter of these memoars ; in which the writer requested a loan of five hundred pound from Mr. Algernon Deuceace, and which boar the respected signatur of the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Deuceace's own father. It was that distinguished arastycrat who was now smokin and laffin in our room.

My Lord Crabs was, as I preshumed, about 60 years old. A stowt, burly, red-faced, bald-headed nobleman, whose nose seemed blushing at what his mouth was continually swallowing ; whose hand, praps, trembled a little ; and whose thy and legg was not quite so full or as stedly as they had been in former days. But he was a respecktabble, fine-looking, old nobleman ; and though, it must be confest, $\frac{1}{2}$ drunk when we fust made our appearance in the salong, yet by no means moor so than a reel noblemin ought to be.

"What, Algy ! my boy !" shouts out his lordship, advancing and seasing master by the hand, "doan't you know your own father ?"

Master seemed anythink but overhappy. "My lord," says he, looking very pail, and speakin rayther slow, "I didn't—I confess—the unexpected pleasure—of seein you in Paris. The fact is, sir," said he, recovering himself a little; "the fact is, there was such a confounded smoke of tobacco in the room, that I really could not see who the stranger was who had paid me such an unexpected visit."

"A bad habit, Algernon; a bad habit," said my lord, lighting another segar: "a disgusting and filthy practice, which you, my dear child, will do well to avoid. It is at best, dear Algernon, but a nasty, idle pastime, unfitting a man as well for mental exertion as for respectable society; sacrificing, at once, the vigour of the intellect and the graces of the person. By the by, what infernal bad tobacco they have, too, in this hotel. Could not you send your servant to get me a few segars at the Café de Paris? Give him a five-franc piece, and let him go at once, that's a good fellow."

Here his lordship hiccuped, and drank off a fresh tumbler of shampang. Very sulkily, master drew out the coin, and sent me on the errand.

Knowing the Café de Paris to be shut at that hour, I didn't say a word, but quietly establisht myself in the anteroom; where, as it happened by a singler coinst-dints, I could hear every word of the conversation between this exlent pair of relatifs.

"Help yourself, and get another bottle," says my lord, after a sollum paw. My poar master, the king of all other compnies in which he moved, seamed here but to play seeknd fiddill, and went to the cubbard, from

which his father had already igstracted two bottils of his prime Sillary.

He put it down before his father, coft, spit, opened the windows, stirred the fire, yawned, clapt his hand to his forehead, and suttlnly seamed as uneezy as a genlman could be. But it was of no use; the old one would not budg. "Help yourself," says he again, "and pass me the bottil."

"You are very good, father," says master; "but really, I neither drink nor smoke."

"Right, my boy: quite right. Talk about a good conscience in this life—a good *stomack* is everythink. No bad nights, no headachs—eh? Quite cool and collected for your law studies in the morning?—eh?" And the old nobleman here grinned, in a manner which would have done credit to Mr. Grimoldi.

Master sate pale and wincing, as I've seen a pore soldier under the cat. He didn't anser a word. His exlent pa went on, warming as he continued to speak, and drinking a fresh glas at evry full stop.

"How you must improve, with such talents and such principles! Why, Algernon, all London talks of your industry and perseverance: You're not merely a philosopher, man; hang it! you've got the philosopher's stone. Fine rooms, fine horses, champagne, and all for 200 a-year!"

"I presume, sir," says my master, "that you mean the two hundred a-year which *you* pay me?"

"The very sum, my boy; the very sum!" cries my lord, laffin as if he would die. "Why, that's the wonder! I never pay the two hundred a-year, and you keep all this state up upon nothing. Give me your se-

cret, O you young Trismegistus! Tell your old father how such wonders can be worked, and I will—yes, then, upon my word, I will—pay you your two hundred a-year!”

“*Enfin*, my lord,” says Mr. Deuceace, starting up, and losing all patience, “will you have the goodness to tell me what this visit means? You leave me to starve, for all you care; and you grow mighty facetious because I earn my bread. You find me in prosperity, and——”

“Precisely, my boy; precisely. Keep your temper, and pass that bottle. I find you in prosperity; and a young gentleman of your genius and acquirements asks me why I seek your society? Oh, Algernon! Algernon! this is not worthy of such a profound philosopher.

Why do I seek you? Why, because you *are* in prosperity, O my son! else, why the devil should I bother myself about you? Did I, your poor mother, or your family, ever get from you a single affectionate feeling? Did we, or any other of your friends or intimates, ever know you to be guilty of a single honest or generous action? Did we ever pretend any love for you, or you for us? Algernon Deuceace, you don't want a father to tell you that you are a swindler and a spendthrift! I have paid thousands for the debts of yourself and your brothers; and, if you pay nobody else, I am determined you shall repay me. You would not do it by fair means, when I wrote to you and asked you for a loan of money. I knew you would not. Had I written again to warn you of my coming, you would have given me the slip; and so I came, uninvited, to *force* you to

repay me. *That's* why I am here, Mr. Algernon; and so, help yourself and pass the bottle."

After this speech, the old genl'mn sunk down on the sofa, and puffed as much smoke out of his mouth as if he'd been the chimney of a steam-injlan. I was pleased, I confess, with the sean, and liked to see this venrable and virtuous old man a nocking his son about the hed; just as Deuceace had done with Mr. Richard Blewitt, as I've before shewn. Master's face was, fust, red-hot; next, hawk-white; and then, sky-blew. He looked, for all the world, like Mr. Tippy Cooke in the tragady of *Frankinstang*. At last, he mannidged to speak.

"My lord," says he, "I expected when I saw you that some such scheme was on foot. Swindler and spendthrift as I am, at least it is but a family failing; and I am indebted for my virtues to my father's precious example. Your lordship has, I perceive, added drunkenness to the list of your accomplishments; and, I suppose, under the influence of that gentlemanly excitement, has come to make these preposterous propositions to me. When you are sober, you will, perhaps, be wise enough to know, that, fool as I may be, I am not such a fool as you think me; and that if I have got money, I intend to keep it—every farthing of it, though you were to be ten times as drunk, and ten times as threatening, as you are now."

"Well, well, my boy," said Lord Crabs, who seemed to have been half-asleep during his son's oratium, and received all his snears and surcasms with the most complete good-humour; "well, well, if you will resist—*tant pis pour toi*—I've no desire to ruin you, recollect, and am not in the slightest degree angry; but I must

and will have a thousand pounds. You had better give me the money at once; it will cost you more if you don't."

"Sir," says Mr. Deuceace, "I will be equally candid. I would not give you a farthing to save you from——"

Here I thought proper to open the door, and, touching my hat, said, "I have been to the Café de Paris, my lord, but the house is shut."

"*Bon*: there's a good lad; you may keep the five francs. And now, get me a candle and shew me down stairs."

But my master seized the wax taper. "Pardon me, my lord," says he. "What! a servant do it, when your son is in the room? Ah, *par exemple*, my dear father," said he, laughing, "you think there is no politeness left among us." And he led the way out.

"Good night, my dear boy," said Lord Crabs.

"God bless you, sir," says he. "Are you wrapped warm? Mind the step!"

And so this affeckshnate pair parted.

CHAPTER III.

MINEWVRING.

MASTER rose the nex morning with a dismal countinants—he seamed to think that his pa's visit boded him no good. I heard him muttering at his brexfast, and fumbling among his hundred pound notes; once he had laid a parsele of them aside (I knew what he meant), to send 'em to his father. "But, no," says he

at last, clutching them all up together again, and throwing them into his escritaw: "what harm can he do me? If he is a knave, I know another who's full as sharp. Let's see if we cannot beat him at his own weapons." With that, Mr. Deuceace drest himself in his best clothes, and marched off to the Plas Vandom, to pay his cort to the fair widdo and the intresting orfn.

It was about ten o'clock, and he proposed to the ladies, on seeing them, a number of plans for the day's rackryation. Riding in the Body Balong, going to the Twillaries to see King Looy Disweet (who was then the raining sufferin of the French crown) go to Chapple, and, finely, a dinner at 5 o'clock at the Caffy de Parry; whents they were all to ajourn, to see a new peace at the theatre of the Pot St. Martin, called *Susannar and the Elders*.

The gals agreed to every think, exsep the two last prepositiums. "We have an engagement, my dear Mr. Algernon," said my lady. "Look—a very kind letter from Lady Bobtail." And she handed over a pafewmd noat from that exolted lady. It ran thus:—

"Fbg. St. Honoré, Thursday, Feb. 15, 1817.

"My dear Lady Griffin,—It is an age since we met Harassing public duties occupy so much myself and Lord Bobtail, that we have scarce time to see our private friends; among whom, I hope, my dear Lady Griffin will allow me to rank her. Will you excuse so very unceremonious an invitation, and dine with us at the Embassy to-day? We shall be *en petit comité*, and shall have the pleasure of hearing, I hope, some of your charming daughter's singing in the evening. I ought,

perhaps, to have addressed a separate note to dear Miss Griffin; but I hope she will pardon a poor *diplomate*, who has so many letters to write, you know.

“Farewell till seven, when I *positively must* see you both. Ever, dearest Lady Griffin, your affectionate

“ELIZA BOBTAIL.”

Such a letter from the ambassdriss, brot by the ambasdor's Shassure, and sealed with his seal of arms, would affect anybody in the middling ranx of life. It droav Lady Griffin mad with delight; and, long before my master's arrivle, she'd sent Mortimer and Fitzclarence, her two footmin, along with a polite reply in the affummatiff.

Master read the noat with no such fealinx of joy. He felt that there was somethink a-going on behind the seans, and, though he could not tell how, was sure that some danger was near him. That old fox of a father of his had begun his M'Inations pretty early!

Deuceace handed back the letter; sneared, and poohd, and hinted that such an invatation was an insult at best (what he called a *pees ally*); and, the ladies might depend upon it, was only sent because Lady Bobtail wanted to fill up two spare places at her table. But Lady Griffin and miss would not have his insinuations; they knew too fu lords ever to refuse an invitatium from any one of them. Go they would; and poor Deuceace must dine alone. After they had been on their ride, and had had their other amusemence, master came back with them, chatted, and laft; he was mighty sarkastix with my lady; tender and sentrymentle

with miss ; and left them both in high sperrits to perform their twollet, before dinner.

As I came to the door (for I was as famillyer as a servnt of the house), as I came into the drawing-room to announts his cab, I saw master very quietly taking his pocket-book (*or pot-fool*, as the French call it) and thrusting it under one of the cushinx of the sofa. What game is this? thinx I.

Why, this was the game. In abowt two hours, when he knew the ladies were gon, he pretends to be vastly anxious abowt the loss of his potfolio ; and back he goes to Lady Griffinses, to seek for it there.

“Pray,” says he, on going in, “ask Miss Kicksey if I may see her for a single moment.” And down comes Miss Kicksey, quite smiling, and happy to see him.

“Law, Mr. Deuceace !” says she, trying to blush as hard as ever she could, “you quite surprise me ! I don’t know whether I ought, really, being alone, to admit a gentleman.”

“Nay, don’t say so, dear Miss Kicksey ! for do you know, I came here for a double purpose—to ask about a pocket-book which I have lost, and may, perhaps, have left here ; and then, to ask you if you will have the great goodness to pity a solitary bachelor, and give him a cup of your nice tea ?”

Nice tea ! I thot I should have split ; for, I’m blest if master had eaten a morsle of dinner !

Never mind : down to tea they sate. “Do you take cream and sugar, dear sir ?” says poar Kicksey, with a voice as tender as a tuttle-duff.

“Both, dearest Miss Kicksey !” answers master ; and

stowed in a power of sashong and muffinx which would have done honour to a washawoman.

I sha'nt describe the conversation that took place betwixt master and this young lady, The reader, praps, knows y Deuceace took the trouble to talk to her for an hour, and to swallow all her tea. He wanted to find out from her all she knew about the famly money matters, and settle at once which of the two Griffiinses he should marry.

The poor thing, of cors, was no match for such a man as my master. In a quarter of an hour, he had, if I may use the igspression, "turned her inside out." He knew every thing that she knew, and that, poar creature, was very little. There was nine thousand a-year, she had heard say, in money, in houses, in banks in Injar, and what not. Boath the ladies signed papers for selling or buying, and the money seemed equilly divided betwixt them.

Nine-thousand a-year! Deuceace went away, his cheex tingling, his art beating. He, without a penny, could nex morning, if he liked, be master of five thousand per hannum!

Yes. But how? Which had the money, the mother or the daughter? All the tea-drinking had not taught him this piece of nollidge; and Deuceace thought it a pity that he could not marry both.

* * * * *

The ladies came back at night, mightaly pleased with their reception at the ambasdor's; and, stepping out of their carridge, bid coachmin drive on with a gentleman, who had handed them out—a stout old gentleman, who shook hands most tenderly at parting,

and promised to call often upon my Lady Griffin. He was so polite, that he wanted to mount the stairs with her ladyship; but no, she would not suffer it. "Edward," says she to the coachmin, quite loud, and pleased that all the people in the hotel should hear her, "you will take the carriage, and drive *his lordship* home. Now, can you guess who his lordship was? The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, to be sure; the very old genl'mn whom I had seen on such charming terms with his son the day before. Master knew this the nex day, and began to think he had been a fool to deny his pa the thousand pound.

Now, though the suckmstausias of the dinner at the ambador's only came to my years some time after, I may as well relate 'em here, word for word, as they was told me by the very genl'mn who waited behind Lord Crabseses chair.

There was only a "*petty comity*" at dinner, as Lady Bobtail said; and my Lord Crabs was placed betwixt the two Griffinses, being mighty ellygant and palite to both. "Allow me," says he to Lady G. (between the soop and the fish), "my dear madam, to thank you—fervently thank you, for your goodness to my poor boy. Your ladyship is too young to experience, but, I am sure, far too tender not to understand the gratitude which must fill a fond parent's heart for kindness shewn to his child. Believe me," says my lord, looking her full and tenderly in the face, "that the favours you have done to another have been done equally to myself, and awaken in my bosom the same grateful and affectionate feelings with which you have already inspired my son Algernon."

Lady Griffin blusht, and droopt her head till her ringlets fell into her fish-plate; and she swallowed Lord Crabs's flumry just as she would so many musharuins. My lord (whose powers of slack-jaw was notoarious) nex addrast another spitch to Miss Griffin. He said he'd heard how Deuceace was *situated*. Miss blusht—what a happy dog he was—Miss blusht crimson, and then he sighed deeply, and began eating his turbat and lobster sos. Master was a good un at flumry; but, law bless you! he was no moar equill to the old man than a molehill is to a mounting. Before the night was over, he had made as much progress as another man would in a ear. One almost forgot his red nose and his big stomick, and his wicked leering i's, in his gentle insiniwating voice, his fund of annygoats, and, above all, the bewtifle, morl, religious, and honrable toan of his genral conversation. Praps you will say that these ladies were, for such rich pipple, mightily esaly captivated; but recklect, my dear sir, that they were fresh from Injar,—that they'd not sean many lords,—that they adoared the peeridge, as every honest woman does in England who has proper feelinx, and has read the fashnabble novvles,—and that here at Paris was their fust step into fashnabble sosiaty.

Well, after dinner, while Miss Matilda was singing "*Die tantie*," or "*Dip your chair*," or some of them sellabrated Italyian hairs (when she began this squall, hang me if she'd ever stop), my lord gets hold of Lady Griffin again, and gradgaly begins to talk to her in a very different strane.

"What a blessing it is for us all," says he, "that

Algernon has found a friend so respectable as your ladyship."

"Indeed, my lord; and why? I suppose I am not the only respectable friend that Mr. Deuceace has?"

"No, surely; not the only one he *has had*: his birth, and, permit me to say, his relationship to myself, have procured him many. But—" (here my lord heaved a very affecting and large sigh.)

"But what?" says my lady, laughing at the expression of his dismal face. "You don't mean that Mr. Deuceace has lost them or is unworthy of them?"

"I trust not, my dear madam, I trust not; but he is wild, thoughtless, extravagant, and embarrassed; and you know a man under these circumstances is not very particular as to his associates."

"Embarrassed? Good heavens! He says he has two thousand a-year left him by a godmother; and he does not seem even to spend his income—a very handsome independence, too, for a bachelor.

My lord nodded his head sadly, and said,—“Will your ladyship give me your word of honour to be secret? My son has but a thousand a-year, which I allow him, and is heavily in debt. He has played, Madam, I fear; and for this reason I am so glad to hear that he is in a respectable domestic circle, where he may learn, in the presence of far greater and purer attractions, to forget the dice-box, and the low company which has been his bane.”

My lady Griffin looked very grave indeed. Was it true? Was Deuceace sincere in his professions of love, or was he only a sharper wooing her for her money?

Could she doubt her informer? his own father, and, what's more, a real flesh and blood pear of parlyment? She determined she would try him. Praps she did not know she had liked Deuceace so much, until she kem to feel how much she should *hate* him, if she found he'd been playing her false.

The evening was over, and back they came, as we've seen,—my lord driving home in my lady's carridge, her ladyship and Miss walking up stairs to their own apartmince.

Here, for a wonder, was poar Miss Kicksy quite happy and smiling, and evidently full of a secret,—something mighty pleasant to judge from her loox. She did not long keep it. As she was making tea for the ladies (for in that house they took a cup regular before bed-time), “Well, my lady,” says she, “who do you think has been to drink tea with me?” Poar thing, a frendly face was an event in her life—a tea-party quite a hera!

“Why, perhaps, Lenoir, my maid,” says my lady, looking grave. “I wish, Miss Kicksy, you would not demean yourself by mixing with my domestics. Recollect, madam, that you are sister to Lady Griffin.”

“No, my lady, it was not Lenoir; it was a gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, too.”

“Oh, it was Monsieur de l'Orge, then,” says miss; “he promised to bring me some guitar-strings.”

“No, nor yet M. de l'Orge. He came, but was not so polite as to ask for me. What do you think of your own beau, the honorable Mr. Algernon Deuceace;” and, so saying, poar Kicksey clapped her hands together, and looked as joyfle as if she'd come into a fortin.

“Mr. Deuceace here; and why, pray?” says my lady, who recklected all that his exlent pa had been saying to her.

“Why, in the first place, he had left his pocket-book, and in the second, he wanted, he said, a dish of my nice tea, which he took, and stayed with me an hour, or moar.”

“And pray Miss Kicksey,” said Miss Matilda, quite contempshsuly, “what may have been the subject of your conversation with Mr. Algernon? Did you talk politics, or music, or fine arts, or metaphysics?” Miss M. being what was called a *blue* (as most hump-backed women in sosity are), always made a pint to speak on these grand subjects.

“No, indeed; he talked of no such awful matters. If he had, you know, Matilda, I should never have understood him. First we talked about the weather, next about muffins and crumpets. Crumpets, he said, he liked best; and then we talked (here Miss Kicksy’s voice fell about poor dear Sir George in heaven! what a good husband he was, and——”

“What a good fortune he left,—eh, Miss Kicksy?” says my lady, with a hard, snearing voice, and a diabollicle grin.

“Yes, dear Leonora, he spoke so respectfully of your blessed husband, and seemed so anxious about you and Matilda, it was quite charming to hear him, dear man!”

“And pray, Miss Kicksy, what did you tell him?”

“Oh, I told him that you and Leonora had nine thousand a-year, and ——”

“What then?”

“Why nothing; that is all I know. I am sure, I wish I had ninety,” says poor Kicksy, her eyes turning to heaven.

“Ninety fiddlesticks! Did not Mr. Deuceace ask how the money was left, and to which of us?”

“Yes; but I could not tell him.”

“I knew it!” says my lady, slapping down her teacup,—“I knew it!”

“Well!” says Miss Matilda, “and why not Lady Griffin? There is no reason you should break your teacup, because Algernon asks a harmless question. *He* is not mercenary; he is all candour, innocence, generosity! He is himself blest with a sufficient portion of the world’s goods to be content; and often and often has he told me, he hoped the woman of his choice might come to him without a penny, that he might shew the purity of his affection.”

“I’ve no doubt,” says my lady. “Perhaps the lady of his choice is Miss Matilda Griffin!” and she flung out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving Miss Matilda to bust into tears, as was her regular custom, and pour her loves and woes into the buzzom of Miss Kicksy.

CHAPTER IV.

“HITTING THE NALE ON THE HEDD.”

THE next morning, down came me and master to Lady Griffinses,—I amusing myself with the gals in the antyroom, he paying his devours to the ladies in the salong. Miss was thrumming on her gitter; my lady was before a great box of papers, busy with accounts,

bankers' books, lawyers' letters, and what not. Law bless us! it's a kind of bisniss I should like well enuff, especially when my hannual account was seven or eight thousand on the right side, like my lady's. My lady in this house kep all these matters to herself. Miss was a vast deal too sentrimentle to mind business.

Miss Matilda's eyes sparkled as master came in; she pinted gracefully to a place on the sofy beside her, which Deuceace took. My lady only looked up for a moment, smiled very kindly, and down went her head among the papers agen, as busy as a B.

"Lady Griffin has had letters from London," says miss, from nasty lawyers and people. Come here and sit by me, you naughty man, you!"

And down sat master. "Willingly," says he, "my dear Miss Griffin; why, I declare it is quite a *tête-à-tête*."

"Well," says miss (after the prillimnary flumries, in coarse), "we met a friend of yours at the embassy, Mr. Deuceace."

"My father, doubtless; he is a great friend of the ambassador, and surprised me myself by a visit the night before last."

"What a dear delightful old man! how he loves you, Mr. Deuceace!"

"Oh, amazingly!" says master, throwing his i's to heaven.

"He spoke of nothing but you, and such praises of you!"

Master breathed more freely. "He is very good, my dear father; but blind, as all fathers are, he is so partial and attached to me."

“He spoke of your being his favourite child, and regretted that you were not his eldest son. ‘I can but leave him the small portion of a younger brother,’ he said; ‘but never mind, he has talents, a noble name and an independence of his own.’

“An independence? yes, oh yes! I am quite independent of my father.”

“Two thousand pounds a-year left you by your godmother; the very same you told us you know.”

“Neither more nor less,” says master, bobbing his head; “a sufficiency, my dear Miss Griffin,—to a man of my moderate habits an ample provision.”

“By the by,” cries out Lady Griffin, interrupting the conversation, “you who are talking about money matters there, I wish you would come to the aid of poor *me*! Come, naughty boy, and help me out with this long, long sum.”

Didn't he go—that's all! My i, how his i's shone, as he skipt across the room, and seated himself by my lady!

“Look!” said she, “my agents write me over that they have received a remittance of 7200 rupees, at 2s. 9d. a rupee. Do tell me what the sum is, in pounds and shillings;” which master did with great gravity.

“Nine hundred and ninety pounds. Good; I dare say you are right. I'm sure I can't go through the fatigue to see. And now comes another question. Whose money is this, mine or Matilda's? You see it is the interest of a sum in India, which we have not had occasion to touch; and, according to the terms of poor Sir George's will, I really don't know how to dispose of the

money, except to spend it. Matilda, what shall we do with it?"

"La, ma'am, I wish you would arrange the business yourself."

"Well, then, Algernon, *you* tell me;" and she laid her hand on his, and looked him 'most pathetically in the face.

"Why," says he, "I don't know how Sir George left his money; you must let me see his will, first."

"Oh, willingly."

Master's chair seemed suddenly to have got springs in the cushns; he was obliged to *hold himself down*.

"Look here, I have only a copy, taken by my hand from Sir George's own manuscript. Soldiers, you know, do not employ lawyers much, and this was written on the night before going into action." And she read, "'I, George Griffin, &c. &c.—you know how these things begin—'being now of sane mind'—um, um, um—'leave to my friends, Thomas Abraham Hicks, a colonel in the H. E. I. Company's Service, and to John Monro Mackirkincroft (of the house of Huffle, Mackirkincroft, and Dobbs, at Calcutta), the whole of my property, to be realised as speedily as they may (consistently with the interests of the property), in trust for my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin (born L. E. Kicksy), and my only legitimate child, Matilda Griffin. The interest resulting from such property to be paid to them, share and share alike; the principal to remain untouched, in the names of the said T. A. Hicks and J. M. Mackirkincroft, until the death of my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin, when it shall be paid to my daughter, Matilda Griffin, her heirs, executors, or assigns.'"

“There,” said my lady, “we won’t read any more; all the rest is stuff. But, now you know the whole business, tell us what is to be done with the money?”

“Why, the money, unquestionably, should be divided between you.”

“*Tant mieux*, say I, I really thought it had been all Matilda’s.”

* * * * *

There was a pause for a minute or two after the will had been read. Master left the desk at which he had been seated with her ladyship, paced up and down the room for a while, and then came round to the place where Miss Matilda was seated. At last he said, in a low, trembling voice,

“I am almost sorry, my dear Lady Griffin, that you have read that will to me; for an attachment such as must seem, I fear, mercenary, when the object of it is so greatly favoured by worldly fortune. Miss Griffin—Matilda! I know I may say the word; your dear eyes grant me the permission. I need not tell you, or you, dear mother-in-law, how long, how fondly, I have adored you. My tender, my beautiful Matilda, I will not affect to say I have not read your heart ere this, and that I have not known the preference with which you have honoured me. *Speak it*, dear girl! from your own sweet lips, in the presence of an affectionate parent, utter the sentence which is to seal my happiness for life. Matilda, dearest Matilda! say, oh say, that you love me!”

Miss M. shivered, turned pale, rowled her eyes about, and fell on master’s neck, whispering hoarsely, “*I do!*”

“My lady looked at the pair for a moment with her teeth grinding, her eyes glaring, her bosom throbbing, and

her face chock white, for all the world like Madam Pasty, in the oppra of *Mydear* (when she's goin to murder her childring, you recklect), and out she flounced from the room, without a word, knocking down poar me, who happened to be very near the dor, and leaving my master along with his crook-back mistress.

I've repotted the speech he made to her pretty well. The fact is, I got it in a ruff copy, which, if any boddy likes, they may see at Mr. Fraziereses, only on the copy it's wrote, "*Lady Griffin, Leonora!*" instead of *Miss Griffin Matilda*," as in the abuff, and so on.

Master had hit the right nail on the head this time, he thought; but his adventors an't over yet.

CHAPTER V.

THE GRIFFIN'S CLAWS.

WELL, master had hit the right nail on the head this time: thanx to luck—the crooked one, to be sure, but then it had the *goold nobb*, which was the part Deuceace most valued, as well he should; being a connyshure as to the relletif valyou of pretious metals, and much preferring virging goold like this to poor old battered iron like my Lady Griffin.

And so, in spite of his father (at which old noblemin Mr. Deuceace now snapt his fingers), in spite of his detts (which, to do him Justas, had never stood much in his way), and in spite of his povatty, idleness, extravagans, swindling, and debotcheries of all kinds (which an't *generally* very favorabbe to a young man who has to make his way in the world); in spite of all, there he

was, I say, at the topp of the trea, the fewcher master of a perfect fortun, the defianced husband of a fool of a wife. What can mortal man want more? Vishns of ambishn now occupied his soal. Shooting boxes, oppra boxes, money boxes always full; hunters at Melton; a seat in the House of Commins, Heaven knows what! and not a poar footman, who only describes what he's seen, and can't in cors, pennytrate into the idears and the busms of men.

You may be shore that the three-cornerd noats came pretty thick now from the Griffinses. Miss was always a writing them befoar; and now, nite, noon, and morn-ink, breakfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out) was puffickly intolerabble from the oder of musk, amby-grease, bargymot, and other sense with which they were impregnated. Here's the contense of three on 'em, which I've kep in my dex these twenty years as skew-riosityes. Faw! I can smel 'em at this very minit, as I am copying them down.

BILLY DOO. No. I.

Monday morning, 2 o'clock.

"'Tis the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful, my soul's lord! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day? Twelve! one! two!" I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the

girlish confession,—I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your

MATILDA ?”

This was the *first* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poar footmin, Fitzclarence, at sick's o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and woak master at that extraornary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him, when he red it; he cramped it up, and he cust and swoar, applying to the lady who roat, the genlmn that brought it, and me who introjuiced it to his notice, such a collection of epitafs as I seldum hered, excep at Billinxgit. The fact is thiss, for a fust letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong, and sentymentle. But that was her way; she was always reading melancholy stoary books—Thaduse of Wawsaw, the Sorrows of Mac Whirter, and such like.

After about 6 of them, master never yoused to read them; but handid them over to me, to see if there was any think in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntses. The next letter is

“No. II.

“Beloved! to what strange madnesses will passion lead one! Lady Griffin, since your avowal yesterday, has not spoken a word to your poor Matilda; has declared that she will admit no one (heigho! not even you, my Algernon); and has locked herself in her own dressing-room. I do believe that she is *jealous*, and fancies that you were in love with *her*! Ha, ha! I could

have told her *another tale*—n'est-ce pas? Adieu, adieu, adieu! A thousand, thousand, million kisses!

“M. G.

“*Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock.*”

There was another letter kem before bedtime; for though me and master called at the Griffinses, we wairnt aloud to enter at no price. Mortimer and Fitzclarence grind at me, as much as to say we were going to be relations; but I dont spose master was very sorry when he was obleached to come back without seeing the fare object of his affeckshns.

Well, on Chewsdy there was the same game; ditto on Wensday; only, when we called there, who should we see but our father, Lord Crabs, who was waiving his hand to Miss Kicksey, and saying *he should be back to dinner at 7*, just as me and master came up the stares. There was no admittns for us though. “Bah! bah! never mind,” says my lord, taking his son affeckshnately by the hand. “What, two strings to your bow; ay, Algernon? The dowager a little jealous, miss a little lovesick. But my lady’s fit of anger will vanish, and I promise you, my boy, that you shall see your fair one to-morrow.”

And, so saying, my lord walked master down stares, looking at him as tender and affeckshnat, and speaking to him as sweet as posbill. Master did not know what to think of it. He never new what game his old father was at; only he somehow felt that he had got his head in a net, in spite of his suxess on Sunday. I knew it—I knew it quite well, as soon as I saw the old genlmn igsammin him, by a kind of smile which came over his

old face, and was somethink betwixt the angellic and the direbollicle.

But master's dowts were cleared up nex day, and every thing was bright again. At brexfast, in comes a note with inclosier, boath of witch I here copy :

“No. IX.

“*Thursday Morning.*

“Victoria, Victoria! Mamma has yielded at last; not her consent to our union, but her consent to receive you as before; and has promised to forget the past. Silly woman, how could she ever think of you as anything but the lover of your Matilda? I am in a whirl of delicious joy and passionate excitement. I have been awake all this long night, thinking of thee, my Algeron, and longing for the blissful hour of meeting.

“Come!

M. G.”

This is the inclosier from my lady :

“I will not tell you that your behaviour on Sunday did not deeply shock me. I had been foolish enough to think of other plans, and to fancy your heart (if you had any) was fixed elsewhere than on one at whose foibles you have often laughed with me, and whose person at least cannot have charmed you.

“My step-daughter will not, I presume, marry without at least going through the ceremony of asking my consent; I cannot, as yet, give it. Have I not reason to doubt whether she will be happy in trusting herself to you?

“But she is of age, and has the right to receive in

her own house all those who may be agreeable to her, —certainly you, who are likely to be one day so nearly connected with her. If I have honest reason to believe that your love for Miss Griffin is sincere; if I find in a few months that you yourself are still desirous to marry her, I can, of course, place no further obstacles in your way.

“You are welcome, then, to return to our hotel. I cannot promise to receive you as I did of old; you would despise me if I did. I can promise, however, to think no more of all that has passed between us, and yield up my own happiness for that of the daughter of my dear husband.

“L. E. G.”

Well, now, an't this a manly, straitforard letter enough, and natral from a woman whom we had, to confess the truth, treated most scuvvily? Master thought so, and went and made a tender, respectful speach to Lady Griffin (a little flumry costs nothink). Grave and sorroffe he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low adgitayted voice, calld Hevn to witness how he deplord that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnt ideer; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would accept the same, and a deal moar flumry of the kind, with dark, sollum, glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pockit hankercher.

He thought he'd made all safe. Poar fool! he was in a net—sich a net as I never yet see set to ketch a roag in.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JEWEL.

THE Shevalier de l'Orge, the young Frenchmin whom I wrote of in my last, who had been rather shy of his visits while master was coming it so very strong, now came back to his old place by the side of Lady Griffin; there was no love now, though, betwixt him and master, although the shevallier had got his lady back agin, Deuceace being compleatly devoted to his crookid Veanus.

The shevalier was a little, pale, moddist, insinifisht creature; and I shoodn't have thought, from his appearants, would have the heart to do harm to a fli, much less to stand befor such a tremendous tiger and fire-eater as my master. But I see putty well, after a week, from his manner of going on—of speakin at master, and lookin at him, and olding his lips tight when Deuceace came into the room, and glaring at him with his i's, that he hated the Honrabble Algernon Percy.

Shall I tell you why? Because my Lady Griffin hated him; hated him wuss than pison, or the devvle, or even wuss than her daughter-in law. Praps you phansy that the letter you have juss red was honest; praps you amadgin that the sean of the reading of the wil came on by mere chans, and in the reglar cors of suckmstansies: it was all a *game*, I tell you—a reglar trap; and that extrodnar clever young man, my master, as neatly put his foot into it, as ever a pocher did in fesnt preserve.

The shevalier had his q from Lady Griffin. When Deuceace went off the feald, back came De l'Orge to her feet, not a witt less tender than befor. Por fellow, por fellow! he really loved this woman. He might as well have foln in love with a boreconstructor! He was so blinded and beat by the power wich she had got over him, that if she told him black was white he'd beleave it, or if she ordered him to commit murder, he'd do it—she wanted something very like it, I can tell you.

I've already said how, in the fust part of their acquaintance, master used to laff at De l'Orge's bad English, and funny ways. The little creature had a thowsnd of these; and being small, and a Frenchman, master, in cors, looked on him with that good-humoured kind of contemp which a good Brittn ot always to show. He rayther treated him like an intelligent munky than a man, and ordered him about as if he'd bean my lady's footman.

All this munseer took in very good part, until after the quarl betwigst Master and Lady Griffin; when that lady took care to turn the tables. Whenever master and miss were not present (as I've heard the servants say), she used to laff at the shevalliay for his obeajance and sivillatty to master. "For her part, she wondered how a man of his birth could act a servnt; how any man could submit to such contemsheous behaviour from another; and then she told him how Deuceace was always snearing at him behind his back; how, in fact, he ought to hate him corjaly, and how it was suttuly time to shew his sperrit."

Well, the poar little man beleaved all this from his hart, and was angry or pleased, gentle or quarlsum,

igsactly as my lady liked. There got to be frequent rows betwixt him and master; sharp words flung at each other across the dinner-table; dispewts about handing ladies their smeling-botls, or seeing them to their carridge; or going in and out of a roam fust, or any such nonsince.

“For Hevn’s sake,” I heerd my lady, in the midl of one of these tiffs, say, pail, and the tears trembling in her i’s, “do, do be calm, Mr. Deuceace. Monsieur de l’Orge, I beseech you to forgive him. You are, both of you, so esteemed, lov’d, by members of this family, that for its peace as well as your own, you should forbear to quarrel.”

It was on the way to the Sally Mangy that this brangling had begun, and it ended jest as they were seating themselves. I shall never forgit poar little De l’Orge’s eyes, when my lady said “*both* of you.” He stair’d at my lady for a momint, turned pail, red, look’d wild, and then, going round to master, shook his hand as if he would have wrung it off. Mr. Deuceace only bowd and grind, and turned away quite stately; miss heaved a loud O from her busm, and lookd up in his face with an igspreshn, jest as if she could have eat him up with love; and the little shevalliay sate down to his soop-plate, and wus so happy, that I’m blest if he wasn’t crying! He thought the widdow had made her declyraton, and would have him; and so thought Deuceace, who lookd at her for some time mighty bitter and contempshus, and then fell a talking with miss.

Now, though master didn’t choose to marry for Lady Griffin, as he might have done, he yet thought fit to be very angry at the notion of her marrying any

body else; and so, consquintly, was in a fewry at this confision which she had made regarding her parshaleaty for the French shevaleer.

And this I've perseaved in the cors of my expearants through life, that when you vex him, a roag's no longer a roag; you find him out at onst when he's in a passion, for he shows, as it ware, his cloven foot the very instnt you tread on it. At least, this is what *young* roags do; it requires very cool blood and long practis to get over this pint, and not to show your pashn when you feel it, and snarl when you are angry. Old Crabs wouldn't do it; being like another noblemin, of whom I heard the Duke of Wellington say, while waiting behind his graci's chair, that if you were kicking him from behind, no one standing before him wuld know it, from the bewtifle smiling igspreshn of his face. Young Master hadn't got so far in the thief's grammer, and, when he was angry, showd it. And it's also to be remarked (a very profownd observatin for a footmin, but we have it's though we *do* wear plush britchis), it's to be remarked, I say, that one of these chaps is much sooner maid angry than another, because honest men yield to other people, roags never do; honest men love other people, roags only themselves; and the slightest thing which comes in the way of thir beloved objects sets them fewrious. Master hadn't led a life of gambling, swindling, and every kind of debotch to be good tempered at the end of it, I prommis you.

He was in a pashun, and when he *was* in a pashn, a more insalent, insuffrable, overbearing broot, didn't live.

This was the very pint to which my lady wished to

bring him; for I must tell you, that though she had been trying all her might to set master and the shevalliy by the years, she had suxcaded only so far as to make them hate each profowndly; but somehow or other, the 2 cox woudnt *fight*.

I doan't think Deuceace ever suspected any game on the part of her ladyship, for she carried it on so admirally, that the quarls which daily took place betwist him and the Frenchman never seemed to come from her; on the contry, she acted as the reglar pease-maker between them, as I've just shown in the tiff which took place at the door of the Sally Mangy. Besides, the 2 young men, thoagh reddy enough to snarl, were natrally unwilling to cum to bloes. I'll tell you why: being friends, and idle, they spent their mornins as young fashnabbles genrally do, at billiads, fensing, riding, pistle-shooting, or some such improoving study. In billiads, master beat the Frenchmn hollow (and had won a pretious sight of money from him, but that's neither here nor there, or, as the French say, *ontry noo*); at pistle shooting, master could knock down eight immidges out of ten, and De l'Orge seven; and in fensing, the Frenchman could pink the Honorable Algernon down evry one of his weskit buttns. They'd each of them been out more than onst, for every Frenchman will fight, and master had been obleag'd to do so in the cors of his bisniss; and knowing each other's curridg, as well as the fact that either could put a hundrid bolls running into a hat at 30 yards, they wairn't *very* willing to try such exparrymence upon their own hats with their own heads in them. So you see they kep quiet, and only grould at each other.

But to-day, Deuceace was in one of his thundering black humers; and when in this way he woodnt stop for man or devvle. I said that he walked away from the shevalliay, who had given him his hand in his sudden bust of of joyfle good-humour, and who, I do bleave, would have hugd a she-bear, so very happy was he. Master walked away from him pale and hotty, and, taking his seat at table, no moor mindid the brandishments of Miss Griffin, but only replied to them with a pshaw, or a dam at one of us servnts, or abuse of the soop, or the wine; cussing and swearing like a trooper, and not like a wel-bred son of a noble British peer.

“Will your ladyship,” says he, slivering off the wing of a *pully ally bashymall*, “allow me to help you?”

“I thank you! no; but I will trouble Monsieur de l’Orge.” And towards that gnlnn she turned, with a most tender and fasnating smile.

“Your ladyship has taken a very sudden admiration for Mr. de l’Orge’s carving. You used to like mine once.”

“You are very skilful; but to-day, if you will allow me, I will partake of something a little simpler.”

The Frenchman helped; and, being so happy, in cors, spilt the gravy. A great blob of brown sos spurted on to master’s chick, and myandrewd down his shert collar and virging-white weskit.

“Confound you!” says he, “M. de l’Orge, you have done this on purpose.” And down went his knife and fork, over went his tumbler of wine, a deal of it into poar Miss Griffinses lap, who looked fritened and ready to cry.

My lady bust into a fit of laffin, peel upon peel, as if it was the best joak in the world. De l'Orge giggled and grind too. "*Pardong*," says he; "*meal pardong, mong share munseer.*"* And he looked as if he would have done it again for a penny.

The little Frenchman was quite in exstasis; he found himself all of a suddn at the very top of the trea; and the laff for onst turned against his rivle, he actially had the ordassaty to propose to my lady in English to take a glass of wine.

"Veal you," says he, in his jargin, "take a glas of Madére viz me, mi ladi?" And he looked round, as if he'd igsackly hit the English manner and pronuncia-tion.

"With the greatest pleasure," says Lady G., most graciously nodding at him, and gazing at him as she drank up the wine. She'd réfused master befor, and *this* didn't increase his good humer.

Well, they went on, master snarling, snapping, and swearing, making himself, I must confess, as much of a blaggard as any I ever see; and my lady employing her time betwigst him and the shevalliay, doing every think to irritate master, and flatter the Frenchmn. Desert came; and by this time, miss was stock-still with fright, the chevaleer half tipsy with pleasure and grata-fied vannaty. My lady puffickly raygent with smiles, and master bloo with rage.

"Mr. Deuceace," says my lady, in a most winning voice, after a little chaffing (in which she only worked

* In the long dialogues, we have generally ventured to change the peculiar spelling of our friend, Mr. Yellowplush.

him up moar aud moar), "may I trouble you for a few of those grapes? they look delicious."

For answer, master seas'd hold of the grayp dish, and sent it sliding down the table to De l'Orge; uspssetting, in his way, fruit-plates, glasses, dickanters, and Heaven knows what.

"Monsieur de l'Orge," says he, shouting out at the top of his voice, "have the goodness to help Lady Griffin. She wanted *my* grapes long ago, and has found out they are sour!"

* * * * *

There was a dead paws of a moment or so.

* * * * *

"*Ah!*" says my lady, "*vous osez m'insulter, devant mes gens, dans ma propre maison—c'est par trop fort, monsieur.*" And up she got, and flung out of the room. Miss followed her, screeching out, "Mamma—for God's sake—Lady Griffin!" and here the door slammed on the pair.

Her ladyship did very well to speak French. *De l'Orge would not have understood her else*; as it was he heard quite enough; and as the door clikt too, in the presents of me, and Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarance, the family footmen, he walks round to my master, and hits him a slap on the face, and says, "*Prends ça, menteur et lâche!*" Which means, "Take that, you liar and coward!"—rayther strong igspreshns for one genlmn to use to another.

Master staggered back, and looked bewildered; and then he gave a kind of a scream, and then he made a run at the Frenchman, and then me and Mortimer

flung ourselves upon him, whilst Fitzclarence embraced the shevalliy.

“*A demain!*” says he, clinching his little fist, and walking away, not very sorry to git off.

When he was fairly down stares, we let go of master; who swallowed a goblit of water, and then pawsing a little, and pulling out his pus, he presented to Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence a luydor each. “I will give you five more to-morrow,” says he, “if you will promise to keep this secret.”

And then he walked into the ladies. “If you knew,” says he, going up to Lady Griffin, and speaking very slow (in cors we were all at the keyhole), “the pain I have endured in the last minute, in consequence of the rudeness and insolence of which I have been guilty to your ladyship, you would think my own remorse was punishment sufficient, and would grant me pardon.”

My lady bowed, and said she didn’t wish for explanations. Mr. Deuceace was her daughter’s guest, and not hers; but she certainly would never demean herself by sitting again at table with him. And so saying, out she boltid again.

“Oh! Algernon! Algernon!” says miss, in tears, “what is this dreadful mystery—these fearful, shocking quarrels? Tell me, has anything happened? Where, where is the chevalier?”

Master smiled, and said, “Be under no alarm, my sweetest Matilda. De l’Orge did not understand a word of the dispute; he was too much in love for that. He is but gone away for half an hour, I believe; and will return to coffee.”

I knew what master's game was, for if miss had got a hinkling of the quarrel betwixt him and the Frenchman, we should have had her screaming at the Hotel Mirabeu, and the juice and all to pay. He only stopt for a few minuits, and cumfitted her, and then drove off to his friend, Captain Bullseye, of the Rifles; with whom I spose, he talked over this unplesnt bisniss. We fownd, at our hotel, a note from De l'Orge, saying where his seeknd was to be seen.

Two mornings after there was a parrowgraf in *Gallynanny's Messinger*, which I hear beg leaf to transcribe:—

“*Fearful Duel.*—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a meeting took place, in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Hon. A. P. D—ce—ce, a younger son of the Earl of Cr—bs, and the Chevalier de l'O—. The chevalier was attended by Major de M—, of the Royal Guard, and the Hon. Mr. D— by Captain B—lls—ye, of the British Rifle Corps. As far as we have been able to learn the particulars of this deplorable affair, the dispute originated in the house of a lovely lady (one of the most brilliant ornaments of our embassy), and the duel took place on the morning ensuing.

“The chevalier (the challenged party, and the most accomplished amateur swordsman in Paris) waived his right of choosing the weapons, and the combat took place with pistols.

“The combatants were placed at forty paces, with directions to advance to a barrier which separated them only eight paces. Each was furnished with two pistols. Monsieur de l'O— fired almost immediately, and the ball took effect in the left wrist of his antagonist, who dropped the pistol which he held in that hand. He fired, however, directly with his right, and the chevalier fell to the ground, we fear mortally wounded. A ball has entered above his hip-joint, and there is very little hope that he can recover.

“We have heard that the cause of this desperate duel was a blow, which the chevalier ventured to give to the Hon. Mr. D. If so, there is some reason for the unusual and determined manner in which the duel was fought.

“Mr. Deu—a—e returned to his hotel; whither his excellent father, the Right Hon. Earl of Cr—bs, immediately hastened on hearing of the sad news, and is now bestowing on his son the most affectionate parental attention. The news only reached his lordship yesterday at noon, while at breakfast with his excellency, Lord Bobtail, our ambassador. The noble earl fainted on receiving the intelligence; but, in spite of the shock to his own nerves and health, persisted in passing last night by the couch of his son.”

And so he did. “This is a sad business, Charles,” says my lord to me, after seeing his son, and settling himself down in our salong. “Have you any segars in the house? And, hark ye, send me up a bottle of wine and some luncheon. I can certainly not leave the neighbourhood of my dear boy.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSQUINSIES.

THE shevalliay did not die, for the ball came out of it's own accord, in the midst of a violent fever and inflam-ayshn which was brot on by the wound. He was kept in bed for 6 weeks though, and did not recover for a long time after.

As for master, his lot, I'm sorry to say, was wuss than that of his advisary. Inflammation came on too; and, to make an ugly story short, they were obliged to take off his hand at the rist.

He bore it, in cors, like a Trojin, and in a month he too was well, and his wound heel'd; but I never see a man look so like a devvle as he used sometimes, when he looked down at the stump!

To be sure, in Miss Griffinses eyes, this only indeered him the mor. She sent twenty noats a-day to ask for him, calling him her beloved, her unfortnat, her hero, her wictim, and I dono what. I've kep some of the noats as I tell you, and curiously sentimentle they are, beating the sorrows of Mac Whirter all to nothink.

Old Crabs used to come offen, and consumed a power of wine and seagars at our house. I bleave he was at Paris because there was an exycution in his own house in England; and his son was a sure find (as they say) during his illness, and couldn't deny himself to the old genlmm. His eveninx my lord spent reglar at Lady Griffin's, where, as master was ill, I didn't go any more now, and where the shevalier wasn't there to disturb him.

"You see how that woman hates you, Deuceace," says my lord, one day, in a fit of cander, after they had been talking about Lady Griffin: "*she has not done with you yet*, I tell you fairly."

"Curse her," says master, in a fury, lifting up his maim'd arm—"curse her, but I will be even with her one day. I am sure of Matilda: I took care to put that beyond the reach of a failure. The girl must marry me for her own sake."

"*For her own sake!* O ho! Good, good!" My lord lifted his i's, and said, gravely, "I understand, my dear boy: it is an excellent plan."

"Well," says master, grinning fearcely and know-

ingly at his exlent old father, "as the girl is safe, what harm can I fear from the fiend of a stepmother?"

My lord only gev a long whizzle, and, soon after, taking up his hat, walked off. I saw him sawnter down the Plas Vandome, and go in quite calmly to the old door of Lady Griffinses hotel. Bless his old face! such a puffickly good-natured, kind hearted, merry, selfish old scoundril, I never shall see again.

His lordship was quite right in saying to master that "Lady Griffin hadn't done with him." No moar she had. But she never would have thought of the nex game she was going to play, *if somebody hadn't put her up to it*. Who did? If you red the above passidge, and saw how a venrable old genlmm took his hat, and sauntered down the Plas Vandome (looking hard and kind at all the nussary-maids—*buns* they call them in France—in the way), I leave you to guess who was the author of the nex skeam: a woman, suttnly, never would have pitcht on it.

In the fuss payper which I wrote concerning Mr. Deuceace's adventers, and his kind behayviour to Messers Dawkins and Blewitt, I had the honor of laying before the public a skidewl of my masters detts, in witch was the following itim:

"Bills of xchange and I.O.U's., 4963*l*. 0*s*. 0*d*."

The I.O.U.se were trifling, say a thowsnd pound. The bills amountid to four thowsnd moar.

Now, the lor is in France, that if a genlmm gives these in England, and a French genlmm gits them in any way, he can pursew the Englishman who has drawn

them, even though he should be in France. Master did not know this fact—laboring under a very common mistake, that, when onst out of England, he might wissle at all the debts he left behind him.

My Lady Griffin sent over to her slissators in London, who made arrangemints with the persons who possest the fine collection of ortografs on stampt paper which master had left behind him ; and they were glad enuff to take any oppertunity of getting back their money.

One fine morning, as I was looking about in the court-yard of our hotel, talking to the servant gals, as was my reglar custom, in order to improve myself in the French languidge, one of them comes up to me and says, “Tenez, Monsieur Charles, down below in the office there is a bailiff, with a couple of gendarmes, who is asking for your master—*a-t-il des dettes par hasard ?*”

I was struck all of a heap—the truth flasht on my mind’s hi. “Toinette,” says I, for that was the gal’s name—“Toinette,” says I, giving her a kiss, “keep them for two minnits, as you valyou my affeckshn ;” and then I gave her another kiss, and ran up stares to our chambers. Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt ; it was lucky for him that he had the strength to move. “Sir, sir,” says I, “the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life.”

“Bailiffs,” says he : “nonsense ! I don’t, thank Heaven, owe a shilling to any man.”

“Stuff, sir,” says I, forgetting my respeck ; “don’t you owe money in England ? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment.”

As I spoke, cling cling, ling ling, goes the bell of the anty-shamber, and there they were sure enough!

What was to be done? Quick as lightning, I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the dor.

There they were—the bailiff—two jondarms with him—Toinette, and an old waiter. When Toinette sees master, she smiles, and says: “Dis donc, Charles! où est, donc, ton maitre? Chez lui, n'est-ce pas? C'est le jeune homme à monsieur,” says she, curtsying to the bailiff.

The old waiter was just a going to blurt out, “Mais ce n'est pas!” when Toinette stops him, and says, “Laissez donc passer ces messieurs, vieux bête;” and in they walk, the 2 jon d'arms taking their post in the hall.

Master throws open the salong doar very gravely, and, touching *my* hat, says, “Have you any orders about the cab, sir?”

“Why, no, Chawls,” says I; “I shan't drive out to-day.”

The old bailiff grinned, for he understood English (having had plenty of English customers), and says in French, as master goes out, “I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, *au nom de la loi*, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques François Lebrun, of Paris;” and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them sure enough.

“Take a chair, sir,” says I; and down he sits; and

I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad accident, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busm, and so on.

At last, after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect somethink. "Hola!" says he; "gendarmes! à moi! à moi! Je suis floué, volé," which means, in English, that he was regular sold.

The jondarmes jumped into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my armchare, I took my hand from my dressing-gownd, and, flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs ever seen.

I then panted myjestically—to what do you think? —to my PLUSH TITES! those sellabrated inigspressables which have rendered me faymous in Yourope.

Taking the hint, the jondarmes and the servnts rodd out laffing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF MR. DEUCEACE'S HISTORY. LIMBO.

MY tail is droring rabidly to a close: my suvvice with Mr. Deuceace didn't continyou very long after the last chapter, in which I described my admiral strattyjam, and my singlar self-devocean. There's very few servnts,

I can tell you, who'd have thought of such a contrivance, and very few moar would have eggsycuted it when thought of.

But, after all, beyond the trifling advantich to myself in selling master's roab de sham, which you, gentle reader, may remember I woar, and in dixcovering a fipun note in one of the pockets,—beyond this, I say, there was to poar master very little advantitch in what had been done. It's true he had escaped. Very good. But Frans is not like Great Britttn; a man in a livry coat, with 1 arm, is pretty easly known, and caught, too, as I can tell you.

Such was the case with master. He coodn leave Paris, moarover, if he would. What was to become, in that case, of his bride—his unchbacked hairis? He know that young lady's *temprimong* (as the Parishers say) too well to let her long out of his site. She had nine thousand a-yer. She'd been in love a duzn times befor, and mite be agin. The Honrabble Algernon Deuceace was a little too wide awake to trust much to the constnsy of so very inflammable a young creacher. Heavn bless us, it was a marycle she wasn't earlier married! I do bleave (from suttu seans that past be-twigst us) that she'd have married me, if she hadn't been sejuiced by the supearor rank and indianuity of the genlmn in whose survace I was.

Well, to use a commin igspreshn, the beaks were after him. How was he to manitch? He coodn get away from his debts, and he wooden quit the fare object of his affeckshns. He was ableejd, then, as the French say, to lie per dew,—going out at night, like a howl-out of a hivy-bush, and returning in the daytime to his

roast. For its a maxum in France (and I wood it were followed in England), that after dark no man is libble for his detts; and in any of the royal gardens—the Twil-laries, the Pally Roil, or the Lucksimbug, for example—a man may wander from sunrise to evening, and hear nothing of the ojus dunns: they an't admitted into these places of public enjyment and rondyvoo any more than dogs; the centuries at the garden gate having orders to shuit all such.

Master, then, was in this uncomfrable situation—neither liking to go nor to stay; peeping out at nights to have an interview with his miss; -ableagd to shuffle off her repeated questions as to the reason of all this disguise, and to talk of his two thowsnd a-year, jest as if he had it, and didn't owe a shilling in the world.

Of course, now, he began to grow mighty eager for the marritch.

He roat as many noats as she had done befor; swear against delay and cerymony; talked of the pleasures of Hyming, the ardship that the ardor of two arts should be allowed to igspire, the folly of waiting for the consent of Lady Griffin. She was but a step-mother, and an unkind one. Miss was (he said) a major, might marry whom she liked; and suttnly had paid Lady G. quite as much attention as she ought, by paying her the compliment to ask her at all.

And so they went on. The curious thing was, that when master was pressed about his cause for not coming out till night-time, he was misterus; and Miss Griffin, when asked why she wooden marry, igsprest, or rather, *didn't* igspress, a similar secrasy. Wasn't it hard? the

cup seemed to be at the lip of both of 'em, and yet somehow, they could not manitch to take a drink.

But one morning, in reply to a most desprat epistol wrote by my master over night, Deuceace, delighted, gits an answer from his soal's beluffid, which ran thus :

“MISS GRIFFIN TO THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE.

“Dearest,—You say you would share a cottage with me ; there is no need, luckily, for that ! You plead the sad sinking of your spirits at our delayed union. Beloved, do you think *my* heart rejoices at our separation ? You bid me disregard the refusal of Lady Griffin, and tell me that I owe her no further duty.

“Adored Algernon ! I can refuse you no more. I was willing not to lose a single chance of reconciliation with this unnatural stepmother. Respect for the memory of my sainted father bid me do all in my power to gain her consent to my union with you ; nay, shall I own it, prudence dictated the measure ; for to whom should she leave the share of money accorded to her by my father's will but to my father's child.

“But there are bounds beyond which no forbearance can go ; and, thank Heaven, we have no need of looking to Lady Griffin for sordid wealth : we have a competency without her. Is it not so, dearest Algernon ?

“Be it as you wish, then, dearest, bravest, and best. Your poor Matilda has yielded to you her heart long ago ; she has no longer need to keep back her name. Name the hour, and I will delay no more ; but seek for refuge in your arms from the contumely and insult which meet me ever here.

“MATILDA.

“P. S. O, Algernon! if you did but know what a noble part your dear father has acted throughout, in doing his best endeavours to further our plans, and to soften Lady Griffin! It is not *his* fault that she is inexorable as she is. I send you a note sent by her to Lord Crabs; we will laugh at it soon, *n'est ce pas?*”

II.

“My Lord,—In reply to your demand for Miss Griffin’s hand, in favour of your son, Mr. Algernon Deuceace, I can only repeat what I before have been under the necessity of stating to you,—that I do not believe a union with a person of Mr. Deuceace’s character would conduce to my step-daughter’s happiness, and therefore *refuse my consent*. I will beg you to communicate the contents of this note to Mr. Deuceace; and implore you no more to touch upon a subject which you must be aware is deeply painful to me.

“I remain your lordship’s most humble servant,

L. E. GRIFFIN.

“*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs.*”

“Hang her ladyship!” says my master, “what care I for it?” As for the old lord who’d bean so afishous in his kindniss and advice, master recknsiled that pretty well, with thinking that his lordship knew he was going to marry ten thousand a-year, and igpected to get some share of it; for he roat back the following letter to his father, as well as a flaming one to miss:

“Thank you, my dear father, for your kindness in

that awkward business. You know how painfully I am situated just now, and can pretty well guess *both the causes* of my disquiet. A marriage with my beloved Matilda will make me the happiest of men. The dear girl consents, and laughs at the foolish pretensions of her mother-in-law. To tell you the truth, I wonder she yielded to them so long. Carry your kindness a step further, and find for us a parson, a licence, and make us two into one. We are both major, you know; so that the ceremony of a guardian's consent is unnecessary.

“Your affectionate

“ALGERNON DEUCEACE.

“How I regret that difference between us some time back! Matters are changed now, and shall be more still *after the marriage.*”

I knew what my master meant,—that he would give the the old lord the money after he was married; and as it was probable that miss would see the letter he roat, he made it such as not to let her see two clearly in to his presnt uncomfrable situation.

I took this letter along with the tender one for miss, reading both of 'em, in course, by the way. Miss, on getting hers, gave an inegspressable look with the white of her i's, kist the letter, and prest it to her busm. Lord Crabs read his quite calm, and then they fell a talking together; and told me to wait awhile, and I should git an anser.

After a deal of counseltation, my lord brought out a card, and there was simply written on it,

*To-morrow, at the Ambassador's,
at Twelve.*

“Carry that back to your master, Chawls,” says he, “and bid him not to fail.”

You may be sure I stept back to him pretty quick, and gave him the card and the messinge. Master looked sattasfied with both; but suttnly not over happy; no man is the day before his marridge; much more his marridge with a hump-back, Harriss though she be.

Well, as he was a going to depart this bachelor life, he did what every man in such suckmstansies ought to do; he made his will,—that is, he made a dispasion of his property, and wrote letters to his creditors telling them of his lucky chance; and that after his marriage he would sutnly pay them every stiver. *Before*, they must know his povvaty well enough to be sure that paymint was out of the question.

To do him justas, he seam'd to be inclined to do the thing that was right, now that it didn't put him to any inkinvenients to do so.

“Chawls,” says he, handing me over a tenpun note, “Here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs: when you are married, you shall be my valet out of liv'ry, and I'll treble your salary.”

His vallit! praps his butler! Yes, thought I, here's a chance—a vallit to ten thousand a-year. Nothing to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my

wiskers grow ; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day ; muffings every night in the house-keeper's room ; the pick of the gals in the servnts' hall ; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppra bone reglar once a-week. *I* knew what a vallit was as well as any genlmm in service ; and this I can tell you, he's genrally a hapier, idler, hundsomer, mor genlmnly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genlmm *will* leave their silver in their weskit pockets ; more suxess among the gals ; as good dinners, and as good wine—that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in corse they will be if they know which way their interest lies.

But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang*. It wasn't roat in the book of fate that I was to be Mr. Deuceace's vallit.

Days will pass at last—even days befor a wedding, (the longist and unpleasantist day in the whole of a man's life, I can tell you, excep, may be, the day before his hanging) ; and at length Aroarer dawned on the suspicious morning which was to unite in the bonds of Hyming the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire, and Miss Matilda Griffin. My master's wardrobe wasn't so rich as it had been ; for he'd left the whole of his nicknax and trumpry of dressing cases and rob dy shams, his bewtifle museum of varnished boots, his curous colleckshn of Stulz and Staub coats when he had been ableaged to quit so sudnly our pore dear lodginx at the Hotel Mirabew ; and, being incog at a friend's house, had contentid himself with ordring a couple of shoots of cloves from a common tailor, with a suffi-slant quantaty of linning.

Well, he put on the best of his coats—a blue; and I thought it my duty to ask him whether he'd want his frock again; and he was good natured and said, "Take it and be hanged to you." And half-past eleven o'clock came, and I was sent to look out at the door, if there were any suspicious charicters (a precious good nose I have to find a bailiff out, I can tell you, and an i which will almost see one round a corner); and presnly a very modest green glass-coach droave up, and in master stopt. I didn't, in corse, appear on the box; because, being known, my appearints might have compromised master. But I took a short cut, and walked as quick as posbil down to the Rue de Foburg St. Honoré, where his exlnsy the English ambasdor lives, and where marridges are always performed betwigt English folk at Paris.

* * * * *

There is, almost nex door to the ambasdor's hotel, another hotel, of that lo kind which the French call cab-byrays, or wine houses; and jest as master's green glass-coach pulled up, another coach drove off, out of which came two ladies, whom I knew pretty well,—suffiz, that one had a humpback, and the ingenious reader well knew why *she* came there; the other was poor Miss Kicksey, who came see her turned off.

Well, masters glass-coach droav up jest as I got within a few yards of the door; our carridge, I say, droav up, and stopt. Down gits coachmin to open the door, and comes I to give Mr. Deuceace an arm, when—out of the cabaray shoot four fellows, and draw up betwigt the coach and embassy-doar; two other chaps go to the other doar of the carridge, and, opening it, one says—

“*Rendez vous, M. Deuceace ! Je vous arrête au nom de la loi !*” (which means, “Get out of that, Mr. D. ; you are nabbed, and no mistake).” Master turned gashly pail, and sprung to the other side of the coach, as if a serpint had stung him. He flung open the door, and was for making off that way ; but he saw the four chaps standing betwist libbarty and him. He slams down the front window, and screams out, “*Fouettez, cocher !*” (which means, “Go it, coachmin !”) in a despart loud voice ; but coachmin wooden go it, and besides, was off his box.

The long and short of the matter was, that jest as I came up to the door two of the bums jumped into the carridge. I saw all ; I knew my duty, and so very mornfly I got up behind.

“*Tiens,*” says one of the chaps in the street ; “*c’est ce drôle qui nous a loué l’autre jour.*” I knew ’em, but was too melumcolly to smile.

“*Où irons-nous donc ?*” says coachmin to the genlman who had got inside.

A deep voice from the intearor shouted out, in reply to the coachmin, “A SAINTE PELAGIE !”

* * * * *

And now, praps, I ot to dixcribe to you the humours of the prizn of Sainte Pelagie, which is the French for Fleat, or Queen’s Bentsh ; but on this subject I’m rather shy of writing, partly because the admiral Boz has, in the history of Mr. Pickwick, made such a dixcripshun of a prizn, that mine wooden read very amyously afterwids ; and, also, because, to tell you the truth, I didn’t stay long in it, being not in a humer to waist my igsist-

ance by passing away the ears of my youth in such a dull place.

My fust errint now was, as you may phansy, to carry a noat from master to his destined bride. The poar thing was sadly taken aback, as I can tell you, when she found, after remaining two hours at the Embassy, that her husband didn't make his appearance. And so, after staying on and on, and yet seeing no husband, she was forsed at last to trudge dishconslit home, where I was already waiting for her with a letter from my master.

There was no use now denying the fact of his arrest, and so he confest it at onst; but he made a cock-and-bull story of treachery of a friend, infamous fodgery, and Heaven knows what. However, it didn't matter much; if he had told her that he had been betrayed by the man in the moon, she would have bleavd him.

Lady Griffin never used to appear now at any of my visits. She kep one drawing-room, and Miss dined and lived alone in another; they quarld so much that praps it was best they should live apart: only my Lord Crabs used to see both, comfoting each with that winning and innsnt way he had. He came in as Miss, in tears, was lising to my account of master's seizure, and hopin that the prisn wasn't a horrid place, with a nasty horrid dunjeon, and a dreadfle jailer, and nasty horrid bread and water. Law bless us! she had borrod her ideers from the novvles she had been reading!

"O my lord, my lord," says she, "have you heard this fatal story?"

"Dearest Matilda, what? For Heaven's sake, you alarm me! What—yes—no—is it—no, it cant' be!

Speak!" says my lord, seizing me by the collar of my coat, "what has happened to my boy?"

"Please you, my lord," says I, "he's at this moment in prison, no wuss,—having been incarcerated about two hours ago."

"In prison! Algernon in prison! 'tis impossible! Imprisoned, for what sum? Mention it, and I will pay to the utmost farthing in my power."

"I'm sure your lordship is very kind," says I (recklecting the sean betwixt him and master, whom he wanted to diddil out of a thousand lb.); "and you'll be happy to hear he's only in for a trifle. Five thousand pound is, I think, pretty near the mark."

"Five thousand pounds!—confusion!" says my lord, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven, "and I have not five hundred! Dearest Matilda, how shall we help him?"

"Alas, my lord, I have but three guineas, and you know how Lady Griffin has the——"

"Yes, my sweet child, I know what you would say; but be of good cheer—Algernon, you know, has ample funds of his own."

Thinking my lord meant Dawkins's five thousand, of which, to be sure, a good lump was left, I held my tongue; but I couden help wondering at Lord Crab's igs-tream compashn for his son, and miss, with her 10,000*l.* a-year, having only 3 guineas in her pocket.

I took home (bless us, what a home?) a long and very inflamble letter from miss, in which she dixscribed her own sorrow at the disappointment; swear she lov'd him only the moar for his misfortns; made light of them; as a pusson for a paltry sum of five thousand

pound ought never to be cast down, 'specially as he had a certain independence in view ; and vowd that nothing, nothing, should ever injuce her to part from him, et-settler, etsettler.

I told master of the conversation which had past betwixt me and my lord, and of his handsome offers, and his horrow at hearing of his son's being taken : and likewise mentioned how strange it was that miss should only have 3 guineas, and with such a fortn : bless us, I should have thot that she would always have carried a hundred thowsnd lb. in her pockit!

At this master only said Pshaw ! But the rest of the story about his father seemed to dixquiet him a good deal, and he made me repeat it over agin.

He walked up and down the room agytated, and it seam'd as if a new lite was breaking in upon him.

"Chawls," says he, "did you observe—did miss—did my father seem *particularly intimate* with Miss Griffin?"

"How do you mean, sir?" says I.

"Did Lord Crabs appear very fond of Miss Griffin?"

"He was suttnly very kind to her."

"Come, sir, speak at once ; did Miss Griffin seem very fond of his lordship?"

"Why, to tell the truth, sir, I must say she seemed *very* fond of him."

"What did he call her?"

"He called her his dearest gal."

"Did he take her hand?"

"Yes, and he—"

"And he what?"

“He kist her, and told her not to be so very down-hearted about the misfortn which had hapnd to you.”

“I have it now!” says he, clinching his fist, and growing gashly pail—“I have it now—the infernal old hoary scoundrel! the wicked unnatural wretch! He would take her from me!” And he poured out a volley of oaves which are impossbill to be repeatid here.

I thot as much long ago: and when my lord kem with his vizits so pretious affecksht at my Lady Griffinses, I expected some such game was in the wind. Indeed, I’d heard a somethink of it from the Griffinses servnts, that my lord was mighty tender with the ladies.

One thing, however, was evident to a man of his inleckshal capassaties; he must either marry the gal at onst, or he stood very small chance of having her. He must git out of limbo immediantly, or his respectid father might be stepping into his vaykint shoes. Oh! he saw it all now—the fust attempt at arest, the marridge fixt at 12 o’clock, and the bayliffs fixt to come and in-tarup the marridge!—the jewel, praps, betwigst him and De l’Orge: but no, it was the *woman* who did that—a *man* don’t deal such fowl blows, igspecially a father to his son: a woman may, poar thing!—she’s no other means of reventch, and is used to fight with under-hand wepns all her life through.

Well, whatever the pint might be, this Deuceace saw pretty clear, that he’d been beat by his father at his own game—a trapp set for him onst, which had been defitted by my presnts of mind—another trap set afterwids, in which my lord had been suxesfle. Now, my lord, roag as he was, was much too good-naterd to do an unkind ackshn, nearly for the sake of doing it. He’d got to

that pick that he didn't mind injuries—they were all fair play to him—he gave 'em, and reseav'd them, without a thought of mallis. If he wanted to injer his son, it was to benefick himself. And how was this to be done? By getting the hairiss to himself, to be sure. The Honrabble Mr. D. didn't say so, but I knew his feelinx well enough—he regretted that he had not given the old genl'mn the money he askt for.

Poar fello! he thought he had hit it, but he was wide of the mark after all.

Well, but what was to be done? It was clear that he must marry the gal at any rate—*cootky coot*, as the French say; that is, marry her, and hang the igsponce.

To do so he must fust git out of prisn—to git out of prisn he must pay his debts—and to pay his debts, he must give every shilling he was worth. Never mind, four thousand pound is a small stake to a reglar gambler, igspecially when he must play it, or rot for life in prisn, and when, if he plays it well, it will give him ten thousand a-year.

So, seeing there was no help for it, he maid up his mind, and accordingly wrote the follying letter to Miss Griffin:—

“MY ADORED MATILDA,—Your letter has indeed been a comfort to a poor fellow, who had hoped that this night would have been the most blessed in his life, and now finds himself condemned to spend it within a prison wall! You know the accursed conspiracy which has brought these liabilities upon me, and the foolish friendship which has cost me so much. But what matters? We have, as you say, enough, even though I must pay this shameful demand upon me; and five

thousand pounds are as nothing, compared to the happiness which I lose in being separated a night from thee! Courage, however! If I make a sacrifice, it is for you; and I were heartless indeed, if I allowed my own losses to balance for a moment against your happiness.

“Is it not so, beloved one? *Is* not your happiness bound up with mine, in a union with me? I am proud to think so—proud, too, to offer such a humble proof as this of the depth and purity of my affection.

“Tell me that you will still be mine; tell me that you will be mine to-morrow; and to-morrow these vile chains shall be removed, and I will be free once more—or if bound, only bound to you! My adorable Matilda! my betrothed bride! write to me ere the evening closes, for I shall never be able to shut my eyes in slumber upon my prison-couch, until they have been first blest by the sight of a few words from thee! Write to me, love! write to me! I languish for the reply which is to make or mar me for ever.

“Your affectionate,

“A. P. D.”

Having polisht off this epistol, master intrustid it to me to carry, and bade me, at the same time, to try and give it into Miss Griffin’s hand alone. I ran with it to Lady Griffinses. I found miss, as I desired, in a sollatary condition; and I presented **her** with master’s pafewmed Billy.

She read it, and the number of size to which she gave vint, and the tears which she shed, beggar digscription. She wep and sighed until I thought she

would bust. She claspt my hand even in her's, and said, "O, Charles! is he very, very miserable?"

"He is, ma'am," says I; "very miserable indeed—nobody, upon my honour, could be miserablerer."

On hearing this pethetic remark, her mind was made up at onst: and sitting down to her eskrewtaw, she immediantly ableaged master with an ansér. Here it is in black and white.

"My prisoned bird shall pine no more, but fly home to its nest in these arms! Adored Algernon, I will meet thee to-morrow, at the same place, at the same hour. Then, then, it will be impossible for aught but death to divide us.

"M. G."

This kind of flumry stile comes, you see, of reading novvles, and cultivating littery purshuits in a small way. How much better is it to be puffickly ignorant of the hart of writing, and to trust to the writing of the heart. This is *my* style; artyfiz I despise, and trust compleatly to natur: but *revnong a no mootong*, as our continental friends remark, to that nice white sheep, Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire; that wenrable old ram, my Lord Crabs, his father; and that tender and dellygit young lamb, Miss Matilda Griffin.

She had just foalded up into its proper triangular shape the noat transcribed abuff, and I was jest on the point of saying, according to my master's orders, "Miss, if you please, the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace would be very much ableaged to you to keep the seminary which is to take place to-morrow a profound se——," when my master's father entered, and I fell back to the door. Miss, without a word, rusht into his arms, bust into

teers agin, as was her reglar way (it must be confest she was of a very mist constitution), and shewing to him his son's note, cried, "Look, my dear lord, how nobly your Algernon, *our* Algernon, writes to me. Who can doubt after this of the purity of his matchless affection?"

My lord took the letter, read it, seamed a good deal amoyused, and returning it to its owner, said, very much to my surprise, "My dear Miss Griffin, he certainly does seem in earnest; and if you choose to make this match without the consent of your mother-in-law, you know the consequence, and are of course your own mistress."

"Consequences!—for shame, my lord! A little money, more or less, what matters it to two hearts like ours?"

"Hearts are very pretty things, my sweet young lady, but three per cents. are better."

"Nay, have we not an ample income of our own, without the aid of Lady Griffin?"

My lord shrugged his shoulders. "Be it so, my love," says he. "I'm sure I can have no other reason to prevent a union which is founded upon such disinterested affection."

And here the conversation dropt. Miss retired, clasping her hands, and making play with the whites of her i's. My lord began trotting up and down the room, with his fat hands stuck in his britches pockits, his countnince lighted up with igstream joy, and singing, to my inordnit igstonishment :

"See the conquering hero comes!

Tiddy diddy doll—tidydoll, doll, doll."

He began singing this song, and tearing up and down the room like mad. I stood amaid—a new light broke in upon me. He wasn't going, then, to make love to Miss Griffin! Master might marry her! Had she not got the for—?

I say, I was just standing stock still, my eyes fixt, my hands puppindicklar, my mouf wide open and these igstrordinary thoughts passing in my mind, when my lord, having got to the last "doll" of his song, just as I came to the sillible "for" of my ventriloquism, or inward speech—we had eatch jest reached the pint digscribed, when the meditations of both were sudnly stopt, by my lord, in the midst of his singin and trottin match, coming bolt up aginst poar me, sending me up aginst one end of the room, himself fying back to the other; and it was only after considrabble agitation that we were at length restored to any thing like a liquilibrium.

"What, *you* here, you infernal rascal?" says my lord.

"Your lordship's very kind to notus me," says I; "I am here;" and I gave him a look.

He saw I knew the whole game.

And after whisling a bit, as was his habit when puzzled (I bleave he'd have only whisled if he had been told he was to be hanged in five minnits), after whisling a bit, he stops sudnly, and coming up to me, says:

"Hearkye, Charles, this marriage must take place to-morrow."

"Must it, sir," says I; "now, for my part, I don't think——"

"Stop, my good fellow; if it does not take place, what do you gain?"

This stagger'd me. If it didn't take place, I only lost a situation, for master had but just enough money to pay his detts; and it wooden soot my book to serve him in prison or starving.

"Well," says my lord, "you see the force of my argument. Now, look here," and he lugs out a crisp, fluttering, SNOWY HUNDRED PUN NOTE! "if my son and Miss Griffin are married to-morrow, you shall have this; and I will, moreover, take you into my service, and give you double your present wages."

Flesh and blood cooden bear it. "My lord," says I, laying my hand upon my busm, "only give me security, and I'm yours for ever."

The old noblemin grind, and pattid me on the shoulder. "Right, my lad," says he, "right—you're a nice promising youth. "Here is the best security," and he pulls out his pockit-book, returns the hundred pun bill, and takes out one for fifty—"here is half to-day; to-morrow you shall have the remainder."

My fingers trembled a little as I took the pretty fluttering bit of paper, about five times as big as any sum of money I had ever had in my life. I cast my i upon the amount: it was a fifty sure enough—a bank poss-bill, made payable to *Leonora Emilia Griffin*, and indorsed by her. The cat was out of the bag. Now, gentle reader, I spose you begin to see the game.

"Recollect from this day, you are in my service."

"My lord, you overpoar me with your faviouers."

"Go to the devil, sir," says he, "do your duty, and hold your tongue."

And thus I went from the service of the Honorable

Algernon Deuceace to that of his exlnsy the Right Honorable Earl of Crabs.

* * * * *

On going back to prisn, I found Deuceace locked up in that oajus place to which his igstravygansies had deservedly led him, and felt for him, I must say, a great deal of contemp. A raskle such as he—a swinler, who had robbed poar Dawkins of the means of igsistance, who had cheated his fellow roag, Mr. Richard Blewitt, and who was making a musnary marridge with a disgusting creacher like Miss Griffin, didn merit any compashn on my purt; and I determined quite to keep secret the suckmstansies of my privit interview with his exlnsy my presnt master.

I gev him Miss Griffinses trianglar, which he read with a satsafied air. Then, turning to me, says he: “You gave this to Miss Griffin alone?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You gave her my message?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you are quite sure Lord Crabs was not there when you gave either the message or the note?”

“Not there upon my honour,” says I.

“Hang your honour, sir! Brush my hat and coat, and go *call a coach*, do you hear?”

* * * * *

I did as I was ordered; and on coming back found master in what’s called, I think, the *greffe* of the prisn. The officer in waiting had out a great register, and was talking to master in the French tongue, in coarse; a number of poar prisners were looking eagerly on.

“Let us see, my lor,” says he; the debt is 98,700

francs; there are capture expenses, interest so much; and the whole sum amounts to a hundred thousand francs, *moins* 13.

Deuceace, in a very myjestic way, takes out of his pocket-book four thowsnd pun notes. "This is not French money, but I presume that you know it, M. Greffier," says he.

The greffier turned round to old Solomon, a money-changer, who had one or two clients in the prisn, and hapnd luckily to be there. "Les billets sont bons," says he, "je les prendrai pour cent mille douze cent francs, et j'espère, my lor, de vous revoir."

"Good," says the greffier; "I know them to be good and I will give my lor the difference, and make out his release."

Which was done. The poar debtors gave a feeble cheer, as the great dubble iron gates swung open, and clang to again, and Deuceace stept out, and me after him to breathe the fresh hair.

He had been in the place but six hours, and was now free again—free, and to be married to ten thousand a-year nex day. But, for all that, he lookt very faint and pale. He *had* put down his great stake; and when he came out of Saint Pelagie, he had but fifty pounds left in the world!

Never mind—when onst the money's down, make your mind easy; and so Deuceace did. He drove back to the Hotel Mirabew, where he ordered apart-mince infinately more splendid than befor; and I pretty soon told Toinette, and the rest of the suvvants, how nobly he behayved, and how he valyoud four thowsnd pound no more than ditch water. And such was the

conquincies of my praises, and the poplarity I got for us boath, that the delighted landlady immediantly charged him dubble what she would have done, if it hadn been for my stoaries.

He ordered splendid apartmince, then, for the nex week, a carriage and four for Fontainebleau to-morrow at 12 precisely ; and having settled all these things, went quietly to the Roshy de Cancale, where he dined, as well he might, for it was now eight o'clock. I didn't spare the shompang neither that night, I can tell you ; for when I carried the note he gave me for Miss Griffin in the evening, informing her of his freedom, that young lady remarked my hagitated manner of walking and speaking, and said, "Honest Charles ! he is flusht with the events of the day. Here, Charles, is a napoleon ; take it and drink to your mistress."

I pockitid it, but I must say, I didn't like the money—it went against my stomick to take it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARRIAGE.

WELL, the nex day came ; at 12 the carridge and four was waiting at the ambasdor's doar ; and Miss Griffin and the faithfle Kicksy were punctial to the apintment.

I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary—how the embassy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple—how one of the embassy footmin was called in to witness the marridge—how miss wep and fainted, as usial—and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where

they were to pass the fust weak of the honey-moon. They took no servnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postilion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrabble Algernon, ond went off strait to his exlent father.

“Is it all over, Chawls?” says he.

“I saw them turned off at -igsackly a quarter past 12, my lord,” says I.

“Did you give Miss Griffin the paper, as I told you, before her marriage?”

“I did, my lord, in the presnts of Mr. Brown, Lord Bobtail’s man, who can swear to her having had it.”

I must tell you that my lord had made me read a paper which Lady Griffin had written, and which I was comishnd to give in the manner menshnd abuff. It ran to this effect:—

“According to the authority given me by the will of my late dear husband, I forbid the marriage of Miss Griffin with the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace. If Miss Griffin persists in the union, I warn her that she must abide by the consequences of her act.

“LEONORA EMILIA GRIFFIN.

“*Rue de Rivoli, May 8, 1818.*”

When I gave this to Miss as she entered the cort-yard, a minnit before my master’s arrivle, she only read it contemptiously, and said, “I laugh at the threats of Lady Griffin;” and she toar the paper in two, and walk-ed on, leaning on the arm of the faithful and obleaging Miss Kicksey.

I picked up the paper for fear of axdents, and brot it to my lord. Not that there was any necessaty, for

he'd kep a copy, and made me and another witniss (my Lady Griffin's solissator) read them both, before he sent either away.

"Good!" says he; and he projuiced from his potfolio the fello of that bewchus fifty-pun note, which he'd given me yesterday. "I keep my promise, you see Charles," says he. "You are now in Lady Griffin's service, in the place of Mr. Fitzclarence, who retires. Go to Frojé's, and get a livery."

"But, my lord," says I, "I was not to go into Lady Griffinses service, according to the bargain, but into ——"

"It's all the same thing," says he; and he walked off. I went to Mr. Frojé's, and ordered a new livry; and found, lickwise, that our coachmin, and Munseer Mortimer had been there too. My lady's livery was changed, and was now of the same color as my old coat, at Mr. Deuceace's; and I'm blest if there wasn't a tremenjious great earl's corronit on the butns, instid of the Griffin rampint, which was worn befoar.

I asked no questions, however, but had myself measured; and slep that night at the Plas Vandôme. I didn't go out with the carridge for a day or two, though; my lady only taking one footmin, she said, until *her new carridge* was turned out.

I think you can guess what's in the wind *now!*

I bot myself a dressing case, a box of Ody colong, a few duzen lawn sherts and neckcloths, and other things which were necessary for a genlmn in my rank. Silk stockings was provided by the rules of the house. And I completed the bisniss by writing the follying ginteel letter to my late master:—

“CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQUIRE TO THE HONOUR-
ABLE A. P. DEUCEACE.

“Sur,—Suckmstansies have acurd sins I last had the honner of wating on you, which render it imposs-bill that I should remane any longer in your suvvice, I’ll thank you to leave out my thinx, when they come home on Sattady from the wash.

“Your obeajnt servnt,

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

“*Plas Vendome.*”

The athograpy of the abuv noat, I confess, is atrocious; but, *ke voolyvoos*? I was only eighteen, and hadn then the expearance in writing which I’ve enjide sins.

Having thus done my jewty in evry way, I shall prosead, in the nex chapter, to say what hapnd in my new place.

CHAPTER X.

THE HONEY-MOON.

THE weak at Fontingblow past quickly away; and at the end of it, our son and daughter-in-law—a pare of nice young tuttle-duvs—returned to their nest, at the Hotel Mirabew. I suspeck that the *cock* turtle-dove was preshos sick of his barging.

When they arriv’d, the fust thing they found on their table was a large parsle wrapt up in silver paper, and a newspaper, and a couple of cards, tied up with a peace of white ribbing. In the parsle was a hansume piece of plum-cake, with a deal of sugar. On the cards was wrote, in Goffick characters,

Earl of Crabs.

And, in very small Italian,

Countess of Crabs.

And in the paper was the follying parrowgraff:—

“MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Yesterday, at the British embassy, the Right Honourable John Augustus Altamont Plantagenet, Earl of Crabs, to Leonora Emilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Griffin, K. C. B. An elegant *dejeuné* was given to the happy couple, by his excellency Lord Bobtail, who gave away the bride. The *élite* of the foreign diplomacy, the Prince Talleyrand, and Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, on behalf of H. M. the King of France, honoured the banquet and the marriage ceremony. Lord and Lady Crabs intend passing a few weeks at Saint Cloud.”

The above dockyments, along with my own triffling billy, of which I have also givn a copy, greated Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace on their arrivle from Fontingblo. Not being presnt, I can't say what Deuceace said, but I can fancy how he *lookt*, and how poor Mrs. Deuceace look't. They weren't much inclined to rest after the fiteeg of the junny, for, in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after their arrival at Paris, the hosses were put to the carridge agen, and down they came thundering to our country-house, at St. Cloud (pronounst by those absud Frenchmin Sing Kloo),

to interrump our chaste loves, and delishs marridge injyments.

My lord was sittn in a crimson satan dress, lolling on a sofa at an open windy, smoaking seagars, as ushle; her ladyship, who, to du him justice, didn mind the smell, occupied another end of the room, and was working, in wusted, a pare of slippers, or an umbrellore case, or a coal skittle, or some such nonsints. You would have thought to have sean 'em that they had been married a sentry, at least. Well, I bust in upon this conjugal *tatortator*, and said, very much alarmed, "My lord, here's your son and daughter-in-law."

"Well," says my lord, quite calm, "and what then?"

"Mr. Deuceace!" says my lady, starting up, and looking fritened.

"Yes, my love, my son; but you need not be alarmed. Pray, Charles, say that Lady Crabs and I will be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace; and that they must excuse us receiving them *en famille*. Sit still, my blessing—take things coolly. Have you got the box with the papers?"

My lady pointed to a great green box—the same from which she had taken the papers, when Deuceace fust saw them,—and handed over to my lord a fine gold key. I went out, met Deuceace and his wife on the steps, gave my messinge, and bowed them palitely in.

My lord didn't rise, bnt smoaked away as usual (praps a little quicker, but I can't say); my lady sate upright, looking handsom and strong. Deuceace walked in, his left arm tied to his breast, his wife and hat on the other. He looked very pale and frightened; his

wife, poor thing! had her head berried in her handkerchief, and sobd fit to break her heart.

Miss Kicksy, who was in the room (but I didn't mention her, she was less than nothink in our house), went up to Mrs. Deuceace at onst, and held out her arms—she had a heart, that old Kicksey, and I respect her for it. The poor hunchback flung herself into miss's arms, with a kind of whooping screech, and kep there for some time, sobbing in quite a historical manner. I saw there was going to be a sean, and so, in cors, left the door ajar.

“Welcome to Saint Cloud, Algy, my boy!” says my lord, in a loud, hearty voice. “You thought you would give us the slip, eh, you rogue? But we knew it, my dear fellow; we knew the whole affair—did we not, my soul? And, you see, kept our secret better than you did yours.”

“I must confess, sir,” says Deuceace, bowing, “that I had no idea of the happiness which awaited me, in the shape of a mother-in-law.”

“No, you dog; no, no,” says my lord, giggling; “old birds, you know, not to be caught with chaff, like young ones. But, here we are, all spliced and happy, at last. Sit down, Algernon; let us smoke a segar, and talk over the perils and adventures of the last month. My love,” says my lord, turning to his lady, “you have no malice against poor Algernon, I trust? Pray shake *his hand*.” (A grin.)

But my lady rose, and said, “I have told Mr. Deuceace, that I never wished to see him, or speak to him, more. I see no reason, now, to change my opinion.” And, herewith, she sailed out of the room, by the

door through which Kicksey had carried poor Mrs. Deuceace.

“Well, well,” says my lord, as Lady Crabs swept by, “I was in hopes she had forgiven you; but I know the whole story, and I must confess, you used her cruelly ill. Two strings to your bow!—that was your game, was it, you rogue?”

“Do you mean, my lord, that you know all that past between me and Lady Grif—Lady Crabs, before our quarrel?”

“Perfectly—you made love to her, and she was almost in love with you; you jilted her for money, she got a man to shoot your hand off in revenge; no more dice-boxes, now, Deuceace; no more *sauter la coupe*. I can’t think how the deuce you will manage to live without them.”

“Your lordship is very kind, but I have given up play altogether,” says Deuceace, looking mighty black and uneasy.

“Oh, indeed! Benedick has turned a moral man, has he? This is better and better. Are you thinking of going into the church, Deuceace?”

“My lord, may I ask you to be a little more serious?”

“Serious! *à quoi bon?* I am serious—serious in my surprise that, when you might have had either of these women, you should have preferred that hideous wife of yours.”

“May I ask you, in turn, how you came to be so little squeamish about a wife, as to choose a woman who had just been making love to your own son?” says Deuceace, growing fierce.

“How can you ask such a question? I owe forty thousand pounds—there is an execution at Size’s Hall—every acre I have is in the hands of my creditors; and that’s why I married her. Do you think there was any love? Lady Crabs is a dev’lish fine woman, but she’s not a fool—she married me for my coronet, and I married her for her money.”

“Well, my lord, you need not ask me, I think, why I married the daughter-in-law.”

“Yes, but I *do*, my dear boy. How the deuce are you to live? Dawkins’s five thousand pounds won’t last for ever; and afterwards?”

“You don’t mean, my lord,—you don’t—I mean, you can’t—D—!” says he, starting up, and losing all patience, “you don’t dare to say that Miss Griffin had not a fortune of ten thousand a-year?”

“My lord was rolling up, and wetting betwixt his lips, another segar; he lookt up, after he had lighted it, and said, quietly,

“Certainly, Miss Griffin had a fortune of ten thousand a-year.”

“Well, sir, and has she not got it now? Has she spent it in a week?”

“*She has not got a sixpence now: she married without her mother’s consent!*”

Deuceace sunk down in a chair; and I never see such a dreadful picture of despair as there was in the face of that retchid man!—he writhed, and nasht his teeth, he tore open his coat, and wriggled madly the stump of his left hand, until, fairly beat, he threw it over his livid pale face, and, sinking backwards, fairly wept aloud.

Bah ! it's a dreddfle thing to hear a man crying ! his pashn torn up from the very roots of his heart, as it must be before it can git such a vent. My lord, meanwhile, rolled his segar, lighted it, and went on.

“ My dear boy, the girl has not a shilling. I wished to have left you alone in peace, with your four thousand pounds ; you might have lived decently upon it in Germany, where money is at 5 per cent., where your duns would not find you, and a couple of hundred a-year would have kept you and your wife in comfort. But, you see, Lady Crabs would not listen to it. You had injured her, and, after she had tried to kill you, and failed, she determined to ruin you, and succeeded. I must own to you that I directed the arresting business, and put her up to buying your protested bills ; she got them for a trifle, and as you have paid them, has made a good two thousand pounds by her bargain. It was a painful thing, to be sure, for a father to get his son arrested ; but *que voulez-vous !* I did not appear in the transaction ; she would have you ruined ; and it was absolutely necessary that *you* should marry before I could, so I pleaded your cause with Miss Griffin, and made you the happy man you are. You rogue, you rogue ! you thought to match your old father, did you ? But, never mind ; lunch will be ready soon. In the meantime, have a segar, and drink a glass of Saûterne.”

Deuceace, who had been listening to this speech, sprung up wildly.

“ I'll not believe it,” he said ; “ it's a lie, an infernal lie ! forged by you, you hoary villain, and by the murderess and strumpet you have married. I'll not believe it ; show me the will. Matilda ! Matilda !” shouted he,

screaming hoarsely, and flinging open the door by which she had gone out.

“Keep your temper, my boy. You *are* vexed, and I feel for you; but don’t use such bad language: it is quite needless, believe me.”

“Matilda!” shouted out Deuceace again; and the poor crooked thing came trembling in, followed by Miss Kicksey.

“Is this true, woman?” says he clutching hold of her hand.

“What, dear Algernon?” says she.

“What?” screams out Deuceace,—“what? Why that you are a beggar, for marrying without your mother’s consent—that you basely lied to me, in order to bring about this match—that you are a swindler, in conspiracy with that old fiend yonder, and the she-devil, his wife?”

“It is true,” sobbed the poor woman, “that I have nothing, but——”

“Nothing but what? Why don’t you speak, you drivelling fool?”

“I have nothing!—but you, dearest have two thousand a-year. Is that not enough for us? You love me for myself, don’t you, Algernon? You have told me so a thousand times—say so again, dear husband; and do not, do not be so unkind.” And here she sank on her knees, and clung to him, and tried to catch his hand, and kiss it.

“How much did you say?” says my lord.

“Two thousand a-year, sir; he has told us so a thousand times.”

“*Two thousand!* Two thou—ho, ho, ho!—haw!

haw ! haw !” roars my lord. “That is, I vow, the best thing I ever heard in my life. My dear creature, he has not a shilling—not a single maravedi, by all the gods and goddesses.” And this exlnt noblemin began laffin louder than ever; a very kind and feeling gerlmn he was, as all must confess.

There was a paws : and Mrs. Deuceace didn begin cussing and swearing at her husband as he had done at her : she only said, “O Algernon ! is this true ?” and got up, and went to a chair, and wep in quiet.

My lord opened the great box. “If you or your lawyers would like to examine Sir George’s will, it is quite at your service ; you will see here the proviso which I mentioned, that gives the entire fortune to Lady Griffin—Lady Crabs that is : and here, my dear boy, you see the danger of hasty conclusions. Her ladyship only showed you the *first page of the will*, of course, she wanted to try you. You thought you made a great stroke in at once proposing to Miss Griffin—do not mind it, my love, he really loves you now very sincerely !—when, in fact, you would have done much better to have read the rest of the will. You were completely bitten, my boy—humbugged, bamboozled—ay, and by your old father, you dog. I told you I would, you know, when you refused to lend me a portion of your Dawkins money. I told you I would ; and I *did*. I had you the very next day. Let this be a lesson to you, Percy my boy ; don’t try your luck again against such old hands ; look deuced well before you leap ; *audi alteram partem*, my lad, which means, read both sides of the will. I think lunch is ready ; but I see you don’t smoke. Shall we go in ?”

“Stop my lord,” says Mr. Deuceace, very humble; “I shall not share your hospitality—but—but you know my condition; I am penurious—you know the manner in which my wife has been brought up——”

“The Honourable Mrs. Deuceace, sir, shall always find a home here, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the friendship between her dear mother and herself.”

“And for me, sir,” says Deuceace, speaking faint, and very slow, “I hope—I trust—I think, my lord, you will not forget me?”

“Forget you, sir; certainly not.”

“And that you will make some provision?”

“Algernon Deuceace,” says my lord, getting up from the sophy, and looking at him with such a jolly malignity, as *I* never see, “I declare, before Heaven, that I will not give you a penny!”

Hereupon, my lord held out his hand to Mrs. Deuceace, and said, “My dear will you join your mother and me? We shall always, as I said, have a home for you.”

“My lord,” said the poor thing, dropping a curtsy, “my home is with *him!*”

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About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves were on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll in the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly a *head*, and us as happy as possible, admiring the pleasant woods, and the golden sunset.

My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the exquisit beauty of the sean, and pouring forth a host of butifle and virtuous sentament sootable to the hour. It was dalitefle to hear him. "Ah!" said he, "black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this ; gathering as it were, from those sunlit skies, a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!"

Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the infliwents of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons ; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his countnints. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn tak the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carridge. Me and Mortimer lickwise took *our* places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstream dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screaching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

DEUCEACE turned round. I see his face now—the

face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the car ridge, and pinte to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, *and struck the woman by his side*. She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing!

MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW.

THE end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondince. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public; becaws I fansy reely that we've become frends, and feal for my part a becoming greaf at saying ajew.

It's imposbill for me to continyow, however, a writin, as I have done—violetting the rules of authography, and trampling upon the fust princepills of English grammar. When I began, I knew no better: when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew acustmd to writin, I began to smel out somethink quear in my style. Within the last sex weaks I have been learning to spell: and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful quean—when all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambasdors and princes, following the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlatiar, and blinking at the pearls and dimince of Prince Oystereasy—Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry—*his* eyes were fixt upon the spelling-book—his heart was bent upon mastring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid*.

You shall here how. Ours, you know, is a Wig house; and ever sins his third son has got a place in the Treasury, his secknd a captingsy in the Guards, his

fust, the secretary of embassy at Peking, with a prospick of being appinted ambasdor at Loo Choo—ever sins master's sons have reseaved these attentions, and master himself has had the promis of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honrabble Libbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipple; and accordingly, at dinner, tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After several dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmm settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbins; the younger one fluffed the dust of his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mounted up stairs.

“What name, sir?” says I, to the old genlmm.

“Name!—a! now, you thief o' the wurrrld,” says he, “do you pretind nat to know *me*? Say it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I mane the Litherary Chran—psha!—bluthanowns!—say it's DOCTOR DIOCLESIAN LARNER—I think he'll know me now—ay, Nid?” But the genlmm called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlmm went up stares alone.

“DOCTOR DIOLESIVS LARNER!” says I.

“DOCTOR ATHANASIVS LARDNER!” says Greville

Fitz-Roy, our seeknd footman, on the fust landing-place.

“**Doctor Xynatius Loyola!**” says the groom of the ehambers, who pretends to be a schollar; and in the little genlman went. When safely housed, the other chap camè; and when I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice:

“Sawedwadgeorgeearlittnbulwig.”

“Sir what?” says I, quite agast at the name.

“Sawedwad—no, I mean *Mistawedwad Lyttn Bulwig.*”

My neas trembled under me, my i's fild with tiers, my voice shook, as I past up the venrabble name to the other footman, and saw this fust of English writers go up to the drawing-room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the compny, or to dixcribe the suckmstansies of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery gelmn behaved very well, and seamed to have good appytights; igspecially the little Irishman in the Whig, who et, drunk, and talked as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ a duzn. He told how he'd been presented at cort by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the quean had received 'em both with a dignaty undig-scribable, and how her blessid majisty asked what was the bony fidy sale of the Cabinit Cyclopædy, and how he (Doctor Larner) told her that, on his honner, it was under ten thowsnd.

You may gess that the Doctor, when he made this speach, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whether it was the coronation, or the goodness of the wine (cappitle it is in our house, *I* can tell you), or the natral propensaties of the gests assembled, which made them

so igspecially jolly, I don't know, but they had kep up the meating pretty late, and our poar butler was quite tired with the perpechual baskits of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that about 11 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I should use a mild term; if I wer to say they were intawsicated, I should use an igspreshn more near to the truth, but less rispeckful in one of my situashn.

The cumpany reseaved this annountsmint with mute extonishment.

"Pray, Doctor Larnder," says a spiteful genlmn, willing to keep up the littery conversation," what is the Cabinet Cyclopædia?"

"It's the littherary wontherr of the wurld," says he; "and sure your lordship must have seen it; the latther numbers ispicially—cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illustrious neems of Walther Scott, Thomas Moore, Dochter Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Dochter Donovan, and meself, are to be found in the list of conthributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopajies—a lithery Bacon."

"A what?" says the genlmn nex to him.

"A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age; fild wid the pure end lambent flame of science, burning with the gorrgeous scintillations of divine litherature—a *monumintum*, in fact, *are perinnius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum."

"This wigmawole," said Mr. Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his frend should take up so much of the convassation), "this wigmawole is all vevy well; but it's cuwious that you don't wemember, in chaw-actewising the litewawy mewits of the vawious maga-

zines, cwonicles, weviews, and enclycopædias, the existence of a cwitical weview and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the æwa of its appeawance is dated only at a vewy few months pwevious to the pwesent pewiod, is, nevertheless, so wemarkable for its intwinsic mewits as to be wead, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Euwope—whewever our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in Amewica, fwom New York to Niagawa—wepwinted in Canada, fwom Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear fwom my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Litewawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honour to be pwincipal contwibutor.”

“Very true, my dear Mr. Bullwig,” says my master; “you and I being Whigs, must of course, stand by our own friends; and I will agree, without a moment’s hesitation, that the Literary what-d’ye-callem is the prince of periodicals.”

The Pwince of pewiodicals?” says Bullwig; “my dear Sir John, it’s the empewow of the pwess.”

“*Soit*,—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it: but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow? You talk about magazines. Look at ——”

“Look at hwat?” shouts out Larder. “There’s none, Sir Jan, compared to ourrs.”

“Pardon me, I think that ——”

“It is Bentley’s Mislany you mane?” says Ignatius, as sharp as a niddle.

“Why no; but ——”

“O thin, it’s Co’burn, sure; and that divvle Thayodor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—thrashy, milk-and-wathery—not sthrong, like the Litherary Chran—good luck to it.”

“Why, Doctor Lander, I was going to tell a once the name of the periodical,—it is FRASER’S MAGAZINE.”

“FRASER!” says the Doctor. “O thunder and turf!”

“FWASER!” says Bullwig. “O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why,—that is weally—no, weally, upon my weputation, I never before heard the name of the peiodical. By the by, Sir John, what wemarkable good clawet this is; is it Lawose or Laff——?”

‘Laff, indeed! he cooden git beyond laff; and I’m blest if I could kip it neither,—for hearing him pretend ignurnts, and being behind the skreend, settlin sum-think for the genlman, I bust into such a raw of laffing as never was igseeded.

“Hullo!” says Bullwig, turning red. “Have I said any thing impwobable, aw widiculous? for, weally, I never befaw wecollect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cachinnation,—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawathon has called an *anewithmon gelasma*.”

“Why, be the holy piper,” says Larder, “I think you are dthrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser!* Don’t believe him, my lord duke; he reads every word of it, the rogue! The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oatmale.

My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you mintioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart—from the pallitix down to the ‘Yellowplush Correspondence.’”

“Ha, ha !” says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years priekt up when I heard the name of the ‘Yellowplush Correspondence’). “Ha, ha ! why, to tell twuth, I *have* wead the cowespondence to which you allude ; it’s a gweat favowite at court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day.”

“Well, and what do you think of it ?” says Sir John, looking mity waggish,—for he knew it was me who roat it.

“Why, weally and twuly, there’s considewable cleverness about the cweature ; but it’s low, disgustingly low : it violates pwobability, and the orthogwaphy is so carefully inaccuwate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it.”

“Yes, faith,” says Larner, the arthagraphy is detistible ; it’s as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for ’em to speak wid a brrouge. Iduication furst, and ganius afterwards. Your health, my lord, and good luck to you.”

“Yaw wemark,” says Bullwig, “is vewy appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John, in Hewodotus (as for you, doctor, you know more about Iwish than about Gweek),—you will recollect, without doubt, a stowy nawwated by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonicler, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain distwict of Awabia, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the

gground, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow, or cart, which makes the chwonicker sneewingly wemark, that thus 'the sheep of Awabia have their own chawlots.' I have often thought, sir (this clawet is weally nectaweous)—I have often, I say, thought that the wace of man may be compawed to these Awabian sheep—genius is our tail, education our wheelbawwow. Without art and education to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gground, and is poluted by the mud, or injured by the wocks upon the way: with the wheelbawwow it is stwengthened, incweased, and supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind."

"A very appropriate simile," says Sir John; "and I am afraid that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support."

"*Apropos*," said Bullwig; "who *is* Yellowplush? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the *Diary of a Physician*; if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him."

"Bah!" says the Duke of Doublejowl; "every body knows it's Barnard, the celebrated author of 'Sam Slick.'"

"Pardon, my dear duke," says Lord Bagwig; "it's the authoress of *High Life*, *Almacks*, and other fashionable novels."

"Fiddlestick's end!" says Doctor Larnar; "don't be blushing, and pretinding to ask questions: don't we know you, Bullwig! It's you yourself, you thief of the world; we smoked you from the very beginning."

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them, and said,—“I must correct you all, gentlemen; Mr. Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush: he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champagne at dinner, and is now an inmate of my house, and an ornament of my kitchen!”

“Gad!” says Doublejowl, “let’s have him up.”

“Hear, hear!” says Bagwig.

“Ah, now,” says Larner, “your grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, sure? Is it gintale?”

“To say the least of it,” says Bullwig, “the pwactice is iwwegular, and indecowous; and I weally don’t see how the interview can be in any way pwofitable.”

But the vices of the company went against the two littery men, and every body excep them was for having up poor me. The bell was wrung; butler came. “Send up Charles,” says master; and Charles, who was standing behind the skreand, was persnly abliged to come in.

“Charles,” says master, “I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the ‘Yellowplush Correspondence,’ in *Fraser’s Magazine*.”

“It’s the best magazine in Europe,” says the duke.

“And no mistake,” says my lord.

“Hwat!” says Larner; “and where’s the Litherary Chran?”

I said myself nothink, but made a bough, and blusht like pickle cabbitch.

“Mr. Yellowplush,” says his grace, “will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine?”

I boughed agin.

“And what wine do you prefer, sir? humble port or imperial burgundy?”

“Why, your grace,” says I, “I know my place, and aint above kitchin wines. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honrable compny.”

When I'd swigged off the bumper, which his grace himself did me the honour to pour out for me, there was a silints for a minnit; when my master said:

“Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity, and have so high an opinion of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties for which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose that I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port—I don't wish to throw you upon the wide world without means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum, which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours.”

“Sir,” says I, clasping my hands, and busting into tears, “do not—for Heaven's sake, do not!—think of any such think, or drive me from your suvvice, because I have been fool enough to write in magaseens. Glans but one moment at your honor's plate—every spoon is

as bright as a mirror; condysend to igsamine your shoes—your honour may see reflected in them the fases of every one in the compny. *I* blacked them shoes, *I* cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the litterary man, and committed to paper my remindicencies of fashnabble life, it was from a sincere desire to do good, and promote nollitch: and I appeal to your honour,—I lay my hand on my busm, and in the fase of this noble company beg you to say, When you rung your bell, who came to you fust? When you stopt out at Brooke's till morning, who sate up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natral dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? O, sir," says I, "I know what's what; don't send me away. I know them littery chaps, and, bleave me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better: the vittels incompyrably supearor. I have but to clean my things, and run my errints, and you put clothes on my back, and meat in my mouth. Sir! Mr. Bullwig! an't I right? shall I quit *my* station and sink—that is to say, rise—to *yours*."

Bullwig was violently affected; a tear stood in his glistening i. "Yellowplush," says he, seizing my hand, "you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn litterary man. Look at me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eye on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are

familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Acadames—wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. O," said Bullwig, clasping his hands, and throwing his fine i's up to the chandelier, "the curse of Pwome-theus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from genewation to genewation! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer! Wo and thrice bitter desolation! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemorseless, stwetches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai! it is agony eternal—gwoaning and solitawy despair! And you, Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies; you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the twemendous Pwesence. Beware; as you value your peace, beware! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte! For Heaven's sake—O, for Heaven's sake!" here he looked round with agony—"give me a glass of bwandy and water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me."

Bullwig having concluded this spitch, very much to his own sattasfackshn, looked round to the compny for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy and water, giving a sollum sigh as he took the last gulph; and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chans, and, in order to shew his independence, began flatly contra-

dicting his friend, and addressed me, and the rest of the genl'mn present, in the following manner:—

“Hark ye,” says he, “my gossoon, doant be led asthray by the nonsince of that divl of a Bullwig. He’s jillous of ye, my bhoy; that’s the rale, undoubted thruth; and it’s only to keep you out of lithery life that he’s palavering you in this way: I’ll tell ye what—Plush, ye blackguard,—my honorable frind, the mimber there, has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation of his intinse admiration for your talents, and the wontherful sthir they were making in the worl'd. He can’t bear a rival. He’s mad with envy, hathred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a juke exackly, nor aven a markis, and see, nevertheliss, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no ixpinse; I’m the iditor of a cople of pariodicals; I dthrive about in me carridge; I dine wid the lords of the land; and why—in the name of the piper that pled before Mosus, hwy? Because I’m lithery man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I’m Dochter Larner, in fact, and mimber of every society in and out of Europe. I might have remained all my life in Thrinity Colledge, and never made such an incom as that offered you by Sir Jan; but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now, see! Look again at me friend, Bullwig. He *is* a gentleman, to be sure, and bad luck to ’im, say I; and what has been the result of his lithery labour? I’ll tell you what, and I’ll tell this gintale society, by the shade of Saint Patrick, they’re going to make him A BARINET.”

“A BARNET, Doctor!” says I; “you don’t mean to say they’re going to make him a barnet?”

“As sure as I’ve made meself a docthor,” says Larner.

“What, a baronet, like Sir John?”

“The divle a bit else.”

“And pray what for?”

“What faw!” says Bullwig. “Ask the histowy of litewatuwe what faw? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Otley, ask the gweat Bwedish nation, what faw? The blood in my veins comes puwified thwough ten thousand years of chivalwous ancestwy; but that is neither here nor there: my political principles—the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of fweedom that I have celebwated, are known to all. But this, I confess, has nothing to do with the question. No, the question is this—on the thwone of litewature I stand unwivalled, pwe-eminent; and the Bwedish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwedish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditawy nobility, the most gifted member of the democwacy.” (The honrable genlm here sunk down amidst repeated chairs.)

“Sir John,” says I, “and my lord duke, the words of my revrint frend, Ignatius, and the remarks of the honrable genlmm who has just sate down, have made me change the detummination which I had the honor of igspressing just now.

“I igsept the eighty pound a-year; knowing that I shall have plenty of time for pursuing my littery cereer, and hoping some day to set on that same benth of barranites, which is dekarated by the presnts of my honrable friend.

“Why shooden I? It’s trew I aint done anythink as *yet* to deserve such an honor; and it’s very probable

that I never shall. But what then?—*quaw dong*, as our friends say. I'd much rayther have a coat of arms than a coat of livry. I'd much rayther have my blud-red hand spralink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-tray. A barranit I will be, and, in consquints, must cease to be a footmin.

“As to my politticle princepills, these, I confess, aint settled: they are, I know, nessary; but they aint nessary *until askt for*; besides, I reglar read the *Sattarist* newspaper, and so ignirince on this pint would be inigscusable.

“But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barranit, and another a captin in the navy, and another a countess, and another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perseave that the littery trade aint such a very bad un; igspecially if you're up to snough, and know what's o'clock. I'll learn to make myself usefle, in the fust place; then I'll larn to spell; and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honrabble member, and the scientafick treatiseses of the revrend doctor, I may find the secret of suxess, and git a litell for my own share. I've sevral frends in the press, having paid for many of those chaps' drink, and given them other treetts; and so I think I've got all the emilents of suxess; therefore, I am detummined, as I said, to igsept your kind offer, and beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yous of when I refyoused your hoxpatable offer. I must, however——”

“I wish you'd withdraw yourself,” said Sir John, busting into a most igstrorinary rage, “and not interrupt the company with your infernal talk! Go down,

and get us coffee; and, heark ye! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said; and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant; but you don't stay in my service after to-morrow. Go down stairs, sir; and don't stand staring here!"

* * * * *

In this abrupt way, my evening ended: it's with a melanchely regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novvle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig; and preparing for publigation, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, The Lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Washer-women.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

CH-S Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ. TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BT.
 JOHN THOMAS SMITH, ESQ. TO C—S Y—H, ESQ.

NOTUS.

THE suckinstansies of the following harticle are as follos :
 —Me and my friend, the sellabrated Mr. Smith, recko-
 nised each other in the Haymarket Theatre, during the
 paformints of the new play. I was settn in the gallery,
 and sung out to him (he was in the pit), to jine us after
 the play, over a glass of bear and a cold hoyster, in my
 pantry, the famly being out.

Smith came as appinted. We descorsed on the sub-
 jick of the comady ; and, after sefral glases, we each of
 us agreed to write a letter to the other, giving our no-
 tiums of the pease. Paper was brought that momint ;
 and Smith writing his harticle across the knife-bord, I
 dasht off mine on the dresser.

Our agreement was, that I (being remarkabble for
 my style of riting) should cretasize the languidge,
 whilst he should take up with the plot of the play ;
 and the candied reader will parding me for having hol-
 tered the original address of my letter, and directed it
 to Sir Edward himself ; and for having incopperated
 Smith's remarks in the midst of my own.

Mayfair, Nov. 30, 1839. Midnite.

Honrabble Barnet!—Retired from the littery world a year or moar, I didn't think anythink would injuice me to come forrards again; for I was content with my share of reputation, and propoas'd to add nothink to those immortal wux which have rendered this Magaseen so sallybrated.

Shall I tell you the reazn of my re-appearants?—a desire for the benefick of my fellow-creatures? Fiddlestick! A mighty truth with which my busm laboured, and which I must bring forth or die? Nonsince—stuff: money's the secret, my dear Barnet,—money—*l'argong, gelt, spicunia*. Here's quarter-day coming, and I'm blest if I can pay my landlud, unless I can ad hartificially to my inkum.

This is, however, betwigest you and me. There's no need to blacard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-ll-wpl-sh is short of money, or that the sallybrated hauthor of the Y—— Papers is in peskewniary difficklties, or is fiteagued by his superhuman littery labors, or by his famly suckmstansies, or by any other pusnal matter: my maxim, dear B, is on these pints to be as quiet as posibile. What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a talking about ourselves and our igstrodnary merrats, woas, and injaries? It is on this subjick that I porpies, my dear Barnet, to speak to you in a frendly way; and praps you'll find my advise tolrabbly holesum.

Well, then,—if you care about the apinions, fur good or evil, of us poor suvvants, I tell you, in the most candied way, I like you, Barnet. I've had my fising at

you in my day (for, *entry nou*, that last stoary I roat about you and Larnder was as big a bownsir as ever was)—I've had my fling at you; but I like you. One may object to an immense deal of your writings, which, betwixt you and me, contain more sham scentiment, sham morallaty, sham poatry, than you'd like to own; but, in spite of this, there's the *stuff* in you: you've a kind and loyal heart in you, Barnet—a trifle deboshed, perhaps; a kean i, igspecially for what's comic (as for your tradgady, it's mighty flatchulent), and a ready plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an As himself. Don't believe him, Barnet; not that I suppose you wil,—for, if I've formed a correck apinion of you from your wucks, you think your small-beear as good as most men's: every man does,—and why not? We brew, and we love our own tap—amen; but the pint betwixt us, is this stewpid, absudd way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why shood they, my dear Barnet? You may vow that they are fools; or that the critix are your enemies; or that the wuld should judge your poems by your critticle rules, and not their own: you may beat your breast, and vow you are a marter, and you won't mend the matter. Take heart, man! you're not so misrabbble after all; your spirits need not be so *very* cast down; you are not so *very* badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with one thing or another—plays, novvles, pamphlicks, and little odd jobbs here and there—your three thowsnd a-year. There's many a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content. Why shouldn't you? Three thowsnd a-year is no such bad thing,—let alone

the barnetcy : it must be a great comfort to have that bloody hand in your skitching.

But don't you sea, that in a wuld naturally envious, wickid, and fond of a joak, this very barnetcy, these very cumplaints,—this ceaseless groning, and moning, and wining of yours, is igsackly the thing which makes people laff and snear more? If you were ever at a great school, you must recklect who was the boy most bullid, and buffitid, and purshewd—he who minded it most. He who could take a basting got but few ; he who rord and wep because the knotty boys called him nicknames, was nicknamed wuss and wuss. I recklect there was at our school, in Smithfield, a chap of this milksop, spoony sort, who appeared among the romping, ragged fellers in a fine flanning dressing-gownd, that his mama had given him. That pore boy was beaten in a way that his dear ma and aunts didn't know him : his fine flanning dressing-gownd was torn all to ribbings, and he got no pease in the school ever after, but was abliged to be taken to some other saminary, where, I make no doubt, he was paid off igsactly in the same way.

Do' you take the halligory, my dear Barnet? *Mutayto nominy*—you know what I mean. You are the boy, and your barnetcy is the dressing-gownd. You dress yourself out finer than other chaps, and they all begin to sault and hustle you ; it's human nature, Barnet. You shew weakness, think of your dear ma, mayhap, and begin to cry : it's all over with you ; the whole school is at you—upper boys and under, big and little ; the dirtiest little fag in the place will pipe out

blaggerd names at you, and take his pewny tug at your tail.

The only way to avoid such consperracies is to put a pair of stowt shoalders forrards, and bust through the crowd of raggymuffins. A good bold fellow dubls his fistt, and cries, "Wha dares meddle wi' me?" When Scott got *his* barnetey, for instans, did any one of us cry out? No, by the laws, he was our master; and wo betide the chap that said neigh to him! But there's barnets and barnets. Do you recklect that fine chapter in *Squintin Durward*, about the too fellos and cups, at the siege of the bishop's castle? One of them was a brave warriar, and kep *his* cup; they strangled the other chap—strangled him, and laffed at him too.

With respeck, then, to the barnetey pint, this is my advice; brazen it out. Us littery men I take to be like a pack of schoolboys—childish, greedy, envious, holding by our friends, and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduck among such? He must either take no notis, and pass on myjastick, or else turn round and pumple soundly—one, two, right and left, ding dong over the face and eyes; above all, never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago, for instans (we've no ill blood, but only mention this by way of igsample), you began a sparring with this Magaseen. Law bless you such a ridicklus gaym I never see: a man so belaybord, befustered, bewolloped, was never known; it was the laff of the whole town. Your intelackshal natur, respected Barnet, is not fizzickly adapted, so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bul-

lies of the press; you have not the *staminy* for a reglar set-to. What, then, is your plan? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can; you won't be undistubbed. Who is? Some stray kix and buffits will fall to you—mortal man is subjick to such; but if you begin to wins and cry out, and set up for a marter, wo betide you!

These remarks, pusnal as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfick good-natur, and have been inspired by your play of the *Sea Capting*, and prefiz to it; which latter is on matters intirely pusnall, and will, therefore, I trust, igscuse this kind of *ad hominam* (as they say) diskeushion. I propose, honrable Barnit, to cumsider calmly this play and prephiz, and to speak of both with that honisty which, in the pantry or studdy, I've been always phamous for. Let us, in the first place, listen to the opening of the "Preface to the Fourth Edition:"

"No one can be more sensible than I am of the many faults and deficiencies to be found in this play; but, perhaps, when it is considered how very rarely it has happened in the history of our dramatic literature that good acting plays have been produced, except by those who have either been actors themselves, or formed their habits of literature, almost of life, behind the scenes, I might have looked for a criticism more generous, and less exacting and rigorous, than that which the attempts of an author accustomed to another class of composition have been received by a large proportion of the periodical press.

"It is scarcely possible, indeed, that this play should not contain faults of two kinds: first, the faults of one who has necessarily much to learn in the mechanism of his art: and, secondly, of one who, having written largely in the narrative

style of fiction, may not unfrequently mistake the effects of a novel for the effects of a drama. I may add to these, perhaps, the deficiencies that arise from uncertain health and broken spirits, which render the author more susceptible than he might have been some years since to that spirit of depreciation and hostility which it has been his misfortune to excite amongst the general contributors to the periodical press; for the consciousness that every endeavour will be made to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, if possible, to *run down*, will occasionally haunt even the hours of composition, to check the inspiration, and damp the ardour.

“Having confessed thus much frankly and fairly, and with a hope that I may ultimately do better, should I continue to write for the stage (which nothing but an assurance that, with all my defects, I may yet bring some little aid to the drama, at a time when any aid, however humble, ought to be welcome to the lovers of the art, could induce me to do), may I be permitted to say a few words as to some of the objections which have been made against this play?”

Now, my dear sir, look what a pretty number of please you put forrards here, why your play shouldn't be good.

First. Good plays are almost always written by actors.

Secknd. You are a novice to the style of composition.

Third: You *may* be mistaken in your effects, being a novelist by trade, and not a play-writer.

Fourthly. Your in such bad helth and sperrits.

Fifthly. Your so afraid of the critix, that they damp your arder.

For shame, for shame, man! What confeshns is these,—what painful pewling and piping! Your not a babby. I take you to be some seven or eight and

thutty years old—"in the mörning of youth," as the flosofer says. Don't let any such nonsince take your reazn prisoner. What you, an old hand amongst us,—an old soljer of our sovring quean the press,—you, who have had the best pay, have held the topmost rank (ay, and *deserved* them too!—I gif you leaf to quot me in *sasiaty*, and say, "I *am* a man of genius; Y-ll-wpl-sh says so"),—you to lose heart, and cry pick-avy, and begin to howl, because little boys fling stones at you! Fie, man! take courage; and, bearing the terrows of your blood-red hand, as the poet says, punish us, if we've ofended you, punish us like a man, or bear your own punishment like a man. Don't try to come off with such misrabbble lodgic as that above.

What do you? You give four satisfackary reazns that the play is bad (the secknd is naught,—for your no such chicking at play-writing, this being the forth). You shew that the play must be bad, and *then* begin to deal with the critix for finding folt!

Was there ever wuss generalship? The play is bad,—your right,—a wuss I never see or read. But why kneed *you* say so? If it was so *very* bad, why publish it? *Because you wish to serve the drama!* O fie! don't lay that flattering function to your sole, as Milton observes. Do you believe that this *Sea Capting* can serve the drama? Did you never intend that it should serve any thing, or any body *else*? Of cors you did! You wrote it for money,—money from the maniger, money from the bookseller,—for the same reason that I write this. Sir, Shakspeare wrote for the very same reasons, and I never heard that he bragged about serving the drama. Away with this canting

about great motifs! Let us not be too proud, my dear Barnet, and fancy ourselves martyrs of the truth, martyrs or apostles. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let's be praying pompisly about our "sacred calling." The taylor who makes your coats (and very well they are made too, with the best of velvet collars)—I say Stulze, or Nugee, might cry out that *their* motifs were but to assert the eternal truth of tayloring, with just as much reason; and who would believe them?

Well; after this acknowledgment that the play is bad, come several pages of attack on the critic, and the faults those gentry have found with it. With these I shan't meddle for the present. You defend all the characters 1 by 1, and conclude your remarks as follows:—

"I must be pardoned for this disquisition on my own designs. When every means is employed to misrepresent, it becomes, perhaps, allowable to explain. And if I do not think that my faults as a dramatic author are to be found in the study and delineation of character, it is precisely because *that* is the point on which all my previous pursuits in literature and actual life would be most likely to preserve me from the errors I own elsewhere, whether of misjudgment or inexperience.

"I have now only to add my thanks to the actors for the zeal and talent with which they have embodied the characters intrusted to them. The sweetness and grace with which Miss Faucit embellished the part of Violet, which, though only a sketch, is most necessary to the colouring and harmony of the play, were perhaps the more pleasing to the audience from the generosity, rare with actors, which induced her to take a part so far inferior to her powers. The applause which attends the performance of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Strickland attests their

success in characters of unusual difficulty ; while the singular beauty and nobleness, whether of conception or execution, with which the greatest of living actors has elevated the part of Norman (so totally different from his ordinary range of character), is a new proof of his versatility and accomplishment in all that belongs to his art. It would be scarcely gracious to conclude these remarks without expressing my acknowledgment of that generous and indulgent sense of justice which, forgetting all political differences in a literary arena, has enabled me to appeal to approving audiences—from hostile critics. And it is this which alone encourages me to hope that, sooner or later, I may add to the dramatic literature of my country something that may find, perhaps, almost as many friends in the next age as it has been the fate of the author to find enemies in this.”

See, now, what a good comfrabble vanaty is! Pepple have quarld with the dramatic characters of your play. “No,” says you; “if I *am* remarkabble for anythink, it’s for my study and delineation of character; *that* is presizely the pint to which my littery purshuits have led me.” Have you read Jil Blaw, my dear sir? Have you pirouzed that exlent tragady, the *Critic*? There’s something so like this in Sir Fretful Plaguy, and the Archbishop of Granadiers, that I’m blest if I can’t laff till my sides ake. Think of the critix fixing on the very pint for which you are famus! —the roags! And spose they had said the plot was absudd, or the languitch absudder, still, don’t you think you would have had a word in defens of them too—you who hope to find frends for your dramatic wux in the nex age? Poo! I tell thee, Barnet, that the nex age will be wiser and better than this; and do you think that it will imply itself a reading of your traja-

dies? This is misantrophy, Barnet—reglar Byronism; and you ot to have a better apinian of human natur.

Your apinion about the actors I shan't here middle with. They all acted exlently as far as my humble judgement goes, and your write in giving them all possbile prays. But let's consider the last sentence of the prefiz, my dear Barnet, and see what a pretty set of apiniuns you lay down.

1. The critix are your inymies in this age.

2. In the nex, however, you hope to find newmrous frends.

3. And it's a satisfackshn to think that, in spite of politticle diffrances, you have found frendly aujences here.

Now, my dear Barnet, for a man who begins so humbly with what my friend Father Prout calls an *argamantum ad misericorjam*, who ignoledges that his play is bad, that his pore dear helth is bad, that those cussid critix have played the juice with him—I say, for a man who beginns in such a humbill toan, it's rayther *rich* to see how you end.

My dear Barnet, *do* you suppose that *politticle diffrances* prejudice pepple against *you*? What *are* your politix? Wig, I presume—so are mine, *ontry noo*. And what if they *are* Wig, or Raddiccle, or Cumsuvative? Does any mortal man in England care a phig for your politix? Do you think yourself such a mity man in parlymint, that critix are to be angry with you, and aujences to be cumsidered magnanamous because they treat you fairly? There, now, was Sherridn, he who roat the *Rifles* and *School for Scandle* (I saw the *Rifles* after your play, and, O Barnet, if you *knew* what

a relief it was!)—there, I say, was Sherridn—he *was* a politticle character, if you please—he *could* make a spitch or two—do you spose that Pitt, Purseyvall, Castlerag, old George the Third himself, wooden go to se the *Rivles*—ay, and clap hands too, and laff and ror, for all Sherry's Wiggery? Do you spose the critix wouldn't applaud too? For shame, Barnet! what ninnis, what hartless raskles, you must beleave them to be,—in the fust plase, to fancy that you are a politticle genius; in the secknd, to let your politix interfeare with their notiums about your littery merits!

“Put that nonsince out of your head,” as Fox said to Bonnypart. Wasn't it that great genius, Dennis, that wrote in Swift and Poop's time, who fansid that the French king wooden make pease unless Dennis was delivered up to him? Upon my wud, I doant think he carrid his diddlusion much futher than a serting honrable barnet of my acquentance.

And, then, for the nex age. Respected sir, this is another diddlusion; a grose mistake on your part, or my name is not Y—sh. These plays immortal? Ah, *parrysample*, as the French say, this is too strong—the small-beer of the *Sea Capting*, or of any suxessor of the *Sea Capting*, to keep sweet for sentries and sentries! Barnet, Barnet! do you know the natur of bear? Six weeks is not past, and here your last casque is sour—the public won't even now drink it; and I lay a wager that, betwist this day (the thuttieth November) and the end of the year, the barl will be off the stox altogether, never, never to return.

I've notted down a few frazes here and there, which you will do well to igsamin:—

NORMAN.

“The eternal Flora
Woos to her odorous haunts the western wind ;
While circling round and upward from the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released,
Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes
Shakes sweetness down !”

NORMAN.

“And these the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and ho v kiss
Of parting linger'd, as the fragrance left
By *angels* when they touch the earth and vanish.”

NORMAN.

“Hark! she has blessed her son! I bid ye witness,
Ye listening heavens—thou circumambient air:
The ocean sighs it back—and with the murmur
Rustle the happy leaves. All nature breathes
Aloud—aloft—to the Great Parent's ear,
The blessing of the mother on her child.”

NORMAN.

“I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage,
Which I can take unsullied to the *stars*,
When the Great Father calls his children home.”

NORMAN.

“The blue air, breathless in the *starry* peace,
After long silence hushed as heaven, but filled
With happy thoughts as heaven with *angels*.”

NORMAN.

“Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven looked its love from all its numberless *stars*.”

NORMAN.

“Those eyes, the guiding *stars* by which I steered.”

NORMAN.

“That great mother
(The only parent I have known), whose face
Is bright with gazing ever on the stars—
The mother-sea.”

NORMAN.

“My bark shall be our home ;
The *stars* that light the *angel* palaces
Of air, our lamps.”

NORMAN.

“A name that glitters, like a *star*, amidst
The galaxy of England’s loftiest born.”

LADY ARUNDEL.

“And see him princeliest of the lion tribe,
Whose swords and coronals gleam around the throne,
The guardian *stars* of the imperial isle.”

The fust spissymen has been going the round of all the papers, as real, reglar poatry. Those wickid critix! they must have been laffing in their sleafs when they quoted it. Malody, suckling round and uppard from the bows, like a happy soul released, hangs in the air, and from invizable plumes shakes sweetness down. Mighty fine, truly! but let mortial man tell the meanink of the passidge. Is it *musickle* sweetniss that Malody shakes down from its plumes—its wings, that is, or tail—or some pekewliar scent that proceeds from happy souls released, and which they shake down from the

trees when they are suckling round and upwards? Is this poetry, Barnet? Lay your hand on your busm, and speak out boldly: Is it poetry, or sheer windy humbugg, that sounds a little melojous, and won't bear the commanest test of comman sence?

In passidge number 2, the same bisniss is going on, though in a more comprehensable way: the air, the leaves, the otion, are fild with emocean at Capting Norman's happiness. Pore Nature is dragged in to partisapate in his joys, just as she has been befor. Once in a poem, this universle simfithy is very well; but once is enuff, my dear Barnet: and that once should be in some great suckmstans, surely,—such as the meeting of Adam and Eve, in *Pardice Lost*, or Jewpeter and Jewno, in Hoamer, where there seems, as it were, a reasn for it. But sea-captings should not be eternly spowting and invoking gods, hevns, starrs, angels, and other silestial influences. We can all do it, Barnet; nothing in life is esier. I can compare my livry buttons to the stars, or the clouds of my backopipe to the dark vollums that ishew from Mount Hetna; or I can say that angels are looking down from them, and the tobacco silf, like a happy sole released, is circling round and upwards, and shaking sweetness down. All this is as esy as drink; but it's not poetry, Barnet, nor natural. People, when their mothers reckonise them, don't howl about the suckumambient air, and paws to think of the happy leaves a rustling—at least, one mistrusts them if they do. Take another instans out of your own play. Capting Norman (with his eternll *slack-jaw!*) meets the gal of his art:—

“Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping? fie!
 And trembling too—yet leaning on my breast.
 In truth, thou art too soft for such rude shelter.
 Look up! I come to woo thee to the seas,
 My sailor’s bride! Hast thou no voice but blushes?
 Nay—from those roses let me, like the bee,
 Drag forth the secret sweetness!”

VIOLET.

“Oh what thoughts
 Were kept for *speech* when we once more should meet,
 Now blotted from the *page*; and all I feel
 Is—*thou art with me!*”

Very right, Miss Violet—the sentiment is natral, affeckshnit, pleasing, simple (it might have been in more grammaticle languidge, and no harm done): but never mind, the feeling is pritty: and I can fancy, my dear Barnet, a pritty, smiling, weeping lass, looking up in a man’s face and saying it. But the captng!—O this captng!—this windy, spouting captng, with his prittinesses, and conseated apollogies for the hardness of his busm, and his old, stale, vapid simalies, and his wishes to be a bee! Pish! Men don’t make love in this finniking way. It’s the part of a sentymentle, poeticle taylor, not a galliant gentleman, in command of one of her madjisty’s vessels of war.

Look at the remaining extrac, honored Barnet, and acknollidge that Captng Norman is eturnly repeating himself, with his endless jabber, about stars and angels. Look at the neat grammaticle twist of Lady Arundel’s spitch, too, who, in the corse of three lines, has made her son a prince, a lion, with a sword and coronal, and a star. Why jumble and sheak up matafors in this

way? Barnet, one simily is quite enuff in the best of sentences (and, I preshume, I kneedn't tell you that it's as well to have it *like*, when you are about it). Take my advise, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin: it's genrally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal (an “ancestral coronal,” p. 74), if you like, as you might call a hat a “swart sombrero,” “a glossy four-and-nine,” “a silken helm, to storm impermeable, and lightsome as the breezy gossamer;” but, in the long run, it's as well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat; and that name is quite as poetticle as another. I think it's Playto, or els Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would swell as sweet. Confess, now, dear Barnet, don't you long to call it a Polyanthus?

I never see a play more carelessly written. In such a hurry you seem to have bean, that you have actially in some sentences forgot to put in the sence. What is this, for instance?—

“This thrice precious one
Smiled to my eyes—drew being from my breast—
Slept in my arms;—the very tears I shed
Above my treasure were to men and angels
Alike such holy sweetness!”

In the name of all the angels that ever you invoked—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Zadkiel, Azrael—what does this “holy sweetness” mean? We're not spinxes to read such durk conandrum. If you knew my state sins I came upon this passidg—I've neither slep nor eton; I've neg-

lected my pantry ; I've been wandring from house to house with this riddl in my hand, and nobody can understand it. All Mr. Frazier's men are wild, looking gloomy at one another, and asking what this may be. All the cumtributors have been spoak to. The Docter, who knows every languitch, has tried and giv'n up ; we've sent to Docter Pettigruel, who reads horyglifics a deal ezier than my way of spellin'—no anser. Quick ! quick with a fifth edition, honored Barnet, and set us at rest ! While your about it, please, too, to igsplain the two last lines :—

“His merry bark with England's flag to crown her.”

See what dellexy of igsfreshn, “a flag to crown her !”

“His merry bark with England's flag to crown her,
Fame for my hopes, and woman in my cares.”

Likewise the following :—

“Girl, beware

THE LOVE THAT TRIFLES ROUND THE CHARMS IT GILDS
OFT RUINS WHILE IT SHINES.”

Igsplane this, men and angels ! I've tried every way ; backards, forards, and in all sorts of trancepositions, as thus :—

The love that ruins round the charms it shines,
Gilds while it trifles oft ;

Or,

The charm that gilds around the love it ruins,
Oft trifles while it shines ;

Or,

The ruins that love gilds and shines around,
Oft trifles while it charms;

Or,

Love, while it charms, shines round, and ruins oft
The trifles that it gilds;

Or,

The love that trifles, gilds and ruins oft,
While round the charms it shines.

All which are as sensible as the fust passidge.

And with this I'll allow my friend Smith, who has been silent all this time, to say a few words. He has not written near so much as me (being an infearor genus, betwigst ourselves), but he says he never had such mortal difficklty with any thing as with the dix-cripshn of the plott of your pease. Here his letter.

To CH-RL-S F-TZR-Y PL-NT-G-N-T Y-LL-WPL-SH,
Esq., &c. &c.

30th Nov. 1839.

My dear and honoured Sir,—I have the pleasure of laying before you the following description of the plot, and a few remarks upon the style of the piece called *The Sea Captain*.

Five-and-twenty years back, a certain Lord Arundel had a daughter, heiress of his estates and property; a poor cousin, Sir Maurice Beavor (being next in succession); and a page, Arthur Le Mesnil by name.

The daughter took a fancy for the page, and the young persons were married unknown to his lordship.

Three days before her confinement (thinking, no doubt, that period favourable for travelling), the young couple had agreed to run away together, and had reached a chapel near on the sea-coast, from which they were to embark, when Lord Arundel abruptly put a stop to their proceedings by causing one Gaussen, a pirate, to murder the page.

His daughter was carried back to Arundel House, and, in three days, gave birth to a son. Whether his lordship knew of this birth I cannot say; the infant, however, was never acknowledged, but carried by Sir Maurice Bevor to a priest, Onslow by name, who educated the lad and kept him for twelve years in profound ignorance of his birth. The boy went by the name of Norman.

Lady Arundel meanwhile married again, again became a widow, but had a second son, who was the acknowledged heir, and called Lord Ashdale. Old Lord Arundel died, and her ladyship became countess in her own right.

When Norman was about twelve years of age, his mother, who wished to "*waft* young Arthur to a distant land," had him sent on board ship. Who should the captain of the ship be but Gaussen, who received a smart bribe from Sir Maurice Bevor to kill the lad. Accordingly, Gaussen tied him to a plank, and pitched him overboard.

* * * * *

About thirteen years after these circumstances, Violet, an orphan niece of Lady Arundel's second hus-

band, came to pass a few weeks with her ladyship. She had just come from a sea-voyage, and had been saved from a wicked Algerine by an English sea captain. This sea captain was no other than Norman, who had been picked up off his plank, and fell in love with, and was loved by, Miss Violet.

A short time after Violet's arrival at her aunt's the captain came to pay her a visit, his ship anchoring off the coast, near Lady Arundel's residence. By a singular coincidence, that rogue Gausen's ship anchored in the harbour too. Gausen at once knew his man, for he had "tracked" him, (after drowning him,) and he informed Sir Maurice Beevor that young Norman was alive.

Sir Maurice Beevor informed her ladyship. How should she get rid of him? In this wise. He was in love with Violet, let him marry her and be off; for Lord Ashdale was in love with his cousin too; and, of course, could not marry a young woman in her station of life. "You have a chaplain on board," says her ladyship to Captain Norman; "let him attend to-night in the ruined chapel, marry Violet, and away with you to sea." By this means she hoped to be quit of him for ever.

But, unfortunately, the conversation had been overheard by Beevor, and reported to Ashdale. Ashdale determined to be at the chapel and carry off Violet; as for Beevor, he sent Gausen to the chapel to kill both Ashdale and Norman, thus there would only be Lady Arundel between him and the title.

Norman, in the meanwhile, who had been walking near the chapel, had just seen his worthy old friend, the

priest, most barbarously murdered there. Sir Maurice Beevor had set Gaussen upon him; his reverence was coming with the papers concerning Norman's birth, which Beevor wanted in order to extort money from the countess. Gaussen was, however, obliged to run before he got the papers; and the clergyman had time, before he died, to tell Norman the story, and give him the documents, with which Norman sped off to the castle to have an interview with his mother.

He lays his white cloak and hat on the table, and begs to be left alone with her ladyship. Lord Ashdale, who is in the room, surlily quits it; but, going out cunningly, puts on Norman's cloak. "It will be dark," says he, "down at the chapel; Violet won't know me; and, egad! I'll run off with her!"

Norman has his interview. Her ladyship acknowledges him, for she cannot help it; but will not embrace him, love him, or have anything to do with him.

Away he goes to the chapel. His chaplain was there waiting to marry him to Violet, his boat was there to carry him on board his ship, and Violet was there, too.

"Norman," says she, in the dark, "dear Norman, I knew you by your white cloak; here I am." And she and the man in a cloak go off to the inner chapel to be married.

There waits Master Gaussen; he has seized the chaplain and the boat's crew, and is just about to murder the man in the cloak, when—

Norman rushes in and cuts him down, much to the surprise of Miss, for she never suspected it was sly Ashdale who had come, as we have seen, disguised, and very nearly paid for his masquerading.

Ashdale is very grateful; but, when Norman per-

sists in marrying Violet, he says—no, he shan't. He shall fight; he is a coward if he doesn't fight. Norman flings down his sword, and says he *won't* fight; and—

Lady Arundel, who has been at prayers all this time, rushing in, says, "Hold! this is your brother, Percy—your elder brother!" Here is some restiveness on Ashdale's part, but he finishes by embracing his brother.

Norman burns all the papers; vows he will never peach; reconciles himself with his mother; says he will go loser; but, having ordered his ship to "veer" round to the chapel, orders it to veer back again, for he will pass the honeymoon at Arundel Castle.

As you have been pleased to ask my opinion, it strikes me that there are one or two very good notions in this plot. But the author does not fail, as he would modestly have us believe, from ignorance of stage-business; he seems to know too much, rather than too little, about the stage, to be too anxious to cram in effects, incidents, perplexities. There is the perplexity concerning Ashdale's murder, and Norman's murder, and the priest's murder, and the page's murder, and Gausson's murder. There is the perplexity about the papers, and that about the hat and cloak, (a silly, foolish obstacle,) which only tantalize the spectator, and retard the march of the drama's action; it is as if the author had said, "I must have a new incident in every act, I must keep tickling the spectator perpetually, and never let him off until the fall of the curtain.

The same disagreeable bustle and petty complication of intrigue you may remark in the author's drama of *Richelieu*. *The Lady of Lyons* was a much simpler and

better-wrought plot. The incidents following each other either not too swiftly or startlingly. In *Richelieu*, it always seemed to me as if one heard doors perpetually clapping and banging; one was puzzled to follow the train of conversation, in the midst of the perpetual small noises that distracted one right and left.

Nor is the list of characters of *The Sea Captain* to be despised. The outlines of all of them are good. A mother, for whom one feels a proper tragic mixture of hatred and pity; a gallant single-hearted son, whom she disdains, and who conquers her at last by his noble conduct; a dashing, haughty Tybalt of a brother; a wicked poor cousin, a pretty maid, and a fierce buccanier. These people might pass three hours very well on the stage, and interest the audience hugely; but the author fails in filling up the outlines. His language is absurdly stilted, frequently careless; the reader or spectator hears a number of loud speeches, but scarce a dozen lines that seem to belong of nature to the speakers.

Nothing can be more fulsome or loathsome to my mind than the continual sham-religious clap-traps which the author has put into the mouth of his hero; nothing more unsailor-like than his namby-pamby starlit descriptions, which my ingenious colleague has, I see, alluded to. "Thy faith my anchor, and thine eyes my haven," cries the gallant captain to his lady. See how loosely the sentence is constructed, like a thousand others in the book. The captain is to cast anchor with the girl's faith in her own eyes; either image might pass by itself, but together, like the quadrupeds of Kilkenny, they devour each other. The captain tells his lieutenant *to bid his bark veer round to a point in the harbour,*

Was ever such language? My lady gives Sir Maurice a thousand pounds to *waft* him (her son) to some distant shore. Nonsense, sheer nonsense; and, what is worse, affected nonsense!

Look at the comedy of the poor cousin. "There is a great deal of game on the estate—partridges, hares, wild-geese, snipes, and plovers (*smacking his lips*)—besides a magnificent preserve of sparrows, which I can sell *to the little blackguards* in the streets at a penny a hundred. But I am very poor—a very poor old knight."

Is this wit, or nature? It is a kind of sham wit; it reads as if it were wit, but it is not. What poor, poor stuff, about the little blackguard boys! what flimsy ecstasies and silly "smacking of lips" about the "plovers!" Is this the man who writes for the next age? O fie! Here is another joke:—

"*Sir Maurice.* Mice! zounds, how can I
Keep mice! I can't afford it! They were starved
To death an age ago. The last was found,
Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone
In that same larder, so consumed and worn
By pious fast, 'twas awful to behold it!
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To thieves and beggars!"

Is not this rare wit? "Zounds! how can I keep mice?" is well enough for a miser; not too new, or brilliant either; but this miserable dilution of a thin joke, this wretched hunting down of the poor mouse! It is humiliating to think of a man of *esprit* harping so long on such a mean, pitiful string. A man who as-

pires to immortality, too! I doubt whether it is to be gained thus; whether our author's words are not too loosely built to make "starry pointing pyramids of." Horace clipped and squared his blocks more carefully before he laid the monument which, *imber edax*, or *Aquila impotens*, or *fuga temporum*, might assail in vain. Even old Ovid, when he raised his stately, shining heathen temple, had placed some columns in it, and hewn out a statue or two which deserved the immortality that he prophesied (somewhat arrogantly) for himself. But let not all be looking forward to a future, and fancying that, "*incerti spatium dum finiat avi*," our books are to be immortal. Alas! the way to immortality is not so easy, nor will our *Sea Captain* be permitted such an unconscionable cruise. If all the immortalities were really to have their wish, what a work would our descendants have to study them all!

Not yet, in my humble opinion, has the honourable baronet achieved this deathless consummation. There will come a day (may it be long distant!) when the very best of his novels will be forgotten; and it is reasonable to suppose that his dramas will pass out of existence, some time or other, in the lapse of the *secula seculorum*. In the mean time, my dear Plush, if you ask me what the great obstacle is towards the dramatic fame and merit of our friend, I would say that it does not lie so much in hostile critics or feeble health, as in a careless habit of writing, and a peevish vanity which causes him to shut his eyes to his faults. The question of original capacity I will not moot; one may think very highly of the honourable baronet's talent, without rating it quite so high as he seems disposed to do.

And to conclude : as he has chosen to combat the critics in person, the critics are surely justified in being allowed to address him directly.

With best compliments to Mr. Yellowplush,
I have the honour to be, dear Sir,
Your most faithful and obliged
humble servant,

JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

And now, Smith having finisht his letter, I think I can't do better than clothes mine lickwise ; for though I should never be tired of talking, praps the public may of hearing, and therefore it's best to shut up shopp.

What I've said, respected Barnit, I hoap you woan't take unkind. A play, you see, is public property for every one to say his say on ; and I think, if you read your prefez over agin, you'll see that it ax as a direct incouridgemint to us critix to come forrard and notice you. But don't fansy, I besitch you, that we are actiated by hostillaty ; fust write a good play, and you'll see we'll prays if fast enuff. Waiting which, *Agray, Munseer le Chevaleer, l'ashurance de ma hot cumsideratun.*

Voter distangy,

Y.

THE END.



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AND

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MAN ABOUT TOWN," ETC.

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1853.

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J E A M E S ' S D I A R Y .

J E A M E S ' S D I A R Y .

A TALE OF 1845.

A LUCKY SPECULATOR.

“CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End, by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen JAMES PLUSH, Esq., lately footman in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

“One day last week, MR. JAMES waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City; and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in the service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

“His master (we believe we may mention, without offending delicacy, the well-known name of SIR GEORGE FLIMSY, of the house of FLIMSY, DIDDLE & FLASH) smilingly asked MR. JAMES what was the amount of his savings: wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent in bouquets, silk stockings, and perfumery—MR. PLUSH could have managed to lay by anything.

“MR. PLUSH, with some hesitation, said he had been *speculating in railroads*, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square, and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell.

“SIR GEORGE, who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook MR. P. by the hand; LADY FLIMSY begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table; and has subsequently invited him to her grand *déjeuner* at Richmond, where it was observed that Miss EMILY FLIMSY, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman *marked attention*.

"We hear it stated that MR. P. is of a very ancient family (HUGO DE LA PLUCHE came over with the Conqueror); and the new Brougham which he has started, bears the ancient coat of his race.

"He has taken apartments in the Albany, and is a director of thirty-three railroads. He purposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election, on decidedly conservative principles, which have always been the politics of his family.

"Report says, that even in his humble capacity MISS EMILY FLIMSY had remarked his high demeanour. Well, 'none but the brave,' say we, 'deserve the fair.'"—*Morning Paper*.

This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box with a West-End post-mark. If, as we believe, they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionnaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late; if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous; if poor MARYANNE *be still alive*; we trust, we trust, MR. PLUSH will do her justice.

JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE.

A HELIGY.

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
 Come all ye ladies' maids so fair—
 Vile I a story vil relate
 Of cruel JEAMES of Buckley Square.

A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked vith powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum JEAMES of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our JEAMES in red plush tights,
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwilets,
He cocked his at with *such* a hair ;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved JEAMES of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
And o ! I vithered vith despair,
Misses *would* ring the parler bell,
And call up JEAMES in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord,
(Sperrits and beer I can't a bear,)
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd "MARY HANN,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."

O how my gentle heart did bound,
 To think that I his name should bear.
 "Dear JEAMES," says I, "I've twenty pound,"
 And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
 His name's in railroads everywhere;
 And lord, vot lots of letters vent
 Betwigt his brokers and Buckley Square!
 My JEAMES it was the letters took,
 And read 'em all, (I think it's fair,)
 And took a leaf from Master's book,
 As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
 Of which poor *I* was unavare,
 He wrote the Companies all round,
 And signed hissself from Buckley Square.
 And how JOHN PORTER used to grin,
 As day by day, share after share,
 Came railway letters pouring in,
 "J. PLUSH, Esquire, in Buckley Square."

Our servants' All was in a rage—
 Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
 With butler, coachman, groom and page,
 Was all the talk in Buckley Square.

But O! imagine vat I felt
 Last Vensdy veek as ever were;
 I gits a letter, which I spelt
 "MIS M. A. HOGGINS, Buckley Square."

He sent me back my money true—
 He sent me back my lock of air,
 And said, "My dear, I bid ajew
 To MARY HANN and Buckley Square.
 Think not to marry, foolish HANN,
 With people who your betters are;
 JAMES PLUSH is now a gentleman,
 And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

"I've thirty thousand guineas won,
 In six short months, by genus rare;
 You little thought what JEAMES was on,
 Poor MARY HANN, in Buckley Square.
 I've thirty thousand guineas net,
 Powder and plush I scorn to veer;
 And so, Miss MARY ANN, forget
 For hever JEAMES, of Buckley Square."

* * * * *

The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

A LETTER FROM "JEAMES, OF BUCKLEY SQUARE."

ALBANY, *Letter X.*, August 10, 1845.

"SIR:—Has a reglar suscriber to your emusing paper, I beg leaf to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abbit to igspose the mistaries of privit life, and to hinger the delligit feelings of umble individyouals like myself, who have *no ideer* of being made the subject of newspaper criticism.

"I elude, Sir, to the unjustafiable use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my muccantile speclations and the *hinmost pashsn of my art* have been brot forrards in a ridieklus way for the public emusemint.

"What call, Sir, has the public to inquire into the suckmstancies of my engagements with Miss MARY HANN OGGINS, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maid the hobjick of your *redicule* in a *doggril ballit* impewted to her! I say *impewted*, because in *my* time at least MARY HANN could only sign her + mark (has I've hoften witnist it for her when she paid hin at the Savings Bank) and has for *sacraficing to the Mewses* and making *poatry*, she was as *hincapible* as MR. WAKLEY himself.

“With respect to the ballit, my baleaf is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly, a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to MARY HANN—a feller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a ritin (having been a doctors boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed MISS H's name to his *nonsince and lies*: and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for lible for insutting them in your paper.

“It is false that I have treated Miss H. hill in *hany* way. That I borrowed 20lb of her is *trew*. But she confesses I paid it back. Can hall people say as much of the money *they've* lent or borrowed? No. And I not only paid it back: but giv her the andsomet pres'nts *which I never should have eluded to*, but for this attack. Fust, a silver thimble (which I found in Missus's work-box); secknd, a vollom of BYROM's poems: third, I halways brought her a glass of Curasore, when we ad a party, of which she was remarkable fond. I treated her to HASHLEY's twice (and halways a srimp or a hoyster by the way), and a *thowsnd deligit attentions*, which I sapose count for *nothink*.

“Has for marridge. Haltered suckmstancies rendered it himpossable. I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxy. I breathe

no sallible of blame aginst Miss H., but his a hillit-erit cookmaid fit to set at a fashnable table? Do young fellers of rank genrally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our i's upon a low-born gal, I needn say its only a tempory distraction, *pore passy le tong*. So much for *her* claims upon me. Has for *that beest of a Doctor's boy*, he's unwuthy the notas of a Gentleman.

“That I've one thirty thousand lb, *and praps more*, I dont deny. Ow much has the Kilossus of Railroads one, I should like to know, and what was his cappitle? I hentered the market with 20lb, specklated Jewdicious, and ham what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haven't) —So may you be : if you choose to go in & win.

“I for my part am jusly *prowd* of my suxess, and could give you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hesses I bought (and a better pair of steppers I dafy you to see in hany cur-ricle), I crisen'd Hull and Selby, in grateful elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've jest sold him at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount.

“At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two grooms for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshle servant, a vally de shamber—He curls my air ; inspex

my accounts, and hangers my invitations to dinner. I call this Vally my *Trent Vally*, for it was the profit I got from that extent line, which induced me to engage him.

“ Besides my North British plate and breakfast equipage—I have two handsome services for dinner—the gold plate for Sundays, and the silver for common use. When I have a great party, ‘Trent,’ I say to my man, ‘we will have the London and Birmingham plate to day (the gold), or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver).’ I bought them after realizing on the above lines, and if people suppose that the companies made me a present of the plate, how can I help it?

“ In the same way I say, ‘Trent, bring us a bottle of Bristol and Hexeter!’ or, ‘Put some Heastern Counties in here!’ *He* knows what I mean: it’s the wines I bought upon the hospitable termination of my connexion with those two railroads.

“ So strong indeed as this abbot became, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest Miss DIDDLE last week, I had her christened (provisionally) Rosamell—from the French line of which I am Director; and only the other day, finding myself rather unwell, ‘Doctor,’ says I to SIR JEAMES CLARK, ‘I’ve sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of order: and I want you to send them up to a

premium.' The Doctor lafd, and I beleave told the story subsquintly at Buckinum P—ll—s.

"But I will trouble you no father. My sole objiet in writing has been to *clear my carrater*—to show that I came by my money in a honorable way: that I'm not ashaymd of the manner in which I gaynd it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

"To conclude, I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stagg. You are corriect in stating that I am of hancient Normin famly. This is more than PEAL can say, to whomb I applied for a barnetcy; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Con-servative though I be, *I may change my opinions* before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

"Meanwild, I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obeajnt Survnt,

"FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHE."

JEAMES'S DIARY.

ONE day in the panic week, our friend JEAMES called at our Office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole; his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten

chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty-knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other cameos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

"How's scrip, MR. JEAMES?" said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

"Scrip be ——," replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlour whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, "*Mr. Punch*," says he, after a moment's hesitation, "I wish to speak to you on a pint of businiss. I wish to be paid for my contribewtions to your paper. Suckmstances is haltered with me. I—I—in a word, *can* you lend me ——£ for the account?"

He named the sum. It was one so great, that we don't care to mention it here; but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on MESSRS. PUMP AND ALD-GATE, our bankers), tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and, shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the city.

Returning to our study, we found he had left on our table an open pocket-book; of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained:—three tavern-bills, paid; a tailor's

ditto, unsettled ; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be $\frac{1}{4}$ discount ; and in an old bit of paper tied with pink riband a lock of chesnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

In the diary of the pocket-book was a Journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant ; as, for instance :—“ *3rd January*—Our beer in the Suvnts' Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *muss* give warning, & wood, but for my dear MARY HANN.” “ *February 7*—That broot SCREW, the Butler, wanted to kis her, but my dear MARY HANN boxt his hold hears, & served him right. *I datest* SCREW;”—and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, MR. JAMES quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

“ EXTRAX :—

“ Wen I anounced in the Servnts All my axeshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talince and ingianiuty I had reerlized a summ of 20,000 lb.

(it was only 5, but what's the use of a mann depre-shiating the qualaty of his own mackyrel?). Wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hall the people! Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweat-bred, or the slise of the brest of a Cold Tucky. SCREW, the butler, (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hoverbaring beest,) begged me to walk in to the *Hupper* Servnts All, and try a glass of Shu-perior Shatto Margo. Heven VISP, the coachmin, eld out his and, & said, "JEAMES, I hopes theres no quarraling betwigt you & me, & I'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure."

"The sickofnts!—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me priggin some cold tuttle soop, of which I'm remarka-ble fond). Has for the Butler, I always *ebommi-nated* him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who wear livry, (he never would sit in our parlour, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs;) and in regard of VISP—why, it was ony the day before the vulgar beest hofferred to fite me, and thretned to give me a good iding if I refused. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, as haughty as may be, 'there's nothink that I want for that I can't go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in Halbany, letter Hex; if I'm ungary I've no need to refresh myself in the *kitching*.' And, so saying, I took a digna-

fied ajew of these minnial domestics ; and ascending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and, taking hoff those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by CULLIN, of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

“ There was *one* pusson in the house with womb I was rayther anxious to evoid a persnal leave-taking—MARY HANN OGGINS, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a pore gal in pane. I'd given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20lb., which she'd lent me 6 months before ; and paying her back not ony the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scisars and a silver thimbil, by way of boanus. ‘MARY HANN,’ says I, ‘suckimstancies has haltered our relatif positions in life. I quit the Servnts' Hall for hever, (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that my dear is hall gammin,) and so I wish you a good by my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halways refer to me.’

“ MARY HANN didn't hanser my speech, (which I think was remarkable kind,) but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into somethink betwist a laugh and a cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang the dressing-room bell. Would

you bleave it? she left the thimbil & things, & my check for 20lb. 10s on the tabil, when she went to hanser the bell? And now I heard her sobbing and vimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, with the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good by. But, as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring FREDERICK my fellow-servnt, to fetch me a cabb, and requesting permission to take leaf of my lady & the famly before my departure."

* * * * *

"HOW MISS HEMLY did hogle me to be sure! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she hasked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin, indeed! I don't like carrits! as it must be confest MISS HEMLY's his—and has for a *blond buty* she as pink I's like a Halbino, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeegeed my & as she went away!

"MARY HANN now *has* haubin air, and a complexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin.

"I gev FREDERICK two and six for fetchin the cabb—been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared!"

"25th.—I am now director of forty-seven had-vantageous lines, and have past hall day in the City. Although I've hate or nine new soots of close, and MR. CULLIN fitts me heligant, yet I fansy they hall reckonise me. Conshns wispers to me—'JEAMS, you'r hony a footman in disguise hafter all.'"

"28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That LABLASH is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Bravar,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravee, LABLASH,' says I, at which hevery body laft.

"I'm in my new stall. I've add new cushings put in, and my harms in goold on the back. I'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waistcoat and dimind studds in the embriderd busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera glas, so big, that I make Timmins, my secnd man, bring it in the other cabb.

"What an igstronry exabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are faries, TELLIONI is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and somethink they can't. There's an indiscrible grace about her, and CARLOTTY, my sweet CARLOTTY, she sets my art in flams.

"Ow that MISS HEMLY was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth tear?"

“What linx i's she must av. As if I could mount up there!

“P. S. Talking of *mounting hup!* the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent this very day.”

“*2d July.* Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, LORD GEORGE RINGWOOD (LORD CINQBAR'S SON), LORD BALLYBUNNION, HONORABLE CAPTING TRAP, & sevrul hother young swells. SIR JOHN'S carridge there in coarse. Miss HEMLY lets fall her booky as I pass, and I'm obleged to get hoff and pick it hup, and get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hoss back agin is halways the juice and hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a porring the hair with his 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I'm blest if I didn't slipp hoff agin over his tail; at which BALLYBUNNION & the other chaps rord with lafter.

“AS BALLY has istates in Queen's County, I've put him on the Saint Helena direction. We call it the 'Great St. Helena Napoleon Junction,' from Jamestown to Longwood.' The French are taking it hup heagerly.”

“*6th July.* Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I'm hon.

The Cwrwmwrw & Plmwyddlywm, with tunnils through Snowding and Plinlimming.

“Great nashnallity of coarse. AP SHINKIN in the chair, AP LLWYDD in the vice; Welsh mutton for dinner; Welsh iron knives & forks; Welsh rabbit after dinner; and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him; he went strummint on his hojous instrument, and played a toon piguliarly disagreeble to me.

“It was *Pore Mary Hann*. The clarrit holmost choaked me as I tried it, and I very nearly wep myself as I thought of her bewtifle blue i's. Why *ham* I always thinkin about that gal? Sasiaty is sasiaty, it's lors is irresistabl. Has a man of rank I can't marry a serving-made. What would CINQBAR & BALLYBUNNION say?

P. S.—I don't like the way that CINGBARS has of borroing money, & halways making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the Shipp, Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for DERBYSHIRE's brown Ock is the best in Urup; nine pound three at the Trafflygar, and seventeen pound sixteen and nine at the Star & Garter, Richmond, with the COUNTESS ST. EMILION & the BARONESS FRONTIGNAC. Not one word of French could I speak, and in consquince had nothink to do but to make myself halmost sick with heating ices and desert, while the hothers were chattering & parlyvooring.

“Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with

MARY HANN, when we were more happy, (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy-beer betwixt us,) more appy with tea and a simple srimp than with hall this splendor!"——

“ *July 24.* My first floor apartmince in the Halbiny is now kimplately and chasely funnished—the droring-room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbinet curtings with pink velvet & goold borders & fringes; a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroydered with tulips; tables, seeritaires, cunsoles, &c., as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shandalers of the purest Hormolew.

“ The Dining-room funniture is all *hoak*, British Hoak; round igspanning table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccommadating any number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties—Curtings Crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. There's four of his Grace. For Ive remarked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight & considration you should holways praise and quote him—I have a valluble one lickwise of my QUEEND, and 2 of PRINCE HALBERT—as a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar *snears* that are daily hullered

against that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwigxt the Prins & the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Malitia, of which Cinqbars has made me Capting.

“ The Libery is not yet done.

“ But the Bedd-roomb is the Jem of the whole—if you could but see it! such a Bedworr! I've a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose coloured tapers. Goold dressing case and twilet of Dresding Cheny—My bed white and gold with curtings of pink and silver brocayd held up at top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smiling angilliely hon me, has I lay with my Ed on my piller hall sarounded with the finst Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House—I' ve 7 osses: in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtablishment.

“ N.B. Heverythink looking well in the City. SAINT HELENAS, 12 pm., MADAGASCARS, 9⁵/₈, SAFFRON HILL & ROOKERY Junction, 24, and the new lines in prospick equily encouraging.

“ People phansy its hall gaiety and pleasure the life of us fashnable gents about townd—But I can tell 'em its not hall goold that glitters. They don't know our momints of hagony—hour ours of studdy and reflexhun. They little think when they see

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Exquire, worling round in walce at Halmax with LADY HANN, or lazaly stepping a kidrill with LADY JANE, poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hoss Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so rickliss, is a careworn mann! and yet so it is.

“ Imprymus. I 've been ableged to get up all the ecomplishments at double quick, & to apply myself with treemenjuous energy.

“ First, —in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is—I 've read the novvle of Pelham six times, and ham to go through it 4 times mor.

“ I practis ridin and the acquirement of ‘a steady & a sure seat across Country’ assijuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Riding Grounds. Many's the tumbil I 've ad, and the aking boans I 've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

“ Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabitance of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmince of JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Exquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing-master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies —at nine ‘mangtiang & depotment,’ as he calls it; & the manner of hentering a room, complimenting

the ost & ostess & compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing-room (has to a party), I make my bow—my master (he's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young LEWY NEPOLEUM) reseaves me—I hadwance—speak abowt the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cussory manner. Brekfst is enounced by FITZWARREN, my mann—we precede to the festive bord—complimence is igschanged with the manner of drinking wind, adresssing your neighbour, employ- ing your napking & finger-glas, &c. And then we fall to brekfst, when I prommiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I'm getten on very well—soon I shall be able to inwite people to brekfst, like MR. MILLS, my rivle in Halbany; MR. MACAULY (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, "The Lays of Hancient Rum); & the great MR. RODGERS himself.

"The above was wrote some weeks back. I *have* given brekfsts sins then, reglar *Deshunys*. I have ad Earls and Yeounts—Barnits as many as I chose: and the pick of the Railway world, of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand *Fate*. I had the *Elect* of my friends: the display was sumtious; the company *reshershly*. Everything that Dellixy could suggest was by GUNTER provided. I had a

Countiss on my right, & (the COUNTESS OF WIGGLESBURY, that loveliest and most dashing of Staggs, who may be called the Railway Queend, as my friend GEORGE H—— is the Railway King)—on my left the LADY BLANCHE BLUENOSE—PRINCE TOWROWSKI—the great HUDDLESTONE FUDDLESTONE, from the North, and a skoar of the fust of the fashn. I was in my *gloary*. The dear COUNTESS and LADY BLANCHE was dying with laffing at my joax and fun. I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door-bell, and sudnly FITZWARREN, my man, henters with an air of constanation: “Theres somebody at the door,” says he, in a visper.

“‘O, it’s that dear LADY HEMILY,’ says I, ‘and that lazy raskle of a husband of her’s. Trot them in, FITZWARREN’ (for you see, by this time I had adopted quite the manners and hease of the arristoxy).—And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently, enouncing MR. & MRS. BLODDER.

“I turned gashly pail. The table—the guests—the Countiss—TOWROUSKI, and the rest, wealed round & round before my hagitated I’s. *It was my Grandmother and HUNCLE BILL.* She is a washerwoman at Healing Common, and he—he keeps a wegetable donkey-cart.

“Y, Y hadn’t JOHN, the tiger, igsluded them?

He had tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters, advanced in spite of him, HUNCLE BILL bringing in the old lady grinning on his arm!

“Phansy my feelinx.”

“Immagin when these unfortnat members of my famly hentered the room: you may phansy the ix-tonnishment of the nobil company presnt. Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horientle splendor, and huncle BILL (pulling hoff his phantail, & seluting the company as respectkfly as his vulgar natur would alow) says—‘Crikey, JEAMES, you’ve got a better birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line.’ ‘Try a few of them plovers legs, sir,’ I says, wishing, I’m asheamed to say, that somethink would choke huncle B——; ‘and I hope, mam, now you’ve ad the kindniss to wisit me, a little refreshmint wont be out of your way.’

“This I said, detummind to put a good fase on the matter; and because, in herly times, I’d reseaved a great deal of kindniss from the hold lady, which I should be a roag to forgit. She paid for my schooling; she got up my fine linning gratis; shes given me many & many a lb; and manys the time in appy appy days when me and MARYHANN has taken tea.

But never mind *that*. 'Mam,' says I, 'you must be tired hafter your walk.'

" 'Walk? Nonsince, JEAMES,' says she; 'its Saturday, & I came in, in *the cart*.' 'Black or green tea, maam?' says FITZWARREN, intarupting her. And I will say the feller showed his nouce & good breeding in this difficklt momink; for he'd halready silenced huncle BILL, whose mouth was now full of muffinx, am, Blowny sausag, Perrigole pie, and other dellixies.

" 'Wouldn't you like a little *somethink* in your tea, Mam,' says that sly wagg CINQBARS. 'He knows what I likes,' replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glas of hojous gin along with her Bohee), and so I was ableeged to horder FITZWARREN to bring round the licures, and to help my unfortint rerratif to a bumper of Ollands. She tost it hoff to the elth of the company, giving a smack with her lipps after she'd emtied the glas, which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, She didn't igspose herself much farther: for when CINQBARS was pressing her to take another glas, I cried out, 'Don't, my lord!' on which old Grann, hearing him edressed by his title, cried out, 'A Lord! o, law!' and got up and made him a cutsy, and coodnt be peswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent. heavidently made her uneezy.

“The Countess on my right and had shown symptoms of extreme disgust at the behaviour of my relations, and, having called for her carriage, got up to leave the room, with the most dignified air. I, of course, rose to conduct her to her chamber. Ah, what a contrast it was! There it stood, with stars and garters all over the panels; the footman in peach-coloured tights; the horses worth 3 hundred a-piece;—and there stood the horrid *linnen-cart*, with ‘MARY BLODDER, Laundress, Ealing, Middlesex,’ wrote on the board, and waiting until my abandoned old parent should come out.

“CINQARS insisted upon helping her in. SIR HUDDLESTON FUDDLESTONE, the great baronet from the North, who, ‘great as he is, is as stupid as a hound,’ looked on, hardly trusting his goggles as they witnessed the scene. But little lively good natured LADY KITTY QUICKSET, who was going away with the Countess, held her little & out of the carriage to me and said, ‘MR. DE LA PLUCHE, you are a much better man than I took you to be. Though her Ladyship is horrified, and though your Grandmother *did* take gin for breakfast, don’t give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father & mother.’

“And this was a sort of consolation to me, and I observed that at all the good fellows thought none the wiser of me. CINQARS said I was a trump for

sticking up for the old washerwoman; LORD GEORGE GILLS said she should have his linning; and so they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff.

“There was one pint which my Grandmother observed, and which, I muss say, I thought lickwise; ‘Ho, JEAMES,’ says she, ‘hall those fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there’s not one of em can hold a candle to MARY HANN.’”

“Railway Spec is going on phamusly. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now! SIR PAUL PUMP ALDGATE & COMPANY. They bow me out of the back parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Every body says I’m worth half a millium. The number of lines they’re putting me upon, is inkum-seavable. I’ve put FITZWARREN, my man, upon several. REGINALD FITZWARREN, Esquire, looks splended in a perspectus; and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd.

“How the ladies & men too, foller & flatter me! If I go into LADY BINSIS hopra box, she makes room for me, who ever is there, and cries out, ‘O do make room for that dear creature!’ And she complyments me on my taste in musick, or my new Broomoss, or the phansy of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old LORD BAREACRES,

as stiff as a poaker, as proud as Loosyfer, as poor as JOAB—even he condysends to be sivvle to the great DE LA PLUCHE, and begged me at HARTHUR'S, lately, in his sollom, pompus way, 'to faver him with five minutes conversation.' I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Wouldn't mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Bareacres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

"I gave the old humbugg a few shares out of my own pocket. 'There, old Pride,' says I, 'I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pompossaty! Take fifty pound; I like to see you come cringing and begging for it.' Whenever I see him in a *very* public place, I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him 'BAREACRES, my old buck!' and I see him wince. It does my art good.

"I'm in low sperits. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred. LADY PUMP, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of coarse, with an uncommon gal ner me, with whom I was getting on in my fassanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy plesntry. Old PUMP, from the end of the table, asked me to drink Shampane; and on turning to tak the glass, I saw CHARLES WACKLES (with womb I'd been imployed at COLONEL

SPURRIER's house) grinning over his shoulder at the Butler.

"The beest reckonized me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up again: '*How dy doo*, JEAMES,' says he, in a findish visper. 'Just come out here, CHAWLES,' says I, 'I've a word for you, my old boy.' So I beckoned him into Portland Place, with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

"'I think you said "JEAMES," CHAWLES,' says I, 'and grind at me at dinner?'

"'Why, sir,' says he, 'we're old friends, you know.'

"'Take that for old friendship, then,' says I, 'and I gave him just one on the noas, which sent him down on the pavemint as if he'd been shot.' And mounting myjesticly into my cabb, I left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, & droav to the Clubb."

"Have this day kimpleated a little efair with my friend GEORGE, EARL BAREACRES, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self & that noble gent. Adjining the BAREACRE proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squallop Hill, igseed-ing advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to have a pickewlear fine flavour

from the natur of the grass, tyme, heather, and other hodarefarus plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones dont prevent them. Thistles here is also remarkable fine, and the land is also divided hoff by luxurient Stone Hedges—much more usefle and ickonomicle than your quick-set, or any of that rubbishing sort of timber; indeed the sile is of that fine natur, that timber refuses to grow there altogether. I gave BAREACRES 50£ an acre for this land (the igsact premium of my St. Helena Shares)—a very handsom price for land which never yielded two shillings an acre; and very convenient to his Lordship, I know, who had a bill coming due at his Bankers which he had given them. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, is thus for the fust time a landed propriator—or rayther, I should say, is about to reshume the rank & dignity in the country which his Hancestors so long occupied.”

“I have caused one of our inginears to make me a plann of the Squallop Estate, Diddlesexshire, the property of &c., &c., bordered on the North by LORD BAREACRES' Country; on the West by SIR GRANBY GROWLER; on the South by the Hotion. An Arkytect & Survare, a young feller of great imagination, womb we have employed to make a survey of the Great Caffrarian line, has built me a beautiful Villar

(on paper), Plushton Hall, Diddlesex, the seat of I DE LA P., Esquire. The house is represented a handsome Itallian Structer, imbusmd in woods, and circumvented by beautiful gardings. Theres a lake in front with boatsfull of nobillaty and musitions floting on its placid suffice—and a curricie is a driving up to the grand hentrance, and me in it, with MRS. or perhaps LADY HANGELANA DE LA PLUCHE. I speak adwisedly. *I may* be going to form a noble kinexion. I may be (by marridge) going to unight my famly once mor with Harraystoxy, from which misfortn has for some sentries separated us. I have dreams of that sort.

“I’ve sean sevrall times in a dalitife vishn *a serting Erl*, standing in a hattitude of bennydiction, and rattafying my union with a serting butifle young lady, his daughter. Phansy MR. or SIR JEAMES and LADY HANGELINA DE LA PLUCHE! Ho! what will the old washywoman, my grandmother, say? She may sell her mangle then, and shall too by my honour as a Gent.”

“As for Squallop Hill, its not to be emadgind that I was going to give 5000 lb. for a bleak mounting like that, unless I had some ideer in vew. Ham I not a Director of the Grand Diddlesex? Dont Squallop lie amediately betwigst Old Bone House,

Single Gloster, and Scrag End, through which cities our line passes? I will have 40,000 lb. for that mounting, or my name is not JEAMES. I have aranged a little barging too for my friend the Erl. The line will pass through a hangle of Bareacre Park. He shall have a good compensation I promis you; and then I shall get back the 3000 I lent him. His banker's acount, I fear, is in a horrid state."

[The Diary now for several days contains particulars of no interest to the public:—Memoranda of City dinners—meetings of Directors—fashionable partics in which MR. JEAMES figures, and almost always by the side of his new friend, LORD BAREACRES, whose "pompossaty," as described in the last Number, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following:—

"With a prowde and thankfe Art, I cobby off this morning's *Gyzett* the folloing news:—

"Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Diddlesex.

"JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant.'"

“ ‘North Diddlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

“ ‘JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Captain, *vice* BLOWHARD, promoted.’ ”

“ And his it so? Ham I indeed a landed proprietor—a Deppaty Leftnant—a Capting? May I hatend the Cort of my Sovring? and dror a sayber in my country's defens? I wish the French *wood* land, and me at the head of my squadring on my hoss Desparation. How Id extonish 'em! How the gals will stare when they see me in youniform! How MARY HANN would—but nonsince! I'm halways thinking of that pore gal. She's left SIR JOHN'S. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I've heerd say. I hope she's got a good place. Any summ of money that would sett her up in bisniss, or make her comfarable, I'd come down with like a mann. I told my granmother so, who sees her, and rode down to Healing on porpose on Desparation to leave a five lb noat in anyvlope. But she's sent it back, sealed with a thimbill.”

“ *Tuesday.* Reseavd the folloing letter from Lord B——, rellatif to my presntation at Cort and the Youniform I shall wear on that hospicious seramony :—

“ MY DEAR DE LA PLUCHE,

“ I think you had better be presented as a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out, was in 1803, when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French grey jackets, leathers, red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard-skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and must be modified, of course. We were called the White Feathers, in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

“ I shall be happy to present you at the Levee and at the Drawing-room. LADY BAREACRES will be in town for the 13th, with ANGELINA, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you, and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

“ All my people are backward with their rents; for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige

“ Yours, very gratefully,

“ BAREACRES.’

“ Note. BAREACRES may press me about the Deputy Leftnant—but *I'm* for the cavvlery.”

Jewly will always be a sacrid anniwussary with me. It was in that month that I became persnally equaúntid with my Prins and my gracious Sovarink.

“ Long before the hospitious event acurd, you may emadgin that my busm was in no triffling flutter. Sleaplis of nights, I past them thinking of the great ewent—or if igsosted natur *did* clothes my highlids—the eyedear of my waking thoughts pevaded my slummers. Corts, Erls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengling in my dreembs unceasnly. I blush to say it (for humin prisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wickid wickid vishn). One night I actially dremt that Her R. H. THE PRINCESS HAL-LIS was grown up, and that there was a Cabinit Counsel to detummin whether her & was to be bestoad on me or the PRINS OF SAX MUFFINGHAUSEN-PUMPEN-STEIN, a young Prooshn or Germing zion of nobillaty. I ask umly parding for this hordacious ideer.

“I said, in my fommer remarx, that I had detummined to be presented to the notus of my revealed Sovaring in a melintary coschewm. The Court-shoots in which Sivillians attend a Levy are so uncomming like the—the—livries (ojous wud! I 8 to put it down) I used to wear befor entering sosiaty, that I couldn't abide the notium of wearing one. My detummination was fumly fixt to apeer as a Yominry Cavilry Hoffiser, in the galleant youniform of the North Diddlesex Huzzas.

"Has that redgimint had not been out sins 1803, I thought myself quite hotherized to make such halterations in the youniform as shuited the present time and my metured and elygint taste. Pigtales was out of the question. Tites I was detummined to mintain. My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was risolved not to hide it under a booshle.

"I phixt on scarlit tites, then, imbridered with goold as I have seen WIDDICOMB wear them at HASHLEYS when me and MARY HANN used to go there. Ninety-six guineas worth of rich goold lace and cord did I have myhandering hall hover those shoperb inagspressables.

"Yellow marocky Heshn boots, red eels, goold spurs & goold tassles as bigg as belpulls.

"Jackit—French gray and silver oringe fasings & cuphs, according to the old patn; belt, green and goold, tight round my pusn, & settin hoff the cemetry of my figgar *not disadvintajusly*.

"A huzza paleese of pupple velvit & sable fir. A sayber of Demaskus steal, and a sabertash (in which I kep my Odiclone and imbridered pocket ankercher), kimpleat my acooterments, which without vannaty, was, I flatter myself, *uneak*.

"But the crownding triumph was my hat. I couldnt wear a cock ~~At~~. The huzzahs dont use 'em. I wouldnt wear the hojous old brass Elmett & Lepardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry

of hevery Brittn ; an at which was invented by my Feeld Marshle and adord Prins ; an At which *vulgar prejidis & Joaking* has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the HALBERT AT. I didnt tell BAREACRES of this egsabishn of loilty, intending to *surprize* him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesex Yomingry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shaving-brush.

“ You may be sure that befor the fatle day arrived, I didnt niglect to practus my part well ; and had sevrал *rehustles*, as they say.

“ This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full togs. I made FITZWARREN, my boddy servnt, stand at the dor, and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put MRS. BLOKER, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to rerepresent the horgust pushn of my Sovring—FREDERICK, my seeknd man, standing on her left, in the hattatude of an illustus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. ‘ *Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres,*’ FITZWARREN, my man, igsclaimed, as adwancing I made obasins to the Thrown. Nealin on one nee, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards THE BRITTIISH CROWND, then stepping gracefully hup, (my Dimascus Simiter *would* git betwigst my ligs, in so doink, which at fust was very disagreeble)—rising hup grasefly, I say, I flung a look of manly but respectfl hommitch tords my Prins, and then ellygntly ritreated backards out of

the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for 4 hours at this gaym the night befor my presntation, and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I *coodnt* sleep that night. By abowt six o'clock in the morning I was drest in my full uniform—and I didn know how to pass the interveaning hours.

“‘My Granmother hasnt seen me in full phigg,’ says I. ‘It will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suxesfle in life.’ Has I ave read in the novvle of ‘Kennleworth,’ that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes *Hammy Robsart*, I will go down in hall my splendor and astownd my old washywoman of a Granmother. To make this detumination; to horder my Broom; to knock down FREDERICK the groomb for delaying to bring it; was with me the wuck of a momint. The nex sor as galliant a cavyleer as hever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

“ I arrived at the well-known cottitch. My huncle was habsent with the cart; but the dor of the humble eboad stood hopen, and I passed through the little garding where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ableeged to bend under the lowly porch, as I hentered the apartmint.

“ There was a smell of tea there—there’s always a smell of tea there—the old lady was at her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her; but ha! phansy my extonnishment when I sor MARY HANN!

“ I halmost faintid with himotion. ‘ HO, JEAMES ! ’
 (she has said to me subsquintly) mortal mann never
 looked so bewtife as you did when you arived on the
 day of the Levy. You were no longer mortal, you
 were diwine ! ”

“ R ! what little Justas the Hartist has done to
 my manny etractions in the groce carriketure he’s
 made of me.”

* * * * *

“ Nothing, perhaps, ever created so great a sensa-
 shun as my hentrance to St. Jeames’s, on the day of
 the Levy. The Tuckish Hambasdor himself was not
 so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

“ As a Millentary man, and a North Diddlesez
 Huzza, I was resolved to come to the ground on *hoss-
 back*. I had Desparation phigd out as a charger, and
 got 4 Melentery dresses from Ollywell Street, in
 which I drest my 2 men (FITZWARREN, hout of livry,
 woodnt stand it), and 2 fellers from RIMLES, where
 my hosses stand at livry. I rode up St. Jeames’s
 Street, with my 4 Hadycongs—the people huzzaying
 —the gals waving their hankerchers, as if I were a
 Foring Prins—hall the winders crowdid to see me
 pass.

“ The guard must have taken me for a Hempror
 at least, when I came, for the drums beat, and the
 guard turned out and seluted me with presented
 harms.

“What a momink of triumth it was! I sprung myjestickly from Desperation. I gav the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my MOSS GRACIOUS Mrs.”

You, peraps, may igspect that I should narrait at at lenth the suckmstanzas of my hawjince with the BRITISH CROWND. But I am not one who would gratafy *imputtnint curaiosaty*. Respect for our reckonized instatewtions is my fust quallaty. I, for one, will dye rallying round my Thrown.

“Suffise it to say, when I stood in the Horgust Presnts,—when I sor on the right & of my Him perial Sovring that Most Gracious Prins, to admire womb has been the chief Objick of my life, my busum was seased with an imotium which my Penn rifewses to dixeribe—my trembling knees halmost rifused their hoffis—I reckleck nothing mor until I was found phainting in the harms of the LORD CHAMBERLING. SIR ROBERT PEAL apnd to be standing by (I knew our wuthy PRIMMIER by *Punch's* picturs of him, igspecially his ligs), and he was conwussing with a man of womb I shall say nothink, but that he is a Hero of 100 fites, *and hevery fite he fit he one*. Nead I say that I elude to HARTHUR OF WELLINGTING? I introjuiced myself to these Jents, and intend to

improve the equaintance, and peraps ast Guvment for a Barnetcy.

“But there was *another* pushn womb on this droring-room I fust had the inagspressable dalite to beold. This was that Star of fashing, that Sinecure of neighbouring i's, as MILTING observes, the ecomplisht LADY HANGELINA THISTLEWOOD, daughter of my exlent frend, JOHN GEORGE GODFREY DE BULLION THISTLEWOOD, Earl of Bareacres, Baron Southdown, in the Peeridge of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore, in Scotland, K. T., Lord Leftnant of the County of Diddlesex, &c., &c. This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was kinducted tords her. And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightfle vishn. In that gallixy of Bewty the LADY HANGELINA was the fairest Star—in that reath of Loveliness the sweetest Rosebudd! Pore MARY HANN, my Art's young affeckshns had been senterd on thee; but like water through a sivr, her immidge disapeared in a momink, and left me intransd in the presnts of HANGELINA!

LADY BAREACRES made me a myjestick bow—a grand and hawfle pushnage her Ladyship is, with a Roming Nose, and an enawmus ploom of Hostridge phethers; the fare HANGELINA smiled with a sweetness perfickly bewhildring, and said, ‘O, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance! I have often heard of you.’

“ ‘Who,’ says I, ‘has mentioned my insignificant assistance to the fair LADY HANGELINA, *kel bonure igstrame poor mwaw* ;’ (for you see I’ve not studied *Pelham* for nothink, and have lunt a few French phrases, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now).

“ ‘O,’ replies my lady, ‘it was Papa first; and then a very, *very* old friend of yours.’

“ ‘Whose name is,’ says I, pushed on by my stupid curawsaty——

“ ‘HOGGINS—MARY ANN HOGGINS’—answered my lady (laughing phit to splitt her little sides). ‘She is my maid, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and I’m afraid you are a very sad, sad person.’

“ ‘A mere baggytell,’ says I. ‘In former days I was acquainted with that young woman, but haltered circumstances have separated us for ever, and *mong cure* is irratreevably *perded* elsewhere.’

“ ‘Do tell me all about it. Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know.’

“ ‘Since about two minnits, and the Ladys name begins with a *Ha*,’ says I, looking her tenderly in the face, and conjring up hall the fassanations of my smile.

“ ‘MR. DE LA PLUCHE,’ here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistashes standing by, ‘hadn’t you better take your spurs out of the COUNTESS of BAREACRES’ train?’—‘Never mind Mamma’s train’ (said

LADY HANGELINA); 'this is the great MR. DE LA PLUCHE, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too. MR. DE LA PLUCHE, let me present you to CAPTAIN GEORGE SILVERTOP.'—The Capting bent just one jint of his back very slutely; I retund his stare with equill hottiness. 'Go and see for LADY BAREACRES' carridge, CHARLES,' says his Lordship; and vispers to me, 'a cousin of ours—a poor relation.' So I took no notis of the feller when he came back, nor in my subsquint visits to Hill Street, where it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Capting."

"*Thursday Night.*—O HANGELINA, HANGELINA, my pashn for you hogments daily! I've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtiful Camellia Jyponiky from Covn Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air. I wear another in my butn-ole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn as I leant hover her chair, and igsammind the house with my glas!

"She was as sulky and silent as pawsble, however—would scarcely speak; although I kijoled her with a thowsnd little plesntries. I spose it was because that vulgar raskle SILVERTOP, *wood* stay in the box. As if he didn' know (Lady B's 'as deaf as

a poast and counts for nothink) that people *sometimes* like a *tatytaty*."

"*Friday*.—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feelings in the folloring lines—there's a hair out of BALFE'S Hopera that she's fond of. I edapted them to that mellady.

"She was in the droring-room alone with Lady B. She was wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convasation upon mew sick; said I sung myself (I've ad lesns lately of SIGNOR TWANKY-DILLO); and, on her rekwesting me to faver her with somethink, I bust out with my poim :

"WHEN MOONLIKE OER THE HAZURE SEAS."

"When moonlike ore the hazure seas
 In soft effulgence swells,
 When silver jews and balmy breaze
 Bend down the Lily's bells ;
 When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
 Has lapt your soul in dreems,
 R HANGELINE! R lady mine!
 Dost thou remember JEAMES ?

"I mark thee in the Marble All,
 Where Englands loveliest shine—
 I say the fairest of them hall
 IS LADY HANGELINE.

My soul, in desolate eclipse,
 With recollection teems—
 And then I hask, with weeping lips,
 Dost thou remember JEAMES?

“ ‘Away! I may not tell thee hall
 This sougtring heart endures—
 There is a lonely sperrit-call
 That Sorrow never cures;
 There is a little, little Star,
 That still above me beams;
 It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
 Dost thou remember JEAMES?’ ”

“ When I came to the last words, ‘Dost thou remember JE-E-E-AMS,’ I threw such an igspresshn of unutrable tenderniss into the shake at the hend, that HANGELINA could bare it no more. A bust of uncuntrollable emotium seized her. She put her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laffing and sobbing histerickly in the bedwor.

“ O HANGELINA—My adord one, My Arts joy!”

* * * * *

BAREACRES, me, the ladies of the famly, with their sweet, SOUTHDOWN, B's eldest son, and GEORGE SILVERTOP, the shabby Capting (who seames to git leaf from his ridgment whenever he likes), have beene

down into Diddlesex for a few days, enjoying the spawts of the feald there.

“ Never having done much in the gunning line (since when a hinnasent boy, me and JIM COX used to go out at Healing, and shoot sparrers in the Edges with a pistle) — I was reyther dowtful as to my suxes as a shot, and practused for some days at a stoughd bird in a shooting gallery, which a chap histed up and down with a string. I sugseaded in itting the hannimle pretty well. I bought AWKER'S ‘Shooting-Guide,’ two double guns at MANTINGS, and salected from the French prints of fashn the most gawjus and ellygant sporting ebillyment. A lite blue velvet and goold cap, woar very much on one hear, a cravatt of yaller & green imbroidered satting, a weskit of the McGRIGGER plaid, & a jacket of the McWHIRTER tartu (with large motherapurl butns, engraved with coaches & osses, and spawting subjix), high leather gayters, and marocky shooting shoes, was the simple hellymence of my costewm, and I flatter myself set hoff my figger in rayther a fayverable way. I took down none of my own pusnal istablishmint excep FITZWARREN, my hone mann, and my grooms, with Desparation and my curricke osses, and the Fourgong containing my dressing-case and close.

“ I was heverywhere introjuiced in the county as the great Railroad Cappitlist, who was to make Diddlesex the most prawsperous districk of the hempire.

The squires prest forrards to welcome the new comer amongst 'em ; and we had a Hagricultral Meating of the Bareacres tenantry, where I made a speech droring tears from hevery i. It was in compliment to a layborer who had brought up sixteen children, and lived sixty years on the istate on seven bobb a week. I am not proud, though I know my station. I shook hands with that mann in lavender kidd gloves. I told him that the purshuit of hagriculture was the noblist hockupations of humannaty ; I spoke of the yoming of Hengland, who (under the command of my hancisters) had conquerd at Hadjincourt & Cressy ; and I gave him a pair of new velveteen inagspressables, with two and six in each pocket, as a reward for three score years of labor. FITZWARREN, my man, brought them forrards on a satting cushing. Has I sat down defining chears seluted the horator ; the band struck up 'The Good Old English Gentleman.' I looked to the ladies galry ; my HANGELINA waived her ankasher and kissed her & ; and I sor in the distance that pore MARY HANN efected evidently to tears by my el-laquints.

“ What an advance that gal as made since she's been in LADY HANGELINA'S company ! Sins she wears her young lady's igsploded gownds and retired caps and ribbings, there's an ellygance about her

which is puffickly admarable ; and which, haddid to her own natral bewty & sweetniss, creates in my boozum serting sensatiums * * * Shor ! I *mustn't* give way to fealinx unwuthy of a member of the aristoxy. What can she be to me but a mear recklection, a vishn of former ears?

“ I'm blest if I didn mistake her for HANGELINA herself yesterday. I met her in the grand Collydore of Bareacres Castle. I sor a lady in a melumcolly hat-tatude gacing outawinder at the setting sun, which was eluminating the fair parx and gardings of the hancient demean.

“ ‘ Bewchus LADY HANGELINA,’ says I— ‘ A penny for your Ladyship's thoughts,’ says I.

“ ‘ HO JEAMES ! HO, MR. DE LA PLUCHE !’ hansered a well-known vice, with a haxnt of sadnis which went to my art. ‘ You know what my thoughts are, well enough. I was thinking of happy, happy old times, when both of us were poo—poo—oor,’ says MARY HANN, busting out in a phit of crying, a thing I can't ebide. I took her & and tried to cumft her : I pinted out the diffrens of our sitawashuns ; igsplained to her that proppaty has its jewties as well as its previleches, and that *my* juty clearly was to marry into a noble famly. I kep on talking to her (she sobbing and going hon hall the time) till LADY HANGELINA herself came up— ‘ The real Siming Pewer,’ as they say in the play.

“ There they stood together—them two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I coodnt help comparing them; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of, that found it difficklt to make a choice betwigt 2 Bundles of A.”

“ That ungrateful beest FITZWARREN—my oan man—a feller I've maid a fortune for—a feller I give 100 lb. per hannum to!—a low bred Wallydyshamber! *He* must be thinking of falling in love too! and treating me to his imperence.

“ He's a great big athlatic feller—six foot i, with a pair of black whiskers like air-brushes—with a look of a Colonel in the Army—a dangerous pawmpus-spoken raskle I warrunt you. I was coming ome from shuiting this hafternoon—and passing through LADY HANGELINAS flour-garding, who should I see in the summerouse, but MARY HANN pretending to em an ankysher and MR. FITZWARREN paying his cort to her.

“ ‘You may as well have me, MARY HANN,’ says he. ‘I've saved money. We'll take a public house and I'll make a lady of you. I'm not a purse-proud ungrateful fellow like JEAMES—who's such a snob (‘such a SNOBB’ was his very words!) that I'm ashamed to wait on him—who's the laughing stock of all the gentry and the housekeeper's room too—try a

man,' says he—'don't be taking on about such a humbug as JEAMES.'

"Here young JOE the keaper's sun, who was carrying my bagg, bust out a laffing—thereby causing MR. FITZWARREN to turn round and intarupt this polite convasation.

"I was in such a rayge. 'Quit the building, MARY HANN,' says I to the young woman—'and you, MR. FITZWARREN, have the goodness to remain.'

"'I give you warning,' roars he, looking black, blue, yaller—all the colours of the ranebo.

"'Take hoff your coat, you imperent, hungrateful scoundrl,' says I.

"'It's not your livery,' says he.

"'Peraps you'll understand me, when I take off my own,' says I, unbuttoning the motherapurls of the MACWHIRTER tartn. 'Take my jackit, JOE,' says I to the boy,—and put myself in a hattatude about which there was *no mistayk*."

* * * * *

"He's 2 stone heavier than me—and knows the use of his ands as well as most men; but in a fite, *blood's everythink*; the Snobb can't stand before the gentleman; and I should have killed him, I've little doubt, but they came up and stopt the fite betwigt us before we'd had more than 2 rounds.

"I punisht the raskle tremenjusly in that time, though; and I'm writing this in my own sittn-room,

not being able to come down to dinner on account of a black eye I've got, which is sweld up and disfiggers me dredfl."

On acount of the hoffle black i which I reseaved in my rangcounter with the hinfinus FITZWARREN, I kep my roomb for sevrul days, with the rose-coloured curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeble twilike; and a light-bloo satting shayd over the injard pheacher. My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawsable; and (has the Poick well observs 'Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare') I cumsoled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my tempory disfiggarment.

"It was MARY HANN who summind the House and put an end to my phistycoughs with FITZWARREN. I licked him and bare him no mallis: but of corse I dismist the imperent scoundrill from my suvvis, apinting ADOLPHUS, my page, to his post of confidenshle Valley.

"MARY HANN and her young and lovely Mrs. kep paying me continyoul visits during my retiremint. LADY HANGELINA was halways sending me messidges by her: while my exlent friend, LADY BAREACRES (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshn by HANGELINA. Now it was a cooling hi-lotium, inwented by herself, that her Lady-

ship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hanthuses, pellagoniums, and jyponikys), which none but the fair &s of HANGELINA could dispose about the chamber of the hin-vyleed. Ho! those dear mothers! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to ixtablish their dear gals in life, what awperties they *will* give a man! You'd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi), that I couldnt live exsep upon chicking and spoon-meat, and jellies. and blemonges, and that I couldnt eat the latter dellixies (which I ebomminate onternoo, prefurring a cut of beef or muttn to hall the kickpshaws of France), unless HANGELINA brought them. I et 'em, and sacrafised myself for her dear sayk.

“I may stayt here that in privit convasations with old LORD B. and his son, I had mayd my proposls for HANGELINA, and was axepted, and hoped soon to be made the appiest gent in Hengland.

“‘You must break the matter gently to her,’ said her hexlent father. ‘You have my warmest wishes, my dear MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and those of my LADY BAREACRES: but I am not—not quite certain about LADY ANGELINA’S feelings. Girls are wild and romantic. They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments, and I have never yet been able to make ANGELINA understand the embarrassments of her family. These silly creatures prate about love

and a cottage, and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate.'

" 'Do you mean that she aint fassanated by me?' says I, busting out at this outrayjus ideer.

" 'She *will* be, my dear sir. You have already pleased her,—your admirable manners must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family.'

" 'Recklect, gents,' says I to the 2 lords,—'a bargaining's a bargaining—I'll pay hoff SOUTHDOWN'S Jews, when I'm his brother—as a *straynger*—(this I said in a sarcastickle toan)—I wouldnt take such a *libbaty*. When I'm your suninlor I'll treble the valyou of your estayt. I'll make your incumbrincés as right as a trivit, and restor the noble ouse of Bareacres to its herly splendor. But a pig in a poak is not the way of transacting bisniss imployed by JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire.'

" And I had a right to speak in this way. I was one of the greatest scrip-holders in Hengland; and calclated on a kilossle fortune. All my shares was rising immence. Every poast brot me noose that I was sevrал thowsnds richer than the day befor. I was detummind not to reerlize till the proper time, and then to buy istates; to found a new famly of DELAPLUCHES, and to alie myself with the aristoxty of my country.

" These pints I rerepresented to pore MARY HANN

hover and hover agin. 'If you'd been LADY HANGELINA, my dear gal,' says I, 'I would have married you : and why don't I? Because my dooty prewents me. I'm a marter to dooty ; and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yorself with that ideer.'

"There seamd to be a consperracy, too, between that SILVERTOP and LADY HANGELINA to drive me to the same pint. 'What a plucky fellow you were, PLUCHE,' says he (he was rayther more familliar than I liked), 'in your fight with FITZWARREN!—to engage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten (this is an etroashous folsood : I should have finnisht FITZ in 10 minnits), for the sake of poor MARY HANN! That's a generous fellow. I like to see a man risen to eminence like you, having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy?'

"'CAPTING S.,' says I, 'my marridge consunns your most umble servnt a precious sight more than you ;'—and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in *his* ore—I wasn't afraid of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting as he was. I'm a British Lion, I am ; as brayv as BONYPERT, HANNIBL, or HOLIVER CRUMMLE, and would face bagnits as well as any Evy dragoon of 'em all.

"LADY HANGELINA, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way. 'MR DE LA PLUCHE (seshee) why, why

press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?'

“‘I adoar you, charming gal!’ says I, ‘Never, never go to say any such thing.’

“‘You adored MARY ANN first;’ answers her Ladyship; ‘you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*.’

“‘Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die first! And as for MARY HANN, she will git over it; people's arts aint broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwigt me and er. It's a pang to part with her (says I my fine hi's filling with tears), but part from her I must.’

“It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, LADY HANGELINA, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

“‘What a sacrifice!’ says she, ‘it's like NAPOLEON giving up JOSEPHINE. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!’

“‘It does,’ says I—‘Hagnies!’ (another laff.)

“‘And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor, my Papa and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!’

“‘ I don't know what you're eluding to about JOSEYFEEN and Hemperors your Pas ; but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged ; that if some one don't elp him, he's no better than an old pawper : that he owes me a lot of money ; and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot ; or set him up agen—*that's* what I know, LADY HANGELINA,' says I, with a hair as much as to say, ' Put *that* in your ladyship's pipe, and smoke it.'

“ And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

“ ‘ MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D—ddles—x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event.' ”

“ CONTRY to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon the fealinx of wimming?) MARY HANN didn't seem to be much efected by the hideer of my marridge with HANGELINAR. I was rayther disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumsiled herself so easy to giving me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vanaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit secks : & betwigst you & me there *was* mo-minx, when I almost whisht that I 'd been borne a

Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, wherehas I was now condemd to be appy with ony one.

“Meanwild every-think went on very agreeble be-twigst me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd MR. SHOWERY the great Hoctionear to look out for a town manshing sootable for a gent of my quality. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the *Mawning* Erald—no no, I ’m not such a Mough as to go *there* for ackrit infamation) an account of my famly, my harms & pedigry.

“I hordered in Long Hacre, three splendid equipdges, on which my arms and my adord wife’s was drawn & quartered ; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated MR. SHALLOON, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn’t compleat unless I sat to that distinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to HANGELINA. Its not considered \’flattering—here it is—and though *she* parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there ’s *one* young lady (a thousand times handsomer) that values it as the happle of her hi.”

“Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty-fifth part of what it cost ? It was bought in by MARYHANN, though :— ‘ O dear JEAMES,’ she says often, (kissing of it & pressing it to her art) ‘ it isn’t $\frac{1}{4}$ ansum enough for you, and

hasn't got your angellick smile and the igspreshun of your dear dear i's.' ”

“ HANGELINA's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B., her mamma, though of coarse, I paid for it. It was engraved for the *Book of Bewty* this year: and here is a proof of the etching:—

“ With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's, is very like. She was painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies; and her brother SOUTHDOWN, who is one of the New England poits, wrote the follering stanzys about her:—

LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The Castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
 Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea:
 I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
 I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
 I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
 Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
 Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
 There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman
 neck,

On board a ship from Valery, KING WILLIAM was on deck.
 A Norman lance the colors wore, in Hasting's fatal fray—
 ST. WILLIBALD for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!

O Heaven and sweet St. WILLIBALD! in may a battle since
 A loyal-hearted BAREACRES has ridden by his Prince!
 At Acre with PLANTAGENET, with EDWARD at Poitiers,
 The pennon of the BAREACRES was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing
 O! grant me, sweet SAINT WILLIBALD, to listen to such singing!
 Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
 And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
 O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
 SAINT WILLIBALD for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
 I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
 And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!
 Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
 Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
 The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
 Sing not, sing not, my ANGELINE! in days so base and vile,
 'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
 I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
 I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A SNOB.

“ All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poem bewtifle. They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery, these young chaps; but the ideer of SOUTHDOWN in a shoot of armer, and his cuttin hoff his 'strong right hand,' is rayther too good; the feller is about 5 fit hi,—as ricketty as a babby, with a vaist like a gal,—and though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I'd back my smallest

cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I *ad* a cab-boy. But io! *my* cab-days is over.”

“Be still my hagnizing Art! I now am about to hunfoald the dark payges of the Istry of my life!”

“My frends! you’ve seen me ither² in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover proud of my prawsperaty; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish Gent in the song, which he has been my moddle and igsample through life) but not forgitting the small—No, my beayviour to my granmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart-blansh) and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning, and treated Huncle Jim to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames’s Street, much to the astonishment of my Snyder there, namely an ollif-green velvyteen jackit and smalclose, and a crimsn plush weskoat with glas-buttns. These pint’s of genarawsaty in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort; and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equal to either good or bad forting.

“What was the substns of my last chapter? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my HANGELINA was gaynd,

the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being phitted hon—a weddin-kake weighing half a tunn was a gettn reddy by MESSRS GUNTER, of Buckley-square; there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggerd hennybody (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit) and has for Injar-shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—no not by His Iness the Injan Prins JUGGERNAUT TYGORE. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the establismint of MESSRS STORR AND MORTIMER. The honey-moon I intended to pass in a continentle excussion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd-gate (hopsit MR. HUDSON'S) as my town-house. I waitid to cumelude the putchis untle the Share-Markit which was rayther deprest (oing I think not so much to the atax of the misrabbble *Times*, as to the prodidjus flams of the *Morning Erald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't goin to part with scrip which was 20 primmium at 2 or 3; and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

“ This will explane to those unfortnight traydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. I am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money; —it's not *my* fault if that old screw LADY BAREACRES

cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it's not *my* fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that LADY B. declared they were *lost*. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving up heverythink, Onist and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

“ Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The *Ringdove* steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoff. The Bridle apartmince had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsquintly at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexfst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, had arrived to sellabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashnable world went to see the trooso and admire the Carriages in Long Haere. Our travleng charrat (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals) was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygns. We were to travel only 4, viz., me, my lady, my vally, and MARY HANN as famdyshamber to my HANGELINA. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite givn into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewter igseed-inkly.

“I'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of bisniss on, and Stockbrokers & bankers' accounts to settle: atsettrey atsettrey. It was layt befor I got these in horder: my sleap was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took my choeklit in bed about one: tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exceedingly.

“One thing distubbed my mind—two weskts had been sent home. A blush-white satting and gold, and a kinary coloured tabbinet imbridered in silver;—which should I wear on the hospicious day? This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detumined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my *hallin-all*; and wear whichever *she* phixt on.

“There was a great bussel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street; which I etribyouted to the eproaching event. The old porter stared most uncommon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going up stairs—

“‘Her ladyship's not—not at *home*,’ says the man; ‘and my lady's hill in bed.’

“‘Git lunch,’ says I, ‘I'll wait till Lady HANGELINA returns.’

“At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter jined in it, the

impident old raskle; and Thomas says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—‘*I say, Huffy, old boy! ISN'T this a good un?*’

“Wadyermean, you infunle scoundrel,” says I, “hollaring and laffing at me?”

“‘O here’s Miss MARY HANN coming up,’ says Thomas, ‘ask *her*’—and indeed there came my little MARY HANN tripping down the stairs—her &s in her pockits; and when she saw me *she* began to blush & look hod & then to grin too.

“‘In the name of Imperence, says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him—‘no raskle of a flunky shall insult *me*,’ and I sent him staggerin up against the porter, and both of ’em into the hall-chair with a flopp—when MARY HANN, jumping down, says, ‘O James! O Mr. Plush! read this’—and she pulled out a billy doo.

“I reckanized the and-writing of HANGELINA.

“Deseatful HANGELINA’s billy ran as follows —

“‘I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me; and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents were serious in wishing to sacrifice me,

but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate, by a few hours, my departure from the home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

“When you receive this, I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honour to consult, even before their benefit: they will forgive me, I hope and feel, before long.

“As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too? I leave MARY ANN behind to console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear MR. PLUSH, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer,

“‘A.’”

“P.S. I leave the wedding-dresses behind for her: the diamonds are beautiful, and will become MRS. PLUSH admirably.’”

“This was hall!—Confewshn! And there stood the footmen sniggerin, and that hojous MARY HANN half a cryin, half a laffing at me! ‘Who has she gone hoff with?’ rors I; and MARY HANN (smiling

with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns' canes who was goin out with the noats to put hoff the brekfst. It was SILVERTOP then!

"I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamonia-cal igsitement!

"The storry of that iloapmint *I* have no art to tell. Here it is from the 'Morning Tatler' newspaper.

"ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

"THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

"The neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction.

"It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry that a marriage was on the tapis between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark. "Yesterday's paper, it was supposed in all human probability would have contained an account of the marriage of JAMES DE LA PL—CHE, ESQ., and the LADY ANGELINA —, daughter of the Right Honorable the EARL OF B—RE—CRES. The preparations for this ceremony were complete: we had the pleasure of in-

specting the rich *trousseau* (prepared by MISS TWIDDLER, of Pall Mall); the magnificent jewels from the establishment of MESSRS. STORR & MORTIMER; the elegant marriage cake, which, already cut up and portioned, is, alas! not destined to be eaten by the friends of MR. DE LA PL—CHE; the superb carriages and magnificent liveries, which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity. The Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at MIVART'S. What must have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonised and noble parents of the LADY ANGELINA—when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding, that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal: we have it from the waiters of MIVART'S that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to him; immediate apoplexy was apprehended; but MR. MACCANN, the celebrated Surgeon, of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in, bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, to-morrow.

“The frantic agonies of the Right Honorable the EARL OF BAREACRES can be imagined by every pater-

nal heart. Far be it from us to disturb—impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street, regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon. One was threatened with a cane; another, in the pursuit of his official inquiries, was saluted with a pail of water; a third gentleman was menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter: but being of the Irish nation, a man of spirit and sinew, and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial, and having severely beaten him, retired to a neighbouring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be THE MOST ACCURATE PARTICULARS of this extraordinary occurrence.

“GEORGE FREDERICK JENNINGS, third footman in the establishment of LORD BAREACRES, stated to our *employé* as follows:—LADY ANGELINA had been promised to MR. DE LA PLUCHE for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to MARY ANN HOGGINS, who was living in the quality of ladies' maid in the family where MR. DE LA P.

was employed. MISS HOGGINS became subsequently ladies' maid to LADY ANGELINA—the elopement was arranged between those two.—It was MISS HOGGINS who delivered the note which informed the bereaved MR. PLUSH of his loss.

“SAMUEL BUTTONS, page to the Right Honorable the EARL OF BAREACRES, was ordered on Friday forenoon, at eleven o'clock, to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davies Street. He selected the cab No. 19,796, driven by GEORGE GREGORY MACARTY, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Ireland (*of whom more anon*), and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with the vehicle. His young lady, accompanied by her maid, MISS MARY ANN HOGGINS, carrying a band-box, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box: what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to MADAME CRINOLINE'S, the eminent milliner, in Cavendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her ladyship, BUTTONS was peremptorily ordered by MISS HOGGINS to go about his business.

“Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796, or rather of the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small dif-

ficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns, instead, doubtless, of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way, would have been only one and eightpence), MACARTY had not gone out with the cab for the last two days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter; and, had not that gentleman been himself a compatriot, it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

“ At MADAME CRINOLINE'S, MISS HOGGINS quitted the carriage, and *a gentleman* entered it. MACARTY describes him as a very *clever* gentleman (meaning tall), with black moustaches, Oxford-grey trousers, and black hat and a pea-coat. He drove the couple *to the Euston Square Station*, and there left them. How he employed his time subsequently, we have stated.

“ At the Euston Square Station, the gentleman of our establishment learned from FREDERICK CORDUROY, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby. We have despatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his report in a second edition.

“ *SECOND EDITION.*

“ (FROM OUR REPORTER.)

“ *Newcastle, Monday.*

“ ‘ I am just arrived at this ancient town, at the Elephant and Cucumber Hotel. A party travelling under the name of *Mr. and Mrs. Jones*, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having with them a blue band-box, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to *Scotland*. I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind-boot, as they are putting to.’

“ *THIRD EDITION.*

“ *Gretna Green, Monday Evening.*

“ ‘ The mystery is at length solved. This afternoon, at four o'clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Gretna Green, celebrated the marriage between GEORGE GRANBY SILVERTOP, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of GENERAL JOHN SILVERTOP, of Silvertop Hall, Yorkshire, and LADY EMILY SILVERTOP, daughter of the late sister of the present EARL OF BAREACRES, and the LADY ANGELINA AMELIA ARETHUSA ANACONDA ALEXAN-

DRINA ALICOMPANIA ANNEMARIA ANTOINETTA, daughter of the last named EARL BAREACRES.'

(Here follows a long Extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer, which was not read on the occasion, and need not be repeated here.)

"After the ceremony, the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water—the former, the Captain pronounced to be execrable; and, having myself tasted some glasses from the *very same bottle* with which the young and noble pair were served, I must say I think the Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the Bagpipes Hotel and Posting House, whence they instantly proceeded. I follow them as soon as the horses have fed.

"FOURTH EDITION.

"SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER.

" 'WHISTLEBINKIE, N. B., *Monday, midnight.* "

" "I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly-married couple, whose progress I have had the honour to trace, reached Whistlebinkie. They have taken up their residence

at the Cairngorm Arms—mine are at the other hostelry, the Clachan of Whistlebinkie.

“‘ On driving up to the Cairngorm Arms, I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, ‘ Is it you, SOUTHDOWN, my boy? You have come too late: unless you are come to have some supper; ’ or words to that effect. I explained that I was not the LORD VISCOUNT SOUTHDOWN, and politely apprised CAPTAIN SILVERTOP (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

“‘ Who the deuce (the Captain used a stronger term) are you, then?’ said MR. SILVERTOP. ‘ Are you BAGGS & TAPEWELL, my uncle’s attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.’

“‘ I briefly explained that I was not BAGGS & TAPEWELL, but that my name was J—NS, and that I was a gentleman connected with the Establishment of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper.

“‘ And what has brought you here, MR. MORNING TATLER?’ asked my interlocutor, rather roughly. My answer was frank—that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so singular.

“ ‘And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London, and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper? The *Morning Tatler* be —— (the Captain here gave utterance to an oath which I shall not repeat) and you too, sir; you impudent meddling scoundrel.’

“ ‘Scoundrel, sir!’ said I. ‘Yes,’ replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this *gentleman*. ‘Help, landlord!’ I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, ‘murder,’ and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable; they and the unfeeling post-boys only burst into laughter, and called out, ‘Give it him, Captain.’ A struggle ensued, in which, I have no doubt, I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped, and said, ‘Well, JIMS, I won’t fight on my marriage-day. Go into the tap, JIMS, and order a glass of brandy and water at my expense—and mind I don’t see your face to-morrow morning, or I’ll make it more ugly than it is.’

“ With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, MR. SILVERTOP entered the inn. I need

not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty."

"THUS you've sean how the flower of my affeckshns was tawn out of my busm, and my art was left bleading. HANGELINA! I forgive thee. Mace thou be appy! If ever artfelt prayer for others wheel awailed on i, the beink on womb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Evn in your be $\frac{1}{2}$!

"I went home like a maniack, after hearing the enouncement of HANGELINA'S departer. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fatle noose. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensible remark I made to EARL BAREACRES, when that distragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in lor, the Countiss, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoes, juels, &c., were sent back—with the igsepshin of the diminds & Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship *coodn't find*. Ony it was wisperd that at the nex buthday she was seen with a shawl *igsackly of the same pattn*. Let er keep it.

“SOUTHDOWN was phurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me to adwance 50lb, so that he might pursheiw his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for *that* famly. So he went away, and gave huttrance to his feelinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asombly*.

“All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, haggraving feelings already woondid beyond enjurants. That madniss didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized braind, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilids. Hall night I follored HANGELINAR in imadgation along the North Road. I wented cusses & mally-dickshuns on the hinfamus SILVERTOP. I kickd and rored in my unhuttarable whoe! I seazd my pillar; I pitcht into it: pumld it, strangled it, ha har! I thought it was SILVERTOP writhing in my Jint grasp; and taw the hordayshis Villing lim from lim in the terrable strenth of my despare! Let me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddy-suvnt came with my Ot water in the mawning, the livid Copse in the charnill was not payler than the gashly DE LA PLUCHE!

“‘Give me the Share-list, Mandeville,’ I mican- ickly igsclaimed. I had not perused it for the 3 past

days, my etention being engaged elseware. Hevns & huth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if sumbody had given me cold pig?—I red REWIN in that Share-list—the PANNICK was in full hoparation!

* * * * *

“ Shall I discribe that Kitastrafy with which hall Hengland is fimilliar? My & rifewses to cronnicle the misfortns which lassarated my bleeding art in Hoctober last. On the fust of Hawgust where was I? Director of twenty-three Companies; older of scrip hall at a primmium, and worth at least a quarter of a millium. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helena's quotid at 14 pm, were down at $\frac{1}{2}$ discount; my Central Ichaboes at $\frac{3}{8}$ discount; my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where; my Bathershins and Derrynane Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primmium down to nix; my Juan Fernandez, & my Great Central Oregons prostrit. There was a momint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!”

(Here follow in MR. PLUSH'S MS. about twenty-four pages of railroad calculations, which we pre-
-ermit.)

“ Those beests, PUMP & ALDGATE, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threaten letter because I overdrew my account three-and-sixpence: woodn't advance me five thousnd on 250000 worth of scrip;

kep me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house ; and then sent out SPOUT, the jewnior partner, saying they woodn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did : I paid the three-and-six ballince, and never sor 'em mor.

“ The market fell daily. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser. Hagnies, Hagnies ! It wasn't in the city aloan my misfortns came upon me. They beerd-ed me in my own Ome. The Biddle who kips watch at the Halbany wodn keep Misfortn out of my chambers ; and MRS. TWIDDLER, of Pall Mall, and MR. HUNX, of Long Acre, put egsicution into my apartmince, and swep off every stick of my furniture. ‘ Wardrobe & furniture of a man of fashion.’ What an adwertisement GEORGE ROBINS *did* make of it ; and what a crowd was collected to laff at the prospick of my ruing ! My chice plait ; my seller of wine ; my picturs—that of myself included (it was MARYHANN, bless her ! that bought it, unbeknown to me) ; all—all went to the ammer. That brootle FITZWARREN, my ex-vally, womb I met, fimilliarly slapt me on the sholder, and said, ‘ JEAMES, my boy, you'd best go into suvvis aginn.’ ”

“ I *did* go into suvvis—the wust of all suvvice—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a misrabble captif for 6 mortial weeks. Misrabble shall I say ? no, not misrabble altogether ; there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisner. I had

visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prizn gates of Saturdays; a washywoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a young one. Who was that young one? Every one who has an art can guess, it was my blue-eyed blushing Hangel of a MARY HANN! 'Shall we take him out in the linnen-basket, grand-mamma?' MARY HANN said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmamma quite natral; but I didn't go out that way; I went out by the door a white-washed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't prow'd. I turned the mangle for three weeks; and then UNCLE BILL said, 'Well, there *is* some good in the feller;' and it was agreed that we should marry."

The PLUSH manuscript finishes here; it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned his fate. We are happy to state it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honorable and Right Reverend LIONEL THISTLEWOOD, Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, was mentioned as the uncle of LADY ANGELINA SILVERTOP. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate: he returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

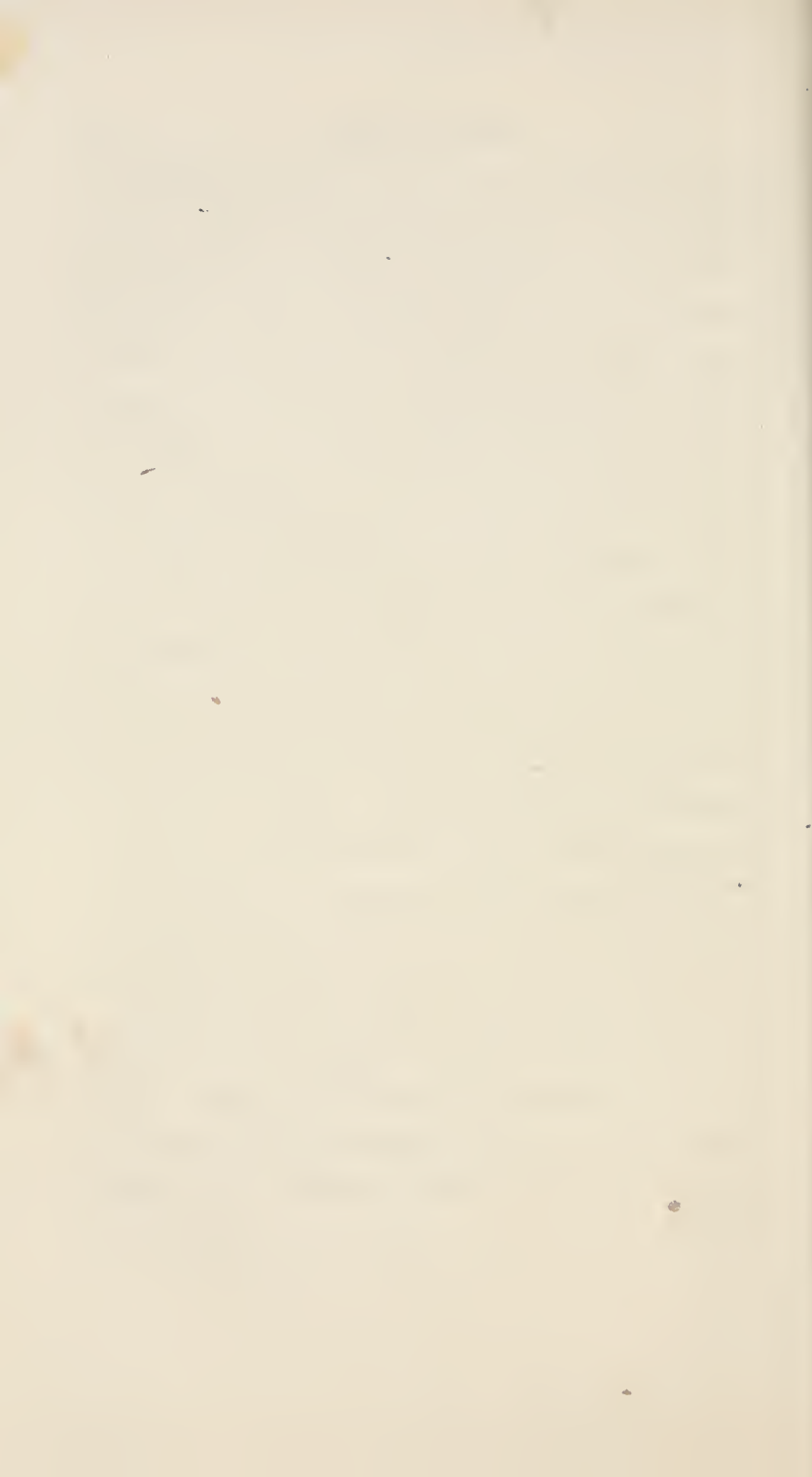
The admirable man has rejoined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled-kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madeira in his hand; but life was extinct: and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift, the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy, &c. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What LORD SOUTHDOWN has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy, which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that LADY ANGELINA SILVERTOP presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, MARY ANN HOGGINS, on her marriage with MR. JAMES PLUSH, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, good-will, and fixtures of the "Wheel of Fortune" public house, near Sheppherd's Market, May Fair; a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen, doing a genteel

stroke of business in the neighborhood, and where, as we have heard, the "Butlers' Club" is held.

Here MR. PLUSH lives happy in a blooming and interesting wife: reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers, and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good humor. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the Wheel of Fortune, the other day, and collected the above particulars. MR. PLUSH blushed rather, as he brought in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been produced at the Prince's Theatre, "without with your leaf or by your leaf," as he expressed it. "Has for the rest," the worthy fellow said, "I'm appy—praps betwigt you and me I'm in my proper spear. I enjy my glass of beer or port (with your elth and my suvvice to you, Sir), quite as much as my clarrit in my praws-prus days. I've a good busniss, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my MARY HANN, he's a beest: and when a christening takes place in our famly, will you give my compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and ask him to be god-father."



A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.



CHAPTER I.

IT WAS in the good old days of chivalry, when every mountain that bathes its shadows in the Rhine had its castle—not inhabited as now by a few rats and owls, nor covered with moss and wall-flowers, and funguses, and creeping ivy—no, no! where the ivy now clusters there grew strong portcullis and bars of steel; where the wall-flower now quivers in the rampart there were silken banners embroidered with wonderful heraldry; men-at-arms marched where now you shall only see a bank of moss or a hideous black champignon; and in place of the rats and owlets, I warrant me there were ladies and knights to revel in the great halls, and to feast and to dance, and to make love there. They are passed away. Those old knights and ladies, their golden hair first changed to silver, and then pure silver it dropped off and disappeared for ever; their elegant legs, so slim and active in

the dance, became swollen and gouty, and then, from being swollen and gouty, dwindled down to bare bone shanks; the roses left their cheeks, and then their cheeks disappeared, and left their skulls, and then their skulls powdered into dust, and all sign of them was gone. And as it was with them so shall it be with us. Ho, seneschal! fill me up a cup of liquor! put sugar in it, good fellow, yea, and a little hot water—a very little, for my soul is sad, as I think of those days and knights of old.

They, too, have revelled and feasted, and where are they?—gone? nay, not altogether gone; for doth not the eye catch glimpses of them as they walk yonder in the gray limbo of romance, shining faintly in their coats of steel, wandering by the side of long-haired ladies, with long-tailed gowns that little pages carry. Yes; one sees them: the poet sees them still in the far off Cloudland, and hears the ring of their clarions as they hasten to battle or tourney—and the dim echoes of their lutes chanting of love and fair ladies! Gracious privilege of poesy! It is as the Dervish's collyrium to the eyes, and causes them to see treasures that to the sight of donkeys are invisible. Blessed treasures of fancy! I would not change ye; no, not for many donkey-loads of gold. . . . Fill again, jolly seneschal, thou brave wag: chalk me up the produce on the hostel door—surely the spirits of old are mixed up in the wondrous liquor, and gentle

visions of by-gone princes and princesses look blandly down on us from the cloudy perfume of the pipe. Do you know in what year the fairies left the Rhine?—long before Murray's Guide-Book was wrote—long before squat steamboats, with snorting funnels, came paddling down the stream. Do you not know that once upon a time the appearance of eleven thousand British virgins was considered at Cologne as a wonder? Now there come twenty thousand such annually, accompanied by their ladies'-maids. But of them we will say no more—let us back to those who went before them.

Many, many hundred thousand years ago, and at the exact period when chivalry was in full bloom, there occurred a little history upon the banks of the Rhine, which has been already written in a book, and hence must be positively true. 'Tis a story of knights and ladies—of love and battle and virtue rewarded, a story of princes and noble lords, moreover the best of company. Gentles, an ye will, ye shall hear it. Fair dames and damsels, may your loves be as happy as those of the heroine of this romaunt.

On the cold and rainy evening of Thursday the 26th of October, in the year previously indicated, such travellers as might have chanced to be abroad in that bitter night, might have remarked a fellow-wayfarer journeying on the road from Oberwinter to Godesberg. He was a man not tall in stature, but

of the most athletic proportions, and Time, which had browned and furrowed his cheek, and sprinkled his locks with gray, declared pretty clearly that He must have been acquainted with the warrior for some fifty good years. He was armed in mail, and rode a powerful and active battle-horse, which (though the way the pair had come that day was long and weary indeed) yet supported the warrior, his armour and luggage, with seeming ease. As it was in a friend's country, the knight did not think fit to wear his heavy *destrier*, or helmet, which hung at his saddle-bow over his portmanteau. Both were marked with the coronet of a Count; and from the crown which surmounted the helmet, rose the crest of his knightly race, an arm proper lifting a naked sword.

At his right hand and convenient to the warrior's grasp hung his mangonel or mace—a terrific weapon which had shattered the brains of many a turbaned soldan; while over his broad and ample chest there fell the triangular shield of the period, whereon were emblazoned his arms—argent, a gules wavy, on a saltire reversed of the second; the latter device was awarded for a daring exploit before Ascalon, by the Emperor Maximilian, and a reference to the German Peerage of that day, or a knowledge of high families which every gentleman then possessed, would have sufficed to show at once that the rider we have described was of the noble house of Hombourg. It was,

in fact, the gallant knight Sir Ludwig of Hombourg—his rank as a count, and chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, was marked by the cap of maintenance with the peacock's feather which he wore (when not armed for battle), and his princely blood was denoted by the oiled silk umbrella which he carried (a very meet protection against the pitiless storm), and which, as it is known, in the middle ages, none but princes were justified in using. A bag, fastened with a brazen padlock, and made of the costly produce of the Persian looms, (then extremely rare in Europe,) told that he had travelled in Eastern climes. This, too, was evident from the inscription writ on card or parchment and sewed on the bag. It first ran "Count Ludwig de Hombourg, Jerusalem;" but the name of the Holy City had been dashed out with the pen, and that of "Godesberg" substituted—so far indeed had the cavalier travelled!—and it is needless to state that the bag in question contained such remaining articles of the toilet, as the high-born noble deemed unnecessary to place in his valise.

"By Saint Bugo of Katzenellenbogen!" said the good knight, shivering, "'tis colder here than at Damascus! Marry, I am so hungry I could eat one of Saladin's camels. Shall I be at Godesberg in time for dinner?" And taking out his horologe, (which hung in a small side-pocket of his embroidered surcoat,) the crusader consoled himself by finding that it

was but seven of the night, and that he would reach Godesberg ere the warder had sounded the second gong.

His opinion was borne out by the result. His good steed, which could trot at a pinch fourteen leagues in the hour, brought him to this famous castle, just as the warder was giving the first welcome signal which told that the princely family of Count Karl Margrave, of Godesberg, were about to prepare for their usual repast at eight o'clock. Crowds of pages and horsekeepers were in the Court, when the portcullis being raised, and amidst the respectful salutes of the sentinels, the most ancient friend of the house of Godesberg entered into its Castle yard. The under-butler stepped forward to take his bridle-rein. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land," exclaimed the faithful old man. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land," cried the rest of the servants in the hall; and a stable was speedily found for the Count's horse, Streithengst, and it was not before the gallant soldier had seen that true animal well cared for, that he entered the castle itself, and was conducted to his chamber. Wax candles burning bright on the mantel, flowers in china vases, every variety of soap, and a flask of the precious essence, manufactured at the neighbouring city of Cologne, were displayed on his toilet-table; a cheering fire "crackled in the hearth," and showed that the good knight's coming had been looked and cared

for. The serving maidens, bringing him hot-water for his ablutions, smiling asked, "would he have his couch warmed at eve?" One might have been sure from their blushes that the tough old soldier made an arch reply. The family tonsor came to know whether the noble Count had need of his skill. "By Saint Bugo," said the knight, as seated in an easy settle by the fire, the tonsor rid his chin of its stubby growth, and lightly passed the tongs and pomatum through 'the sable silver' of his hair. "By Saint Bugo, this is better than my dungeon at Grand Cairo. How is my godson Otto, Master Barber; and the Lady Countess, his mother; and the noble Count Karl, my dear brother-in-arms?"

"They are well," said the tonsor, with a sigh.

"By Saint Bugo, I am glad on't; but why that sigh?"

"Things are not as they have been with my good lord," answered the hair-dresser, "ever since Count Gottfried's arrival."

"He here!" roared Sir Ludwig. "Good never came where Gottfried was;" and the while he donned a pair of silken hose, that showed admirably the proportions of his lower limbs, and exchanged his coat of mail for the spotless vest and black surcoat collared with velvet of Genoa, which was the fitting costume for "knight in ladye's bower,"—the knight entered into a conversation with the barber, who ex-

plained to him with the usual garrulousness of his tribe, what was the present position of the noble family of Godesberg.

This will be narrated in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE GODESBERGERS.

'Tis needless to state that the gallant warrior Ludwig, of Hombourg, found in the bosom of his friend's family a cordial welcome. The brother-in-arms of the Margrave Karl, he was the esteemed friend of the Margravine, the exalted and beautiful Theodora, of Boppum, and (albeit no theologian, and although the first princes of Christendom coveted such an honour,) he was selected to stand as sponsor for the Margrave's son Otto, the only child of his house.

It was now seventeen years since the Count and Countess had been united: and although Heaven had not blest their couch with more than one child, it may be said of that one, that it was a prize, and that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. When Count Ludwig, hastening to the holy wars, had quitted his beloved godechild, he had left him a boy; he now found him, as the latter rushed into his arms, grown to be one of the finest young

men in Germany: tall and excessively graceful in proportion, with the blush of health mantling upon his cheek, that was likewise adorned with the first down of manhood, and with magnificent golden ringlets, such as a Rowland might envy, curling over his brow and his shoulders. His eyes alternately beamed with the fire of daring, or melted with the moist glance of benevolence. Well might a mother be proud of such a boy! Well might the brave Ludwig exclaim, as he clasped the youth to his breast, "By St. Buge of Katzenellenbogen, Otto! thou art fit to be one of Cœur de Lion's grenadiers;"—and it was the fact, the "Childe" of Godesberg measured six feet three.

He was habited for the evening meal in the costly, though simple attire of the nobleman of the period—and his costume a good deal resembled that of the old knight whose toilet we have just described; with the difference of colour however. The *pourpoint* worn by Young Otto, of Godesberg, was of blue, handsomely decorated with buttons of carved and embossed gold; his *haut-de-chausses* or leggins were of the stuff of Nanquin, then brought by the Lombard *argosies* at an immense price from China. The neighbouring country of Holland had supplied his wrist and bosom with the most costly laces; and thus attired, with an opera-hat placed on one side of his head, ornamented with a single flower (that brilliant

one the tulip), the boy rushed into his godfather's dressing-room, and warned him that the banquet was ready.

It was indeed: a frown had gathered on the dark brows of the Lady Theodora, and her bosom heaved with an emotion akin to indignation—for she feared lest the soups in the refectory and the splendid fish now smoking there were getting cold—she feared not for herself, but for her lord's sake. “Godesberg,” whispered she to Count Ludwig, as trembling on his arm they descended from the drawing-room, “Godesberg is sadly changed of late.”

“By Saint Bugo!” said the burly knight, starting; “these are the very words the barber spake!”

The lady heaved a sigh, and placed herself before the soup-tureen. For some time the good knight Ludwig of Hombourg was too much occupied in ladling out the forced-meat balls and rich calves' head of which the delicious pottage was formed (in ladling them out, did we say? ay, marry, and in eating them too,) to look at his brother-in-arms at the bottom of the table, where he sat with his son on his left-hand, and the Baron Gottfried on his right.

The Margrave was *indeed* changed. “By Saint Bugo,” whispered Ludwig to the Countess, “your husband is as surly as a bear that hath been wounded o' the head.” Tears falling into her soup-plate were her only reply. The soup, the turbot, the haunch of

mutton, Count Ludwig remarked that the Margrave sent all away untasted.

“The Boteler will serve ye with wine, Hom-bourg,” said the Margrave gloomily from the end of the table; not even an invitation to drink! how different was this from the old times!

But when in compliance with this order the boteler proceeded to hand round the mantling vintage of the Cape to the assembled party, and to fill young Otto’s goblet (which the latter held up with the eagerness of youth), the Margrave’s rage knew no bounds. He rushed at his son; he dashed the wine-cup over his spotless vest; and giving him three or four heavy blows which would have knocked down a bonassus, but only caused the young childe to blush; “*you take wine!*” roared out the Margrave; “*you dare to help yourself! Who the d-v-l gave you leave to help yourself?*” and the terrible blows were reiterated over the delicate ears of the boy.

“Ludwig! Ludwig!” shrieked the Margravine.

“Hold your prate, Madam,” roared the Prince. “By Saint Buffo, mayn’t a father beat his own child?”

“HIS OWN CHILD!” repeated the Margrave, with a burst, almost a shriek of indescribable agony. “Ah, what did I say?”

Sir Ludwig looked about him in amaze; Sir

Gottfried (at the Margrave's right-hand) smiled ghastlily; the young Otto was too much agitated by the recent conflict to wear any expression but that of extreme discomfiture; but the poor Margravine turned her head aside and blushed, red almost as the lobster which flanked the turbot before her.

In those rude old times, 'tis known such table quarrels were by no means unusual amongst gallant knights; and Ludwig, who had oft seen the Margrave cast a leg of mutton at an offending servitor, or empty a sauce-boat in the direction of the Margravine, thought this was but one of the usual outbreaks of his worthy though irascible friend, and wisely determined to change the converse.

"How is my friend," said he, "the good knight, Sir Hildebrandt?"

"By Saint Buffo, this is too much!" screamed the Margrave, and actually rushed from the room.

"By Saint Bugo," said his friend, "gallant knights, gentle sirs, what ails my good Lord Margrave?"

"Perhaps his nose bleeds," said Gottfried, with a sneer.

"Ah, my kind friend," said the Margravine, with uncontrollable emotion, "I fear one of you have passed from the frying-pan into the fire;" and making the signal of departure to the ladies, they rose and retired to coffee in the drawing-room.

The Margrave presently came back again, somewhat more collected than he had been. "Otto," he said sternly, "go join the ladies: it becomes not a young boy to remain in the company of gallant knights after dinner." The noble childe, with manifest unwillingness, quitted the room, and the Margrave, taking his lady's place at the head of the table, whispered to Sir Ludwig, "Hildebrandt will be here to-night to an evening party, given in honour of your return from Palestine. My good friend—my true friend—my old companion in arms, Sir Gottfried! you had best see that the fiddlers be not drunk, and that the crumpets be gotten ready." Sir Gottfried, obsequiously taking his patron's hint, bowed and left the room.

"You shall know all soon, dear Ludwig," said the Margrave, with a heart-rending look. "You marked Gottfried, who left the room anon?"

"I did."

"You look incredulous concerning his worth; but I tell thee, Ludwig, that yonder Gottfried is a good fellow, and my fast friend. Why should he not be? He is my near relation, heir to my property; should I (here the Margrave's countenance assumed its former expression of excruciating agony), *should I have no son.*"

"But I never saw the boy in better health," replied Sir Ludwig.

“Nevertheless, ha, ha! it may chance that I shall soon have no son.”

The Margrave had crushed many a cup of wine during dinner, and Sir Ludwig thought naturally that his gallant friend had drunken rather deeply. He proceeded in this respect to imitate him: for the stern soldier of those days neither shrunk before the Paynim nor the punch-bowl, and many a rousing night had our crusader enjoyed in Syria with lion-hearted Richard; with his coadjutor, Godfrey of Bouillon; nay, with the dauntless Saladin himself.

“You knew Gottfried in Palestine?” asked the Margrave.

“I did.”

“Why did ye not greet him, then, as ancient comrades should, with the warm grasp of friendship? It is not because Sir Gottfried is poor? You know well that he is of race as noble as thine own, my early friend!”

“I care not for his race nor for his poverty,” replied the blunt crusader. “What says the Minnesinger? ‘Marry, that the rank is but the stamp of the guinea; the man is the gold.’ And I tell thee, Karl of Godesberg, that yonder Gottfried is base metal.”

“By Saint Buffo, thou beliest him, dear Ludwig.”

“By Saint Bugo, dear Karl, I say sooth. The

fellow was known i' the camp of the crusaders—disreputably known. Ere he joined us in Palestine, he had sojourned in Constantinople, and learned the arts of the Greek. He is a cogger of dice, I tell thee—a chanter of horse-flesh. He won five thousand marks from bluff Richard of England, the night before the storming of Ascalon, and I caught him with false trumps in his pocket. He warranted a bay mare to Conrad of Mont Serrat, and the rogue had fired her.”

“Ha, mean ye that Sir Gottfried is a *leg*?” cried Sir Karl, knitting his brows. “Now, by my blessed patron, Saint Buffo of Bonn, had any other but Ludwig of Hombourg, so said, I would have cloven him from skull to chine.”

“By Saint Bugo of Katzenellenbogen, I will prove my words on Sir Gottfried’s body—not on thine, old brother in arms. And to do the knave justice, he is a good lance. Holy Bugo! but he did good service at Acre! But his character was such that, spite of his bravery, he was dismissed the army, nor ever allowed to sell his captain’s commission.”

“I have heard of it,” said the Margrave; “Gottfried hath told me of it. ’Twas about some silly quarrel over the wine-cup—a mere silly jape, believe me. Hugo de Brodenel would have no black bottle on the board. Gottfried was wroth, and to say sooth, flung the black bottle at the County’s head. Hence

his dismissal and abrupt return. But you know not," continued the Margrave with a heavy sigh, "of what use that worthy Gottfried has been to me. He has uncloaked a traitor to me."

"Not *yet*," answered Hombourg, satirically.

"By Saint Buffo! a deep-dyed dastard; a dangerous, damnable traitor!—a nest of traitors. Hildebrandt is a traitor—Otto is a traitor—and Theodora (oh, Heaven!) she—she is *another*." The old Prince burst into tears at the word, and was almost choked with emotion.

"What means this passion, dear friend?" cried Sir Ludwig, seriously alarmed.

"Mark, Ludwig; mark Hildebrandt and Theodora together; mark Hildebrandt and *Otto* together. Like, like I tell thee as two peas. O holy saints, that I should be born to suffer this!—to have all my affections wrenched out of my bosom, and to be left alone in my old age! But, hark! the guests are arriving. An ye will not empty another flask of claret, let us join the ladyes i' the withdrawing chamber. When there, mark *Hildebrandt and Otto*."

CHAPTER III.

THE FESTIVAL.

THE festival was indeed begun. Coming on horseback, or in their caroches, knights and ladies of the highest rank were assembled in the grand saloon of Godesberg, which was splendidly illuminated to receive them. Servitors, in rich liveries, (they were attired in doublets of the sky-blue broad-cloth of Ypres, and hose of the richest yellow sammit—the colours of the house of Godesberg,) bore about various refreshments on trays of silver—cakes, baked in the oven, and swimming in melted butter; manchets of bread, smeared with the same delicious condiment, and carved so thin that you might have expected them to take wing, and fly to the ceiling; coffee, introduced by Peter the hermit, after his excursion into Arabia, and tea such as only Boheemia could produce, circulated amidst the festive throng, and were eagerly devoured by the guests. The Margrave's gloom was unheeded by them—how little indeed is the smiling crowd aware of the pangs that are lurking in the breasts of those who bid them to the feast! The Margravine was pale; but woman knows how to deceive; she was more than ordinarily courteous to her friends, and laughed, though the

laugh was hollow, and talked, though the talk was loathsome to her.

“The two are together,” said the Margrave, clutching his friend’s shoulder. “*Now look.*”

Sir Ludwig turned towards a quadrille, and there, sure enough, were Sir Hildebrandt and young Otto standing side by side in the dance. Two eggs were not more like ! The reason of the Margrave’s horrid suspicion at once flashed across his friend’s mind.

“’Tis clear as the staff of a pike,” said the poor Margrave, mournfully. “Come, brother, away from the scene ; let us go play a game at cribbage !” and retiring to the Margravine’s *boudoir*, the two warriors sat down to the game.

But though ’tis an interesting one, and though the Margrave won, yet he could not keep his attention on the cards ; so agitated was his mind by the dreadful secret which weighed upon it. In the midst of their play, the obsequious Gottfried came to whisper a word in his patron’s ear, which threw the latter into such a fury, that apoplexy was apprehended by the two lookers on. But the Margrave mastered his emotion. “*At what time, did you say ?*” said he, to Gottfried.

“At day-break, at the outer gate.”

“I will be there.”

“*And so will I too,*” thought Count Ludwig, the good knight of Hombourg.

CHAPTER IV.

How often does man, proud man, make calculations for the future, and think he can bend stern fate to his will! Alas, we are but creatures in its hands! How many a slip between the lip and the lifted wine-cup! How often, though seemingly with a choice of couches to repose upon, do we find ourselves dashed to earth; and then we are fain to say the grapes are sour, because we cannot attain them; or worse, to yield to anger in consequence of our own fault. Sir Ludwig, the Hombourger, was *not at the outer gate* at day-break.

He slept until ten of the clock. The previous night's potations had been heavy, the day's journey had been long and rough. The knight slept as a soldier would, to whom a feather-bed is a rarity, and who wakes not till he hears the blast of the reveille.

He looked up as he woke. At his bed-side sat the Margrave. He had been there for hours watching his slumbering comrade. Watching?—no, not watching, but awake by his side, brooding over thoughts unutterably bitter—over feelings inexpressibly wretched.

“What's o'clock?” was the first natural exclamation of the Hombourger.

“ I believe it is five o'clock,” said his friend. It was ten. It might have been twelve, two, half-past four, twenty minutes to six, the Margrave would still have said, “ *I believe it is five o'clock.*” The wretched take no count of time, it flies with unequal pinions, indeed, for *them.*”

“ Is breakfast over ? ” inquired the crusader.

“ Ask the butler,” said the Margrave, nodding his head wildly, rolling his eyes wildly, smiling wildly.

“ Gracious Buffo ! ” said the knight of Hombourg, “ what has ailed thee, my friend ? It is ten o'clock by my horologe. Your regular hour is nine. You are not—no, by Heavens ! you are not shaved ! You wear the tights and silken hose of last evening's banquet. Your collar is all ruffled—'tis that of yesterday. *You have not been to bed ?* What has chanced, brother of mine, what has chanced ? ”

“ A common chance, Louis of Hombourg,” said the Margrave, “ one that chances every day. A false woman, a false friend, a broken heart. *This* has chanced. I have not been to bed.”

“ What mean ye ? ” cried Count Ludwig, deeply affected. “ A false friend ? *I* am not a false friend—a false woman. Surely the lovely Theodora your wife”—

“ I have no wife, Louis, now ; I have no wife and no son.”

* * * * *

In accents broken by grief, the Margrave explained what had occurred. Gottfried's information was but too correct. There was *a cause* for the likeness between Otto and Sir Hildebrandt; a fatal cause! Hildebrandt and Theodora had met at dawn at the outer gate. The Margrave had seen them. They walked long together; they embraced. Ah! how the husband's, the father's, feelings were harrowed at that embrace! They parted; and then the Margrave coming forward, coldly signified to his lady that she was to retire to a convent for life, and gave orders that the boy should be sent too, to take the vows at a monastery.

Both sentences had been executed. Otto, in a boat, and guarded by a company of his father's men-at-arms, was on the river going towards Cologne to the monastery of Saint Buffo there. The lady Theodora, under the guard of Sir Gottfried and an attendant, were on their way to the convent of Nonnenwerth, which many of our readers have seen—the beautiful Green Island Convent, laved by the bright waters of the Rhine!

“What road did Gottfried take?” asked the knight of Hombourg, grinding his teeth.

“You cannot overtake him,” said the Margrave. “My good Gottfried, he is my only comfort, now; he is my kinsman, and shall be my heir. He will be back anon.”

“Will he so?” thought Sir Ludwig. “I will ask him a few questions ere he return.” And springing from his couch, he began forthwith to put on his usual morning dress of complete armour; and, after a hasty ablution, donned not his cap of maintenance, but his helmet of battle. He rang the bell violently.

“A cup of coffee, straight,” said he, to the servant, who answered the summons; “bid the cook pack me a sausage and bread in paper, and the groom saddle Streithengst; we have far to ride.”

The various orders were obeyed. The horse was brought; the refreshments disposed of; the clattering steps of the departing steed were heard in the court-yard; but the Margrave took no notice of his friend, and sat, plunged in silent grief, quite motionless by the empty bed-side.



CHAPTER V.

THE TRAITOR'S DOOM.

THE Hombourger led his horse down the winding path which conducts from the hill and castle of Godenberg into the beautiful green plain below. Who has not seen that lovely plain, and who that has seen it has not loved it? A thousand sunny vineyards and

cornfields stretch around in peaceful luxuriance; the mighty Rhine floats by it in silver magnificence, and on the opposite bank rise the seven mountains robed in majestic purple, the monarchs of the royal scene.

A pleasing poet, Lord Byron, in describing this very scene, has mentioned that "peasant girls, with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer cake and wine" are perpetually crowding round the traveller in this delicious district, and proffering to him their rustic presents. This was no doubt the case in former days, when the noble bard wrote his elegant poems—in the happy ancient days! when maidens were as yet generous, and men kindly! Now the degenerate peasantry of the district are much more inclined to ask than to give, and their blue eyes to have disappeared with their generosity.

But as it was a long time ago that the events of our story occurred, 'tis probable that the good knight Ludwig of Hombourg was greeted upon his path by this fascinating peasantry, though we know not how he accepted their welcome. He continued his ride across the flat green country, until he came to Rolandseck, whence he could command the Island of Nonnenwerth (that lies in the Rhine opposite that place), and all who went to it or passed from it.

Over the entrance of a little cavern in one of the rocks hanging above the Rhine-stream at Rolandseck, and covered with odoriferous cactuses and silvery

magnolia, the traveller of the present day may perceive a rude broken image of a saint ; that image represented the venerable Saint Buffo of Bonn, the patron of the Margrave, and Sir Ludwig kneeling on the greensward, and reciting a censer, an ave, and a couple of acolytes before it, felt encouraged to think that the deed he meditated was about to be performed under the very eyes of his friend's sanctified patron. His devotion done (and the knight of those days was as pious as he was brave), Sir Louis, the gallant Hombourger, exclaimed with a loud voice :

“Ho ! hermit ! holy hermit, art thou in thy cell ?”

“Who calls the poor servant of Heaven and Saint Buffo ?” exclaimed a voice from the cavern ; and presently, from beneath the wreaths of geranium and magnolia, appeared an intensely venerable, ancient, and majestic head—'twas that, we need not say, of Saint Buffo's solitary. A silver beard hanging to his knees gave his person an appearance of great respectability ; his body was robed in simple brown serge, and girt with a knotted cord ; his ancient feet were only defended from the prickles and stones by the rudest sandals, and his bald and polished head was bare.

“Holy hermit,” said the knight, in a grave voice, “make ready thy ministry, for there is some one about to die.”

“Where, son ?”

“Here, father.”

“Is he here, now?”

“Perhaps,” said the stout warrior, crossing himself, “but not so if right prevail.” At this moment, he caught sight of a ferry-boat putting off from Nonnenwerth, with a knight on board. Ludwig knew at once by the sinople reversed, and the truncated gules on his surcoat, that it was Sir Gottfried of Godesberg.

“Be ready, father,” said the good knight, pointing towards the advancing boat; and, waving his hand, by way of respect, to the reverend hermit, and without a further word, he vaulted into his saddle, and rode back for a few score of paces, where he wheeled round, and remained steady. His great lance and pennon rose in the air. His armour glistened in the sun; the chest and head of his battle-horse were similarly covered with steel. As Sir Gottfried, likewise armed and mounted (for his horse had been left at the ferry hard by), advanced up the road, he almost started at the figure before him—a glistening tower of steel.

“Are you the lord of this pass, Sir Knight?” said Sir Gottfried, haughtily, “or do you hold it against all comers, in honour of your lady-love?”

“I am not the lord of this pass. I do not hold it against all comers. I hold it but against one, and he is a liar and a traitor.”

“As the matter concerns me not, I pray you let me pass,” said Gottfried.

“The matter *does* concern thee, Gottfried of God-
esberg. Liar, and traitor! art thou coward, too?”

“Holy Saint Buffo! ’tis a fight!” exclaimed the old hermit (who, too, had been a gallant warrior in his day); and like the old war-horse that hears the trumpet’s sound, and spite of his clerical profession, he prepared to look on at the combat with no ordinary eagerness, and sat down on the overhanging ledge of the rock, lighting his pipe, and affecting unconcern, but in reality most deeply interested in the event which was about to ensue.

As soon as the word “coward” had been pronounced by Sir Ludwig, his opponent, uttering a curse far too horrible to be inscribed here, had wheeled back his powerful piebald, and brought his lance to the rest.

“Ha! Beaūséant!” cried he. “Allah humdillah!” ’Twas the battle-cry in Palestine of the irresistible knights-hospitallers. “Look to thyself, Sir Knight, and for mercy from Heaven! I will give thee none.”

“A Bugo for Katzenellenbogen!” exclaimed Sir Ludwig, piously; that, too, was the well-known war-cry of his princely race.

“I will give the signal,” said the old hermit, waving

his pipe. "Knights, are you ready? One, two, three. *Los!*" (let go.)

At the signal, the two steeds tore up the ground like whirlwinds; the two knights, two flashing perpendicular masses of steel, rapidly converged; the two lances met upon the two shields of either, and shivered, splintered, shattered into ten hundred thousand pieces, which whirled through the air here and there, among the rocks, or in the trees, or in the river. The two horses fell back trembling on their haunches, where they remained for half a minute or so.

"Holy Buffo! a brave stroke!" said the old hermit. "Marry, but a splinter well nigh took off my nose!" The honest hermit waved his pipe in delight, not perceiving that one of the splinters had carried off the head of it, and rendered his favourite amusement impossible. "Ha! they are to it again! Oh, my! how they go to with their great swords! Well stricken, grey! Well parried, piebald! Ha, that was a slicer! Go it, piebald! go it, grey!—go it, grey! go it, pie * * *. Peccavi! peccavi!" said the old man, here suddenly closing his eyes, and falling down on his knees. "I forgot I was a man of peace;" and the next moment, muttering a hasty *matin*, he sprung down the ledge of rock, and was by the side of the combatants.

The battle was over. Good knight as Sir Gottfried was, his strength and skill had not been able to over-

come Sir Ludwig the Hombourger, with right on his side. He was bleeding at every point of his armour: he had been run through the body several times, and a cut in tierce, delivered with tremendous dexterity, had cloven the crown of his helmet of Damascus steel, and passing through the cerebellum and sensorium, had split his nose almost in twain.

His mouth foaming—his face almost green—his eyes full of blood—his brains spattered over his forehead, and several of his teeth knocked out,—the discomfited warrior presented a ghastly spectacle; as reeling under the effect of the last blow which the knight of Hombourg dealt, Sir Gottfried fell heavily from the saddle of his piebald charger; the frightened animal whisked his tail wildly with a shriek and a snort, plunged out his hind legs, trampling for one moment upon the feet of the prostrate Gottfried, thereby causing him to shriek with agony, and then galloped away riderless.

Away! aye, away!—away amid the green vineyards and golden cornfields; away up the steep mountains, where he frightened the eagles in their eyries; away down the clattering ravines, where the flashing cataracts tumble; away through the dark pine forests where the hungry wolves are howling; away over the dreary wolds, where the wild wind walks alone; away through the plashing quagmires, where the will-o'-the-wisps slunk frightened among the reeds; away

through light and darkness, storm and sunshine; away by tower and town, highroad and hamlet. Once a turnpike-man would have detained him; but, ha, ha! he charged the 'pike, and cleared it at a bound. Once the Cologne Diligence stopped the way; he charged the Diligence, he knocked off the cap of the conductor on the roof, and yet galloped wildly, madly, furiously, irresistibly on! Brave horse! gallant steed! snorting child of Araby! On went the horse, over mountains, rivers, turnpikes, applegomen; and never stopped until he reached a livery-stable in Cologne, where his master was accustomed to put him up.



CHAPTER VI.

THE CONFESSION.

BUT we have forgotten, meanwhile, that prostrate individual. Having examined the wounds in his side, legs, head, and throat, the old hermit (a skilful leech) knelt down by the side of the vanquished one, and said, "Sir Knight, it is my painful duty to state to you that you are in an exceedingly dangerous condition, and will not probably survive."

'Say you so, Sir Priest? then 'tis time I make

my confession—hearken you, priest, and you, Sir Knight, whoever you be.”

Sir Ludwig (who, much affected by the scene, had been tying his horse up to a tree) lifted his visor and said, “Gottfried of Godesberg! I am the friend of thy kinsman, Margrave Karl, whose happiness thou hast ruined; I am the friend of his chaste and virtuous lady, whose fair fame thou hast belied; I am the godfather of young Count Otto, whose heritage thou wouldst basely have appropriated—therefore I met thee in deadly fight, and overcame thee, and have well nigh finished thee. Speak on.”

“I have done all this,” said the dying man, “and here, in my last hour, repent me. The Lady Theodora is a spotless lady; the youthful Otto the true son of his father—Sir Hildebrandt is not his father, but his *uncle*.”

“Gracious Buffo! Celestial Bugo!” here said the hermit and the knight of Hombourg simultaneously, clasping their hands.

“Yes, his uncle, but with the *bar-sinister* in his scutcheon. Hence he could never be acknowledged by the family; hence, too, the Lady Theodora’s spotless purity (though the young people had been brought up together) could never be brought to own the relationship.”

“May I repeat your confession?” asked the hermit.

“With the greatest pleasure in life—carry my confession to the Margrave, and pray him give me pardon. Were there—a notary-public present,” slowly gasped the knight, the film of dissolution glazing over his eyes, “I would ask—you—two—gentlemen to witness it. I would gladly—sign the deposition, that is if I could wr-wr-wr-wr-ite!” A faint shuddering smile—a quiver, a gasp, a gurgle—the blood gushed from his mouth in black volumes * *

“He will never sin more,” said the Hermit, solemnly.

“May Heaven assoilzie him!” said Sir Ludwig. “Hermit, he was a gallant knight. He died with harness on his back, and with truth on his lips; Ludwig of Hombourg would ask no other death.”

* * * * *

An hour afterwards the principal servants at the Castle of Godesberg were rather surprised to see the noble Lord Louis trot into the court-yard of the castle, with a companion on the crupper of his saddle. 'Twas the venerable hermit of Rolandseck, who, for the sake of greater celerity, had adopted this undignified conveyance, and whose appearance and little dumpy legs might well create hilarity among the “pampered menials” who are always found lounging about the houses of the great. He skipped off the saddle with considerable lightness however; and Sir Ludwig, taking the reverend man by the arm, and

frowning the jeering servitors into awe, bade them lead him to the presence of his Highness the Margrave.

“What has chanced?” said the inquisitive servitor; “the riderless horse of Sir Gottfried was seen to gallop by the outer wall anon. The Margrave’s Grace has never quitted your Lordship’s chamber, and sits as one distraught.”

“Hold thy prate, knave, and lead us on.” And so saying, the knight and his Reverence moved into the well-known apartment, where, according to the servitor’s description, the wretched Margrave sat like a stone.

Ludwig took one of the kind broken-hearted man’s hands, the hermit seized the other, and began (but on account of his great age, with a prolixity which we shall not endeavour to imitate) to narrate the events which we have already described. Let the dear reader fancy, the while his Reverence speaks, the glazed eyes of the Margrave gradually lighting up with attention; the flush of joy which mantles in his countenance—the start—the throb—the almost delirious outburst of hysteric exultation with which, when the whole truth was made known, he clasped the two messengers of glad tidings to his breast, with an energy that almost choked the aged recluse! “Ride, ride this instant to the Margravine—say I have wronged her, that it is all right, that she may

come back—that I forgive her—that I apologise if you will”—and a secretary forthwith despatched a note to that effect, which was carried off by a fleet messenger.

“Now write to the Superior of the monastery at Cologne, and bid him send me back my boy, my darling, my Otto—my Otto of roses!” said the fond father, making the first play upon words he had ever attempted in his life. But what will not paternal love effect? The secretary (smiling at the joke) wrote another letter, and another fleet messenger was despatched on another horse.

“And now,” said Sir Ludwig, playfully, “let us to lunch. Holy Hermit, are you for a snack?”

The Hermit could not say nay on an occasion so festive, and the three gentles seated themselves to a plenteous repast, for which the remains of the feast of yesterday offered, it need not be said, ample means.

“They will be home by dinner-time,” said the exulting father, “Ludwig! reverend hermit! We will carry on till then;” and the cup passed gaily round, and the laugh and jest circulated, while the three happy friends sat confidentially awaiting the return of the Margravine and her son.

But alas! said we not rightly at the commencement of a former chapter, that betwixt the lip and the raised wine-cup there is often many a spill? that

our hopes are high, and often, too often vain? About three hours after the departure of the first messenger, he returned, and with an exceedingly long face knelt down and presented to the Margrave a billet to the following effect :

“CONVENT OF NONNENWERTH, *Friday Afternoon.*”

“SIR : I have submitted too long to your ill-usage, and am disposed to bear it no more. I will no longer be made the butt of your ribald satire, and the object of your coarse abuse. Last week you threatened me with your cane! On Tuesday last you threw a wine-decanter at me, which hit the butler it is true, but the intention was evident. This morning, in the presence of all the servants, you called me by the most vile, abominable name, which, Heaven forbid I should repeat! You dismissed me from your house under a false accusation. You sent me to this odious convent to be immured for life. Be it so, I will not come back, because forsooth, you relent. Anything is better than a residence with a wicked, coarse, violent, intoxicated, brutal monster like yourself. I remain here for ever, and blush to be obliged to sign myself

“THEODORA VON GODESBERG.”

“P.S. I hope you do not intend to keep all my best gowns, jewels, and wearing apparel : and make no doubt you dismissed me from your house in order

to make way for some vile hussy, whose eyes I would like to tear out.

“ T. V. G.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE singular document, illustrative of the passions of women at all times, and particularly of the manners of the early ages, struck dismay into the heart of the Margrave.

“ Are her ladyship’s insinuations correct ? ” asked the Hermit in a severe tone. “ To correct a wife with a cane is a venial, I may say a justifiable practice ; but to fling a bottle at her, is a ruin both to the liquor and to her.”

“ But she sent a carving-knife at me first,” said the heart-broken husband. “ Oh, jealousy, cursed jealousy, why, why did I ever listen to thy green and yellow tongue ? ”

“ They quarrelled, but they loved each other sincerely,” whispered Sir Ludwig to the Hermit, who began to deliver forthwith a lecture upon family discord and marital authority, which would have sent his two hearers to sleep, but for the arrival of the second messenger, whom the Margrave had despatched to Cologne for his son. This herald wore a still

longer face than that of his comrade who preceded him.

“Where is my darling?” roared the agonized parent. “Have ye brought him with ye?”

“N—no,” said the man, hesitating.

“I will flog the knave soundly when he comes,” cried the father, vainly endeavouring, under an appearance of sternness, to hide his inward emotion and tenderness.

“Please your highness,” said the messenger, making a desperate effort, “Count Otto is not at the Convent.”

“Know ye, knave, where he is?”

The swain solemnly said, “I do. He is *there*.” He pointed as he spake to the broad Rhine that was seen from the casement, lighted up by the magnificent hues of sunset.

“*There!* How mean ye *there?*” gasped the Margrave, wrought to a pitch of nervous fury.

“Alas! my good lord, when he was in the boat which was to conduct him to the Convent, he—he jumped suddenly from it, and is dr—dr—owned.”

“Carry that knave out and hang him!” said the Margrave, with a calmness more dreadful than any outburst of rage. “Let every man of the boat’s crew be blown from the mouth of the cannon on the tower—except the coxswain, and let him be * *”

What was to be done with the coxswain, no one

knows ; for at that moment, and overcome by his emotion, the Margrave sunk down lifeless on the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHILDE OF GODESBERG.

IT must be clear to the dullest intellect (if amongst our dear readers we dare venture to presume that a dull intellect should be found), that the cause of the Margrave's fainting fit, described in the last chapter, was a groundless apprehension, on the part of that too solicitous and credulous nobleman, regarding the fate of his beloved child. No, young Otto was *not* drowned. Was ever hero of romantic story done to death so early in the tale? Young Otto was *not* drowned. Had such been the case, the Lord Margrave would infallibly have died at the close of the last chapter ; and a few gloomy sentences at its close would have denoted how the lovely Lady Theodora became insane in the Convent, and how Sir Ludwig determined, upon the demise of the old hermit (consequent upon the shock of hearing the news), to retire to the vacant hermitage, and assume the robe, the beard, the mortifications of the late venerable and solitary ecclesiastic. Otto was *not*

drowned, and all those personages of our history are consequently alive and well.

The boat containing the amazed young Count—for he knew not the cause of his father's anger, and hence rebelled against the unjust sentence which the Margrave had uttered—had not rowed many miles, when the gallant boy rallied from his temporary surprise and despondency, and, determined not to be a slave in any convent of any order, determined to make a desperate effort for escape. At a moment when the men were pulling hard against the tide, and Kuno, the coxswain, was looking carefully to steer the barge, between some dangerous rocks and quicksands, which are frequently met with in the majestic though dangerous river, Otto gave a sudden spring from the boat, and with one single flounce was in the boiling, frothing, swirling eddy of the stream.

Fancy the agony of the crew at the disappearance of their young lord! All loved him; all would have given their lives for him; but as they did not know how to swim, of course they declined to make any useless plunges in search of him, and stood on their oars in mute wonder and grief. *Once*, his fair head and golden ringlets were seen to arise from the water; *twice*, puffing and panting, it appeared for an instant again; *thrice*, it arose but for one single moment: it was the last chance, and it sunk, sunk, sunk. Knowing the reception they would meet with from

their liege lord, the men naturally did not go home to Godesberg, but putting in at the first creek on the opposite bank, fled into the Duke of Nassau's territory, where, as they have little to do with our tale, we will leave them.

But they little knew how expert a swimmer was young Otto. He had disappeared it is true; but why? because he *had dived*. He calculated that his conductors would consider him drowned, and the desire of liberty lending him wings, or we had rather say *fins*, in this instance, the gallant boy swam on beneath the water, never lifting his head for a single moment between Godesberg and Cologne—the distance being twenty-five or thirty miles.

Escaping from observation, he landed on the *Deutz* side of the river, repaired to a comfortable and quiet hostel there, saying he had had an accident from a boat, and thus accounting for the moisture of his habiliments, and while these were drying before a fire in his chamber went snugly to bed, where he mused, not without amaze of the strange events of the day. "This morning," thought he, "a noble and heir to a princely estate—this evening an outcast, with but a few bank-notes which my mamma luckily gave me on my birth-day. What a strange entry into life is this for a young man of my family! Well, I have courage and resolution; my first attempt in life has been a gallant and successful one; other dangers will be

conquered by similar bravery." And recommending himself, his unhappy mother, and his mistaken father to the care of their patron saint, Saint Buffo, the gallant-hearted boy fell presently into such a sleep, as only the young, the healthy, the innocent, and the extremely fatigued can enjoy.

The fatigues of the day (and very few men but would be fatigued after swimming well nigh thirty miles under water) caused young Otto to sleep so profoundly, that he did not remark how, after Friday's sunset, as a natural consequence, Saturday's Phoebus illumined the world, ay, and sunk at his appointed hour. The serving-maidens of the hostel peeping in, marked him sleeping, and blessing him for a pretty youth, tripped lightly from the chamber; the boots tried haply twice or thrice to call him (as boots will fain), but the lovely boy, giving another snore, turned on his side, and was quite unconscious of the interruption. In a word, the youth slept for six-and-thirty hours at an elongation; and the Sunday sun was shining, and the bells of the hundred churches of Cologne were clinking and tolling in pious festivity, and the burghers and burgheresses of the town were trooping to vespers and morning service when Otto woke.

As he donned his clothes of the richest Genoa velvet, the astonished boy could not at first account for his difficulty in putting them on. "Marry," said he.

“these breeches that my blessed mother (tears filled his fine eyes as he thought of her), that my blessed mother had made long on purpose, are now ten inches too short for me! Whir-r-r! my coat cracks i' the back, as in vain I try to buckle it round me; and the sleeves reach no farther than my elbows! What is this mystery? Am I grown fat and tall in a single night? Ah! ha! ha! ha! I have it.”

The young and good-humored Childe laughed merrily. He bethought him of the reason of his mistake: his garments had shrunk from being five-and-twenty miles under water.

But one remedy presented itself to his mind; and that we need not say was to purchase new ones. Inquiring the way to the most genteel ready-made-clothes' establishment in the city of Cologne, and finding it was kept in the Minoriten Strasse, by an ancestor of the celebrated Moses of London, the noble Childe hied him towards the emporium, but you may be sure did not neglect to perform his religious duties by the way. Entering the cathedral, he made straight for the shrine of Saint Buffo, and hiding himself behind a pillar there (fearing lest he might be recognised by the Archbishop, or any of his father's numerous friends in Cologne), he proceeded with his devotions, as was the practice of the young nobles of the age.

But though exceedingly intent upon the service,

yet his eye could not refrain from wandering a *little* round about him, and he remarked with surprise that the whole church was filled with archers; and he remembered, too, that he had seen in the streets numerous other bands of men similarly attired in green. On asking at the cathedral porch the cause of this assemblage, one of the green ones said (in a jape), "Marry, youngster, *you* must be *green*, not to know that we are all bound to the castle of His Grace Duke Adolf of Cleves, who gives an archery meeting once a year, and prizes for which we toxophilites muster strong."

Otto, whose course hitherto had been undetermined now immediately settled what to do. He straightway repaired to the ready-made emporium of Herr Moses, and bidding that gentleman furnish him with an archer's complete dress, Moses speedily selected a suit from his vast stock, which fitted the youth to a *t*, and we need not say was sold at an exceedingly low price. So attired (and bidding Herr Moses a cordial farewell), young Otto was a gorgeous, a noble, a soul-inspiring boy to gaze on. A coat and breeches of the most brilliant pea-green, ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons, and fitting him with exquisite tightness, showed off a figure unrivalled for slim symmetry. His feet were covered with peaked buskins of buff leather, and a belt round his slender waist of the same material, held his knife, his tobacco-pipe

and pouch, and his long shining dirk, which, though the adventurous youth had as yet only employed it to fashion wicket-bails, or to cut bread-and-cheese, he was now quite ready to use against the enemy. His personal attractions were enhanced by a neat white hat, flung carelessly and fearlessly on one side of his open smiling countenance, and his lovely hair, curling in ten thousand yellow ringlets, fell over his shoulders like golden epaulettes, and down his back as far as the waist-buttons of his coat. I warrant me, many a lovely Cölnerrinn looked after the handsome Childe with anxiety, and dreamed that night of Cupid under the guise of "a bonny boy in green."

So accoutred, the youth's next thought was, that he must supply himself with a bow. This he speedily purchased at the most fashionable bowyer's, and of the best material and make. It was of ivory, trimmed with pink ribbon, and the cord of silk. An elegant quiver, beautifully painted and embroidered, was slung across his back, with a dozen of the finest arrows, tipped with steel of Damascus, formed of the branches of the famous Upas-tree of Java, and feathered with the wings of the ortolan. These purchases being completed (together with that of a knapsack, dressing-case, change, &c.), our young adventurer asked where was the hostel at which the archers were wont to assemble? and being informed that it was at the sign of the Golden Stag, hied him to

that house of entertainment, where, by calling for quantities of liquor and beer, he speedily made the acquaintance and acquired the good will of a company of his future comrades, who happened to be sitting in the coffee-room.

After they had eaten and drunken for all, Otto said, addressing them, "When go ye forth, gentles? I am a stranger here, bound as you to the archery meeting of Duke Adolf, an ye will admit a youth into your company 'twill gladden me upon my lonely way?"

The archers replied, "You seem so young and jolly, and you spend your gold so very like a gentleman, that we'll receive you in our band with pleasure. Be ready, for we start at half-past two!" At that hour accordingly the whole joyous company prepared to move, and Otto not a little increased his popularity among them by stepping out and having a conference with the landlord, which caused the latter to come into the room where the archers were assembled previous to departure, and to say, "Gentlemen, the bill is settled!"—words never ungrateful to an archer yet; no, marry, nor to a man of any other calling that I wot of.

They marched joyously for several leagues, singing and joking, and telling of a thousand feats of love and chase and war. While thus engaged, some one remarked to Otto that he was not dressed in the regular uniform, having no feathers in his hat.

“I daresay I will find a feather,” said the lad, smiling.

Then another gibed because his bow was new.

“See that you can use your old one as well, Master Wolfgang,” said the undisturbed youth. His answers, his bearing, his generosity, his beauty, and his wit, inspired all his new toxophilite friends with interest and curiosity, and they longed to see whether his skill with the bow corresponded with their secret sympathies for him.

An occasion for manifesting this skill did not fail to present itself soon—as indeed it seldom does to such a hero of romance as young Otto was. Fate seems to watch over such; events occur to them just in the nick of time; they rescue virgins just as ogres are on the point of devouring them; they manage to be present at court and interesting ceremonies, and to see the most interesting people at the most interesting moment; directly an adventure is necessary for them, that adventure occurs, and I, for my part, have often wondered with delight (and never could penetrate the mystery of the subject) at the way in which that humblest of romance heroes, Signor Clown, when he wants anything in the Pantomime, straightway finds it to his hand. How is it that,—suppose he wishes to dress himself up like a woman for instance, that minute a coal-heaver walks in with a shovel hat that answers for a bonnet; at

the very next instant a butcher's lad passing with a string of sausages and a bundle of bladders unconsciously helps Master Clown to a necklace and a *tourneur*, and so on through the whole toilet? Depend upon it there is something we do not wot of in that mysterious overcoming of circumstances by great individuals, that apt and wondrous conjuncture of *the Hour and the Man*; and so, for my part, when I heard the above remark of one of the archers, that Otto had never a feather in his bonnet, I felt sure that a heron would spring up in the next sentence to supply him with an *aigrette*.

And such indeed was the fact; rising out of a morass by which the archers were passing, a gallant heron, arching his neck, swelling his crest, placing his legs behind him, and his beak and red eyes against the wind, rose slowly, and offered the fairest mark in the world.

"Shoot, Otto," said one of the archers. "You would not shoot just now at a crow because it was a foul bird, nor at a hawk because it was a noble bird; bring us down yon heron. It flies slowly."

But Otto was busy that moment tying his shoe-string, and Rudolf, the third best of the archers, shot at the bird and missed it.

"Shoot, Otto," said Wolfgang, a youth who had taken a liking to the young archer, "the bird is getting further and further."

But Otto was busy that moment whittling a willow twig he had just cut. Max, the second best archer, shot and missed.

“Then,” said Wolfgang, “I must try myself; a plague on you, young Springald, you have lost a noble chance!”

Wolfgang prepared himself with all his care, and shot at the bird. “It is out of distance,” said he, “and a murrain on the bird!”

Otto, who by this time had done whittling his willow stick (having carved a capital caricature of Wolfgang upon it), flung the twig down, and said carelessly, “Out of distance! Pshaw! We have two minutes yet,” and fell to asking riddles and cutting jokes, to the which none of the archers listened, as they were all engaged, their noses in air, watching the retreating bird.

“Where shall I hit him?” said Otto.

“Go to,” said Rudolf, “thou canst see no limb of him; he is no bigger than a flea.”

“Here goes for his right eye!” said Otto; and stepping forward in the English manner (which his godfather having learnt in Palestine, had taught him), he brought his bow-string to his ear, took a good aim, allowing for the wind, and calculating the parabola to a nicety, whizz! his arrow went off.

He took up the willow twig again, and began

carving a head of Rudolf at the other end, chatting and laughing, and singing a ballad the while.

The archers, after standing a long time looking skywards, with their noses in the air, at last brought them down from the perpendicular to the horizontal position, and said, "Pooh, this lad is a humbug! The arrow's lost; let's go!"

"*Heads!*" cried Otto, laughing. A speck was seen rapidly descending from the heavens; it grew to be as big as a crown-piece, then as a partridge, then as a tea-kettle, and flop! down fell a magnificent heron to the ground, flooring poor Max in its fall.

"Take the arrow out of his eye, Wolfgang," said Otto, without looking at the bird, "wipe it, and put it back into my quiver." The arrow indeed was there, having penetrated right through the pupil.

"Are you in league with Der Freischütz?" said Rudolf, quite amazed.

Otto laughingly whistled the "Huntsman's Chorus," and said, "No, my friend. It was a lucky shot, only a lucky shot. I was taught shooting, look you, in the fashion of merry England, where the archers are archers indeed."

And so he cut off the heron's wing for a plume for his hat; and the archers walked on, much amazed,

and saying, "What a wonderful country that merry England must be!"

Far from feeling any envy at their comrade's success, the jolly archers recognised his superiority with pleasure; and Wolfgang and Rudolf especially held out their hands to the young man, and besought the honour of his friendship. They continued their walk all day, and when night fell made choice of a good hostel you may be sure, where, over beer, punch, Champagne, and every luxury, they drank to the health of the Duke of Cleves, and indeed each other's healths all round. Next day they resumed their march, and continued it without interruption, except to take in a supply of victuals here and there (and it was found on these occasions that Otto, young as he was, could eat four times as much as the oldest archer present, and drink to correspond), and these continued refreshments having given them more than ordinary strength, they determined on making rather a long march of it, and did not halt till after night-fall at the gates of the little town of Windeck.

What was to be done? the town-gates were shut. "Is there no hostel, no castle where we can sleep?" asked Otto of the sentinel at the gate. "I am so hungry that, in lack of better food, I think I could eat my grandmamma."

The sentinel laughed at this hyperbolical expression of hunger, and said, "You had best go sleep at

the Castle of Windeck yonder ;” and adding, with a peculiarly knowing look, “ Nobody will disturb you there.”

At that moment the moon broke out from a cloud, and showed on a hill hard by a castle indeed—but the skeleton of a castle. The roof was gone, the windows were dismantled, the towers were tumbling, and the cold moonlight pierced it through and through. One end of the building was, however, still covered in, and stood looking still more frowning, vast, and gloomy, even, than the other part of the edifice.

“ There is a lodging, certainly,” said Otto to the sentinel, who pointed towards the castle with his bar-tizan ; “ but tell me, good fellow, what are we to do for a supper ? ”

“ O the castellan of Windeck will entertain you,” said the man-at-arms with a grin, and marched up the embrasure, the while the archers, taking counsel among themselves, debated whether or not they should take up their quarters in the gloomy and deserted edifice.

“ We shall get nothing but an owl for supper there,” said young Otto. “ Marry, lads, let us storm the town ; we are thirty gallant fellows, and I have heard the garrison is not more than three hundred.” But the rest of the party thought such a way of getting supper was not a very cheap one, and, grovelling

knaves, preferred rather to sleep ignobly and without victuals, than dare the assault with Otto and die, or conquer something comfortable.

One and all then made their way towards the castle. They entered its vast and silent halls, frightening the owls and bats that fled before them with hideous hootings and flappings of wings, and passing by a multiplicity of mouldy stairs, dank reeking roofs, and rickety corridors, at last came to an apartment which, dismal and dismantled as it was, appeared to be in rather better condition than the neighbouring chambers, and they therefore selected it as their place of rest for the night. They then tossed up which should mount guard. The first two hours of watch fell to Otto, who was to be succeeded by his young though humble friend Wolfgang; and, accordingly, the Childe of Godesberg, drawing his dirk, began to pace upon his weary round; while his comrades, by various gradations of snoring, told how profoundly they slept, spite of their lack of supper.

'Tis needless to say what were the thoughts of the noble Childe as he performed his two hours' watch; what gushing memories poured into his full soul; what "sweet and bitter" recollections of home inspired his throbbing heart; and what manly aspirations after fame buoyed him up. "Youth is ever confident," says the bard. Happy, happy season! The moon-lit hours passed by on silver wings, the

twinkling stars looked friendly down upon him. Confiding in their youthful sentinel, sound slept the valorous toxophilites, as up and down, and there and back again, marched on the noble Childe. At length his repeater told him, much to his satisfaction, that it was half-past eleven, the hour when his watch was to cease, and so giving a playful kick to the slumbering Wolfgang, that good-humoured fellow sprung up from his lair, and, drawing his sword, proceeded to relieve Otto.

The latter laid him down for warmth's sake in the very spot which his comrade had left, and for some time could not sleep. Realities and visions then began to mingle in his mind, till he scarce knew which was which. He dozed for a minute; then he woke with a start; then he went off again; then woke up again. In one of these half-sleeping moments he thought he saw a figure, as of a woman in white sliding into the room, and beckoning Wolfgang from it. He looked again. Wolfgang was gone. At that moment twelve o'clock clanged from the town, and Otto started up.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LADY OF WINDECK.

As the bell with iron tongue called midnight, Wolfgang the Archer, pacing on his watch, beheld before him a pale female figure. He did not know whence she came: but there suddenly she stood close to him. Her blue, clear, glassy eyes were fixed upon him. Her form was of faultless beauty; her face pale as the marble of the fairy statue, ere yet the sculptor's love had given it life. A smile played upon her features, but it was no warmer than the reflection of a moonbeam on a lake; and yet it was wondrous beautiful. A fascination stole over the senses of young Wolfgang. He stared at the lovely apparition with fixed eyes and distended jaws. She looked at him with ineffable archness. She lifted one beautifully rounded alabaster arm, and made a sign as to beckon him towards her. Did Wolfgang—the young and lusty Wolfgang—follow? Ask the iron whether it follows the magnet?—ask the pointer whether it pursues the partridge through the stubble?—ask the youth whether the lollypop-shop does not attract him? Wolfgang *did* follow. An antique door opened as if by magic. There was no light; and yet they saw quite plain; they passed through the innumerable

ancient chambers, and yet they did not wake any of the owls and bats roosting there. We know not through how many apartments the young couple passed; but at last they came to one where a feast was prepared; and on an antique table, covered with massive silver, covers were laid for two. The lady took her place at one end of the table, and with her sweetest nod beckoned Wolfgang to the other seat. He took it. The table was small, and their knees met. He felt as cold in his legs as if he were kneeling against an ice-well.

“Gallant archer,” said she, “you must be hungry after your day’s march. What supper will you have? Shall it be a delicate lobster-salad? or a dish of elegant tripe and onions? or a slice of boar’s-head and truffles? or a Welsh rabbit, *à la cave au cidre*? or a beefsteak and shallot? or a couple of *rognons à la brochette*? Speak, brave bowyer: you have but to order.”

As there was nothing on the table but a covered silver dish, Wolfgang thought the lady who proposed such a multiplicity of delicacies to him was only laughing at him; so he determined to try her with something extremely rare.

“Fair princess,” he said, “I should like very much a pork-chop and some mashed potatoes.”

She lifted the cover: there was such a pork-chop as Simpson never served, with a dish of mashed pota-

toes that would have formed at least six portions in our degenerate days in Rupert-street.

When he had helped himself to these delicacies, the lady put the cover on the dish again, and watched him eating with interest. He was for some time too much occupied with his own food to remark that his companion did not eat a morsel; but big as it was, his chop was soon gone; the shining silver of his plate was scraped quite clean with his knife, and, heaving a great sigh, he confessed a humble desire for something to drink.

“Call for what you like, sweet Sir,” said the lady, lifting up a silver fillagree bottle, with an India-rubber cork, ornamented with gold.

“Then,” said Master Wolfgang—for the fellow’s tastes were, in sooth, very humble—“I call for half-and-half.” According to his wish, a pint of that delicious beverage was poured from the bottle, foaming, into his beaker.

Having emptied this at a draught, and declared that on his conscience it was the best tap he ever knew in his life, the young man felt his appetite renewed; and it is impossible to say how many different dishes he called for. Only enchantment, he was afterwards heard to declare (though none of his friends believed him) could have given him the appetite he possessed on that extraordinary night. He called for another pork-chop and potatoes, then for

pickled salmon; then he thought he would try a devilled turkey-wing. "I adore the devil," said he.

"So do I," said the pale lady, with unwonted animation, and the dish was served straightway. It was succeeded by black puddings, tripe, toasted cheese, and—what was most remarkable—every one of the dishes which he desired came from under the same silver cover—which circumstance, when he had partaken of about fourteen different articles, he began to find rather mysterious.

"Oh," said the pale lady, with a smile, "the mystery is easily accounted for: the servants hear you, and the kitchen is *below*." But this did not account for the manner in which more half-and-half, bitter ale, punch (both gin and rum), and even oil and vinegar, which he took with cucumber to his salmon, came out of the self-same bottle from which the lady had first poured out his pint of half-and-half.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Voracio," said his arch entertainer, when he put this question to her, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy;" and, sooth to say, the archer was by this time in such a state, that he did not find anything wonderful more.

"Are you happy, dear youth?" said the lady, as, after his collation, he sank back in his chair.

"Oh, Miss, aint I!" was his interrogative and yet affirmative reply.

“Should you like such a supper every night, Wolfgang?” continued the pale one.

“Why, no;” said he—“no, not exactly; not *every* night: *some* nights I should like oysters.”

“Dear youth,” said she, “be but mine, and you may have them all the year round!” The unhappy boy was too far gone to suspect anything, otherwise this extraordinary speech would have told him that he was in suspicious company. A person who can offer oysters all the year round can live to no good purpose.

“Shall I sing you a song, dear archer?” said the lady. “Sweet love!” said he, now much excited, “strike up, and I will join the chorus.”

She took down her mandolin, and commenced a ditty. 'Twas a sweet and wild one. It told how a lady of high lineage, cast her eyes on a peasant page; it told how nought could her love assuage, her suitor's wealth and her father's rage: it told how the youth did his foes engage; and at length they went off in the Gretna stage, the high-born dame and the peasant page. Wolfgang beat time, waggled his head, sung wofully out of tune as the song proceeded; and if he had not been too intoxicated with love and other excitement, he would have remarked how the pictures on the wall, as the lady sung, began to waggle their heads too, and nod and grin to the music. The song

ended, I am the lady of high lineage: Archer, will you be the peasant page?

“I’ll follow you to the devil!” said Wolfgang.

“Come,” replied the lady, glaring wildly on him—“come to the chapel; we’ll be married this minute!”

She held out her hand—Wolfgang took it. It was cold, damp—deadly cold; and on they went to the chapel.

As they passed out, the two pictures over the wall, of a gentleman and lady, tripped out of their frames, skipped noiselessly down to the ground, and making the retreating couple a profound curtsy and bow, took the places which they had left at the table.

Meanwhile the young couple passed on towards the chapel, threading innumerable passages, and passing through chambers of great extent. As they came along, all the portraits on the wall stepped out of their frames to follow them. One ancestor, of whom there was only a bust, frowned in the greatest rage, because, having no legs, his pedestal would not move; and several sticking-plaster profiles of the former lords of Windeck looked quite black at being, for similar reasons, compelled to keep their places. However, there was a goodly procession formed behind Wolfgang and his bride; and by the time they had reached the church, they had nearly a hundred followers.

The church was splendidly illuminated; the old banners of the old knights glittered as they do at Drury Lane. The organ set up of itself to play the Bridesmaid's Chorus. The choir-chairs were filled with people in black.

"Come, love," said the pale lady.

"I don't see the parson," exclaimed Wolfgang, spite of himself rather alarmed.

"Oh, the parson! that's the easiest thing in the world! I say, Bishop!" said the lady, stooping down.

Stooping down—and to what? Why, upon my word and honour, to a great brass plate on the floor, over which they were passing, and on which was engraved the figure of a bishop—and a very ugly bishop too—with crosier and mitre, and lifted finger, on which sparkled the episcopal ring. "Do, my dear lord, come and marry us," said the lady, with a levity which shocked the feelings of her bridegroom.

The Bishop got up; and directly he rose, a dean who was sleeping under a large slate near him, came bowing and cringing up to him; while a canon of the cathedral (whose name was Schidnischmidt) began grinning and making fun at the pair. The ceremony was begun, and * * * * *

As the clock struck twelve, young Otto bounded

up and remarked the absence of his companion Wolfgang. The idea he had had, that his friend disappeared in company with a white robed female, struck him more and more. "I will follow them," said he; and, calling to the next on the watch (old Snooz, who was right unwilling to forego his sleep), he rushed away by the door through which he had seen Wolfgang and his temptress take their way.

That he did not find them was not his fault. The castle was vast, the chamber dark. There were a thousand doors, and what wonder that, after he had once lost sight of them, the intrepid Childe should not be able to follow in their steps? As might be expected, he took the wrong door, and wandered for at least three hours about the dark enormous solitary castle, calling out Wolfgang's name to the careless and indifferent echoes, knocking his young shins against the ruins scattered in the darkness, but still with a spirit entirely undaunted, a firm resolution to aid his absent comrade. Brave Otto! thy exertions were rewarded at last!

For he lighted at length upon the very apartment where Wolfgang had partaken of supper, and where the old couple who had been in the picture-frames, and turned out to be the lady's father and mother, were now sitting at the table.

"Well, Bertha has got a husband at last," said the lady.

“After waiting four hundred and fifty-three years for one, it was quite time,” said the gentleman. (He was dressed in powder and a pigtail, quite in the old fashion.)

“The husband is no great things,” continued the lady, taking snuff: “A low fellow, my dear: a butcher’s son, I believe. Did you see how the wretch ate at supper? To think my daughter should have to marry an archer!”

“There are archers and archers,” said the old man. “Some archers are snobs, as your ladyship states; some, on the contrary, are gentlemen by birth, at least, though not by breeding. Witness young Otto, the Landgrave of Godesberg’s son, who is listening at the door like a lackey, and whom I intend to run through the—”

“Law, Baron!” said the lady.

“I will, though,” replied the Baron, drawing an immense sword, and glaring round at Otto: but though at the sight of that sword and that scowl a less valorous youth would have taken to his heels, the undaunted Childe advanced at once into the apartment. He wore round his neck a relic of St. Buffo (the tip of the saint’s ear, which had been cut off at Constantinople). “Fiends! I command you to retreat!” said he, holding up this sacred charm, which his mamma had fastened on him; and at the sight of it, with an unearthly yell, the ghost of the Baron and the Ba-

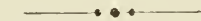
roness sprung back into their picture-frames, as Clown goes through a clock in a pantomime.

He rushed through the open door by which the unlucky Wolfgang had passed with his demoniacal bride, and went on and on through the vast gloomy chambers lighted by the ghastly moonshine: the noise of the organ in the chapel, the lights in the kaleidoscopic windows, directed him towards that edifice. He rushed to the door: 'twas barred! He knocked: the beadles were deaf. He applied his inestimable relic to the lock, and—whizz! crash! clang! bang! whang!—the gate flew open! the organ went off in a fugue—the lights quivered over the tapers, and then went off towards the ceiling—the ghosts assembled rushed away with a skurry and a scream—the bride howled, and vanished—the fat bishop waddled back under his brass plate—the dean flounced down into his family vault—and the canon Schidnischmidt, who was making a joke, as usual, on the bishop, was obliged to stop at the very point of his epigram, and to disappear into the void whence he came.

Otto fell fainting at the porch, while Wolfgang tumbled lifeless down at the altar-steps; and in this situation the archers, when they arrived, found the two youths. They were resuscitated, as we scarce need say; but when, in incoherent accents, they came to tell their wondrous tale, some sceptics among the archers said—“Pooh! they were intoxicated!” while

others, nodding their older heads, exclaimed—" *They have seen the Lady of Windeck!* " and recalled the stories of many other young men, who, inveigled by their devilish arts, had not been so lucky as Wolfgang, and had disappeared—for ever!

This adventure bound Wolfgang heart and soul to his gallant preserver; and the archers—it being now morning, and the cocks crowing lustily round about—pursued their way without further delay to the castle of the noble patron of Toxophilites, the gallant Duke of Cleves.



CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOWMEN.

ALTHOUGH there lay an immense number of castles and abbeys between Windeck and Cleves, for every one of which the guide-books have a legend and a ghost, who might, with the commonest stretch of ingenuity, be made to waylay our adventurers on the road; yet, as the journey would be thus almost interminable, let us cut it short by saying that the travelers reached Cleves without any further accident, and found the place thronged with visitors for the meeting next day.

And here it would be easy to describe the company

which arrived, and make display of antiquarian lore. Now we would represent a cavalcade of knights arriving, with their pages carrying their shining helmets of gold, and the stout esquires, bearers of lance and banner. Anon would arrive a fat abbot on his ambling pad, surrounded by the white-robed companions of his convent. Here should come the gleemen and jongleurs, the minstrels, the mountebanks, the party-coloured gipsies, the dark-eyed nut-brown Zigeunerinnen; then a troop of peasants, chanting Rhine-songs, and leading in their ox-drawn carts the peach-cheeked girls from the vine-lands. Next we would depict the litters blazoned with armorial bearings, from between the brodered curtains of which peeped out the swan-like necks and the haughty faces of the blonde ladies of the castles. But for these descriptions we have not space; and the reader is referred to the account of the tournament in the ingenious novel of *Ivanhoe*, where the above phenomena are described at length. Suffice it to say, that Otto and his companions arrived at the town of Cleves, and, hastening to a hostel, reposed themselves after the day's march, and prepared them for the encounter of the morrow.

That morrow came; and as the sports were to begin early, Otto and his comrades hastened to the field, armed with their best bows and arrows, you may be sure, and eager to distinguish themselves, as were the multitude of other archers assembled. They

were from all neighbouring countries—crowds of English, as you may fancy, armed with Murray's guide-books, troops of chattering Frenchmen, Jews with roulette-tables, Frankfort and Tyrolese, with gloves and trinkets—all hied towards the field where the butts were set up, and the archery practice was to be held. The Childe and his brother archers were, it need not be said, early on the ground.

But what words of mine can describe the young gentleman's emotion when, preceded by a band of trumpets, bagpipes, ophicleides, and other wind instruments, the Prince of Cleves appeared with the Princess Helen, his daughter? And, ah! what expressions of my humble pen can do justice to the beauty of that young lady? Fancy every charm which decorates the person, every virtue which ornaments the mind, every accomplishment which renders charming mind and charming person doubly charming, and then you will have but a faint and feeble idea of the beauties of her highness the Princess Helen. Fancy a complexion such as they say (I know not with what justice) Rowland's Kalydor imparts to the users of that cosmetic; fancy teeth, to which orient pearls are like Wallsend coals; eyes, which were so blue, tender, and bright, that while they run you through with their lustre, they healed you with their kindness; a neck and waist, so ravishingly slender and graceful, that the least that is said about them

the better; a foot which fell upon the flowers no heavier than a dewdrop—and this charming person, set off by the most elegant toilet that ever milliner devised! The lovely Helen's hair (which was as black as the finest varnish for boots) was so long, that it was borne on a cushion several yards behind her by the maidens of her train; and a hat, set off with moss-roses, sun-flowers, bugles, birds of paradise, gold lace, and pink ribbon, gave her a *distingué* air, which would have set the editor of the *Morning Post* mad with love.

It had exactly the same effect upon the noble Childe of Godesberg, as leaning on his ivory bow, with his legs crossed, he stood and gazed on her, as Cupid gazed on Psyche. Their eyes met: it was all over with both of them. A blush came at one and the same minute budding to the cheek of either. A simultaneous throb beat in those young hearts! They loved each other for ever from that instant. Otto still stood, cross-legged, enraptured, leaning on his ivory bow; but Helen, calling to a maiden for her pocket-handkerchief, blew her beautiful Grecian nose in order to hide her agitation. Bless ye, bless ye, pretty ones! I am old now; but not so old but that I kindle at the tale of love. Theresa Mac Whirter too has lived and loved. Heigho!

Who is that chief that stands behind the truck whereon are seated the Princess and the stout old

lord, her father? Who is he whose hair is of the carroty hue? whose eyes, across the snubby bunch of a nose, are perpetually scowling at each other; who has a hump-back, and a hideous mouth, surrounded with bristles, and crammed full of jutting yellow odious teeth. Although he wears a sky-blue doublet laced with silver, it only serves to render his vulgar punchy figure doubly ridiculous; although his nether garment is of salmon-coloured velvet, it only draws the more attention to his legs, which are disgustingly crooked and bandy. A rose-coloured hat, with towering pea-green ostrich plumes, looks absurd on his bull head; and though it is a time of peace, the wretch is armed with a multiplicity of daggers, knives, yataghans, dirks, sabres, and scimitars, which testify his truculent and bloody disposition. 'Tis the terrible Rowsky de Donnerblitz, Margrave of Eulenschreckenstein. Report says he is a suitor for the hand of the lovely Helen. He addresses various speeches of gallantry to her, and grins hideously as he thrusts his disgusting head over her lily shoulder. But she turns away from him! turns and shudders—aye, as she would at a black dose!

Otto stands gazing still, and leaning on his bow. "What is the prize?" asks one archer of another. There are two prizes—a velvet cap, embroidered by the hand of the Princess, and a chain of massive gold, of enormous value; both lie on cushions before her.

“I know which I shall choose, when I win the first prize,” says a swarthy, savage, and bandy-legged archer, who bears the owl gules on a black shield, the cognisance of the Lord Rowsky de Donnerblitz.

“Which, fellow?” says Otto, turning fiercely pon him.

“The chain, to be sure!” says the leering archer. “You do not suppose I am such a flat as to choose that velvet gimerack there?” Otto laughed in scorn, and began to prepare his bow. The trumpets sounding, proclaimed that the sports were about to commence.

Is it necessary to describe them? No: that has already been done in the novel of Ivanhoe, before mentioned. Fancy the archers clad in Lincoln green, all coming forward in turn, and firing at the targets. Some hit, some missed; those that missed were fain to retire amidst the jeers of the multitudinous spectators. Those that hit began new trials of skill; but it was easy to see, from the first, that the battle lay between Squintoff (the Rowsky archer) and the young hero, with the golden hair and the ivory bow. Squintoff’s fame as a marksman was known throughout Europe; but who was his young competitor? Ah! there was *one* heart in the assembly that beat most anxiously to know. ’Twas Helen’s.

The crowning trial arrived. The bull’s-eye of the target, set up at three quarters of a mile distance

from the archers, was so small, that it required a very clever man indeed to see, much more to hit it; and as Squintoff was selecting his arrow for the final trial, the Rowsky flung a purse of gold towards his archer, saying—"Squintoff, an ye win the prize, the purse is thine." "I may as well pocket it at once, your honour," said the bowman, with a sneer at Otto. "This young chick, who has been lucky as yet, will hardly hit such a mark as that;" and, taking his aim, Squintoff discharged his arrow right into the very middle of the bull's eye.

"Can you mend that, young springald?" said he, as a shout rent the air at his success, as Helen turned pale to think that the champion of her secret heart was likely to be overcome, and as Squintoff, pocketing the Rowsky's money, turned to the noble boy of Godesberg.

"Has anybody got a pea?" asked the lad. Everybody laughed at his droll request; and an old woman, who was selling porridge in the crowd, handed him the vegetable which he demanded. It was a dry and yellow pea. Otto, stepping up to the target, caused Squintoff to extract his arrow from the bull's-eye, and placed in the orifice made by the steel point of the shaft, the pea which he had received from the old woman. He then came back to his place. As he prepared to shoot, Helen was so overcome by emotion, that 'twas thought she would have fainted.

Never, never had she seen a being so beautiful as the young hero now before her!

He looked almost divine. He flung back his long clusters of hair from his bright eyes and tall forehead; the blush of health mantled on his cheek, from which the barber's weapon had never shorn the down. He took his bow, and one of his most elegant arrows, and, poising himself lightly on his right leg, he flung himself forward, raising his left leg on a level with his ear. He looked like Apollo, as he stood balancing himself there. He discharged his dart from the thrumming bowstring; it clove the blue air—whizz!

“*He has split the pea!*” said the Princess, and fainted. The Rowsky, with one eye, hurled an indignant look at the boy, while with the other he levelled (if aught so crooked can be said to level anything) a furious glance at his archer.

The archer swore a sulky oath. “He is the better man!” said he. “I suppose, young chap, you take ~~the~~ gold chain?”

“The gold chain?” said Otto. “Prefer a gold chain to a cap worked by your august hand? Never!” and, advancing to the balcony where the Princess, who now came to herself, was sitting, he kneeled down before her, and received the velvet cap, which, blushing as scarlet as the cap itself, the Princess Helen placed on his golden ringlets. Once more their eyes met—their hearts thrilled. They had

never spoken, but they knew they loved each other for ever.

“Wilt thou take service with the Rowsky of Donnerblitz?” said that individual to the youth. “Thou shalt be captain of my archers in place of yon blundering nincompoop, whom thou hast overcome.”

“Yon blundering nincompoop is a skilful and gallant archer,” replied Otto, haughtily; “and I will *not* take service with the Rowsky of Donnerblitz.”

“Wilt thou enter the household of the Prince of Cleves?” said the father of Helen, laughing, and not a little amused at the haughtiness of the humble archer.

“I would die for the Duke of Cleves and *his family*,” said Otto, bowing low. He laid a particular and a tender emphasis on the word family. Helen knew what he meant. *She* was the family. In fact, her mother was no more, and her papa had no other offspring.

“What is thy name, good fellow?” said the Prince, that my steward may enrol thee.

“Sir,” said Otto, again blushing, “I am OTTO THE ARCHER.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARTYR OF LOVE.

THE archers who had travelled in company with young Otto, gave a handsome dinner in compliment to the success of our hero, at which his friend distinguished himself as usual in the eating and drinking department. Squintoff, the Rowsky bowman, declined to attend, so great was the envy of the brute at the youthful hero's superiority. As for Otto himself, he sat on the right hand of the chairman, but it was remarked that he could not eat. Gentle reader of my page! thou knowest why full well. He was too much in love to have any appetite; for though I myself, when labouring under that passion, never found my consumption of victuals diminish; yet remember our Otto was a hero of romance, and they *never* are hungry when they're in love.

The next day, the young gentleman proceeded to enrol himself in the corps of Archers of the Prince of Cleves, and with him came his attached squire, who vowed he never would leave him. As Otto threw aside his own elegant dress, and donned the livery of the House of Cleves, the noble Childe sighed not a little—'twas a splendid uniform, 'tis true, but still it *was* a livery, and one of his proud

spirit ill bears another's cognizances. "They are the colours of the Prince's, however," said he, consoling himself; "and what suffering would I not undergo for *her*?" As for Wolfgang, the squire, it may well be supposed that the good-natured, low-born fellow, had no such scruples; but he was glad enough to exchange for the pink hose, the yellow jacket, the pea-green cloak, and orange-tawny hat, with which the Duke's steward supplied him, the homely patched doublet of green which he had worn for years past.

"Look at yon two archers," said the Prince of Cleves to his guest the Rowsky of Donnerblitz, as they were strolling on the battlements after dinner, smoking their cigars as usual. His Highness pointed to our two young friends, who were mounting guard for the first time. "See yon two bowmen—mark their bearing! One is the youth who beat thy Squintoff, and t'other, an I mistake not, won the third prize at the butts. Both wear the same uniform—the colours of my house—yet, would'st not swear that the one was but a churl, and the other a noble gentleman?"

"Which looks like the nobleman?" said the Rowsky, as black as thunder.

"Which? why young Otto, to be sure," said the Princess Helena, eagerly. The young lady was following the pair, but under pretence of disliking the

odour of the cigar, she had refused the Rowsky's proffered arm, and was loitering behind with her parasol.

Her interposition in favour of her young protégé only made the black and jealous Rowsky more ill-humoured. "How long is it, Sir Prince of Cleves," said he, "that the churls who wear your livery permit themselves to wear the ornaments of noble knights? What but a noble dare wear ringlets such as yon springald's? Ho, archer!" roared he, "come hither, fellow." And Otto stood before him. As he came, and presenting arms stood respectfully before the Prince and his savage guest, he looked for one moment at the lovely Helena—their eyes met, their hearts beat simultaneously: and, quick, two little blushes appeared in the cheek of either. I have seen one ship at sea answering another's signal so.

While they are so regarding each other, let us just remind our readers of the great estimation in which the hair was held in the North. Only nobles were permitted to wear it long. When a man disgraced himself, a shaving was sure to follow. Penalties were inflicted upon villains or vassals, who sported ringlets. See the works of Aurelius Tonsor; Hirsutus de Nobilitate Capillari; Rolandus de Oleo Macassari; Schnurrbart Frisirische Alterthumskunde, &c.

“We must have those ringlets of thine cut, good fellow,” said the Duke of Cleves good-naturedly, but wishing to spare the feelings of his gallant recruit. “’Tis against the regulation cut of my archer guard.”

“Cut off my hair!” cried Otto, agonised.

“Ay, and thine ears with it, yokel,” roared Donnerblitz.

“Peace, noble Eulenschreckenstein!” said the Duke with dignity; “let the Duke of Cleves deal as he will with his own men-at-arms—and you, young Sir, unloose the grip of thy dagger.”

Otto, indeed, had convulsively grasped his snickersnee, with intent to plunge it into the heart of the Rowsky, but his politer feelings overcame him. “The Count need not fear, my Lord,” said he—“a lady is present.” And he took off his orange-tawny cap, and bowed low. Ah! what a pang shot through the heart of Helena, as she thought that those lovely ringlets must be shorn from that beautiful head!

Otto’s mind was, too, in commotion. His feelings as a gentleman—let us add, his pride as a man—for who is not, let us ask, proud of a good head of hair?—waged war within his soul. He expostulated with the Prince. “It was never in his contemplation,” he said, “on taking service, to undergo the operation of hair-cutting.”

“Thou art free to go or stay, Sir Archer,” said the Prince pettishly. “I will have no churls imitating noblemen in my service; I will bandy no conditions with archers of my guard.”

“My resolve is taken,” said Otto, irritated too in his turn. “I will . . .”

“What!” cried Helena, breathless with intense agitation.

“I will *stay*,” answered Otto. The poor girl almost fainted with joy. The Rowsky frowned with demoniac fury, and grinding his teeth and cursing in the horrible German jargon, stalked away. “So be it,” said the Prince of Cleves, taking his daughter’s arm—“and here comes Snipwitz, my barber, who shall do the business for you.” With this the Prince too moved on, feeling in his heart not a little compassion for the lad; for Adolf of Cleves had been handsome in his youth, and distinguished for the ornament of which he was now depriving his archer.

Snipwitz led the poor lad into a side-room, and there—in a word—operated upon him. The golden curls—fair curls that his mother had so often played with!—fell under the shears and round the lad’s knees, until he looked as if he was sitting in a bath of sunbeams.

When the frightful act had been performed, Otto, who entered the little chamber in the tower, ringlet-

ed like Apollo, issued from it as cropped as a charity-boy.

See how melancholy he looks, now that the operation is over!—And no wonder. He was thinking what would be Helena's opinion of him, now that one of his chief personal ornaments was gone. "Will she know me?" thought he, "will she love me after this hideous mutilation?"

Yielding to these gloomy thoughts, and, indeed, rather unwilling to be seen by his comrades, now that he was so disfigured, the young gentleman had hidden himself behind one of the buttresses of the wall, a prey to natural despondency, when he saw something which instantly restored him to good spirits. He saw the lovely Helena coming towards the chamber where the odious barber had performed upon him,—coming forward timidly, looking round her anxiously, blushing with delightful agitation,—and presently seeing, as she thought, the coast clear, she entered the apartment. She stooped down, and, ah! what was Otto's joy when he saw her pick up a beautiful golden lock of his hair, press it to her lips, and then hide it in her bosom! No carnation ever blushed so redly as Helena did when she came out after performing this feat. Then she hurried straightway to her own apartments in the castle, and Otto, whose first impulse was to come out from his hiding-place, and, falling at her feet, call Heaven and Earth

to witness to his passion, with difficulty restrained his feelings, and let her pass; but the love-stricken young hero was so delighted with this evident proof of reciprocated attachment, that all regret at losing his ringlets at once left him, and he vowed he would sacrifice not only his hair, but his head, if need were, to do her service.

That very afternoon, no small bustle and conversation took place in the castle, on account of the sudden departure of the Rowsky of Eulenschreeckenstein, with all his train and equipage. He went away in the greatest wrath, it was said, after a long and loud conversation with the Prince. As that potentate conducted his guest to the gate, walking rather demurely and shamefacedly by his side, as he gathered his attendants in the court, and there mounted his charger, the Rowsky ordered his trumpets to sound, and scornfully flung a largesse of gold among the servitors and men-at-arms of the house of Cleves, who were marshalled in the court. "Farewell, Sir Prince," said he to his host; "I quit you now suddenly; but remember, it is not my last visit to the Castle of Cleves;" and, ordering his band to play "See the Conquering Hero comes," he clattered away through the drawbridge. The Princess Helena was not present at his departure; and the venerable Prince of Cleves looked rather moody and chaffallen when his guest left him. He visited all the

castle defences pretty accurately that night, and inquired of his officers the state of the ammunition, provision, &c. He said nothing; but the Princess Helena's maid did: and everybody knew that the Rowsky had made his proposals, had been rejected, and, getting up in a violent fury, had called for his people, and sworn by his great gods that he would not enter the castle again until he rode over the breach, lance in hand, the conqueror of Cleves and all belonging to it.

No little consternation was spread through the garrison at the news. For everybody knew the Rowsky to be one of the most intrepid and powerful soldiers in all Germany,—one of the most skilful generals. Generous to extravagance to his own followers, he was ruthless to the enemy; and a hundred stories were told of the dreadful barbarities exercised by him in several towns and castles which he had captured and sacked. And poor Helena had the pain of thinking, that in consequence of her refusal she was dooming all the men, women, and children of the principality to indiscriminate and horrible slaughter.

The dreadful surmises regarding a war received in a few days dreadful confirmation. It was noon, and the worthy Prince of Cleves was taking his dinner (though the honest warrior had little appetite for that meal for some time past), when trumpets were

heard at the gate; and presently the herald of the Rowsky of Donnerblitz, clad in a tabard on which the arms of the Count were blazoned, entered the dining-hall. A page bore a steel gauntlet on a cushion; Bleu Sanglier had his hat on his head. The Prince of Cleves put on his own as the herald came up to the chair of state where the Sovereign sat.

“Silence for Bleu Sanglier,” cried the Prince, gravely. “Say your say, Sir Herald.”

“In the name of the high and mighty Rowsky, Prince of Donnerblitz, Margrave of Eulenschrecken-stein, Count of Krötenwald, Schnauzestadt, and Galgenhügel, hereditary Grand Bootjack of the Holy Roman Empire—to you, Adolf the Twenty-third, Prince of Cleves, I, Bleu Sanglier, bring war and defiance. Alone, and lance to lance, or twenty to twenty in field or in fort, on plain or on mountain, the noble Rowsky defies you. Here, or wherever he shall meet you, he proclaims war to the death between you and him. In token whereof, here is his glove.” And taking the steel glove from the page, Bleu Boar flung it clanging on the marble floor.

The Princess Helena turned deadly pale: but the Prince with a good assurance flung down his own glove, calling upon some one to raise the Rowsky’s; which Otto accordingly took up and presented to him, on his knee.

“Boteler, fill my goblet,” said the Prince to that

functionary, who, clothed in tight black hose with a white kerchief, and a napkin on his dexter arm, stood obsequiously by his master's chair. The goblet was filled with Malvoisie; it held about three quarts; a precious golden hanap carved by the cunning artificer, Benvenuto the Florentine.

“Drink, Bleu Sanglier,” said the Prince, “and put the goblet in thy bosom. Wear this chain, furthermore, for my sake.” And so saying, Prince Adolf flung a precious chain of emeralds round the herald's neck. “An invitation to battle was ever a welcome call to Adolf of Cleves.” So saying, and bidding his people take good care of Bleu Sanglier's retinue, the Prince left the hall with his daughter. All were marvelling at his dignity, courage, and generosity.

But, though affecting unconcern, the mind of Prince Adolf was far from tranquil. He was no longer the stalwart knight who, in the reign of Stanislaus Augustus, had, with his naked fist, beaten a lion to death in three minutes; and alone had kept the postern of Peterwaradin for two hours against seven hundred Turkish janissaries, who were assailing it. Those deeds which had made the heir of Cleves famous were done thirty years syne. A free liver since he had come into his principality, and of a lazy turn, he had neglected the athletic exercises which had made him in youth so famous a champion,

and indolence had borne its usual fruits. He tried his old battle-sword—that famous blade with which, in Palestine, he had cut an elephant-driver in two pieces, and split asunder the skull of the elephant which he rode. Adolf of Cleves could scarcely now lift the weapon over his head. He tried his armour. It was too tight for him. And the old soldier burst into tears, when he found he could not buckle it. Such a man was not fit to encounter the terrible Rowsky in single combat.

Nor could he hope to make head against him for any time in the field. The Prince's territories were small. His vassals proverbially lazy and peaceable. His treasury empty. The dimmest prospects were before him : and he passed a sleepless night writing to his friends for succour, and calculating with his secretary the small amount of the resources which he could bring to aid him against his advancing and powerful enemy.

Helena's pillow that evening was also unvisited by slumber. She lay awake thinking of Otto—thinking of the danger and the ruin her refusal to marry had brought upon her dear Papa. Otto, too, slept not : but *his* waking thoughts were brilliant and heroic ; the noble Childe thought how he should defend the Princess, and win *los* and honour in the ensuing combat !

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHAMPION.

AND now the noble Cleves began in good earnest to prepare his castle for the threatened siege. He gathered in all the available cattle round the property, and the pigs round many miles; and a dreadful slaughter of horned and snouted animals took place, —the whole castle resounding with the lowing of the oxen and the squeaks of the gruntlings, destined to provide food for the garrison. These, when slain, (her gentle spirit, of course, would not allow of her witnessing that disagreeable operation.) the lovely Helena, with the assistance of her maidens, carefully salted and pickled. Corn was brought in in great quantities, the Prince paying for the same when he had money, giving bills when he could get credit, or occasionally, marry, sending out a few stout men-at-arms to forage, who brought in wheat without money or credit either. The charming Princess, amidst the intervals of her labours, went about encouraging the garrison, who vowed to a man they would die for a single sweet smile of hers; and in order to make their inevitable sufferings as easy as possible to the gallant fellows, she and the apothecaries got ready a

plenty of efficacious simples, and scraped a vast quantity of lint to bind their warriors' wounds withal. All the fortifications were strengthened; the fosses carefully filled with spikes and water; large stones placed over the gates, convenient to tumble on the heads of the assaulting parties; and cauldrons prepared, with furnaces to melt up pitch, brimstone, boiling oil, &c., wherewith hospitably to receive them. Having the keenest eye in the whole garrison, young Otto was placed on the topmost tower, to watch for the expected coming of the beleaguering host.

They were seen only too soon. Long ranks of shining spears were seen glittering in the distance, and the army of the Rowsky soon made its appearance in battle's magnificently stern array. The tents of the renowned Chief and his numerous warriors were pitched out of arrow-shot of the castle, but in fearful proximity; and when his army had taken up its position, an officer with a flag of truce and a trumpet was seen advancing to the castle-gate. It was the same herald who had previously borne "his master's" defiance to the Prince of Cleves. He came once more to the castle-gate, and there proclaimed that the noble Count of Eulenschreckenstein was in arms without, ready to do battle with the Prince of Cleves, or his champion; that he would remain in arms for three days, ready for combat. If no man met him, at the end of that period he

would deliver an assault, and would give quarter to no single soul in the garrison. So saying, the herald nailed his lord's gauntlet on the castle-gate. As before, the Prince flung him over another glove from the wall; though how he was to defend himself from such a warrior, or get a champion, or resist the pitiless assault that must follow, the troubled old nobleman knew not in the least.

The Princess Helen passed the night in the Chapel, vowing tons of wax-candles to all the patron saints of the House of Cleves, if they would raise her up a defender.

But how did the noble girl's heart sink—how were her notions of the purity of man shaken within her gentle bosom, by the dread intelligence which reached her the next morning after the defiance of the Rowsky. At roll-call it was discovered that he on whom she principally relied—he whom her fond heart had singled out as her champion, had proved faithless! Otto, the degenerate Otto, had fled! His comrade, Wolfgang, had gone with him.—A rope was found dangling from the casement of their chamber, and they must have swum the moat and passed over to the enemy in the darkness of the previous night. “A pretty lad was this fair spoken archer of thine!” said the Prince her father to her; “and a pretty kettle of fish hast thou cooked for the fondest

of fathers." She retired weeping to her apartment. Never before had that young heart felt so wretched.

That morning, at nine o'clock, as they were going to breakfast, the Rowsky's trumpets sounded. Clad in complete armour, and mounted on his enormous piebald charger, he came out of his pavilion, and rode slowly up and down in front of the Castle. He was ready there to meet a champion.

Three times each day did the odious trumpet sound the same notes of defiance. Thrice daily did the steel-clad Rowsky come forth challenging the combat. The first day passed, and there was no answer to his summons. The second day came and went, but no champion had risen to defend. The taunt of his shrill clarion remained without answer; and the sun went down upon the wretchedest father and daughter in all the land of Christendom.

The trumpets sounded an hour after sunrise, an hour after noon, and an hour before sunset. The third day came, but with it brought no hope. The first and second summons met no response. At five o'clock the old Prince called his daughter and blessed her. "I go to meet this Rowsky," said he. "It may be, we shall meet no more, my Helen—my child—the innocent cause of all this grief. If I shall fall to night the Rowsky's victim, 'twill be that life is nothing without honour." And so saying, he put into her hands a dagger, and bade her sheathe it in her

own breast so soon as the terrible champion had carried the Castle by storm.

This Helen most faithfully promised to do ; and her aged father retired to his armoury, and donned his ancient war-worn corslet. It had borne the shock of a thousand lances ere this, but it was now so tight as almost to choke the knightly wearer.

The last trumpet sounded—tantara ! tantara !—its shrill call rang over the wide plains, and the wide plains gave back no answer. Again !—but when its notes died away, there was only a mournful, an awful silence. “Farewell, my child,” said the Prince, bulkingly lifting himself into his battle-saddle. “Remember the dagger. Hark ! the trumpet sounds for the third time. Open, warders ! Sound, trumpeters ! And good Saint Benedict, guard the right.”

But Puffendorf, the trumpeter, had not leisure to lift the trumpet to his lips ; when, hark ! from without there came another note of another clarion !—a distant note at first, then swelling fuller. Presently in brilliant variations, the full rich notes of the “Huntsman’s Chorus” came clearly over the breeze ; and a thousand voices of the crowd gazing over the gate, exclaimed—“A champion ! a champion !”

And, indeed, a champion *had* come. Issuing from the forest came a knight and squire : the knight gracefully cantering an elegant cream-coloured Arabian of prodigious power—the squire mounted on an

unpretending grey cob, which nevertheless was an animal of considerable strength and sinew. It was the squire who blew the trumpet through the bars of his helmet; the knight's visor was completely down. A small prince's coronet of gold, from which rose three pink ostrich feathers, marked the warrior's rank; his blank shield bore no cognizance. As gracefully poising his lance he rode into the green space where the Rowsky's tents were pitched, the hearts of all present beat with anxiety, and the poor Prince of Cleves, especially, had considerable doubts about his new champion. "So slim a figure as that can never compete with Donnerblitz," said he moodily, to his daughter; "but whoever he be, the fellow puts a good face on it, and rides like a man. See, he has touched the Rowsky's shield with the point of his lance! By Saint Bendigo, a perilous venture!"

The unknown knight had indeed defied the Rowsky to the death, as the Prince of Cleves remarked from the battlement where he and his daughter stood to witness the combat; and so, having defied his enemy, the Incognito galloped round under the Castle wall, bowing elegantly to the lovely Princess there, and then took his ground and waited for the foe. His armour blazed in the sunshine as he sat there, motionless on his cream-coloured steed. He looked like one of those fairy knights one has read of—one

of those celestial champions who decided so many victories before the invention of gunpowder.

The Rowsky's horse was speedily brought to the door of his pavilion ; and that redoubted warrior, blazing in a suit of magnificent brass armour, clattered into his saddle. Long waves of blood-red feathers bristled over his helmet, which was farther ornamented by two huge horns of the Aurochs. His lance was painted white and red, and he whirled the prodigious beam in the air and caught it with savage glee. He laughed when he saw the slim form of his antagonist ; and his soul rejoiced to meet the coming battle. He dug his spurs into the enormous horse he rode. The enormous horse snorted, and squealed, too, with fierce pleasure. He jerked and curvetted him with a brutal playfulness, and after a few minutes' turning and wheeling, during which everybody had the leisure to admire the perfection of his equitation, he cantered round to a point exactly opposite his enemy, and pulled up his eager charger.

The old Prince on the battlement was so eager for the combat, that he seemed quite to forget the danger which menaced himself, should his slim champion be discomfited by the tremendous knight of Donnerblitz. "Go it !" said he, flinging his truncheon into the ditch ; and at the word, the two warriors rushed with whirring rapidity at each other.

And now ensued a combat so terrible, that a weak fe-

male hand, like that of her who pens this tale of chivalry, can never hope to do justice to the terrific theme. You have seen two engines on the Great Western Line rush past each other with a pealing scream? So rapidly did the two warriors gallop towards one another, the feathers of either streamed yards behind their backs as they converged. Their shock as they met was that of two cannon-balls; the mighty horses trembled and reeled with the concussion; the lance aimed at the Rowsky's helmet bore off the coronet, the horns, the helmet itself, and hurled them to an incredible distance: a piece of the Rowsky's left ear was carried off on the point of the nameless warrior's weapon. How had he fared? His adversary's weapon had glanced harmless along the blank surface of his polished buckler; and the victory so far was with him.

The expression of the Rowsky's face, as, bare-headed, he glared on his enemy with fierce blood-shot eyeballs, was one worthy of a demon. The imprecatory expressions which he made use of can never be copied by a feminine pen.

His opponent magnanimously declined to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered him of finishing the combat, by splitting his opponent's skull with his curtal-axe, and, riding back to his starting-place, bent his lance's point to the ground, in token

that he would wait until the Count of Eulenschrecken-stein was helmeted afresh.

“Blessed Bendigo!” cried the Prince, “thou art a gallant lance; but why didst not rap the schelm’s brain out?”

“Bring me a fresh helmet!” yelled the Rowsky. Another casque was brought to him by his trembling squire.

As soon as he had braced it, he drew his great flashing sword from his side, and rushed at his enemy, roaring hoarsely his cry of battle. The unknown knight’s sword was unsheathed in a moment, and at the next the two blades were clanking together the dreadful music of the combat!

The Donnerblitz wielded his with his usual savageness and activity. It whirled round his adversary’s head with frightful rapidity. Now it carried away a feather of his plume; now it shore off a leaf of his coronet. The flail of the thrasher does not fall more swiftly upon the corn. For many minutes it was the Unknown’s only task to defend himself from the tremendous activity of the enemy.

But even the Rowsky’s strength would slacken after exertion. The blows began to fall less thick anon, and the point of the unknown knight began to make dreadful play. It found and penetrated every joint of the Donnerblitz’s armour. Now it nicked him in the shoulder, where the vambrace was buckled

to the corslet; now it bored a shrewd hole under the light brassart, and blood followed; now, with fatal dexterity, it darted through the vizor, and came back to the recover deeply tinged with blood. A scream of rage followed the last thrust; and no wonder;—it had penetrated the Rowsky's left eye.

His blood was trickling through a dozen orifices; he was almost choking in his helmet with loss of breath, and loss of blood, and rage. Gasping with fury, he drew back his horse, flung his great sword at his opponent's head, and once more plunged at him, wielding his curtal-axe.

Then you should have seen the unknown knight employing the same dreadful weapon! Hitherto he had been on his defence; now he began the attack; and the gleaming axe whirred in his hand like a reed, but descended like a thunderbolt! "Yield! yield! Sir Rowsky," shouted he, in a calm, clear voice.

A blow dealt madly at his head was the reply. 'Twas the last blow that the Count of Eulenschreckenstein ever struck in battle! The curse was on his lips as the crashing steel descended into his brain, and split it in two. He rolled like a log from his horse; and his enemy's knee was in a moment on his chest, and the dagger of mercy at his throat, as the knight once more called upon him to yield.

But there was no answer from within the helmet. When it was withdrawn, the teeth were crunched to-

gether; the mouth that should have spoken, grinned a ghastly silence: one eye still glared with hate and fury, but it was glazed with the film of death!

The red orb of the sun was just then dipping into the Rhine. The unknown knight, vaulting once more nto his saddle, made a graceful obeisance to the Prince of Cleves and his daughter, without a word, and galloped back into the forest, whence he had issued an hour before sunset.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE consternation which ensued on the death of the Rowsky, speedily sent all his camp-followers, army, &c., to the right-about. They struck their tents at the first news of his discomfiture; and each man laying hold of what he could, the whole of the gallant force which had marched under his banner in the morning had disappeared ere the sun rose.

On that night, as it may be imagined, the gates of the Castle of Cleves were not shut. Everybody was free to come in. Wine-butts were broached in all the courts; the pickled meat prepared in such lots for the siege was distributed among the people, who crowded to congratulate their beloved Sovereign on his victory; and the Prince, as was customary with

that good man, who never lost an opportunity of giving a dinner-party, had a splendid entertainment made ready for the upper classes, the whole concluding with a tasteful display of fireworks.

In the midst of these entertainments, our old friend the Count of Hombourg arrived at the Castle. The stalwart old warrior swore by Saint Bugo that he was grieved the killing of the Rowsky had been taken out of his hand. The laughing Cleves vowed by Saint Bendigo, Hombourg could never have finished off his enemy so satisfactorily as the unknown knight had just done.

But who was he? was the question which now agitated the bosom of these two old nobles. How to find him—how to reward the champion and restorer of the honour and happiness of Cleves? They agreed over supper that he should be sought for everywhere. Beadles were sent round the principal cities within fifty miles, and the description of the knight advertised in the *Journal de Francfort* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The hand of the Princess Helena was solemnly offered to him in these advertisements, with the reversion of the Prince of Cleves's splendid though somewhat dilapidated property.

“But we don't know him, my dear papa,” faintly ejaculated that young lady. “Some impostor may come in a suit of plain armour, and pretend that he was the champion who overcame the Rowsky (a Prince

who had his faults certainly, but whose attachment for me I can never forget; and how are you to say whether he is the real knight or not? There are so many deceivers in this world," added the Princess in tears, "that one can't be too cautious now." The fact is, that she was thinking of the desertion of Otto in the morning, by which instance of faithlessness her heart was well-nigh broken.

As for that youth and his comrade Wolfgang, to the astonishment of everybody at their impudence, they came to the archers' mess that night, as if nothing had happened: got their supper, partaking both of meat and drink most plentifully; fell asleep when their comrades began to describe the events of the day, and the admirable achievements of the unknown warrior; and, turning into their hammocks, did not appear on parade in the morning until twenty minutes after the names were called.

When the Prince of Cleves heard of the return of these deserters he was in a towering passion. "Where were you, fellows," shouted he, "during the time my Castle was at its utmost need?"

Otto replied, "We were out on particular business."

"Does a soldier leave his post on the day of battle, Sir?" exclaimed the Prince. "You know the reward of such—Death! and death you merit. But you are a soldier only of yesterday, and yesterday's victory

has made me merciful. Hanged you shall not be, as you merit—only flogged, both of you. Parade the men, Colonel Tichelstern, after breakfast, and give these scoundrels five hundred a piece.”

You should have seen how young Otto bounded, when the information was thus abruptly conveyed to him. “Flog *me*,” cried he. “Flog Otto, of—.”

“Not so, my father,” said the Princess Helena, who had been standing by during the conversation, and who had looked at Otto all the while with the most ineffable scorn. “Not so, although these *persons* have forgotten their duty,” (she laid a particularly sarcastic emphasis on the word *persons*,) “we have had no need of their service, and have luckily found *others* more faithful. You promised your daughter a boon, papa; it is the pardon of these two *persons*. Let them go, and quit a service they have disgraced; a mistress—that is, a master—they have deceived.”

“Drum ’em out of the Castle, Tichelstern; strip their uniforms from their backs, and never let me hear of the scoundrels again.” So saying, the old Prince angrily turned on his heel to breakfast, leaving the two young men to the fun and derision of their surrounding comrades.

The noble Count of Hombourg, who was taking his usual airing on the ramparts before breakfast, came up at this juncture, and asked what was the row? Otto blushed when he saw him, and turned away ra-

pidly ; but the Count, too, catching a glimpse of him, with a hundred exclamations of joyful surprise seized upon the lad, hugged him to his manly breast, kissed him most affectionately, and almost burst into tears as he embraced him. For, in sooth, the good Count had thought his godson long ere this at the bottom of the silver Rhine.

The Prince of Cleves, who had come to the breakfast parlour window (to invite his guest to enter, as the tea was made), beheld this strange scene from the window, as did the lovely tea-maker likewise, with breathless and beautiful agitation. The old Count and the archer strolled up and down the battlements in deep conversation. By the gestures of surprise and delight exhibited by the former, 'twas easy to see the young archer was conveying some very strange and pleasing news to him, though the nature of the conversation was not allowed to transpire.

“ A godson of mine,” said the noble Count, when interrogated over his muffins. “ I know his family ; worthy people ; sad scapegrace ; run away ; parents longing for him ; glad you did not flog him ; devil to pay, and so forth.” The Count was a man of few words, and told his tale in this brief, artless manner. But why, at its conclusion, did the gentle Helena leave the room, her eyes filled with tears ? She left the room once more to kiss a certain lock of yellow

hair she had pilfered. A dazzling, delicious thought, a strange wild hope, arose in her soul !

When she appeared again, she made some side-handed inquiries regarding Otto (with that gentle artifice oft employed by women); but he was gone. He and his companion were gone. The Count of Hombourg had likewise taken his departure, under pretext of particular business. How lonely the vast castle seemed to Helena, now that *he* was no longer there. The transactions of the last few days; the beautiful archer-boy; the offer from the Rowsky (always an event in a young lady's life); the siege of the castle; the death of her truculent admirer; all seemed like a fevered dream to her; all was passed away, and had left no trace behind. No trace? yes! one; a little insignificant lock of golden hair over which the young creature wept so much that she put it out of curl: passing hours and hours in the summer-honse, where the operation had been performed.

On the second day (it is my belief she would have gone into a consumption and died of languor, if the event had been delayed a day longer) a messenger, with a trumpet, brought a letter in haste to the Prince of Cleves, who was, as usual, taking refreshment. "To the High and Mighty Prince," &c., the letter ran. "The Champion who had the honour of engaging on Wednesday last with his late Excellency

the Rowsky of Donnerblitz presents his compliments to H.S.H. the Prince of Cleves. Through the medium of the public prints the C. has been made acquainted with the flattering proposal of His Serene Highness relative to a union between himself (the Champion) and Her Serene Highness the Princess Helena of Cleves. The Champion accepts with pleasure that polite invitation, and will have the honour of waiting upon the Prince and Princess of Cleves about half an hour after the receipt of this letter."

"Tol lol de rol, girl," shouted the Prince with heartfelt joy. (Have you not remarked, dear friend, how often in novel books, and on the stage, joy is announced by the above burst of insensate monosyllables?) "Tol lol de rol. Don thy best kirtle, child; thy husband will be here anon." And Helena retired to arrange her toilet for this awful event in the life of a young woman. When she returned, attired to welcome her defender, her young cheek was as pale as the white satin slip and orange sprigs she wore.

She was scarce seated on the dais by her father's side, when a huge flourish of trumpets from without proclaimed the arrival of *the Champion*. Helena felt quite sick; a draught of ether was necessary to restore her tranquillity.

The great door was flung open. He entered,—

the same tall warrior, slim, and beautiful, blazing in shining steel. He approached the Prince's throne, supported on each side by a friend likewise in armour. He knelt gracefully on one knee.

"I come," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion, "to claim, as per advertisement, the hand of the lovely Lady Helena;" and he held out a copy of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, as he spoke.

"Art thou noble, Sir Knight?" asked the Prince of Cleves.

"As noble as yourself," answered the kneeling steel.

"Who answers for thee?"

"I, Carl, Margrave of Godesberg, his father!" said the knight on the right hand, lifting up his visor.

"And I—Ludwig, Count of Hombourg, his godfather!" said the knight on the left doing likewise.

The kneeling knight lifted up his visor now, and looked on Helena.

"*I knew it was,*" said she, and fainted as she saw Otto, the archer.

But she was soon brought to, gentles, as I have small need to tell ye. In a very few days after, a great marriage took place at Cleves, under the patronage of Saint Bugo, Saint Buffo, and Saint Bendigo. After the marriage ceremony, the happiest and handsomest pair in the world drove off in a chaise-

and-four, to pass the honey-moon at Kissingen. The Lady Theodora, whom we left locked up in her convent a long while since, was prevailed to come back to Godesberg, where she was reconciled to her husband. Jealous of her daughter-in-law, she idolized her son, and spoiled all her little grandchildren. And so all are happy, and my simple tale is done.

I read it in an old—old book, in a mouldy old circulating library. 'Twas written in the French tongue, by the noble Alexandre Dumas, Marquis de la Pailleterie; but 'tis probable that he stole it from some other, and that the other had filched it from a former tale-teller. For nothing is new under the sun. Things die and are reproduced only. And so it is that the forgotten tale of the great Dumas reappears under the signature of

WHISTLEBINKIE, N. B., *December 1.*

THERESA MAC WHIRTER.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.



CHAPTER I.

THE OVERTURE.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE BUSINESS.

WELL-BELOVED novel readers and gentle patronesses of romance, assuredly it has often occurred to every one of you, that the books we delight in have very unsatisfactory conclusions, and end quite prematurely with page 320 of the third volume. At that epoch of the history it is well known that the hero is seldom more than thirty years old, and the heroine by consequence some seven or eight years younger; and I would ask any of you whether it is fair to suppose that people after the above age have nothing worthy of note in their lives, and cease to exist as they drive away from Saint George's, Hanover Square? You, dear young ladies, who get your knowledge of life from the circulating library, may be led to imagine that when the marriage business is

done, and Emilia is whisked off in the new travelling carriage, by the side of the enraptured Earl; or Belinda, breaking away from the tearful embraces of her excellent mother, dries her own lovely eyes upon the throbbing waistcoat of her bridegroom—you may be apt, I say, to suppose that all is over then, that Emilia and the Earl are going to be happy for the rest of their lives in his Lordship's romantic castle in the north, and Belinda and her young clergyman to enjoy uninterrupted bliss in their rose-trellised parsonage in the west of England: but some there be among the novel reading classes—old experienced folks—who know better than this. Some there be who have been married, and found that they have still something to see and to do and to suffer mayhap; and that adventures, and pains, and pleasures, and taxes, and sunrises and settings, and the business and joys and griefs of life go on after as before the nuptial ceremony.

Therefore I say, it is an unfair advantage, which the novelist takes of hero and heroine, as of his inexperienced reader, to say good-bye to the two former, as soon as ever they are made husband and wife; and have often wished that additions should be made to all works of fiction, which have been brought to abrupt terminations in the manner described; and that we should hear what occurs to the sober married man, as well as to the ardent bachelor; to the

matron, as well as to the blushing spinster. And in this respect I admire (and would desire to imitate) the noble and prolific French author, Alexandre Dumas, Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie, who carries his heroes from early youth down to the most venerable old age; and does not let them rest, until they are so old, that it is full time the poor fellows should get a little peace and quiet. A hero is much too valuable a gentleman to be put upon the retired list, in the prime and vigour of his youth; and I wish to know, what lady among us would like to be put on the shelf, and thought no longer interesting, because she has a family growing up, and is four or five and thirty years of age? I have known ladies at sixty, with hearts as tender, and ideas as romantic, as any young misses' of sixteen. Let us have middle-aged novels then, as well as your extremely juvenile legends: let the young ones be warned, that the old folks have a right to be interesting: and that a lady may continue to have a heart, although she is somewhat stouter than she was when a school girl, and a man his feelings, although he gets his hair from Truefitt's.

Thus I would desire that the biographies of many of our most illustrious personages of romance should be continued by fitting hands, and that they should be heard of, until at least a decent age.— Look at Mr. James's heroes; they invariably marry

young. Look at Mr. Dickens's, they disappear from the scene when they are mere chits. I trust these authors, who are still alive, will see the propriety of telling us something more about people, in whom we took a considerable interest, and who must be at present, strong and hearty, in the full vigour of health and intellect. And in the tales of the great Sir Walter, (may honour be to his name,) I am sure there are a number of people who are untimely carried away from us; and of whom we ought to hear more.

My dear Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, has always, in my mind, been one of these; nor can I ever believe that such a woman, so admirable, so tender, so heroic, so beautiful, could disappear altogether before such another woman as Rowena, that vapid, flaxen-headed creature, who is, in my humble opinion, unworthy of *Ivanhoe*, and unworthy of her place as heroine. Had both of them got their rights, it ever seemed to me that Rebecca would have had the husband, and Rowena would have gone off to a convent and shut herself up, where I, for one, would never have taken the trouble of inquiring for her.

But after all she married *Ivanhoe*. What is to be done? There is no help for it. There it is in black and white at the end of the third volume of Sir Walter Scott's chronicle, that the couple were joined together in matrimony. And must the Disin-

herited Knight, whose blood has been fired by the suns of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, niminy-piminy Rowena? Forbid it fate, forbid it poetical justice! There is a simple plan for setting matters right, and giving all parties their due, which is here submitted to the novel-reader. *Ivanhoe's* history *must* have had a continuation; and it is this, which ensues. I may be wrong in some particulars of the narrative,—as what writer will not be?—but of the main incidents of the history, I have in my own mind no sort of doubt, and confidently submit them to that generous public which likes to see virtue righted, true love rewarded, and the brilliant Fairy descend out of the blazing chariot at the end of the pantomime, and make Harlequin and Columbine happy. What, if reality be not so, gentlemen and ladies; and if, after dancing a variety of jigs and antics, and jumping in and out of endless trap-doors and windows through life's shifting scenes, no fairy comes down to make *us* comfortable at the close of the performance? Ah! let us give our honest novel-folks the benefit of their position, and not be envious of their good luck.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of this history, as the famous chronicler of Abbotsford has recorded them, can doubt for a moment what

was the result of the marriage between Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and the Lady Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanour, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentlewoman-like bearing, must be sure that her married conduct would equal her spinster behaviour, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invalid in the three Ridings, Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at nones, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigours of the Church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with most favour whose

hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humour, it is certain that he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a pun to the shuddering, poor servitors, who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale joke, that nobody dared laugh at the inuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, when Guffo, the goose-boy (a halfwitted, poor wretch) laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper time, (it was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, "Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going *to throw a little light upon the subject,*") the Lady Rowena, being disturbed in theological controversy with Father Willibald (afterwards canonised as St. Willibald, of Bareacres, hermit and confessor) called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the court-yard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

"I got you out of Front-de-Bœuf's castle," said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of

Ivanhoe, "and canst thou not save me from the lash?"

"Yes, from Front-de-Bœuf's castle, *where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!*" said Rowena, haughtily replying to the timid appeal of her husband; "Gurth, give him four dozen!"

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which of us is there, acquainted with the sex, that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at *her* board, and the boldest in the battle-field are craven when facing her distaff?

"*Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower,*" was a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and, perhaps, the reader will understand, the significancy. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies—the poor, gentle victim!—and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart. one would have thought that the heart of the royal

lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

But did you ever know a right-minded woman pardon another for being handsome and more love-worthy than herself? The Lady Rowena did certainly say, with mighty magnanimity, to the Jewish maiden, "Come and live with me as a sister," as the former part of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh* (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfred the Crusader was familiar), or fudge, in plain Saxon; and retired, with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfred (as the Saxon lady chose to term it), nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Hebrew damsel had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-

herd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild-boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say, "Do, Sir Wilfred, persecute those poor pigs—you know your friends, the Jews, can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbi's teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! Hadn't you better interfere, my love? His majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always such favourites of yours*," or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the queen held a drawing-room; or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course because she took any interest in such things, but because she considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the county.

Thus Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when

he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, it is but too often so in life! Many a garden, seen from a distance, looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy; the shady walks melancholy and grass grown; the bowers you would fain repose in, cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caique upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahound; but, enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of ricketty huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars—a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a deceit.

Perhaps a man with Ivanhoe's high principles would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consterna-

tion of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an excuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's (whither he would repair not unfrequently), the unsteadiness of his gait, and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye, were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wullstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle), vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

So Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe became almost as tired of England as his royal master, Richard, was, (who always quitted the country when he had squeezed from his loyal nobles, commons, clergy, and Jews, all the money which he could get); and when the lion-hearted Prince began to make war against the French king, in Normandy and Guienne, Sir Wilfrid pined like a true servant to be in company of the good champion, alongside of whom he had shivered so many lances, and dealt such woundy blows of sword and battle-axe on the plains of Jaffa, or the breaches of Acre. Travellers were welcome at Rotherwood that brought news from the camp of

the good king: and I warrant me that the knight listened with all his might when Father Drono, the chaplain, read in the St. James's Chronykyll (which was the paper of news he of Ivanhoe took in), of "another glorious triumph."—"Defeat of the French near Blois."—"Splendid victory at Epte, and narrow escape of the French king," the which deeds of arms the learned scribes had to narrate.

However such tales might excite him during the reading, they left the knight of Ivanhoe only the more melancholy after listening: and the more moody as he sat in his great hall silently draining his Gascony wine. Silently sat he and looked at his coats of mail, hanging vacant on the wall, his banner covered with spider-webs, and his sword and axe rusting there. "Ah, dear axe," sighed he (into his drinking-horn), "ah, gentle steel! that was a merry time when I sent thee crashing into the pate of the Emir Abdul Melik, as he rode on the right of Saladin. Ah, my sword, my dainty headsman, my sweet split-rib, my razor of infidel beards; is the rust to eat thine edge off, and am I never more to wield thee in battle? What is the use of a shield on a wall, or a lance that has a cobweb for a pennon? O, Richard, my good king, would I could hear once more thy voice in the front of the onset! Bones of Brian the Templar, would ye could rise

from your grave at Templestowe, and that we might break another spear for honour and—and" * * *

And *Rebecca*, he would have said—but the knight paused here in rather a guilty panic; and her Royal Highness the Princess Rowena (as she chose to style herself at home) looked so hard at him out of her China blue eyes, that Sir Wilfrid felt as if she was reading his thoughts, and was fain to drop his own eyes into his flagon.

In a word, his life was intolerable. The dinner hour of the twelfth century, it is known, was very early: in fact, people dined at ten o'clock in the morning: and after dinner, Rowena sat mum under her canopy, embroidered with the arms of Edward the Confessor, working with her maidens at the most hideous pieces of tapestry, representing the tortures and martyrdoms of her favourite saints, and not allowing a soul to speak above his breath, except when she chose to cry out in her own shrill voice when a handmaid made a wrong stitch, or let fall a ball of worsted. It was a dreary life—Wamba, we have said, never ventured to crack a joke, save in a whisper, when he was ten miles from home; and then Sir Wilfrid Ivanhoe was too weary and blue-devilled to laugh: but hunted in silence, moodily bringing down deer and wild-boar with shaft and quarrel.

Then he besought Robin of Huntingdon, the jolly outlaw, nathless, to join him, and go to the

help of their fair sire King Richard, with a score or two of lances. But the Earl of Huntingdon was a very different character from Robin Hood the forester. There was no more conscientious magistrate in all the county than his lordship: he was never known to miss church or quarter sessions; he was the strictest game-proprietor in all the Riding, and sent scores of poachers to Botany Bay. "A man who has a stake in the country, my good Sir Wilfrid," Lord Huntingdon said, with rather a patronising air (his lordship had grown immensely fat since the king had taken him into grace, and required a horse as strong as an elephant to mount him), "a man with a stake in the country ought to stay *in* the country. Property has its duties as well as its privileges, and a person of my rank is bound to live on the land from which he gets his living."

"Amen!" sang out the Reverend—Tuck, his lordship's domestic chaplain, who had also grown as sleek as the Abbot of Jorvaulx, who was as prim as a lady in his dress, wore bergamot in his handkerchief, and had his poll shaved, and his beard curled every day. And so sanctified was his Reverence grown, that he thought it was a shame to kill the pretty deer (though he ate of them still hugely, both in pasties and with French beans and currant jelly), and being shown a quarter-staff upon a certain occa-

sion, handled it curiously, and asked "what that ugly great stick was?"

Lady Huntingdon, late Maid Marian, had still some of her old fun and spirits, and poor Ivanhoe begged and prayed that she would come and stay at Rotherwood occasionally, and *égayer* the general dullness of that castle. But her ladyship said that Rowena gave herself such airs, and bored her so intolerably with stories of king Edward the Confessor, that she preferred any place rather than Rotherwood, which was as dull as if it had been at the top of Mount Athos.

The only person who visited it was Athelstane. "His Royal Highness the Prince," Rowena of course called him, whom the lady received with royal honours. She had the guns fired, and the footmen turned out with presented arms when he arrived; helped him to all the favourite cuts of the mutton or the turkey, and forced her poor husband to light him to the state bed-room, walking backwards, holding a pair of wax-candles. At this hour of bed time the Thane used to be in such a condition, that he saw two pair of candles and a couple of Ivanhoes reeling before him—let us hope it was not Ivanhoe that was reeling, but only his kinsman's brains muddled with the quantities of drink which it was his daily custom to consume. Rowena said it was the crack which the wicked Bois Guilbert, "the Jewess's *other* lover. Wilfrid, my

dear," gave him on his royal skull, which caused the Prince to be disturbed so easily; but added, that drinking became a person of royal blood, and was but one of the duties of his station.

Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe saw it would be of no avail to ask this man to bear him company on his projected tour abroad; but still he himself was every day more and more bent upon going, and he long cast about for some means of breaking to his Rowena his firm resolution to join the King. He thought she would certainly fall ill if he communicated the news too abruptly to her; he would pretend a journey to York to attend a grand jury; then a call to London on law business or to buy stock; then he would slip over to Calais by the packet by degrees, as it were; and so be with the King before his wife knew that he was out of sight of Westminster Hall.

"Suppose your honour says you are going, as your honour would say *Bo to a goose, plump, short, and to the point*," said Wamba, the jester, who was Sir Wilfrid's chief counsellor and attendant, "depend on't her highness would bear the news like a Christian woman."

"Tush, malapert! I will give thee the strap," said Sir Wilfrid, in a fine tone of high tragedy indignation; "thou knowest not the delicacy of the nerves of high-born ladies. An she faint not, write me down Hollander."

“I will wager my bauble against an Irish billet of exchange that she will let your honour go off readily: that is, if you press not the matter too strongly,” Wamba answered knowingly; and this Ivanhoe found to his discomfiture: for one morning at breakfast, adopting a *dégagé* air, as he sipped his tea, he said, “My love, I was thinking of going over to pay his Majesty a visit in Normandy.” upon which laying down her muffin, (which, since the Royal Alfred baked those cakes, had been the chosen breakfast cake of noble Anglo Saxons, and which a kneeling page tendered to her on a salver, chased by the Florentine Benvenuto Cellini,)—“When do you think of going, Wilfrid, my dear?”—the lady said, and the moment the tea things were removed, and the tables and their trestles put away, she set about mending his linen, and getting ready his carpet-bag.

So Sir Wilfrid was as disgusted at her readiness to part with him as he had been weary of staying at home, which caused Wamba, the fool, to say, “Marry, Gossip, thou art like the man on ship-board, who, when the boatswain flogged him, did cry out, ‘O,’ wherever the rope’s end fell on him: which caused Master Boatswain to say, ‘Plague on thee, fellow, and a pize on thee, knave, wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee.’”

“And truly there are some backs which Fortune

is always belabouring," thought Sir Wilfrid, with a groan, "and mine is one that is ever sore."

So, with a moderate retinue, whereof the knave Wamba made one, and a large woollen comforter round his neck, which his wife's own white fingers had woven, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe left home to join the King, his master. Rowena standing on the steps, poured out a series of prayers and blessings, most edifying to hear, as her lord mounted his charger, which his squires led to the door. "It was the duty of the British female of rank," she said, "to suffer all, *all* in the cause of her Sovereign. *She* would not fear loneliness during the campaign: she would bear up against widowhood, desertion, and an unprotected situation."

"My cousin Athelstane will protect thee," said Ivanhoe, with profound emotion, as the tears trickled down his basnet; and bestowing a chaste salute upon the steel-clad warrior, Rowena modestly said, "She hoped his highness would be so kind."

Then Ivanhoe's trumpet blew: then Rowena waved her pocket handkerchief: then the household gave a shout: then the pursuivant of the good knight, Sir Wilfrid the Crusader, flung out his banner (which was argent a gules cramoisy with three Moors impaled sable): then Wamba gave a lash on his mule's haunch, and Ivanhoe, heaving a great sigh, turned the tail of his war-horse upon the castle of his fathers.

As they rode along the forest, they met Athelstane, the Thane, powdering along the road in the direction of Rotherwood on his great dray-horse of a charger. "Good-bye, good luck to you, old brick," cried the Prince, using the vernacular Saxon; "pitch into those Frenchmen; give it 'em over the face and eyes; and I'll stop at home, and take care of Mrs. I."

"Thank you, kinsman," said Ivanhoe, looking, however, not particularly well pleased; and the chiefs shaking hands, the train of each took its different way—Athelstane's to Rotherwood, Ivanhoe's towards his place of embarkation.

The poor knight had his wish, and yet his face was a yard long, and as yellow as a lawyer's parchment; and having longed to quit home any time these three years past, he found himself envying Athelstane, because, forsooth, he was going to Rotherwood: which symptoms of discontent being observed by the witless Wamba, caused that absurd madman to bring his rebeck over his shoulder from his back, and to sing—

ATRA CURA.

Before I lost my five poor wits,
 I mind me of a Romish clerk,
 Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
 Beside the belted horseman sits.
 Methought I saw the griesly sprite
 Jump up but now behind my Knight.

“Perhaps thou didst, knave,” said Ivanhoe, looking over his shoulder; and the knave went on with his jingle.

And though he gallop as he may,
I mark that cursed monster black
Still sits behind his honour's back,
Tight squeezing of his heart alway.
Like two black Templars sit they there,
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrere:
I will not have black Care prevail
Upon my long-eared charger's tail,
For lo, I am a witless fool,
And laugh at Grief, and ride a mule.

And his bells rattled as he kicked his mule's sides.

“Silence, fool!” said Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, in a voice both majestic and wrathful. “If thou knowest not care and grief, it is because thou knowest not love, whereof they are the companions. Who can love without an anxious heart? How shall there be joy at meeting, without tears at parting?” (I did not see that his honour or my lady shed many anon, thought Wamba the fool, but he was only a zany, and his mind was not right.) “I would not exchange my very sorrows for thine indifference,” the knight continued. “Where there is a sun there must be a

shadow. If the shadow offend me, shall I put out my eyes and live in the dark? No! I am content with my fate, even such as it is. The Care of which thou speakest, hard though it may vex him, never yet rode down an honest man. I can bear him on my shoulders, and make my way through the world's press in spite of him; for my arm is strong, and my sword is keen, and my shield has no stain on it; and my heart, though it is sad, knows no guile." And here, taking a locket out of his waistcoat (which was made of chain-mail), the knight kissed the token, put it back under the waistcoat again, heaved a profound sigh, and stuck spurs into his horse.

As for Wamba, he was munching a black pudding whilst Sir Wilfrid was making the above speech (which implied some secret grief on the knight's part, that must have been perfectly unintelligible to the fool), and so did not listen to a single word of Ivanhoe's pompous remarks. They travelled on by slow stages through the whole kingdom, until they came to Dover, whence they took shipping for Calais. And in this little voyage, being exceedingly sea-sick, and besides elated at the thought of meeting his Sovereign, the good knight cast away that profound melancholy which had accompanied him during the whole of his land journey.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE LION.

FROM Calais Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe took the diligence across country to Limoges, sending on Gurth, his squire, with the horses and the rest of his attendants, with the exception of Wamba, who travelled not only as the knight's fool but as his valet, and who, perched on the roof of the carriage, amused himself by blowing tunes upon the *conducteur's* French horn. The good King Richard was, as Ivanhoe learned, in the Limousin, encamped before a little place called Chalus, the lord whereof, though a vassal of the King's, was holding the castle against his Sovereign with a resolution and valour, which caused a great fury and annoyance on the part of the Monarch with the Lion Heart. For brave and magnanimous as he was, the Lion-hearted one did not love to be baulked any more than another; and, like the royal animal whom he was said to resemble, he commonly tore his adversary to pieces, and then, perchance, had leisure to think how brave the latter had been. The Count of Chalus had found, it was said, a pot of money; the royal Richard wanted it. As the Count denied that he had it, why did he not open the gates of his castle at

once? It was a clear proof that he was guilty; and the King was determined to punish this rebel, and have his money and his life too.

He had naturally brought no breaching guns with him, because those instruments were not yet invented; and though he had assaulted the place a score of times with the utmost fury, his Majesty had been beaten back on every occasion, until he was so savage that it was dangerous to approach the British Lion. The Lion's wife, the lovely Berengaria, scarcely ventured to come near him. He flung the joint stools in his tent at the heads of the officers of state, and kicked his aides-de-camp round his pavilion; and, in fact, a maid of honour, who brought a sack-posset into his Majesty from the Queen, after he came in from the assault, came spinning like a foot-ball out of the royal tent just as Ivanhoe entered it.

"Send me my Austrian drum-major to flog that woman," roared out the infuriate King. "By the bones of St. Barnabas she has burned the sack! By St. Wittikind, I will have her flayed alive. Ha! St. George, Ha! St. Richard, whom have we here?" And he lifted up his demi-culverin, or curtal axe, a weapon weighing about thirteen hundred weight, and was about to fling it at the intruder's head, when the latter, kneeling gracefully on one knee, said calmly, "It is I, my good liege, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe."

"What, Wilfrid of Templestowe, Wilfrid the

married man, Wilfrid the hen-pecked," cried the King with a sudden burst of good humour, flinging away the culverin from him, as though it had been a reed (it lighted three hundred yards off, on the foot of Hugo de Bunyon, who was smoking a cigar at the door of his tent, and caused that redoubted warrior to limp for some days after). "What, Wilfrid, my gossip? Art come to see the Lion's den? There are bones in it, man, bones and carcasses, and the Lion is angry," said the King, with a terrific glare of his eyes, "but tush! we will talk of that anon. Ho! bring two gallons of hypocras for the King, and the good knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Thou art come in time, Wilfrid, for by St. Richard, and St. George, we will give a grand assault to-morrow. There will be bones broken, ha!"

"I care not, my liege," said Ivanhoe, pledging the Sovereign respectfully, and tossing off the whole contents of the bowl of hypocras to his Highness's good health,—and he at once appeared to be taken into high favour, not a little to the envy of many of the persons surrounding the King.

As his Majesty said, there was fighting and feasting in plenty before Chalus. Day after day, the besiegers made assaults upon the castle, but it was held so stoutly by the Count of Chalus, and his gallant garrison, that each afternoon beheld the attacking parties returning disconsolately to their tents, leaving

behind them many of their own slain, and bringing back with them store of broken heads, and maimed limbs, received in the unsuccessful onset. The valour displayed by Ivanhoe, in all these contests, was prodigious; and the way in which he escaped death from the discharges of mangonels, catapults, battering-rams, twenty-four pounders, boiling oil, and other artillery, with which the besieged received their enemies, was remarkable. After a day's fighting, Gurth and Wamba used to pick the arrows out of their intrepid master's coat of mail, as if they had been so many almonds in a pudding. 'Twas well for the good knight, that under his first coat of armour he wore a choice suit of Toledan steel, perfectly impervious to arrow shots, and given to him by a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, to whom he had done some considerable services a few years back.

If King Richard had not been in such a rage at the repeated failures of his attacks upon the Castle, that all sense of justice was blinded in the lion-hearted Monarch, he would have been the first to acknowledge the valour of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and would have given him a Peerage, and the Grand Cross of the Bath, at least a dozen times in the course of the siege: for Ivanhoe led more than a dozen storming parties, and with his own hand killed as many men (*viz.* two thousand three hundred and fifty-one) within six, as were slain by the lion-hearted Monarch

himself. But his Majesty was rather disgusted than pleased, by his faithful servant's prowess : and all the courtiers who hated Ivanhoe for his superior valour and dexterity (for he would kill you off a couple of hundred of them of Chalus, whilst the strongest champions of the King's host could not finish more than their two dozen of a day), poisoned the royal mind against Sir Wilfrid, and made the King look upon his feats of arms with an evil eye. Roger de Backbite sneeringly told the King, that Sir Wilfrid had offered to bet an equal bet, that he would kill more men than Richard himself in the next assault ; Peter de Toadhole said, that Ivanhoe stated every where, that his Majesty was not the man he used to be : that pleasures and drink had enervated him ; that he could neither ride, nor strike a blow with sword or axe, as he had been enabled to do in the old times in Palestine ; and finally, in the twenty-fifth assault, in which they had very nearly carried the place, and in which onset Ivanhoe slew seven, and his Majesty six, of the sons of the Count de Chalus, its defender, Ivanhoe almost did for himself, by planting his banner before the King's, upon the wall ; and only rescued himself from utter disgrace, by saving his Majesty's life several times in the course of this most desperate onslaught.

Then the luckless knight's very virtues (as, no doubt, my respected readers know) made him ene-

mies amongst the men—nor was Ivanhoe liked by the women frequenting the camp of the gay King Richard. His young Queen, and a brilliant court of ladies, attended the pleasure-loving Monarch. His Majesty would transact business in the morning, then fight severely from after breakfast till about three o'clock in the afternoon; from which time, until after midnight, there was nothing but jigging and singing, feasting and revelry, in the royal tents. Ivanhoe, who was asked as a matter of ceremony, and forced to attend these entertainments, not caring about the blandishments of any of the ladies present, looked on at their ogling and dancing with a countenance as glum as an undertaker's, and was a perfect wet blanket in the midst of the festivities. His favourite resort and conversation were with a remarkably austere hermit, who lived in the neighbourhood of Chalus, and with whom Ivanhoe loved to talk about Palestine, and the Jews, and other grave matters of import, better than to mingle in the gayest amusements of the court of King Richard. Many a night, when the Queen and the ladies were dancing quadrilles and polkas (in which his Majesty, who was enormously stout as well as tall, insisted upon figuring, and in which he was about as graceful as an elephant dancing a hornpipe), Ivanhoe would steal away from the ball, and come and have a night's chat under the moon with his reverend friend. It pained

him to see a man of the King's age and size dancing about with the young folks. They laughed at his Majesty whilst they flattered him: the pages and maids of honour mimicked the royal mountebank almost to his face; and, if Ivanhoe ever could have laughed, he certainly would one night, when the King, in light-blue satin inexpressibles, with his hair in powder, chose to dance the Minuet de la Cour with the little Queen Berengaria.

Then, after dancing, his Majesty must needs order a guitar, and begin to sing. He was said to compose his own songs, words, and music—but those who have read Lord Campobello's lives of the Lord Chancellors, are aware that there was a person by the name of Blondel, who, in fact, did all the musical part of the King's performances; and, as for the words, when a King writes verses, we may be sure there will be plenty of people to admire his poetry. His Majesty would sing you a ballad, of which he had stolen every idea, to an air which was ringing on all the barrel-organs of Christendom, and, turning round to his courtiers, would say, "How do you like that? I dashed it off this morning." Or, "Blondel, what do you think of this movement in B flat?" or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening, it was the evening of the 27th

March, 1199, indeed, his Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands, and laughing in their sleeves. First he sang an *original* air and poem, beginning

Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose.
Fresh and fair ones, who'll refuse? &c.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an equally *original* heroic melody, of which the chorus was

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,
For Britons, never, never, never, slaves shall be, &c.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sat without changing a muscle of his features, until the King questioned him, when the knight with a bow said, "he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere." His Majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eyebrows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the King, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

"Well," said he, "by St. Richard and St. George but ye never heard *this* song, for I composed it this

very afternoon as I took my bath after the *mélée*. Did I not, Blondel?"

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that his Majesty had done as he said, and the King, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows:—

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL

The Pope he is a happy man,
His Palace is the Vatican:
And there he sits and drains his can,
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased;
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him;
My wife, my wine, I love I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

Encore! Encore! Bravo! Bis! Everybody applauded the King's song with all his might; every-

body except Ivanhoe, who preserved his abominable gravity ; and when asked aloud by Roger de Backbite whether he had heard that too? said, firmly, " Yes, Roger de Backbite, and so hast thou if thou darest but tell the truth."

" Now, by St. Cicely, may I never touch gittern again," bawled the King in a fury, " if every note, word, and thought be not mine ; may I die in to-morrow's onslaught if the song be not my song. Sing thyself, Wilfrid of the Lanthorn Jaws ; thou couldst sing a good song in old times : " and with all his might, and with a forced laugh, the King, who loved brutal practical jests, flung his guitar at the head of Ivanhoe.

Sir Wilfrid caught it gracefully with one hand, and, making an elegant bow to the Sovereign, began to chant as follows :—

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for years a score ;
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more,
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great,
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause ;
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws ;
 If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young,
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleeman sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

“Something ails my gracious Master,” cried the Keeper of the Seal,
“Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys, served at dinner, or the veal!”
“Psha!” exclaimed the angry Monarch, “Keeper, ’tis not that I feel.

“’Tis the *heart* and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a King be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
O, I’m sick, and tired, and weary.”—Some one cried, “The King’s arm-
chair!”

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King’s great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-
bodied,
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

“Leading on my fierce companions,” cried he, “over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine!”
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, “Where is glory like to thine?”

“What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old,
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

“O, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

“Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughtered sires—”
—“Such a tender conscience,” cries the Bishop, “every one admires.

But for such unpleasant by-gones, cease, my gracious Lord, to search,
They’re forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

“Look! the land is crowned with Minsters, which your Grace’s bounty
raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I’m amazed!”

“Nay, I feel,” replied King Canute, “that my end is drawing near:”
 “Don’t say so,” exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
 “Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.

“Live these fifty years!” the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,
 “Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
 Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do ’t.

“Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela,
 Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn’t the King as well as they?”
 “Fervently,” exclaimed the Keeper, “fervently, I trust he may.”

“*He to die?*” resumed the Bishop. “He a mortal like to *us*?
 Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;
 Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

“With his wondrous skill in healing ne’er a Doctor can compete,
 Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
 Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

“Did not once the Jewish Captain stay the sun upon the hill,
 And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
 So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.”

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?” Canute cried;
 Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
 If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

“Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?”
 Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, “Land and sea, my lord, are thine.”
 Canute turned towards the ocean—“Back!” he said, “thou foaming brine.

“From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
 Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master’s seat;
 Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
 And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
 Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and Courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey,
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

At this ballad, which, to be sure, was awfully long, and as grave as a sermon, some of the courtiers tittered, some yawned, and some affected to be asleep, and snore outright. But Roger de Backbite thinking to curry favour with the King by this piece of vulgarity, his Majesty fetched him a knock on the nose and a buffet on the ear, which, I warrant me, wakened Master Roger; to whom the King said, "Listen and be civil, slave, Wilfrid is singing about thee—Wilfrid, thy ballad is long, but it is to the purpose, and I have grown cool during thy homily. Give me thy hand, honest friend. Ladies, good-night. Gentlemen, we give the grand assault to-morrow: when I promise thee, Wilfrid, thy banner shall not be before mine"—and the King giving his arm to her Majesty, retired into the private pavilion.

CHAPTER III.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

WHILST the Royal Richard and his court were feasting in the camp outside the walls of Chalus, they

of the castle were in the most miserable plight that may be conceived. Hunger, as well as the fierce assaults of the besiegers, had made dire ravages in the place. The garrison's provisions of corn and cattle, their very horses, dogs, and donkeys had been eaten up—so that it might well be said by Wamba, “that famine, as well as slaughter, had *thinned* the garrison.” When the men of Chalus came on the walls to defend it against the scaling parties of King Richard—they were like so many skeletons in armour—they could hardly pull their bow-strings at last, or pitch down stones on the heads of his Majesty's party, so weak had their arms become, and the gigantic Count of Chalus, a warrior as redoubtable for his size and strength as Richard Plantagenet himself, was scarcely able to lift up his battle-axe upon the day of that last assault, when Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe ran him through the * * but we are advancing matters.

What should prevent me from describing the agonies of hunger which the Count (a man of large appetite) suffered in company with his heroic sons and garrison?—Nothing, but that Dante has already done the business in the notorious history of Count Ugolino, so that my efforts might be considered as mere imitations. Why should I not, if I were minded to revel in horrifying details, show you how the famished garrison drew lots, and ate themselves

during the siege; and how the unlucky lot falling upon the Countess of Chalus, that heroic woman, taking an affectionate leave of her family, caused her large cauldron in the castle kitchen to be set a boiling, had onions, carrots and herbs, pepper and salt made ready, to make a savoury soup, as the French call it, and when all things were quite completed, kissed her children, jumped into the cauldron from off a kitchen stool, and so was stewed down in her flannel bed-gown? Dear friends, it is not from want of imagination, or from having no turn for the terrible or pathetic, that I spare you these details.—I could give you some description that would spoil your dinner and night's rest, and make your hair stand on end. — But why harrow your feelings? Fancy all the tortures and horrors that possibly can occur in a beleaguered and famished castle: fancy the feelings of men who know that no more quarter will be given them than they would get if they were peaceful Hungarian citizens, kidnapped and brought to trial by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and then let us rush on to the breach, and prepare once more to meet the assault of dreadful King Richard and his men.

On the 29th of March in the year 1199, the good King, having copiously partaken of breakfast, caused his trumpets to blow, and advanced with his host upon the breach of the castle of Chalus. Arthur de

Pendennis bore his banner; Wilfrid of Ivanhoe fought on the King's right hand. Molyneux, Bishop of Bullocksmithy, doffed crosier and mitre for that day, and though fat and pousy, panted up the breach with the most resolute spirit, roaring out war cries and curses, and wielding a prodigious mace of iron, with which he did good execution. Hugo de Backbite was forced to come in attendance upon the Sovereign, but took care to keep in the rear of his august master, and to shelter behind his huge triangular shield as much as possible. Many lords of note followed the King and bore the ladders; and as they were placed against the wall, the air was perfectly dark with the shower of arrows which the English archers poured out at the besiegers; and the cataract of stones, kettles, boot-jacks, chests of drawers, crockery, umbrellas, congreve-rockets, bomb-shells, bolts and arrows, and other missiles which the desperate garrison flung out on the storming party. The King received a copper coal-scuttle right over his eyes, and a mahogany wardrobe was discharged at his morion, which would have felled an ox, and would have done for the King had not Ivanhoe warded it off skilfully. Still they advanced, the warriors falling around them like grass beneath the scythe of the mower.

The ladders were placed in spite of the hail of death raining round; the King and Ivanhoe were, of

course, the first to mount them. Chalus stood in the breach, borrowing strength from despair; and roaring out "Ha! Plantagenet, Saint Barbacue for Chalus!" he dealt the King a crack across the helmet with his battle-axe, which shore off the gilt lion and crown that surmounted the steel cap. The King bent and reeled back; the besiegers were dismayed; the garrison and the Count of Chalus set up a shout of triumph: but it was premature.

As quick as thought Ivanhoe was into the Count with a thrust in tierce, which took him just at the joint of the armour, and ran him through as clean as a spit does a partridge. Uttering a horrid shriek, he fell back writhing; the King recovering staggered up the parapet; the rush of knights followed, and the union-jack was planted triumphantly on the walls just as Ivanhoe,—but we must leave him for a moment.

"Ha, St. Richard!—ha, St. George!" the tremendous voice of the Lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the onset. At every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartizan. The world hath never seen a warrior equal to that Lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfants de Chalus* had fallen; there was

only one left at last of all the brave race that had fought round the gallant Count :—only one, and but a boy, a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy ! he had been gathering pansies in the field but yesterday—it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother's arms ! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted blade in Christendom ?—and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot ! Turn away, turn away, my dear young friends and kind-hearted ladies ! Do not look at that ill-fated poor boy ! his blade is crushed into splinters under the axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee ! * * *

“ Now, by St. Barbacue of Limoges,” said Bertrand de Gourdon, “ the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling ! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbacue—”

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

'Twas a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon ! Maddened by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused : his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets

of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more! * * *

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done if I chose to indulge in this style of composition, but as in the battles, which are described by the kindly chronicler of one of whose works this present masterpiece is professedly a continuation, everything passes off agreeably; the people are slain, but without any unpleasant sensation to the reader; nay some of the most savage and blood-stained characters of history, such is the indomitable good humour of the great novelist, become amiable jovial companions, for whom one has a hearty sympathy—so, if you please, we will have this fighting business at Chalus, and the garrison and honest Bertrand of Gourdon, disposed of, the former according to the usage of the good old times, having been hung up, or murdered to a man, and the latter killed in the manner described by the late Dr. Goldsmith in his History.

As for the Lion-hearted, we all very well know that the shaft of Bertrand de Gourdon put an end to the royal hero—and that from that 29th of March he never robbed or murdered any more. And we have legends in recondite books of the manner of the King's death.

“You must die, my son,” said the venerable

Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried shrieking from the King's tent. "Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children!"

"It is ill-jesting wick a dying man," replied the King. "Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me."

"Richard of England," said the archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, "your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child, and you have nourished them from your youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh."

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be to the soul of the brave! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. "It is no matter of joy but of dolour," he said, "that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more."

Meanwhile what has become of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, whom we left in the act of rescuing his Sovereign by running the Count of Chalus through the body?

As the good knight stooped down to pick his sword out of the corpse of his fallen foe, some one coming behind him suddenly thrust a dagger into his

back at a place where his shirt of mail was open (for Sir Wilfrid had armed that morning in a hurry, and it was his breast, not his back, that he was accustomed ordinarily to protect), and when poor Wamba came up on the rampart, which he did when the fighting was over—being such a fool that he could not be got to thrust his head into danger for glory's sake—he found his dear knight with the dagger in his back lying without life upon the body of the Count de Chalus whom he had anon slain.

Ah, what a howl poor Wamba set up when he found his master killed! How he lamented over the corpse of that noble knight and friend! What mattered it to him that Richard the King was borne wounded to his tent, and that Bertrand de Gourdon was flayed alive? At another time the sight of this spectacle might have amused the simple knave; but now all his thoughts were of his lord, so good, so gentle, so kind, so loyal, so frank with the great, so tender to the poor, so truthful of speech, so modest regarding his own merit, so true a gentleman, in a word, that anybody might, with reason, deplore him.

As Wamba opened the dear knight's corslet, he found a locket round his neck, in which there was some hair, not flaxen like that of my Lady Rowena, who was almost as fair as an Albino, but as black, Wamba thought, as the locks of the Jewish maiden whom the knight had rescued in the lists of Temple-

stowe. A bit of Rowena's hair was in Sir Wilfrid's possession, too, but that was in his purse along with his seal of arms, and a couple of groats; for the good knight never kept any money, so generous was he of his largesses when money came in.

Wamba took the purse, and seal, and groats, but he left the locket of hair round his master's neck, and when he returned to England never said a word about the circumstance. After all, how should he know whose hair it was? It might have been the knight's grandmother's hair for aught the fool knew; so he kept his counsel when he brought back the sad news and tokens to the disconsolate widow at Rotherwood.

The poor fellow would never have left the body at all, and indeed sat by it all night, and until the grey of the morning, when, seeing two suspicious-looking characters advancing towards him, he fled in dismay, supposing that they were marauders who were out searching for booty among the dead bodies; and having not the least courage, he fled from these, and tumbled down the breach, and never stopped running as fast as his legs would carry him until he reached the tents of his late beloved master.

The news of the knight's demise, it appeared, had been known at his quarters long before; for his servants were gone, and had ridden off on his horses; his chests were plundered, there was not so much as

a shirt collar left in his drawers, and the very bed and blankets had been carried away by these *faithful* attendants. Who had slain Ivanhoe? That remains a mystery to the present day; but Hugo de Backbite, whose nose he had pulled for defamation, and who was behind him in the assault at Chalus, was seen two years afterwards at the Court of King John in an embroidered velvet waistcoat, which Rowena could have sworn she had worked for Ivanhoe, and about which the widow would have made some little noise, but that—but that she was no longer a widow.

That she truly deplored the death of her lord, cannot be questioned, for she ordered the deepest mourning which any milliner in York could supply, and erected a monument to his memory, as big as a minster. But she was a lady of such fine principles, that she did not allow her grief to over-master her; and an opportunity speedily arising for uniting the two best Saxon families in England, by an alliance between herself and the gentleman who offered himself to her, Rowena sacrificed her inclination to remain single, to her sense of duty; and contracted a second matrimonial engagement.

That Athelstane was the man, I suppose no reader familiar with life, and novels (which are a rescript of life, and are all strictly natural and edifying), can for

a moment doubt. Cardinal Pandulfo tied the knot for them : and lest there should be any doubt about Ivanhoe's death (for his body was never sent home after all, nor seen after Wamba ran away from it), his eminence procured a papal decree, annulling the former marriage, so that Rowena became Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. And who shall be surprised, if she was happier with the stupid and boozy thane, than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid? Did women never have a predilection for fools, I should like to know ; or fall in love with donkeys, before the time of the amours of Bottom and Titania? " Ah ! Mary, had you not preferred an ass to a man, would you have married Jack Bray, when a Michael Angelo offered? Ah ! Fanny, were you not a woman, would you persist in adoring Tom Hiccups, who beats you, and comes home tipsy from the Club? " Yes, Rowena cared a hundred times more about tipsy Athelstane, than ever she had done for gentle Ivanhoe, and so great was her infatuation about the latter, that she would sit upon his knee in the presence of all her maidens, and let him smoke his cigars in the very drawing-room.

This is the epitaph she caused to be written by Father Drono (who piqued himself upon his Latinity), on the stone commemorating the death of her late lord :

Hic est Guilfridus, belli dum bixit abidus ;
 Cum gladio et lancea, Normannia et quoque Francia
 Verbera dura dabat : per Turcos multum equitabat :
 Guilbertum occidit : atque Hierosolyma bidit.
 Heu ! nunc sub fossa sunt tanti militis ossa,
 Uxor Athelstani est conjux castissima Thani.

And this is the translation which the doggrel
 knave Wamba made of the Latin lines.

REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,
 Buried, and confined, and cold,
 Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
 Warring in Flanders and France,
 Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
 Rode in his youth the good knight,
 Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,
 Fairly in tourney he slew,
 Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
 Lying beneath the grey stone :
 Where shall you find such a one ?

Long time his widow deplored,
 Weeping the fate of her lord,
 Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
Came the good Lord Athelstane,
When her ladyship married again.

Athelstane burst into a loud laugh, when he heard it, at the last line, but Rowena would have had the fool whipped, had not the Thane interceded, and to him, she said, she could refuse nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

IVANHOE REDIVIVUS.

I TRUST nobody will suppose, from the events described in the last Chapter, that our friend Ivanhoe is really dead. Because we have given him an epitaph or two and a monument, are these any reasons that he should be really gone out of the world? No: as in the pantomime, when we see Clown and Pantaloon lay out Harlequin and cry over him, we are always sure that Master Harlequin will be up at the next minute alert and shining in his glistening coat; and, after giving a box on the ears to the pair of them, will be taking a dance with Columbine, or leaping gaily through the clock-face, or into the three-pair-of-stairs window:—so Sir Wilfrid, the Harlequin of our Christmas piece, may be run through a little, or may make believe to be dead, but will assuredly rise up

again when he is wanted, and show himself at the right moment.

The suspicious-looking characters from whom Wamba ran away were no cut-throats and plunderers as the poor knave imagined, but no other than Ivanhoe's friend, the hermit, and a reverend brother of his, who visited the scene of the late battle in order to see if any Christians still survived there, whom they might shrive and get ready for Heaven, or to whom they might possibly offer the benefit of their skill as leeches. Both were prodigiously learned in the healing art: and had about them those precious elixirs which so often occur in romances, and with which patients are so miraculously restored. Abruptly dropping his master's head from his lap as he fled, poor Wamba caused the knight's pate to fall with rather a heavy thump to the ground, and if the knave had but stayed a minute longer, he would have heard Sir Wilfrid utter a deep groan. But though the fool heard him not, the holy hermits did; and to recognize the gallant Wilfrid, to withdraw the enormous dagger still sticking out of his back, to wash the wound with a portion of the precious elixir, and to pour a little of it down his throat, was with the excellent hermits the work of an instant; which remedies being applied, one of the good men took the knight by the heels and the other by the head, and bore him daintily from the castle to their hermitage in a neighbouring rock. As

for the Count of Chalus, and the remainder of the slain, the hermits were too much occupied with Ivanhoe's case to mind them, and did not, it appears, give them any elixir, so that, if they are really dead, they must stay on the rampart stark and cold; or if otherwise, when the scene closes upon them as it does now, they may get up, shake themselves, go to the slips and drink a pot of porter, or change their stage-clothes and go home to supper. My dear readers, you may settle the matter among yourselves as you like. If you wish to kill the characters really off, let them be dead, and have done with them; but, *entre nous*, I don't believe they are any more dead than you or I are, and sometimes doubt whether there is a single syllable of truth in this whole story.

Well, Ivanhoe was taken to the hermits' cell, and there doctored by the holy fathers for his hurts, which were of such a severe and dangerous order, that he was under medical treatment for a very considerable time. When he woke up from his delirium, and asked how long he had been ill, fancy his astonishment when he heard that he had been in the fever for six years! He thought the reverend fathers were joking at first, but their profession forbade them from that sort of levity; and besides, he could not possibly have got well any sooner, because the story would have been sadly put out had he appeared earlier. And it proves how good the fathers were to him, and how very nearly

that scoundrel of a Hugh de Backbite's dagger had finished him, that he did not get well under this great length of time, during the whole of which the fathers tended him without ever thinking of a fee. I know of a kind physician in this town who does as much sometimes, but I won't do him the ill service of mentioning his name here.

Ivanhoe, being now quickly pronounced well, trimmed his beard, which by this time hung down considerably below his knees, and calling for his suit of chain armour, which before had fitted his elegant person as tight as wax, now put it on, and it bagged and hung so loosely about him, that even the good Friars laughed at his absurd appearance. It was impossible that he should go about the country in such a garb as that: the very boys would laugh at him: so the Friars gave him one of their old gowns, in which he disguised himself; and, after taking an affectionate farewell of his friends, set forth on his return to his native country. As he went along, he learned that Richard was dead, that John reigned, that Prince Arthur had been poisoned, and was of course made acquainted with various other facts of public importance recorded in Pinnock's Catechism and the Historic Page.

But these subjects did not interest him near so much as his own private affairs; and I can fancy that his legs trembled under him, and his pilgrim's staff

shook with emotion, as at length, after many perils, he came in sight of his paternal mansion of Rotherwood, and saw once more the chimneys smoking, the shadows of the oaks over the grass in the sunset, and the rooks winging over the trees. He heard the supper gong sounding : he knew his way to the door well enough ; he entered the familiar hall with a *benedicite*, and without any more words took his place.

* * * * *

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled, and his shrunken cheek looked deadly pale ; but he recovered himself presently, nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane's knee ; Rowena, smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden jug. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar,—

“ And so, grey frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman ? ”

“ We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good King in his last moments ; in truth, he made a Christian ending ! ”

“ And didst thou see the archer flayed alive ? It must have been rare sport,” roared Athelstane, laugh-

ing hugely at the joke. "How the fellow must have howled!"

"My love!" said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

"I would have liked to see it too," cried the boy.

"That's my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he fought well at Chalus!"

"My sweet lord," again interposed Rowena, "mention him not."

"Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore—when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?"

"Those times are past now, dear Athelstane," said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

"Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena."

"The odious hussy! don't mention the name of the unbelieving creature," exclaimed the lady.

"Well, well, poor Will was a good lad—a thought melancholy and milksop though. Why, a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains."

"Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance," said the friar. "I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his

wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister."

"And there's an end of him," said Athelstane. "But come, this is dismal talk. Where's Wamba the jester? Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don't lie like a dog in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for by-gones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world."

"There be buzzards in eagles' nests," Wamba said, who was lying stretched before the fire sharing the hearth with the Thane's dogs. "There be dead men alive and live men dead. There be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes, and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain."

"Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating," the Thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began :—

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win.
This is the way that boys begin.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybells' window-panes.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmass pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month was gone.

Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years' syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

"It was a good and holy hermit, Sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble Sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest."

"They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love," said Rowena. "His majesty hath taken him into much favour. My lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really—"

"Jealous again, haw! haw!" laughed Athelstane.

"I am above jealousy, and scorn it," Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

"Well, well, Wamba's was a good song," Athelstane said.

“Nay, a wicked song,” said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. “What! rail at woman’s love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman’s love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only.”

“I pray you, Madam, pardon me, I—I am not well,” said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprung after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. “There be dead men alive and live men dead,” whispered he. “There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy friar?” And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the Thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar’s garment, said, “I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!”

“Get up,” said Wilfred of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; “only fools are faithful.”

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar

spent there, and Wamba the jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came, Wamba was gone ; and the knave being in the habit of wandering hither and thither, as he chose, little notice was taken of his absence by a master and mistress who had not much sense of humour. As for Sir Wilfrid, a gentleman of his delicacy of feelings could not be expected to remain in a house where things so naturally disagreeable to him were occurring, and he quitted Rotherwood incontinently, after paying a dutiful visit to the tomb where his old father, Cedric, was buried, and hastened on to York, at which city he made himself known to the family attorney, a most respectable man, in whose hands his ready money was deposited, and took up a sum sufficient to fit himself out with credit, and a handsome retinue, as became a knight of consideration. But he changed his name, wore a wig and spectacles, and disguised himself entirely, so that it was impossible his friends or the public should know him, and thus metamorphosed, went about whithersoever his fancy led him. He was present at a public ball at York, which the Lord Mayor gave, danced Sir Roger de Coverley in the very same set with Rowena—(who was disgusted that Maid Marian took precedence of her)—he saw little Athelstane overeat himself at the supper, and

pledged his big father in a cup of sack; he met the Reverend Mr. Tuck at a missionary meeting, where he seconded a resolution proposed by that eminent divine;—in fine, he saw a score of his old acquaintances, none of whom recognised in him the warrior of Palestine and Templestowe. Having a large fortune and nothing to do, he went about this country performing charities, slaying robbers, rescuing the distressed, and achieving noble feats of arms. Dragons and giants existed in his day no more, or be sure he would have had a fling at them: for the truth is, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was somewhat sick of the life which the hermits of Chalus had restored to him, and felt himself so friendless and solitary that he would not have been sorry to come to an end of it. Ah! my dear friends and intelligent British public, are there not others who are melancholy under a mask of gaiety, and who, in the midst of crowds, are lonely? Liston was a most melancholy man; Grimaldi had feelings; and there are others I wot of—but psha—let us have the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

IVANHOE TO THE RESCUE.

THE rascally manner in which the chicken-livered successor of Richard of the Lion-heart conducted himself to all parties, to his relatives, his nobles, and his people, is a matter notorious, and set forth clearly in the Historic Page: hence, although nothing, except perhaps success, can, in my opinion, excuse disaffection to the Sovereign, or appearance in armed rebellion against him, the loyal reader will make allowance for two of the principal personages of this narrative, who will have to appear in the present Chapter, in the odious character of rebels to their lord and king. It must be remembered, in partial exculpation of the fault of Ivanhoe and Rowena (a fault for which they were bitterly punished, as you shall presently hear), that the Monarch exasperated his subjects in a variety of ways,—that before he murdered his royal nephew, Prince Arthur, there was a great question whether he was the rightful King of England at all,—that his behaviour as an uncle, and a family man, were likely to wound the feelings of any lady and mother,—finally, that there were palliations for the conduct of Rowena and Ivanhoe, which it now becomes our duty to relate.

When his Majesty destroyed Prince Arthur, the Lady Rowena, who was one of the ladies of honour to the Queen, gave up her place at Court at once, and retired to her castle of Rotherwood. Expressions made use of by her, and derogatory to the character of the Sovereign, were carried to the Monarch's ears, by some of those parasites, doubtless, by whom it is the curse of kings to be attended; and John swore, by St. Peter's teeth, that he would be revenged upon the haughty Saxon lady,—a kind of oath, which, though he did not trouble himself about all other oaths, he was never known to break. It was not for some years after he had registered this vow, that he was enabled to keep it.

Had Ivanhoe been present at Rouen, when the King meditated his horrid designs against his nephew, there is little doubt that Sir Wilfrid would have prevented them, and rescued the boy: for Ivanhoe was, we need scarcely say, a hero of romance; and it is the custom and duty of all gentlemen of that profession to be present on all occasions of historic interest, to be engaged in all conspiracies, royal interviews, and remarkable occurrences,—and hence Sir Wilfrid would certainly have rescued the young Prince, had he been any where in the neighbourhood of Rouen, where the foul tragedy occurred. But he was a couple of hundred leagues off at Chalus when the circumstance happened: tied down in his bed as crazy

as a Bedlamite, and raving ceaselessly in the Hebrew tongue, which he had caught up during a previous illness in which he was tended by a maiden of that nation, about a certain Rebecca Ben Isaacs, of whom, being a married man, he never would have thought, had he been in his sound senses. During this delirium, what were Politics to him, or he to Politics? King John or King Arthur were entirely indifferent to a man who announced to his nurse-tenders, the good hermits of Chalus before mentioned, that he was the Marquis of Jericho, and about to marry Rebecca the Queen of Sheba. In a word, he only heard of what had occurred, when he reached England, and his senses were restored to him. Whether was he happier, sound of brain, and entirely miserable (as any man would be who found so admirable a wife as Rowena married again), or perfectly crazy, the husband of the beautiful Rebecca? I don't know which he liked best.

Howbeit the conduct of King John inspired Sir Wilfrid with so thorough a detestation of that Sovereign, that he never could be brought to take service under him; to get himself presented at St. James's, or in any way to acknowledge, but by stern acquiescence, the authority of the sanguinary successor of his beloved King Richard. It was Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, I need scarcely say, who got the Barons of England to league together and extort from the King that fa-

mous instrument and palladium of our liberties at present in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—the MAGNA CHARTA. His name does not naturally appear in the list of Barons, because he was only a knight, and a knight in disguise too: nor does Athelstane's signature figure on that document. Athelstane, in the first place, could not write; nor did he care a penny-piece about politics, so long as he could drink his wine at home undisturbed, and have his hunting and shooting in quiet.

It was not until the King wanted to interfere with the sport of every gentleman in England (as we know by reference to the Historic Page that this odious monarch did), that Athelstane broke out into open rebellion, along with several Yorkshire squires and noblemen. It is recorded of the King, that he forbade every man to hunt his own deer; and, in order to secure an obedience to his orders, this Herod of a monarch wanted to secure the eldest sons of all the nobility and gentry, as hostages for the good behaviour of their parents.

Athelstane was anxious about his game—Rowena was anxious about her son. The former swore that he would hunt his deer in spite of all Norman tyrants—the latter asked, should she give up her boy to the ruffian who had murdered his own nephew? * The

* See Hume, Giraldus Cambrensis, The Monk of Croyland, and Pinnock's Catechism.

speeches of both were brought to the King at York; and, furious, he ordered an instant attack upon Rotherwood, and that the lord and lady of that castle should be brought before him dead or alive.

Ah, where was Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, the unconquerable champion, to defend the castle against the royal party? A few thrusts from his lance would have spitted the leading warriors of the King's host: a few cuts from his sword would have put John's forces to rout. But the lance and sword of Ivanhoe were idle on this occasion. "No, be hanged to me!" said the knight, bitterly, "*this* is a quarrel in which I can't interfere. Common politeness forbids. Let yonder ale-swilling Athelstane defend his, ha, ha, *wife*: and my lady Rowena guard her, ha, ha, ha, *son*." And he laughed wildly and madly: and the sarcastic way in which he choked and gurgled out the words "wife" and "son" would have made you shudder to hear.

When he heard, however, that, on the fourth day of the siege, Athelstane had been slain by a cannon ball (and this time for good, and not to come to life again as he had done before), and that the widow (if so the innocent bigamist may be called) was conducting the defence of Rotherwood herself with the greatest intrepidity, showing herself upon the walls, with her little son (who bellowed like a bull, and did not like the fighting at all), pointing the guns

and encouraging the garrison in every way—better feelings returned to the bosom of the knight of Ivanhoe, and summoning his men, he armed himself quickly, and determined to go forth to the rescue.

He rode without stopping for two days and two nights in the direction of Rotherwood, with such swiftness and disregard for refreshment, indeed, that his men dropped one by one upon the road, and he arrived alone at the lodge gate of the park. The windows were smashed; the door stove in; the lodge, a neat little Swiss cottage, with a garden, where the pinafores of Mrs. Gurth's children might have been seen hanging on the gooseberry bushes in more peaceful times, was now a ghastly heap of smoking ruins—cottage, bushes, pinafores, children lay mangled together, destroyed by the licentious soldiery of an infuriate monarch! Far be it from me to excuse the disobedience of Athelstane and Rowena to their Sovereign; but surely, surely this cruelty might have been spared.

Gurth, who was lodge-keeper, was lying dreadfully wounded and expiring at the flaming and violated threshold of his lately picturesque home. A catapult and a couple of mangonels had done his business. The faithful fellow, recognizing his master, who had put up his visor and forgotten his wig and spectacles in the agitation of the moment, exclaimed, "Sir Wilfrid! my dear master—praised be

St. Waltheof—there may be yet time—my beloved mistr—master Athelst . . .” He sank back, and never spoke again.

Ivanhoe spurred on his horse Bavieca madly up the chestnut avenue. The castle was before him; the western tower was in flames; the besiegers were pressing at the southern gate; Athelstane’s banner, the bull rampant, was still on the northern bartizan. “An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!” he bellowed out, with a shout that overcame all the din of battle—Notre Dame à la rescousse—and to hurl his lance through the midriff of Reginald de Bracy, who was commanding the assault, who fell howling with anguish, to wave his battle-axe over his own head, and cut off those of thirteen men-at-arms, was the work of an instant. “An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!” he still shouted, and down went a man as sure as he said ‘hoc.’

“Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe!” a shrill voice cried from the top of the northern bartizan. Ivanhoe knew it.

“Rowena! my love! I come!” he roared on his part, “Villains! touch but a hair of her head, and I”

Here, with a sudden plunge and a squeal of agony, Bavieca sprang forward wildly, and fell as wildly on her back, rolling over and over upon the knight. All was dark before him; his brain reeled; it whizzed: something came crashing down on his fore-

head. St. Waltheof, and all the saints of the Saxon calendar protect the knight ! * * *

When he came to himself, Wamba and the lieutenant of his lances were leaning over him with a bottle of the hermit's elixir. "We arrived here the day after the battle," said the fool ; "marry, I have a knack of that."

"Your worship rode so deucedly quick, there was no keeping up with your worship," said the lieutenant.

"The day—after—the bat—" groaned Ivanhoe. —"Where is the Lady Rowena?"

"The castle has been taken and sacked," the lieutenant said,—and pointed to what once *was* Rotherwood, but was now only a heap of smoking ruins.—Not a tower was left, not a roof, not a floor, not a single human being ! Everything was flame and ruin, smash and murther !

Of course Ivanhoe fell back fainting again among the ninety-seven men-at-arms whom he had slain ; and it was not until Wamba had applied a second, and uncommonly strong, dose of elixir that he came to life again. The good knight was, however, from long practice, so accustomed to the severest wounds, that he bore them far more easily than common folk, and thus was enabled to reach York upon a litter, which his men constructed for him, with tolerable ease.

Rumour had as usual advanced him ; and he heard at the hotel where he stopped, what had been the issue of the affair at Rotherwood. A minute or two after his horse was stabbed, and Ivanhoe knocked down, the western bartizan was taken by the storming party which invested it, and every soul slain, except Rowena and her boy ; who were tied upon horses and carried away, under a secure guard, to one of the King's castles—nobody knew whither—and Ivanhoe was recommended by the hotel-keeper (whose house he had used in former times) to re-assume his wig and spectacles, and not call himself by his own name any more, lest some of the King's people should lay hands on him. However, as he had killed everybody round about him, there was but little danger of his discovery ; and the Knight of the Spectacles, as he was called, went about York unmo-lested, and at liberty to attend to his own affairs.

We wish to be brief in narrating this part of the gallant hero's existence ; for his life was one of feeling rather than affection, and the description of mere sentiment is considered by many well-informed persons to be tedious. What *were* his sentiments, now, it may be asked, under the peculiar position in which he found himself ? He had done his duty by Rowena, certainly ; no man could say otherwise. But as for being in love with her any more, after what had occurred, that was a different question. Well, come

what would, he was determined still to continue doing his duty by her ;—but as she was whisked away, the deuce knew whither, how could he do anything? So he resigned himself to the fact that she was thus whisked away.

He, of course, sent emissaries about the country to endeavour to find out where Rowena was ; but these came back without any sort of intelligence ; and it was remarked, that he still remained in a perfect state of resignation. He remained in this condition for a year, or more ; and it was said that he was becoming more cheerful, and he certainly was growing rather fat. The Knight of the Spectacles was voted an agreeable man in a grave way ; and gave some very elegant, though quiet, parties, and was received in the best society of York.

It was just at assize-time, the lawyers and barristers had arrived, and the town was unusually gay ; when, one morning, the attorney, whom we have mentioned as Sir Wilfrid's man of business, and a most respectable man, called upon his gallant client at his lodgings, and said he had a communication of importance to make. Having to communicate with a client of rank, who was condemned to be hanged for forgery, Sir Hugo de Backbite, the attorney said, he had been to visit that party in the condemned cell ; and on the way through the yard, and through the bars of another cell, had seen and recog-

nized an old acquaintance of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe—and the lawyer held him out, with a particular look, a note, written on a piece of whity-brown paper.

What were Ivanhoe's sensations when he recognised the handwriting of Rowena!—he tremblingly dashed open the billet, and read as follows:—

“MY DEAREST IVANHOE:—FOR I am thine now as erst, and my first love was ever—ever dear to me. Have I been near thee dying for a whole year, and didst thou make no effort to rescue thy Rowena? Have ye given to others—I mention not their name nor their odious creed—the heart that ought to be mine? I send thee my forgiveness from my dying pallet of straw.—I forgive thee the insults I have received, the cold and hunger I have endured, the failing health of my boy, the bitterness of my prison, thy infatuation about that Jewess, which made our married life miserable, and which caused thee, I am sure, to go abroad to look after her.—I forgive thee all my wrongs, and fain would bid thee farewell. Mr. Smith hath gained over my gaoler—he will tell thee how I may see thee.—Come and console my last hour by promising that thou wilt care for my boy—*his* boy who fell like a hero (when thou wert absent) combating by the side of

“ROWENA.”

The reader may consult his own feelings, and say whether Ivanhoe was likely to be pleased or not by this letter ; however, he inquired of Mr. Smith, the solicitor, what was the plan which that gentleman had devised for the introduction to Lady Rowena, and was informed, that he was to get a barrister's gown and wig, when the gaoler would introduce him into the interior of the prison. These decorations, knowing several gentlemen of the Northern Circuit, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe easily procured, and, with feelings of no small trepidation, reached the cell where, for the space of a year, poor Rowena had been immured.

If any person have a doubt of the correctness, of the historical exactness, of this narrative, I refer him to the "Biographie Universelle" (article Jean sans Terre), which says, "La femme d'un baron auquel on vint demander son fils, répondit, 'Le roi pense-t-il que je confierai mon fils à un homme qui a égorgé son neveu de sa propre main ?' Jean fit enlever la mère et l'enfant, et la laissa *mourir de faim* dans les cachots."

I picture to myself, with a painful sympathy, Rowena undergoing this disagreeable sentence. All her virtues, her resolution, her chaste energy and perseverance, shine with redoubled lustre, and, for the first time since the commencement of the history, I feel that I am partially reconciled to her. The

weary year passes—she grows weaker and more languid, thinner and thinner! At length Ivanhoe, in the disguise of a barrister of the Northern Circuit, is introduced to her cell, and finds his lady in the last stage of exhaustion, on the straw of her dungeon, with her little boy in her arms. She has preserved his life at the expense of her own, giving him the whole of the pittance which her gaolers allowed her, and perishing herself of inanition.

There is a scene! I feel as if I had made it up, as it were, with this lady, and that we part in peace, in consequence of my providing her with so sublime a death-bed. Fancy Ivanhoe's entrance—their recognition—the faint blush upon her worn features—the pathetic way in which she gives little Cedric in charge to him, and his promises of protection.

“Wilfrid, my early loved,” slowly gasped she, removing her grey hair from her furrowed temples, and gazing on her boy fondly, as he nestled on Ivanhoe's knee—“Promise me by St. Waltheof of Templestowe; promise me one boon!”

“I do,” said Ivanhoe, clasping the boy, and thinking it was to that little innocent the promise was intended to apply.

“By St. Waltheof?”

“By St. Waltheof!”

“Promise me, then,” gasped Rowena, staring

wildly at him, "that you never will marry a Jewess?"

"By St. Waltheof," cried Ivanhoe, "this is too much! Rowena!" But he felt his hand grasped for a moment, the nerves then relaxed, the pale lip ceased to quiver—she was no more!



CHAPTER VI.

IVANHOE THE WIDOWER.

HAVING placed young Cedric at School at the Hall of Dotheboyes, in Yorkshire, and arranged his family affairs, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe quitted a country which had no longer any charms for him, and in which his stay was rendered the less agreeable by the notion that King John would hang him if ever he could lay hands on the faithful follower of King Richard and Prince Arthur.

But there was always in those days a home and occupation for a brave and pious knight. A saddle on a gallant war-horse, a pitched field against the Moors, a lance wherewith to spit a turbaned infidel, or a road to Paradise carved out by his scimitar,—these were the height of the ambition of good and religious warriors; and so renowned a champion as Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was sure to be well received

wherever blows were stricken for the cause of Christendom. Even among the dark Templars, he who had twice overcome the most famous lance of their Order was a respected though not a welcome guest: but among the opposition company of the Knights of St. John, he was admired and courted beyond measure; and always affectioning that Order, which offered him, indeed, its first rank and commanderies, he did much good service, fighting in their ranks for the glory of Heaven and St. Waltheof, and slaying many thousands of the heathen in Prussia, Poland, and those savage northern countries. The only fault that the great and gallant, though severe and ascetic Folko of Heydenbraten, the chief of the Order of St. John, found with the melancholy warrior, whose lance did such good service to the cause, was, that he did not persecute the Jews as so religious a knight should. He let off sundry captives of that persuasion whom he had taken with his sword and his spear, saved others from torture, and actually ransomed the two last grinders of a venerable rabbi (that Roger de Cartright, an English knight of the Order, was about to extort from the elderly Israelite), with a hundred crowns and a gimmel ring, which were all the property he possessed. Whenever he so ransomed or benefited one of this religion, he would moreover give them a little token or a message (were the good knight out of money), saying, "Take this token, and remem-

ber this deed was done by Wilfrid the Disinherited, for the services whilome rendered to him by Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York!" So among themselves, and in their meetings and synagogues, and in their restless travels from land to land, when they of Jewry cursed and reviled all Christians, as such abominable heathens will, they nevertheless excepted the name of the Desdichado, or the doubly-disinherited as he now was, the Desdichado-Doblado.

The account of all the battles, storms, and scaladoes in which Sir Wilfrid took part, would only weary the reader, for the chopping off one heathen's head with an axe must be very like the decapitation of any other unbeliever. Suffice it to say, that wherever this kind of work was to be done, and Sir Wilfrid was in the way, he was the man to perform it. It would astonish you were you to see the account that Wamba kept of his master's achievements, and of the Bulgarians, Bohemians, Croats, slain or maimed by his hand; and as, in those days, a reputation for valour had an immense effect upon the soft hearts of women; and even the ugliest man, were he a stout warrior, was looked upon with favour by Beauty: so Ivanhoe, who was by no means ill-favoured, though now becoming rather elderly, made conquests over female breasts, as well as over Saracens, and had more than one direct offer of marriage made to him by princesses, countesses, and noble ladies

possessing both charms and money, which they were anxious to place at the disposal of a champion so renowned. It is related that the Duchess Regent of Kartoffelberg offered him her hand, and the Ducal Crown of Kartoffelberg, which he had rescued from the unbelieving Prussians; but Ivanhoe evaded the Duchess's offer, by riding away from her capital secretly at midnight, and hiding himself in a convent of Knights Hospitallers, on the borders of Poland; and it is a fact that the Princess Rosalia Seraphina of Pumpernickel, the most lovely woman of her time, became so frantically attached to him, that she followed him on a campaign, and was discovered with his baggage disguised as a horse-boy. But no princess, no beauty, no female blandishments had any charms for Ivanhoe: no hermit practised a more austere celibacy. The severity of his morals contrasted so remarkably with the lax and dissolute manner of the young lords and nobles in the courts which he frequented, that these young springalds would sometimes sneer and call him Monk and Milk-sop; but his courage in the day of battle was so terrible and admirable, that I promise you the youthful libertines did not sneer *then*; and the most reckless of them often turned pale when they couched their lances to follow Ivanhoe. Holy Waltheof! it was an awful sight to see him with his pale, calm face, his shield upon his breast, his heavy lance before

him, charging a squadron of Heathen Bohemians, or a regiment of Cossacks! Wherever he saw the enemy, Ivanhoe assaulted him; and when people remonstrated with him, and said if he attacked such and such a post, breach, castle, or army, he would be slain, "And suppose I be?" he answered, giving them to understand that he would as lief the Battle of Life were over altogether.

While he was thus making war against the northern infidels, news was carried all over Christendom of a catastrophe which had befallen the good cause in the south of Europe, where the Spanish Christians had met with such a defeat and massacre at the hands of the Moors, as had never been known in the proudest days of Saladin.

Thursday, the 9th of Shaban, in the 605th year of the Hejira, is known all over the West as the *amunalar-k*, the year of the battle of Alarcos, gained over the Christians by the Moslems of Andalus, on which fatal day Christendom suffered a defeat so signal, that it was feared the Spanish Peninsula would be entirely wrested away from the dominion of the Cross. On that day the Franks lost 150,000 men and 30,000 prisoners. A man-slave sold among the unbelievers for a dirhem; a donkey, for the same; a sword, half a dirhem; a horse, five dirhems. Hundreds of thousands of these various sorts of booty were in the possession of the triumphant followers of Yakoob-la-

Mansoor. Curses on his head ! But he was a brave warrior, and the Christians before him seemed to forget that they were the descendants of the brave Cid, the *Kambitoor*, as the Moorish hounds (in their jargon) denominated the famous Campeador.

A general move for the rescue of the faithful in Spain—a crusade against the Infidels triumphing there, was preached throughout Europe by all the most eloquent clergy : and thousands and thousands of valorous knights and nobles, accompanied by well-meaning varlets and vassals of the lower sort, trooped from all sides to the rescue. The straits of Gibel-altariff, at which spot the Moor, passing from Barbary, first planted his accursed foot on the Christian soil, were crowded with the galleys of the Templars and the Knights of St. John, who flung succours into the menaced kingdoms of the Peninsula ; the inland sea swarmed with their ships hastening from their forts and islands, from Rhodes and Byzantium, from Jaffa and Askalon. The Pyrenean peaks beheld the pennons and glittered with the armour of the knights marching out of France into Spain ; and, finally, in a ship that set sail direct from Bohemia, where Sir Wilfrid happened to be quartered at the time when the news of the defeat of Alarcos came and alarmed all good Christians, Ivanhoe landed at Barcelona, and proceeded to slaughter the Moors forthwith.

He brought letters of introduction from his friend

Folko of Heydenbraten, the Grand Master of the Knights of Saint John, to the venerable Baldomero de Garbanzos, Grand Master of the renowned order of Saint Jago. The chief of Saint Jago's knights paid the greatest respect to a warrior, whose fame was already so widely known in Christendom; and Ivanhoe had the pleasure of being appointed to all the posts of danger and forlorn hopes that could be devised in his honour. He would be called up twice or thrice in a night to fight the Moors: he led ambushes, scaled breaches; was blown up by mines; was wounded many hundred times (recovering, thanks to the elixir, of which Wamba always carried a supply); he was the terror of the Saracens, and the admiration and wonder of the Christians.

To describe his deeds would, I say, be tedious; one day's battle was like that of another. I am not writing in ten volumes like Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, or even in three like other great authors. We have no room for the recounting of Sir Wilfrid's deeds of valour. Whenever he took a Moorish town it was remarked, that he went anxiously into the Jewish quarter, and inquired amongst the Hebrews, who were in great numbers in Spain, for Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac. Many Jews, according to his wont, he ransomed, and created so much scandal by this proceeding, and by the manifest favour which he showed to the people of the nation—that the Master of Saint Jago remonstrated with him, and it is

probable he would have been cast into the Inquisition and roasted ; but that his prodigious valour and success against the Moors counterbalanced his heretical partiality for the children of Jacob.

It chanced that the good knight was present at the siege of Xixona in Andalusia, entering the breach the first, according to his wont, and slaying, with his own hand, the Moorish Lieutenant of the town, and several hundred more of its unbelieving defenders. He had very nearly done for the Alfaqui, or governor, a veteran warrior with a crooked scimitar and a beard as white as snow, but a couple of hundred of the Alfaqui's body-guard flung themselves between Ivanhoe and their chief, and the old fellow escaped with his life, leaving a handful of his beard in the grasp of the English knight. The strictly military business being done, and such of the garrison as did not escape put, as by right, to the sword, the good knight, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, took no further part in the proceedings of the conquerors of that ill-fated place. A scene of horrible massacre and frightful reprisals ensued, and the Christian warriors, hot with victory and flushed with slaughter, were, it is to be feared, as savage in their hour of triumph as ever their heathen enemies had been.

Among the most violent and least scrupulous was the ferocious knight of Saint Jago, Don Beltran de Cuchilla y Trabuco y Espada y Espelon ; raging

through the vanquished city like a demon, he slaughtered indiscriminately all those infidels of both sexes whose wealth did not tempt him to a ransom, or whose beauty did not reserve them for more frightful calamities than death. The slaughter over, Don Beltran took up his quarters in the Albaycen, where the Alfaqui had lived who had so narrowly escaped the sword of Ivanhoe; but the wealth, the treasure, the slaves, and the family of the fugitive chieftain, were left in possession of the conqueror of Xixona. Among the treasures Don Beltran recognised with a savage joy the coat-armours and ornaments of many brave and unfortunate companions-in-arms who had fallen in the fatal battle of Alarcos. The sight of those bloody relics added fury to his cruel disposition, and served to steel a heart already but little disposed to sentiments of mercy.

Three days after the sack and plunder of the place, Don Beltran was seated in the hall-court lately occupied by the proud Alfaqui, lying in his divan, dressed in his rich robes, the fountains playing in the centre, the slaves of the Moor ministering to his scarred and rugged Christian conqueror. Some fanned him with peacocks' pinions, some danced before him, some sang Moors' melodies to the plaintive notes of a guzla, one—it was the only daughter of the Moor's old age, the young Zutulbe, a rosebud of beauty—sat weeping in a corner of the gilded hall, weeping

for her slain brethren, the pride of Moslem chivalry, whose heads were blackening in the blazing sunshine on the portals without, and for her father, whose home had been thus made desolate.

He and his guest, the English knight Sir Wilfrid, were playing at chess, a favourite amusement with the chivalry of the period, when a messenger was announced from Valencia, to treat, if possible, for the ransom of the remaining part of the Alfaqui's family. A grim smile lighted up Don Beltran's features as he bade the black slave admit the messenger. He entered. By his costume it was at once seen that the bearer of the flag of truce was a Jew—these people were employed continually then as ambassadors between the two races at war in Spain.

“I come,” said the old Jew (in a voice which made Sir Wilfrid start), “from my lord the Alfaqui to my noble señor, the invincible Don Beltran de Cuchilla, to treat for the ransom of the Moor's only daughter, the child of his old age and the pearl of his affection.”

“A pearl is a valuable jewel, Hebrew. What does the Moorish dog bid for her?” asked Don Beltran, still smiling grimly.

“The Alfaqui offers 100,000 dinars, twenty-four horses with their caparisons, twenty-four suits of plate-armour, and diamonds and rubies to the amount of 1,000,000 dinars.”

“Ho, slaves!” roared Don Beltran, “show the Jew my treasury of gold. How many hundred thousand pieces are there?” And ten enormous chests were produced in which the accountant counted 1,000 bags of 1,000 dirhems each, and displayed several caskets of jewels containing such a treasure of rubies, smaragds, diamonds, and jacinths, as made the eyes of the aged ambassador twinkle with avarice.

“How many horses are there in my stable?” continued Don Beltran; and Muley, the master of the horse, numbered three hundred fully caparisoned; and there was, likewise, armour of the richest sort for as many cavaliers, who followed the banner of this doughty captain.

“I want neither money nor armour,” said the ferocious knight; “tell this to the Alfaqui, Jew. And I will keep the child, his daughter, to serve the messes for my dogs, and clean the platters for my scullions.”

“Deprive not the old man of his child,” here interposed the knight of Ivanhoe; “bethink thee, brave Don Beltran, she is but an infant in years.”

“She is my captive, Sir Knight,” replied the surly Don Beltran; “I will do with my own as becomes me.”

“Take 200,000 dirhems!” cried the Jew;

“more!—anything! The Alfaqui will give his life for his child!”

“Come hither, Zutulbe!—come hither, thou Moorish pearl!” yelled the ferocious warrior; “come closer, my pretty black-eyed houri of heathen-esse! Hast heard the name of Beltran de Espada y Trabuco?”

“There were three brothers of that name at Alarcos, and my brothers slew the Christian dogs!” said the proud young girl, looking boldly at Don Beltran, who foamed with rage.

“The Moors butchered my mother and her little ones at midnight, in our castle of Murcia,” Beltran said.

“Thy father fled like a craven, as thou didst, Don Beltran!” cried the high-spirited girl.

“By Saint Jago, this is too much!” screamed the infuriated nobleman; and the next moment there was a shriek, and the maiden fell to the ground with Don Beltran’s dagger in her side.

“Death is better than dishonour!” cried the child, rolling on the blood-stained marble pavement. “I—I spit upon thee, dog of a Christian!” and with this, and with a savage laugh, she fell back and died.

“Bear back this news, Jew, to the Alfaqui,” howled the Don, spurning the beauteous corpse with his foot. “I would not have ransomed her for

all the gold in Barbary!" And shuddering, the old Jew left the apartment, which Ivanhoe quitted likewise.

When they were in the outer court, the knight said to the Jew, "ISAAC OF YORK, dost thou not know me?" and threw back his hood, and looked at the old man.

The old Jew stared wildly, rushed forward, as if to seize his hand, then started back, trembling convulsively, and clutching his withered hands over his face, said, with a burst of grief, "Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe!—no, no!—I do not know thee!"

"Holy mother! what has chanced?" said Ivanhoe, in his turn becoming ghastly pale; "where is thy daughter—where is Rebecca?"

"Away from me!" said the old Jew, tottering, "away! REBECCA IS—DEAD!"

* * * * *

When the disinherited knight heard that fatal announcement, he fell to the ground senseless, and was for some days as one perfectly distraught with grief. He took no nourishment and uttered no word. For weeks he did not relapse out of his moody silence, and when he came partially to himself again, it was to bid his people to horse, in a hollow voice, and to make a foray against the Moors. Day after day he issued out against these infidels, and did nought but slay and slay. He took no plunder as

other knights did, but left that to his followers; he uttered no war-cry, as was the manner of chivalry, and he gave no quarter, insomuch that the "silent knight" became the dread of all the Paynims of Granada and Andalusia, and more fell by his lance than by that of any the most clamorous captain of the troops in arms against them. Thus the tide of battle turned, and the Arab historian El Makary recounts how, at the great battle of Al Akab, called by the Spaniards Las Navas, the Christians retrieved their defeat at Alarcos, and absolutely killed half a million of Mahometans. Fifty thousand of these, of course, Don Wilfrid took to his own lance; and it was remarked that the melancholy warrior seemed somewhat more easy in spirits after that famous feat of arms.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF THE PERFORMANCE.

IN a short time the redoubtable knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, had killed off so many of the Moors, that though those unbelieving miscreants poured continual reinforcements into Spain from Barbary, they could make no head against the Christian forces, and in fact came into battle quite discouraged at the no-

tion of meeting the dreadful silent knight. It was commonly believed amongst them, that the famous Malek Ric Richard of England, the conqueror of Saladin, had come to life again, and was battling in the Spanish hosts—that this his second life was a charmed one, and his body inaccessible to blow of scimeter or thrust of spear—that after battle he ate hearts and drank the blood of many young Moors for his supper; a thousand wild legends were told of Ivanhoe, indeed, so that the Morisco warriors came half vanquished into the field, and fell an easy prey to the Spaniards, who cut away among them without mercy. And although none of the Spanish historians whom I have consulted make mention of Sir Wilfrid as the real author of the numerous triumphs which now graced the arms of the good cause; this is not in the least to be wondered at in a nation that has always been notorious for bragging, and for the non-payment of their debts of gratitude as of their other obligations, and that writes histories of the Peninsular war with the Emperor Napoleon, without making the slightest mention of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, or of the part taken by BRITISH VALOUR in that transaction. Well, it must be confessed on the other hand that we brag enough of our fathers' feats in those campaigns, but this is not the subject at present under consideration.

To be brief, Ivanhoe made such short work with

the unbelievers, that the Monarch of Aragon, King Don Jayme, saw himself speedily enabled to besiege the city of Valencia, the last stronghold which the Moors had in his dominions, and garrisoned by many thousands of those infidels under the command of their King Aboo Abdallah Mahommed, son of Yakoob Almansoor. The Arabian historian El Makary, gives a full account of the military precautions taken by Aboo Abdallah to defend his city, but as I do not wish to make a parade of my learning, or to write a costume novel, I shall pretermit any description of the city under its Moorish governors.

Besides the Turks who inhabited it, there dwelt within its walls, great store of those of the Hebrew nation, who were always protected by the Moors, during their unbelieving reign in Spain ; and who were, as we very well know, the chief physicians, the chief bankers, the chief statesmen, the chief artists and musicians ; the chief everything under the Moorish kings. Thus it is not surprising, that the Hebrews, having their money, their liberty, their teeth, their lives, secure under the Mahometan domination, should infinitely prefer it to the Christian sway, beneath which they were liable to be deprived of every one of these benefits.

Among these Hebrews of Valencia, lived a very ancient Israelite,—no other than Isaac of York, before mentioned, who came into Spain with his daugh-

ter, soon after Ivanhoe's marriage, in the third volume of the first part of this history. Isaac was respected by his people, for the money which he possessed, and his daughter for her admirable good qualities, her beauty, her charities, and her remarkable medical skill.

The young Emir Aboo Abdallah, was so struck by her charms, that though she was considerably older than His Highness, he offered to marry her, and install her as number 1 of his wives,—and Isaac of York would not have objected to the union, (for such mixed marriages were not uncommon between the Hebrews and Moors those days,)—but Rebecca firmly, but respectfully, declined the proposals of the Prince, saying, that it was impossible she should unite herself with a man of a creed different to her own.

Although Isaac was, probably, not over well pleased at losing this chance of being father-in-law to a Royal Highness, yet as he passed among his people for a very strict character, and there were in his family several Rabbis of great reputation and severity of conduct, the old gentleman was silenced by this objection of Rebecca's, and the young lady herself applauded by her relatives for her resolute behaviour. She took their congratulations in a very frigid manner, and said, that it was her wish not to marry at all, but to devote herself to the practice of medicine

altogether, and to helping the sick and needy of her people. Indeed, although she did not go to any public meetings, she was as benevolent a creature as the world ever saw: the poor blessed her, wherever they knew her, and many benefited by her who guessed not whence her gentle bounty came. *

But there are men in Jewry who admire beauty, and as I have even heard, appreciate money too, and Rebecca had such a quantity of both, that all the most desirable bachelors of the people were ready to bid for her. Ambassadors came from all quarters to propose for her. Her own uncle, the venerable Ben Solomons, with a beard as long as a Chasmere goat, and a reputation for learning and piety which still lives in his nation, quarrelled with his son Moses, the red-haired diamond merchant of Trebizond, and his son Simeon, the bald bill-broker of Bagdad, each putting in a claim for their cousin. Ben Minories came from London, and knelt at her feet: Ben Joe-hanan arrived from Paris, and thought to dazzle her with the latest waistcoats from the Palais Royal: and Ben Jonah brought her a present of Dutch herrings, and besought her to come back, and be Mrs. Ben Jonah at the Hague.

Rebecca temporised as best she might. She

* Though I am writing but a Christmas farce, I hope the kind-hearted reader will excuse me for saying that I am thinking of the beautiful life and death of Adelaide the Queen.

thought her uncle was too old. She besought dear Moses and dear Simeon not to quarrel with each other, and offend their father by pressing their suit. Ben Minories, from London, she said was too young, and Jochanan from Paris, she pointed out to Isaac of York, must be a spendthrift, or he would not wear those absurd waistcoats. As for Ben Jonah, she said she could not bear the notion of tobacco and Dutch herrings—she wished to stay with her papa, her dear papa. In fine, she invented a thousand excuses for delay, and it was plain that marriage was odious to her. The only man whom she received with anything like favour, was young Bevis Marks, of London, with whom she was very familiar. But Bevis had come to her with a certain token that had been given to him by an English knight who saved him from a faggot to which the ferocious Hospitaller Folko of Heydenbraten was about to condemn him. It was but a ring, with an emerald in it, that Bevis knew to be sham, and not worth a groat. Rebecca knew about the value of jewels too; but, ah! she valued this one more than all the diamonds in Prester John's turban. She kissed it; she cried over it; she wore it in her bosom always; and when she knelt down at night and morning, she held it between her folded hands on her neck. . . . Young Bevis Marks went away finally no better off than the others; the rascal sold to the king of France a handsome ruby, the very size of the

bit of glass in Rebecca's ring; but he always said, he would rather have had her, than ten thousand pounds, and very likely he would, for it was known she would at once have a plumb to her fortune.

These delays, however, could not continue for ever and at a great family meeting held at Passover time, Rebecca was solemnly ordered to choose a husband out of the gentlemen there present; her aunts pointing out the great kindness which had been shown to her by her father, in permitting her to choose for herself. One aunt was of the Solomon faction, another aunt took Simeon's side, a third most venerable old lady, the head of the family, and a hundred and forty-four years of age, was ready to pronounce a curse upon her, and cast her out, unless she married before the month was over. All the jewelled heads of all the old ladies in Council; all the beards of all the family wagged against her—it must have been an awful sight to witness.

At last, then, Rebecca was forced to speak. "Kinsmen!" she said, turning pale, "When the Prince Abou Abdil asked me in marriage, I told you I would not wed but with one of my own faith."

"She has turned Turk," screamed out the ladies. "She wants to be a Princess, and has turned Turk," roared the Rabbis.

"Well, well," said Isaac, in rather an appeased tone, "let us hear what the poor girl has got to say.

Do you want to marry his Royal Highness, Rebecca, say the word, yes or no ? ”

Another groan burst from the Rabbis—they cried, shrieked, chattered, gesticulated, furious to lose such a prize, as were the women, that she should reign over them, a second Esther.

“ Silence,” cried out Isaac, “ let the girl speak—speak boldly, Rebecca, dear, there’s a good girl.”

Rebecca was as pale as a stone. She folded her arms on her breast, and felt the ring there. She looked round all the assembly, and then at Isaac. “ Father,” she said, in a thrilling low steady voice, “ I am not of your religion—I am not of the Prince Boabdil’s religion—I—I am of *his* religion.”

“ His, whose ? in the name of Moses, girl,” cried Isaac.

Rebecca clasped her hands on her beating chest, and looked round with dauntless eyes,—“ Of his,” she said, “ who saved my life and your honour, of my dear, dear champion’s,—I never can be his, but I will be no other’s. Give my money to my kinsmen ; it is that they long for. Take the dross, Simeon and Solomon, Jonah and Jochanan, and divide it among you, and leave me. I will never be yours, I tell you, never. Do you think, after knowing him and hearing him speak,—after watching him wounded on his pillow, and glorious in battle (her eyes melted and kindled again as she spoke these words), I can mate

with such as *you*? Go. Leave me to myself. I am none of yours. I love him, I love him. Fate divides us—long, long miles separate us; and I know we may never meet again. But I love and bless him always. Yes, always. My prayers are his; my faith is his. Yes, my faith is your faith, Wilfrid, Wilfrid! I have no kindred more,—I am a Christian.” . . .

At this last word there was such a row in the assembly, as my feeble pen would in vain endeavour to depict. Old Isaac staggered back in a fit, and nobody took the least notice of him. Groans, curses, yells of men, shrieks of women, filled the room with such a furious jabbering, as might have appalled any heart less stout than Rebecca's; but that brave woman was prepared for all, expecting, and perhaps hoping, that death would be her instant lot. There was but one creature who pitied her, and that was her cousin and father's clerk, little Ben Davids, who was but thirteen, and had only just begun to carry a bag, and whose crying and boo-hooing, as she finished speaking, was drowned in the screams and maledictions of the elder Israelites. Ben Davids was madly in love with his cousin (as boys often are with ladies of twice their age), and he had presence of mind suddenly to knock over the large brazen lamp on the table, which illuminated the angry conclave, and whispering to Rebecca to go up to her own room

and lock herself in, or they would kill her else, he took her hand and led her out.

From that day she disappeared from among her people. The poor and the wretched missed her, and asked for her in vain. Had any violence been done to her, the poorer Jews would have risen and put all Isaac's family to death; and besides, her old flame, Prince Boabdil, would have also been exceedingly wrathful. She was not killed then, but, so to speak, buried alive, and locked up in Isaac's back kitchen; an apartment into which scarcely any light entered, and where she was fed upon scanty portions of the most mouldy bread and water. Little Ben Davids was the only person who visited her, and her sole consolation was to talk to him about Ivanhoe, and how good and how gentle he was, how brave and how true; and how he slew the tremendous knight of the Templars, and how he married a lady whom Rebecca scarcely thought worthy of him, but with whom she prayed he might be happy; and of what colour his eyes were, and what were the arms on his shield, viz., a tree with the word "Desdichado" written underneath, &c., &c., &c.; all which talk would not have interested little Davids, had it come from any body else's mouth, but to which he never tired of listening as it fell from her sweet lips.

So, in fact, when old Isaac of York came to negotiate with Don Beltran de Cuchilla for the ransom

of the Alfaqui's daughter of Xixona, our dearest Rebecca was no more dead than you and I; and it was in his rage and fury against Ivanhoe that Isaac told that Cavalier the falsehood which caused the knight so much pain and such a prodigious deal of bloodshed to the Moors; and who knows, trivial as it may seem, whether it was not that very circumstance which caused the destruction in Spain of the Moorish power?

Although Isaac, we may be sure, never told his daughter that Ivanhoe had cast up again, yet Master Ben Davids did, who heard it from his employer; and he saved Rebecca's life by communicating the intelligence, for the poor thing would have infallibly perished but for this good news. She had now been in prison four years three months and twenty-four days, during which time she had partaken of nothing but bread and water (except such occasional tit-bits as Davids could bring her, and these were few indeed, for old Isaac was always a curmudgeon, and seldom had more than a pair of eggs for his own and Davids' dinner); and she was languishing away when the news came suddenly to revive her. Then, though in the darkness you could not see her cheeks, they began to bloom again; then her heart began to beat and her blood to flow, and she kissed the ring on her neck a thousand times a day at least; and her constant question was, "Ben Davids! Ben Davids!"

when is He coming to besiege Valencia?" She knew he would come, and, indeed, the Christians were encamped before the town ere a month was over.

* * * * *

And now my dear boys and girls I think I perceive behind that dark scene of the back-kitchen (which is just a simple flat, painted stone-colour, that shifts in a minute), bright streaks of light flashing out, as though they were preparing a most brilliant, gorgeous, and altogether dazzling illumination, with effects never before attempted on any stage. Yes, the fairy in the pretty pink tights and spangled muslin, is getting into the brilliant revolving chariot of the realms of bliss.—Yes, most of the fiddlers and trumpeters have gone round from the orchestra to join in the grand triumphal procession, where the whole strength of the company is already assembled, arrayed in costumes of Moorish and Christian chivalry, to celebrate the "Terrible Escalade," the "Rescue of Virtuous Innocence"—the "Grand Entry of the Christians into Valencia"—"Appearance of the Fairy Day-Star," and "unexampled displays of pyrotechnic festivity." Do you not, I say, perceive that we are come to the end of our history; and, after a quantity of rapid and terrific fighting, brilliant change of scenery, and songs, appropriate or otherwise, are bringing our hero and heroine together?

Who wants a long scene at the last? Mammās are putting the girls' cloaks and boas on—Papas have gone out to look for the carriage, and left the box-door swinging open, and letting in the cold air—if there *were* any stage-conversation, you could not hear it, for the scuffling of the people who are leaving the pit. See, the orange-women are preparing to retire. To-morrow their play-bills will be as so much waste-paper—so will some of our master-pieces, woe is me—but lo! here we come to the Scene at last, and Valencia is besieged and captured by the Christians.

Who is the first on the wall, and who hurls down the green standard of the Prophet? Who chops off the head of the Emir Abou Whatdyecallē just as the latter has cut over the cruel Don Beltran de Cuchilla y &c.? Who, attracted to the Jewish quarter by the shrieks of the inhabitants who are being slain by the Moorish soldiery, and by a little boy by the name of Ben Davids, who recognises the knight by his shield, finds Isaac of York *égorgé* on a threshold, and clasping a large back-kitchen key? Who but Ivanhoe—who but Wilfrid? “An Ivanhoe to the rescue,” he bellows out: he has heard that news from little Ben Davids that makes him sing. And who is it that comes out of the house—trembling—panting—with her arms out—in a white dress—with her hair down—who is it but dear Rebecca! Look,

they rush together, and master Wamba is waving an immense banner over them, and knocks down a circumambient Jew with a ham, which he happens to have in his pocket. . . . As for Rebecca, now her head is laid upon Ivanhoe's heart : I shall not ask to hear what she is whispering ; or describe further that scene of meeting, though I declare I am quite affected when I think of it. Indeed I have thought of it any time these five-and-twenty years—ever since, as a boy at school, I commenced the noble study of novels—ever since the day when, lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays, the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to me—ever since I grew to love Rebecca, that sweetest creature of the poet's fancy, and longed to see her righted.

That she and Ivanhoe were married follows of course ; for Rowena's promise extorted from him was, that he would never wed a Jewess, and a better Christian than Rebecca now was never said her Catechism. Married I am sure they were, and adopted little Cedric ; but I don't think they had any other children, or were subsequently very boisterously happy. Of some sort of happiness melancholy is a characteristic, and I think these were a solemn pair, and died rather early.

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